TOWER BRIDGE IN THE PORT OF LONDON WHERE SO MANY CARGOES WHICH COME TO FOY’S BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY TO AUSTRALIA.

(Sport & General Photo.)

THE VOICE OF THE HOUSE OF FOY & GIBSON
2,500 years ago

ÆSOP told of...

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

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

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
Who's Knocking Whom?

As readers will have noticed, we avoid controversial subjects in this journal. Politics and the like are matters for discussion around home firesides rather than in these columns.

Among the contributions to this issue of the magazine, however, was a letter from an employee of the Company. It is a most interesting letter. The writer gives voice to thoughts about day-to-day happenings in this land of ours, as, he feels, they affect him. Others, too, have doubtlessly noted these similar trends. The significance of such happenings, however, will vary according to the political or social outlook of the individual observers.

But there are probably others again who have not paid particular attention to what is taking place. To them our correspondent’s letter may be revealing, and as it is certainly the function of this magazine to give enlightenment, especially if it has a bearing upon our work together, generally, and more especially if the feelings expressed are those of one of our own ranks, we offer no excuses for printing this letter here, even though it may touch upon topics which, ordinarily, are taboo in these pages.

Here it is, in full:

Although I have worked for Foy & Gibson for several years, I haven’t been able to do much for our magazine. My job is a routine one. Nothing very exciting happens, certainly nothing to write about. But since reading the article, “A Turn on the Wheel,” in the last number, which impressed me a lot, I’ve been thinking.

That article could have gone a bit further. As I see things, not only should I be concerned about the effect of my actions on others, but about what OTHERS CAN DO TO ME. Just at the moment, things are happening in this country which I don’t care about. They may not be aimed directly at me, but, in the long run, they can affect me.

Now, at the outset, I’m not trying to introduce any politics. What I am thinking of is between or over or under any particular political platforms. The policy of most of the big parties is based largely on the common sense of the leaders, as they feel it. My grievance is against those who either lack common sense or side-step it.

First of all, I’m a bit fed up with people who yell all the time that every employer is a sort of Big Bad Wolf. I only had an ordinary education, with not many opportunities for deep study, but from what I’ve read since, I gather that a hundred or so years ago, more especially in the Old Country, there was a fair number of men, mine owners, mill owners and others fortunate enough to be on the receiving end when the industrial age began to grow, who were anything but considerate to their workers. This new and pleasant game of “making money” made them greedy and selfish, and it’s a wonder to me the workers concerned put up with these conditions as long as they did without some sort of organised resistance.

A lot of water has gone under the bridges since then, however. It makes me think of Cromwell and the Irish. There is a lot of unpleasant things I’d like to have done to “Old Noll” had I been an Irishman living at the time, but Cromwell has been dead nearly 300 years. You can’t go on hating for ever. I just because the Duke of Something-or-other ill-treated his miners in 1805 is no reason for believing that every employer of to-day is an illegitimate descendant of the Duke!

Like giving charity, let’s start at home. I find Foy & Gibson a good firm to work for. I’ve been with them for several years now. I’ve got no complaints, and what I hear from others makes me think that most of us get a pretty fair spin. From personal experience, and from what I’ve been told, I know of generous treatment during sickness, and consideration in other troubles; Time off for special occasions or emergencies; a taxi home in cases of accident or distress. The men in the executive jobs are all friendly and approachable, and as an indication of the goodwill of the Directors themselves, we’ve just been paid a service bonus. I think this last is very important, for if that’s not an example of true profit-sharing, I don’t know what is.

Now I can’t believe that only Foy & Gibson possess all these virtues. If all these things can be done by our own firm, I’m sure there must be many others with a similar outlook towards their staff, and if a count could be made of these better employers throughout Australia, I think the result would bring about a great change of heart among workers in general. It might cause dismay to a few firebrands and hotheads. Couldn’t the Gallup Poll people make an enquiry along these lines? They could make out a list of factories, stores, mills and offices in various towns in all States, pick any sort of employee at random and ask just a few simple questions, one of which should be “Can you honestly say your employer is hostile or unsympathetic towards his workers?” Or something similar.

There’s another thing I would like to mention. That is the relationship between employers and the trade unions. I suppose I’m getting on delicate ground here, but as I’ve waited for a long time for someone in a better position than myself to make some sort of a public statement, and no one seems to want to, I’m giving it a go myself.

Before I do, I want to say this—that being a worker all my life I’m as loyal as the next man to the principle of any body of men banding together for the purpose of righting an injustice. That’s not Socialism or Communism. If anyone thinks it is, then they’ll have to admit that Great Britain (with Australia helping) must go completely Commo when she mobilises ALL her men into an army and goes to war to prevent or avenge an injustice.
So you can take it that I'm not going against unionism. But I have always been disturbed about the application of the strike weapon. I think we all agree about the futility of one aspect of this, which is that when one section of workers demands more money for producing goods which most of their fellow workers in other industries do, there's little gained by them in the long run. As soon as the resulting price rise hits the others, they, in turn, are forced to ask for relief which, if granted, boomerangs back on to the purses of the first group, who then start to "Oliver Twist" once again, and so the music goes around and around.

But I'm not thinking so much of this as of the "hitting the wrong bloke" result of a widespread strike. You get this in a smaller way when transport men strike and their own womenfolk, young and old, have to walk. On the wider scale, you see a union calling ALL members out because of a dispute in ONE factory. Why should the innocent employer suffer for the guilty one?

The strength of the union should be directed at the BAD employer. Instead of which, with this tendency to regard all employers as "bogy men" and "class haters," workers are made to lash out at everyone. Maybe that's what makes some "borderline" employers, who might want to turn "good," stay "bad."

So I hope that soon there will be a better understanding all round and a more intelligent use of the workers' strength so that good employers are not victimised.

I don't know if it is going to be of any use for "service," but you can twist it about a bit in your own way. It's what I feel, as an employee of Foy & Gibson, that other employees might like to think about.

—"FAIR GO."

Mr. Arthur Cochrane

Most of us, we think, contemplate a retirement with mixed feelings. The prospect before a man of enjoying a period of leisure after a life-time of good solid work, pleases his friends as well as himself. On the other hand, all partings are sad, and it was with mingled emotions that everyone in our organisation, and particularly those who work in the retail stores, learnt of the impending retirement of Mr. Arthur Cochrane. When he leaves, as he plans, early next month, he will have completed 44 years' service, for it was in September, 1904, that he started work with the Company.

His first job was in our Prahran Store. In those days Chapel Street knew its golden hey-day, and our store there was then known all over Victoria as Macellan's "Big Store," the business being managed by John Macellan, nephew of William Gibson.

Not many people have the opportunity to serve 44 years in any one organisation, and amongst those who show such devotion to their work, there should be a story of progression upwards. Arthur Cochrane's is such a story. Although he did not come to us as the proverbial "lad from school," he was barely out of his adolescent years when we first saw him. Prior to that, he had worked on a large station in New South Wales, but earlier still he had evidently found his "first and last love," so far as work is concerned, for, as a boy, he had worked in the well-known Chapel Street house of William Taylor, mercers and tailors.

Commencing at the "Big Store" in the mercery department as a salesman, he became manager in 1916. As can be imagined from Mr. Cochrane's present impeccable taste in clothes, linen, and ties, he knew exactly what the well-dressed man should wear, and accordingly he built up a tremendous public connection with those departments which he controlled.

Our first city store was opened in 1928, and it was not long before Mr. Cochrane was moved from Chapel Street to Bourke Street, to apply that expert knowledge of his to the promotion of the new store in the city. That well laid out men's store on the lower ground floor of our Bourke street building to-day is itself a tribute to his work.

In 1935, he went overseas for the Company, visiting England and countries on the Continent.

During recent years his associations with the Company is very happy about this.

THE SERVICE BONUS.

This is the age of amenities. On all sides, moves are made nowadays to make happier the lot of employees. We do our best. Of course, there are problems. For instance, some people like music with meals; others find that this disturbs their reading.

But we have just taken one step which seems to be universally popular. The payment of a Service Bonus. With this payment of one week's salary to every employee (not on the executive list) who completed one year's service on July 31, 1947, every employee, except those who commenced since August 1, 1947, received a useful gift. The Company is very happy about this.

LONG RANGE OPTIMISM.

After long and careful inspection of our stock of fountain pens, he at last made his choice and asked the assistant if she would put it away for him. "Yes, certainly," she said. "Will you call for it to-morrow?" "No, not to-morrow," replied the lad, nervously shifting from one foot to the other, "You see, I picked up a 10/- note in the street to-day, and on taking it to the police station, was told that if it is not claimed in six months I could have it. So that's when I aim to get the pen!"

—L. CARNIE (F. & G. Stores, Burnie).
The Olympic Games commence this week. They will be declared open by the King on July 29, and finish on August 14. The Olympic Flame, when it reaches Wembley, will have covered nearly 2000 miles—carried by relay runners, starting from the ruins of the Temple in Athens. Main contests and most finals take place at the Wembley Stadium.

The various preliminary events take place in different centres—about 20 in all—suitable for the various games. For instance, tennis, hockey and football are played in or around London, rowing at Henley, shooting at Bisley and yachting at Torbay, etc. Then there is boxing, swimming, fencing, and so on. Sixty countries, large and small, will be represented. Malta, the George Cross island, sends one competitor only, a sprinter, who will be sure of a warm welcome. U.S.A., of course, will have big battalions. The running events arouse greatest interest, and, of course, the Marathon, run over a course of about 26 miles, is the climax.

The organising and preparations must involve a great deal of time, thought and material which could doubtless have been used to advantage in other directions. Presumably, however, the authorities consider it all worth while, even in these austere times. No doubt the idea is to cultivate good feeling internationally. Goodness knows this is much needed. Whether the good feeling engendered is lasting or not is a matter of opinion. One wonders. Athletes all consider it an honour to compete, and we must hope they share the opinion of the man responsible for the revival of the Games, who said "the important thing in Olympic Games is not so much winning as taking part." A competitor who accepts that view must indeed be a real sportsman.

Unfortunately, there is no cricket event, otherwise Don Bradman and his merry men would carry all before them. There is little more for Don to achieve in the world of cricket. The Australian sculler, who did so well at Henley Regatta last month, should give a good account of himself.

So far we have had a very poor summer here—cold and dull, but this week there has been a sudden change and we are sweltering in what really does feel like hot weather—so that if we cannot groan about the cold we can do so about the heat—one of the few things we can still do here without getting a permit or licence. Weather like this turns one's thoughts to holidays. Owing to exorbitant prices charged by hotels and boarding houses, many are having to think pretty hard, and even to do without a holiday. It is said the holiday resorts are not doing at all well, and prices must come down. There are still those who spend their holidays in seeing the sights of London. Places like St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and the Tower have their daily crowds of visitors, some looking as if determined to see this lot through at all costs. There has been a slight easing in the petrol supply position, and the ordinary motorist can now do up to about 600 miles—that is for pleasure. For definite business purposes, a rather more liberal supply is available—on application.

This week, on the Thames, a new service of small river steamers or water buses came into operation. The service is from Putney to Charing Cross, and from Charing Cross to Greenwich. Very pleasant on a fine summer's day and well patronised, but directly the cooler weather comes the travellers quickly become land lubbers again.

The Quiet Corner reminds one of days that are past, and revives kindly memories, especially of our greatly esteemed and respected old friend, Mrs. W. D. Maclean, who will be sadly missed. She seemed to radiate happiness, kindliness and sympathy, just the qualities this old world is so badly in need of. It did one good to be in her presence, and one felt that wherever she was there also must be a happy home. Her influence for good will live while memory lasts.

Mr. Tom Shannon was very well known here, and was always a welcome visitor, getting on splendidly with all his contacts. As you rightly say, he will be long remembered for his genial and cheery personality. In his younger days he was always so bright and alert in manner and so dapper in appearance. He just looked the part, and was deservedly very popular everywhere. All here who remember him have very pleasant memories of him, having always regarded him as a genuine friend.

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While Miss Tite, of the Adelaide Store, was not known to us personally, we well remember her very efficient and businesslike attention to all departmental affairs with which the London office was concerned. We are very sorry indeed to hear of her passing, and would like to join in offering sympathy to the members of her family. —"ONLOOKER."
The Suggestion Box

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

This feature has been running in “Service” since the magazine was first published from Head Office, in August, 1940. In the years between it has attracted many contributions.

In the early part of this year staff councils were formed in the retail stores in Melbourne and Adelaide. These were part of the plan of the General Manager, Mr. T. A. Pettigrew, for bringing about closer co-operation between all ranks and particularly between employees and management. It was inevitable that at the meetings of these councils there should come up for discussion matters which were in the nature of suggestions. Since then retail employees have had two channels, as it were, through which to give voice to ideas, suggestions and the like.

As this might tend to cause confusion in the minds of the staffs of the retail stores, it has been decided that from now on, all employees in the retail stores should submit their suggestions to and through their local staff council. If the suggestion is worth while and an award is made, an announcement to this effect will then be made through “Service,” upon information supplied by the Retail General Manager, who will, of course, be constantly in touch with the staff councils.

Please note, however, that this change of plan applies to retail stores staff only. Employees of F. & G. Stores (O. Gilpin Limited) and of Eagley Mills, may continue to submit their suggestions, whether they relate to their own section of the business or to retail store matters, directly to The Editor of “Service,” at Head Office, Collingwood, as heretofore.

Remember that the Company welcomes these suggestions. All that we ask is that they be practical and original. By this we mean that the thought should relate to an innovation or the improvement of some existing condition. We do not regard as a true suggestion the pointing out of a remedy for some oversight or error on the part of someone else which should never have occurred, of course. For each suggestion received through “Service,” which complies with these conditions, an initial award of 5/- will be made. Other prizes to the employee concerned may follow if the idea can be put to practical use.

We look forward, therefore, to a further batch of letters from the staffs of Eagley Mills and all F. & G. Stores. Retail employees will contact their staff councils.

Are you listening to Foy’s great radio serial, “My Son, Tom”? Then tune in to 3AW at 6.15 p.m., Monday to Thursday.
INDOOR BOWLS

On Monday, August 2, Eagley's "Lunchtime Sportsmen" initiated their new pastime, indoor bowls, a set having been bought with the proceeds of their "bob-in" scheme, collected each week by super salesman-collector, Frank Miller. The game is played on a very nice bowls-board, covered with a soft cloth, and everyone is pleased.

George Holmes was unanimously elected coach, mainly because he was the only man who knew much about the game. Anyhow, under George, the boys are rapidly becoming proficient, and, in the next issue, I hope to be able to describe some exciting tussles and incidents.

“CANDLELIGHT.”

OUR JOEY.

He's really not a bad guy,
When you know him, he's quite charming.
It's just his hair, like Cornel Wilde,
Which makes him look al-arm-ing.

That's Joey, our mechanic, as bright as lads can be,
But when it comes to fixing, he leaves it to us three!
He's really not a bad egg, that is, as bad eggs go
(At times, they don't go far enough)
—And neither does our Joe!

—"BLONDIE," "BROWNIE" and BLACKIE." (Underwear Knitting)

THE GREEN ROOM.

Serge Combing is the centre of attraction since the new lighting was installed at the end of July. The machines also are now being painted a nice shade of green, and renovations generally are being effected.

So now you know why the boys of Serge are now so uppish. I am told they're thinking of asking the management for new uniforms—green overalls and cream shirts with an Eagley monogram on the pocket. It is even rumoured that, on completion of the renovations, a celebration, in the form of a luncheon, followed by musical items, is to be held in this new “green room.” Here are some of the suggested items: Arthur Olsen, "The Whispering Baritone," recommended by members of "The Hills and Dills" Social Club, who were entertained by him at a recent gathering, and they're looking forward to hearing him again at their next. Arthur, I believe, has a repertoire of 2000 odd songs. He could be followed by Jack Johnson's Hillbillies, who need no recommendation. Last, but by no means least, the new swooner-crooner sensation at Eagley, smiling, wavy-haired Allan Don, recommended by members of a certain club known as (or rather, who style themselves) "the Deena-Diners." Allan, who is hailed as a budding Sinatra by those who have heard him, is said to be very "easy on the ear." I'll believe that when I hear him croon. If you think I'm being "catty," you're wrong. It's only that my experience of his vocal efforts has been when he apparently struck the unharmonic chord.

—"CANDLELIGHT."

FOOTBALL NEWS.


On a perfect morning, Eagley swung into action early with goals to H. Lee and A. Crawshaw. Fast and furious football followed, and Kodak goaled after each team had added several points. Eagley led at the first change, 2.5 to 1.5. Opening the second quarter with quick changing rucks and using three change rovers, Eagley settled down to the task of piling up points, which were contested every inch of the way. Goals by A. Crawshaw, C. Vincent and R. Bailey gave Eagley a lead at half-time of 5.7 to 2.9.

Third quarter found Eagley still forging ahead with fast, clean disposal, and goals by J. Richards, M. Hanley put Eagley further ahead at the change.

Eagley Football Team Results.

31/7/48.—Kodak 6.14 v. Eagley 8.9.
7/8/48.—Eagley 5.8 v. Kitchens 10.10.

Final Premiership Points.

Kitchens . . . . . . 16 0 0 64 pts.
Davies Coop . . . . 11 5 0 44 pts.
Kodak . . . . . . 8 8 0 32 pts. 111%
Eagley . . . . . . 8 8 0 32 pts. 98%
C.I.G. . . . . . . 8 8 0 32 pts. 90%
M. Moore . . . . . 6 9 0 26 pts.
McColls . . . . . . 5 10 1 22 pts.
J. Danks . . . . . . 0 16 0 0 pts.


Kicking against a strong wind, Eagley made a ragged start against the undefeated Kitchens. Using weight to advantage, Kitchens bustled Eagley...
out of several promising attacks and scored 3 goals
4 points before Eagley goaled and added 2 points.
A. Lee kicked the goal. First change scores were
Kitchens 3.4, Eagley 1.2. Eagley began to attack
with the wind, and goals to Lee, Ingram and Web-
ster followed. Kitchens rallied under superb leader-
ship and wrested the lead from us with two more
goals. Half-time: Kitchens 5.7; Eagley 4.4. Third
term proved the best. Eagley had Kitchens rattled,
but due to solid defence only one goal to M. Han-
ley and several points resulted. Kitchens added
two goals one point, making third quarter score
Kitchens 8.9, Eagley 5.6. Last quarter, Kitchens
out-lasted Eagley and finished strongly, defeating
us. Kitchens 10.10, Eagley 5.8.

With the current season coming to a close we are
looking forward to next year with new knowledge
and experience. The club and indeed the manage-
ment of the mills would like to see further interest
taken by members of the staff in the next season.
Remember, the club is run for your benefit, and if
you can play or have football interest, sign on with
Eagley early next season. Remember, also, it takes
trainers, first aid men and supporters to make a
successful football club. Players alone are not

—"MUDLARK."

SPINNING IN RHYME.

Now here's a little poem, I trust it's not too long,
About a certain section which is working "hot and
strong."
As night shift follows day shift (part-time workers
all combined),
They're the busiest lot of people you could ever
hope to find.

Take our foreman, Joe, for instance, he's quite a
jolly sort.
He always keeps us on the job, but for all that he's
a sport.
His helper, Noel Martin, is likewise "on the spot,"
And ever ready to oblige. He helps us quite a lot.

In the office you'll find Cathie, checking figures all
the day,
Keeping tally of production in her most efficient
way.
On the twisting there are Sylvia and Ken and Herb
and Lil,
As well as Dorrie Hill, and Grace, who are working
with us still.

At the Eagley Annexe, Prahran Store. Picture! here is the Weaving Mending Room and Staff,
together with staff of adjoining Hosiery Winding. Standing (l. to r.): Mrs. Sheriff, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Sturgess, Mrs. Webster, Miss A. Downey, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. King, Mr. MacFadzean, Miss Eberhard, Miss Gherashe, Miss Casbolt, Miss Cunningham. Seated (l. to r.): Miss Penn (partly hidden), Mrs Tatham, Mrs. Cathie, Mrs. Cantwell, Mrs. Osmond, Mrs. MacCallum, Mrs. Hocking, Mrs. Knowles, Mrs. Belcher.
Our spinning section also sets a pace no one can beat,
With Alvie, Cath and Florrie (whose dry humour
is a treat).
There, too, is Sadie Chapman and a new girl, name
of Pat,
We hope she's going to like it, but we are pretty
sure of that!

So my friends when you are shopping,
For garments, one or two;
Just think of all the fun we've had
CREATING THEM FOR YOU!
—GRACE SYKES (Serge Spinning).

ASCOT VALE.
The Greatest Show On Earth.
At the conclusion of another production year in
which we have had plenty of ups and very few
downs, I would like the staff here to know that
their fine efforts and constant loyalty are greatly
appreciated by myself as well as the company's
executives. Although we are not two years old
until September 9, we are very proud of our record
to date.

One of the above-mentioned "downs" was the loss
of Allen McKenzie, our popular mechanic, who left
to take charge of the Woodend branch of Lincoln
Mills. We wish him all the best. Then, in this
column, we welcome Mavis Dillon, Jean McCallum,
Doreen Jacobs, Olive Clarke, Mary Olerhead, Florence
Stevens and Mr. Norm O'Rourke, who have joined
the team out here.

Congratulations, too, to head cutter, Mr. Smith,
who, by becoming engaged, has refuted the general
belief that he was not interested in the matrimonial
stakes.

All extend to Mrs. Stewart our deepest sympathy
on the loss of her husband. We wish a speedy re-
covering to Miss D. Hamilton and Miss Eileen Hislot,
who have been absent through illness, and welcome
the return of Miss Bishop, Miss Hyde and Miss
Bond.
—E. HARRIS.

HILLS AND DILLS SOCIAL CLUB.
This right-minded body of workers who, in a
hard world, can still find time to extract a little
pleasure from life—and pass it on to others—has
been maintaining its usual standard of social suc-
cess. There is an ever-growing number of people
who look back on a night with the Hills and Dills
Club with very pleasant memories. One of these
has expressed his appreciation in verse. It is such
an apt comment upon the club and its endeavours
that we print it here with pleasure. The little rhyme
may be sung to the tune of the ever popular, "Bye
bye, Blackbird."
The Hills and Dills of F. & G.
Don't exist for £ s. d.,
Bye, bye, Blackbird.
A good social crowd they make,
One entrance fee—and a piece of cake!
Bye, bye, Blackbird.
But if their raffle tickets you are not buying,
This social club might run the risk of dying;
The funds they do collect, you see
Go toward their Christmas tree,
Blackbird, bye bye.

The children all enjoy the fun,
So join in with them everyone,
"Bye, Bye, Blackbird."
They've artists from the P. & A.,
Others who just like to play,
"Bye, bye, Blackbird.
Charlie with his sets of drums is snappy,
"Banker" at the mike is very happy;
They're a tip-top social band
And all deserve a helping hand,
Blackbird, bye bye!

* * *

Farewell Dinner to
Mr. B. O. Snell

The round of farewells which began with the mill
employees' presentation (reported in our last issue)
ended with a dinner given to Mr. Snell by the Direc-
tors, Management and Staff of Eagley Mills on
July 14. This exceptionally happy gathering was
held in the Gloucester Room of the Hotel Australia.
The Company has arranged many such functions
in the past. None excelled this one in enjoyment—or
sincerity. Among those present were all members
of the Board of Directors, with the exception of Mr.
F. Grassick, who was unable to attend. Mr. T. A.
Pettigrew, General Manager Retail Stores, was an-
other guest.

As might be expected, the smell of the heather
was everywhere—or so it seemed. A regular gathering
of the clans, with a sprinkling of Yorkshire
"la-a-ds" and other Sassenachs. (Historical note:
The Scots are a rum lot. For years they hung about
the hills North of the Tweed sharpening claymores
and guarding their bawbees. There came a day
when one of the bonnets popped over the border.
Less timid than the rest, he ventured into the land
of the southern barbarians and became a famous
Scottish "explorer." His name was Harry Lauder.
As soon as the boys back home heard that he was
actually making money, they deserted burn and glen
and spread themselves pretty thoroughly over the
face of the earth. Quite a number managed to settle
in Australia. And there's nothing can be done about
it now!)
The toast of our guest was proposed with great
feeling by Mr. A. D. McDougall, supported with
much good humour by Mr. Jim Hamilton. Mr. Mc-
dougall said: "It gives me great pleasure to propose
the toast of Our Guest, who, after 42 years' excel-
 lent service with Foy & Gibson Ltd., has retired
from the position of chief engineer of the mill. Dur-
ing the last eleven years I have had a very close
association with Mr. Snell, and have had ample
opportunity to observe and admire his many fine
qualities. Possessed of high moral courage, honesty
of purpose, of undoubted integrity and loyalty, he
gave the full benefit of his experience to the firm.
He has always taken a keen interest in public and
semi-public affairs, engineering associations, etc.,
and is held in high regard by such bodies. Mr.
Snell can look back on 42 years' service with pride
of achievement. From very modest dimensions the
mill attained its present size in Mr. Snell's time.
He was called upon to install power and steam units,
and service plant during very rapid periods of ex-
pansion. He was responsible for the generation of
electric power on the premises and supplied stores
and mills long before public supply was available.
“During the war years, the heavy demand on power, steam and maintenance was met by our engineering staff working under difficulties. However, these were negligible in comparison with difficulties and frustrations encountered in the post-war period. To overcome them, Mr. Snell never let up, and to his credit be it said that he achieved his object. The strain, however, told its tale and his doctor instructed him to ease down.

“The presence here to-night of the Chairman, Directors and Executives of the Company and your colleagues is more eloquent than any words of mine in expressing to you our appreciation of your loyal service and unremitting efforts on behalf of Foy & Gibson Ltd. It is our wish that in your retirement you will find renewed health and happiness.”

Obviously moved, Mr. Snell, in reply, not only gave heartfelt thanks to all those present for their good wishes, and to all with whom he had worked for their loyalty to him, but gave a detailed description of the development of the engineering side of the mill’s activities since the turn of the century.

The final toast of the Company and its Directors was proposed by Mr. Jack Hirst, Mr. E. V. Nixon, Chairman of Directors, responded.

Throughout the evening an excellent musical programme was provided by Charles Skase, James Patterson, Les Williams, Jack Woods and James Gawne.

Mr. Harold Bridges and those who helped arrange this dinner are to be congratulated.

It was a memorable evening. Good comradeship abounded, and happiest of all, though it meant a parting of the ways, was our good friend, Mr. Snell. This Company is fortunate in its ability to hold the confidence of such men for practically the whole of their working lives. Long may he enjoy his well-merited leisure.

CITY STORE LETS ITS HAIR DOWN.

The recently formed Foy’s City Social Club held its first social function on August 18 with a cabaret ball at the Maison de Luxe, Elwood. It was most successful, some 320 dancers taking the floor. The General Manager, Retail Stores, Mr. T. A. Pettigrew, and Mrs. Pettigrew, were officially welcomed by the chairman of the social committee, Mr. E. H. Jones. Other well-known identities present were Mr. A. D. McDougall, General Manager, Eagle Mills, and Mrs. McDougall; Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hill, Mr. L. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Doig, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Annis and many other senior executives of the company. All sections of the organisation, including London Office, were represented.

Our social reporter records the pleasure of seeing evening dress well to the fore once again. Dresses were colourful and spectacular. The majority of the guests favoured full-length evening frocks, but quite a few were wearing the “new look” ankle length. The hall, too, was gay with colour, being decorated with many balloons, whilst the General Manager’s table was appropriately adorned by two Highland dancers atop a huge Scotch thistle.

Very soon all were very infected by the joyful atmosphere. Dancers sang the more popular numbers as they moved to the music, the voice of the General Manager being prominent in this choral work. The latter’s table appeared to have some magnetic properties, for quite a lot of unexpected activity took place nearby. There was a musical bloke who was bent on conducting community singing. Too bad he couldn’t make the stage, but we understand that the proprietor of the Maison is prepared to have the steps leading up made wider and illuminated before the next ball! The committee table, too, had visitors, and members do hope that the party which “swiped” cigarettes and a bottle of whisky therefrom did not suffer any ill effects. As for that representative of the salaries office, we are still anxious to know whether his insistence upon an exchange of Richmond for Ballarat really did him any good. There are others who probably will never be the same, following the shedding of her fur coat by the streamlined wench who was awaiting her cue from the orchestra. No wonder the Automobile Club puts up warnings here and there, reading “Dangerous Curves Ahead.” But were her’s all ahead?

The night had a special significance for Kevin Byrne, of the mercery, who celebrated his 21st birthday surrounded by his young friends. Congratulations, Kevin.

The committee again offers its thanks to Paul du Bur and those who provided the decorations, to Herman Anderson and to those good friends who sent donations to help ensure the success of the evening. In turn, the congratulations of all go to the committee of Foy’s City Social Club, namely E. H. Jones (chairman), Austin Little (secretary), Reg Pestell and Mrs. Storey (joint ticket secretaries), Miss E. McBride and Messers. O. Dux and S. Harris, for their splendid effort in organising a most successful evening.

NEW ADVERTISING MANAGER FOR RETAIL STORES.

Following the appointment of Mr. Peter Catchlove as fashion controller, City Store, the position of advertising and publicity manager has been filled by Mr. James Stanley Sharp. It happens that Mr. Sharp is not altogether a stranger, for he worked with the Company for a short period some years ago.

Like many advertising men, Mr. Jim Sharp made his first contact with the profession through ticket writing. Eventually he became assistant advertising manager in the Myer Emporium Ltd., Adelaide. Upon the outbreak of war he enlisted in the RAAF, and still bemoans the fact that he was “grounded” for health reasons. Came the peace, and J. S. Sharp went to the Treasury, there to assist in the intensive publicity campaigns associated with the raising of loans. Later, he was appointed advertising manager of our neighbours in Bourke Street, Darrods, whence he came to join us.

We extend the warmest of welcomes to Mr. Sharp. We hope that he will be happy among us and that he will find full scope for his varied talents.

Foy’s present “My Son, Tom,” a sparkling story of family life. Listen-in at 6.15 p.m. every Monday to Thursday to 3AW.
News from Adelaide
By John Minks.

The last month has been spent in Adelaide by the cleaning up of everything of a redundant nature, to prepare for the final “polish” of the closing year, and, as stocktaking is now almost history, we anxiously await the arrival of the New Season and Christmas panic; but, most of all, sunshine after an exceptionally cold winter.

It was pleasing to see Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Kelly in Adelaide again, and it was most unfortunate that we were unable to brag of our winter sunshine, particularly as both members were void of feelings owing to the intense cold whilst flying. However, there is always the summer weather with its dust storms and soaring temperatures to compensate! We have now finalised the Ball affairs (which yielded £500, as stated in the last issue), and a letter of acknowledgment has been received from Minda Home committee, who are most grateful for a very commendable effort on the part of all who participated. The final amounts collected by each contestant in the “Miss Gibsonia” Quest are as follows:

Miss Longmire ........ £116 14 3
Miss Gately ............ 102 1 10
Miss Page ............... 100 10 0
Miss Soulsby ........... 61 10 10
Miss Williams ........... 54 10 10
Miss Almond ............ 18 11 2
Miss Flavel ............. 13 17 1

The winner, Miss Betty Longmire (Office), was presented with a most elegant cut crystal water set, and each contestant received a box of chocolates and a pair of nylons.

The management and buyers gave Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Annis of London Office an official welcome in the dining hall on Tuesday, July 27. Our guests were welcomed by Mr. Chatto, who expressed his appreciation of the way in which Mr. Annis and London Office so ably attended to our needs on the other side of the world. Responding, Mr. Annis offered sincere thanks on behalf of all in London Office for the food parcels which have been forwarded from time to time, and for the hospitality extended to Mrs. Annis and himself since their arrival in Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Annis then moved here and there chatting with this one and that. Many were pleasantly surprised to find how conversant Mrs. Annis seemed to be with the “background” of the various store personalities. Later, Mr. Annis was made a member of the Australian Returned Servicemen’s League. Incidentally, one and all enjoyed a very delightful meal, and congratulations go to Mrs. Garland and the dining hall staff for their fine effort in providing the buffet tea.

Recently, Collin Murray of the Silk Department left us. He was seized with wanderlust, and, deciding to visit England, took himself and his baggage aboard the S.S. Autende. He joined the ship’s company as deck boy. A letter just received tells of some of his experiences. Besides his mess duties, he has been washing down decks, but adds that it is all in a day’s work and he is not dismayed, as every knot travelled brings him nearer to the shores of England. The ship itself apparently pleases him much, and his description of the cabins, with their “nicely polished wardrobe and drawers, writing desk and reading lamp above the bunk,” could not sound more enthusiastic were he a passenger instead of a member of the crew. All here wish him the best of luck in his venture—and adventures.

TABLE TENNIS.
At a recent function organised by the Prices Branch, which occupies space in the Adelaide store, Mr. Chatto made a daring challenge. He said that Foy’s Table Tennis Teams were unbeatable, and

“The original Gibsonia Girl” as modelled by Bill Leane (Men’s Store, Adelaide) at recent Foy Ball. We are assured that this streamlining was achieved without dieting.
offered to back his claim with a trophy, the “Fred Chatto Cup.” The challenge was accepted. Umpires, Alf Goodall (Foy’s) and Ted Hargreaves (Prices), were selected and energetic bodies were soon hurling around in an effort to gain the cup. Alas, Foy’s broke down! The defeat was due to over-confidence, it is said, as they had already beaten the Prices Branch at a previous engagement. But the scores, 14 games to Foy’s 4, show that something went wrong. However, a very enjoyable supper soon soothed the feelings of the vanquished. Mr. Stamp presented the cup to Prices’ skipper, Bill Johnson, who suggested that a return match should be arranged.

With only four matches to go before the final round, Foy’s table tennis teams stand as follows:—

Premiership Order.

“A” Team—Won 11, lost 3 . . . . . . 2nd
“B” Team—Won 13, lost 1 . . . . . . 1st
“C” Team—Won 11, lost 3 . . . . . . 3rd

We congratulate Ron Oliver, who has taken on the job as coach and has quickly organised a school to “build” juniors in the technique of table tennis. Much improvement is to be seen already.

Results of Recent Competitions.

Handicap Singles: Colin Graham (Windows); runner-up, Ron Oliver (Manchester). Trophies donated by Mr. Higgins and A. Goodall.

Handicap Doubles: Dick Cossey (Mail Order), Bruce Gowling (Linos); runners-up, Colin Graham (Windows), Lawrie Sweeney (Carpets). Trophies donated by Mr. Jury and Mr. Attwood.

Tailor’s dummy, JOHN TORMINA, Adelaide Dress Fabrics, is a wolf in sheep’s clothing. You can’t beat “Gibsonia,” John. It’s made in the largest mills of their kind in Australia.

HUGH LETHBRIDGE (Maintenance, Adelaide) is certainly conversant with the good oil. His success in the racing sphere is amazing, and claims his tips are taken from the War Cry. So says one of the elevator lassies.

Seen with long finger nails once more is Mr. JURY (Merchandising Manager, Adelaide). Stock-taking can be a slight worry to most.

A little late, but we do welcome RAY CURNOW, Adelaide’s new cutter. Ray started with double honours inasmuch as he was also a new daddy at the time of starting. Incidentally, he worked with us some years ago.

Contestants in Adelaide’s recent “Miss Gibsonia” quest. Left to right (standing): Mary Flavel, Joy Almond, Betty Gately, Dorothy Soulsby, (seated): Pauline Williams, Betty Longmire (winner), Joan Page. With so much charm under one roof, it’s no wonder Melbourne executives look forward to their trips to Adelaide!
Western Whispers

By S. W. Davies.

June and July are months to which we do not look forward with any degree of pleasure, for they always involve us in the throes of stocktaking. We all become obsessed with dozens and grosses and complicated cost marks until many heads begin to reel, and counting goes on, even in dreams. It is a tedious but very necessary task, and now, as we write, it is almost completed. Departmental managers as well as assistants are breathing sighs of relief.

We read in a detached sort of way of the deprivations that have to be endured in Melbourne and Sydney through cuts in gas and electricity owing to coal shortages, and have felt ourselves rather superior because we have been spared these things. Then, one morning, we opened our papers to find that we were faced with the probability of the same thing, only more so. It all came about through a horse called "Red." (There's no doubt about it, horses can get you into a lot of strife!) It was alleged by our Collie coal miners that "Red" was dangerous when working down a mine; that he was only half broken and that he could not do his job. They refused to work unless he was kept on the surface. The mine owners maintained that he was a good, docile and willing animal, and said that he must go down the mine. They even refused to tell him and kept him under special guard, that no harm should befall him. So for two or three days no coal was mined. Stocks became so low that in another day we would have had no trains, trams or trolley buses, no electric lights, in fact, no electric power of any kind.

By this time "Red" had cost, in lost wages and production, something like £25,000, and now ranked amongst the immortals, like Phar Lap and Eurythmis. Everyone gritted their teeth and prepared to accept the likely hardships with such equanimity and cheerfulness as they could muster. In Foys, we arranged van transport to take the staff to and from their work. These arrangements were to start after the vital week-end. Luckily, common sense prevailed. It was decided to keep "Red" on the surface and the miners once again hewed coal for us. So, all's well that ends well.

Nearly every one is looking forward to Spring and Summer, for although we have had an unusually fine and mild winter, we are so spoiled by sunshine that we take it as a personal grievance if the skies are overcaste. If the gloom continues for more than a day or two a feeling of depression sets in and our troubles are magnified. Actually, before the Winter finishes we need a great deal more rain, particularly in the rural districts.

In July, a new staff canteen was opened on the third floor. It is a delightful location, with windows opening to the south-west, whence come refreshing breezes, clean from the Indian Ocean. The room gives us lovely views of Mt Eliza and the Swan River, which, at times, is as blue and placid as a Swiss mountain lake, whilst on occasions it becomes very turbulent. In this new canteen there are comfortable chairs where book lovers may relax and read, table tennis and darts are provided for the agile and the skilful. The staff appreciate these modern appointments.

Big Social Night.

Enthused by past successes, the Staff Social Club engaged the Perth Town Hall for a big social night on Tuesday, June 29. Their optimism was fully justified, for, in spite of the competition of listening-in to the Test match and a not very fine evening, 900 people turned up and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The evening provided for all tastes. There was an excellent variety entertainment for which an orchestra and clever artists had been engaged. After this, there were films dealing with current news, comic features and sporting highlights, and from 10.30 till 11.30, there was dancing, part old-time, part modern. No wonder nine hundred people of all ages thoroughly enjoyed themselves!

For the next entertainment of this kind it is proposed to hold a talent search amongst the staff, so that in the future it will probably be quite unnecessary to engage outside artists. It may be possible also to establish a staff orchestra such as we had in pre-war days.

Golf Tournament.

The second golf tournament of the year took place on the Mt. Lawley Golf Course on Monday, June 7, when we have a public holiday in celebration of Foundation Day. Some fifteen or sixteen golfing enthusiasts were eager entrants, and, as usual, an early start made made, the first trio hitting off at 8.15 a.m. Some of the participants, who came from a distance, were up at the crack of dawn, either getting their own breakfasts or cajoling reluctant wives from their comfortable beds to do so for them. Conditions were far from ideal, for a steady drizzling rain set in. Although not heavy, it was very penetrating. Those who wore glasses suffered from blurred vision, and it became increasingly difficult to maintain a grip on the club. However, in spite of these adverse circumstances, everybody enjoyed himself, and it was pleasing that two of the trophies went to long markers. The best nett score went to R. McLean with 89, and that consistent veteran, J. Dunlop, playing on his home course, of which he knows every tuft, won the trophy for the best gross score. The second and third best nett score trophies went respectively to G. Gardiner and F. Pagg, both of whom are to be congratulated on very meritorious performances. It was a very happy little gathering which assembled at the nineteenth hole afterwards, and plans were made and hopes expressed that there might be many more such outings in the not too far distant future.
BASKETBALL.
By M. Budge, Captain.

Since our last report, the members of Foy's Basketball team has played a further eight matches. Winning four out of the eight has brought us into fifth position for our grade.

Bad luck seems to have hampered us on many occasions, though I, for one, maintain that these setbacks are good for the morale of the team. It makes players more determined to practice goal-throwing and passing, and gives that little extra zest needed for the next match. Our weakness lies in actual goal-throwing rather than passing and strategy.

In spite of these losses, members look forward to further and hard matches such as with Dalgety's, who are top of the grade, and Hellenes. We have again played Bon Marche, who defeated us on the first occasion by 7 goals. This time we claimed a victory of 11 goals. We hope to carry on in this way when we meet Dalgety's and Hellenes!

Unfortunately, we have lost our attack wing, Miss L. Noack, who has found it necessary, for health reasons, to resign. It is planned to place L. Gregory on the attack wing and replace her in the defence by Miss K. Phillips, who is an excellent player.

FOOTBALL.

Foy's Football Club is having a very successful season. Out of twelve matches played we have won ten and lost two. Points in favour are 986 and against 582, which is not too bad a record. But of greater encouragement is the fact that wherever we play we make new friends—for Foy's. Recently, we met the Joliment Club and suffered one of our two defeats, but the Subiaco "Weekly Gazette," in reporting the match, said of the team: "They are a fine lot of sporting lads, who play the game for the love of it and show nothing that could brand them anything but fine sportsmen. It was very nice meeting you, Foy's!"

We are certainly rather proud of our team, especially as we have amongst our number J. Loughridge, who played for the State in one of the recent matches against Victoria, and R. Browning, who has been selected to play for Western Australia in the Interstate games of the Amateur Football Association. Of course, we hate to brag, but we are feeling very proud that Western Australia has just beaten Victoria in two hard-fought matches. We can understand how David must have felt when he slew Goliath, for we do recognise that Victoria is a giant in football. These two matches against Victoria caused great interest and excitement in

The lovely view from the windows of new staff luncheon room. In the foreground the Swan River, with Mount Eliza in the background. To the right, the War Memorial. The Mounts Bay Road skirts the river for several miles.
must have been struck down in dozens and their interments all seemed to be arranged for about three o'clock on the Tuesday afternoon!

THREE RETIREMENTS.

On Saturday, July 31, we said good-bye to three old friends and trusty stalwarts when Mr. H. Green, Manager of the Boot and Shoe Department; Mr. E. Oma, chief of the Tailoring Workroom, and Mr. W. Pole, Manager of the Confectionery Department, retired. Mr. Oma had served the Company for thirty-eight years, Mr. Green for thirty-six and Mr. Pole for sixteen.

It was probably without precedent that there should be three such retirements on one day, but so it worked out, and on the day of their departure we assembled whilst Mr. Donnes made presentations to each of them on behalf of their many friends in the store, and read to each of them a letter from the Chairman of Directors, in appreciation of their loyalty and service. The letter in each case was accompanied by a handsome cheque from the Company. To Mr. Green and Mr. Pole we wish many happy years in which to enjoy their well-earned leisure, and to Mr. Oma, who is continuing in business in partnership with his brother, we wish every success.

SYMPATHY.

To Cyril Hywood, Manager of the Medicines Department, on the death of his father.

To George Williamson, of the Maintenance Staff, on the death of his brother.

WELCOME BACK.

To J. Daglish, of the Cafeteria, and E. George, of the Silks, both looking fit and well again after a month spent in Hollywood Military Hospital.

CONGRATULATIONS.

To Miss V. Burnett (Patterns), on her marriage to Mr. Des. Barker.

To R. McLean, Manager of the Furniture and Bedding Departments, on the birth of his second grandson. Surely it is about time he grew a "ziff," and began to look a bit venerable!

To J. Jarvis (Upholstery Factory), whose wife has presented him with a baby girl.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO OUR FORMER SECRETARY.

It was with dismay that we heard of a serious accident suffered by Mr. J. F. Bowman, who until last January, when he retired, was Secretary of the Company. Mr. Bowman was breaking a piece of kindling wood, preparatory to lighting a fire, when a splinter flew up into his left eye, and now, through such a simple and ordinary action, he has lost his eye. It is good to be able to record that he is doing well. He expects to be out of hospital very shortly, and regards this very serious mishap philosophically and cheerfully.

At a meeting of Executives and Buyers, it was moved and seconded that the General Manager should send a letter to Mr. Bowman, expressing the concern and sympathy of those present, and this Mr. Donnes readily consented to do. All of us hope that in spite of this disability Mr. Bowman will still have many happy years to enjoy the leisure which he has earned so well.
From Ewe to You
or
Know Your Own Mills
(Article No. 5: Winding, Warping and Weaving.)
By “M. E. RINO.”

Winding.

Woollen and worsted yarns as received from the spinner or twister may, in subsequent operations, be handled in various forms, as hanks, cops, spools, paper tubes, bobbins, double-headed bobbins and cheeses.

Yarns are wound into hanks for scouring, bleaching and dyeing; on double-headed bobbins and cheeses for warping, and onto paper tubes and pirns for weft to be used in the shuttle.

Winding is carried out on various types of machines—split-drum winders, spindle winders, cone winders, and hank winders. The function of the winding machine is to build a perfectly shaped bobbin at an even tension throughout, containing the maximum length in the smallest bulk.

Warping.

Woven fabrics combine two sets of threads, namely—those which stretch lengthwise and are known as the warp, and those which traverse the warp in a cross direction and are known as the weft.

Warping consists of the collecting of yarn into warp form, the respective threads of which are arranged relative to each other according to the colour arrangement in the pattern. The warp mill in most common use is of the horizontal type, it being more adaptable than other types for the woollen and worsted trade. It consists of creel or bank—this is suitable for holding yarn wound in cheese or bobbin form.

The main feature is the horizontal mill, or reel, which varies in circumference from 22 feet to 35 feet. The bobbins are arranged in the creel according to the pattern and wound on to the reel in sections of approximately 240 threads until the required length is attained. Each thread and section is of equal length. The average length of a warp would be approximately 350 yards. The full width of the warp is then run off the reel on to a loom beam, great care being taken to ensure an even tension. Prior to the beam being placed in the loom, each thread must be drawn through the eyelet of a heald, and the order in which the threads are drawn through must correspond with the pattern arrangement. Healds control the raising and lowering of each thread in the warp.

The threads are then drawn through a reed which keeps them in their proper position during weaving, and at the same time the reed determines the width of the cloth in the loom.

Weaving.

The function of the loom is to form a fabric by interlacing warp and weft threads. There are numerous types of looms in use, from the simple type of handloom to the automatic, of which there are two distinct types, namely, those that supply the weft by removing the empty shuttle and replacing it with a full one; and those in which one shuttle is used continuously and is replenished with fresh cops or pirns as occasion demands. The recharging of the shuttle takes place automatically as the loom is in motion.

For blanket and flannel weaving the plain loom is mostly used. This loom uses one shuttle, therefore design is very limited.

For “Fancy Cloths”—dress fabrics, tartans, worsted suitings, etc.—the dobby loom is used. This type of loom has usually four shuttle boxes at either side, and so numerous colour patterns can be woven, containing as many as six or seven different colours.

This type of loom is also most suitable from a design point of view, as up to 24 different lifts of the healds can be arranged. The box movements and the lifting of the healds is governed by the position of rollers or pegs on chains. These chains control all movements connected with the shuttles and healds.

There are three essential movements in power loom weaving—shedding, picking and beating-up.

Shedding is the operation of dividing the warp into two positions for the insertion of the weft. This is performed by the healds, which are controlled by the dobby.

Picking is the operation of throwing the shuttle containing the weft through the opening formed in the warp by the shedding motion.

Beating-up is the pressing of the weft pick or thread inserted into the shed close up against that immediately preceding it, and thus forming a cloth. This beating-up is performed by the reed, which, through the movement of the cranks, is caused to advance and recede from the cloth after each passage of the shuttle.

The speeds of looms vary according to the type of loom and class of cloth being woven. In the woollen and worsted trade there is a wide range of speeds, varying from 80 to 110 picks per minute.

TEN BIG MISTAKES.

(1) To withhold help whenever, wherever, and however we can give it.
(2) To regard what we ourselves cannot perform as impossible.
(3) To refuse to yield in matters of no importance.
(4) To expect everyone else to see things from our point of view.
(5) To try to set up our own standards of right and wrong.
(6) To ask loyalty or love from others and not to give it to them.
(7) To hope for success without working for it.
(8) To believe only what our finite minds can grasp.
(9) To worry unduly over what cannot be remedied.
(10) To wait for our ship coming in instead of rowing out to meet it.

“The Watch Dog,” of Drafen’s,
Dundee, Scotland.
Left: Cone Winding Machine.

Centre: Process of Warping.

Lower Right: Weaving.

Lower Left: Drawing the Warp Threads through Eyelets of Healds.

FROM EWE TO YOU.
Letters to the Editor

I would like to have the opportunity of thanking the Staff of the Underclothing Department, City Store for their encouragement to me during my illness, with special thanks to Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Anderson, Miss Johns and Mrs. Gordon. I remember also the very nice gift sent to me by the Sunbeam Club.

I can only say: May lots of happiness come the way of those who bring so much pleasure to others.—Yours truly, (MISS) M. PEARCE.

In the June issue of “Service,” I read with interest the first film that was shown in Melbourne.

As a very young child I remember my mother taking my sister and me into the basement of Foy & Gibson's in Smith Street to see this new marvel, as it was advertised in the shop, free of charge.

We went into a small room that was later on the ladies' toilet room and all sat on chairs quite close to the screen. The picture was something about a train, and I remember how terrified everyone was, as it seemed as if the train was going to run right over us. Both my sister and I were in tears and my mother had quite a time trying to pacify us. I cannot recall the name of the picture, but I never forget the fright we had, and many other people too. It must have been about fifty years ago.

Smith Street, at that time, was a very big shopping centre, and very few people bothered to go into the city. There used to be quite a brisk business done with the cabs running from North Fitzroy Railway Station to Smith Street, the fare being one penny each way. Needless to say, the poor horses were very much overworked and there was plenty of competition. The cabs held nine passengers, and two extra if they sat on the back steps, which was a favourite seat for the very daring.

I've got a great many friends who have worked at Foy & Gibson's, and thought perhaps this little item of news might be of interest to them too.—Sincerely yours, (MRS.) HILDA STRAIN, 6 Andrew Street, West Geelong.

* * *

With regard to the paragraph in the last issue of the magazine, about the showing of films in the Collingwood store, said to be the first display of its kind in Melbourne: Although I was only a boy at the time, I remember the incident because I was sent to the back of the store to guide the customers, who wanted to see the picture, across Little Oxford Street to a small building which stood on the other side, just about where the stairs leading to the dispatch now stand. As far as I can recall, it was little more than a tin shed. I think these films were shown just as a Christmas novelty, for I don't remember any regular exhibition of these pictures.—Yours truly, FRED BELLAMY, Collingwood Office.

[In view of Mrs. Strain's letter, Fred Bellamy's recollection of this film show makes interesting reading for the only toilet rooms we have ever known were and are on the WEST side of Little Oxford Street, whilst Mr. Bellamy recalls taking or showing visitors to the east. NOW, WHERE WERE THESE FILMS SHOWN? There is nothing like a little controversy to stimulate correspondence. Who will contribute the next recollection?—Ed. “S.”]

I would like to thank the girls of the Underwear Department, City Store, for their inquiries and kind wishes during my recent illness. Also a special thanks to Mrs. Anderson, Miss Pearce, Miss Gordon and to the Sunbeam Club and girls from other departments.—Yours sincerely, C. JOHNS.

STAFF SHARE ISSUE.

We hear so much nowadays about efforts that are made to “win the confidence” of employees. In this Company we have just witnessed a tremendous expression of such a confidence in the replies to the offer of the 30,000 5 per cent., preference shares to employees. This offer was heavily over-subscribed, and the very nature of the applications, showing as they did the trust of the “little people” in the house which employs them, has been most gratifying to the Directors.

Three hundred and two people made applications for nearly 51,000 shares. As only 30,000 were available, it will be seen that this indicated an average allotment of approximately 100 shares each. Eventually the Board decided to make allotments on the following basis:

Applications for less than 100 shares—granted. Applications for 100 shares—100 shares.

Applications for between 100 and 200 shares—100 shares.

Applications for more than 200 shares—125 shares.

Lest it be thought that the “small man” was crowded out, it is worth while recording that 56 per cent. of the applicants asked for 100 shares or less. Some applications were for as little as 5 and 10 shares.

To all those good people who looked upon this not only as a safe investment for their savings, but an opportunity to express their confidence in their fellow workers, our thanks and congratualtions.

* * *

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

It was pension day. We always prepare for it by saving our patience for some of the quaint old people who come in at this time. This day, the weather was hot, and yet one of the pensioners was wearing a heavy overcoat. The kindly assistant went up to her and, without even a questioning glance at the coat, asked the old lady how she was. There was no reply. Patient from practice, the girl tried again.

"I don't know you," came the reply, in a sharp, high-pitched voice.

"No—I know—but—" began the assistant, but the customer cut in:

"I suppose you think I am sick just because I have an overcoat on."

"Why—no—" responded the girl. . . .

"Well I am not. It is just my way of carrying it."

There are still people who think that working in a store is largely a matter of popping purchases into paper bags and receiving the customer's thanks!—WYN ROACH (Formerly of F. & G. Stores, Forbes).

Always do right. This will gratify some people and astonish the rest.—Mark Twain.
ORANGE.

Brr-rr! It's cold up here. Log fires are all the fashion, and everyone hurries home when the day's work is done to get comfortable and warm.

But, in spite of the cold, we are still proud of our city, which is on the Great Western Highway, about 199 miles from Sydney. In the better seasons, Orange is considered one of the principal tourist resorts of the State. It is the central point of a large fruit-growing and industrial district, and is noted for its cherries, which are rated first-class. At cherry-blossom time, the district takes on a mantle of colour, which makes the countryside a picture of floral beauty.

Mount Canobolas, a section of the Blue Mountains, is the principal beauty spot, and when the blossom is out it is a great vantage point. From its peak you look upon the hundreds of flowering trees at its foot. It is a sight one has to see to appreciate. In the winter time the mountain is even more popular. When capped with snow it is a playground for sport lovers. Skiing is popular in a limited way.

Lake Canobola is also a popular rendezvous during the summer months, boating, swimming and fishing all being available.

The City itself is most modern, and all the shop fronts are up to date and attractive. Two parks, Robertson and Cook, one at each end of Summer Street (the main thoroughfare), lend beauty to the City. At the present time we are all agog over the coming Cherry Blossom Carnival, to be held in October, and great preparations are being made by the various committees to assure that it will be a complete success.

Cheerio from Orange!

—CYRIL F. EYLES.

ALEXANDRA.

You “Peaches of Parkes” are not bad! You're probably best in a picture.

We don’t want to make you feel sad, But we’d say the photographer “fixed” yer!

Alexandra's renowned for its beauty, (Not the sort you can get with cosmetics). Our girls feel it's also their duty That their beauty be seen—in athletics!

Our basketball team can't be beaten, we claim, And our challenge, through this little ballad, Is to “Peaches” of Parkes to come down for a game —WE'LL USE 'EM TO MAKE A FRUIT SALAD! —"WOODYARD KINDLING."

—"WOODYARD KINDLING."

Culled from the Countryside

AUSTRALIA ENCORES

F. & G. STORES!

HORSHAM.

When you come to Horsham Please call at F. & G.’s, You will always find a welcome Though we are busy as the bees.

Merlyn Gitsham.

Here’s George Light of the Men’s Wear, He does a clinker job, His charm (with sales to ladies) Will always coax an extra “bob.”

George Light.

Bev. Dymke in the Hardware Is tall and slim and fair, Knows pot and pan Like any man; For display work has a flair.

Beverley Dymke.

Marie Passler’s winning smile Makes your visit well worth while. Underwear just “sells itself” When Marie takes it from the shelf.

—WOODYARD KINDLING."

Maureen Brennan.

Miss Brennan is our recent “find,” She tackles work with serious mind, And though but lately “on the scene” We’re very proud of our Maureen.
We do extend a very warm and sincere welcome to Miss Dymke and Miss Brennan. We hope they will stay with us long and share our happiness in the pleasant way of life at Horsham.

F. & G. Stores, Horsham.

Also, the entire store sends congratulations to Mr. Les. Coates, Manager at Murtoa, on his recent golfing success in that town. It sounded good over the air, Major!

MERLYN GITSHAM.

DEVONPORT.

I believe this is the first time that mention of this town has been made in "Service." Having been here, myself, for only a few weeks, I have little to report as yet. But I am assured that it is a first-class holiday and honeymoon resort, and if any member of Foy's or F. & G. Stores is contemplating spending a honeymoon or a holiday here, they have only to contact the managers of the Burnie or Devonport stores, and we will be only too pleased to make the necessary arrangements at this end for them. Let us be your "Men in Grey"!

We have on our staff here a very one-eyed football barracker, who can recognise only red and white. What about trying to pick out a black and white for a change, Fay? And our little Elsie (no relation to "Ada and Elsie," of radio fame) is very sad since Bill has gone to sea. Keep your chin up. He'll be back.

And now I want to take this opportunity through "Service" to say "Hullo" to my great pals at Parkes—Ted Price, Colleen Pepper, Shirley Oliver, and Olive Greenwood. How are you, kids? I want also to send a checchio to my old "china plate," the former controller of No. 8 Division, Jeff Stenner, and his wife. By the way, Jeff, I have a fair swag of Ventair hats to sell. How about a course of that sales talk of yours to help me out?

Till our next issue.

—BILL CONDON.

COLAC.

We are to be found 93 miles from Melbourne, on the Prince's Highway, in the centre of one of the most fertile districts in Australia. Colac has achieved fame for its splendid dairying country, and has the distinction of possessing one of the largest butter and milk factories in the whole of the Commonwealth.

On Monday, June 21, of this year, we passed yet another milestone in the history of this prosperous town, when thousands gathered in the Memorial Square (opposite our own store, incidentally) to hear the Governor, Sir Winston Dugan, proclaim the Borough of Colac a Town. The official ceremony was preceded by a procession in which many floats made a bright display as they moved through the crowded streets to the Memorial Square.

The recorded history of Colac dates from 1837, when Hugh Murray and four companions came from Tasmania to take up land at Lake Colac, bringing with them 600 sheep. At that time the land was inhabited by a tribe of aborigines known as the "Coladjins," whose chief was called "Co-Coe-Coine." From the tribal name was the present name of the town derived. The first population figures date from 1857, when records show there were 672 white inhabitants. To-day the number is 6380.

The Colac Dairying Company, formed in 1892, has an annual turnover exceeding three-quarters of a million pounds, and since it began operations it has paid to suppliers of milk and cream the remarkable sum of over £15,000,000. Onions, too, are a source of considerable wealth to the community, crops of a value of over £20,000 being produced annually.

Not all our success is derived from the land, however. Industry has come to Colac. We have a clothing factory, a flax mill and other factories which make ice cream, fibrous plaster and cardboard boxes, as well as a very efficient electroplating undertaking. All in all we are very proud of the achievements of Colac and the area which surrounds it.

—F. O'BRIEN.

BURNIE.

Situated on the north-west coast of Tasmania, Burnie has a population of approximately 11,000. The younger generation is amply served with infant, primary, high and technical schools, which are provided by the State. Throughout the town we have sporting facilities, including tennis courts and football and cricket grounds. At Wivenhoe, a suburb of Burnie, there is a new and modern recreation ground in course of construction. It will be the best on the north-west coast. The golf links are further out of town. Cycling sports are held at the annual carnivals. Dancing, too, is very popular especially at the Paper Mills Hall, which is very modern.

Prominent among industrial enterprises in Burnie are the large pulp and paper mills at the southern end of the town, which employ over 850 workers. These include 150 girls in the finishing room. This mill is very up-to-date and was built in 1939. When first opened, our daily newspaper was printed on this local paper. We have also butter and cordial factories, and four miles out of town are the pigment factories of the British Titan organisation. Our own store, of which we are very proud, is situated in a central position in the main street.

About half a mile from the town is the park, which has duck and fish ponds and various kinds of animals. Walk about half a mile through the prettiest surroundings and you come to Oldaker Falls. They are about 30 feet high. A popular trip for tourists
is to Fern Glade, only two miles from the town. The ferns, shrubs and gum trees there are very beautiful, and in spring the wattle, our national flower, grows in great and golden profusion. At one end of the glade are picnic grounds with ideal swimming facilities.

As you approach Burnie by night, the War Memorial is a striking and impressive sight. It is built of marble on three terraces of rock and is surrounded by lawns and gardens. At night it is floodlit.

Tourists! Come to the "Apple Isle" for your next vacation and visit our picturesque town.

—D. RIGGS.

NOW, WHERE CAN THIS BE?

In a certain store where the combined beauty of the staff would make the Parkes store look like a chamber of horrors, it was noticed that the famous lid fly swats were selling freely. Now, although Messrs. Hendrie and Lloyd have a high opinion of these swats, there has seemed a certain lack of enthusiasm on the part of the public whenever they were introduced. The greatest success, so far, has been when they were shown in the windows, when several flies laughed so hard that they lost their grip on the glass and fell to death on the pavement. Yet this particular store was selling them. Why?

Reference to the management elicited the following interesting information. The local wolves were gathering in packs and wasting the valuable time of the staff. The manageress spoke bitterly and at length on the matter. "Talk to customers, yes, but don't encourage the lads." From then on a steady demand for lid fly swats became apparent—and if a satisfied customer should wish to dally awhile to thank and pass the time of day with a courteous and beauteous assistant—what possible objection could there be?

There are no flies on these lads!

—"THE MAN WHO COMES AROUND."

SOME VIEWS OF WELLINGTON, NEW SOUTH WALES—a typical F. & G. town.
THEY BRED THEM TOUGH IN THOSE DAYS. The Foy Football Team of 1907: (1) Leslie Walker (former Secretary), (2) Unknown, (3) Jack Haddon (Despatch), (4) George Russell (Drapery), (5) Chas. Parlett (Drapery), (6) Jack Hamilton (then Office, now Hosifery Mills), (7) Pat Kenna (Drapery), (8) Harry McDermott Drapery), (9) Ned Grace (Shipping Office), (10) Charles Duncan (Drapery), (11) Jack Fogarty (12) Jack Fennessey (Pay Office), (13) Unknown, (14) George Lees (Drapery), (15) Bob Harley (Hardware), (16) Unknown, (17) Bob Smith, (18) O'Leary, (19) Bill Duffy (all Drapery), (20) Jack Stewart (Drapery, later Manager Haby.), (21) Bert Mollison (Despatch—and still there!), (22) Bert Gibbs (Hardware), (23) Joe Stewart (Drapery).
Appointments and Transfers in Retail Stores

Movements of senior personnel in the retail stores were not recorded in the last issue of "Service." We now give the full list of appointments and transfers announced by the General Manager, Mr. T. A. Pettigrew, since the previous list appeared in the April issue of the magazine.

Mr. R. Davies, from Buyer, Carpets, Linoleums and Furnishings, Collingwood, to Department Manager, Carpet Department, City.

Mr. T. A. Garlick, Buyer, Soft Furnishings Department, Prahran, to Controller all Household Departments (excluding Manchester) at Prahran.

Mr. L. J. Tully, Outside Representative to Department Manager, Soft Furnishings, Prahran.

Mr. M. Sturt, Carpets, City, to Department Manager, Carpets and Linoleums, Prahran.

Mr. L. S. Andrews, Buyer, Carpets, City, to Group Controller and Senior Buyer, Carpets and Linoleum Departments, all stores.

Mr. E. R. Wright, Carpets, City, to Department Manager, Carpets and Linoleum, Collingwood.

Mr. F. L. Gurty, Soft Furnishings, City, to Department Manager, Soft Furnishings, Collingwood.

Mr. F. Hunting, Supervisor, City, to Staff Supervisor, Prahran.

Mr. Austin Little, Staff Department, City, to Staff Superintendent, City.

Mr. T. Chatto, Supervisor, City, to Staff Supervisor, Collingwood.

Mr. A. J. Thomas, Assistant Manager, City Store, to Merchandise Assistant to General Manager.

Mr. A. Durham, Senior Buyer, Footwear, to Assistant Manager, City Store.

Mr. P. Catchlove, Publicity Controller, to Controller, Fashion Floor, City Store.

Mr. S. J. Bowman, Buyer, Manchester, City, to Group Controller and Senior Buyer, Manchester.

Mr. J. B. Kelly, Department Manager, Ladies' Shoes, City, to Group Controller and Senior Buyer, Footwear.

Mr. C. P. Henley, to Department Manager, Manchester, City.

Mr. W. H. Hollow, to Department Manager, Ladies' Shoes, City.

Good luck and full success to each in his new position.

TRAIN THE CUSTOMER, TOO?

Great emphasis is placed upon staff training. The "assistant" must be transformed into a "salesman." All along the line the retail store employee is expected to become "purchaser conscious." It's "THE CUSTOMER"—first, last and in between. In short, the customer is always right.

The earnest worker agrees, for that way lies the weekly bread and butter. Yet, occasionally, from the serving side of the counter comes the murmur, "But the customer is sometimes very disconcerting. She doesn't keep to the rules. If only she could be given a short course of instruction on 'How to become a good customer'." As Solomon might have said, "You've got something there, sister." A school for customers would certainly be great fun. Yet we fear that this problem will have to be tackled another way. It's all a matter of experience, and the following commentary from one who has "faced the music" indicates some of the pitfalls which await the uninitiated.

The Customer and I.

Feeling very bright and happy after my holiday, I welcomed the customer with open arms. "May I help you?" I enquired eagerly. But no, the customer is merely "browsing around," filling in time because she is too early for the hairdresser. I turned to greet the next. Ah! I think, a sure sale this time! "Any odd cups, dear? . . . No? . . . Well, cups and saucers then? . . . or even glass cups would do. . . . Oh, well! I will just have a general look round and see if there is anything special that I like—at a special price, of course. If I do see anything I'll call you." Evidently we had nothing special!

Now, this man. Men always know what they want, I think. But, alas, it is "No thanks, I am with the wife." The wife, I find, is just looking for "inspirations." Hopefully, I approach the next pair, only to find that one is "having a squiz"—the other is "only 'sticky-beaking'."

At last I discover a customer who looks as if she might buy. "Yes, Madam, we have utility sets. Would you come this way, please?" I proceed to expound the good points of set after set. This con-
tinues for about half an hour. The customer seems very impressed. My hopes rise. But what is this I hear her saying? "Thank you, dear, but I am just the advance guard." Again, my hopes are dashed.

By now, through my wearied brain, seems to march a procession of customers, some "wandering," "cruising," "nosing," "prowling," "glancing," whilst others were "floundering," "ambling," "mooching," and "sauntering." One was even "blowing" (imagine it, in a china department!); a few were just "looking" or "taking a peep" (or maybe a "poke"). This one was going to "sleep on it." That one was just "having a look."

I leave until last the worst offender of all. No matter how warm the greeting, "May I help you?" she either stares right through you or looks miles away—AND DOESN'T ANSWER AT ALL!

Ah, me!

—J. M. COSTER, China, City.

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ALMOST A FAIRY TALE!

A man came to the Baby Counter, looking nervous and uncomfortable, and, when the assistant spoke to him, asked for a baby's hood.

"Do you mean a pixie?" inquired the saleswoman.

"Oh, no! It's just for an ordinary baby," replied the customer.

It was a great effort for all of us to keep a straight face until after the worried father had departed.

—WYN ROACH
(Formerly of F. & G. Stores, Forbes).

Employer: "Give me an example of a stabilised industry"

Office Boy: "Horse racing, sir."

The story of a typical Australian family, "My Son, Tom." Broadcast from 3AW, Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. at 6:15 p.m. A Foy feature!

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The City Dining Room with its new decor. The low walls consist of separate sections which can be moved to give the room greater or smaller proportions. The inset flower boxes highlight the colours of the new walls, which are in celestial blue capped in primrose with a burgundy base. We were fortunate to include in the picture Mr. Arthur Cochrane, who retires next month. Beside him is Mrs. J. Berry, the recently appointed manageress of the Dining Room.
For Men Only!

Last Spring versatile Ruth Niethammer, of Eagley Mills, designed a very smart cardigan as a contribution to "Service." Readers liked it. We learned later that the jacket was being made enthusiastically in far-off Scotland.

The 1947 model was for women, however. Ruth's nimble mind has now turned to masculine needs (how quickly these girls do grow up, bless 'em!) and she has created a dashing slip-on pullover which the young bucks and grey heads alike will find comforting. As for the fashion angle, Beau Brummel himself couldn't have worn anything more decorative. The garment shown below, knitted fairisle fashion by Miss Niethammer's own deft fingers, is in contrasting shades of brown, but the "girl friend" who sees here the opportunity to put some helpless lad under her spell by knitting him one of these sporty jumpers will, of course, vary the colours to suit his individual charms. And so, with the recommendation that the best results will be obtained by using Gibsonia wool, we give you a—

MAN'S SLEEVELESS PULLOVER.

Designed, knitted and described exclusively for "Service," by Ruth Niethammer (Eagley Mills).

MATERIALS REQUIRED:
6 skeins 3-ply Wool. (Fawn).
3 skeins 3-ply Wool. (Nigger Brown).
1 pair No. 10 knitting needles. 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

MEASUREMENTS:
Length from top of shoulder 24". Chest 38".

TENSION:
7 sts. 1". 9 rows 1".

BACK.—Using No. 12 needles, cast on 120 sts. with Fawn Wool. Work in rib of K.1 P.1 for 33 inches. Change to No. 10 needles P.1 row, purling twice into every 10th st. (132 sts.).
4th row.—P.4 F., P.4 B. * P.8 F., P.4 B. to end of row.
6th row.—P.4 F., P.4 B. * P.8 F., P.4 B. to end of row.
8th row.—P.2 F., P.2 B. * P.4 F., P.2 B. to end of row.
10th row.—P.4 F., P.4 B. * P.8 F., P.4 B. to end of row.
12th row.—P.4 F., P.4 B. * P.8 F., P.4 B. to end of row.
14th row.—P.2 F., P.2 B. * P.4 F., P.2 B. to end of row.
16th row.—P.3 B., P.6 F. * P.6 B., P.6 F. to end of row.

Repeat the last 16 rows, and when work measures 15½", shape armholes by casting off 12 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows. K.2 tog. each end of...
the next 11 rows. (86 sts.). When armholes measure 8½", shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

FRONT.—Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next row.—Cast off 12 sts., work 54 sts., leave remaining 66 sts. on a spare needle. Continue on these 54 sts. and K.2 tog. at neck edge every 4th row, at the same time K.2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 11 rows. Continue to decrease at neck edge every 4th row until decreased to 28 sts. When armhole measures 8½" shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

ARMBANDS (Fawn).—Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and K. about 160 sts. around armholes. Work in rib of K.1, P.1 for 1". Cast off in ribbing.

NECKBAND (Fawn).—With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 12 needles, pick up and K. about 200 sts. around neck. Work in rounds of K.1, P.1 rib for 1", decreasing 1 st. each side of "V" every round.

TO MAKE UP.—Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams.

There are two kinds of guests—those who come after dinner, and those who come after dinner.

Even the best family tree has its sap.

Patient: "What is the cure for sea sickness?"
Doctor: "Give it up."

Teacher: "Give me a sentence with 'reverie' in it."
Boy: "The reverie blew his whistle for a free kick."

The Frock Workroom was recently transferred from City Store to Prahran to occupy a spacious and well-lit location. Seen here is the clever and attractive staff. Reading from back of room to front (l. to r.), Front Row: Mrs. Walker, Misses T. Lindsay, Amy Gourlay, Lorna Gourlay (in charge), M. Lowe. Second Row: Mrs. Bryse, Miss P. Toohey, Mrs. McEwan, Misses C. Gay and G. Smith, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Groves. Third Row: Misses I. Sanpher, M. Sanpher, T. Toole, J. Scott, N. Scott, J. Morgan, D. Bowyer.
The Gibsonia Social Club

Activities in all directions have been maintained at high pressure. Interest and participation in all games have been well sustained. Teams always turn up in full strength, and each match has been played with zest and skill.

Unfortunately, we did not quite "make it" with any of the basketball teams. With the season now completed, no team managed to reach the final four. But, maybe, that is not so important. We enjoyed all matches, met a lot of nice girls from other organisations—and gained a lot of experience. Just watch our girls next season!

At table tennis we are still "hard at it." Two teams are making the finals. That's good play!

On August 16 some fifty-two members of the staff met at Collingwood to discuss the formation of a cricket club. There was a long agenda, and definite plans for next season were thoroughly discussed.

Teams have been formed in City, Prahran, Fitzroy, Collingwood, Mills, and F. & G. Stores, Malvern, and a Central Cricket Committee, comprising the following representatives, has been elected:—E. Heintz, Malvern (President); C. Baxter, Collingwood (Vice-President); F. Ward, Fitzroy (Secretary); J. McCuskey, Collingwood (Treasurer); K. Weaver, City; B. Beavis, Prahran; Hugh Kemp, Fitzroy; T. Brewer, Collingwood; Kel Hill, Mills; J. McKay, Malvern. Further details of the future activities will be given in the next issue.


GOLF NOTES.
By "JIGGER."

The July meeting of the club was held on Sunday, August 11, at the Frankston Municipal Links. A most enjoyable day was spent, the weather being perfect. The competition resulted in a very popular win by A. Trompf, of Collingwood Store. An added pleasure of the day was the appearance of two of our colleagues from Malvern warehouse, Eric Shaw and George Lloyd. We hope to have them with us on future occasions.

On Sunday, August 8 (Ladies' Day), we paid a return visit to Forest Hill, Dandenong. There was a grand muster of members, and everyone enjoyed
the day's outing. On our previous visits we struck very unsettled weather, but on this occasion we were very lucky. The nine holes morning round resulted in a tie between W. George (City) and P. Catchlove (City). Congratulations to both, and especially to "Alf," for A. Trompf took the afternoon trophy for the second time in succession. J. White (Collingwood), after presenting Alf with his trophy, reminded members of future meetings of the club, and asked for their continued interest. In supporting the captain's remarks, Mr. A. D. McDougall commented on the successful outings the club had had, and the splendid feeling of good fellowship shown by all members from the different sections of the organisation. The following are the important dates: August 25, 6 p.m., annual general meeting; September 12, Frankston, and the highlight of the year, October 10, Koodend. By the way, if you see the secretary, keep out of his way. He's after trophies for Woodend. So look out! Personally, I'm booking in early for this trip. It looks like a day and a half to me! So long! See you at Woodend.

Members of the Gibsonia Golf Club met on Wednesday, August 25, to elect office-bearers for the coming season. The committee stands as last year, with the addition of W. George (City Store). New office-bearers are: President, Mr. Jack White (Smith Street Store); Vice-President, A. R. Cornish (Eagley Mills); Treasurer, W. Hume (Eagley Mills); and Secretary, A. Hanley (Eagley Mills). Congratulations to one and all. May the club move as easily from strength to strength as it does from tee to tee!

END OF SEASON DANCE.

All members of the Club—and the world at large—are hereby requested to keep free the night of Wednesday, September 15. On that night the Club will hold its "End of the Season Dance" in the Collingwood Town Hall. Those who have attended previous Club dances at this hall, know what good dancing means in happy surroundings and the brightest company. This will be a night of nights, with continu-

ous dancing with two bands, on the popular 50-50 basis. See your local secretary at once about tickets. We are looking forward to a record attendance.

As always, our thanks and deep appreciation to Secretary Cyril Baxter for his cheerful and untiring devotion to his seemingly endless job of Secretary to the Club.

OH, FOR THE MONTH OF JULY.

By C. F. Tilley, Carpet Dept., Adelaide.

The not-so-merry-month-of-July gives birth to such curses of mankind as colds in the head, chills, snuffles in the beak and sundry other ailments. But these fade into oblivion when compared with the Main Event at Foys.

Let us turn back to the middle of June when the embryo first begins to take shape. Everyone is talking about it. Mildly at first, with just a word or two in passing, but by the end of the month it has become an obsession. No matter where you move in the store you hear questions like, "Have you started yet?" "When do you think you will finish?" or a pitiful murmur of "We will never be ready on time." Oh, that it would be over and done with.

It is now the beginning of July and everyone from Staff Manager to Office Boy from Buyer to Junior Salesman, is waiting with bated breath plus very short temper. By now you realise just what is happening. Yes, it is Stocktaking. The preliminary stages are heralded by large quantities of circle running, coupled with much gnashing of teeth as stock lists are feverishly prepared.

Come with me on a quick tour of one or two departments and be amazed at just what can happen and does. We pass through the lino department, where there is much ado about something. It appears Tom Modra has been missing for two days. Enquiries at his home reveal that he has been posted missing there also for the aforesaid time. After a diligent search of the basement he was finally located rolled up in a piece of a Super Lino. Eddie Frith had him up "on the carpet."

Leaving the basement we proceed to the Hardware. Here we find Mort Durham in a terrific flurry. Seems that one of our many customers had rung him demanding an exchange of a galvanised garbage can he had purchased. He was positive that he had not bought one salesman, to wit, George Marshall, who had arrived crammed inside the said garbage can. Now we know where George has been.

In the Manchester I was in time to notice a young couple who were apparently on their pre-marrriage shopping expedition. The lass was admiring a pile of candlewick bedspreads, and suddenly she pointed to the bottom of the pile, and in eager tones, said, "I'll have that dark blue one." Just at that moment Ron Oliver came dashing across, mopping his brow. "Sorry, madam," he said, "but that one isn't for sale. That's Alf Goodall, my second in charge."

Peace once more has settled on the staff, save for piercing screams from departmental managers when they find salesmen hacking off bits of this and that and nonchalantly declining to mark it back on the stock card. After several of these happenings we are all very relieved when the Melbourne representative arrives and all stock is duly checked.

Once more, the staff are back to normal and the Main Event at Foys is over for another six months.
These excellent pictures were taken by Miss M. Penny, of London, whose interesting letter appeared in our last issue. The trees, under snow, are at Wanstead, only a few miles from the heart of London.

The Quiet Corner

As night follows day, so do shadows fall across our lives. Some are darker than others. Among those who have known great sadness in recent weeks are:

Mr. J. Crimmin, of the Tailoring Department, City Store, who lost his mother.

Mr. Claude Rodda, of Adelaide, who also suffered a great loss in the death of his mother.

Mr. Morton Durham, of the Hardware Department, Adelaide Store, whose father, Mr. Peter Durham, died on July 1. Mr. Peter Durham himself worked with us, being a beloved member of the staff of the Tailoring Department in Adelaide.

To each of these our colleagues and to the members of their families who share their grief we offer heartfelt sympathy.

"Thy Will be Done"

Personalities

Both REG. and LIONEL PESTELL (Juvenile Clothing, City) have been on the sick list. May your troubles soon be over, fellers.

SHIRLEY ROLLINS, Fashion Floor, Adelaide, is wearing the new look in the form of a big diamond. Congratulations, Shirley.

NONI GOULD (Underclothing, Fitzroy) has announced her engagement to FRED. PERRY (Soft Furnings... same Store!). Don't let anyone tell you there's no romance in Smith St.! Congratulations, you two!

Ain't Luv. grand? Two more engagements—this time, in Hosiery Press Room, Eagley Mills. KEL. HILL to CATH. SWALLOW and JOAN TOMES to KEN. GRAHAM. Must be more than meets the eye in this "pressing" business!

A little late, but none the less sincere, are congratulations to Miss E. GRAHAME, who, in June, relinquished her position of Manageress, Underclothing, Smith St., to become Buyer, same sections, at Malvern, for F. & G. Stores.

Initial broadcast of Foy's radio serial, "My Son, Tom," on August 2, had special significance for
General Manager, T. A. PETTIGREW, for date happened to be eighth birthday of young Tommy Pettigrew—his first under Australian skies. Keep going, Tommy!

Adelaide Mail Order has once more shown its ability to despatch the goods. KATH McDONALD has now found herself consigned to a certain destiny. It's a man, too. Our congratulations.

It's been good to see ARTHUR COURT (Collingwood Office) out and about again. Not back in official harness yet, but we're hoping to have him back, fully restored, pretty soon. Chin up!

It's not long since we reported the engagement of Miss J. HULYER (Outerwear, Eagley) to HAROLD COOK (Underwear). Now they've made arrangements to meet at the Methodist Church, Clifton Hill, on September 4. They will go in singly—and emerge, united! Congratulations and all happiness to you both.

Electricity rationing probably meant little to Miss NUSKE (Underclothing, Smith St.), for, as compensation, she has had the warmth of the welcome extended to her upon her transfer from City Store.

Their many friends are pleased to see STAN. HISCOCK (Soft Furngs., City), JOE DONOHoe (Mercery, Smith St.), and ALEX. ISAACSON (Night Staff, Collingwood) "back in circulation" after bouts of illness. Here's "Good Health!" from now on.

In pulling the wool over some fellow's eyes, AUDREY DIXON, of Adelaide Wool Department, has got herself hitched up. "All the best, Audrey."

JEFF STEANNER, formerly Manager, F. & G. Stores, Colac, and recently Controller of Division 8, has left us to go into business for himself. His wife, the former KATH. SMITH, Manageress, F. & G. Stores, West Wyalong, joins him in this new venture. We wish them both full success.

Promoted to take charge of Division 8 is D. A. GIRVAN, formerly Manager, F. & G. Stores, Maryborough. Congratulations and the best of luck!

The Mrs. HANCOX whom, in "London Letter" of our last issue, we presumed to be a London Office identity, is none other than the song bird of Store 8, Collingwood. It is from Mrs. Hancox that we have received the fine tree pictures reproduced in this number.

The Tailoring Workroom recently transferred to Prahran, to new and well equipped location. Back Row (l. to r.): Mrs. M. Andrews, W. Berger, Miss E. Bruce, Mrs. R. Gaston, Miss M. Michie. Second Row: Miss M. Kerr, L. Gargaro, Miss D. Sincock. Third Row: Miss W. Harris. Fourth Row: Miss S. Wootten, Miss N. Fitzgerald, Mrs. M. Hartley. Fifth Row: Mrs. V. McNamara, Miss B. Middleton.
Jumping around in "Annie Get Your Gun" style, MRS. HALL, of the Dining Room, Adelaide, announced the news that she is now the grandmother of a beaut. baby boy. Boy! is Granny proud!

To Miss McKAY, who resigned recently to go into business for herself, after managing the City Confectionery for several years, the good wishes of all for prosperity, happiness—good health.

It's a pleasure to record that HUGH SPARKS (City Store) has become engaged. The gentle arrows have been flying about Fitzroy, too, for we hear that W. McFARLANE (Manchester) has won the hand of Miss J. Luke, whilst KEN. ROWE (Shoes) is aiming to pilot Miss J. Connelly through life. May it be "Roses, roses all the way!"

We understand that JACK HAMILTON (Eagley Warehouse) "confirms" that films were shown at Foy's fifty years ago. We're not surprised. He was probably on the beach when Capt. Cook landed, and it's not unlikely that he saw King Alfred burn those cakes!

Rumour hath it that there are people down Eagley way who feel like Canberra politicians. They are wondering if the new seats will be any safer than the old!

Egg-shell blondes are rare in Adelaide. Apart from Mr. J. CRUMP and Mr. GOWLING, we have DAVID CARPENTER, who has now returned after a prolonged illness. Welcome back, Dave. We trust you are strong and well again.

There's always something happening at Eagley Mills. Now, it's two more weddings. NORM LOADER (Warehouse) "signed on the dotted line" on July 3. The Caulfield Younger Set is going to miss his attendances at night! Miss B. STEWART (Underwear Cutting) looks forward to October 16. She has a most important "date" with LES. MARTIN. All the best to one and all!

PERCY SMITH (Buyer, Ground Floor, City Store) has "returned to the fold" after a spell in hospital. Glad to see you back, Percy.

ALLAN HARRY (Men's Shoes, Adelaide) has a budding romance which is about to bloom. Good hunting, Allan!

Married recently was H. KEMP (Carpets, Fitzroy) to Miss E. O'Connor. Full happiness to them both. It must be very useful to have a furnishing man about the house.

Popular member of staff of F. & G. Stores, Young, N.S.W., HAZEL DOWD left recently to become a nurse at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Camperdown. She couldn't have taken on a finer job. Our best wishes for success and contentment, Hazel.

HAROLD McGENNISKIN (Underwear Make-up, Eagley) is ill, and JIMMY ANDERSON, of the same section, is not in the best of health. May they both enjoy a speedy and lasting recovery.

Miss WYN. ROACH resigned in July. She was in charge of F. & G. Stores, Forbes, N.S.W. We hope she will be very happy along whatever path she takes through life.

It's a pleasure to announce that D. L. McAULIFFE (Eagley Spinning Annexe, Frankston) has become a father. Young Terence John arrived on July 18. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe.
The Next Issue of SERVICE will be published in October.

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Its Success Depends on You!

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