“CANDY CORNER” of New Smith Street Store.

THE VOICE OF THE HOUSE OF FOY & GIBSON
2,500 years ago
ÆSOP told of...

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servants to bring in a faggot of sticks, and said to his eldest son, "Break it." The son strained and strained, but with all his efforts was unable to break the bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful. "Untie the faggots," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them, "Now, break," and each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said their father,

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
In our last issue we announced the resignation of Mr. G. S. Moore, general manager of the Foy retail organisation. He was still with the Company then, but it was agreed to allow him to remain until his successor had been appointed. The new appointment having been made (although his name has not yet been announced), Mr. Moore relinquished his office on September 6, and is now enjoying his well-earned rest.

Before we speak of our former general manager’s departure, we want to touch upon some details of his earlier career. Practically all his life he has been associated with the retail trade. He started with our old friends, Craig, Williamson, in 1909. His service in the 1914-18 war took him overseas, and after convalescence in England, he took the opportunity to study wool and cotton textile manufacture. The considerable knowledge gained from this experience stood him in good stead when he returned to Australia, for in 1925 he was appointed to a responsible position with our other friends, The Myer Emporium Ltd.

Here his talents and abilities were quickly recognised. His progress matched the extraordinary growth of the Emporium itself. He went overseas more than once for Myers, as a buyer, and was finally made a manager of one of those stores.

In February, 1938, when the organisation of our Company was being reshaped, Mr. Moore was offered the position of assistant general manager of the retail stores, both here and in Adelaide, and when in 1939 Mr. C. W. P. Amies relinquished his position of managing director (but retained his directorship, of course), Mr. Moore was appointed retail general manager, the position which he held until the day he left us.

Those who have been with the Company since 1938 will know what his leadership has meant to the retail organisation. The Melbourne and Adelaide stores have shown wonderful progress during this period. True it is that the war years intervened and that there was free spending due to higher wages, but the progress of our stores went much further than that, and full credit for wise guidance and ample foresight must be paid to the general manager (and the team which he led) in steering the Foy ship not only through the troubled waters of war time trading, but in hoisting the Foy flag right to the top of the masthead, the position which he proudly held for many years in the eyes of the community of Melbourne and the people of Victoria.

The metaphorical illusion to “a ship” is hardly correct; “a flotilla” would be a better description, because in 1939, when we had, in addition to Adelaide, three stores in good stead when he returned from the familiar name of “Foy and Gibson,” and goodwill which this Company enjoys was derived as well as to Mr. Moore himself. Still a comparatively young man (he is only in his fifties) the decision to give up the full and active life which he had known for so long was not easily made. Mr. Moore has the type of energy which leads its owner to chafe under inaction. But if Mr. Moore took this step with reluctance, his action meant nearly as much to many others in this Company.

Mr. Moore is a man of warm heart. His hand, like his confidence and his friendship, are readily extended. Frank and unaffected in his manner, he has the knack of making others feel that theirs, too, was an important job; that much responsibility rested with them; that, in fact, without their help and co-operation the efforts of the general manager himself would have meant little.

As a result of this characteristic in his make-up, the staff, managers and executives who worked with Mr. Moore gave every ounce of their energy and enterprise. It was a splendid manifestation of the team spirit, and that such work, under inspiring leadership, is well nigh the ideal form of effort, can be seen in the strong and healthy position of the Company to-day. Not all the credit for this belongs to Mr. Moore, nor to the retail stores, of course. The Company’s activities extend beyond the retail trade, but there is no denying that a great part of the goodwill which this Company enjoys was derived from the familiar name of “Foy and Gibson,” and it is over our stores that this designation is seen by most people.

As the time for his departure drew near, many farewell parties were arranged. In Adelaide, on August 22 the executives and buyers gave him a dinner, at which he was presented with an electric stove for his country home. The Melbourne retail stores gathered in the City Store on September 3, and, in the course of the evening (which had an undertone of sadness because of its origin, yet was a most happy night because of the excellent plans made by those who arranged it, and the response by those who supported it), an electric radiogram was presented to Mr. Moore, accompanied by flowers for Mrs. Moore. The presentation was made by Bert Ladhams, the youngest member of the retail staff. The enjoyment of the evening was contributed largely by Sylvia McPherson, Kelvin Plant, Egidio Bortoli (not forgetting his teacher, Oreste Manzoni, nor Stan Moore, Junior!), Paul De Bur, Aubrey Brookes and Will Clare (Prahran), the artists who performed during the first half of the programme,

Mr. Moore. Aggravated to some extent by an injury in World War I, his health suffered on several occasions, and finally he felt that he owed it to himself and his family to lighten his load. Hence his decision to retire. It was a decision which meant a great deal to many people in the organisation as well as to Mr. Moore himself. Still a comparatively young man (he is only in his fifties) the decision to give up the full and active life which he had known for so long was not easily made. Mr. Moore has the type of energy which leads its owner to chafe under inaction. But if Mr. Moore took this step with reluctance, his action meant nearly as much to many others in this Company.

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and the accompanist, Miss Marjorie Smith, and the "O.K. for Music" band, who provided the rhythm for the dancing which followed. Bouquets, too, to Miss Dorothya Matthews (Staff office) and the committee and helpers who supported her, for arranging this successful gathering.

The next night (September 4) the Melbourne executives and managers also gathered in the Bourke street store for their own presentation to Mr. Moore, which consisted of a refrigerator and a full set of carpenter's tools. It is to be hoped that Mr. Moore will learn to use the latter during his bush life at Kalorama, for

### Mr. Moore Says "Farewell . . ."

Taking advantage of the revival of "Service," Mr. Moore has asked if the following message could be circulated to the entire personnel of this Company through these columns. We publish his words with pleasure.

"This parting of our ways after nearly 10 year's service together in the Company's interest is a matter of great and sincere regret to me. We must never forget that the time for such leave-takings comes to all of us sooner or later. If the hill we have to climb is a steep one, it may be sooner. In my job, it has been a long and strong pull nearly all the time, but if we look back to conditions when we started together a decade ago I think you will agree that the effort was well worth while.

In the August edition of 'Service' was published a letter from our Chairman. Will you read this again, and especially the following words: 'Think in terms of "we" rather than "I," and we shall be such a close-knit, enthusiastic and successful team that no one shall hold us.'

I could find no better words to use as the kernel of my farewell message to you all. Those whom I have had the privilege to lead and guide during the past 10 years have played well their part in bringing prosperity to the retail stores—and to their personnel. Possibly our greatest pride has been that in the remoulding of our stores we were able to use so much of the good old 'Foy material.' It was not necessary to bring in much 'new blood,' and I thank everyone of you for the effort and loyalty which you gave me during my years of management.

It was because we worked together as a team that this success enabled all members of the staff to retain continued employment, which means so much to those who have to work to live. I believe we have a very happy combination. Like all travellers, we may have found a few rough spots on the road (who doesn't?), but by tackling our problems firmly and sensibly we soon found the smooth surfaces where the going was good.

My feelings are the same towards one and all, but as there are numerous units of our organisation which function independently, I send an individual message to these sections with whom my contacts were not as frequent as with the Melbourne Stores.

**To Perth:**

I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Donnes and his buying staff for their help and assistance. To-day East and West are closer than ever, and I hope that this feeling of good friendship will continue for the benefit of both Companies. To my many friends in Perth I wish all personal success in the future.

**To Adelaide:**

The distance which separates you from Melbourne presented a problem in the early stages of my management, but not for long. To-day you stand as a fine store with a fine staff, and I assure you that the help given by the Melbourne organisation in those early years was given gladly and proudly. Adelaide must always be prominent in the Foy team. See to it that the bond with Melbourne is kept tight. On that will depend success. Good luck to you and particularly to Mr. Chatto and Mr. Stamp. Finally, my warm thanks once again for your kind words at my departure, and your magnificent gift to Mrs. Moore and myself.

**To Eagley Mills:**

To Mr. McDougall and Mr. McIver, to all executives and staff, I say with sincerity 'Thank you for your help and assistance. Hard pressed as we both were by the difficult conditions of the war years, we may not always have seen our mutual problems in the same light, but believe me when I say that my comments were always sincere and in the interests of both production and distribution. I know that the future holds big things for our two
great sections of the Company, and I wish everyone full success.

To London Office:
I cannot speak too highly of London and of Mr. Robert Thomson. The war brought difficulties to my period of management, and the advice and help so freely given to me from London were of the utmost encouragement. You, sir, and your staff will never be forgotten by me. It remains my sincere regret that we have never met, but who knows what the years ahead may bring? Thanks once again for your great assistance. I sincerely hope that the way of life for you and for old England itself will be made much happier before very long.

To O. Gilpin Limited:
It was my privilege during the first two years of our association with the country stores to spend, together with the senior members of the Foy executive, a great deal of time in the early re-organisation of the group. We put in many long hours and grappled with many problems. But it was worth it. There were compensations. We met the very fine personalities of the new organisation, and it was an education as well as a pleasure to me, personally, to have had this opportunity to 'lend a hand' in establishing the new progress of these stores. To the manageresses and their staffs, whom I met during those early days, I say, 'Good luck, and may your stores continue to go ahead.' Then, as an 'old soldier,' I say to the returned servicemen, 'Welcome home' and 'the best of luck.' I hope that the better things in life will come quickly to you and yours.

To the Melbourne Stores:
I have left to the end my words to the stores which have been mostly my 'home' for the past ten years. I have enjoyed such co-operation, guidance and friendship from those with whom I have worked that to mention each by name would fill many columns of this magazine. On the other hand, to discharge my debt to a few by name would be to make distinctions which are far from my intentions. Yet I do refer to three men, and I ask all others to regard these as 'channels' through which I make acknowledgment of the work of all others. They are John Pritchard, Chas. Kelly and Arthur Cochran. To you all, to Store Managers Orme Pritchard and L. J. Rooke, and all staffs from top executives to the youngest junior, I say in farewell with deep regret. Together we did a big job and I think we did it well. We worked as a team and you all know that as a result of your efforts you find yourselves in an organisation in which you are secure, provided you carry on as you have done and always work and think as a company.

To my successor in office I wish full success in the tasks ahead of him just as I wish for a bright and happy future for the Company, its directors, the general management, the buyers and the staff. I conclude with two thoughts. One, the recollection of some words of advice given to me years ago. They are: 'You can build a character; you cannot buy one. Therefore, never sell it, because principle goes with it, and that you can never regain.' And my final thought: 'Keep the "bundle of sticks" securely tied.'

THE TIES THAT BIND.
Aussies, awake, and do your bit.
Show the world that we're closely knit.
Pay no heed to all the cranks
Who talk of strife and strikes and banks.
You can't afford to sit and frown,
Nor let the Mother Country down.
Pull up your socks, get in the mood,
And send her every ounce of food.
Don't moan about the coal and gas,
Remember the troubles Britain has.
We're one of the luckiest people on earth,
To show the world we know our worth;
To keep what bounteous Nature gave
We fought, but it was a very close shave.
Now, our ties with Britain must not snap,
We must do our best to "fill the gap."
Don't grumble because you stand in a queue,
Because butter is rationed and coupons seem few.
There's plenty of most things in our stores,
So send what you can to Britain's shores.
Remember our lads fought for freedom and peace,
Stand shoulder to shoulder and make this strife cease.

A. ANDREW,
(Wool Top Control, Eagley Mills).

As some people are apparently unaware, we are recording that Mr. M. R. SINCLAIR (formerly Credit and Coupon Office, City) was appointed Internal Auditor of the Company on February 1 last. Has been "in harness" since then and doing a mighty good job. Congratulations.

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The August number of "Service" is just to hand. Obviously it has renewed its strength and is all the better for its war time period in cold storage, being brimful of news and information about F. & G. activities. All tastes appear to be well catered for, and if one may say so, the contributors are to be warmly congratulated on their loyal and effective efforts to make the production the outstanding success it undoubtedly is. It shows what can be achieved if we all pull together.

This has been our warmest and driest Summer for many years. Lawns and countryside are parched and brown, so different from the normal green usually experienced throughout the year. A lady visitor from Melbourne recently was moved to enquire if we never watered the gardens in this country! To which one could only reply rather wistfully, yes, when we get the chance. Meantime we are urged to save water, which all has to be pumped, thus using up power, which in turn uses up coal, and so we come to rock bottom. Notwithstanding modern progress and discoveries, how dependent we are still on coal for most of the manufactured amenities of life! As one writes, coal production is held up whilst various interests argue about this or that, all of which has to be settled sooner or later, with benefit to all, including the disputants. If all were as proficient with and as ready to use their hands as their tongues, things would look decidedly more promising.

Nowadays "crisis" succeeds "crisis" almost daily—the general reaction being one of "what next?" with a dazed sort of anxiety as to whether we are to be still shorter of films, fags or food—according to one's outlook or responsibilities! One regrettable "crisis" consequence is that visitors to and from this country are being discouraged, if not actually restricted—owing to exchange difficulties. Time was when these visitors came in great numbers, had a very enjoyable time and were able to buy all sorts of attractive articles and clothes to take home, with corresponding benefit to the people here. The process is exactly reversed now—certainly for the present. Such visitors as come have to bring with them as much as they can. For home consumption there is still a shortage of goods of all sorts, particularly of the kinds one wants. Still there are bright spots, and for the moment one of these is the London office, where all are keyed up pending the arrival of new suits for all. These gifts are being sent by the Adelaide stores, on the initiative of our friend, Mr. W. P. Lewis, late manager there, whose kindly thought and understanding action in this connection is sincerely appreciated by all the prospective recipients. However, more anon.

Meantime one must not anticipate their arrival lest pride should go before a fall, i.e., in the event of their going astray in the post—what a thought!

An interesting and impressive event one was privileged to witness recently was the launch of the largest merchant ship to be built since 1939—about 28,000 tons. A remarkable feature was that the great ship was actually named and set in motion by a lady resident nearly 6000 miles away—all by wireless. Sitting in front of a microphone in her home, she named the ship, this being clearly heard on the launching platform. She then pressed a button which sent electrical impulses by land and sea to the shipyard. These impulses caused a bottle of wine to be broken in traditional fashion against the bow of the ship, and at the same time actuated the launching gear which started the great vessel impressively on her way down to the water, amid the cheers of a huge crowd—mostly shipyard workers. So accurate was the synchronisation that one could have thought the impact of the bottle had itself caused the ship to move off. On taking the water, stern first, she dipped or "curtsied" gracefully, making a delightful picture with her stately lines and mauve painted hull with white upper work gleaming in the sun—more like a great yacht than a passenger liner. Thus one more unit to replace a war loss was safely launched.

These shipyard workers take a great pride in their own handiwork, and all turn out to witness a launch. As the ship moves down the slips a crowd of men swarm after her, clearing away the discarded supporting gear, etc., and getting the berth ready to lay yet another keel without any delay. The launching is the first and most important stage, but the fitting out, installing engines, furnishings, etc., takes a long time—probably nine months or more in the case of an ocean liner. At present shipyards are full to capacity, some with new ships in course of building. Many others are being reconverted from troop transports, etc., back to passenger liners, while great numbers are undergoing deferred repairs of all sorts, consequent upon war conditions.

**ONLOOKER.**
News from Adelaide

By John Minks.

Table Tennis.
The most popular form of staff amusements in Adelaide is table tennis. Judging by the enthusiastic following, keenly whipped along by Alf Goodall as secretary, success has been met in association matches all but once.

Each week two teams branch out armed with special bats to the liking of each player, and woe betide the opponents. It is through these vicious match temperaments that the prestige of Foys is upheld in one sphere at least.

The following picture depicts two of our warriors, Durham and Cossey, during their training manoeuvres. Apparently the last ball had been broken or they are indulging in the customary post mortem on passing a life saver from each person, with the aid of a match in the mouth. Mr. Hugh Lethbridge (maintenance) excelled himself and became the champ. of the evening. Miss Kath. McDonald (mail order) rendered a very fine solo by singing “Love Will Find a Way,” and Mr. Seybert Wenham, of the tailoring workroom, received honours for his tap dancing marathon.

One of the outstanding features of the evening was the excellent supper, and it would be hardly fair to mention the personal consumption of some members. Bill Leane, of the men’s store, presented a remarkable dance called “The Dying Swan in a Public House.” This was most artistic and impressive, with the costume ably assisting.

During the evening Mr. Jack Thomas, the acting manager, showed excellent entertaining ability, and appeared to enjoy the pranks of his subordinates.

Chop Sticks.
Quite a normal customer was seen standing with a bewildered expression the other day, and, when approached, asked, “Do these stairs go up or down?” They weren't moving to our knowledge!

“Quiz Kid” Claude (furnishing department storeman) was accosted by a customer enquiring about travelling trunks. Zealous Claude escorted her to the men's underwear department. Definitely the wrong trunk line, Claude!

Overheard in the staff dining room was the subject of knitting gloves. Some enthusiast had discovered that the completed articles were both left handed!

It is with a genuine hand that we congratulate Mr. E. Jury, Adelaide's new merchandising manager. Mr. Jury has had many year's service with the company, and until his recent appointment was men's store manager.

After having been attacked by a mouse, Rex Pearce never stopped talking. Just as well it wasn't a snake. It would have been lengthened to some extent.

Sorrow for the Sovereign?
The crimes people commit against our language make one wonder, at times, if His Majesty is always pleased to hear our mother tongue referred to as “The King's English.” Recently we could not help hearing a conversation between two of our own girls. They were discussing a new film. There were several references to G. Ayney Bute. Seemingly a new star had arrived. As the story unfolded how ever, it transpired that the favourite in question was our old friend, Charles Boyer. Light dawned. Mr. Bute was not a rival. No newcomer in a character role had “stolen the show.” Oh dear, no! We had merely failed to understand that Mr. Boyer's charm had won rapturous approval in the phrase, “Gee! Ain't 'e beaut!”

Ugh!

Adelaide welcomes back ex-serviceman BRUCE SNEWIN and TOM CAMPAIN. So do we all! Further congratulations to Tom upon his recent engagement to attractive LORNA WAKEFIELD, Wool Department.

CLARRY SISSON (Men's Shoes, Adelaide) recently acquired a bonny daughter. Building up stocks, Clarry? All the best to you and Mrs. S.
Adelaide and Melbourne identities (as seen at Adelaide's farewell dinner to Mr. W. P. Lewis)—1, Miss Queen; 2, Mrs. M. Evans; 3, Mrs. Bullas; 4, Miss Titte; 5, Mr. West; 6, Miss Monaghan; 7, Mr. H. Rosecar; 8, Mr. R. Oliver; 9, Mr. E. Frith; 10, Mr. G. Castleton; 11, Miss Moore; 12, Mr. D. Doyle; 13, Miss Millar; 14, Mr. E. W. Jury; 15, Mr. C. K. Kelly; 16, Mr. R. J. Stamp; 17, Mr. Jack Thomas; 18, Mr. E. V. Nixon; 19, Mr. W. P. Lewis; 20, Mr. G. S. Moore; 21, Miss Franklin; 22, Mr. "Bob" Munro; 23 (hidden), Mr. J. Higgins; 24, Mrs. E. Evans; 25, Mr. L. Lever; 26, Miss Carroll; 27, Mr. R. Miller; 28, Mr. P. Wasley; 29, Miss Baker; 30, Miss Higgins; 31, Mr. F. Brown; 32, Miss Goldsmith; 33, Mr. J. Crum; 34, Mrs. Wiley; 35, Mr. E. Pitkin; 36, Miss Healy; 37, Mr. R. Pearce; 38, Miss Eldridge; 39, Mr. J. Minks; 40, Mr. J. Horde; 41, Mr. H. Foster.
Winter is practically over and we are enjoying brighter days and really gorgeous week-ends. Days of glorious sunshine and perfect mildness when not a ripple disturbs the glassy smooth blue surface of our river, when the kookaburra chirps gleefully, the bushland blazes with wild flowers and all our winter gladness vanishes at the promise of spring.

Once more it is good to be alive. Once more we can boast about our Sunny West and be proud of our beautiful city. It is good to know, too, that we have had another very satisfactory trading year. Within the store, our St. George's Terrace alterations are now completed, an imposing staircase taking you naturally and easily into the basement, and on each side of it smaller staircases giving access to the main floor. Public comment on it is very favourable.

Our store continues to grow in public favour, and we believe it will keep on doing so because we are constantly striving to improve our service to the public. Now staff training, systematic and scientific, has started under Mr. J. Leader. It certainly is a fine thing for juniors, for they will be taught at the commencement of their career what it has taken others a lifetime of experience to learn.

When we enter the store in the morning we are piped in to music, and it certainly helps, especially on a Monday morning when, like Shakespeare's schoolboy, "We creep like snail unwillingly to work," to be greeted by the lilting strains of a Strauss waltz. It makes us feel that, after all, work is not such a bad thing; that there is plenty in it to interest us, and that it brings us into contact with many bright companions.

The advent of spring reminds us also that Christmas is only a month or two away. Already we are starting to prepare for the festive season. This year Cinderella is to "co-star" with Father Christmas, and our ticket writers have revealed much talent in painting gay scenes from the story of this crystal-slippered wench and her infatuated Prince Charm-ing, for the decoration of Toyland when it opens.

R. C. ANGELL RESIGNS.

It was something of a bombshell when the news spread through the store that R. C. Angell had decided to resign in order to establish his own business. He came to us sixteen years ago, a very young man, to manage the grocery and provision department. His good management and his unrelenting work soon brought about an immense improvement, and it is not surprising, therefore, that after a few years he was promoted to the executive, of which he was, and still is, the youngest member; and is now sectional manager controlling the groceries, provisions, confectionery, fruit and vegetables, home cooking, cafeteria and service room. In fact, all the food sections. It certainly is a full-time job, and during his management all these sections have made mighty forward strides. His place in the store will certainly be hard to fill, and all of us will miss him. Everyone likes Bob. He enters into everything enthusiastically, and plays just as hard as he works, whether it be golf, cricket, football or tennis. We believe it will be a big wrench for Bob to break away from associations built up over so many years, but he is satisfied that he is doing the right thing.

It will seem strange without him, when he leaves at the end of September, but each one of us wishes him luck and success in all his undertakings.

SPORT.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," says Milton, and it is certainly true of golfers. What great hearts they have! One of our golfers, who shall be nameless, playing in a foursome, had a most disastrous day on a recent Sunday when he lost 7/- to his opponents, a "sixty-five" ball, and broke his favourite wood when he wrapped it round a tree. Still, he has not had enough, he is looking for a return match.

All golfers in the store were thrilled when it became known that J. Orr had won the Sea View Cup. This is played over 36 holes. Jock finished one down, so he must have played almost faultless golf. He was competing against some of the State's best players. Mrs. Orr was delighted with the beautiful Doulton tea service she received as the trophy.

Talking of golf, enthusiasts in the store are hoping to arrange a tournament on the King's birthday holiday in November. Some even look forward to the day when we shall be holding inter-store matches in the various States. That certainly will be the day.

The football club continues on its victorious course. After losing the first two matches, it has won on every occasion since. Plans amongst the staff for all sorts of social occasions are being made, and committees to arrange them are being formed.

CYCLING PRODIGY.

A young sixteen and a half year old in our mercery department, by name R. Grimsby, who has only taken up cycling seriously during the last six months, is already achieving fame. He has won the 16-mile road race for juniors, Donnybrook to Bunbury, the Mollinson Memorial 20-mile road race for juniors, and the 13-mile Junior Scottish Wheel Track Race, so that already he is a champion amongst juniors. But in addition to this he was runner-up in both the Douglas Jones Memorial and the Starr Gunney Memorial races. We congratulate him heartily on his past successes and wish him the best of luck in his future cycling career.

SYMPATHY.

Everyone extends sympathy to Shirley Murdoch of the staff office in her recent sad bereavement.

TWO PROMOTIONS.

Two more ex-servicemen in the persons of W. H. Caporn and W. Maraget, both of whom were with us prior to the war and left to join the military forces, afterwards coming back to us, have just been promoted.

W. H. Caporn becomes second-in-charge of the electro-plate and electrical departments, and W. Maraget, second in the confectionery department. Congratulations and good luck to them both.

TWO DAUGHTERS.

Mr. Stork has been busy amongst us during the last week or two and congratulations go to George Manley (electricians), who became the proud father...
of a daughter on August 22, and to E. G. Hatton (grocery), whose wife presented him with a daughter on September 8. One in August and one in September! That's pretty good. Let's hope we can maintain the average of one a month!

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editor,

Sir,

Having been connected with fashion goods, etc., for the past 20 years, may I express my opinion on this ever-popular and debatable subject—Fashion's Decree. Thank goodness "Tops," the monthly fashion newspaper, has taken a keen interest in this subject, and undoubtedly will do much to foster a greater interest in Australian fashions. I cannot understand why large emporiums, both retail and wholesale, in Australia should be satisfied to sit back and accept any fashions that countries such as America and France wish upon us. I admit that these countries do supply us with some beautiful creations. On the other hand, some of the designs sent out are neither suitable for our peculiar climatic conditions nor do they do justice to the beautifully-built Australian girls. Take, for instance, the American-designed "Sloppy Joe." From appearance, this garment could come from no other place than Harlem. The garment neither looks smart nor becoming, and could not add smartness to the wearer.

Secondly, one overseas decree, I feel certain, is that ever-to-be-frowned-on practice of wearing ordinary and smartly-cut ladies' coats just carelessly hanging from the shoulders as a cape would be worn. This practice is neither elegant nor smart.

I am confident that we have in Australia amongst our business girls many who, given the opportunity, could design fashions that not only would carry all the lines of beauty as do some overseas creations, but would serve in a more practical manner the general conditions prevailing in Australia.—Yours, etc.,

"C. H. APELSTREET."

Sir,

I am very interested in the making of seagrass shopping baskets. It is a most pleasant (and profitable) hobby. Is it followed by other readers? If so, I would like to meet them.

Also, I think it would be fine if we could organise a Foy & Gibson band or orchestra. There should be many instrumentalists among us. Couldn't they get together? If not for concert work, for dancing? From this might come dances themselves—an excellent way for all staffs to get together and possibly raise money for charitable purposes or other good causes.—Yours, etc.,

WINIFRED SHAYLOR.

Boby Wear, City.

[Note: Comments on the pertinent points raised here and other contributions to this column will be welcomed.
—Ed. "S."
]

We Can Take It!

Getting "Service" into print is no picnic. We use so many towels to wrap around the editorial brow while the midnight oil is burning that we're running short of coupons. Still, there are compensations. We seem to be making satisfied customers. Following the August issue we received shoals of complimentary letters. With all modesty, we must confess that these congratulatory notes were too numerous to acknowledge here, but we are moved to publish the following letters, just because we do appreciate the kind thought which prompted them:

Thanks very much for the copy of your staff magazine, which I was interested to receive, and have passed on to our staff supervisor. Congratulations on a very good presentation.

A. J. GEORGE.
Managing Director Georges Limited.

I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating you on the first issue of the new "Service." I feel that it will fill a need in bringing various sections of the Foy Organisation more closely together, and in providing a means for the interchange of information and ideas. The magazine has been received with enthusiasm by the management and staff of all our stores, and we are all looking forward to the next issue with great interest. Every success.

E. T. FYANDER,
General Manager O. Gilpin Ltd.

Producing "Service" has always reminded me of the magician producing rabbits out of a hat. Everybody at first believes it impossible, and then comes round to the view that there must be a catch in it and that it is incredibly easy. As one who has learnt by sober experience in the past that it was by no means easy, when paper could be bought in ton lots and printers lined up in droves for the privilege of doing the printing, may I congratulate you in producing something really out of the box in spite of paper shortage, over-worked printers and even over-worked would-be contributors! For this is certainly the biggest and best "Service" we have yet seen—a rabbit of which even Mandrake could well be proud. Keep up the good work. The results will be well worth while.

F. X. McMAHON,
Staff Manager, O. Gilpin Ltd.

THE GRATEFUL VOICE.

No one really expects to be thanked for kindness. All the same, everyone in Bourke street has been warmed by two letters from the Red Cross. Addressed to Mrs. M. Barker, who is Secretary of Foy's Red Cross Company, these read:

"We wish to acknowledge receipt of your contribution of second-hand clothing for the Great Britain appeal. Would you please convey our deep appreciation to your members for their assistance.

(MRS.) J. WARNOCK,
Director, Civilian Relief."

"I would like to take this opportunity of congratulating members of your Company on the work done for the British Relief Appeal. The number of garments you have sent is really excellent, and we are looking forward to further consignments from you.

Wishing all your members every success, and thanking them for their co-operation.

(MRS.) ECCLES MACKAY,
Victoria Divisional Commandant."
EDITORIAL

Some people don’t like long leading articles. Some don’t read editorials anyway. This time we’ll endeavour to please the first group.

To those who contributed to the success of the August issue (which was almost a “new” magazine, since our journal had been “in smoke” since 1941), many thanks. It had some interest for everyone apparently. Not a critic croaked (or if he did we didn’t hear about it). On the other hand, a lot of nice people told us they enjoyed every line. Good!

On the whole we were able to offer a fairly “mixed grill” of news. In the present issue we have been able to provide a similar dish. But if we are to maintain this variety we must have a well-stocked editorial larder. Chefs can’t work with a bare kitchen. There must be “outside suppliers.” Someone must bring in the “meat,” the “bacon” and the “cayenne.”

So will you, dear reader, accept an appointment as one of our literary “trades people” and help to “deliver the goods.” A suggestion. Where the various new social committees are functioning why not use your local representative as a channel for news—and in reverse, will the various committeemen and women “chase” all the personal and social news, which help to make these pages of interest to your fellow workers? As well as news, photographs will always be welcome. Snaps taken at work, at play, in sporting activity, or on the beach (so long as the image is sharp and clear enough for block-making purposes), will help a great deal to brighten our pages.

Meanwhile, keep the team spirit going. This co-operation between all ranks is well in evidence in the contributions which have been sent to “Service.” Blend this with your daily activities at work, at home, and elsewhere. Look for the good in others. As you find it, use it as an example. Grasp the hand of friendship—and hold out one of your own!

"Service" Is The Name
Result of Competition.

Originally, this magazine was issued under the name “All Shoulders to the Wheel.” This was changed shortly afterwards to “Service,” the title which it has borne for some ten years. It is a simple, easily remembered name, and, in a general way, is descriptive of the effort which each of us makes in the course of our every day efforts for the Company.

Familiarity does not always breed contempt. Quite often it engenders affection. First acquaintance develops into old friendship. Think of the attachment which most of us form to a well-worn pair of shoes. So it is with “Service.” We are not displeased with the name, although we admit that a better title may exist. But it seemed a good idea to gauge the amount of thought given to the magazine, as a whole, and to test the fertility of readers’ minds. Hence the competition announced in our last issue. We offered good prizes for suggestions for another name for the journal.

The result was interesting if not inspiring, that is quantitatively speaking. Far more entries were anticipated. We thought people would have been ready to “have a shot” at prizes totalling £9/9/-, with a first of five guineas. Still, it is comforting to find that our staff is apparently fairly “well off” and not in need of an extra £1 or so!

Viewed on a geographic basis, the entries caused a raising of the editorial eyebrow! F. & G. Stores romped home! There must be something in the country air! Otherwise all sections “came good”—except (chilly in Chapel Street?) Prahran. Here is the “break down”:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Entries</th>
<th>100%</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>F. &amp; G. Stores</td>
<td>43%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collingwood</td>
<td>22%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bourke St.</td>
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<td>Eagley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Adelaide</td>
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<td>Prahran</td>
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On a “helpful” basis the entries were good indeed. Competitors obviously gave a lot of thought to the quest, and well reasoned explanations were given to the title suggested. After an exacting scrutiny the judges felt that no entry fully justified the abandonment of the existing name, but they unanimously and readily awarded the prizes to the following competitors:—

First prize, £5/5/-: Mr. A. S. Marshall, Ass. Store Manager, Bourke street—“ON TARGET.”
Second prize, £3/3/-: Mrs. Gitsham, F. & G. Stores, Horsham, Vic.—“THE CHALLENGE.”
Third prize, £1/1/-: Miss K. Growney, Office, Collingwood—“PROGRESS.”

No other prizes were offered, but it has been our pleasure to award consolation prizes of 5/- each to the following “runners-up” for the effort given to the title suggested:—

W. F. McFadyen, Collingwood; L. D. Wills, Collingwood; Miss Hazel Dowd, F. & G. Stores, Young, N.S.W.; P. De Bur, City Store; L. A. McDougall, F. & G. Stores, Tumut; Miss A. Budgeon, City Store; A. T. Davies, Adelaide; J. Hamilton, Eagley Mills.

Hearty congratulations to the three place getters. A pat on the back for the others, and warm thanks to one and all for nice co-operation.
Culled from the Countryside

AUSTRALIA ENCORES

F. & G. STORES!

WELLINGTON.

Situated on the Macquarie and Bell rivers, where the waters meet, Wellington is 229 miles by road from Sydney. This centre is noted for its wheat, dairying and grazing industries, and the town itself is quite a pretty spot, and widely known as "the haven of the west." The main street is one-sided, having a very nice park and bowling green on the opposite side, surrounded by mountains. This makes a very pretty setting. Six miles out of the town we have the caves, which are very beautiful, almost as nice as the famous Jenolan caves.

All types of sport are played here, including polo. Tennis is very popular, there being seventeen courts at the town club, which is a large number for a town of this size. We have three factories—butter, gloves and dolls. The last-named makes the well-known "Dolly Dear" plastic dolls. Also three miles out there is a gold dredge, which is also an asset to the town. The population is approximately 6000 in the town and district.

Miss Beryl Smith, of the Wellington staff, was a very attractive figure when she recently made her debut at the Church of England ball.

"The strange requests we receive." We have an old friend who comes to our store regularly. One day he asked, quite seriously, "Have you an agency in this shop?" We enquired what kind of an agency he meant, and found he wanted to meet a widow with plenty of money with a view to matrimony. We were greatly amused, especially when he offered to pay £100 to anyone who found him this eligible lady. In case anyone is interested, I might mention that our friend is well over 70 years of age, and has a walking stick.

DENILIQUIN.

No doubt when quite a few of F. & G. employees see this name the first thing they will think of will be kangaroos and blacks. Of course, we still have plenty of "roos" out on the plains, and a few blacks roaming around. But Deniliquin is a flourishing township right in the heart of the rich Riverina, and is nicely situated on the Edwardes River. During the hot summer months, after a game of tennis on one of the 10 grass courts, one can relax with plenty of fishing and swimming. Taking things all round, it is a sports-minded town, as five football teams turn out each week, and during the summer nine cricket teams take the field each week-end. The population is around the 4000 mark, and we are well catered for medically with four doctors and three chemists, plus 11 hotels!

It may be of interest to quite a few to know (especially as "Service" has given such a kick to wool), that Deniliquin holds two records as far as sheep are concerned:

(1) It has the largest Merino sheep stud in the world.

(2) The largest sheep shearing shed in Australia. "Boonoke," run by S. F. Faulkiner and Sons, where up to 45 shearsers can take their stand at the one time.

"Wanganella" is another large estate just a little below "Boonoke," which made history for Deniliquin this year by chartering a plane to take 30 stud rams to the Sydney sheep sales, some bringing up to 600 guineas. To give some idea of the clip, 10,554 bales of wool have been sent by rail during July, August and the first week in September.

But to top all this off, we have a very poor train service. Only four passenger trains a week, and quite often these take over four hours to complete the last 45 miles.

—Stan J. Coulter.

FORBES.

In Forbes we have many assets which other country towns would be proud to possess. We have the tobacco factory of W. D. & H. O. Wills, which employs 70 women and 50 men. About two million cigarettes are manufactured daily. These are sent to Sydney for distribution. (What a pity!) Then there are the brick works, which are a great help in local building activities. We have an Olympic swimming pool, which is claimed to be one of the best in the West. The pool has tiled floor and sides, with lights around the edges for night swimming. Actually, there are two pools, one for the swimmers, which has two diving boards, and a small pool for the children. There are showers operating in the ladies' and men's dressing sheds. Outside the pools enclosure are lovely lawns with many ornamental trees and shrubs. A refreshment room is at the entrance to the pool.

Forbes also has a very good racecourse, and holds two big race meetings a year, one in May, and the Cup meeting in September. There are ten hotels, so we have plenty of accommodation to offer our visitors. We have a couple of parks, but one in particular is very nice. It covers about 2 acres and always looks very attractive. The lawns and gardens are very well kept, and in summer time are well patronised.

—(Miss) J. Jones and (Miss) E. Ryan.

Forbes and Broken Hill Have a Feather in Their Cap.

Dr. Gordon Young operates his Flying Doctor Service from Forbes, whilst Dr. Woods operates his service from Broken Hill.

The well-known American radio commentator, Mr.
William Winter, recently spent several days with the New South Wales Flying Doctor at Broken Hill, and travelled in the aerial ambulance with Dr. Woods on his rounds.

Mr. Winter’s talks to Australia during the war are well known to many Australians, and after his recent flight with Dr. Woods, he expressed his opinion of the Flying Doctor Service:

“The story of the Australian Flying Doctor Service is one that should be told to the world, shouted from the roof-tops and re-echoed with pride by every Australian,” he said.

So much was Mr. Winter impressed by the Flying Doctor Service that he photographed the Flying Doctor at work, and the film is to be released in America, in addition to having recorded the whole story for American radio listeners. A turning point has been made in Australia in establishing such a flying service for giving medical treatment to hundreds of people who live in the remote, isolated outback regions. As Mr. Winter claims, it is a service which should be echoed with pride by every Australian, as I’m sure we will all agree.

—Keith Robens.

HORSHAM.

This is Merlyn Gitsham, manageress, from Horsham, speaking. I must commence by saying how nice it was to receive “Service.” I have been a member of this organisation at this branch for the past 11 years, and it was like getting one’s spade out and digging up the past, to read about the doings of many of my workmates, who have passed through this branch. To those who worked at the Horsham branch, some local news may be appreciated. Firstly, the shop. We have a very lovely big shop which was all reorganised for the Foy opening. At present I have a very young staff, consisting of Mr. to be very impressed by the big wages paid to beginners.

Many houses have been built here recently by the Housing Commission, which has also brought outside business to the town. Well, folks, I think I have told you all the news, and those workmates who do not know me as Mrs. Merlyn Gitsham, will remember me as Miss Merlyn Hutchesson.

NARRANDERA.

After reading and thoroughly enjoying the last edition of “Service,” we of Narrandera feel we would like to contribute details of interest of our township, and a few notes on “personalities” of the firm.

We have a modern town of which we are justly proud, and nearly every member of our branch is a native of it. The town is situated on the banks of the Murrumbidgee, and on the border line of the irrigation area, the latter needing no introduction to any Australian. Narrandera is noted for its sporting facilities, including one of the State’s finest sports grounds. An Easter Carnival held on this arena attracts competitors from all States of the Commonwealth. This is a yearly event. Our swimming pool is spread over 5 acres, in beautiful natural surroundings, a site well worth viewing. The “Aussie” rules team has remained undefeated in competition this season.

The railway junction here gives an “industrial” atmosphere in combination with the new, big modern flour mill nearby. The hotels boast of a modern cuisine, and with real cause visitors speak highly of them. A daily air service to Sydney and Melbourne makes travelling ideal.

Three of our girls made charming debutantes this year. Unhappily, Miss Marie Hansen lost her mother. To her goes the sympathy of all.

—Arnold Dale.

[Incidentally, Mr. Dale was blessed recently by the arrival of a daughter, Jennifer Kay. Warm congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Dale.—Ed., “S.”]

WONTHAGGI.

Wonthaggi is a coal-mining town, and the 4000 population have no worries of fuel shortages, gas or electricity rationing, as we have our own fuel and power here.

We are also fortunate to be centrally situated to some of the finest beaches in Victoria, the nearest being within walking distance. Some of the noted holiday resorts are also quite handy, namely Cowes, San Remo and Inverloch.

The shop here is a large and airy one; in fact, we even have our own swimming pool, in the way of a large cellar under the back room floor. This cellar has water running from it all the year round and during this winter it became flooded and we had to get the local fire brigade to pump the water out. They used their large pump, which pumps at the rate of 500 gallons a minute. It took them 13 hours to complete the job. This will give you some idea of the amount of water that was under the shop.

Being a coal-mining town, we have a mixed population, which includes English, Scotch and many Italians. As some of these people are very broad and difficult to understand at times, we could do with an interpreter in the shop. An amusing incident was that of a Scotchman who came into the shop and asked for an “arnet.” After several attempts to satisfy the customer’s needs, the perplexed
Assistant turned to the manageress. The Scotchman, in desperation, waved his hand towards his head and shouted, "Arnet, arnet!" The manageress then realised it was a hair net the man wanted.

—(Miss) M. Tierney.

YARRAWONGA.

From Betty Abbott, a member of the staff, whose age is but 15, we have received a glowing description of the town in verse. This happy composition begins—

"We read about Foy's branches
In our 'Service' magazine,
These may make some one wonder
About places not yet seen . . ."

Then follow references to "the mighty Murray," "the waters of the weir," the bathing pool, the palms in the street and the trek of the pioneers. Unfortunately, space does not permit of printing this very thoughtful effort in full, but we would like others to know that "Service" has a staunch supporter in Yarrawonga. Thank you, Betty.

LOCKHART.

Lockhart is a small town in the Riverina district of New South Wales. It has a population of 1200, who mainly derive their income from the wheat that they grow and the sheep that are grazed. Most F. & G. stores staff have heard tales of the frightful conditions which had prevailed here, and have always stood in awe at the prospect of being transferred to such a "desert" town. Well, happily, time has changed many things at Lockhart, and the main alteration is that the water from Burrenjuck Reservoir has come through to the town. An example of the town's pre-war barrenness, for those who fortunately knew nothing about it, is that during the summer months, when the thermometer averages 100 degrees, each person had only one billy of water per day for drinking and ablution purposes.

Now we have gardens, playing ovals, a bowling green and a golf course of lush green instead of the hot, dusty earth. These sporting facilities and others are always in use as both young and old of the town are very keen in their particular branch of recreation. Every week-end you see them making their way to the various fields, courts and rinks. Australian rules and rugby go hand in hand during the winter months, likewise does tennis, cricket and bowls in the summer. Swimming is the one activity denied us, but we hope to have a swimming pool in the very near future.

During the past conflict 200 young men joined the services from the district, which is not too bad, considering the population. The lay-out of the town is similar to all of our "F. & G." towns, as we have the shopping centre confined to the main street. Though our commercial world may be small, it is very healthy and efficient. A local chamber of commerce has been formed recently, and through this medium we hope to see great development and expansion.

—Laurence Smith.

YOUNG.

I'm only a junior in a country town, but when I read the articles in "Service," I felt as though I was really on the same level as everyone concerned with it. It is a fine magazine, and I hope to read many more issues, each getting better as time goes by. "The history of Foy and Gibson" was very interesting to read, as previously I had not known much about this.

Last year Christmas proved to be very successful in our store. For about a month before members of the staff had been telling both the parents and the children that Santa Claus would be visiting this store, and would be giving presents off a big Christmas tree. Despite the fact that there are a large number of big stores in this town, we were the only one having a Santa Claus. This created a sensation amongst the children.

A regular customer of our store generously offered us a pine tree. This was quite a good size, and very green and fresh. We placed it in a large tin of sand at the front of the shop, in between the two doors, and it could be seen by all who entered the store.

The day before Christmas Eve we commenced decorating the tree. Balloons were almost unheard of then, but we were lucky enough to obtain one very large one. This we placed right on the top of the tree. We cut brightly coloured crepe paper into streamers and weaved these in and out of the branches. Here and there purses, parcels and small picture or story books were hung, and silver tinsel sprinkled about, helped to give a bright effect, which was so much desired for the success of the tree.

We were very fortunate in securing the services of a man who was particularly fond of children for the role of Santa Claus. This was evident as the day wore on, by his very capable handling of the little ones. One of the churches loaned us the outfit for Santa, and, with the addition of a pillow or two,
The Hosiery Department, New Smith Street Store.

One View of Millinery Department, New Smith St. Store.

SECTION OF ENORMOUS CREW
In centre, Mr. Rooke (left)

The new Smith Street Store from the second floor across to the Mercery (ground floor) and Fur...
BUS CROWD ON OPENING DAY.
Mr. Oake (left), Mr. Moore (right).

Furniture Department, as seen from Ground Floor, New Smith St. Store.

Furnishings (first floor), and Furniture (lower ground floor).

a rotund effect was achieved. We added a pair of sunglasses, and, to disguise his natural colouring, his face was amply dusted with a dark-toned face powder. Thus he was ready to present the children with their gifts, which mainly consisted of small articles such as crayons, books, purses, handkerchiefs, games, toys, exercise books, pencils, pens, books and crayons tied together, Xmas stockings, rattles, teethers and various other small gifts.

How the children beamed at the sight of the big Christmas tree. Their eagerness to see Santa, to tell him what they wanted from him, made us all feel proud as well as pleased with our efforts. Many a mother complimented us on our fine work in making a pleasure for their children.

—Hazel Dowd (age 17).

Shepparton Staff (back) Neville Jack, Miss M. Peach, Len Ogle; (front) Joyce Goodsr, Betty Bremner, Alma Berry.

FORBES.

"Service" has asked for contributions. Yes, but what? Suddenly it dawned. My transfer to Forbes. I was in Goulburn when I read the letter. "We wish you to travel..." Came the day of departure. With cries of "yes, I'll write," and tear-filled eyes (sad, isn't it?) the train moves on and I settle myself with a book, but my thoughts are left in the town I'm rapidly leaving.

Next, I study my fellow passengers, a man in one corner and a lady opposite. Miles fly past. Not a word is spoken. Suddenly the lady talks. "Been a lovely day, hasn't it?" Smilingly, I consent (after all I had to live up to the slogan of the Goulburn store, namely "F. & G. for Courtesy"). "Lovely!" I wonder. Conversation then gathers speed and the usual personal questions are asked. The man hasn't said a word. He can't, poor man! Try to talk with two females! Ha! Ha! Magazines, etc., are exchanged and then the lady takes out an orange and, after squirting me in the eye, proceeds to eat it, without even apologising for her act, nor offering to share it. I'd have declined anyway.

Finally, I'm on the Forbes mail, take off my hat and prepare for a night's rest. What a thought!

First, the blare of "Tickets, please." Then the consistent crying of an overtired child, and finally the "snorer" in the corner. Oh! for a "Reelax" mattress! Eventually, morning and I open my eyes and survey the countryside. Quite by accident I glance in the mirror. The resemblance to Clara Cluck of film fame is amazing. Finally, my destination—and I've lost my new hat. I search frantically and find it UNDER the snorer! Oh! My hat! By this time the smile is a fixture, and, collecting luggage, arrive at the new store.

Now I am settling to the old routine, looking with more eagerness to the postie until I once again receive THAT LETTER.

That's all, folks! Happy transfer!

—Wyn Roach.

WAS TERANG A-MOO-SED?

In the Western District where there's always a breeze,
Is a certain store called F. & G's.
Many shoppers they've had we TRUST,
But never a shopper like the cow that thrust
Her head in the store and tried to seize
The wonderful things they sell with ease.
It trod all over their "inter store's"
And made several marks on their nice clean floors,
In their nice clean store it made a rout,
Till the brave little manageress chased it out.
Now this is the moral of this little tale,
Keep your inter store papers (and do not fail)
In a nice safe place, where they stay quite clean,
If you manage a store where the cow is queen.
Lois Johnson, Malvern Warehouse.

IN BRAZIL?

Two men travelling together decided to eat the contents of the packages their wives had kindly made. Suddenly one eating cakes started to moan, jerkily bending backwards and forwards.

His fellow passenger became alarmed, and asked him the trouble. "The cakes!" he gasped, "my wife forgot to shell the nuts." "Gor blimey," replied his mate, "and does that crack 'em?"

You're right, I read it somewhere.

—Wyn Roach.

THE TRIALS OF TO-DAY.

On being asked for the coupons for his purchase, the elderly customer replied, "But I don't have coupons. I only have cash. My wife died and was buried in the —— cemetery and she carries the coupons with her."

His wife, we learnt, had died over 12 months before. When reminded that coupons were issued by the Government and that in all probability he would find his card at home, the old man replied, "But my daughter inherited the house and everything, and I can't inherit them off her." Apparently he was slightly deaf, for when next we asked him to bring his coupons in the following day he said, "Oh, no, I'm taking them home with me now!" However, he didn't take them, much to his sorrow. It was "game" to us, but we are still wondering whether we were being officially "tested."

—I. McA.

[Note.—This actually occurred, but for obvious reasons the name of the store has been withheld.—Ed., "S."]
MAINLY FOR MELBOURNE RETAIL EMPLOYEES.

Staff Training

For many years the training staff has been a debated question in retail organisations. The following articles by two of our Staff Managers should, therefore, be of interest to all readers.

THINK OF YOUR FUTURE.
By J. GLEN DOIG, Staff Manager, Melbourne Stores.

Staff training has begun again. I make a special appeal to all members of the selling staffs to take advantage of this instruction. It should be the aim of every assistant to improve his or her selling ability, not only because it will help your department, but because of the satisfaction a job well done brings to the doer.

IMPROVE YOUR SALESMASTSHIP. IMPROVE YOUR DEPARTMENT. SECURE YOUR JOB. BE PROUD OF YOUR ABILITY.

Salesmanship is a tremendously important art, that can be perfected by practice from day to day. Every customer is a problem—a special kind of problem—and the successful sales assistant can "fit" the customer into the correct "buying class," and by gauging his or her financial position, can sell him the very best that his means will reach.

Customers are important people, no matter how small their purchases may be, and should be treated as such. Treat every customer as your guest in the store, and forget about everything else until her needs have been attended to. Do not stand talking or attend to stock while a customer is waiting at the counter. Your job—in fact the existence of the store—depends on the goodwill which your attention and alertness creates in the customers' mind. If you can be depended upon to do what you are supposed to do without supervision, those in authority will look to you to handle that bigger job when the opportunity arises.

Opinion in Australia would appear to be divided on the value of planned staff training for the personnel of retail stores. It has been severely described as "an extravagant waste of time," "absolutely essential," "worth giving a try, but—" and "boloney," by various business men, each outstandingly successful.

Actually, when we get to the bottom of these diverse opinions, there is little disagreement on the basic fact that no matter what occupation an individual entering business intends to follow, some training in fundamental procedures is essential. It is when staff training "experts" begin giving learned lectures on "The Psychological Approach to the Sub-Normal Customer," etc., that uncomplimentary phrases begin to be heard with disturbing frequency.

So far, we have done very little in "F. & G. Stores" in the way of lectures or special schools for staff, but we have given the subject some consideration and the progress we have made and the plans we have for the future may be of interest, not only to country readers, but to "service" readers generally.

In the opinion of those responsible for "F. & G. Stores" staff planning, the greatest stress must first be laid on the selection of material—"the person-nel" who ultimately make up the selling staff. It has sometimes been suggested that our ultimate aim is to gradually eliminate all females from management; that we are convinced (in spite of the experience of world famous organisations to the contrary) that women are "bad store managers." Nothing could be further from the truth. Yet there would appear to be some suggestion of a move in this direction in the appointment of men to the management of thirty-eight of our branches in the past twelve months.

The explanation is simple. Faced with an acute shortage of female labour on the one hand and statistics pointing to quite a high annual average of resignations from management for marriage and other reasons on the other, we commenced our programme of strengthening our staffs as a preliminary to planned training by examining our fields of enlistment of new staff. None appeared more prolific in promising material, and certainly none more deserving, than the pool of ex-servicemen under demobilisation. From this, many new appointments have been made, and it is a matter of extreme gratification to know that failures to date of selected personnel has been only a little more than 2 per cent., nearly one hundred returned servicemen having been

IS STAFF TRAINING WORTH WHILE?
By F. X. McMATHON, Staff Manager, F. & G. Stores.

A sale that results in returned goods is far worse than if a sale is not made at all; for not only was all the work of selling, wrapping, checking and delivery wasted, but what is worse, the goods themselves often come back soiled and either unfit for sale or have to be marked down before they can be sold.

Courtesy is one of your main essentials. Never answer rudeness with rudeness. Be impersonal enough not to take a rude remark personally. Self control is essential in dealing with the public. If a customer says or does something which irritates you, be careful not to answer hastily. Keep silent until you regain your self control, and then reply calmly and politely. You won't regret it.

Customers are still war weary, and tired of tramping from one place to another in a fruitless search for some commodity which has been practically unprocurable since the war years. It is up to you to create a new interest for the shopper. Many, I know, are already trying hard to overcome the difficulties associated with sales in which the merchandise is not quite as good as pre-war. Meanwhile, your colleague on the next counter may be new and inexperienced, and is trying to grapple with this problem, every day, unaided. Let us all combine to help each other in promoting goodwill to the customer and our fellow-workers.Courtesy to others promotes sales and smooths out many difficulties encountered in a retail store of to-day.

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appointed. Once in the organisation, these men have equal opportunity with the female staff of qualifying for promotion to management. And by no means do the men have it all their own way.

All new senior appointees to the organisation, whether destined for management or not, serve a period of attachment to the warehouse—generally one month—followed by a period of actual selling in a specially selected store. In this period—usually eight weeks—basic training is carried out and the new recruit, when pronounced fit, is transferred to his, or her, branch.

During this last year we have confined ourselves to the training of these new members, although all new juniors have, of course, received the best training available from the manager or manageress of the local store to which they have been appointed. No centralised training of these assistants has been attempted.

We are now about to embark on the second phase of our training programme, and in doing this we have in mind three points:

1. The modern customer is generally in a hurry. She has no time to waste while assistants fumble with dockets and store systems. All assistants must, therefore, be trained thoroughly in the simple processes of docket-writing, wrapping procedure, laybys, etc. They must be trained to carry out these duties simply, cheerfully, efficiently and, above all, quickly.

2. The day of the “magsman” and “slick salesman” is past. Customers are coming more and more to regard the salesperson as a friendly expert, who is there, not only to sell, but to help with expert knowledge and advice in solving the immediate purchasing problem. To become such experts staff must master all that is to be known about the merchandise under their care.

When you have nylon to sell, for example, it is not enough to go into raptures about the sheer loveliness of the fabric. It is also important to know something about its origin and why it must be ironed in a special way, and so on.

We need make no excuse for the merchandise we sell. In markets short in supply it is the best that can be obtained, and it is unnecessary to spoil future sales by building up non-existent “qualities” to make sure of one sale. “Caught once” is a bad feeling to leave with any customer. Knowledge of merchandise is so important that without it, in our view, no sales assistant can hope to make much progress in ours or any other organisation.

3. The third point (and perhaps it should be placed on top of this list) is the great need for developing “store courtesy.” Every store develops an atmosphere of its own, and the smaller the store the more pronounced it seems to be. Some places fairly shout a welcome to the customers, others make them feel uncomfortable, unwelcome. This atmosphere is created in two ways:

(a) By the manner of the staff towards the customer—the extra little note of welcome in that “good morning” or “good afternoon,” the extra speed shown in dropping that “important job” to attend to a customer entering the store, demonstrating in an unobtrusive manner that she is even more important; and

(b) the care shown in “dressing out” windows, departments and sections and in keeping stock neatly, well ticketed and readily available. In this way the goods themselves make it clear to the customer that she is welcome. “What a happy store that is!”

At the present moment, we are asking our store managers and manageresses to co-operate with us in helping to put this three-point programme into practice, not only to get the staff interested in the points in question, but to become interested and even more proficient in carrying them out themselves.

In the meantime, tentative arrangements have been made whereby the most promising male and female staff will have an opportunity of winning attachment to a special store in each division. Here they will receive an intensified course of training based on the above simple principles. A staff manual in course of preparation will supplement this programme. Our divisional controllers are wholly behind this experiment in “down to earth” training. We believe and hope that it will help to develop to an even greater degree than at present the sense of craftsmanship and loyalty one to another that exists in an organisation with the consciousness that every member is doing his best—is striving for the corportative and individual satisfaction of jobs well done.

F. & G. SOCIAL.

Successful Night at “The Palms.”

The dance organised by the F. & G. Social Committee at “The Palms” on August 29, was a most happy event. Although some time has since elapsed, it is too vivid a memory not to be recorded here, and the work of the organisers too good to be lightly passed over.

Great credit is due to Mr. E. Heintz, Secretary, and his Committee, Misses Johnson, Scarlett and Moore. The hall was filled to capacity and the decorations were outstandingly good. Congratulations to all concerned.

[When do we meet again?—Ed. "S."]

STAN COULTER (Deniliquin) sends greetings to Graham Halliday (Hardware, City). Seems he still remembers the 26th R.S.U. Good old R.A.A.F. days!

At the “F. & G.” Ball at “The Palms,” August 29. (Left to right) Elaine Moore, Mr. Geo. Lloyd, Kerry Scarlett, Mr. E. Heintz and Lois Johnson—a happy party from Malvern Warehouse.
From Ewe to You or Know Your Own Mills

(Article 2.)

By “M. E. Rino.”

You will remember that the first article in “Service” dealt with the buying of wool and its subsequent arrival at the mill.

Before this wool can be used in manufacturing, it must be sorted or classed into its various qualities. As these qualities or types are required in the mill, the bales are taken to the wool sorting room. Sorting is the classifying of the staple according to length, quality, colour, etc.

Wool sorting is a highly skilled occupation, and can be recommended to any keen and ambitious youth who has an eye to his future.

When large lots of the various qualities have been accumulated, these are baled and taken to the wool scouring department. There are two main types of wool and these receive different treatment in this department:

(a) Combing wool, which is used in the manufacture of worsted, hosiery and knitting yarns. This type is scoured only.

(b) Wool used in the manufacture of tweeds, mantles, blankets, rugs, etc., differs from the treatment which is given to combing wools. This is usually scoured and carbonized.

In combing wool it is possible to remove all vegetable matter by mechanical means during processing, but as this is not possible in the processing of wool for woollens, all foreign matter must be removed in the scouring or later during piece finishing by the use of sulphuric acid. This process is known as carbonizing.

A scouring machine consists of four iron tanks or bowls, ranging from 18 to 24 feet in length and 3 to 4 feet in width, and these are filled as follows:

First Bowl.—Water, soap and soda ash added, heated by steam to 125° F.

Second Bowl.—Water, soap and soda ash, heated by steam to 115° F.

Third Bowl.—Water, small quantity of soap, heated by steam to 100° F.

Fourth Bowl.—Used for washing off, water only, heated by steam to 90° F.

The procedure is as follows: Greasy wool is fed into the first bowl by means of a mechanical feed box or hopper, submerged in the liquid and propelled along the full length of the tank by forks or rakes. It is then taken by conveyor and enters squeeze rollers, which extract all excess water. The procedure is similar for all four bowls. The wool is then fed into a drying machine. This machine is a large enclosed chamber through which the wool passes on a travelling, open-mesh creeper, which allows the hot air to circulate through the wet wool—the hot air of 120° F. is driven through this chamber by a fan.

Wool for carbonizing also is scoured by the above method, but instead of going through the dryer it is led into a lead-lined bowl where it is immersed in a weak solution of sulphuric acid for the purpose of impregnating the vegetable matter, which has to be removed. The wool is then squeezed and enters a drying machine which is run at a temperature of approximately 210° F. The action of this heat on the acidified vegetable matter is to turn it into carbon; the carbon is crushed into powder by a series of rollers known as burr crushers. The wool is then shaken in a revolving, perforated cage, thus getting rid of the carbon dust.

A wool drying machine.

Owing to the wool being in an acid state the next process it receives is a neutralising one. This is achieved by passing the wool through bowls containing a soda ash solution, then a final rinse in water and so into the last dryer. The wool, on emerging from this machine, is baled and is ready to be sent to the next department for blending.

During wool scouring and carbonizing, great care must be taken to ensure that the liquid used is at the proper strength and temperature. A solution which is too strong in acid, soap or soda has a detrimental effect on wool, both in colour and strength.

F. & G. STORES CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION BOX.

Excellent Response in States-wide Competition.

This year F. & G. Stores again held a competition open to all members of the selling staff for the best suggestions forwarded for Christmas gift packaging and attractive gift sets made up from stock held in branches.

Last year the competition proved extremely popular, and contributed in no small way to the solution of that vexed problem of “What to give for Christmas,” with orthodox gift sets in very short supply. This year the competition proved even more popular, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the judging committee was able to arrive at a decision.

We take the opportunity of congratulating the winners, and at the same time of complimenting all those who entered and through whose interest and enthusiasm so many varied and excellent suggestions were received.

The winners were:

First Prize, Daylesford.
Second Prize, Kerang.
Third Prize, St. Arnaud.

Consolation prizes were shared among the following:—Wangaratta, Demiquin, Henty, Parkes, Young, Cootamundra, Tumut, Camperdown, Wonthaggi and Euroa.

My thanks to one and all.

E. T. FYANDER, General Manager.
Fashions To Greet The Summer Sun

By "Suzette."

(Exclusive to "Service.")

Maybe the sun hasn’t given you much opportunity to think about summer clothes, but when it does it will be far too late to start thinking “What CAN I wear?”

Now... RIGHT now is the time to think about summer... to learn the new trends... to choose the ones best suited to you (remembering that it just isn’t clever to wear something unflattering just because it is fashionable). A golden rule ‘teeners will do well to always remember.

So to the burning question, what IS going to be worn this gay, youthful season—the time for fun in the sun—for lots of activity and pretty dresses?

Right on top is the cotton dress! Never has it been so “dressed up”—so lovely, so feminine. The main trend seems to favour a billowy skirt that meets a tiny waist at the waist, with fitted bodice. You’ll see it on the beach, for afternoon wear and in a dancing mood. Yes—you must have one.

Designers now create clothes in terms of our lives, thank goodness, and that brings me to a very popular sun fashion that will cast its pretty shadow wherever the sun shines. It’s a cute little dress that bares your back to the sun very neatly, and afterwards dresses you up because it boasts a pert bolero as you see in the photograph. You’ll love the idea.

On the beaches, colours will be fantastic, lots of white, of course, used with red, bright blue, yellow and green, but also with such startling combinations as peacock and crimson, bottle green and old rose that are simply teeming with glamour. The fabrics used are really gorgeous—uncrushable jerseys, pretty cottons in ultra-feminine creations in one or two-piece styles. That doesn’t mean you can’t be as sleek as a seal is your lastex suit. Yes, your “one-piece,” cut with cunning, will definitely flatter your slim line and will receive more than a fleeting glance.

With this open-air season come casual shoes, and they have never been prettier. All white leathers, two-tone, peep toes, sling backs and bows, courts or ties—take your pick. And, by the way, fittings are fractional to allow perfect fit even in your playshoes. If you don’t know about these new casuals, then I’d suggest you call at the shoe salon of Foy’s at your first opportunity and ask to see these adorables. They’re every ‘teeners’ dream come true, and something their older sisters will choose because of their comfort and smart, neat line.

And so from casual shoes to legs—a beauty point which no beach lass can afford to overlook if she intends to make a fashion success in the sun. You may not have the legs of a film star, but that doesn’t mean you can’t improve yours. Get busy with the pumice in your bath, soap your legs first then with a gentle, but firm movement, rub up and down several times. If you continue to do this daily you’ll keep your legs smooth and attractive, all ready to take to the sun—when it deigns to appear. It’s a simple, not painful and certainly inexpensive beauty treatment.

So, come girls! lets get ready for the 1947 summer season. With such a wonderful array of lovely fashions and accessories in our own stores, there’s no reason why this can’t be your prettiest summer ever.
**Calling ‘Teeners**

SUMMER! It means just three things to teenagers. First of all, a sun-tan. Secondly, the loss of a few pounds in weight in order to do justice to that new swim suit; and thirdly, it means buying new summer clothes.

Everyone of us should know that we cannot obtain a tan by stretching out on the sand for three or four hours on the first really hot day that comes along. The best way to get a rich golden tan is to go down to the beach early in the season when it is just beginning to warm up. By doing this, you will acquire a lasting tan without having to go through the painful procedure of burning and peeling. Whatever you do, wear sun glasses while on the beach, to prevent squinting and the wrinkles around the eyes which usually follow. Speaking of sun glasses, have you seen the latest American ones with a squarish frame studded with coloured stones? They certainly lend a glamorous atmosphere to any summer outfit.

Now we come to slimming. There is no need for ‘teeners to go on a strict diet in order to lose a few extra pounds. Remove the cause, which in most cases is over-eating! Yes, you may say that YOU do not over-eat, in fact, you may indignantly state that you have not a very large appetite at all. But how many sundae, malted and chocolate frosted cakes have you between meals? Isn’t that where those extra pounds come from? As the weather is becoming warmer it’s a good idea to have a fruit luncheon every day. \( \text{frosteds} \) do you have between meals?

Remember, if you have the will power to refuse those particularly fattening foods, you will soon reduce those unnecessary pounds, and clothes will be your next consideration.

JOAN LARKIN.

**“Glory Box” Hears You’ve Become Engaged**

NOTE.—This is a new feature. Many girls seek guidance on social questions. These will be dealt with in this and subsequent issues by “Miss Glory Box,” who writes exclusively for “Service.”—Ed.

“We’re thrilled about it!” “Congratulations!” “Very best wishes and all the happiness in the world to you both.” The flurry and excitement of the first few days are marvellous . . . telegrams, letters, gifts . . . all those wonderful little surprises that every girl loves is over too soon. Then comes the thrill of collecting your box. And that’s where I hope I’ll be able to help. In this series of articles I’ve planned to take you right through your engagement months to your wedding day, offering hints, putting forward ideas to help everything run smoothly as possible.

I am assuming that you are an enterprising business girl, with an average income, a girl whose parents are not in a position to provide your trousseau and household needs. Of course, what you need personally will probably vary from what other girls may need. It depends on so many things, whether you are going to live with your parents temporarily. But there are fundamentals on which every engaged lass can plan her requirements.

Naturally, the first thing you will have to do is to answer all those telegrams, gifts and letters from your own friends—from mutual friends and relatives. People do appreciate a grateful “Thank you” in any form, but preferably by a little note.

If your parents have not already met your fiance’s people, they will probably like to do so. There’s no definite rule about it, but if you speak to your mother she may like to invite your future “in-laws” for dinner one evening. It’s a gesture that often breaks down a formal barrier.

Now—something in which to keep your trousseau, linen, etc. Your fiance or your parents might like to give you this as a birthday or Christmas gift. If you can choose your own, then I suggest a chest of drawers or wardrobe, fitted with shelves. Either is splendid for storing your things and so much more serviceable than a glory chest, because you can use it later, in your home.

Another suggestion—keep a colour scheme in mind when making any purchases for your box. For example, a green and cream kitchen is a sound basis. Anything you can’t find in one colour, you may discover in the other. If you exercise patience and hunt diligently you’ll probably be rewarded, but always remember it’s never wise to sacrifice quality just because the colour isn’t right.

In the next article we’ll discuss house linens, and I will outline a list of basic needs, giving approximate costs and coupon ratings, which I hope will help you. Until then, cheerio!

“GLORY BOX.”

P.S.—If there is any way I might help you with your wedding preparations and the collecting of your box, do drop me a line. “Glory Box,” c/o The Editor, “Service.” I’ll be happy to answer your queries.

ANY NUMISMATISTS?

(Lucky to get that one down, weren’t we?) But seriously, have we any in our employ? What are they? Well, the dictionary defines “numismatics” as “appertaining to coins.” Actually, a numismatist is a coin collector. Gathers them like a philatelist collects stamps. Now isn’t that interesting. We must all be numismatists! It is surely the favourite hobby of everyone at the present time, with Mr. Chifley and the Deputy Commissioners of Taxation as the greatest numismatists of them all!

But no, your genuine “dyed-in-the-wool” numismatist is after coins of ancient vintage. You should watch a bevy of them get goose pimples when they have to decide whether the condition of a King Charles shilling with **full bust** makes it more valuable than the same sovereign featured with “half bust” (whatever that may be).

Seriously, however, the numismatist does take his collecting seriously, and if there are any collectors or would-be collectors among our ranks, they are invited to communicate with Mr. Howard Jenkins (Business Manager, Eagley Mills), who is a Councillor of the Numismatist Association of Victoria, and who organised the first Annual Display of that body held at Currajong House, Melbourne, on July 18 last.
The Quest For Beauty
By Alathea Siddons, B.Sc.,
Director of Beauty and Fashion Research, for Lournay.

Interpreted in terms of the individual, the quest for beauty covers a very wide field. If we are to achieve any degree of harmony our inspiration must come from within. The exterior we present to the world is a reflection of our inner self, and although we can augment our height, reduce our bulk or alter the tone of our hair, our expression and our voice will sooner or later reveal us as we are really.

Outward poise is attained only by the power of self-control, by a serene temper and a gay spirit. A worried frown, a discontented pout or an angry look will spoil the loveliest face in the world so that we must learn to solve our problems without spoiling our own good nature. A happy disposition and sound health are the only foundations on which we can hope to build our "house of beauty."

Even a sound constitution will break down under overwork and under-nourishment. Plenty of sleep and the correct diet are essential. Without becoming a food faddist, it is necessary to select a sound, well-balanced diet, rich in the "protective foods," milk, butter, cheese, eggs, fruit and vegetables. Foods to be avoided are pastry, cakes, sweets, fried foods and heavily seasoned dishes. The importance of including citrus fruits in the diet cannot be overestimated. Citrus fruits are the richest source of vitamin C, the lack of which may cause tiredness and a general run-down condition, weakness, pains in the legs and joints and irritability. The safest way to be sure of an adequate supply of vitamin C is to eat one food that is rich in this vitamin every day. An orange, grapefruit, lemon or a large mandarin will supply normal requirements, while tomatoes, tropical fruits and many of the berries are also valuable sources. Lemon juice taken with hot water every morning about half an hour before breakfast stimulates the gastric juices and bathes the stomach and gall-bladder.

With a diet such as I have outlined, you can be sure of an active blood stream.

Regular exercise is essential to keep the mechanism of the body in good working order, and if you follow a routine you should no longer suffer from faulty elimination of waste from the body, which is one of the most common causes of lack of energy and a muddy complexion.

So much for the internal path to beauty. Externally, it is essential to stress the fact that every type of skin requires cleansing, nourishing and toning. In this connection, it is interesting to note that whereas 99 per cent. of women use lipstick, 94 per cent. face powder, only 80 per cent. use a powder base, and 71 per cent. a cleansing cream. We would be doing a worth while job for the health and consequently the beauty of women's skin if we could change these figures to 99 per cent. for cleansing and nourishing cream and 71 per cent. for lipstick and rouge. Lournay is doing its part by offering two perfect cleansers—a cleansing cream and a cleansing lotion. Lournay cleansing cream has been designed for normal and dry skins, because it lubricates as it cleanses. The lotion, on the other hand, neutralises excess oil and so is ideal for oily skins.

For the important function of nourishing Lournay provides a nourishing cream, which is suitable for every type of skin. The richness of this cream builds up the tissue cells and so counteracts flabby-ness by preserving the skin and keeping it youthful. No beauty routine is complete without the toning of the skin, and for this purpose there are Lournay skin vitalizer, for dry and normal skins and the stronger astringent for oily skins.

For the women who are troubled with blemishes, Lournay beauty mask and blackhead cream are invaluable. The beauty mask is designed to clear the skin and restore natural transparency, while the blackhead cream is efficacious for blackheads and whiteheads alike.

The glamour section of the Lournay range includes two perfect powder bases—foundation film and liquid powder base. The range of colours in face powder offers a wide choice, while lipsticks and matching rouges are subtle, exciting and provocative.

A careful selection to enhance the natural colouring of skin, eyes and hair and always related to the colour of the frocking will bring a reward of perfect colour harmony.

Attention must be given to all the details of perfect grooming, the care of the hands, no matter what the nature of the work they have to do; the care of the feet and teeth; the return of sleek heads with well-brushed, shiny hair and a style of hair-dressing suitable for the type of hair and the shape of the face; the nourishing and massaging of the skin on neck, shoulders, arms and elbows as well as the face.

Correct posture and graceful carriage, courtesy and charm, a well-modulated voice and beautiful speech are some of the qualities which contribute to that gracious womanhood which is our ultimate objective.

In conclusion I would like to quote a few lines by the poet, John Masefield:

"But the loveliest things of beauty
God has ever showed to me
Are her voice, and her hair and eyes
And the dear red curve of her lips."

ALATHEA Siddons.

Owner of this farm house near Warburton discovered this hoarding built into wall when he took house over. Now exhibits it as novelty for tourists. Board announces Foy Fair of 1914! Photo taken by George Trevillian (City).
"His smile is so big that you can't see his face!"
This remark was uttered in description of popular
Store Manager L. J. Rooke, on the opening day of
the new Smith street store. It well portrays also
his appearance and demeanour ever since that all-
important date, and the same could be said of the
reaction of our organisation as a whole.
Whilst the planning for the reopening of this store
on the Fitzroy side of Smith street had been given
the closest thought of every expert in the Company,
and whilst no one really lacked confidence in the
result of this decision to make such a far-reaching
change, the fact remains that this move across
Smith street had in it the element of a gamble. It
was one thing for us to cross the road. Would the
public follow?
After all, our business began 81 years ago on the
Collingwood side of this, one of the oldest thorough-
fares in Melbourne (Collingwood is the oldest muni-
cipality outside the City of Melbourne), and nearly
four generations of the people of Melbourne—and
Victoria—had become as accustomed to shopping
on this side of the street as one slips one's right
shoe on to the right foot. Shopping in Collingwood
is perhaps a more homely, family affair than is wit-
nessed in, say, Collins street. With large residential
areas adjacent and en route, mothers came to the
old Smith street store, bringing lots of children and
plenty of pram-pushers, knowing that there was ample
"pushing room" on the pavements, and that
practically everything could be obtained on one side
of the street. Could we induce Mum and her minis,
pram and all, to negotiate the fairly heavy motor
traffic in Smith street; to forget the habits of years
and concentrate her interest, instead, on our new
home on the Fitzroy side? Could we? WE DID!
With all modesty, we must admit that we offered
very good reasons for going to the other side. Make
no mistake about it, the new Smith street store
(we are not using any suburban designation now,
by the way) is a good-looking, beautifully laid out,
well equipped modern store, which offers facilities
second to none. Even so, the public, not only of
Collingwood, but all those faithful friends who, for
years, had come to Smith street from more distant
suburbs, were as steadfast in their loyalty as the
English under Henry V at Agincourt.
As a matter of fact, the opening day could not
have been unlike Agincourt. The charge of the
French knights on horseback on that historic occa-
sion could not have been more impressive than the
9 o'clock onslaught on the doors, made by that
phalanx of shoppers, some of whom had waited since
7.30 a.m. on September 1. Police were there to
facilitate movements; cars were parked in long lines,
not only in Smith street, but the side streets; the
bus stop had been moved nearer our main entrance,
and each vehicle decanted its load right on to our
very door step. Immediately the three pairs of large
double plate glass doors opened on the stroke of 9
and whilst the cloud burst occurred. A solid torrent of shop-
tents of a sardine tin would be no more hemmed in
with the contents of a sardine tin would be no more hemmed in
than the pea in a whistle!
Viewed from the stairs, the store presented a solid
wedge of humanity compared with which the con-
teets of a sardine tin would be no more hemmed in
than the pea in a whistle!
Then there is the effect of, well, there is only one
word, beauty. The floors are deep
and wide, the counters and tables well spaced so
that there is room and comfort for all in the aisles.
Then there is the effect of, well, there is only one
word, beauty. The floors are deep
and wide, the counters and tables well spaced so
that there is room and comfort for all in the aisles.
Mr. L. J. Rooke, Manager, Foy's, Smith St.

But what marvellous customers they were! As
in the old days of the Foy Fairs, patience and good
humour abounded. Although people stood shoulder
to shoulder and up to 12 deep at the counters, those
in the back rows just smiled and waited their turn.
One woman, to whom the writer explained sympathe-
tically that if she wanted to make an enquiry about
replacements of certain lines which had been sold
out by 9.15, it looked as if it might be two hours
before the crowd thinned, replied with a smile, "All
right, I'll wait." And there she remained standing,
like a statue in a public square. This understanding
and co-operation shown by our customers is half the
secret of Foy's success.

Of course, we must admit that the "hook was
baited" to an extent which would have softened the
heart of the most hardened shopper. Here was a
store positively glittering, not only with stacks of
bright and wanted merchandise, but illuminated by the
sun itself. The new store catches every bit of natural
light. There are windows galore, so much so that
to soften the effect on the Smith street frontage
the glazing over the windows on the ground floor
has been masked by delightful venetian blinds.
Possibly the first impression gained when entering
this store is that it is spacious. The floors are deep
and wide, the counters and tables well spaced so
that there is room and comfort for all in the aisles.

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Mr. L. J. Rooke, Manager, Foy's, Smith St.
The Dining Hall, New Smith St. Store.

The lower ground floor lines of furniture stretch in all directions. Here, too, is the splendid Dining Hall. There can be few rooms outside the major hotels in the heart of the city which are better appointed or have a more pleasing appearance. On the ground floor are to be found dress materials, wools and needlework, haberdashery, laces, ribbons and flowers, hosiery, gloves and handkerchiefs, all men's wear, ironmongery and groceries. A pastel-tinted, mirrored lift to the first floor leads shoppers to the Manchester and home furnishing sections. Also, on this floor is a distinctly novel service to customers. A most tastefully furnished room with wall-to-wall carpet and curtained windows with venetian blinds where mothers can attend to babies. (See illustration.)

Our pride in describing this new mecca for shoppers, which Phoenix-like, is rising, not exactly from the ashes, but from the shell of the original Foy "nest-egg" is pardonable. It is a fine store, and we were to keep silent about it we know that our customers would speak for us, for, after all, it is largely they who have established the popularity it has won since the opening last month. At the same time, great credit and much praise is due to our own people who worked so hard upon the alterations and upon everything involved in having the store ready for the opening day.

In our last issue we mentioned Mr. A. D. D. McLean and Messrs. Masterson, Fiddes, Reid and Hackett. We take this opportunity to say again to them and to all those who worked with them (with particular remembrance of the men of the R.M.S. Company and Pettigrew's), and, finally, to Mr. Rooke, Mr. Trompf and the entire staff of the new store itself, "Thank you for a very fine job."

All sympathy to STAN MOORE, Jnr., who has had a bout in hospital. Hope to see you fully restored and about again very soon.

TRADE UNION PAPER PAYS TRIBUTE TO Mr. G. S. MOORE.

"The Shop Assistant" is the official organ of the Shop Assistants' and Warehouse Employees' Union. In its issue of August 20 last a very warm tribute was paid to Mr. G. S. Moore and his period of office with the Company. Space does not permit of our reproducing in full here the entire article (which was spread over three columns, but the following excerpts reflect the tenor of the whole):

"... We of the Shop Assistants' Federation wish to thank Mr. Moore for the great help he gave to the organisation in the abolition of the late Friday night shopping campaign. Also for the sympathy and kindly feeling he displayed to the lower-paid members of his staff at all times. No member of Foy & Gibson's staff was afraid to visit the general manager's office with any trouble whatsoever, and no member ever came away from the G.M. without a comforting word of encouragement and advice...

Although he has not enjoyed the best of health in recent years, Stan Moore always had a cheery word for each member of the very efficient and happy staff he had built around him, and one need only pay a visit to any one of Foy's stores and hear the words of sincere regret of every member of Foy's staff at the early departure of their general manager and sincere friend. Yes, Stan Moore is going to be greatly missed by the whole of the retail trade, and we trust that he is restored to perfect health, which is the desire of his multitude of friends, we will again have the pleasure of his association in the retail trade in some other executive position...

Once again the Shop Assistants' Federation says "Thank you" to Mr. Stan Moore, with the wish that many other executives in the wholesale and retail trade would only endeavour to follow the excellent example he has set in humane management."

SPRING.

By Ruth A. Neithammer (Eagley Mills.)

Once more we feel the welcome breath of Spring, Doesn't it make you want to laugh and sing? Once more there are blossoms on apple and pear, Their delicate fragrance fills the air

With Spring, The world is warmed with sun again; The soft winds blow across meadow and plain; And soon we shall see the riot of flowers Splashing with colour the forest's green bowers. It's Spring.

The ferns dip their fronds in the crystal clear water, And woods ring anew with kookaburras' laughter; Again the birds happily chirrup with gladness. Gone Winter's shadows and sorrows and sadness, In Spring.

Aren't you filled with radiant happiness, too? Isn't the message borne to you Of magical Spring?

REHABILITATION?

From "Reveille."

During the war this saying gained wide circulation amongst the troops: "If it moves, salute it. If it doesn't move, pick it up. If you can't pick it up, paint it."

With the change to peace, war veterans are now saying: "If it cries, change it. If it's on wheels, buy it. If it's hollow, rent it."

I. ALAN McDOUGALL, Tumut.
An Unusual Cardigan

Designed and Described Exclusively for "Service," by Ruth A. Niethammer (Eagley Mills).

Although winter is practically over there are sure to be a few cold days when a cozy, colourful cardigan would be most useful. And so I offer this snappy little jacket. It buttons to the neck, with ribbing round neck, short sleeves (optional), and a comfortably padded shoulder line. The original is knitted in cherry, white and pale blue. The cherry is the background or base, white outline stripes and the pale blue "doodas" in the centres. I hope you will like it. The garment looks best when knitted in Gibsonia wools. Here are the directions for figures 32-in.—34-in. bust:

**KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS.**

**Materials.**
- 7 oz. short sleeves (10 oz. long sleeves) Cherry.
- 3-ply wool.
- 1 oz. White 3-ply wool.
- 1 oz. Blue 3-ply wool.
- 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles.
- Eight buttons. White preferably.

**Measurements.**
- Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches. Width all round at underarm, 32-34 ins. Length of sleeve from underarm, 19 in., or length required.

**Tension.**
To get these measurements, it is absolutely necessary to work at a tension to produce 7 sts. and 9 rows to the inch.

(Ch., Cherry; Wh., White; B., Blue.)

**THE BACK.**
Using No. 12 needles and Cherry wool, cast on 99 sts. and work 3½ in. in K1, P1, rib, starting alternate rows with P1 to keep rib. Change to No. 9 needles and following pattern—the whole of the back is knitted in stocking stitch—knit one row plain, one row purl. Work eight rows without shaping, then increase once at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 119 sts. on needle.

Proceed without shaping until work measures 12 in. from beginning, then shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, and decrease at each end of following 4 rows (99 sts.). Continue without shaping until work measures 19 in. from beginning. Shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

**RIGHT AND LEFT FRONTS.**

The Right Front: Using No. 12 needles and Cherry wool, cast on 60 sts. and work 2 rows in K1, P1, rib, make a buttonhole on next row: rib 3, cast off 3, rib to end. On following row: cast on 3 sts. to take place of those cast off. Continue to work buttonholes in this way at 2½ inch intervals. When work measures 3½ inches from beginning, change to No. 9 needles and stocking stitch, and work the following pattern, but keep 6 sts. at centre front (buttonhole edge) in rib as border, and increase at opposite edge (side edge) of 9th row and every following 6th row until there are 70 sts. on needle.

(These 24 rows of pattern, the increasing in the 9th row, and the next two 6th rows, has been allowed for.)

**Pattern (wrong side):**
1st row.—Purl white to last 6 sts. Rib 6 ch.
2nd row.—Rib 6 ch. then knit white to end of row.
12th row.—Rib 6ch. * K2wh. K10ch. repeat from * to end of row.
13th row.—Purl white to last 6 sts. Rib 6ch.
14th row.—Rib 6ch. then knit white to end of row.
15th row.—P1wh. * P10ch. P2wh. repeat from * to last 6 sts. Rib 6ch.
17th row.—* P2wh. P5ch. P2b. P3ch. repeat from * to last 6 sts. Rib 6ch.
19th row.—* P2wh. P3ch. P5b. P2ch. repeat from * to last 6 sts. Rib 6ch.
23rd row.—P1ch. * P2wh. P10ch. repeat from * to last 6 sts. Rib 6ch.

When work measures 12 in. from beginning, shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next row, which starts at side edge, and decreasing at same edge of following four rows (60 sts.). Continue without shaping until work measures 17 in. from beginning. On next row, which starts at
centre front, place first 12 sts. on a spare needle for front of neck. Working on remaining sts. decrease at neck edge of next 10 rows, and then of following 6 alternate rows, but at the same time, when work measures 19 in. from beginning, shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge of following four alternate rows.

The Left Front: Work to correspond with right front, omitting buttonholes, and working border and shapings at opposite ends of needle.

The Neck Ribbing (in cherry): Sew up shoulder seams, then using No. 12 needles, pick up sts. around neck, including those from spare needles (120 sts. in all on original). Work 1½ inches in K1 P1 rib, working 8th buttonhole above those on main part when correct position is reached. Cast off in rib.

THE SLEEVES.

Long Sleeves: Using No. 12 needles and cherry wool, cast on 69 sts. Work in rib for 3½ in. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row, until increased to 99 sts. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. increasing 1 st. each end of every 3rd row until there are 99sts. on needle. Shape top by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows and decrease once at each end of every following row until 11 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

Short Sleeves: Using No. 12 needles and cherry wool, cast on 75 sts. and work 1 inch in rib, starting alternate rows with P1 to keep rib. Change to No. 9 needles and stocking st. and increase at each end of every 3rd row until there are 99sts. on needle. Shape top by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows and decrease once at each end of every following row until 11 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

To Make Up The Garment: With a slightly damp cloth, and warm iron, press lightly. Sew up the side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Sew in padding, for shoulders.

HISTORY QUIZ.

Bones: Did those two chaps come back
Tambo: What two chaps?
Bones: Burke and Wills!
—Clem Clarke (may he be forgiven), Prahran.

ERNEST GIBBONS (Men's Wear, Prahran) had the misfortune to break his leg, and has been away for some time. Happily, he is making a good recovery, and is assured of a warm welcome when he returns in the near future.

TWO PURE-BRED OXFORD STREET MERINOS!


“Charlie” Wileman, foreman, Wool Store. With the Company since 1918.
The Suggestion Box

Have You Collected Yet?

The response to our invitation to submit suggestions for the smoother running of our work, in all its ramifications, in all directions, has been good in quality although relatively small in number.

Following the publication in our August issue of the list of the names of the first six prize winners, another useful batch has come in. In all 25 suggestions from nine people. Each one of these is being investigated, and its possibilities considered by the experts connected with the various departments involved. As in the case of the August entries, these will be closely watched, and if any of the schemes can be put into operation, the enterprise of the "inventor" will not be overlooked. A richer reward may then be reaped. Meanwhile, to each of these good people an initial award of 5/- has been made. Here are their names and an indication of their ideas:

- I. A. McDougall, Tamut (2 awards), Superannuation Fund and despatching of goods.
- Miss A. Budgen, Baby Wear, City Store (2 awards), escalators and tea urn.
- A. T. Davies, Adelaide (2 awards), brooms and unloading china.
- Miss K. Brown, Adelaide, floor ramps.
- P. De Bur, Display, City Store (4 awards), sales promotion.
- W. McFadyen, Despatch, Collingwood (2 awards), posted advices and emergency cashiers.
- L. D. Wills, Receiving Room, Collingwood (6 awards), handling of goods and customer service.
- Miss K. Taylor, Baby Wear, City (6 awards), store maintenance and staff amenities.
- Miss I. McLain, F. & G. Stores, Box Hill—improvement to floor.
- Bill Phillips (Grocery, Collingwood)—improved cheese cutter.

Good luck to them all! May they be an example to others. As to you others, we still invite more suggestions. There are a hundred and one, nay, a thousand and one, aspects of this Company's operations which involve somebody's hands or brain or both, and it is quite possible that many of these tasks (or the result of someone else's job) could strike you as being capable of being performed more efficiently or more quickly or with some improvement or other.

So on with your thinking caps. Look at the job before you. Watch what your neighbour does. Don't let "mind your own business" be your motto. On the contrary, let your eye rove to the farthest corner. Remember that a casual thought may contain the germ of a brilliant idea even if the final stages of its development has to be left to someone else after you have done the spade work. Put your idea on paper, send it to Suggestion Box, c/o "Service," and qualify for one of the following prizes:

- For any practicable suggestion, whether use is made of it or not .......... 5 0
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of a particular department or section .................. £1 1 0
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of one store or group of sections .................. £3 3 0
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of the entire retail division or the entire manufacturing division £5 5 0

Things Are Moving in Foy's

There's possibly unnecessary emphasis in this title, since things rarely stand still. When a succession of quick moves is made, however, it's as well to record them in case someone hasn't quite caught up!

On the official side, we have seen a drive on the fashion front. Following his successful work in Adelaide, where he "held the fort" until Mr. Chatto could take over there, Mr. Jack Thomas has returned to Melbourne to take up the new appointment of Controller of Fashions. In this job he will be helped considerably by Mr. Charles Halbert as assistant. Mr. Halbert came to us from the Myer Emporium, Adelaide, to take this position. A further development is the appointment of Mr. Ken Shergold to Manager of the Sportswear Department. Here's a good team. The best of luck to them all.

In the matter of staff, events are positively whizzing along. To take personalities first, Miss Grace Goodbrand has relinquished her position on the Fashion Floor, City, to take the appointment of Personnel Officer, Retail Stores. In Eagley Mills, Miss E. E. Henderson has been appointed to a similar position and will commence duty in November.

Linked with the work of these two officers will be the endeavours of the recently-formed Gibsonia Social Club, which functions through a central committee with branch committees in various sections of the organisation. Many plans are in hand for the provision of social, sporting and cultural incentives for the greater enjoyment by all staffs of their association with the Company.

A start was made when some 200 people gathered in the Dining Hall of the new Smith street store on Thursday evening, October 9, to witness a programme of colour films presented by Slazengers Limited. Tennis was the highlight of this show, and from this has sprung the big tennis day to be held at Mentone on November 16. We are looking for a record attendance that day. Seven courts have been reserved.

It has not been possible yet to revive the famous Foy Ball, with all its pre-war splendour, but here again a good start has been made in the dance to be held in the Collingwood Town Hall on Friday, November 7. Come to this, have a jolly good evening, and get to know your fellow workers better. Tickets are 3/- each, from your local social committee.

Finally, there is the revival of the equally famous Foy Picnic. This will be held at Lilydale on Australia Day, Monday, January 26 next. A great programme is being planned and special trains are being arranged. This will be day of days, with sporting events of all kinds, including swimming, and finishing with dancing.

YOU CAN GO PLACES WITH FOYS!
We know that properties are hard to get nowadays. We know that many people don't have much spare time. But we did think that just one employee might have had the good luck to spot just one building suitable for a new annexe for Eagley Mills.

Remember the offers in August "Service"? We are looking for two buildings. One for a making-up factory for the knitting mill. Area, 2000 square feet or more. To house a supplementary spinning plant for the woollen mill, we need larger premises about 5000 square feet. The latter would need a strong floor.

A building previously used as a factory would be most suitable, of course, but as these are scarce, especially in the districts we have in mind, we will consider such structures as a mechanics' hall, a church hall, a disused church, a former cinema and the like. There is one stipulation. Draw a "circle" around Melbourne with a radius of 5 miles from the G.P.O. Draw another with a radius of 25 miles. The buildings we require should be situated somewhere in the "belt" between those two circles.

Your reward? Read on. If you know or discover such buildings and either know they are vacant or have reason to believe that possession might be obtained, send details to The Editor, "Service," c/o Head Office, Collingwood. For each address and description submitted in good faith, we will pay an initial reward of £5. Should the Company secure possession, £10 will be paid in respect of the knitting factory and £10 for the spinning mill, to the original senders of the addresses.

Now, who wants £20 or even £10? We wish someone would make a claim. This money has been sitting on our desk for two months. If it isn't moved soon the silverfish will get it!

What about a spot of hunting next week-end with either of these buildings as the quarry? Tally ho!

**THIS ATOMIC AGE.**

You've seen that sports model two-seater, And thought there could be nothing fleeter? Dear friend, lend your ear, You'd better change gear.

There's something much fleeter—it's Peter! New winds blow through Collingwood City, Shifting cobwebs and grit (where it's gritty!) If your ways are offete They'll be spotted by Pete, And then, by the whole damned committee! —H. le V.

(N.B.—Several reliable preparations for greying hair can be obtained from the city pharmacy in plain, sealed packages.)

Nimble-brained RUTH NIETHAMMER, a regular contributor to this magazine on various topics, has yet another interest—singing. At the recent City of Heidelberg Eisteddfod, Ruth gained an honourable mention for her rendering of the "Waters of Minnetonka." She can probably cook, too! Anyone interested can contact her at Miss Nicholas' office, Eagley Mills.

If you think that "Service" is an overworked word, read this, you sceptics.

Scene.—The Gibsonia Pavilion at the Royal Show (where stocks of underwear were on display).

Cast.—The Mother (Ano. Nymous); The Child (Dis. Astrous); The Good Fairy (Ted Harris, Eagley Mills).

**Enter the Mother.**

M. (haltingly).—. . . I wonder if I could buy a pair of bloomers. You see, my little girl, well, she is only young. Oh, this is very embarrassing, but if I could obtain another pair! G.F. (sympathetically).—I'm sorry, madam, but these goods are not for sale. They are for display purposes.

M. (desperately).—Oh, dear. What shall I do. The child can't go on in that condition.

G.F. (hesitatingly).—Yes, yes, I see. But I'm afraid we have nothing to fit her. These are all women's garments.

M. (tearfully).—Oh, dear, oh dear.

G.F. (nobly).—Wait a minute! He reaches for a garment, deftly cuts into the material here, here and there. One of the girls working at the exhibit sees there, there and somewhere else.

G.F. (gallantly).—There you are, madam! With the compliments of Foy & Gibson Limited.

M. (gratefully).—Oh, thank you very much indeed. I am most obliged.

G.F. (proudly).—That's all right, madam. We're glad to help. I hope you'll have no further trouble.

M. (hopefully).—So do I. You see, this isn't the first time this has happened to-day. I was prepared for accidents and brought some things in my bag, but she's already had them!

G.F. (triumphantly).—Tch! Tch! But look here, you can't go around with a bundle like that. Give it to me. I think we can fix it. Will you call back?

Believe it or not, the goods were taken over by Ted, who promptly popped them into the automatic washing machine (also on display), dropped them into the "Whiz-dry" (also on display), had 'em pressed by the electric iron (also on display), and later, handed them back (ready for more accidents?) to the overjoyed mother.

Service? Ask Mum!

—H. le V.

**HOUSE DISCOUNT.**

Yet another concession for staff shoppers. It has now been arranged that Foy's employees can obtain in any F. & G. store, whether in Melbourne or the centres beyond, the same rates of discount as are enjoyed in Foy's own stores. Conversely, F. & G. employees will be given discount on purchases made in Foy's stores. There is one proviso. These concessions will apply to personal shopping only. There can be no mail orders. The existing cards used by Foy employees will be acceptable to F. & G. stores, whilst F. & G. staff will be issued with cards identifying them to Foy sales assistants. These cards will be issued by Mr. McMahon on application.

This scheme will be extended for both groups of employees to shopping in the Adelaide store, and even to purchases made in Perth. Likewise the staff in those two States can shop elsewhere in the organisation with equal advantage. In other words, staff discount is now on a fully reciprocal basis throughout all the sections of the parent company, its subsidiary and F. & G. (W.A.) Limited.
The Quiet Corner

With the rising of the sun each day, joy comes to one of us, sorrow to another. We pause, in this column, to remember those who have known sadness recently in the loss of someone near and dear. We offer our sympathy and our hope that burdens will become easier as time passes.

To Miss Agnes Wilson (Confectionery, City), who lost her father on August 21.

To Mr. William Hunt (Store Maintenance, City), whose son died on October 25.

To the relatives and friends of Mr. John Dalton, of the Manchester Department, City, who died on October 21.

To the brother and friends of Mr. Joseph Cahill (Store Maintenance, Collingwood), who died early in September. “Little Joe,” as he was affectionately known to all in the Smith Street store, came to us from Ackman’s when we began trading under that name. His elfin form and gentle manner endeared him to one and all.

To Margery Baker (Credit Office, Collingwood) and her sisters, who lost their father on October 27.

In Memory, Green

Versatile Paul De Bur, of the Display Staff, City Store, had a son who was a soldier. That may surprise some people, for Paul has a young look. Unhappily, he lost his son. L/Sgt. F. H. De Bur, a commando of the 2/4th Independent Coy, was killed in action whilst making a landing from a barge in New Guinea on September 4, 1943.

Paul has written the following poem and, as he explained when he read it for the first time at the staff gathering in the City Store on September 3 last, he has dedicated it to his only son and to those countless others who gave their lives for an ideal. He has called it

THEIR CROSS.

Indulging in that ever human fallacy of looking to others for every sympathy, I saw the grave where lay my only son For whom the joys of life had just begun I was thankful for the chance afforded me Of visiting this Australian cemetery, Enshrining those who paid the highest price That we might live by this, their sacrifice, I bowed my head, and literally shrank within myself, Before a cross, Devoid all rank, on which three poignant words were thus inscribed, Just “Australian Soldier—Unidentified!” And, as I humbly sank upon my knees, Looking for some means by which I might appease my conscience, Behold, I found a solace to my spirit, right on this hallowed ground. For, in this haven, harbouring the dead For whom, by loved ones, many a tear was shed, Was evidence of LIFE, as good old Mother Earth Had nurtured grassy seedlings and so had given birth To a beauteous foundation for Crosses one and all, Apart from designation, in this, the Final Call.

—Paul De Bur.

Personalities

Mr. Fred Chatto, fully recovered from his long indisposition, is now “holding the reins” in Adelaide. It should be a pleasant journey with such a good team. Good luck to one and all.

Latest statistics from the Logan Bureau (Prahran) are that 21 boot stops, 3 teeth and 3 pairs of strides were lost on the field. Team not mentioned. Surely not Carlton?

Peter Alexander (Store 8) left us on October 29 to take a better position with a manufacturing firm. He’s sure to do well, and has best wishes from all in Collingwood.

A visit from Miss C. Chitts the other day. Almost mistook her for a mannequin. She looked stunning in short black coat, check skirt and a pale blue osprey “on top.” Asked if we would record her appreciation of clock from staff and chair from Company presented on her recent retirement.

We hear that the Rake’s Progress is closely watched in the Mail’s Department, City.

Farewell to Jack Haymes (Clothing, Collingwood), who left us on October 2 to take a position with Snow’s. Quite sure he’ll do well there. Who’ll perform wonders on the links now?

Talking of sport, Una Paisley (Office, Collingwood) turned in wonderful batting average of 98.83 in women’s cricket last season. This placed her second in Victorian ranking. As Northeote and Victorian captain, Una is a leader as well as a performer on the field, and latterly she’s been causing anxiety to some of our well-known announcers. Why? Her successful broadcasting, of course!

It is said that old-age pensioners out Malvern way don’t like being “behind bars.” Will local blondes please note.

High glee in the Mollison family. Barbara Diana arrived on October 15 to brighten the domestic nest of Eric (Office, Collingwood) and Mrs. Mollison, who, as Dorothy Dodson, was formerly an attractive member of the Collingwood store staff. Congratulations to all, including “Dad” (otherwise Bert Mollison (Despatch, Collingwood)) for remaining a most youthful-looking grandpa.

Who was the bright lad who threw the vase into the dust bin and put the dead flowers back on the manageress’s table? A country wench, we hear. But a Saint—Ah, no!

“Bill” Brown, popular “pillar” of the Men’s Mercery, City, has been ill. Everyone misses him, and he has the good wishes of all for a speedy and complete recovery.

Anyone wishing to liven up a party should invite Miss Goldsmith (Fashions, Prahran). ’Tis said that her version of Salome’s Dance is better than the original. Hip-Hip (two of them!) Hooray! All Chapel Street is trying to decide whether Thelma JEFFRIE (Prahran) does the Highland...
Fling better than the Panda Walk. Personally, we think she excels in the "Sturt Street Staggers!"

Shy EILEEN BIRCHALL (Store 8, Collingwood) made her debut recently. Our social reporter was most impressed by her charm and her attractive crepe de chene frock.

All Collingwood listened for the bells of the Presbyterian Church, Dandenong, on Saturday, October 25, when BERT RENNIE (Lay-by Res., Collingwood) signed his life contract with Evelyn Manks. Heartly congratulations to both. (Hope Evelyn wasn’t deceived by those dignified grey hairs!)

Adelaide is enjoying "Paddle Steamer" lectures at lunch time from Tug Boat Captain JOE EVANS, who now commands "Frills and Flounces." The vulgar boatman!

Still a shine in the eyes of JOY O’SULLIVAN and DOROTHY WIMPEY (Alteration Room, City), who recently became engaged. All joy by theirs!

Eagley Mills is a busy spot, but people do find time for engagements. Congratulations are in order for HAROLD COOK (Underwear Knitting) and JUNE HALYER (Outerwear Knitting). At least they have "knitting" in common to begin with!

Collingwood office is very happy to have pretty petite JEAN MCCORMICK back again after her visit to her parents in far-off Big Bell, Western Australia. It was appropriate that being of "angelic" demeanour, Jean should fly—but then we always had suspected that she might be a high flyer!

Girls! What would you do if someone asked you if you had any imagination? Yes, you’re right—and Mrs. BISHOP (Prahran) thought the same. But the customer was enquiring only about "Imagination" Hosiery! Disappointing, eh!

Cupid likes the country, too. From distant Ouyen comes news of the engagement of MAVIS PICKERING to RON BELL. Good luck to you both.

Then he comes to town and we find JEAN BREETING (Maids, City) wearing the tribute (third finger, left hand) of JOHNNY NYE (Boys, City). They are in the appropriate departments, anyhow! Congratulations to you.

Busy place, the city! EVA ODELL (Babywear) is another financee. Lucky man? RON CLARK—again of the Boys’ Department. Don’t they do any work in that section? Happy days, kids!

A bonny baby boy has put great smiles on the faces of Mr. and Mrs. CASTLETON (be of Adelaide). Congratulations from all. What is it in the air of Noarlunga?

"It was good to say "Hullo!" again to RUTH WATTS (Millinery, Prahran). Miss Watts was away because of family as well as personal illness, and we missed her. Keep your chin up, Miss Watts."

Miss WATTS (Millinery, Prahran) was recently given charge of the hosierly and gloves sections. Congratulations and good luck.

The Royal Agricultural Show this year was a great success. But none of the papers mentioned the real reason for this. What? Didn’t you hear? CHARLIE TAYLOR (Despatch, Collingwood) was there as usual to hold things together. This was his eleventh year on the job—and no one has hung a ribbon around his neck yet! Where were the judges looking?

Can’t help it if we’re a little late. Must send good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. SUSSENS. The latter recently resigned from Prahran staff after long service. Her name before the bells pealed? KATHLEEN JONES.

The 1st November will be always remembered by BOB FREESTONE (Office, Collingwood). Not only did the new store open that day. His first child, a son, greeted this world almost on the tick of 9 a.m. If the latter does as well as the former, Bob’s made a good investment.

Her many friends are very glad to see ETHEL MARSHALL (Store 9, Collingwood) back again and looking remarkably well after a bad bout of pneumonia. Better keep your winter woollies on, Ethel!