The Song of the Stores: 'Everything now "ON T-A-P"!'
2,500 years ago
AESOP 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."
The Way Ahead

Due to the intervals at which "Service" is published, this is the first opportunity we have had to refer to the New Year, other than the expression of good wishes in our last number.

Now, nearly eight weeks of 1948 are already behind us. Whether or not we have any part in the shaping of the events of the months to come, irresistibly we shall be moved by them. The affairs of men are much as the forces of nature. We get caught up by the tide. The sceptic may hold that we can avoid getting wet by moving away. But if we leave St. Kilda and go to Bondi, we shall still find a tide bearing in on us.

It behoves us, therefore, to make the best of our lot—no matter that our feet do get wet on occasions. This is not intended to be the kind of comforting thought which we find on Christmas cards and desk calendars. Each of us is a definite part of the mosaic which forms our present-day civilisation.

Admittedly, the pattern of the world mosaic today contains a few queer outlines and a lot of sombre colours. It is not altogether a pleasing picture. Suspicions, antagonisms are to be seen in many directions. Where once the demarcation between nations was largely a matter of language and customs or a line on a map, mankind suffers to-day because his beliefs are not acceptable to someone else. He can suffer, strangely enough, because he lacks those paper or metal tokens called money, of a currency other than that of his own country.

Despite all this uncertainty and distress, however, there are some calm waters in which one can confidently anchor and enjoy a little of the beauty of life. Such havens are the love of family and dear ones, the comradeship of friends, or a community of interest with one's fellow workers. The outstanding picnic. The co-operation, the mutual aid of our Organisation live together. Look around you as you read this and ask yourself, quite honestly, would your day not be poorer if to-morrow you could not count upon the fellowship of those around you at this moment?

In a way, we are a world in miniature. Why not, therefore, chart our own course, plan our goal and so order our own lives that we might well be an example to other such communities? After all, one of the greatest movements which have swept through the world, particularly those which have touched the hearts of men, have sprung from the quietest corner. At times, a few simple words from the mouth of one man have been the spring from which the torrent has grown.

Like almost everything on this earth, unless we accept nature's own handiwork as seen in the beauty of the night sky or the scent of a rose, we have not, by any means, attained perfection. But we do try. And following our long years of striving onwards and upwards, we believe we have established a happy relationship between the various groups which make up our business and within the groups themselves. There is certainly no lack of desire to go on bettering and bettering. But, as with the tides, one wave cannot carry the weight of the surging ocean to the beach. The entire incoming sea is the motive force. Each of its myriad waves is but evidence of the combined strength of the irresistible tide.

You must play your part as a wave in the Foy ocean. Don't "curl over" and fall apart into a mass of bubbles, leaving the wave next to you or the one a hundred yards back to do the job. If we may assume that our sea must contain big waves and little waves and even ripples, have no doubt that the big waves are carrying their full burden.

To abandon these oceanic metaphors for a moment, those who guide the destinies of this Company are doing their utmost to make life purposeful and pleasant for the rest of us. With the easing of some of the problems of war and immediate post-war periods, it has been possible to devote more time to social activities. During the past few months we have "got together" at sport, dancing and other relaxations outdoors. Many of us met under delightful conditions at the Garden Party in the home of Mrs. R. J. Maclellan, and, quite recently, we had the outstanding picnic. The co-operation, the mutual aid of all these gatherings is concrete evidence of the good spirit which permeates the whole of our Organisation.

In this Company, it is our aim to make our association as pleasant as possible. As we have readily admitted before, we are greatly handicapped on the one hand by old buildings, and on the other, by various restrictions which make it very difficult to effect substantial structural alterations. Yet, despite these drawbacks, we push on in other directions, especially in the matter of staff relationships. In the Melbourne Retail Stores, we now have an Amenities Officer in addition to the Staff Manager, whilst in Eagley Mills, where a Personnel Manager was appointed recently, there is now a Medical Officer in attendance as well. With all the consideration of welfare matters being given by these people, combined with the co-operation of you and your fellows, we should see many more improvements in the near future.

There is no lack of warm hearts among those who control the affairs of our Company. To illustrate this, we may quote an incident which occurred only the other day. As a contribution to "Suggestion Box" in this magazine, an employee asked if it would be possible to construct a swimming pool in the playing field adjoining the Mills in Cambridge street. This was such an unusual suggestion that it was referred immediately to the Chairman. His instant reaction was not, as one might have feared, "Oh, that's a pretty big job," or as we are sure would have been the rejoinder in some organisations, "Preposterous!" but "Excellent idea; get an
estimate of the cost." It is only fair to add that at the moment, this proposal is entirely in the consideration stage for, much as we would like to provide such an amenity, we are afraid that restrictions which prohibit elaborate buildings would be almost certain to hinder the construction of a pool, which, to some minds, would most certainly come under the heading of "luxury."

But this incident is indicative of the general trend. We are a pretty happy family because we can discuss each other's problems. We are going to keep it that way. An occasional grumble, here or there, means nothing. What family in the land gets through any day without an odd growl or two? If you, yourself, will put into your day's effort here, a dash of good humour, a smile and lend a sympathetic ear to your neighbour's troubles rather than talk about your own, you cannot fail to share in the general benefit which must come from a concerted effort along such lines. It's worth the effort.

Incidentally, one of the things which most of us discuss a good deal nowadays is money or its purchasing power. Not many have too much of it these days, and it is easy to complain about the things we have to go short of. Yet, each of us is really the equivalent of a branch of the Royal Mint. We can do more than earn money. We can produce it. This is not an invitation to start out in the counterfeiting business, of course. We don't mean the actual printing of notes or the stamping of coins. What we can produce is wealth—wealth for the community at large, and as each of us belongs to the community, what the community enjoys we must enjoy, too. And so instead of worshipping the Calf of Gold (or wondering where it has got to lately!) let us instead produce wealth by giving of our best to the job in hand. In other words, produce wealth by production.

To return to our opening lines. We have just crossed the threshold of a new year. The Way Ahead lies before us. Will you journey with us? And make it a real family party? You'll enjoy it!

---

**IF**

By Ruth A. Niethammer.

(With acknowledgment to Kipling.)

If all the things you did by heart,
Were trusted and admired;
If all the things you meant to do
Were adhered to and inspired;
If each of us as friend to friend,
Put full trust in the other;
If humans could but work as one
And jealousy would smother,
If selfishness were banished
And all envy ceased to be;
If meanness could be locked away
And someone lost the key!
If love and kindness scattered were
About each neighbour's door;
If everyone would stop to think
And all obeyed the law;
If peace did rule in every land,
And war had gone forever;
If all would settle to their tasks,
And ceased to be too clever;
This world a paradise would be,
A world for which we pray,
So, why dear friends, not think anew
And play the game this way?

---

**Our Directors**

As announced in the Perth news in this issue, Mr. H. L. Brisbane has been appointed Chairman of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd. in succession to the late Mr. A. J. Monger. Filling the vacancy created by this movement, Mr. Lawrence Walter Jackson has joined the Perth Board of Directors. Our congratulations to Mr. Brisbane and a warm welcome to Mr. Jackson.

In Melbourne, to take the place of Sir Charles Merrett, whose resignation was effective as from December 31 last, Mr. F. Oswald Barnett has accepted a seat on the Board of O. Gilpin Ltd. He will represent the preference shareholders.

To Sir Charles, who has now reached a distinguished age after a long life of very varied activities, we offer our good wishes for the enjoyment of his well-earned leisure.

Mr. Barnett, who holds the comparatively rare degree of Master of Commerce, is a public accountant. He is more widely known, however, for his work for the abolition of slums, from which grew his membership of the Housing Commission in this State. To the discussions around the Gilpin Board table Mr. Barnett will thus bring a penetrating mind. We wish him well.

Two things are hard to get from bank managers. The other is information.

Economy is doing without a lot of things your grandparents never had.
“T.A.P.” Settles In

In our last issue we announced the appointment of Mr. T. A. Pettigrew as General Manager of the Retail Stores in Melbourne and Adelaide. He arrived a few days later, just in time to spend his first Christmas in Australia. Two months having passed, we asked Mr. Pettigrew the other day how life in Melbourne appealed to him and his family.

On our way to his office we had a sly peep into the rooms adjoining, and noted that his busy team of executives had their heads well down behind mounds of stock sheets, budgets, sales comparisons and the like. A little apprehensively, therefore, we tapped on his door. We figured out that if his “adjutants” were flat out like that, we might have to borrow a ladder to find him, behind a mound of records, etc., for it would need a lot of paper to “bury” his six feet three inches of Scottish manhood!

But our fears were groundless. Good organiser that he is, all documents had been sent “on their way.” From behind a clear desk he rose, hand outstretched. In that deep voice, with its slight burr, came a warm welcome.

As we discussed this and that, it was evident that, despite the big job in hand and before him, he has a good grip on everything—and revels in the task. There is a tremendous amount of detail to be considered by a General Manager—and, being strange to local conditions and practices, the very “newness” of everything could be a handicap to a lesser man. But “T.A.P.” is as big as he looks. He thinks well, acts swiftly, and gives crisp decisions. And the “team” has quickly rallied round the new “skipper.”

Having gained these impressions of Mr. Pettigrew, our question was practically answered. If the “G.M.” likes Australia as much as Australians like him, then he will be content, satisfied and happy. He certainly looks it. And he looks well in himself, as do Mrs. Pettigrew and the two boys. Many of us have had opportunities to see their enjoyment of their new way of life here, and we are all very glad indeed that he had the extraordinary good luck to obtain a suitable flat so soon after his arrival.

From all sides a helping hand has been extended to Mr. Pettigrew, both officially and personally—and he and his family are very grateful. This good feeling towards him is well illustrated by a letter which he received at Christmas. It was signed simply, “A Foy Employee.” To this day he does not know the identity of the writer, and one reason for our publishing this letter now is to convey Mr. Pettigrew’s thanks to the unknown well-wisher. It reads:

“Probably the writer will not come into close contact with you, being just an ordinary member of the staff of Foy and Gibson. Many of us wish to say ‘Welcome’ and the best of good luck and success both to you and your lady wife. So, at this Christmas season, our kind thoughts are with you both. To dig up one’s roots and plant again in a strange land is somewhat of an ordeal, and many of us understand.”

As we rose to go (for there were signs that the demands of business were about to clamour again), “T.A.P.” asked if the following message from him could be conveyed to the staff at large:

“I welcome this opportunity to express, through ‘SERVICE,’ on behalf of my wife, family and myself, our warm appreciation to all employees of Foy and Gibson Retail Stores for the cordial reception we have enjoyed. As our time here extends, and as I move around the Organisation in pursuance of my duties, I look forward to make contact with all of you.

“I am happy to say that we are settled down as a family, and already feel very much at home in our new country, all of which has been made easier by the help and hospitality extended to us from all sides.”

It is a pleasure to use our columns for this purpose, and “SERVICE” feels that it can anticipate the response of all readers by replying:

“Good luck to you, sir—and may you and your family find that your happiness increases as your stay in Australia lengthens.”

Accommodation Wanted

Who Can Help?

Can you imagine what it means to travel more than 100 miles daily to get to work? Well, that is what one of our mill executives is doing. Living in Geelong when he was appointed last year, he has not yet been able to find a house in Melbourne for his wife and family. As a result he journeys to and from Geelong by train on three days each week. The remaining nights he sleeps in a hostel in Melbourne. This not only leaves a family sadly divided, but it is sometimes a most uncomfortable arrangement. Recently he had to share his room here with two other men.

A busy executive cannot give of his best under such conditions. A house is needed most urgently. Does anyone know of a home with three bedrooms, which could be secured or even inspected? The Kew, Camberwell, Box Hill area would be preferred, but details of any suitable place would be most welcome.

A retail manageress (married) also is in urgent need of a house with two bedrooms. South or east of the Yarra, or along the bayside, is preferred. If anyone can help, please communicate with the Editor, “SERVICE,” Collingwood.

WHAT WOULD THE POLICE THINK?

In the course of a discussion of the contents of the hamper for the Lilydale picnic:

A.: “You’d better bring that big mug of yours.”
B.: “Oh, he won’t be coming. He’s going fishing with his pals!”

(N.B.—The above conversation was overheard in the City Store. Need it be explained that “B” was a married woman?)
News from Adelaide
By John Minks.

With the infantile paralysis precautions, Adelaide Store found it necessary to postpone the staff picnic which was to be held in the Adelaide Hills on January 26. However, the stalwarts of the Men's Store still continue to have their periodical gatherings, with everyone returning to work on the Monday showing signs of sunburn and much tennis.

Preparations are now in hand for the Annual Henley on Torrens. Mr. Crump, with able assistants, is hopeful of receiving honours for the popular decorated boat section. Switchboard girls are filling in spare moments (if possible on a switchboard) making artificial flowers for the occasion, which requires some three thousand.

Miss D. Minks, of Napery section, has been chosen as Foy's entrant for the Henley Girl, and we all wish her luck in this contest.

The Adelaide Store. This fine building dominates the Rundle and Pulteney Streets corner.

Bits and Pieces

GORDON CRAWFORD (Dress Materials), Adelaide, rated as the nicest "gift," the one he received on Christmas Eve from Miss Ethel Burke, when she said "Yes" to his proposal of marriage. Congratulations!

It is not too late to offer congratulations and good wishes for full success to MISS DOROTHY STUBBS, who came to us from John Martin's in Adelaide in January to take charge of the Ladies' Shoes, Adelaide Store. Hope your feet are already firmly planted, Miss Stubbs!

Good luck to OLIVE CHANDLER (Cashiers, Adelaide), who recently announced her engagement to Ron. Borthwick. Woe betide him if he is "out in his cash," later on!

For Mrs. COSSEY and DICK (Mail Order, Adelaide), a daughter, Marilyn Anne. She's "up to sample," too—which is something, when you think of mail order. Nice work you Cossey's!

LAUREL PHILLIPS (Handbags, Adelaide) is engaged to Max Downs. Nice work! We're glad, too! (He'll know now where to go for suitable bridesmaids' presents!)

The best wishes of all to JOAN WAKEFIELD, JOAN GREY, "MARGE" LEMON, NORA LADY-MAN and Miss COOK (all of Adelaide), who recently became engaged. The South Australian moon seems to have the same effect as ours!

Sincere sympathy and best wishes to BERT SMITH and CLARRIE SISSON (both of Adelaide), who have been on the sick list. Can't do without good men these days.
Some Views of Adelaide Store

Top left: Infants' Dept. Top right: Pharmacy. Centre left: Candy Corner. Centre right: China. Lower left: A section of Men's Clothing. Lower right: Cutlery and E.P.
Thank you for so promptly sending copy of “Service” for December, which arrived on Hogmanay, and yet again hearty congratulations on such a worthy production. The cover design is excellent and most appropriate for a Christmas number. As you say, it is a beautiful conception. In fact, it would be hard to better it for the particular purpose. The contents are worthy of the cover design, and we may hope the kindly and friendly feeling so much in evidence in the Christmas number may be fostered and maintained throughout the year with advantage to us all. The good feeling is there all right, if it just gets a chance to express itself occasionally.

The January Sales here started off with a good Press, and bargain hunters lined up bright and early. There was some excitement for a day or two, but that quickly simmered down. Apparently the bargains—or perhaps the coupons—did not stay the course. It seems odd to have Sales in these times of shortage, but as usual the acute shortage is of goods that one really wants. The unwanted are seldom in short supply! Hard to imagine where some of the bargains come from. A show of “exclusive” millinery was described by an experienced observer as reminding him of some bomb damage exhibits. Clothing and shoes are the most sought-after articles hereabouts. Queues form at once when it becomes known coupon-worthy shoes are available. The leather subsidy having been withdrawn, shoe prices are advancing.

Our railways were nationalised when the State took over on January 1. During the war years and since very little could be done towards renewal and renovation of rolling stock, while most railway stations are badly in need of a really good spring cleaning. Others require rebuilding. So far the take-over has made no difference to the long-suffering travelling public—particularly the suburban travellers—but they live in hopes of gradual and much-needed improvements. Apparently some take the change seriously. On Friday a gentleman joined the 2.30 a.m. newspaper train by which passengers are not allowed to travel. On being requested to get out he declined, declaring this was now his railway and he intended to travel by this train. Remonstrance being of no avail, his “employees” uncoupled the coach, leaving him to cool his heels and think things over in time for the next passenger train. One could think of a much simpler and equally effective manner of dealing with such a situation.

Petrol restrictions hereabouts are causing a great deal of resentment among motorists,—in fact, one cannot remember such an outcry. Usually these regulations are just accepted as an unpleasant necessity. The basic allowance has been withdrawn altogether, and individual application has to be made in respect of each car or motor bike. If able to put forward some worthwhile reason for using the car, such as for genuine business purposes or by reason of being in the country, remote from shopping centres, schools, etc., an allowance is usually made. In fact, judging by the number of cars still running, the authorities seem quite reasonable. Mere joy-riding car owners, however, are unlucky and get no allowance—which, of course, is very annoying. So far the Government have upheld their decision—emphasising that the money hitherto spent on importing petrol is required more urgently for importing food; i.e., we cannot have it both ways—and there the matter rests at present.

Alfred the days are lengthening and bulbs are beginning to show in the garden, so spring is not far off although January can be a very cold month here.

—ONLOOKER.

In our last issue we opened a new column to record the activities of the Retail Stores Office in Sydney. It was good to be able to put Sydney “on the map,” and we looked forward to maintaining such reports as a regular feature. However, Fate has intervened. With no word from Miss Boyd up to last week, we sent her a telegram. Here is her reply:

“Sydney Office invaded with hungry buyers. Brain overworked. Sorry no contribution this issue.”

Well, we've kept faith! This is what “Sydney Says”: Cheer up Miss Boyd. Better luck next time!

FRED BELLAMY (Collingwood Office) completed 53 years’ service with the Company on February 14. What a record! What a lad! At morning tea, on the great day, Freddie cut a cake with 53 candles and received congratulations from Secretary Lance Hill and many friends. As the first candles lit had practically melted by the time we got to the 53rd, we'll have to get a whole new set for next year. They'll be there, don't worry! Incidentally, there's a rumour going round that Fred is satisfied that he's joined the right office, and has decided to make Foy's his career! We're proud of you, Fred Bellamy!
OUR NEW CHAIRMAN.

When the news spread through the Store that Mr. H. L. Brisbane had been elected Chairman of Directors it was received with the greatest satisfaction, and it is certain that had the election been a matter for popular ballot the result would have been the same.

We all feel that with Mr. Brisbane as Chairman the destinies of the Company are in wise and capable hands. His record as a progressive and successful businessman inspires us all with confidence. He has recently returned from an overseas business visit, and we believe as a result has absorbed many new ideas which will be of great advantage to us. Mr. Brisbane is Managing Director of Brisbane-Wunderlich Limited, and is well known throughout the city on account of his activities as past President of the Chamber of Manufactures, a member of the Council for the Development of Industries, and during several of the war years as Chairman of the Board of Area Management of the Department of Munitions in Western Australia.

CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

Christmas over here in the West was brighter and even more festive than usual. Trading started early and reached its record peak in the final three days before Christmas. Everything was favourable for happy shopping conditions. The weather during those weeks was perfect—golden sunny days tempered with cooling breezes fresh with the tang of the Indian Ocean, dew-sprinkled early mornings and glorious star-studded nights for refreshment and reinvigoration. The crowds that thronged the store were the happiest we can remember, and they were served enthusiastically by a bright, eager staff from whom the true Christmas spirit emanated. Everyone worked to maximum capacity, and a record was established on the peak trading day when absentees from our greatly augmented staff numbered only three. The records achieved could never have been attained without the loyal and splendid co-operation of all—sales staff, office, cashiers, packers and despatch.

Although the weather was so genial during the shopping days, our Christmas Day gave us an example of what it could do, and the thermometer soared up to the century. Conditions were perhaps not quite right for roast turkey and hot plum pudding, but judging by all accounts, everyone had a very happy time in spite of the heat, whilst campers and surfers actually revelled in the burning conditions.

Now that we have turned the corner into 1948, the days pass more quickly than ever, for we start work five minutes later and finish half an hour earlier, whilst on Saturday our week-end break starts at noon instead of 1 o'clock as previously. Everyone appreciates the difference that this hour makes to the enjoyment of the Saturday half-holiday.

SOCIAL AND SPORTING.

As soon as everyone had settled back into harness after the holidays, the Committee of the Social Club resumed its activities and is now very busy organising an Annual Picnic to be held at Point Walter, a beauty spot on the Swan River, on February 21. The Committee is also arranging for a series of fortnightly Staff Dances to commence in April and for an Annual Ball to be held some time during next June.

Two teams of swimmers are in serious training for the Inter-Commercial Houses Swimming Championship which is to be held on January 21. We are hoping for great things from our teams who are being coached by Mr. Agnew, grandfather of Derek Agnew, the West Australian champion.

We hope soon to be able to produce some tennis champions, for every Saturday enthusiasts from the staff foregather on grass courts northwards of the city. Those participating thoroughly enjoy themselves, and the standard of play is steadily improving.

The Cricket Club has been admitted to the B1 Division of the Metropolitan Senior Matting Association, and up to date has played five matches. D. Burns was re-elected Captain, with D. Sexton as Vice-Captain. At present heading the bowling

A NEW DIRECTOR.

Mr. L. W. Jackson, a well-known Perth lawyer, has accepted the Board's invitation to join the Directorate.

Mr. H. L. Brisbane, Chairman of Directors, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Limited.
average is 19-year-old Peter Coventry, who has taken 29 wickets in 58 overs at a cost of 9.1. D. Burns is second with an average of 10.9. The batting average is headed by L. Graham with 18.76, followed by D. Sexton with 13.15. Under the skilful coaching of G. Gardiner and L. Graham, many of the junior players are beginning to produce excellent form, and club members are hoping for great things before the season closes.

WHAT! NO SONS!

Although we have not quite been able to maintain our average of one daughter per month, we are not doing badly, and our congratulations go out to E. Mayne, of the Transport Department, whose wife presented him with a baby girl on November 9. Good luck to all three of them.

132 YEARS' LOYAL SERVICE.

Our age of 53 years must surely be beginning to tell on us, for in this first month of the year, 1948, we have regretfully to record the retirement of no less than three loyal and trusty members of the staff who between them have given 132 years' service to Foy & Gibson's. They are Mr. J. F. Bowman, our Secretary, who has given 51½ years' service; Miss R. Alexander, of the Letter Order Department, 41 years' service; and Miss M. Carson, of the Dissection Office, 39½ years' service.

Of all three of them we can say that they have indeed been "good and faithful servants," and we wish them many years of health and happiness in which to enjoy their well-earned leisure.

WELCOME TO N. C. BREWER.

It is not often that we have the opportunity of employing staff trained in the Bourke Street Store, but we are very pleased to announce that Mr. N. C. Brewer, who until recently was in the Boot and Shoe Department there, and has now come West, has obtained a position in a similar department here. We hope Mr. Brewer will be very happy in the West. We think he will be . . . it's not a bad place.

"I Know a Lovely Garden"

Well might this have been the theme song of the many people who accepted the invitation of Mrs. R. J. Maclellan to meet Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Pettigrew at her home in Orrong road on Saturday, January 17.

It was a delightful move on the part of Mrs. Maclellan—and so typical. And was she rewarded! In the first place, the entire event ran the hazard of the tram strike. So nearly was the party postponed. After the longest transport hold-up, Melbourne had ever known, however, the trams began to run again—on the morning of the 17th. The weather, which had been uncertain, too, made up for lost time and the perfect day dawned—also on the 17th!

With such omens, the joy of the day seemed ensured. And none was disappointed—least of all Mrs. Maclellan. From 3 o'clock onwards, Orrong road wore an unusually brisk look. Some 200 people, all closely connected with Foy's, Eagley and O. Gilpin Limited, entered the gate of Mrs. Maclellan's delightful home, were greeted by her hostess and her husband, were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, passed through the cool house, and then found themselves in a truly lovely garden.

Billiard-table lawns stretched away on all sides from the patio at the back of the house. This green carpet led to flower beds, where colour was in riot, under the inquisitive eye of Mrs. Maclellan. From the patio at the back of the house. This green carpet led to flower beds, where colour was in riot, under the inquisitive eye of Mrs. Maclellan. From 3 o'clock onwards, Orrong road wore an unusually brisk look. Some 200 people, all closely connected with Foy's, Eagley and O. Gilpin Limited, entered the gate of Mrs. Maclellan's delightful home, were greeted by her hostess and her husband, were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew, passed through the cool house, and then found themselves in a truly lovely garden.

Doming the floral palette were lavender, dahlias and masses of lupins. Other flowers and shrubs abounded. Beneath the inviting branches of the trees were set up tables where rest was blended with refreshment served from damask-covered tables set up on the nearby grass. At intervals, little lasses in kilts danced Highland reels, as the perfect afternoon. of the many guests, to whom she had presented happiness abounding in the faces and demeanour the women of the company. As Mrs. Pettigrew's second son is aged only nine months, he still needs a good deal of attention, and

Thus was hospitality rewarded. Mrs. Maclellan gave great pleasure to Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew and to everyone of the guests, the latter being made happier still by being presented by their hostess when leaving with a bunch of freshly picked lavender from the garden.

Thank you, Mrs. Roy Maclellan!
There are few topics discussed more nowadays than accommodation—or the lack of it. Some people like to board. Some prefer flats. The majority of people, however, and especially the younger generation, and particularly the "just marrieds" or "about to weds," think and talk with starry eyes of the home of their dreams.

Unfortunately, many of these dreams remain just dreams. Young couples count themselves lucky to share a house with another family. Others "move in" with mother-in-law. Yet all the time, the yearning for a place of one's own goes on. How often do we hear the remark, "My husband and I have bought a block of land at 'Essenfield,' but, of course, we can't build for awhile." Usually the reason is a "B" shortage. No, we're not being forceful. More and often than not they haven't been able to get (a) a builder, (b) bricks, (c) a bath or (d) a bank balance. And as a rule the last one is the hardest of all to get!

But cheer up! We've just met a man who wouldn't be daunted by all the prevailing difficulties. He is Mr. B. Harford, of the Soft Furnishing Department of our Adelaide Store. He's building his own home—and is very proud of his effort. A glance at the ground plan and at the picture, of the progress made to date shows that he has every reason to crow. He had some difficulties, of course. But what is accomplished these days without them? Anyway, we'll wager that when in the not distant future, he and his family are sitting comfortably in easy chairs in the completed lounge room they'll look back and laugh heartily over their experiences. Good luck to them! May they soon enjoy the fruits of their labours. Well, here's the story:—

BUILDERS BE BLOWED!

By B. HARFORD.

I do not wish to paint a discouraging picture, nor yet to make this home building seem child's play. This applies only to a person like myself with no knowledge whatsoever of the building trade. If you are such a person, study the project well before attempting to build. My wife and I decided about Christmas, 1945, to build. We did not realise at the time just how much hard work and sacrifice this idea demanded. We do now. Plenty of both!

First we purchased a hand-operated concrete mixer. This is a "must." It saves so much hard work and time. We began the making of the blocks in February, 1946. These concrete blocks are solid, measuring 18 in. by 9 in. by 4½ in., and are made in a steel mould. They are equal to six ordinary bricks. My wife did all the mixing of the concrete for the blocks. Whilst I pushed the barrow about and moulded the blocks, she would have another mixing ready for the next lot. Our best output for one day was 166 blocks. My daughter, Barbara, aged 13, did a good deal of useful work in cutting up the cement bags and other work, helping her mother. The paper from the bags was used to mould the blocks on, and if removed before the blocks dried out too much, this paper can be used again.

When it came to laying the foundation, we had no scaffold planks, so we used the blocks themselves to form a mould, and lined it with cement bag papers. A motor mixer was hired for the day and with the help of my father, brother-in-law and three friends, we poured the foundation in one day. Before drying out too much, the blocks (used as the mould) were removed and papers stripped off.

In the laying of the blocks a mixture of half cement and half Limil was used in the proportion of 1 to 5 with sand. No scaffolding was used. Throughout the building, four large packing cases served the purpose. This entailed extra work, but saved money, and if you do not save money on little items such as these, you may as well have a contractor do the job. The Lintels we made by again using the wall blocks to form a mould on the ground and were lifted into position when required. The roofing timber was put on by a carpenter friend of mine.

Up to the present, the only paid labour has been in connection with the roofing timber, tiles, ceilings and some of the plumbing. Labour costs to-day being the most expensive item, you can appreciate what a large sum of money has been saved. At the time of writing, the inside first coat of plaster is complete, the inside second coat will be of white
cement, sand finish. The colour finish will be slightly varied. Tiles should be in position in February. They are terra cotta standard mottled.

Obtaining materials is quite a business in itself. One needs to pull a few strings and make the right contacts. Apart from the actual work during the week-ends, and all holidays, the budding builder must study the next phase of the job, right through until completed. Books are obtainable from the Free Lending Library on electrical, plastering, brickwork, etc. For the man building his own home, the services of an architect are not necessary. I have found it so. Another saving of money! We hope to move in about July, that is about 2½ years from commencing to make the blocks. The cost of the building will be a little under half of the cost by a contractor.

My best wishes to those with the will to build.

Scotland Has Them Too

We have just received, through the courtesy of Mr. A. D. D. MacLean, Maintenance Manager, a copy of the December issue of "The News Reel," the house magazine of J. & P. Coats Ltd., Glasgow, the world-famous cotton spinners. It is a very fine production, well written and splendidly illustrated. What impresses us very much is the wide variety of articles contributed by members of the staff and signed with their names. Such individual efforts are what we need badly in "Service." We don't receive nearly enough.

One such article with the intriguing title, "Forever Green," is very amusing as well as being full of wisdom. Here it is reprinted, with acknowledgment to "The News Reel."

"So you can't concentrate on your work? You feel frustrated? You imagine you are capable of higher things? Sometimes, in very odd moments, you think you ought to do something about it—but something or other always turns up to make you go on procrastinating?

Firstly, you must eliminate some of your pet illusions. Abolish the vague idea at the back of your mind that the firm is a charitable institution with the sole object of maintaining you for the term of your "unnatural" life. Try to grasp the strange notion that they really expect some slight expenditure of energy in return for that handsome handout you reach for so eagerly at regular intervals. If you can't work yourself, you'll have to see that some other guy does!

You may be full, brimful, of unsuspected talents and undeveloped potentialities, but how is the firm to know about them if you hide your light under a bushel of bashfulness? You don't get an opportunity. Are you one of the millions of stooges who sit waiting for that dame to knock on their door? Get a move on or buy yourself an ear-trumpet.

What's that you say? Some nit-wits with half your brains and experience are pushed on ahead of you. Why? Because they know the right people. Well, what's stopping you? Why don't you use your massive intellect to get to know the right people? You don't like them? Well, you do want jam on it. You don't have to—who does anyway? All you have to do is make them like you! What was that crack? You want to keep your self-respect, you're not a boot-licker. Don't make me laugh!

You plod away, month after month and year after year, at a job that bores you to tears, giving it ten per cent. of your attention and two per cent. of your intelligence, but you'd never dream of handing back ninety per cent. of the old pay packet. And you're sensitive about your self-respect. Wozzat? The job only needs two per cent. of your intelligence? Well, use the other ninety-eight to get a better one! What kind of job would you like? Something creative, interesting, well paid—a technician or a welfare officer? What's stopping you? Go to it.

So you think the road's blocked? I can guess— if promotion went by merit you'd be a foreman or a manager by this time. Do you think that's such a sinecure? How would you like to make a guy like yourself, and a hundred others like you, do an honest day's work? They don't, either. Agreed—it goes right up the line. Well, who's going to start stopping the rot?

Ah, now you're turning on the sobstuff. You haven't had the proper education. You didn't go to 'varsity. Neither did Shakespeare nor Napoleon nor a million other guys, but they did the things they wanted to do. It's no use trying to pass the buck on to your old folks.

Now we're getting down to bedrock, to the bare bones of the matter. Your heart's not in the job. How could it be? You know damned well you don't really want to work at all.

And the curse of it is, you're not one of the few. Never at any time did so many want so much for so little!"

IT WASN'T FUNNY THEN—

But we can laugh now. Sam Harris, a bit tangled up with A.R.P. gear in distant 1942. To-day, congratulations to Sam upon his appointment to House Stationery, City Store.
WELLINGON.

At the beginning of harvesting here, we had a window dressed out with men's work wear and all things needed for harvesting. Also in the window we placed sheaves of wheat here and there. It really "looked the part."

Of course, it was something new for the people of this district, and all stopped and had some remark to pass. They certainly gave us a few "wise-cracks." One commented, "How many bags will you get to the acre?" Another, "How are you going to get the header in there?" A third, "What, no rust!"

However, we of F. & G.'s, can take it, and we did— with a smile. One morning, on coming to work, we found glued very securely to the window a sheet of white paper approximately 28 inches by 14 inches bearing a "Mr. Chad" sketch, as shown, with the caption, "Wot! No grasshoppers?" Naturally we were all very amused at this mischievous impulse— and as yet have no clue to the identity of the humourist. Incidentally, at the time, grasshoppers were very thick in these parts.

—RITA TURNER.

THE BUSY "B"!

As most of you know, stock is designated by different letters, according to the season, Z. A. B. C. and so forth.

In a certain country store a lady, well known for her high principles and regard for pure language, was being served by a senior assistant of irreproachable character. Close by, another assistant, newly engaged, was serving her own customer. Assistant No. 2 couldn't find the article asked for, and sought guidance from assistant No. 1.

With the best intentions in the world, assistant No. 1 replied quickly, "In the 'B' fixture right behind you." So far, official explanations have not convinced the old lady. She now insists upon being served by someone other than assistant No. 1.

Wouldn't it? — "W.J.L."

[Note.—This actually happened, though for obvious reasons we cannot name the store.]

MT. GAMBIER.

As a holiday resort, Mount Gambier enjoys a large setting. The picturesque surroundings of the town, including the Lake Reserve, Vansittart Park and Cave Gardens, provide a never-failing attraction for visitors. The fertile volcanic soil of the town and district and the excellent water supply give the people the opportunity to cultivate gardens under the most favourable conditions, and of this they have taken advantage, particularly during the last few years. Within a few miles of the town, white coraline limestone, and grey, pink and red dolomite are abundant, and the business houses and residences are, consequently, built for the most part of stone. Much has been done in recent years in the exploitation of the vast deposits of coraline limestone abounding near Mt. Gambier, and large quantities of this remarkable building stone have been sent to all parts of South Australia. It is also in demand in the Western District of Victoria and even in Melbourne.

Good stone for road making and material for footpaths is also procurable at convenient distances, and as a result the streets and footpaths are well laid out. All the main streets of the town are now bituminised, and the work is continually being extended.

To tourists and visitors the extinct volcano of Mount Gambier and its crater lakes present great and ever-varying attractions. The peak rises to a height of 623 ft. above the level of the sea. The Valley Lake, immediately below the mount, is over half a mile in width and has an area of over 100 acres. Perch abound in its waters. The Blue Lake, the largest and most remarkable of the four, is nearly oval in shape, is about 165

The Blue Lake, Mt. Gambier, looking west. — Rose Series.
The Blue Lake, Mt. Gambier.
—Rose Series.

except at one or two spots. This lake, which varies in depth from 180 to 330 ft., is 54 ft. above the level of the sea and lies 589 ft. lower than the top of the Mount. The banks around the lake, a great part of them covered with trees and flowering shrubs in their natural state, are very charming to the eye of the lover of the picturesque, although the ravages of rabbits have destroyed some of the natural beauties.

The establishment of a camping ground at the Lakes has been welcomed by many tourists who enjoy outdoor life. Hundreds of campers take advantage of it during the summer months. The Town Council has made it a most comfortable and convenient camping site, and further facilities will be provided this year.

—(Mrs.) E. Peacock.

ARARAT.

"Kims" (of California) frocks had just been advertised in the Melbourne "Herald." They were new, very new. A customer saw the ad.; one of our sales' staff hadn't. Asked the customer, as she eagerly stepped to the counter:

"Have you any 'Kims'?

Not knowing what was wanted, but using some sales ingenuity, the reply came promptly:

"No! I'm sorry, Madam, but we have Gibson 'combs'!

—H. R. Drew.

APPRECIATION.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I would like to thank all my friends of the ground floor—Miss Craig, in charge of Handkerchiefs; Miss Pearce and Miss Johns, first floor, also our Welfare Officer, Miss Goodbrand, and members of her Sunbeam Club, and others whose names are too many to mention, for their kindness and for visiting me while I was in hospital.—Yours, etc.,

BERNICE ALLEN,
Handkerchiefs, City Store.

The appearance of our Retail Stores and the measure of their service to the people of Australia also impressed Miss Gibson. The Melbourne City Store, in particular, appealed to her. The management, of course, she saw a marked difference—and improvement, because when last she was here, in 1934, the Bourke Street building was in course of erection, and thus giving little indication of being the dominating focal point for Melbourne's shopping public which it is to-day.

After Melbourne, with its stores and mills, Miss Gibson travelled to Adelaide and Perth, and later called at Malvern warehouse. Wherever she went, her reaction was the same. Foy and Gibson is a "live wire" organisation, indeed—and blessed with a staff which is second to none in Australia. But, apart from associations with our business, Miss Gibson found Australians everywhere friendly and hospitable. She likes our way of life, our independence of outlook, our sunshine and general good health, the beauty of our women and girls, and our spacious cities, particularly Melbourne with its many green parks and gardens. Obviously smiling as she wrote, she added, "I can quite understand why numbers of Americans want to go to Australia to settle."

In conclusion, Miss Gibson says she wants to see us all again, with the added wish that, next time, the interval between her visits will have been a much shorter one. Altogether a delightful letter. For our part, we shall look forward with equal pleasure to Miss Gibson's next visit. Meanwhile, we wish her continued good health and a pleasant life in her new home in San Francisco.
The Gibsonia Social Club

THE LILYDALE PICNIC

Well, it's becoming a memory now. But what a memory! Of all the events which have been organised for the benefit and enjoyment of the staff, this was surely the most successful. More than 1400 employees, relatives and friends made the journey to Lilydale on January 26 last, and, so far we've heard nothing but praise for an outstanding day. One or two people have said that we tried to do too much, but, in the circumstances, such remarks are really an inverted "pat on the back."

The programme was perhaps a full one, in view of the heat of the day, but it must be remembered that we were a little "in the dark" as to the response nowadays to a sporting fixture of this type (the previous picnic was held in 1937, and tastes can change a little over the years), and we must confess that the attendance was beyond our estimate. Not that we couldn't cope with that huge crowd. Rather had we feared that, with the thermometer so high and the day being the last of a long week-end holiday, numbers of people might have preferred to "stay put." Not many did. Hence the enjoyable time had by all those who attended.

We are not giving here a detailed description of all that took place, for a contributor has "covered the ground" in verse. You'll find this amusing account on another page of this issue.

Instead, we feel it proper to make here our acknowledgments to the many good people who did so much (many of them working long hours) to ensure that others would have a good time. Firstly, there were the members of the local committees and their energetic and enterprising secretaries. Space does not permit of our giving the full list here, but their names were published in the December issue of "SERVICE." These were followed by the coordinating and executive work done by the Central Committee, especially by Cyril Baxter, Secretary; Jim Woods, Assistant Secretary; Eric Mollison, Treasurer; and Peter Howson, Chairman.

Cyril Baxter, in particular, deserves and receives the sincere thanks and appreciation of all. Only those who worked close to him know how much time and energy he gave to the myriad arrangements which had to be made beforehand, as well as the very full day he put in "in the field" at Lilydale.

Then we offer our very sincere thanks to those generous people who supplied the fund from which the very handsome trophies were purchased. Originally, it was suggested that individual prizes be engraved with the names of the donors. But among the latter we found several shy violets, and so they formed what might be called a "prize panel." With all deference to their modesty, however, we now "throw them to the lions." Here are the names of these good friends—:

Mr. H. E. J. Bridges  
Mr. P. C. Catchlove  
Mr. F. Chatfield  
Mr. A. Cochrane  
Mr. A. C. Cox  
Mr. J. G. Doig  
Mr. A. W. Dusting  
Mr. W. Ferguson  
Mr. J. Gorbutt  
Mr. L. R. Hill  
Mr. J. Hirst  
Mr. P. Howson  
Mr. H. Jenkin  
Mr. W. Johnston  
Mr. L. V. Jones  
Mr. C. K. Kelly  
Mr. A. D. McDougall  
Mr. H. V. McIvor  
Mr. A. D. D. Maclean  
Mr. R. J. Macellans  "Malvern Executives"  
Mr. A. S. Marshall  
Mr. L. O'Meara  
Mr. T. A. Pettigrew  
Mr. O. Pritchard  
Mr. L. J. Rooke  
Mr. B. O. Snell  
Mr. A. J. Thomas  
Mr. A. Trompf  
Mr. L. E. Williams.

Our thanks to them all for a splendid gesture.

There were many people who gave up most of the day at Lilydale to ensure the smooth running of the programme—the girls in the creche, the milk distributors, the first-aid unit, starters, judges, trackmen, "runners," "score keepers," and the like. They are too numerous to list here. Will each one of them accept, individually, our sincere appreciation and gratitude for their self-sacrifice and devotion to the interests of others.

Naturally, we all acknowledge the generosity of the Company itself. It was this financial aid, readily approved by the Board, which made it possible to

At the Lilydale picnic. Jack McCuskey (Store 8, Collingwood), finds it hard to resist the smile of Eileen Birchall (same section). Eileen is a "nice cup of tea" in any language.


Top left: Eagley “turns on” the beauty. Third from left is Joyce Davies, Ascot Vale. Top right: Esther Williams has rivals! Centre left: The superior sex! Messrs. Stone, Hutchinson, Cramond, Avery among others. Centre right: A “mixed bag.” Bill Dux (City) is third from left back row. Bottom left: Another representative group, Miss Hodgson, Miss Laity (Furnishing Workroom) seated. The curious bloke on the left is Gus Powell (Boys’ Wear, City). Bottom right: Mainly Collingwood Office. In back row: Val Spotswood, Betty Smith, Phil Lambert among others. Seated: Cath Howden, Mary Nelson, Kathleen Growney, Pat Ryan, Muriel Stevens and Daisy Butler.
give the staff this enjoyable picnic without any outlay other than the modest rail fare of 3/- per head for adults and 1/- for children. There were all sorts of expenses to be met by the Committee. Tracks had to be graded, fences moved, the pool reserved for our exclusive use, the broadcast system erected and decorated (note work, Mr. Meyer!), hot water kept "on tap," and a band for the dance. (we liked it, "O.K. for Music"!), to mention but a few. With the Company's help, all these things were done without cost to the staff. Thank you, Mr. E. V. Nixon and your fellow-directors!

In conclusion, we feel that a special tribute is due to Mrs. C. W. P. Amies, who distributed the prizes with her customary poise and charm. During the course of a chat last week, we discovered that, after the picnic, Mrs. Amies had been a little concerned because of the three General Managers she had spoken only of Mr. Pettigrew in the course of her prize-giving speech.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Amies was not aware that Mr. A. D. McDougall, General Manager of Eagley Mills, and Mr. E. T. Fyander, General Manager of O. Gilpin Limited, were present on the field. It happened that she had not caught sight of either during the day. Not that any such visual reminder would have been necessary, ordinarily. But Mrs. Amies had seen Mr. Pettigrew, and she confesses that the sight of the Retail Manager so thoroughly enjoying himself at this, his first picnic in Australia, under conditions so different from those he knew "back home" (remember that January 26 is practically mid-winter in the Old Country—thermometer nearly hit the 100 at Lilydale!), kept his name uppermost in her mind when she began to speak into the microphone. More did she refer to him as one individual whom she had noticed was having a jolly good time than with any intention of recording his presence in his official capacity.

We think we can assure Mrs. Amies that she need not give further thought to this quite unintentional omission. If we know Mr. McDougall and Mr. Fyander, they would be the last to complain because their movements were not broad for the broadcast. Everybody feels that Mrs. Amies gave a polished performance with her distribution of the prizes, and that warm thanks are due to her for her kindness and her interest. We agree.

To complete the record of the great Gibsonia picnic, here are the names of the winners of the various adult events:

**GIBSONIA PICNIC.**

1. Shot Put.—1st, A. Little (City Store); 2nd, S. Wilson (Eagley); 3rd, R. Bailey (Eagley).
2. Gibsion 100 Yards.—1st, J. McKay (Malvern); 2nd, C. Corboy (Prahran); 3rd, E. Cowmeadow (City Store).
3. Ladies’ 75 Yards.—1st, Pat Ryan (Collingwood Office); 2nd, Miss G. Geary (Eagley); 3rd, Miss M. Nott (Eagley).
4. Gents’ One Mile Walk.—1st, W. Morton (Malvern); 2nd, J. Harper (Eagley); 3rd, no starter.
5. Ladies’ Quarter Mile Walk.—Dead heat, A. Ward (Eagley), E. Fogarty (Eagley); 3rd, D. Wallace.
6. Gents’ 880 Yards.—1st, C. Corboy (Prahran); 2nd, R. Bailey (Eagley); 3rd, R. O’Brien (Malvern).
7. Old Buffers.—1st, Chas. Taylor (Collingwood); 2nd, W. F. McFadyen (Collingwood); 3rd, — Lee.
8. Tug-of-war.—Eagley Team.
9. Junior Buffers.—1st, J. Ward (Eagley); 2nd, E. Heintz (Malvern); 3rd, G. Wallis (Eagley).
11. Ladies’ Quarter Mile Relay.—1st, Miss Pat Ryan, Miss D. Chynoweth, Miss B. Beech, Miss K. Growney (Collingwood Office team); 2nd, Eagley; 3rd, Malvern.
12. Visitors’ Gents’ 75 Yards.—1st, D. King; 2nd, — Mahar; 3rd, — Cox.
13. Visitors’ Ladies’ 75 Yards.—1st, M. Haig; 2nd, M. Kilmartin; 3rd, Miss Diamond.
14. All-in Gents’ Sack Race, 50 Yards.—1st, A. Greely; 2nd, J. Davis; 3rd, K. Maher.
15. All-in Ladies’ Sack Race, 50 Yards.—1st, M. Kilmartin; 2nd, N. Davis; 3rd, M. Haig.
16. Mixed Siamese Race, 50 Yards.—1st, Mr. and Mrs. Greely; 2nd, Mr. Davies, Miss Mahor; 3rd, Mr. Grigg, Miss Kilmartin.
17. Swimming, 50 Yards Open Handicap.—1st, S. Wilson (Eagley); 2nd, G. Reid (City Store); 3rd, C. Everett (Collingwood).
18. Swimming, Gents’ 100 Yards Championship.—1st, S. Wilson (Eagley); 2nd, F. M. Wright (Eagley); 3rd, P. Howson (Collingwood).
19. Swimming, Ladies’ 100 Yards Championship.—1st, Mrs. Laning; 2nd, Fay Bastian; 3rd, Kathleen Growney.
20. Senior Diving.—1st, S. P. Wilson (Eagley); 2nd, F. Wright (Eagley); 3rd, P. Howson (Head Office).

Aggregate points were: Eagley Mills 48, Collingwood 42, City Store 12, Prahran Store 12, O. Gilpin Ltd. 12. Thus the points trophy was won by Eagley Mills—for the second time (previously 1937).

**COMMITTEE MEMBERS.**

When we went to press with our last issue the names of the delegates from the two Eagley Mills’ annexes to the main Mill Committee were not available. We now have pleasure in recording that from Ascot Vale, Mrs. Molly Walker and Miss Joyce Davies, and from Preston, Miss M. Nott and Miss Jean Warren have not only been appointed as representatives, but have played their part well in the various activities of the Club in the meantime. Also, due to a typing error, we omitted to include the names of the following office-bearers of the Mill Committee: Mr. A. V. Shacklock, Secretary; Miss H. Ryan, Miss D. Chynoweth, Miss B. Beech, Miss K. Pitts, Treasurer. Finally, Mr. F. X. McMahon (Malvern) and Mr. John Gorbett (Head Office) were not mentioned as members of the Central Committee.

**COMING EVENT.**

As members have been notified by circular, we have been offered 300 complimentary tickets for a dance to be held at Silk’s Ballroom, Glenferrie Road, on Friday, April 9. The organisers, Bon and Noel Gibbons, who will be running a series of dances at this ballroom during the summer season, would like this to be a “Foy Night.” Will all those who would like to attend please hand in their names to their local secretary as soon as possible for the tickets will not be delivered to the Club until we can say exactly how many will use them. It is expected, of course, that those who ask for tickets will definitely go to the hall, for the management naturally wishes to see a well-filled floor on such a night.
The Suggestion Box

Well, we've had the old box repainted and a couple of new handles put on it, just to smarten it up for the New Year—and we're open for business as usual.

Since this popular feature was revived last August no less than 67 awards have been made. They were all commonsense suggestions based on thoughtful observations or keen imagination. Remember the different rewards?

Here they are:

- For any practicable suggestion, whether use is made of it or not 50
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of a particular department or section £1 10
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of any one store or group of sections £3 30
- For any suggestion put into use for the advantage of the entire retail division or the entire manufacturing division £5 50

Why not have a go? Got an idea for getting your job done more efficiently? Or by some other means? And what about the other fellow? Do you think he's going about things the right way? Don't be a cog that, like the music, goes “around and around,” with the rest of the outfit. Ask yourself, “What makes the wheels turn?” Then maybe it will occur to you that a little strengthening here, a drop of oil there, might make the machine of work turn more smoothly or rapidly.

So, in with those Suggestions! The old box can “take it.” That's why we've had the handles put on!

Since our last “prize-giving” we have received 19 Suggestions from 10 people. Accordingly, 19 awards of 5/- have been made to the following employees:

- J. Hamilton, Eagley Mills.—Use of Smith street windows.
- Ann Budgeon, Baby Wear, City.—Signalling device; new layout; children’s play facilities (three awards).
- Ida Knell, Baby Wear, City.—Colour system for show cards.
- Winifred Shaylor, Baby Wear, City.—Delivery of stock; elevator service; wrapping tables; staff dresses; cafe service (five awards).
- L. D. Wills, Receiving Room, Collingwood.—Mail order service, and wrapping of merchandise (six awards).
- Kathleen Grownery, Office, Collingwood.—Staff swimming pool.
- E. Wade, Advertising, City.—Testing of merchandise.

Note.—Mr. Wade gave so much thought to the setting out of his idea and its possible application to our own needs that he receives a special award of 10/.

Also, practical use has been made of an earlier suggestion submitted by L. D. Wills, Store 8, Collingwood. He therefore qualifies for—a “Grade 2” prize of £1 1/.-

Congratulations to all these good people, and thanks for your thought.

Some of these names have appeared in previous lists. That's fine! Shows their earlier efforts were not just a “flash in the pan.” But it shows something else. All of these ideas could have occurred to any one of a hundred people. There isn't a fantastic suggestion among them. They all relate to everyday happenings in the business—or to things which could happen. Then why didn't the other 99 think of them too? That's why we say—use your eyes; use your head. Then pick up your pen and write to “Suggestion Box.”

It's quite a big box. Plenty of room.

“Break it up, you dopes! It's mullet we're after!”
—Sketch by Ted Ward, Bathurst.

There is no such thing as a dangerous woman—there are only susceptible men.

Etiquette is the noise you don't make while eating soup.

Chivalry is a man’s inclination to defend a woman against every man but himself.
The Lay of Lilydale

The Twenty-sixth of January is a vital date, (Forget old Captain Cook for once, we mean 1-9-4-8!), For on that day, from Platform One at busy Flinders Street, The great Gibsonia Caravan set out, the Bush to greet.

Close on twelve hundred mustered there to board our special train, (An embarkation of this size taxed Cyril Baxter's brain!), And dozens more, by motor car, preferred to make the run. (These really weren't so fortunate! They missed a lot of fun!)

And so we went to Lilydale, some fourteen hundred strong— (Like "Forty Million Frenchmen" the Committee wasn't wrong In choosing this most sylvan spot in which to make whoopee) —The folk of Foy's and Eagley and the stores called "F. & G."

With our banners on the trainsides (Ray Payne's, the paint and brush!) We reached the picnic ground ere noon and then was there a rush To find a place—a shady place, out of the sun— to cool? Some chose the nearest gum tree. The rest dived in the pool!

Those who once the Army knew began to reconnoitre. (Their motto is "Cool inside first"—and water can cause goitre.) And so they combed the main street with intentions scientific, But in every pub the beer was "off." (The language was terrific!)

Soon the laughter of the youngsters drowned all such wrathful snorts. (For this wasn't just a picnic. We'd arrange a lot of sports.) The kids ran special races; rode the roundabout; saw Punch Whack Judy where it hurts and then—we all adjourned for lunch.

The afternoon was mainly planned for athletes and for flappers. You never saw such gorgeous girls—both in and out of wrappers. The female form divine, I found, has unsuspected facets. To think that all these years we've worked 'longside such hidden assets!

Let's leave the lasses for a while (though my pen is sympathetic!) It's hard to tear the mind away—but there were events athletic. And (thanks to many ready friends) the point to emphasise is An entry here was well worth while. We'd lovely pots for prizes!

The shot was put. Some hopped in sacks. The fillies flew in relay, Whilst Charlie Taylor (as a "Buffer") showed no sign of delay. And talk of this, the tale oft told was Freddie Bellamy's: His entry for the "Buffers" was misspelt. It had two "g's"!

They dived. They swam. They ran half miles. Two raced, legs tied together. The starter called "Get set." Then, BANG!—and all went hell for leather! Contestants strained. Team vied with team. We saw most strenuous tussles. We also saw (did you see too?) our girls had lovely... muscles!

Thus was displayed, through busy hours, an energy atomic, With intervals, when all relaxed in efforts gastronomic. (Here may we "dip our lid" to those who spent the hot day toiling For a cup o' tea for you and me, they kept three coppers boiling!) The westering sun sent farewell shafts of light across the scene; a Shadow here, a stillness there, made quiet our arena. Participants in the events, aware a winner's fame is Not oft unsung, received awards from the hands of Mrs. Amies.

A final snack, a stroll at dusk, and day was nearly ended, Except for those enthusiasts who to the Shire Hall wended Their way (the energy of youth!) in quite surprising numbers, To dance a fox trot or a waltz—there wasn't room for rhumbas.

Then, hand in hand, we sang as one, the words of "Auld Lang Syne," "God Save the King," in trumpet tones, was your prayer—it was mine. The day was done. Oh, glorious day! What happy relaxation! "Good night, old friend. This is the end!" We "hoofed" it to the station!

Thus, the great Gibsonia Picnic. I have only lightly sketched In chronologic order, main events. In memory etched Are incidents I witnessed. But perhaps you saw them too? Will you bear with me a minute if I mention one or two?

First, the interest of the "Upper House" was anything but frugal, For there were T. A. Pettigrew and Andrew D. McDougall, With "F. & G." Fyander (was there anything to fix?). On The other hand (with nought to fix) was Chairman, E. V. Nixon.
The female fashions were a riot. But how could any skirt
Or jumper, shorts or swimsuit vie with Peter Howson’s shirt?
And speaking of our Peter, did you hear about the jam
He nearly got in when from out his trunks he partly swam?

Then there’s the tribute to be paid (and let there be no “maybe’s!”)
To good old “Goodie” and her girls for minding all the babies!
With the mercury near the hundred mark, the nips weren’t very happy,
But “Goodie” had it “by the throat” with water, talc and nappy.

And everywhere were others who gave us their best attention
With milk, first aid and the “sports brigade” among a few, to mention.

The Committee has our heartfelt thanks.
We should not separate their ranks
By quoting names, for ‘twas the scheme
That they should function as a team.

Yet I fancy that its members would be first with their “Hear, hear’s”
If I called for Cyril Baxter, with our gratitude—
“Three cheers!”

---H. le V.

RED CROSS NOTES.

That great organisation of humanity, the Red Cross—of which many Foy employees are a privileged company—has kindled the undying flame of service to mankind. It continues to perform that service in peace as in war, to alleviate sickness, suffering, misery and despair, so that all may come into their rightful heritage of peace and happiness.

It is so important that we play our part in finding relief for people overseas. Our members have gathered well over 2000 garments for Great Britain alone. Mr. Rooke and his happy staff have done much to help with the collecting of large quantities of tinned foods, etc. Knitted goods have also been forwarded to Red Cross for local hospitals.

Some of our members have contributed to the blood bank, and we shall be pleased to enrol other blood donors. Waste has been collected through the year. Hospital visiting is still kept up by the faithful few.

We have again to thank Mrs. Barker (City Store) for the roll call of over 100 new members.

Mr. Fred. Chatto, Mr. Bob Alexander, Mrs. Barker and myself have been honoured by the award of Special Faithful Service Certificates presented by Red Cross Headquarters.

GRACE GOODBRAND,
Superintendent,
Foy’s Company No. 201.
Executive Movements and Managerial Appointments

On December 31 we bade farewell to Mr. John Pritchard, former Store Manager, Bourke Street, and, after Mr. Moore's departure, Acting General Manager, Melbourne and Adelaide Stores. At a large gathering of executives and members of the staff in the City Dining-room, Mr. Pritchard was presented with a wallet of notes, and many feeling references were made to his enterprise, energy and influence upon our organisation.

When announcing his resignation, Mr. Pritchard (who has spent a lifetime in the garment and drapery trade of Melbourne and has a very wide experience of retail stores) said that he proposed to take “a good, long holiday.” We hope he enjoys his well-earned rest—and retains his remarkably robust health.

Mr. Pettigrew having arrived to take the office of General Manager, Mr. L. E. Williams, formerly in charge of the Furnishings group, has been appointed Store Manager, Bourke Street. He has the good wishes of all for full success.

There were handshakes and good wishes all round when Mr. A. S. (“Mick”) Marshall, Acting Store Manager, Bourke Street, left us in January to take up a very responsible position in a manufacturing company, where his many talents will find outlets in an entirely new sphere. We all hope that his efforts will be well rewarded and that he will be prosperous and happy.

To aid Mr. Williams, Mr. “Jack” Thomas, formerly in charge of Dress Materials, City Store, and, for a period in 1947, Acting Store Manager, Adelaide, has been appointed Assistant Store Manager, Bourke Street. Mr. Thomas, who has been with the Company for 17 years, and who attained the rank of Major in World War II, will find a loyal band of employees to help him on the way.

Other appointments are: Mr. Bert Ruffin (only recently discharged from A.I.F. after final service in Japan) to Wools, City; Mr. Eric Mollison, Head Office, to Business Manager, Eagley Mills; Mr. L. Hitches, to Controller of Household Sections (other than China, Hardware and Glass), City; Mr. K. Hunt, to Department Manager, Woollen and Cotton Dress Materials and Paper Patterns, City; Mr. E. Cowmeadow, to Manager, Silk Department, City; Mrs. Thompson, from Wool Department, City, to Secretary to Mr. Hec. Moore, Controller, Men’s and Boys’ Sections, City.

Congratulations and good luck to one and all.

The Good Samaritans.

The “Sunbeam Club,” born in Bourke Street, and one of the finest self-help organisations we know, is “spreading its wings.” A recent drive for new members brought in a splendid response from Prahran and Collingwood and increased support within the City Store itself. The Melbourne Retail Stores have every reason to be proud of this Club. It has an unusual “charter.” Each new member becomes automatically “The Club.” There is no committee to consider suggestions, or say “yea” or “nay.” If any member knows of a fellow-employee who is sick, a word to “headquarters” is all that is required, for a basket of fruit, a chicken or some such delicacy to be forwarded to the one laid low. As well, and whenever possible, a “Sunbeam-in-Chief” will visit the patient.

Need it be added that the driving force of the Sunbeam Club is its founder, Miss Grace Goodbrand, who, now that she has been appointed Amenities Officer for the Melbourne Stores, has added incentive and dual opportunities for her humane work. By the way, Miss Goodbrand now makes regular weekly visits to the suburban stores. She is at Collingwood each Wednesday and Prahran on Thursday. Those who wish to contact her in these stores should inquire through Miss J. Strain (Switchboard), Collingwood, and Miss E. Emmins (Marking-off Room), Prahran. Should Miss Goodbrand not be available at any time, Miss F. Cole (Mr. Maclean’s Office) and Club Secretary, is her right hand.

As well as working for the welfare of our own staff, the Sunbeam Club sends food parcels to Britain and does many a kind deed in other directions. Between 700 and 800 parcels have gone overseas, in acknowledgment of which the most interesting letters have been received from Great Britain. Garments were donated as well to the recent “Woolies Appeal,” and local needs have been remembered by the supplying of clothing, knitted goods, soft toys, etc., to Mission and Kindergarten alike.

“Sunbeams” are indebted to Mrs. A. Cochrane for her untiring help in knitting and donating so many beautiful children’s garments, and to the Misses Maclean. Thanks are due also to Mr. Vizard, who robs his garden so often to aid our Food for Britain Appeal.

The Club is always pleased to hear from any member of the staff interested in service to others, and Miss Cole will be pleased to give overseas addresses to anyone who would like to write. Many good pen-friends have been made in the Store as a result of the parcels sent.

The Quiet Corner

On February 14 Miss Dorothy Skillicorn died, after a long illness. With the Company for many years, Miss Skillicorn will be long remembered as the Head Telephonist on the City Store switchboard. There can be few who did not know her quiet, kindly voice; who did not appreciate the patience and help extended, often under trying conditions, and who did not realise what Miss Skillicorn’s efficiency meant to their own daily work.

And the personality which sat at the switchboard was as lovable as the voice. Miss Skillicorn was a fine woman and a very loyal and devoted member of our staff. We miss her greatly—shall miss her—and so we know what her passing means to the members of her family. To them we offer our deepest sympathy.

Our sympathy goes, too, to Leonard Thomas, of the Maintenance Staff, who lost his father on February 12. Mr. Thomas would like it known that he greatly appreciates the kind words and tributes which came from his fellow-employees.
Wool, after scouring and carbonising, is either processed in its natural colour or, as in many cases, after it has been dyed to some popular shade. (Dyeing will be dealt with more fully in a later article.)

**Blending.**—The wool is selected according to its quality or colour. It is spread evenly over a given area on the floor in layers from four to six inches in depth, one layer over the other. The number of layers required can be determined by the percentage of each component necessary to make the required blend weight. When the heap has been completed a sample is taken out of its centre and put through a sampling machine. It is then tested for quality and shade. When the sample has been passed the bulk is then pulled from the heap vertically. This is to ensure a better mix. It is shaken and is then fed on to a conveyor, where, before entering the teazer or willey machine, it is sprayed with an oil emulsion. This adding of oil lubricates the fibres and so prevents breakage and undue flying during carding and spinning.

This machine consists of a fast-moving spiked cylinder and other smaller spiked rollers. Its function is to open and mix the blend, and, at the same time, free the wool from all loose impurities. The wool on emerging is packed in bales and is ready for carding.

**Carding.**—Carding is the process by which the staples and fibres of wool are disentangled and subsequently blended together so as to produce a film of wool of uniform character. A carding machine is composed of a series of swifts (cylinders), workers, strippers and doffers. These are all rollers or cylinders of various dimensions, and are covered with wire card clothing. The card wire at the start of the machine is of a coarse gauge, 250 points per sq. in., and gets finer towards the end or condenser part of the machine, at 400 points per sq. in. The carding of the wool actually takes place at the nearest point between the various revolving rollers. The wool or blend is fed into this machine by means of an automatic feed box, thus ensuring a regular and even quantity being fed into the machine.

The material, after having been conveyed from one end of the machine to the other by means of the wire-covered rollers, is removed from the last doffer to the tape condenser in the form of a fine film of fibres. It is then divided by means of leather tapes into endless narrow strands or slivers. These are then passed through leather rubbers which have a double action, forward and reciprocating. This motion imparts sufficient strength to the twistless sliver for spinning purposes. The strands are wound on to card spools which, when filled, are ready for spinning.

**Spinning.**—There are two types of spinning machines—mule spinning and frame spinning. The two main mechanical characteristics of the mule are (1) Head Stock, and (2) Carriage. The head stock controls all movements of the machine—the carriage carries the spindles. Number of spindles range from 250 to 450 per mule.

The spools of condensed sliver are taken from the condenser and are placed on racks at the back of the mule. Each strand is fed between the delivery rollers and attached to the bobbins placed on the spindles. Following are the major movements of the mule when in action:

1. Delivery of condensed sliver from rollers.
2. Recession of carriage with insertion of twist by spindles.
4. Drafting to required skein.
5. Stoppage of carriage.
6. Extra twist inserted by increase in spindle speed.
7. Twisting stops—guide wires come into operation.
8. Carriage returns and yarn is wound on to bobbins on spindles.

**Frame Spinning.**—This is a continuous method of spinning—as there is no carriage to move in and out, this method is popular where space is limited. The card spools are placed on a rack on top of machine, and the sliver is fed through a series of rollers—the variation of speed between rollers drafts the strand to the required size or skein. Twist is inserted by means of fast-revolving rings or travel-lers. The spun yarn is automatically wound on to the bobbins placed on the spindles.
Trade Union Welcome to Mr. T. A. Pettigrew

In the January 20 issue of “The Shop Assistant,” official organ of The Shop Assistants’ and Warehouse Employees’ Federation, reference was made to Mr. Pettigrew’s appointment.

It is good to know that our own excellent impressions of our new General Manager are shared by others who, although outside the organisation, are closely associated with the retail side of our activities. The following extracts from the article are reprinted here with much pleasure:

When our old friend, Mr. Stan Moore, resigned as Retail General Manager of Foy’s, there was much speculation inside and outside of the firm as to whom the Board of Directors would appoint to this most important position.

Many Melbourne business men were surprised to learn that the new G.M. was to come from the Old Country, and no doubt, many had made up in their minds what a change would come over the whole business when it became known that the G.M. was a high-ranking military officer in the Scots Guards.

The day arrived when Mr. T. A. Pettigrew, together with Mrs. Pettigrew and their two sons, Tommy, a bright Scot of seven years, and bonny baby Gordon, about seven months, set foot on Australian soil, and immediately all doubts were set aside as the personnel of F. & G.’s had the pleasure of meeting their new chief.

Hearing of his arrival in Melbourne, our State Secretary, Mr. Arthur Storey, commenced a letter of welcome to the new G.M., and by a strange coincidence the ‘phone rang, and Mr. Doig, Staff Manager of Foy’s, asked Mr. Storey could he call and see Mr. Pettigrew, as the latter had expressed a wish to meet him personally.

The meeting was arranged and held next day, and to use our Secretary’s words, he met a truly charming and courteous gentleman, with a deep, genuine concern for the welfare of his staff, and a spontaneous offer to co-operate with the Federation in all existing arrangements in the various stores.

The Shop Assistants’ and Warehouse Employees’ Federation extends its sincere wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew and family for a long, happy and successful life in Australia.

We welcome them to our city of Melbourne, and we have no doubts whatsoever that the happy cordial relationships which have always existed between F. & G.’s and the Federation will continue under the able leadership of a sincere businessman.

Congratulations to LORNA WOHLERS, appointed Private Secretary to Mr. T. A. Pettigrew. She’ll have to hold her head up—or she won’t see her boss!

AT THE LILYDALE PICNIC.
FOOD FOR BRITAIN.

All over Melbourne individuals and groups of people are working hard and making personal sacrifices for this very worthy purpose. Credit is therefore due to many fine citizens. It might almost seem invidious to single out one particular effort—and yet, why not? Everyone deserves praise, and it is with pleasure and pride that we record here the constant and sincere effort made by the girls in the Make-up Section of Eagley Knitting Mills.

Last year this splendid band of workers decided to form a group and find a group in England to whom help could be sent. Names of people in Britain were gathered in unusual ways. Pen-friends of happier days were recalled; details noted from radio station broadcasts; names found written on spools of cotton received from England were remembered, and (what ho!) visiting British sailors were tackled for relatives or friends in Britain.

An average of five parcels are sent each month, with carefully chosen contents. The Christmas parcels contained especially good things. Money is raised by a weekly collection, and four of the girls do the buying and packing. Their reward has been the satisfaction of knowing that the people of Britain, who, at times nowadays, are treated with abuse, can rely upon this Eagley effort for an expression of gratitude which it is felt the British deserve.

We know that these girls seek no reward for their good work, and they may be displeased if their names are mentioned. But here they are: Misses J. Osman, N. Beale, Peggy Gray, Jean Mason, Clare Cardwell, Eva Glascott, L. Onley, Gwen Beattie, Norma Whytcross, Win Smith, Ann Eastwood, Lily Ireland, Nita Sedgman, Vera Vord, Mavis Quilkey, Una Ford and Mesdames Beverley Donaldson, Joan Connwell, Alice Sutton, Mavis Van, Gladys Stewart, Iris Johnson.

Retirement of Charles Schmidt.

The publication of "Service" bi-monthly sometimes results in the recording of events which have taken place some weeks before. This cannot be avoided. In any case, we could not go to press with this number without recording the fact that Mr. Charles Schmidt, the Head Cutter, Eagley Knitting Mills, retired on December 15 last, after more than 53 years' service with the Company. "Charlie," a very popular identity among mill employees, was at one time in charge of the making-up room, but during latter years he had concentrated on the important job of cutting.

We were all very proud when Mr. Schmidt celebrated his 50th anniversary in 1944. On that occasion a party was held in his honour. Three directors attended, and the presentation of a clock was made by the Chairman, Mr. E. V. Nixon.

At his departure last year Charles Schmidt was the centre of another gathering of executives and friends, including Miss Maud Gilmour (daughter of the founder of the Company) and Mr. Peter Howson. Warm tributes were paid to Mr. Schmidt's remarkable period of service, his splendid record and his loyalty to the organisation. Mr. A. D. McDougall, General Manager of Eagley, then presented "Charlie" with a set of bowls.

In his retirement, Mr. Schmidt has best wishes from all of us for long leisure, well earned, with good health and a contented mind.

**Eagley at Cricket.**

Eagley Mills played Collingwood XI. at Haxby Park, Preston, on February 15. Batting first, Eagley scored 52, losing to Collingwood's 150 by 98. Here are the individual scores:

**Eagley.**

- K. Hill, run out 10
- D. Bessant, lbw. 0
- W. Dudley, c. 9
- H. Cook, b. 2
- R. Bailey, c. 1
- M. Hanley, run out 10
- C. Vincent, c. 10
- R. Wright, b. 4
- D. G. Adams, b. 0
- A. Harding, c. 5
- A. Shacklock, b. 0
- A. Lamb, not out 0
- B. Adams, not out 0
- Bye 1

**Collingwood.**

- Bailey, c. 28
- Anderson, lbw. 15
- Warton, b. 2
- Brearley, b. 8
- Rennie, lbw. 7
- Ward, c. 20
- Brewer, lbw. 9
- Hutchins, b. 9
- Southcombe, b. 11
- Perry, retired 4
- Parry, retired 12
- Jenkins, c. 12
- Evans, b. 1
- Newbold, not out 0
- Byes 10
- No balls 2

**Total**

- 52
- 150

**"THE HILLS AND DIXLS" CLUB.**

By "A. Hill" (or is it "Dill"?).

This tight little combination of mill employees, most of whom will be found in and around the Dye House in Eagley Mills, is a curious organisation. It has no secretary, no treasurer; not even an office-bearer. Yet, by working as one for a common cause, the "Hills and Dills" achieve a great deal. On the first Monday of each month a social is held, with a 3-piece band for dancing. Not only do the grown-ups have a bright evening, but the children go, too, and always receive a gift of sweets, whilst the winners of prizes for dancing receive chocolates or cigarettes. General refreshments are by way of coffee and sandwiches.

At Christmas time a very special effort is made for the children, with a Father Christmas, a tree and gifts for one and all. The entire organisation is a splendid example of the community spirit utilised.
to provide simple pleasures for the greatest number. And the most extraordinary feature is that admission to all these functions is free. The work of the Club is financed by a few members who organise raffles.

Congratulations to every “Hill” and “Dill”!

WORSTED MILL DINNER AND THEATRE NIGHT.

Despite a humid evening, twenty-seven members of the Worsted section, Eagley Mills, enjoyed a memorable “do” on the night of December 13. Organised by Charlie Shaw, the field got away to a flying start at 5.30 p.m. Then followed the “high spot.” Very early it was apparent that several of the boys were out to give the lie to the old adage "Mo" know about this?) About this time, an epic from the pen of our “Poet Laureate,” A.A.A., was read by Charlie Shaw, and was accepted by everybody as being up to the usual high standard of that literary genius. Sorry, Alf, that you were not at the barrier yourself. By some mysterious means, the lemon drinks (consumed exclusively by friend, Sleeth — there’s no accounting for taste!) went right off shade. No blame is attached to our Dye House or to Doug. Rodgers, who tried all evening to bring it on again. Another time we’ll invite John Hurst and/or Les Jens . . . . just in case.

Before the revelers had too much to drink — that is while they still had some grip on Newton’s law, Charlie Shaw, on their behalf, wished hearty Christmas greetings to Mr. John Mitchell, who responded in his usual cheerful style. Shortly after


about the pelican. They proved without doubt that their eyes were NOT bigger. As the Smith Street tycoon said, “Hearty eating lays the foundation of every successful corporation.”

First, after shaving, showering and dolling themselves in their Eagley worsteds, two lads repaired to the usual, only to find the “refreshment” off. Who? Ask Eagley’s Purchasing Officer! Disappointed and saddened by the cynical laughter of this observer, they hurried to the Britannia Hotel, where they found the balance of the twenty-seven, lashings of refreshment (nut brown) and their temporarily lost good humour. Dinner commenced at 6.30 and, though the argument still rages as to whether the knives were blunt or the chicken WAS aged, a good time was had by all. It is now accepted by the majority that some sat above the salt and some below (what do you say, Arthur Dudley?) whilst early in the piece, two wolves got far the worst of the deal with one, a waitress fair. (What would

wards and (at the risk of mixing our metaphors) completely under their own steam, the boys headed for the Tivoli Theatre, where they outdid the gallery in their enthusiasm and/or disapproval of the items provided.

It is rumoured that during the course of the show an investment in chocolates brought no dividends and a total loss of capital to one investor (second floor Gibsonia). Denied that ballet number “Hot Chocolate” had any connection. At this time, too, the final query, after long discussion, “How many of them are, and if so, for how long?” was left in abeyance. The subject matter is well known to two worthies in the Gibsonia building, who will give details on application. Was it cigarettes that were in demand, Egyptian, Russian, Turkish — or was it? Les Turner can answer this one.

Final wind-up of a super evening was spent at supper, and it is reliably reported that every gent
arrived home in good order and condition, except Roger Bailey, who alleges that his motor bike broke down—Ha ha ha!!

Congratulations, Charlie, on a job well done.

**EAGLEY GOLF NOTES.**

*By “Jigger.”*

The golf match between McGrath Trailers and Eagley at Forest Hills, on Sunday, February 15, was declared a draw after a few holes, owing to the sticky weather.

After an exceptionally good luncheon at the clubhouse, it was decided to hold a nine-hole competition for a pre-arranged trophy. This was won by Jack White (Collingwood Store) with a score of 1 up. Runner-up was Des. Wells (Trailers), all square. Congrats. to both players for a splendid effort under the prevailing conditions.

Trophies were presented by Eagley President Jim Wood, who congratulated Trailers on their hospitality and good-fellowship, with particular reference to the organising ability and untiring efforts of their captain, Hec. Booth. Seconding Mr. Wood, Eagley captain, Bert Cornish, remarked how smoothly the arrangements had run, due to Hec. Booth. In reply, Mr. Booth suggested that as the official match was not finalised we should arrange another meeting in the near future. This we heartily endorse. May it be soon. Once again, thanks a lot Hec. Booth and Trailer for a splendid day’s enjoyment.

**Teams.**


**In the Rough.**

Going great guns, one of the Eagley Brigade, with his yellow spats? (Sorry, Eagley Nevashrink), flashing in the sunlight, came at last to the eighth hole. With a slashing drive, late cuts, back cuts, back chat, square cuts, back-handers, left-handers, etc., he scored a dashing 14 from the one over! Sorry, Bill, but it’s golf you’re playing, not cricket. Anyway, the Test team’s picked for England?

Not to be outdone, one of the Trailers came to light with four 10’s. Oh! I see. It wasn’t at golf. But is there any truth in the rumour that it was due to your partner’s encouragement? Personally we think that if he had got off your back you could have finished 6 up.

By the way, Claude, Hec. cannot supply you with new clubs every week, so don’t try to improve your golf by throwing the mashie at the ball. Only pros. do that. And if Jack S., of Trailers, would like to procure formal dress for golf will he kindly contact any F. & G. Store?

We of Eagley team were proud to be associated with you good scouts of Trailers. We look forward to our next merry meeting.

**Mr. HOWARD JENKIN.**

There was widespread regret throughout Eagley Mills when it became known that popular Howard Jenkin, Business Manager of the Mills, wished to resign at the end of February. For family reasons, Mr. Jenkin will then join the printing firm of Jenkin, Buxton and Co. Pty. Ltd., of Collins Street, Melbourne, with which his father is associated.

Mr. Jenkin has seen long service with the Company. He came to us in 1926, when he started in the Finishing Room of the Woollen Mill. In 1929, when Eagley Mills Sales Office was opened in Sydney, Mr. Jenkin was appointed its first manager. Despite the years of depression which followed, Mr. Jenkin produced fine results, with steadily climbing figures. While there, he attended night lectures at the University and took his Diploma of Commerce degree.

Returning to Melbourne in 1934, he was appointed Manager of the Knitting Mills, and occupied that position until 1941. It was during this period that the Company acquired from Isherwood Bartleet Pty. Ltd. the trade marks “EAGLEY” and “YELGA,” and under his managership the first productive plant in Australia for the now famous unshrinkable treatment of underwear and half-hose was installed. The subsequent success of Gibsonia “PERMASHRUNK” and Eagley “NEVASHRINK” garments is favourably known throughout the retail trade and knitting industry.

Further promotion came in 1941, when Mr. Jenkin was appointed Business Manager, a position which he relinquished temporarily in 1942, when he joined the R.A.A.F. After service as Equipment Officer with No. 80 Beaufighter Squadron, in New Guinea and the Islands, he was discharged in 1946 with the rank of Flight-Lieutenant and resumed duty as Business Manager.

The good work and splendid service given by Mr. Jenkin are greatly appreciated by all associated with the Company, and whilst we are sorry to see him go, he has our united good wishes for full success in his new field of work and a happy and healthy life.

Of course you’ve heard about the optician’s daughter who took two glasses and made a spectacle of herself.

The statesman thinks he belongs to the State; the politician thinks the State belongs to him.

The most curious thing about woman is man.
FOOD FOR BRITAIN.
Our Efforts Appreciated.

We quote hereunder a letter which appeared in the London “Daily Telegraph” on January 19 last. The writer, W. Bankes Amery, will be remembered as a friendly English official who was with us during the war years. He came to do a difficult job, but he never lost sight of our own problems. This letter is published here as some reassurance to those who may think that what we do goes unheeded in the Old Country.

OUR GENEROUS KINSELFOLK.
The Scale of Food Gifts to Britain.
(To the Editor of “The Daily Telegraph.”)

Sir,—May a retired official who was a representative of the Ministry of Food in Australia and New Zealand for most of the war add a few words to your recent articles?
The Governments of those two Dominions have rationed the people, and still ration them, far below their normal consumption of meat and butter, in order to provide immense bulk supplies of these and other foods to the Ministry of Food.

When newspaper reports appeared about 1942-43 giving details of the ever-increasing shortages in the United Kingdom amid blitz, blast and blackout, our overseas friends rallied in countless thousands to devise voluntary schemes for the despatch of gifts of additional food for free distribution off the ration.

Lord Mayors and Mayors everywhere organised meetings at the town halls for the collection of cash and tinned food; graziers and farmers presented animals; women’s societies clarified domestic fat; citizens handed in millions of their own meat and butter coupons for cancellation; and Boy Scouts made house-to-house collections.

In one large city the citizens placed an empty chair at their dinner tables at Christmas, 1944, and heaped cash and tinned food on the vacant place for an imaginary visitor from Britain. In another centre a commercial radio station devoted the whole of one Sunday from 8 a.m. until after midnight to an uninterrupted appeal which realised about £10,000 in small sums.

One gift so obtained was from a plumber who offered to work a whole Sunday for anyone who would present £5 to the scheme. In Auckland, New Zealand, the Mayoress started a “Bites for Britain” Fund. In countless other places generous and ingenious schemes were adopted which have led over the past five years to the despatch of at least £3,000,000 worth of food to unknown recipients, the whole cost of which has been privately subscribed.

This voluntary gesture of affection and admiration was inspired by a profound appreciation on the part of our own kith and kin in Australia and New Zealand of the stand Britain has made against the forces of tyranny.—Yours faithfully,

Hastings.

W. BANKES AMERY.
Australia Will be There

You could almost feel the thrill which ran through Collingwood when it was announced that Una Paisley had been appointed Vice-Captain of the Australian Women's Cricket XI, which leaves this month to play in a series of Tests against New Zealand. Miss Paisley, who is a member of the General Office Staff—she is an Accounting Machine Operator—has been a cricket enthusiast for all her young life. She actually played her first match with Northcote at the age of 11. Northcote has been her team ever since. For the past five years she has been Captain. On three occasions Una has captained a Victorian XI. in matches played in South Australia and New South Wales as well as Melbourne. Her top score is 158 not out. Being

Una Paisley off to the wicket.

This was the first appeal ever made by your magazine, and in view of the short time available, the result was splendid. To one and all, warm thanks from Una Paisley and "Service."

THE GIBSONIA SOCIAL CLUB.

CRICKET.

City Store v. Malvern.

With the impetus given by the revival of the Social Club, interest in sport of all kind is "steamrollering." On Sunday, February 8, Bourke Street Store gave Malvern Warehouse a good game at Parkdale. Not only some fine cricket, but an encouraging "gate." City won by 10 runs, score 141 against 131—a close finish. Both teams wish to express thanks to the umpires for their splendid services.

Future Fixtures.

Will any teams who desire to "borrow" equipment, please contact Mr. C. Baxter, Collingwood? Full sets of gear are available. The goods were purchased on a 50-50 basis, half the money being provided by the Social Club, the remainder, in equal parts, by the various sections of the business.

FOOTBALL.

The Eagley team wants a few more players for the coming season. With a long record of successes in years gone by, Eagley plays in the Saturday morning association. Will any employees who enjoy the luxury of a free Saturday and who would like to wear a famous guernsey, please get in touch with Mr. Shaeklock, Eagley Mills (phone: Extension 81).

CIGARS (SLIGHTLY DAMP) FOR SALE.

At Brighton Beach Baths on Sunday, February 1, a well-known sportsman with a particular interest in swimming was giving time and attention to "clocking" some local water speed merchants. A striking figure at any time, his appearance that day was outstanding. Immaculately dressed in the latest American sports shirt (seven good cigars in one pocket), suede shoes, and with a watch on each wrist and a stop watch in hand, he crept with catlike tread along the edge of the baths as he followed, head down, the movement of the swimmers, his eyes glued (in turn) to the faces of the watches.

Pity! If only some trim little piece had passed by, the “time keeper” might have raised his eyes for a split second. Then he would have seen that, like all good things, the edge of the baths was coming to an end. But, no. On he crept. A second later, the elegant figure was dropping through space towards the wet water Splash! As the sea embraced three good watches and seven excellent cigars, our sportsman “headed for home” with a speed which would have dazzled Olympic swimmer John Marshall.

A piquant touch indeed for the owner of the former seven good cigars (where does he get 'em?) was none other than John's father, Mr. A. S. ("Mick") Marshall, until recently Acting Store Manager, Bourke Street.

Which leads to the thought that if prowess at swimming is not an hereditary inheritance, it could be the result of paternal inspiration.
INITIATIVE.
The assistant who lacks "initiative"
Will soon toe the "failure" line,
Disinterest, neglect, discourtesy,
Retard him and undermine.
Till dogged by unspurred mentality,
Weak efforts proclaim him void,
Relegating to "negativity,"
And finally unemployed.

The assistant who weilds "initiative,"
Evolves a successful plan;
Discretion and tact with courtesy
Imbue and impel this man.
Who by his progressive strategy
The thrill of success enjoys,
Elevating to "positivity,"
And proving himself and "Foys."

—ANON. (Adelaide).

Some people still think of
Country Towns in terms of a
long main street, a couple of
hotels and a cafe. How
wrong! Many of our pro-
vincial centres now boast of
buildings equal to metropoli-
tan structures. Above: Base
Hospital, Horsham, Victoria.
Left: Water Commission Of-
fices, Leeton, N.S.W.

Personalities
No wonder Cupid is always shown with wings.
Flying symbolises speed, and some people take great
note of symbols. In our last issue we announced
the engagement of FAY LEWIS (Underclothing,
Collingwood) to EDDIE JOWETT (Display—yes,
you've guessed it—Same Store!). This time we
report their marriage on February 14 at the Church
of the Immaculate Conception, Ivanhoe. This good-
looking, popular pair have the best wishes of all
who know them.

JEAN MORRISON (Office, Collingwood) cele-
brated her 21st birthday on January 31. This made
all her friends happy. Frightened of old age now,
Jean?
'Tis said that before the stork arrives the hus-
band paces the carpet. 'Tis certain that afterwards
he paces all over the floor—and not empty-handed!
Let's hope that the responsibilities of being a
daddy are not weighing too heavily on ALLAN
SMITH (Store 8, Collingwood), who now owns and
operates young Douglas, born December 30. Con-
gratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Many of us
remember Mrs. Smith as Thelma Johnston, formerly
of the City Hosiery.

MISS R. MITCHELL (China, City) has been away
since Christmas through illness. She is missed by
her many friends. We all hope she will be back with
us soon, restored to health.

RAY PAYNE (Ticket Writers, Collingwood) re-
signed on February 7 to look for fresh fields. Ray
is a talented artist who should go far. We wish
him all success—although as to his future move-
ments, he reminds us of an oyster!
There was almost a "photo finish" in the race between the Stork and Santa Claus to get to the home of PETER CATCHLOVE (Advertising Manager), but the Stork won—by a beak's length, delivering young John Peter safely on Christmas Eve. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Catchlove!

Poor old Stork. No 40-hour week for him! Gets called out any old hour of the day or night. Went north lately. Result, since January 29, Mr. and Mrs. LEN. WILLETT (F. & G. Stores, Corowa) now find themselves with Jill Winifred. Handshakes!

LEN. HUGGINS (China, City) and his wife are now interested in a nice line in replicas, some new stock in the form of Leonard the Second, having arrived on February 10. The little beauty!

We said good-bye recently to petite Miss KELLS (Mr. Kelly's Office, City). After long service, the IVY is now going to cling tightly to the domestic oak! Good luck!

Our warm sympathy to Mrs. BYRNES (Gloves, City), who recently suffered a broken wrist and concussion as the result of an accident. May she recover quickly.

Miss Yvonne Rowse (niece of Bill Dux, City Store) at Lilydale.

Brunette NANCY HOUGHTON (Collingwood Office) is leaving shortly to marry William McKinnon at Methodist Church, Moreland. Hope Willie knows how lucky he is to get a typiste! Happy days ahead for you both!

December was an exciting month for demure Betty Wood (Receiving Room, Collingwood), celebrating her 21st birthday on the 19th, she was married to Neville Rowe at Burnley Presbyterian Church on Christmas Eve. Hope you'll both be very happy.

Her many friends will be sorry to learn that Miss MCKAY (Confectionery, City) has been ordered at least two months' complete rest. May it be no longer. We're waiting to welcome you back. Good luck! Mrs. GOODMAN is "holding the fort" in the meantime. It's a sweet job!

More mail orders! This time the enquiry came from Raymond Mills to NORMA WADDELL (Mail Order, City). And the answer was "CAN DO"! Engagement dates from January 26. Looks like we're going to lose another typist!

Another casualty! BILL OAKES (Grocery, Collingwood) is engaged to Marjorie Peake, of Preston. Shrewd girl, Marjorie. A grocer is a handy bloke to know in these days of shortages. Our congratulations!

The many friends of Mrs. JESSIE PERRY (Coats, City) are very happy. That after a very long illness, she is making a remarkable recovery. You've been a brave woman, Mrs. Perry. Keep going!

Miss MAY SHARPE (Coats, City) is another who is "doing well" after a painful fractured ankle. You're in our thoughts all the time.

All happiness to Miss STOKES (Perfumery, City), who plans to marry on March 6.

MODESTY NOTWITHSTANDING . . .

. . . We can see no reason for not publishing now and again an extract from the many letters from customers who express appreciation of courteous attention given by members of the retail staffs. After all, there are few people who are not better for a "pat on the back," and, moreover, an occasional reminder that consideration for others has not altogether vanished from this world, should be a tonic for those who frequently comment that "things aren't what they were." Here are the recently expressed views of a country customer:

"I wish to express my appreciation of the help given me by this assistant. Difficulties simply vanished in her capable hands."

Who was the assistant? Well, that's a secret, although the staff of the Girls' College Wear, City Store, might recognise this as another "Bourke Street Store-y!"

"SERVICE"

is

Published Bi-monthly

by

FOY & GIBSON LIMITED

from

Head Office,

130-152 Smith Street, Collingwood.

Editor: JOHN GORBUTT.

Associate: PETER HOWSON.

Art Panel: FETER CATCHLOVE, GARRY McGUIRE.

Typescript: KATHLEEN GROWNEY AND TEAM
The Next Issue of SERVICE will be published in April.

Contributions Required by 29th March.

Remember! This is Your Magazine.

Its Success Depends on You!
Library Digitised Collections

Author/s:  
Foy & Gibson

Title:  
Foy & Gibson newsletters

Date:  
1947-1967 (incomplete)

Persistent Link:  
http://hdl.handle.net/11343/21262

File Description:  
Service no.9 February 1948