THE HERALD, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 19, 1875.

SALES RESISTANCE MUST HAVE BEEN LOW IN 1875. FOR THIS BRIEF ADVERTISEMENT WAS ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY TO FILL THE STORE. ADVERTISING MANAGERS IN THOSE DAYS MUST HAVE LIVED TO A RIPE OLD AGE! (See page 12).

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

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

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

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
As we Australians are, in the main, sports-minded, the decision to hold the Olympic Games in Melbourne in 1956 will be hailed on all sides, not only as a great compliment to this country, but as a milestone in our history. Moreover, this event might well mark the dawn of a new era in the matter of furthering our international relationships. Of all these considerations, the last is possibly the most important, for a record high jump or the fastest time in a foot race is news for a moment, but it may be only faintly remembered—and then among an interested few—by succeeding generations.

The Olympic Games of 1956 will give us the opportunity to show true sportsmanship at its best. Not only will there be representatives of many countries participating in the Games, but a huge influx of visitors of many nationalities is anticipated. Australians must be, as well, perfect hosts to all these people. In a way, our country will be "on trial." It will be our great opportunity to prove that we are fully matured and ready and able to display to the nations of the world, an easy and comfortable way of life.

It is not our intention to comment here upon the wisdom or otherwise of extending licensing laws, nor are we entering into any controversy as to whether the building of a new stadium should have priority over private housing. But we do venture the view that if during the next seven years everyone in this country worked with a will, it might well happen that we could have both sufficient houses and the up-to-date stadium and all that goes with it by 1956. What are the handicaps?

We are one of Australia's biggest employers. Including all associated enterprises, our staff numbers well over 3000. We know, therefore, what good work our fellow Australians can do and it is far from our thoughts to "nag" or criticise. Yet, we all know or have heard of far too many people who nowadays seem to think that the only important aspect of a job is that the pay clerk should turn up without fail, once a week, with an envelope. There are people who, unfortunately, seem to have lost the faculty of finding pride in accomplishment or deriving any satisfaction from doing a job, either for its own sake or in the knowledge that their own work "dovetails in" with that of someone else.

We were reminded of this regrettable tendency among what we shall presume to be a minority of people by a remark overheard in the Bourke street bus the other day. Two youths, aged about 19, were travelling to town at mid-day—it was a Tuesday—smartly dressed in bright coloured sports clothes and obviously anticipating an afternoon's pleasure. One said to the other, "Aren't you working today?" His friend replied, "Aw, break it down, I worked this morning." What do you think I am, a b---- horse? Anyway, I'm sweet at work. Recently I did three weeks on end without one day off. That's the factory record!" Maybe this was youthful exaggeration, maybe it was an isolated instance, but the fact remains that here were two young men just over the threshold of their working life, or to put it another way, at the beginning of their careers, obviously gloating over the fact that they had walked out of their jobs. Now, it's one thing to take and enjoy a little well-earned leisure and it is all very well to feel independent and say that no one can order your own life better than you yourself. But, these lads had not only walked out on their employer and possibly left their mates in the lurch to some extent, but, by failing to do the job, which obviously had to be done for surely they would not be so employed), the whole community suffered by this concerted and unprecedented decision to go to the pictures or do a pub crawl on the first fine afternoon which offered in the middle of the week.

If this outlook should become widespread during the approach to the Olympic Games, Australia runs the risk of falling down badly. Let it not be thought that we are advocating a hitching of belts and a strengthening of effort just for the Olympics and what they may mean to Australia. We must get a new outlook and a change of spirit as regards our ordinary everyday life as members of the community, in whatever city or township we may live, in Australia. This is not an attempt to lure people into doing more than a fair share of work. Nor is it a plea for the harassed employer who sees his output either of goods or services cut to ribbons by this "Do you think I'm a horse?" attitude. Nowadays, every employer is ready to pay and pay fairly for work done. Conditions of work are made as pleasant as possible. We see amenities which were unheard of 20 years ago, whilst genuine help in the form of sick pay and (in many businesses) superannuation is being increased every year.

Again, we emphasise that this is not an essay in "white washing the boss." Our fathers and our grandfathers seemed to carry on in their work with the spirit of the pioneers. Notwithstanding the fact that in many instances they may have had to work harder than they should or, to put it another way, that they may not have been rewarded as generously as they might have been, they still seemed to get a great "kick" out of doing their job because they regarded the result as being practical evidence of their own enterprise. If you doubt this, ask your own father and, if possible, grandfather, too.

All philosophising aside, there is a lot of pleasure in looking at the result of your own handiwork. Those of you who work in our own
stores have evidence of this every day—or could find that evidence if the effort has been honestly and truly made. We sometimes wonder whether sales assistants and others who come in contact with the public realise the many opportunities which come their way to make other people happy.

We who work in large stores are apt to take for granted all the wide variety of merchandise that we see each day. To the housewife from the suburbs, to the man from a noisy factory, it is much more of an adventure to walk into a well lit, well stocked section and see the colour, novelty and variety of all the craftsmanship that goes into producing the many goods on display. To anyone who has had a humdrum week, the viewing of such things in a warm and exciting atmosphere is quite an experience—and we are in the fortunate position of being their guide, philosopher and friend, and adding to the enjoyment of their excursion.

What we do in this sphere of our own business must be duplicated and magnified throughout all stratas of the community if Australia's reception of her overseas visitors to the Olympic Games is to be as significant and as important as the occasion demands. But let us not wait until 1956 before we begin to put into wider practice this geniality and consideration for others.

With seven years in which to "streamline" ourselves, it could well be that in addition to making Melbourne famous for its presentation of the Olympic Games of 1956, we could give to the world at large, the indelible impression that Australia is not only one of the finest countries in the world, but that it has been inherited by a people who are, in every way, worthy of it.

Mr. R. L. Manser
Perth Store Welcomes Its New General Manager

On Tuesday, March 8, the Perth Store had the privilege of welcoming its new General Manager, Mr. Ronald Leslie Manser, who officially took over the duties of his important office on that day.

Mr. R. L. Manser.

Mr. Manser has had a very interesting career. He was born at Portsmouth, England. Perhaps he caught the tang of the sea with his first breath, for at a very early age he entered the Merchant Navy as an apprentice and sailed on a three masted barque. As everyone can realise, an apprentice in a sailing ship learns the hard way, and we do not doubt that Mr. Manser could, if he would, tell us many a stirring tale of "hairbreadth 'scapes.'

In the course of his career in the Merchant Navy, Mr. Manser served in most parts of the world, including several visits to Australia. Then, in 1930 he "swallowed the anchor," and forsook the sea for a job ashore as a trainee in the Birmingham store of Messrs. Lewis Ltd. Promotion came rapidly. He rose to sales manager and merchandise manager in Lewis' retail stores as well as in their central buying office in London. Thus our new "G.M." brings to Perth a rich experience of the most modern methods of retail merchandising.

During the war period, Mr. Manser joined the Royal Naval Reserve. Most of the time he was in command of one of H.M. ships engaged in the hazardous work of experimental mine laying. It was not so bad, Mr. Manser says, putting them down, but there were quite a few thrills in fishing them out again. We can well believe it. Nowadays, Mr. Manser finds his pleasure in swimming and tennis. But tennis, he says, can be a little strenuous at times and so he is giving some attention to golf. Well, we have some splendid beaches and some excellent golf courses near Perth.

When Mr. Manser left England accompanied by his wife, who was born in Prince Edward Island, Canada, and three children, Don (21), Aletha (16), and Jim (11), he intended to settle in Tasmania, but fate decided otherwise. All of use hope that Mr. an Mrs. Manser and their family will be very happy here in the West. Of one thing he can be sure from the start. It is that he has the loyal and unwavering support of every member of the staff, for he has come in as the head of a "family" which has worked harmoniously and successfully through many years, and which looks forward to being an even happier band in the future. —S.W.D.

Against an experienced woman a man has only one weapon—his hat. He can always grab it and run.

Then there was the University student who knew her Darwin backwards. She could make a monkey out of any man.
STREAMLINING IN MINING.

As a rule coal mines, or rather their superstructures, are drab and dreary looking blots on the landscape. For some years now new coal fields have been in course of development in the East of Scotland. As will be seen from the accompanying picture of a model showing plans for one of these collieries, a new note is being struck in design. The old familiar pithead winding wheels and the cage gear will be enclosed on concrete towers above the shafts, while the specially designed pithead buildings will be surrounded by lawns and shrubs. Underground, long tubes radiating from the shafts will carry rail tracks along which Diesel locomotives will haul men and coal. The most modern lighting will be installed and an outstanding feature will be equipment for changing air. This particular colliery, which will not be in full production until 1956, will cost over £3,000,000 to build and will employ 2000 men. Hitherto, coal mining has not been a very attractive occupation, but every effort is now being made to overcome the shortcomings of the past. Incidentally, domestic coal and coke, although still strictly rationed, are in rather better supply here—partly owing to the mild winter. Household coal in London costs 95/- per ton and coke a few shillings less.

Increased fuel supplies have enabled the electric lighting people to supply more current, so that it has just been possible to remove the prohibition on shop window lighting. This will be a great boon and brighten things up all round. One never seemed to get used to the unlighted and so rather dreary looking shop windows, especially in winter time.

TWO CONCESSIONS.

About a fortnight ago, all clothing here was made coupon free. Contrary to expectations, there was no sustained rush to replenish wardrobes. It is realised now that recently, the real shortage has been of cash rather than coupons and that these could have been dispensed with some time ago without damage to the State! Clothing prices for other than utility makes are so dear that that in itself restricts buyers. However, the removal of controls of whatever kind is well received and even those who remember how necessary many of them were, are none the less thankful to be rid of them.

The younger folks and, quietly speaking, many of the older ones too are more interested in the news that, before long it will once more be possible to buy confectionery without points or quantity limit. Hitherto the maximum purchaseable per person varied from ½ to 1 lb. per month. For the home market selling prices are still controlled and no fancy boxes or elaborate packages are allowed.

LONDON REBUILDS.

By the way, the excellent frontispiece in the February issue of “Service” reminds one that, immediately to the right of All Soul’s Church, was the old Queen’s Hall, best known to many music lovers as the home of the Promenade Concerts with which Sir Henry Wood was so long associated as conductor. At the so-called “Proms” fine music could be heard nightly for two or three months every autumn—with the best orchestras and first-class soloists—all at popular prices. But,

Scotland plans colliery of the future. What new Rothes Colliery, Fifeshire, will look like when completed. The Scottish miner of tomorrow should be happier than his father.

—(National Coal Board photo).
Queen's Hall was completely destroyed by bombing. It has just been announced that the Hall is to be rebuilt at a cost of £400,000 in time for the Exhibition in 1951. This is good news as evidence, let us hope, that some planning officials are beginning to yawn and stretch themselves preparatory to getting a move on—albeit there are those who feel that in present circumstances the money and building energy could have been better expended on dwelling houses and repairs. Be that as it may, to give them their due, the dwelling house providers are really doing a splendid job and many new houses and blocks of flats are appearing—mostly erected by local authorities. There, houses vary in size and style and provision is made on the estate for all sorts of amenities including churches, schools, halls, shops and what not—as well as ample public garden space. There are even a very small houses for the exclusive use of old age pensioners who either want (or have) to live alone. A fine new eight-storey block of flats has just been opened by the London County Council. This is one of four blocks being erected. On this particular estate in the inner suburbs of London 1765 families will be provided for in flats, two-storey houses, maisonettes, etc. Most of the flats are "all electric." Another picture gives an idea of the type of kitchen provided.

THE SCARS OF WAR.

A new building of another kind is the House of Commons Chamber, the old one having been destroyed by bombing. At first, during wartime, Members of Parliament found refuge in the Church House adjoining Westminster Abbey and later were accommodated in the House of Lords, where they still function, pending completion of the new chamber—which will take a long time. The craftsmen at work on some of the wood carvings to be used is an indication that the new Chamber will be worthy of the old one.

"THEY’RE OFF!"

The Grand National Steeplechase is one of the most popular sporting events held here and vast numbers attend, who never otherwise take any interest in horse racing. The picture shows those who were left of the 43 starters, taking one of the hazards. It will be noticed that three horses have lost their riders but are still staying the course. The course is about four and a half miles and there are many difficult water jumps, hedges, etc. It is a great feat of endurance for horse and rider.

"Who'll Lend a Hand?"

Under this heading in our last issue, we wrote about Albert Page, a former employee of the City Store, who, after service in the forces, spent a long time in Heidelberg Hospital recovering from a war disability. As a result, Albert was able to renew contact with several former colleagues—and make some new friendships.

Now, great news reaches us about Albert’s welfare—and his future. He plans to marry. Aided by the best of medical knowledge and fighting hard himself to regain his place in the community, Albert will have the great encouragement of the love of a girl who has never lost faith in him. Fortune is already smiling on them both in the form of a promise from the Housing Commission of a “priority” in the matter of securing a home. It may be some months, however, before they can move in. Meanwhile, the young couple would be deeply grateful if anyone could offer them accommodation for say about six months, when the new home is expected to be available. Albert is wondering if any member of Foy’s staff has a simple holiday home in Victoria—a shack or cottage—either in the hills or along the beach, which is not used during the winter months. Hence this appeal to “Service.” Please send any offer or information to The Editor, at Collingwood, or to Miss Grace Goodbrand, City Store.

Again we say, “Who’ll lend a hand?”
Western Whispers

By S. W. Davies.

Mr. W. H. BROWN RETIRES.

It was in 1931, one of the worst of the depression years, that Mr. Harold Brown joined Foy and Gibson. At that time, the only soft furnishings we had formed part of the manchester department, but Mr. Brown soon showed, even in such a bad year as 1931, how much extra business could be obtained if soft furnishings were artistically displayed. He was soon given the task of establishing a soft furnishings department, of which he became the first manager. It was probably the first department of its kind in Western Australia.

Mr. Brown's promotion was rapid. Soon he rose to be controller of the manchester, soft furnishings, furniture, carpets, linoleum departments, and in 1939, he left on an overseas buying trip on behalf of all these sections. He was to visit both America and England, but greatly to his disappointment, for he dearly wished to see England, he got no further than America when war intervened. However, last year he was granted leave of absence and with Mrs. Brown he visited both England and the Continent and came back thrilled with all he had seen and learnt. Soon after his return he decided to retire.

We shall all greatly miss him, but we wish him and Mrs. Brown long years of happiness in which to enjoy their well-earned leisure.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Frank Button, who passed suddenly away on Friday March 25. Mr. Button had had an operation, but returned to work, apparently as well as ever. Then, he had a sudden heart attack, was taken home and succumbed a few hours later.

Mr. Button was second-in-charge of the men's clothing department and his loss will be keenly felt, for he had served the Company faithfully and well for twenty-three years. His pleasant manner and unfailing courtesy were appreciated both by customers and staff. We shall sorely miss his familiar figure, and his passing leaves a gap in our ranks which will not be easy to fill.

BAD LUCK DOGS CRICKET CLUB.

The cricket season is now ended and although there have been some excellent matches, most of the players are a little disappointed at the final results.

When the team defeated Presbyterian Fellowship they were in a very good position and fully hoped to win against Osborne Park Baptists. This was a great match with a very exciting finish. When the last man of the Baptists went in to bat five minutes remained for play and five runs were needed to win. Spectators anxiously watched every ball of the over and one by one, runs were added. When only two more balls were left, there was still one run to get. Those Baptists made a splendid fighting finish and they got that one run. Then with the last ball of the over, H. Dunstan brilliantly bowled the last batsman and they were all out—just one ball too late!

However, Foy's were still fourth on the premier-ship table with Presbyterian Fellowship fifth and the team was all set for the minor pennant. Alas, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a'gley" and when our delegates, Messrs. Whitfield and Sexton went along to the meeting it was only to find that a protest had been upheld and Y.M.C.A. had to forfeit a match to the Presbyterian's, which put them fourth on the list. It was disappointing, but the boys can take it and they'll be all out for the premier season next year.

FOOTBALLERS STRIP FOR TRAINING.

Just when football training is starting, our delightful climate about which we so often, perhaps too often, boast, decided to turn on a heat wave. During the first week of April, each day saw the thermometer soar well into the nineties. However, that has had no effect on the ardour of the twenty-five stalwart lads who form the nucleus of our football club. Such players as Allan Tucker, Fred Thomas, Eric King, Stan Burke and others are fighting fit and rearing to go. They started training on Tuesday, April 5.

Followers will be interested to know that the club has decided to join an Association and negotiations are now in hand for affiliation with the Mercantile Football Association. Mr. A. H. Mansley (chairman) and Mr. R. Whitfield (hon. secretary) attended a meeting of the Association on April 13 and collected all necessary information, which has now been handed on to the members.

BASKET BALL.

The Basket Ball Association's season opened on April 30 and all who have registered for match play in this Association are looking forward with keen enthusiasm to the winter games.

We have two teams in this year. Team "A," captained by P. Earnshaw of the office, and Team "B," captained by J. Lauder of the new despatch. Vice-captains are J. McKenny (office) and D. Easson (office) respectively.

CONGRATULATIONS.

Our congratulations to the following members of the staff:

To Mr. K. Rawlings of the electro-plate department upon the birth of a daughter.

To Mr. Fred Thomas of the provisions department upon the birth of a son.

To Mr. Frank Jenkins, assistant chief electrician on his return to work after being absent for several months with a broken leg, the result of an accident.

MARRIAGES.

We are all wishing good luck to Mr. and Mrs. Colin Bickford, who were married in April. Mr.
Bickford has recently been appointed manager of the haberdashery department, and just before his wedding, a gathering of his colleagues, headed by Mr. Manser presented him with a token of their best wishes for his and his bride's future happiness.

During the war years Mr. Bickford flew the big bombers over Germany.

MISS BETTY STEER of the laces department is another who recently entered into the bonds of Holy Matrimony, and we take this opportunity of wishing her every happiness.

APPROACHING MARRIAGES.

Quite a few of our number are to be married in the very near future and we can almost see them daily becoming more nervous, but there are plenty to hearten them. Those who have been "through the mill" tell them that there's really nothing to worry about and that the first twenty years are the worst. Amongst those who are to take the plunge are:

Miss Audrey Johnson of the electro-plate department to Mr. Colin King of the cash office.

Miss Barbara Cochrane (Paul Duval demonstrator).

Best wishes for lifelong happiness to all three of them.

(Note.—The above notices were received in April.—Ed. "S").

ENGAGEMENTS.

Cupid with his bow and arrow has been very active among us lately. He seems to flit about almost indiscriminately from department to department and then quite nonchalantly aims his little darts with the result that we are able to announce the following betrothals:

Miss Joan Dodd (haberdashery) to Mr. A. Howard of the money department.

Miss Elaine Lee of the grocery department to Mr. Eric King of the same section.

Miss Ursula Rattray of the cafeteria to Mr. Bert Quaife (ticket writers).

Others who have recently plighted their troth are:

Miss Dulcie McKenny (staff office); Miss Joan Draper (underclothing); Miss Marjorie Freemantle (mantles); Miss Kath Gardner (china) and Miss Betty Merritt (haberdashery).

Good luck to them all.

At present, however, Sydney, like all other centres in Australia, is subject to building restrictions. This applies to private dwellings and business edifices alike. Only the other day we heard a report of a start made on what was termed a luxury home, but someone protested about it and operations were stopped dead.

There is, however, one activity along these lines which seems to be pursued with fierce vigour. It is the digging up of Sydney's streets. Hardly a day passes but that a gang comes out to make a large hole. The following day more workmen cover it with concrete and then, as likely as not, another band of workers turns up the next day and starts to make another hole. All very puzzling.

Possibly the most exciting thing that has happened here recently relates to a car accident. One of the best-known landmarks in Sydney is the men's lavatory which nestles underground in the middle of Martin Place, with the famous clock above it. The other evening a car driven by an elderly man in full evening dress careened down Martin Place at midnight and crashed into this civic utility. The iron railings were knocked down and concrete torn out of the ground by the impact. And as the car hung precariously over the chasm with the owner dangling from the driving seat, there could be heard the latter's sound but curious question, "What'll I do? What'll I do?" Meanwhile, the famous clock above him said "Tick, Tick," or was it "Tch! Tch‼?"

The famous Easter Agricultural Show has come and gone. This year it was a wonderful assemblage of both animals and human participants. Sydney is very proud of its Show, but I will not go into further details, for the event was covered pretty fully by the newspapers and I do not want to send stale news.

In addition to the usual influx of buyers, we have had the pleasure of seeing again Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean, and more recently met Miss Phyllis Lambert, who had just resigned from the staff of Collingwood office. She now has a job with Farmer...
and Co., one of our leading department stores. Maybe she will be able to send some interesting comments on Sydney. Mr. Alan Lindsay, from Melbourne, told us that he went for a trip on the show boat the other night and was absolutely delighted with the programme. He went so far as to say that the artists were superior to the cast of “Oklahoma!” now being presented in Melbourne. [We wonder where he went for supper that night.—Ed. “S.”]

That is the lot. We look forward to sending a bigger and better budget of news for the next issue.

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**Letters to the Editor**

**TAKE A BOW, F. & G. STORES!**

Sir,—Would you through “Service” allow me to pay a tribute. Recently, my wife and I spent our holidays touring Northern Victoria by car. In the course of our travels we had occasion to visit the F. and G. Stores in both Echuca and Shepparton, as customers.

Between us, we have had a pretty wide experience of shops and stores in both cities and towns in this State, and we can honestly say that the courtesy with which we were received in these two F. & G. Stores is equalled in few other places and bettered in none. Nothing could have been more attentive and painstaking than the attention we received from both managers and assistants alike. It was a satisfying and most reassuring experience, for our identities were unknown to both groups of staff and they certainly were not aware that I could sign this letter—Yours, etc.,

“MILL EXECUTIVE.”

* * * *

**NOT SO GOOD!**

Sir,—At intervals during the year we have the pleasure of welcoming various people from the Foy Organisation, Mills and Stores alike. Not only is it a stimulating experience for we “younger fry” to meet these men who sometimes have twenty or more years’ service to their credit, but the tales they tell of “the old days” make it easier for us to share their pride in being associated with the Company.

But we have to confess that our joy is short-lived, or, at least, dampened on many occasions, when after a while our visitor says, off-handily, “By the way, have you so-and-so in stock? I’ve tried everywhere else in the town without any luck.”

Why not give us the first opportunity to answer your enquiry? And if we should be the “last on the list,” don’t tell us so. Otherwise, we are apt to lose the happy memories of first acquaintance.

—Yours, etc., “COUNTRY COUSIN,” F. & G. Stores — [Name of town withheld.—Ed. “S.”]

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**FAREWELL!**

Sir,—I am going to New Zealand, and as I may be away for a year or two I have had to give up my job here. Before I leave, however, I would like to say good-bye to all my friends in the Organisation in both O. Gilpin Ltd. and Foy and Gibson Ltd., and I hope you can spare me these few lines in “Service” to express these farewell thoughts. To my colleagues everywhere, to the various F. & G. Stores executives, and to those many kind-hearted people on all sides, particularly those who helped the country stores “over the style” at the time of the amalgamation of the two Companies, I offer my sincere thanks. I leave with many happy memories.—Yours, etc., MAVIS SMITH, recently manageress, F. & G. Stores, Wellington, N.S.W.

[And to Miss Mavis Smith, we say “Bon Voyage—and good luck, wherever you go.”—Ed. “S.”]

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Asked how she liked her new boss, the young secretary remarked, “Oh, he isn’t so bad, only he’s kind of bigoted.”

“How do you mean?”

“Well,” she explained, “he thinks words can only be spelt one way.”

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A graphic picture of the fire which damaged F. & G. Stores, Ararat, last November.

Run your eye across a map of Scotland and you encounter a sequence of place names which is as musical to the ear as it is stirring to the memory. In the north, Sutherland, Aberdeen and Inverness: Angus, Elgin and Argyll. To the south, Roxburgh, Selkirk and Dumfries: Stirling, Fyfe and Ayr.

In the centre, almost, of the Lowlands is Peebles, a shire whose eastern boundary encloses the town of Innerleithen. Let us pause awhile. For here was born, just long enough ago for his handsome head to show a fleck of grey today, a boy. We might hazard the guess that this new arrival, the subject of our story, had a loom shuttle clutched tightly in one little fist, metaphorically speaking.

Textiles were undoubtedly in his blood. Not only his father, but his forebears for generations, had been intimately connected with wool and weaving in one form or another. On one side of his family there stretches back to the middle of the 18th century a long line of craftsmen who produced cloth from spinning wheel to hand loom.

The boy was scarcely eight years old when his father, a clever man with wool and its machinery, strode off across the heather to take an important position in a woollen mill at Tourcoing, near Roubaix, in France, the home of the French textile industry. Attending here the Lycée—equivalent of our public school—the lad from Innerleithen was soon to ally his Scottish burr to the elided syllables of French, gaining a fluency in this new tongue, which he still retains. Boyhood and adolescence were spent in France. Doubtlessly, therefore, his present logical approach to problems—and his sense of humour—could be traced back to this period.

Then came a turn of events. His father returned to Scotland, to Aberdeen. This was the parting of the ways. The son went to Galashiels. Here began his own career in wool.

A grounding at Galashiels Technical School was followed by an apprenticeship with Sir Charles Sykes and Sons' Mills in that city. The young man was good. He had what it takes. Soon, fully fledged in all matters relative to the manufacture of cloth, he set out to widen his knowledge and to find outlet for an individual talent—textile designing. Doors opened to him. In one mill after another he was appointed to responsible positions, combining production with design. For one period of two years he was assistant designer for Gardiner's, of Selkirk, world famous manufacturers of women's fancy cloths.

The path was easier now. He was building a reputation. Greater opportunities offered. From Scotland to Northern Ireland, thence to England. Larger mills, newer machinery, keener competition, the ever changing demands of women's fashions—all contributed to the experience of this man who was to go to the forefront of the industry. Never content with what was good today but might become second-best tomorrow, he sought for new experience in every direction. He found time to tour Belgium, to compare equipment and methods in the textile industry there with what he had seen elsewhere.

This was Europe. But a larger world beckoned. Inevitably—and like so many other Scots—he felt the call of the newer lands. Australia was his choice. Like many here to join the Castlemaine Woollen Mills. His next move was to our Scottish friends in the trade, Godfrey Hirst, of Geelong, where he was mill manager. Then came his greatest opportunity—Foy and Gibson Limited.

Today, we know him as a man of wide experience and great capacity. Six feet tall and well built, he has a definite personality. His ready smile and genial bearing have endeared him to all ranks. Yet, his easy manner but lightly conceals a very clear-thinking brain and an authority that can be exercised with great dignity. Married and with one daughter, Elizabeth, he relaxes nowadays at golf, which he finds less strenuous than the rugger he played in earlier years. An "all-rounder" in every sense of the term.

His name? Walter Smail, Manager of the Woollen and Worsted Divisions of Eagley Mills.

"Lang may his lum reek!"

More Sineus for Eagley Mills

In March last, the Company appointed Mr. Robert D. Croll as technical assistant to Mr. R. L. Hill, the acting general manager of the mills.

Appropriately enough for a man associated with an industry whose life blood is wool, Mr. Croll is a Bachelor of Agricultural Science. He graduated from Melbourne University in 1938. Let it not be thought that this course of study relates only to the raising of crops or the eliminating of field bugs. Agricultural Science covers a host of subjects, some of them not directly suggested by the term "agriculture." For example, economics, bacteriology and wool classing form part of the course.

Thus, Mr. Croll took over his new position well equipped with a fund of knowledge of diverse matters. In addition, he brought with him a wealth of experience in still further fields. From practical work with the Victorian Department of Agriculture, Mr. Croll specialised in statistical methods for the Department and even attended further lectures at the University to obtain passes in this and allied subjects. Then, during the war, he was seconded to the Commonwealth Department of Labour and National Service as a technical officer of industrial hygiene. His duties there took him along new paths which led, among other directions, to work on factory management and personnel. His services were claimed also by the Department of Munitions.

Latterly, Mr. Croll has been directly associated with industry. For five years he was with Drug Houses of Australia Limited and it was from the position of chief executive officer of the developmental division of that Company that he resigned to join our own Organisation.

It will be seen, therefore, that Eagley Mills could hardly fail to benefit, and benefit con-
siderably, from having a man of the mental calibre of Mr. Croll on its executive staff. We would say, from observation, that, in turn, Mr. Croll is already happy in finding outlet for his talents in the many sections of the mills, but we take this opportunity to extend to him now, officially, a warm welcome and to wish him full success and enjoyment in his new sphere.

...WHilst IN SYDNEY.

There are many enquiries from Eastern States for the fabrics produced by Eagley Mills. For some years, Mr. J. H. Hook has been the resident representative in Sydney of the knitting mills. Now, to strengthen our selling organisation in New South Wales, Mr. Lance M. Fisher has been appointed sales representative of the woollen and worsted sections of Eagley Mills. He will, of course, be directly responsible to the Melbourne Sales Manager, Mr. H. E. J. Bridges.

Mr. Fisher, who is in his early thirties and married, was previously on the selling staff of D. and W. Murray Limited. He is a returned soldier with a genial personality and we hope he will be happy with us. Here's good luck in his new job from all in Foy and Gibson Limited.

THEY MAKE 'EM TOUGH AT EAGLEY!

Although we have a pretty good idea of the quality of the goods we make and we "tell the world" to this effect in all sincerity, it is nevertheless, very encouraging when the same thing is said to us—from outside. We were quite bucked, the other day, to receive the following letter from Mr. L. K. Holt, of Middlesex, England:

"The enclosed blanket, as you see, was issued to the troops in 1916. I purchased three in 1926 for the sum of £1 and have used them in construction camps all over the world. I feel that this piece of good workmanship deserves top marks for its wearing quality, and return it to you hoping you can use the same to advertise your wonderful range of household goods.

I remain,
Yours sincerely,
(sgd.) Lewis K. Holt."

There was no "catch" about Mr. Holt's approach to us. In fact, Mr. Holt was too modest for our liking, for he merely placed the parcel, with the blanket and letter enclosed, on a counter in our Bourke Street Store and departed. We did not even have a chance to thank him or get more details of this story of our blankets or of his globe-trotting life. Apparently, Mr. Holt had merely "dropped in" to Melbourne on his way from one country to another.

The claims of advertising apart, any blanket which will stand up to gruelling wear in construction camps and still looks good and have use after 33 years is not a bad blanket. And they still make them like that in Eagley Mills!

News from Adelaide

By JOHN MINKS.

DEATH OF MISS DORIS YORK.

With a heavy heart, we report the death of Miss Doris York. After an illness of a very short duration, followed by an operation, Miss York passed away during the morning of April 19. Her death came as a great and sudden shock to us all, for she had been at work on the Tuesday of the previous week.

Miss York began her service with the Company as a cashier. Later she moved to the mail-order department, where she worked for many years. Finally, she was transferred to the staff of the general office. The loss of this well loved woman is felt by all—for we knew her so well. Miss York devoted practically the whole of her life to Foy and Gibson Limited and, with her passing, a space has been left in the ranks of this Company's faithful servants which will not easily be filled.

STAFF CHARITY BALL.

Last year we raised the record sum of £500, which was handed to the Minda Home. This year we regard that amount as a sort of "guiding star." We aim to surpass it—and we think we can. Already much progress has been made by the committee, which this year consists of: Mr. F. C. Chatto, president; Mr. E. Pitkin, chairman; Mr. John Minks, secretary; Mr. John Tormena, assistant secretary; Mr. Fred Summerfield, treasurer; and Mesdames Garland, Murray and Trewin; the Misses Stubbs, Franklin, Marks and Lemon; and Messrs. Tilley, Crump, Sisson, Andrews, Brown, Graham and Goodall.

The date of the Ball has been fixed for June 8. But we are not depending on this alone. Oh dear, no! To subsidise the receipts from this effort all sorts of money-making schemes are afoot. Once more, a Popular Girl contest has been organised. The candidates at the moment are: Miss Ivy Smith (Offices), Miss Kath O'Connor (Dining Room and Basement), Miss June Butterfield and Miss Dawn Day (Manchester and Fabrics). As we love them all alike, each has our secret blessing for success. A silver tea service awaits the winner.

It won't be long before the strategy of the contestants will be felt in the family purse. We did not think that one method of extracting coin for
They have bowls on the brain in Adelaide! Left, Mr. Fred Chatto, Store Manager, rocks one down. Centre, (standing) Les Leaver, Pat Patterson, Jack Crump, Perce Lewis, Fred Chatto; (seated) Fred Brown, Ted Jury, Ron Miller. Right, the two captains, Pat Patterson and Perce Lewis.

A good cause had been overlooked in all the endless work for charity. Yet a novel means has been devised for gathering in shekels. It does not pay to bang an office door! That simply costs money. For those who walk through office doors frequently, it has been suggested that a life membership of 5/- be paid, thus allowing many big bangs at no extra cost. My, these sponsors are shrewd people! Well up in the Mo-McCackie Class!

NEW APPOINTMENT.

Although he is now “settled in” among our own ranks, we would like to extend through “Service” an official welcome to Mr. D. S. Taylor, who joined the staff of the Adelaide Store in February, as accountant.

Standing on what we might call “the bridge” of the Adelaide office, Mr. Taylor should feel fully at home, for during World War II he served in the Royal Australian Navy. But let no one think that he gives the impression of being otherwise “at sea!” On the contrary he has a firm grip on the helm, figuratively speaking, and we all look forward to a pleasant voyage with a good shipmate. We wish him the best of luck and hope that he will enjoy to the full the happy comradeship which is such a marked feature of the daily life of the South Australian organisation.

THE THINGS THAT HAPPEN!

“Gentleman John” Tormena was walking behind an assistant from the ladies underclothing. She was heavily laden with lingerie and did not see the frilly garment which fell to the floor. John stopped and stooped down. Straightening up, he cried out, “I say! You’ve just dropped these!” as he waved a pair of dainty panties practically in the face of a customer, who, unnoticed, had approached from the opposite direction. Red faces? You could feel the glow for miles!

When Grandfather was a Boy

Last year the Company bought the old Congregational Church which stood for nearly a century at the corner of Peel and Oxford streets, Collingwood. We had never thought of buying a church. It all happened as a result of our leasing an adjacent tennis court so that the staff of the Collingwood store could enjoy a game during the luncheon hour. Before long, the piece of land containing the court was offered to us then, the entire site, church and all.

It is fairly uncommon, we suppose, to own a church. But once Destiny takes a hand, anything can happen. And it did, because within a few months we had another rare experience—that of losing a church! A survey of the property having disclosed that one of the walls was out of plumb, we felt it advisable to demolish the building rather than that any of the citizens of Collingwood should run the risk of being crowned by a falling slate or a chunk of masonry. And so, for some weeks past, the local air has been thick with dust as the wreckers have pulled down this old and historic building. The Church was beautifully proportioned and quite impressive, architecturally. Its pillared front, the flight of steps leading to the main door, the huge sash windows, the choir gallery and the multi-coloured ceiling had made it quite a landmark, not only in the locality but in the city of Melbourne. The building was nearly 92 years old.

As the walls were razed various local identities, who had known the Church in its heyday, stood sad-eyed on the pavement and recalled incidents from the past. By one, we were assured that the Church was 104 years old, since the congregation had already celebrated its centenary, but we think that original services must have been held in an earlier building, which was replaced by the one which is now in ruins. From another, we learnt that John Pascoe Fawkner, so closely asso-
associated with the early life of Melbourne, laid in state in this church after his death.

As we watched the wreckers at work, our minds, too, ran back into the past and we wondered what secrets the old building might yield, as the walls crumbled. We even speculated as to whether a workman’s pickaxe might pierce a hidden foundation stone and release a stream of antique gold coins into the surrounding rubble. So far no such cache has been struck. But the old building has given us one very interesting memento of the past. In a cupboard in the crypt was found part of an old newspaper—one page of the Melbourne “Herald” of Monday, April 19, 1875.

Stained and faded, this scrap of newsprint affords many intimate glimpses of the way of life of our grandparents in Melbourne 74 years ago.

The advertisement of Mark Foy from this issue of the “Herald” which we have reproduced on our front cover, is typical of the commercial advertising of the day. Brief in size, but very emphatic of the “Herald” which we have reproduced on our front cover, is typical of the commercial advertising of the day. Brief in size, but very emphatic advertising. Of course, like ourselves, grandma and grandpa had to live somewhere and the columns of the “Herald” of April 19, 1875, offered them a wide range of homes or building sites. For example, Stubbs and Company of 81 Collins street, that day offered a wooden cottage with fruit garden and a quarter of an acre of land close to Ascot Vale station for £200, whilst a three-roomed cottage with five-quarters of an acre of land from the station could be had in Essendon for £180. A little closer to town was a five-roomed brick cottage, with kitchen, pantry, cellar, bath and conveniences, standing on half an acre of land in Wellington street, Kew. This was a bargain at £600.

An eight-roomed weatherboard house in Footscray could be had for £260. A building block in Fitzroy cost 35/- a foot. For those who preferred to live out of town, a bluestone house at Bulla could be had for £180. A little closer to town was a five-roomed weatherboard house at Footscray for £200. One was fined £20, the other £5 and the paper comments, “A few such fines would rapidly reduce the funds of the Larrikin Club.”

Nowadays, we take for our standard of a “big ship,” 80,000-tonners like the “Queen Mary” and “Queen Elizabeth.” According to our ancient newspaper, however, the citizens of Melbourne must have been greatly impressed by vessels of lesser proportions for, pride of place in the ship companies the ship. To complete the comfort of these lucky voyagers, “A milch cow is carried.” An imported troop of American minstrels, “200 Life-like and Life-size Figures, Celebrated and Notorious” were the preliminary to the titbit of the evening, an effigy of “Nana Sahib, one of the most cruel murderers history can show.”

For the discreet young man whose future mother-in-law would not permit her offspring to be subjected to the perils of such gory suggestions, there was Mr. Val Vose, who gave “Ventriloquial Entertainment of two hours’ duration,” but for the really venturesome, we put our money on two tantalising advertisers. One, Mademoiselle Josephine, residing in Spring street, offered “Revelations of the future” at moderate charges, whilst the really venturesome, we put our money on two tantalising advertisers. One, Mademoiselle Josephine, residing in Spring street, offered “Revelations of the future” at moderate charges, whilst her trade rival, Madam De Lancey (from Paris) would tell of the past, present and future from a distant spot in Victoria street, West Melbourne, where “the Hotham omnibuses pass the door.” What giggling and trembling and beating of hearts beneath_calico_chemises must have begun when Mesdames Josephine and De Lancey really “went to town” with their crystals or Siamese cats or whatever was the paraphernalia of the practitioners of the occult of three-quarters of a century ago.

To-day, many of us dream of a trip abroad. Then we work out the cost, sigh—and decide that we’d better stick to Mornington for next year’s holiday. But what opportunities grandma had in 1875. The clipper, “Agamemnon” of 1500 tons offered passage to London. According to the advertisement, “The saloon cabins are of unusual size. Bathrooms are provided—and a surgeon accompanies the ship.” To complete the comfort of these lucky voyagers, “A milch cow is carried.” And what did this trip to London cost? Well, the advertisement goes on “Passage money £16 and upwards.”

Nowadays, we take for our standard of a “big ship,” 80,000-tonners like the “Queen Mary” and “Queen Elizabeth.” According to our ancient newspaper, however, the citizens of Melbourne must have been greatly impressed by vessels of lesser proportions for, pride of place in the shipping advertisements goes to the P. & O. Company’s “S.S. China,” which apparently sailed most of the seven seas, since passengers and cargo were invited for China, Japan, India, Egypt and Europe. Her tonnage? 2010.

This then was pattern of life in Melbourne three-quarters of a century ago. Each glimpse we have seen emphasises the gap which separates us from those early years. Yet, in other directions, our forefathers followed much the same path as we do to-day and met much the same people on the way. To-day, newspapers deplore crime and misbehaviour. But our ancient “Herald” of April 19, 1875, records the fining of two larrikins for “Unprovoked assault upon a respectable man and his wife.” One was fined £20, the other £5 and the paper comments, “A few such fines would rapidly reduce the funds of the Larrikin Club.”

So, apparently, these gentry were quite organised even then.
On the same day, at the Emerald Hill Police Court, a girl of 15 was charged with vagrancy and consorting with bad associates. At the same Court, a youth was fined for using obscene language.

Meanwhile, the Justices on the Prahran Bench were busy committing a young woman to Kew Asylum because a policeman had found her walking along the street minus her clothes. For this, apparently, she was declared insane. There seemed to be no eloquent Counsel for the defence and consorting with bad associates. At the same day, is a prominent announcement that "Arrange-
ments are now being made for the issue, at an early date, of a first-class Sunday paper, price threepence."

Has anyone seen this lately?

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

The fact that we aspire to things which are at present beyond our reach, is one of the factors that makes eternal progress possible. But if it were merely to aspire and let the matter rest there, we would not likely move ourselves or the world very much. Often, and especially when we are young, we see someone playing a great part. We wish we could play a great part also, but without much thought as to what goes into the making of a man.

We often overlook the years of struggle, or self denial and the persistency of purpose that must precede any worthwhile achievement. We look where we'd like to be, and become impatient with long preparation. We wish the distance would somehow shorten itself. We see something we suddenly want to become, and look for ways to eliminate the preliminaries and pre-requisites. We want our dreams to take substance right now. But it isn't the nature of things for us suddenly to become something that we are not. A man is what he is because of what he has been and what he has done. We have to live the part we want to play.

A life in time or eternity is a composite of all that has gone into its making. Persistent small-ness of spirit here and now, means smallness of spirit hereafter. Indolence and indifference now, means that we shall realise the rewards of indolence and indifference in times to come. Work and effort in the right direction are the only means by which we move in the right direction. In other words, a man must begin to be what he would like to be—if that's what he wants to be. He must travel the road that leads where he wants to go—if that's where he wants to go. Neither here nor hereafter shall we suddenly become something that we are not, with qualities we have not earned, or enjoying a way of life we are not fitted for.

In Man's eternal march, what we shall be to-morrow will be the sum of all our past, plus what we do with today. —"THE SPOKEN WORD" (Perth).

RETAIL STORES APPOINTMENTS AND TRANSFERS.

The following movements of retail personnel have been announced since the list published in the February issue of "Service."

Mr. Neil Neville from Merchandise Control, City, to Controller, First Floor, Prahran.

Mr. R. Alexander, Salaries Office, has taken charge of the new Cash Office, City Store, combining Salaries and Tube room.

Mr. W. George, Merchandise Control, City, to Assistant to Mr. C. K. Kelly, City.

Mr. Alan Wild, from Store 9, Collingwood, to Merchandise Control, City, succeeding Mr. George.

Mr. Rod Sinclair, from Shipping Office, City, to Merchandise Control.

Mr. Harry Watson, Buyer, Laces, etc., Stationery and Travel Goods, Prahran, to Buyer, Men's Underwear, Hosiery and Travel Goods.

Mrs. McCarthy, formerly assistant to Mr. Watson, to Buyer, Laces, Ribbons, Flowers and Stationery, Prahran.

And thus the ladder is climbed. May each of these good people further enhance their reputa-
tions in these new positions. Good luck to them all!

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The Grand National of 1949. Fighting it out at Beecher's Brook. (See "London Letter").

—(Central Press Photo).

OF COURSE, THIS WON'T CONCERN YOU, BUT YOU MIGHT KNOW OF SOMEONE WHO . . . .

If you work for a man, for heaven's sake work for him.

If he pays you wages which supply your bread and butter, WORK for him.

Speak well of him, and stand by the firm he represents.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn and eternally de-sparage, why not resign your position?

Then, when you are outside, you can "let go" to your heart's content.

But as long as you are part of the firm, do not traduce it.

—(Mrs.) MERLYN GITSHAM, F. & G. Stores, Horsham.
MISSING!

News of 91 F & G Stores

Any information which will lead to the revival of the feature

"CULLED FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE"

will be received with gratitude by the Editor of "Service."

The Girls Who Serve in Shops

Each of the Directors of our various Companies takes a keen interest in "Service." But it is not often that one of them makes a direct contribution to our journal. In this issue we are happy to publish the following verse written by Mr. F. Oswald Barnett, a Director of O. Gilpin Limited. Mr. Barnett, who is a well-known figure in the business life of Melbourne, was inspired to set down his thoughts by actual experiences when shopping last December. His Christmas purchases took him into many shops and stores and the tribute which he pays to the assistants he met have a direct application to staffs in our own stores, both metropolitan and country.

The girls who serve at Christmas tide,  
Whose tempers are so sorely tried,  
(Yet never would give way to that!)  
To all of you—I lift my hat.

The crowds milled through the giant stores;  
The little shops, packed to the doors;  
Behind the counters there they stand,  
With aching feet, but willing hand,  
The girls who serve both fools and wise,  
You’re really angels in disguise.

Take me, a normal, nervous man,  
Who had no Christmas shopping plan,  
With flummoxed mind I picked my store,  
And, trembling, crossed the vast ground floor.

A pleasant lass with tithian hair,  
Behind the counter waited there;  
She smiled at me. (She had the knack.)  
And blushing deep, well, I smiled back.  
The sweet, “What can I do for you?”  
(What could she do?)  
“I have a wife and daughters four,  
A Mother and an Aunt next door.”

I said no more.

“Your Mother first,” said she,  
“About how old now, would she be?”  
I told her, and she started off.  
(It’s no wonder that my hat I doff.)  
Before I knew it, she had got  
Enough to satisfy the lot.

I almost danced away with joy,  
And felt I’d been the clever boy.

I though of all the dear old Mums,  
Who are so pleased that Christmas comes  
But once a year.  
They come in with an unsheared tear;  
With aching feet  
From scurrying from street to street;  
And, what is worse.  
They mostly have a slender purse.

Just watch this lovely, bright brunette.  
She knows exactly what to get—  
To do what all the famed economists can’t do—  
To make the humble shilling do the work of two.  
Mum’s frowns depart,  
She leaves the brunette with a happy heart.

I care not, be you young or old,  
Not half has ever yet been told.  
If we, with sensible intent,  
Persuaded you to represent  
The rest of us in Parliament,  
You are so crammed with real goodwill.  
The world with rare unselfishness you’d fill,  
And we’d have war No more.

Oh girls, who serve the populace the way you do,  
Again I doff my hat to you.

—F. OSWALD BARNETT.

Unavoidably late, but none the less sincere, are our good wishes for JACK SMITH (Manager, F. & G. Stores, Burnie), who, with a handsome ring, confirmed his feelings for Anne Ulbrich, of Burnie, on March 22.

Not only Malvern Warehouse but friends everywhere else in the Organisation send good wishes to MRS. REEVE upon the birth of a baby girl. Mrs. Reeve was formerly secretary to Mr. J. F. Hendrie, Merchandise Manager, O. Gilpin Limited.
In the early days of World War II a book of amusing verse by Miss Kay Grant was published by Angus and Robertson of Sydney. The collection of poems in this little book, all bearing on the contemporary scene in Australia, is well worth reading. But the purpose of this article is not to review this or any other book. We were moved to quote the title of Miss Grant's work because it came so vividly to mind when we received the accompanying photographs of recent department displays in our Prahran Store. These views are so indicative of the up-to-date layout and services to be found in our "out of town" stores today that we might well proclaim to citizens throughout the metropolitan area, "It's 'ard to go wrong in the suburbs!

There is still a tendency in some quarters to think rather disparagingly of any store outside the city area. The term "suburban store" seemed to conjure in the minds of some people the vision of a somewhat dingy establishment to which one might go for a tin kettle or the like, or, if one sought fashion goods, to find plain Jane frocks, etc., which had been dumped there either because of their cheapness or because they had become unsalable in a city emporium.

Nothing could be further from fact. To the second-to-none appeal of our own Melbourne suburban stores we can point with pride. But not a new-born pride. True that both have undergone a renaissance during recent years, but both Prahran and Collingwood were well-known as "big stores" half a century ago.

The term "big store" is a direct reminder of our Chapel Street branch because, for many years, this handsome building was known throughout Victoria—and beyond—by the name, "The Big Store." The Prahran Store is in every way a twentieth century store, for building began in the year 1900. Two years later the store was opened under the name of Maclellan and Company. The enterprise was actually launched by our own co-founder, William Gibson, but, apparently, he planned to conduct this store as a kind of personal venture, that is, outside the partnership of the parent organisation. Associated with him in the Chapel Street Store was his nephew, John Maclellan, after whom the business was named and who was its manager for many years. Mr. Roy Maclellan, one of the Directors of Foy and Gibson Limited, is the son of John Maclellan.

Overnight almost, success came to the Chapel Street Store. Prahran was already a popular shopping district and The Big Store with its large and well-stocked departments caught the public fancy. Summer and winter fairs in Chapel Street became red letter days like the famed sales of Collingwood itself. New departments were opened, as were workrooms for the production of shirts, pyjamas, clothing and millinery and the creation of fashions. At the peak of its popularity, our Prahran buildings housed 500 employees, whilst 300 and others gave service in the store itself. Of course, we had built the building and a basement on Cato Street, at the back of the store. Today, this building is used by the works of the tobacco manufacturers, makers of "Turf "A"" cigarettes.

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In the Suburbs

The Prahran House housed about 800 sales assistants, with an average of 7 sales assistants to service to the public itself. In those days, the building was occupied (and still is) by floors and the ground floor. The rear of the building houses the world famous tobacconists, Carreras Limited "Turf" and Craven A.

The two buildings are joined by two graceful arches which span Cato Street. Those who patronised Chapel Street Store were among the staff—of course a number; some of them like Charles Canham, Mr. A. Smith (despatch), 46 years; Mr. J. Walsh (hardware), 46; Mr. E. Shade (delicatessen), 38; Mr. J. Thomson (grocery), 38; Mr. A. Martin (despatch), 38; Mr. R. Criddle (hardware), 37; Miss G. Young (wools), 36; Mr. H. Kermode (dress materials), 30, whilst Mr. Charles Canham, who is now in charge of the hire purchase enquiries in the Bourke Street Store, completes 45 years' service in June of this year.

Then, of course, there are the almost legendary—although fully substantiated—memories of golden sovereigns by the thousand—representing a single day's sales!—being pushed across Chapel Street to the bank, in hand trucks! And remember, a pound in those days bought at least three times as much as it would today.

But let it not be thought that the Prahran Store lives on memories. Though Chapel Street (like Smith Street) may have felt the "difference," when the shopping habits of the Melbourne buying public underwent a change soon after World War I and the magnetic appeal of new city stores began to attract people away from the suburbs, the wheel has now turned again. Progress is multiheaded. Whilst, on the one hand, it sends the steel skeletons of new city stores soaring into the sky, it has produced, among other things, the automobile. The greater the number of motor cars which congest city streets, the more are people inclined to dodge the nuisance of parking and the risks of accident, by shopping in greater comfort in the suburbs. Nowhere has this trend been more noticeable than in America, in cities like New York, in particular, where the department stores are the largest and the motor cars most numerous. Most of the better known stores have recently opened branches in suburban districts, whilst in Great Britain, much smaller in area, stores with headquarters in London have either opened or acquired stores in provincial centres.

We in Foy's are well equipped to meet these changing conditions, and our Prahran Store is reaping full benefit. Today, the old and original building, still much the same externally, has been streamlined and modernised inside. With a run of glass in its 24 modern ground floor windows greater than that of the City Store, the facade gives an impressive welcome. Inside, the light woodwork of the fixtures against a background of pastel shades from walls and ceilings creates an atmosphere that is fresh and crisp. On the ground floor, in addition to the usual departments, are the dress materials, electro-plate, manchester and men's wear departments, and, of course, the cornucopian grocery and delicatessen, which is the pride of the Store.
AND THESE, TOO, LEFT THEIR FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF PRAHRAN.

Scattered throughout the Organisation are men and women for whom the Prahran Store was a training ground. From there they went to a variety of jobs—and they have held them for many years. Those we have in mind are: Miss A. Conkey and Miss E. Harding, of the invoice office, Collingwood; Miss F. Bradley, cash desk, Collingwood; Mr. M. R. Sinclair, internal auditor; Mr. Jack Hills, Store 9; and Mr. C. G. Baxter, reserves and workrooms, both in Collingwood. Between them, these devoted people have rendered 191 years' service and when you know that the shortest period served is 20 years, you will get an idea of what devotion means.

THE SINS OF SUNDAY.

Across the early morning sky
The fleecy clouds were racing.
Ah! What a lucky man was I
To meet a day so bracing.

I acted like a frisky pup,
All vigor and ambition
And praised the sun for coming up
To put me in condition.

"Today I must not shun them,"
I thought of chores undone, and said,
"Today I must not shun them."
And then I crawled back into bed
And dreamed that I had done them.

—LES. BRENnan (F. & G. Stores, Wellington, N.S.W.).

Mutual Aid

If it be true that a wave of materialism has swept across the world recently, it must have rolled on its way at some distance from the Foy shore. There's nothing amiss with the pebbles on the beach!

We make this observation after reading a few notes from Mr. F. Hunting, secretary of the Staff Mutual Aid Fund of the Melbourne Retail Stores. There could be no stronger evidence that hearts are still warm with consideration for others than the response to the launching of this fund earlier in the year. From newcomers and veterans, seniors and juniors, have come the applications for membership. Today, when the fund is but four months old, the list of contributors is most impressive—and, financially, Mutual Aid is "getting its teeth."

This fund has been started and will function for the purpose of giving a helping hand, a community helping hand, to the colleague who is in trouble. In other days if an employee, through illness or other setbacks, ran into difficulties, it was the privilege of little groups of fellow workers to "pass the hat" and quietly hand over an envelope with something inside which rustled. Such gifts were often a godsend to the unfortunate one. But big hearted and sincere though these efforts were, it could have been that the gesture was not great enough. With Mutual Aid, the harvest can be much richer. With hundreds of people making small but regular weekly contributions, it is the hope of the trustees that not only will more be able to act generously when aid is needed, but that more and more people can be helped at the one time.

Mind you, the trustees are in no position yet to act as a fairy godmother to one and all. Even today the "capital" of Mutual Aid could be stuffed into your overcoat pockets. But a start has been made—and a healthy start. Already several claims have been dealt with. Already Mutual Aid is on "active service."

The trustees, therefore, make this dual appeal to employees. Firstly, to non-contributors or newcomers to our ranks. Any employee may become a member. Contributions range from 1d. to 6d. per week, according to salary. If you want to join, ask your staff supervisor or the nearest trustee (staff at Collingwood may apply to Mr. Alan Houghton, office, or Mr. C. G. Baxter, reserves) for an application form and an authority form for the deduction of your contribution from the weekly pay. Complete both and return them to the staff supervisor. That's all.

Think it over, you non-members. Few of us can be sure that the day will not come when, through no fault of our own, we are "up against it"; when help is needed urgently—and we know not which way to turn. It always seems a little remote when the other fellow runs into trouble. What if it should happen to you?

To those who are already members is offered the reminder that the objects of the fund are, briefly:

(a) To assist members in illness;
(b) To give help if hardship is encountered;
(c) To remember others, should a member die.

Daily, for their contribution efficiency, details of any case of distress must be brought to the notice of the trustees. Whilst it might happen that information about a member's troubles...
reached the trustees through official channels, the administrators of the fund are anxious that they do not miss an opportunity to consider any case of difficulty which may arise. Therefore, they emphasise to all members:

IF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE, GET IN TOUCH, IMMEDIATELY, WITH YOUR NEAREST TRUSTEE.

You can talk to him with complete confidence. There will be no mention of any name in the details of the fund’s activities, which will be published from time to time. The trustees for the present year are:

- Melbourne: Mr. J. G. Doig (chairman).
- Fitzroy: Mr. L. J. Rooke.
- Melbourne: Mr. E. H. Jones.
- Collingwood: Mr. K. Campbell (treasurer).
- Prahran: Mr. F. Hunting (secretary).

This Mutual Aid is a great move. It is community spirit at its best. Not only does it create a bond between all ranks. It gives you the chance, quietly and anonymously, to extend a helping hand to a fellow employee—and (who knows?) to grip such a hand yourself, should the need arise.

Although contributions are a matter of mere pence, the weekly donation of these odd coins from hundreds of people “snowballs” astonishingly. And remember that for every £1 contributed by the staff, the Company gives another £1 to the fund. Yes, we’re in it, too!

What about you?

If a pound won’t do as much for us as it used to, maybe it’s because some of us don’t want to do as much for a pound as we used to.

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ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

The Director-General of the Department of Something-or-other, irked by rude hints in the Opposition press that his section heads were chosen for any reason except their knowledge and efficiency, decided, when a new Controller had to be appointed, that special steps be taken to pick the right man. The post carried, of course, a salary of £5000 a year, a car, chauffeur and all expenses.

Very many people offered their services. Everyone was interviewed. The final three, who happened to be a Scot, an Irishman and an Englishman, were sent to a well-known psychologist for his opinion. The Englishman was seen first. As he was leaving the psychologist suddenly said, “By the way, what’s twelve twelves?” Rather surprised the Englishman said, “One hundred and forty-four, of course.” But the Scot was more cautious. Faced with the same poser he thought for a moment. Finally, he said, “It all depends. If you’re buying, I’d say the answer would be one hundred and forty three, but if you’re selling you’d be likely to make it one hundred and forty five.”

Who got the job? The canny Scot? No, the Director-General’s brother-in-law!

—LES. BRENNAN (F. & G. Stores, Wellington, N.S.W.).

A woman starts to show her age when she tries to hide it.  

A hug is just energy gone to waist.
SERVICE

EDITORIAL.

Well, what we feared has happened. The late arrival of contributions to the April issue of "Service" (due, let us say, to the short time available to compile them, following the delay in publishing the February issue), became such a problem that not only were the prospects of issuing the April number made more and more difficult; in the end, we could not print it at all, that is, at a time which had any logical association with the fourth month of the year.

This is the first time since the new series was begun in 1947 that we have missed a bi-monthly issue of our magazine, and this break in the sequence will be deplored by all, as it is by the Editor.

As will be seen, the current issue carries the artificial date line, "April-June, 1949," so that the missing issue can be accounted for—should anyone ever be moved to check the series. We love to think that our devoted readers file their copies carefully.

Here and there, of course, we can rely upon a constant colleague, as witness the names which appear over or beneath those articles which are a regular feature. But, in the main, support for this magazine is very lukewarm.

It cannot be emphasised too strongly that this journal is published mainly to enlighten members of our staff about the work and activities of other employees. From the contents of previous issues, it should be obvious that we do not use these columns to dwell on the Company's affairs, other than to report outstanding items in our year to year progress. Moreover, we never use this journal as a lecturer's rostrum. Should the need for instruction or discipline arise, it can be dealt with adequately through other channels.

Therefore, this magazine is in every sense YOUR magazine. This it cannot be, however, if it does not know what you are doing, and the best person to speak of that is YOU.

Business leaders tell us that success is achieved through organisation. We could organise this business of sending reports to "Service"—but we don't want to. Were correspondents to be appointed by directives from above, the people concerned might tend to regard their work as an obligation. Such a feeling could result in their work having a "take-it-or-leave-it" flavour. Just "bare bones" reports. "Service" would lose its vitality under such conditions.

With all its faults, we think your magazine has managed to maintain a freshness, a brightness and a general note of spontaneity. Will you, therefore, dear reader, try harder to give your Editor the support which is needed? Don't waste a correspondent for your section or department to be "officially" appointed. Don't leave it to the other fellow to do the job. Ask your friends, ask yourself, "What can we do to keep 'Service' alive and kicking?" You will be amazed at the wealth of news you can think of which will not only be of interest to your fellow employees. You might even get a "kick" out of seeing your own handiwork in print!

So will each and everyone of you pull his weight from now on. Contributions should not only be worthwhile but regular, and the more frequent the better. The person who sends in a note and then sits back satisfied can be a menace, for, with the necessary interval of two months between issues, the news can become not only stale, but wrong. There should always be a follow-up on any advices relating to personal activities.

Remember, contributions can consist not only of reports of staff activities, both in and out of business. We welcome photographs, sketches or illustrated jokes and particularly recognisable cartoons of identities, well-known or otherwise.

Can I rely upon you?

YOUR EDITOR.

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Foy's Horticultural Club Is Born

Not content with participation in various forms of sports, employees of Melbourne Retail Stores have literally found "ground" for a common interest in horticulture. With a preliminary meeting on April 12, this new club got down to business with a very successful gathering in the Dining Room of the Bourke Street Store on May 2. Members were entertained by coloured talking films shown by Mr. W. A. Comedow, the honorary secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria. These pictures, which showed gardens in Australia as well as the famous Kew Gardens, London, were greatly enjoyed and have given members a taste of things to come.

It is hoped that this club will continue to receive encouragement. At present, meetings are planned for the first Monday of each alternate month, the next meeting being on June 27, when a talk will be given by an expert on "planting and pruning of roses." Incidentally, all rose-growers are advised, here and now, not to prune their trees until they have heard this lecture.

Already Foy's Horticultural Club is affiliated with both the Royal Horticultural Society of Victoria and the National Rose Society.

So far, about 100 members have been enrolled, but more will be welcomed, especially from Collingwood, Fitzroy, Prahran and Malvern Warehouse. Anyone interested should contact Mr. Lindsay or Mr. Hocking, both of the City Store.

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Membership of Foy's Horticultural Club offers much enjoyment and splendid advice—and all for an annual subscription of 1/-.

As the club grows, so will its activities. We look forward to the day when its members may be able to stage their own shows and award prizes for the best blooms, etc. Who knows but that we might be able to go a step further and arrange contests in which entire gardens will be the exhibits? So those of you who wax ecstatic over the tint of a tulip, the curve on a cucumber or the girth of a gherkin, should lose no time in joining Foy's Horticultural Club.
EAGLEY MILLS FOOTBALL NOTES.

After a shaky start, the club finally formed a team under the able coaching of Mr. R. Gall, equally well known as a champion street cricketer. Financial worries caused members to greet each other with long faces, but due to the hard work of Mr. J. Hall, the outlook is now much brighter. Members of the better class street cricket teams will probably remember him as the “Champion of Subs!”

April 30 saw Eagley play Kodak, hard opponents, in close games last year. Result was a win for Kodak, 11-11 to Eagley 6-6. Poor conditions hampered any resemblance to good football on the day. Kodak had the edge during most of the game, but our coach was very pleased with the effort given when he asked for it.

The club would be very pleased to hear from anyone who could take charge of the first-aid kit at the matches on Saturday mornings. What with slipping off the rub-down table, etc., this is a necessary evil. If you are interested, please treat this matter as urgent.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. H. V. McIvor, manager of the knitting mills, for his usual splendid donation. This has been gratefully received by the club every year. Other friends to whom we are indebted and now offer thanks are:—Mr. J. Wood, for his help and consideration in matters out of range of other members; Mr. R. Jenkins for his help with goal posts, and Messrs. J. Brewer and S. Adams for assistance in the same direction; Mr. C. Thompson for his hard work in cutting and erecting these posts, and Mr. A. Shacklock for his timely theatre night at the Comedy, which added £1/10- to the club’s funds.

Readers may wonder why names have been mentioned. The answer is simple. It takes a lot of hard work, money and equipment to place a team on the field each week, so that any service rendered is valuable. As in most sports, the most hard-worked position in football is that of secretary. Eagley Mills football secretary is Mr. M. Hanley, who did such a splendid job for the team last year and is carrying on in the same position this year.

COME AND SEE YOUR WORK-MATES AT PLAY SOMETIME. ...........
—E. KICKSEM and I. BRUISEM.

LORDS OF OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

During the summer months, a competition was conducted under the auspices of the Lunch-time Street Cricket Association. Whilst the personnel of this association is shrouded in mystery, the organiser, “Banker” Hall, is a well known figure, both literally and figuratively speaking, throughout the mill.

Four teams; Dye-house, Hosiery, Wool Spinning, and Weaving, entered the contest. Marylebone rules were altered slightly to conform with local conditions. Thus many traps were laid for unwary batsmen. After each team had played nine matches, Weaving were at the top of the list with Hosiery in second place.

The final between these two teams was rather disappointing, as Hosiery, greatly weakened by the unfortunate absence in hospital of popular
caused by the inclusion of ex-interstate player, Wal. Dudley. Others are of the opinion it was caused by giving a certain Dye-house player a clearance to Spinning.

Most outstanding players were: Dick Fowler, known to all and sundry as “Big Dick,” who was the most successful bowler; Jack Aston, also of the Weaving, whose batting was a treat to watch; Stan Ebdon, Dye-house, was another fine bowler. Stan, incidentally, was the only bowler to get the

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coveted “hat trick.” Alf. Craig, of Spinning, bowled well with pace and accuracy to take many wickets. Bob Gall, of Spinning, also batted well. Wal. Dudley, Cal. Hill and Len Brayley did exceptionally with both bat and ball. Most unsuccessful bowler would be Bob Gall, whose slow stuff was hit over the coal yard or into Stanley street with monotonous regularity.

A presentation ceremony was conducted at lunch time on May 2 outside the finishing room in Cambridge street. It was a beautiful sunny day—with a tearing north wind. We were very fortunate to have Mr. W. Smail, Woollen and Worsted Mill Manager and Mr. John Gorbett, Editor of “Service,” to do the honours. Mr. Gorbett, who is a fluent and witty speaker (I’ll get on!) made appro-
Brown Coal

As fuel for the boilers of Eagley Mills is almost as important as wool for its looms, these notes on the origins and uses of brown coal, contributed by one of our readers, should be of fairly widespread interest. Furthermore, as the sight of a briquette in the family grate is now but a memory to most of us, a little thought or discussion about brown coal might produce some warmth, which would be very acceptable in these days when radiators are banned largely as the result of a general shortage of coal, in all its forms.

We are continually being reminded by the daily press of the seriousness of the fuel position. Most readers are interested in the action being taken by the Victorian Government to overcome the fuel shortage by making use of our vast deposits of brown coal. Steps are being taken to speed up the establishment of extra briquetting plant, where the raw brown coal is crushed, dried and compressed into briquettes. Until such a time as the briquettes are available we must burn the raw wet brown coal. No doubt many of our readers have seen truck loads of this fuel arriving at the boiler house of Eagley mills, where it is used to generate steam which is essential for the processing of our goods. You may be interested in a short description and some brief notes on the formation and nature of our brown coal, and some early history of the brown coal mines.

Millions of years ago, forests and vegetation grew and were covered by water. More forests grew and in turn became deposited on top of the existing mass. Upheavals of land occurred and the sunken mass was eventually covered by earth. Erosion and further upheavals took place and the timber and vegetation were in some cases left at a great depth and subjected to great pressures. In other cases the vegetation was washed into valleys and soil and silt deposited on the top. This formation of vegetation became petrified and produced a carbonaceous substance called coal. In most cases, earth movement has upset the original formation, but geologists have been able to trace the history of coal deposits. Black coal is estimated to be 200,000,000 years old, whereas our brown coal is only 20,000,000 years old. Unfortunately, we do not know of any deposits of coal of an age between these two periods, 180,000,000 years apart.

The composition of the brown coal will be of some interest. The raw brown coal when mined is of a chocolate colour and looks very much like good old mother earth with a fair quantity of soft wet wood mixed up with it. The earthy looking material is rich in pollens, which have been recognised and are related more or less closely to living trees. These pollens include several varieties of the southern beech as well as conifers. Strangely enough, the wood in the coal is predominantly coniferous and no beech wood has yet been found. Some of the coals also contain abundant resin in lumps up to six inches across, but to date no fossil insects have been found in the resin. The balance of the material is obviously formed from the deposition of vegetation from the forests. The coal is similar in composition to most fuels, the major constituent being carbon.

Brown coal has been mined by various companies in Victoria for many years, but most of these ventures failed due to the competition provided by the marketers of black coal. The Lal Lal Brown Coal Co. was formed prior to 1873 and made a determined but unsuccessful effort to market dried brown coal. In 1889 Mirboo Coleries Pty. Ltd. mined 5000 tons and in the same
The major coal deposits in Victoria are found in three areas. The largest deposit is in an area of approximately 200 square miles underlying the Latrobe Valley and estimated to contain more than 30,000,000,000 tons of coal. At Yallourn, where the present open cut is being worked, the coal seam is about 200 ft. thick but near Morwell, where the new open cut is to be situated, there is a composite thickness of 800 to 1000 ft. of coal beneath an overburden of 30 to 150 ft. Another field extends from Altona to Bacchus Marsh and is estimated to contain 15,000,000 tons. Most of the coal in this deposit is deep lying and is in seams up to 140 ft. thick. The other area is situated in a narrow coastal belt between Wonthaggi and Alberton and contains approximately 2,000,000 tons. There are many other deposits in Victoria and the usefulness of these deposits will be determined by the method of extraction.

Our readers will naturally ask why these enormous deposits of brown coal have not been worked to any extent. The answer is that this fuel, due to its high moisture content (approximately 50 per cent.), is inferior to black coal, which contains only five per cent. of moisture. In other words a 20-ton railway truck of brown coal contains 10 tons of water, which will not burn and on which we have to pay freight. Anyone will tell you that we get all the water we want from the sky without carting it from Yallourn.

Very little attention was given in the past to the difficult problem of burning this wet fuel, and as good black coal was easily obtainable it is obvious that raw brown coal was regarded as a poor substitute. Fortunately, the problems attached to the burning of brown coal have now been overcome and huge quantities are now being used. We are now looking forward to the day when this fuel will return to the market in the form of briquettes for both industrial and household use, but at the moment, with winter almost on us and power restrictions in force, we can only sit and shiver and hope for the best.

"C. H. IMNEY."

** PUNTER'S CORNER. **

Made miserable by the long faces to be seen in the mills on Monday mornings, following the receipt of "bad oil" prior to the week-end, I am tempted to set down a few hints to the young and hopeful punter. The first thing to remember is that it takes brains to be a racehorse. It has been widely quoted that "horse sense" is the thing that stops a racehorse from backing itself. The would-be punter must go to the races, therefore, and become a good judge of fickness, seriousness and various other qualities (otherwise) of the thoroughbred horse.

The next vital point to be remembered is that you must get "the good oil" and sift from it any "bad oil." it must be watched carefully, and you must keep your information to yourself. A serious expression should be used at all times. To show pleasure on one's face, after a win, to others on the racecourse is to invite trouble.

Seems fast times have been recorded recently. For this we have to thank the photo-finish. Here is something that must be watched carefully. As a result of equine rivalry, horses are now hurrying to the judge to obtain a snap of themselves. Naturally, the good-looking horse has the best qualifications in such matters.

Temperamental horses are another source of danger to the punter. Take the case of a recent close finish. The placings were (1) Skunk, (2) Old Rose, (3) Sweet Smell. The result was a foregone conclusion!

Care must be taken regarding prices. When the bookmaker shouts, "Two to one, bar one," remember that this means there are three horses running. "Bar one" reduces the prospects to two, so that a good each-way bet should then be obtained. Incidentally, no bet should be placed until you have had a look at the horses lined up at the barrier. When the announcer broadcasts, "'Sweet Betty' is now backing out of line," this may be because Betty has worms or wants to leave the field for some other reason. So please be careful.

Horses of the quiet type are the ones to watch at the barrier. These can be very tricky. They may have a particular affection for the judge and just run straight to him. Conversely, they may dislike him, and do the opposite.

Racecourse sharks and other unworthy can be readily identified by the tips off their tongues. If the above advice is followed, some success for the budding punter should result. I, myself, can sometimes help with a few "certs"; in fact, out of last week's six tips, there were seven winners! My selections for next week are:-

"Broken Law" (out of "Court" by "The Morning"),

"Sailing Home" (out of "Manila" by "Commonwealth Request"),

"Taxation" (out of "Fleeced" by "Commissioner"),

"Licensee" (out of "Business" by "Counter Lunch"),

"Scented Rose" (out of "Maribyrnong" by "Open window").

"FLEMINGFIELD."
The Gibsonia Social Club

TABLE TENNIS.

The table tennis season has started again. After a special effort to enrol more players from all sections of the Organisation, the season opened with three teams from Collingwood, playing as "Foy's, Collingwood," two teams from the City Store ("Gibsonia"), and one team from the Mills ("Eagley"). These six teams are all entered in the Victorian Table Tennis Association. Although this is an increase of three teams over last season, there is still room for more players, both women and men.

Everyone interested can support these teams any Wednesday night during the season at the Foy Staff Recreation Room in the Collingwood Store. Make your contact through Eddie Jowett, Fitzroy Store.

To mark the opening of the V.T.T.A. season a social evening was held at the above centre by members of the Table Tennis Club. All agree that it was a most enjoyable gathering.

BASKETBALL.

The response to the appeal referred to in the last issue of "Service" has been most encouraging. Evidently, word of last year's most successful season had got around. There is no doubt that in 1947-1948 the foundations were laid of a great comradeship among the girls—and it is still very real! We can now report with pleasure the registration of eight teams with the Women's Night Basketball Association of Victoria. It is this body which organises the games played at the Exhibition on Thursday and Friday nights.

To mark the opening of basketball this year a very successful social evening was held in the staff recreation centre, Collingwood, on April 6 last. We had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. T. A. Pettigrew, vice-president, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rooke, and the gathering was honoured also by three leading office-holders of the W.N.B.A.V., in the persons of Miss Hall, president, Miss McColl, vice-president, and Mrs. Martin, secretary.

Following exhibition matches of 12 minutes at each end in which all eight teams participated (with some outstanding scores!) the executives of the Association gave some valuable hints to the captains. During the evening Mrs. Hancox (receiving room, Collingwood) delighted the gathering with two songs in her lovely contralto voice, and the party ended with a supper and dance.

It is proposed to run social evenings in the recreation centre, Collingwood, at monthly intervals. First of these is planned for Tuesday, June 7, and, thereafter, on the first Tuesday in each month. Everyone is welcome to come along and join in this very happy social atmosphere.

—SHIRLEY MILLER.

FOOTBALL.

At a recent meeting held in the Collingwood Store, it was decided to form a team to play social matches at week-ends. The first of the games took place at Fawkner Park on May 15, against The Mutual Store. After some really spectacular football, the Foy Team were victors with scores 15.17 to 7.9.

Following on the interest shown in the above match, arrangements have been made to play the Prahran Store, who, like Collingwood, have formed a social team. The date is to be arranged. So watch your notice boards for information. Supporters are welcome at all matches and, if you are interested in playing, see your local secretary. Would-be players in Collingwood and Fitzroy should see Vic. Reid, Jnr. (Electricians) and enrol as active members.
GIBSONIA CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

Having completed the 1948-1949 season, we extend our congratulations to Eagley Mills upon winning the first premiership. The season was an outstanding success, both from the players and spectators point of view. There were many friendships formed and this augurs well for the coming season.

We take this opportunity of thanking the executive of the Gibsonia Social Club for the cooperation and assistance extended to the Cricket Association during the season, and particularly express our appreciation for the donation of the premiership shield.

The annual meeting of the Cricket Association will be held in the Fitzroy dining hall on Wednesday, June 8, at 6 p.m. Light refreshments will be supplied, thus enabling all interested to attend.

For further particulars of the meeting, watch notice boards in all stores and sections of the mills, and contact your club secretary.

—J. McCuskey, acting chairman, F. Ward, hon. secretary.

WE MUST PRINT THIS.

We know that Mr. Jack Hirst, popular manager of the Dye House, Eagley Mills, will probably be most embarrassed when he reads this, but the gesture is necessary. Due to a misunderstanding in the typesetting department, Mr. Hirst's name was omitted from the list of contributors to the prize fund of the annual picnic. It seems only right that employees at the mill should know how widespread is the interest of senior mill executives in all staff social affairs.

—J. McCuskey, acting chairman, F. Ward, hon. secretary.

Here's the Good News at last ! ! !

THE GIBSONIA SOCIAL CLUB

ANNUAL

CABARET BALL

will be held at

ST. KILDA TOWN HALL

on 4th July, 1949.

Tickets 12/6d. each (single).

Available from

MILLS: The Misses K. Pitts, M. Pitts, M. King, Mr. J. Wood.
PRAHRAN: Miss T. Jeffrey, Mr. W. Clare.
COLLINGWOOD: Miss K. Growney, Mr. A. Smith.

EVENING DRESS IS OPTIONAL.

If you like being happy - - Don't Miss This!

The Voyage Home

In our last issue we published extracts from the diary which Mr. Arthur Annis, of London Office, kept on his return journey to England last year. The first instalment contained highlights of the voyage from Melbourne to Aden. We now give you further entries from this journal, when the "Strathaird" was still at Aden.

"Aden is built on the craters of two extinct volcanoes. The soil is not fertile. Coupled with a lack of rain, this results in a very limited vegetation. Yet, for all its barren appearance, its camel-strawn streets, its many cripples, who appear to be nobody's responsibility (maybe they do better at begging!), I liked the place very much. There are some very good European clubs, including the Swimming Club, which, I believe, is excellent. Those with a better knowledge would probably say I was the typical tourist who sees the surface but never the underneath. Anyway, I am told that Aden has the reputation of being remarkably free from disease, thanks to its lack of rain, which keeps down the mosquito pest. I believe water is now being laid on; otherwise the city used to depend on the camel-drawn water carts (large barrels on wheels), which are still a familiar sight.

"Farewell to Aden, of which our only souvenir was a sixpenny straw fan bought from the boatman who took us back to the ship."
"The next point of interest was the Suez Canal. We were fortunate in making the run in daylight. It was a great pleasure to be able to shout greetings to the various army personnel on the road alongside the Canal, and, somehow, a little saddening to hear an unmistakable, raw Cockney accent or broad Scots burr from some fed-up Tommy, asking if we could give him a lift as far as 'Blighty.' There are many attractive private residences along the Canal banks. The homes, with beautifully kept gardens, ablaze with vivid flowers on the left bank, contrast sharply with the sandy desert on the starboard side.

"The well-positioned Bathing Lido at Ish Malia is a fine looking place. I have an old friend at Ish Malia, who has lived there for many years. A pity I did not warn him I was coming through, for we might have exchanged greetings from ship to shore.

"On the trip out we were not permitted to land at Port Said, owing to the trouble in Egypt. I imagine that Simon Artz and other traders must have been highly satisfied to the shopkeepers. I bought a few small articles, but I don't think I was caught for much. I was well satisfied with a box of full-length "Punch" cigars at 3/- for 25. This well-known brand of fine Havana leaf I have not seen in England for years —nor am I likely to, until the dollar position eases. Of course, that renowned person and amazing conjuror, the 'gulli gulli' man, came on board for the amusement of those who did not go ashore. Most people seemed to return that night with a funny-bone.

"Entering the English Channel, we picked up the pilot at Brixham, and from there to Tilbury we had beautiful spring-like sunshine and a calm sea. The landing at Tilbury was a never-to-be-forgotten experience. We had so many parcels that we could not pack them in our already bulging cabin trunks. I was in a quandary as to how we were going to manage for, in England, the strict currency control forbids that privilege, still enjoyed in Australia, of friends going aboard to help you off. I blessed E. for having read that report in the Australian Press that 'Owing to Britain's re-armament programme, there would be still less aluminium kitchen-ware for the British housewife.' She hadn't seen that para, she wouldn't have dashed off to Foy's at the last minute to buy that pressure cooker! Without it and its necessary but cumbersome box wrapper, I would have had one less bulky parcel to juggle with. With the help of one of the stewards, however, we eventually got down the gangway. My descent must have been most impressive, for with the aid of two leather straps, I had parcels hanging over my shoulders, back and front, like a Christmas tree! E. couldn't help much because among sundry small items she had three hat boxes, regarded by most women as 'precious cargo,' and not to be sent ashore with heavy baggage. However, she did manage to lead the way, and between her muttered remarks about Govern-

The joy when Food for Britain arrives. The Mayor of Westminster distributes parcels from recently-arrived shipment from Australia. L. to R., Miss C. Godsall (British Red Cross), Mrs. Mellean, Miss P. Horne (W. V. S), the Mayor of Westminster, Councillor Hal. Gutteridge, who is Australian born.

—(Sport and General Photo)

MARRIAGE LINES.

The test of a happily married—and wise—woman is whether she can say "I love you" far more often than she asks "Do you love me." —Dorothy Drayton.

Woman accepts man for the sake of matrimony. Man accepts matrimony for the sake of woman.

—Gregory Mason.

The man and woman who can laugh at their love, who can kiss with smiles and embrace with chuckles, will outlast in mutual affection all the lumpy throat couples of their acquaintances. Nothing lives on so fresh and evergreen as the love with a funny-bone.

—George Jean Nathan.
STAFF TRAINING PAYS DIVIDENDS!

No, we're not handing over to Miss Monteith! "Classes for the class room," is our motto. There would be little point in using this column as an extra blackboard, for those who are already receiving instruction probably know more about it than we do—and those who don't attend courses, wouldn't be interested, anyway.

There came to our notice recently, three examples of "output" on new levels. We think they are worth quoting. If the authors should recognise their "brain children," we assure them that we are not poking fun. On the contrary, these efforts show a marked originality.

Example No. 1

Asked to give the name of the Company's manufacturing plant at Collingwood, the student wrote: "EAGERLY MILLS!"

Could anything be more descriptive of the service which departments anticipate from the mills?

Example No. 2

In reply to the question: "What qualities are important in a Manager?", there came the answer: "HEIGHT!"

No doubt, this assistant is already marked out for early promotion!!!

Example No. 3

Following a visit to the mills, the group was invited to write down their impressions of what they had seen. Here is one bright and novel effort:

The Story of a Piece of Tweed.

My first recollection is of entering that throbbing, roaring hive of activity called Eagley Mills, as a burr-ridden mass of fleece. However, the diligent supervisor of the mill, Mr. Hill, soon rectified this uncomfortable condition by placing me in a machine which gave me the equivalent of what humans call a "grooming."

I emerged from this contraption looking far more presentable, and thus proceeded to the next stage of my production, the "dipping" machine. I experienced a most unpleasant sensation during this procedure, as a result of having my complete bulk immersed in a disinfectant liquid. I intend to lodge a complaint with the Tweed Coats' Union at a later date over this rough treatment.

I was then placed in a machine which rolled me into long flat strips, and I continued from these through a number of highly technical processes, being wound from one piece of machinery to another, slowly being drawn out, twisted and processed until I finally emerged as a round, firm, ball of wool.

From there I proceeded to the dyeing section, and then to the weaving machines, together with several of my companions.

The process of transforming me into a rather presentable tweed coat is a highly intricate one, which I will not attempt to describe at length, lacking both the vocabulary and the necessary technical knowledge with which to do so.

Suffice it to say that I was passed through a great many machines which took my threads and those of my fellows and transformed them into a product of high quality, which was a tribute to the workers who took part in my manufacture.

Laugh if you like, but this young man's knowledge of what goes on in the mills is a good deal deeper than it was before his visit. He's got understanding—and that way lies unity.

One point in this essay does concern us, however. We had no idea that Mr. Hill's duties as Acting General Manager took him so far afield! The next time we can't reach him in his office, we're certainly going to try the "Grooming Department."

Joking aside, however, the pathways to be trodden by the diligent student of Staff Training are well worth the journey. Everybody benefits from a change of scenery. So, carry on, Miss Monteith!

London rebuilds. Rapid progress is being made with rebuilding the House of Commons, damaged in wartime air raids. Picture shows wood carver—a vanishing craft—at work on seats for Press Gallery in new chamber. (See "London Letter").

—(Central Press Photo).

The Quiet Corner

Again the bell has tolled. And in the silence which follows, we think with deep feelings of our colleagues who, for a time, are separated from those they loved. Heartfelt sympathy goes to:—

Mrs. Charles Hackett, her son Russell of the maintenance department and other members of the family. Mr. Charles Hackett, who himself was a member of the maintenance staff until his illness began, died on May 31, 1949.

The relatives of Miss Doris Catherine York, a member of the Adelaide office staff, who died on April 19, 1949.

Mr. R. Alexander, cash office, City Store, and other members of the family of Mr. John Walker, who died on May 26, 1949. Mr. Walker, known affectionately to many as "Jack," was a member of the maintenance staff at Collingwood for many years until his retirement some months ago.

Mr. J. G. Doig, staff controller, retail stores, whose wife died on May 11, 1949.

Mr. Herbert Aldridge, of the Despatch, Collingwood, who lost his mother on May 20, 1949. Our thoughts extend also to members of his family, several of whom work or have worked with the Company.

"Thy Will be Done"
Personalities

From Eagley Annexe at Preston comes news of several engagements. BETTY O'BRIEN, JEAN MASON and CATH MASON have made three lucky fellows very happy, whilst newcomer SHIRLEY PATTEN has lost no time in joining the "Diamond Circle" Club.

They're a tight-knit band out at Preston. The troubles of one are the troubles of all and the whole annexe was in unison in welcoming back MRS. ELSIE BENNETT after an absence of several weeks through illness.

And with "love on the run," so to speak, it's a pleasure to record the engagement of VALMAI REYNOLDS to Raymond C. Duckett, in April. Whilst Ray is a stranger to us, Valmai is a popular personality in the City Store, where she functions as secretary to Mr. Alan Durham.

A warm greeting from Eagley and the rest of up to CHARLES SMITH, of the Wool Spinning. After 20 years' service, he had just had a serious illness, but is now reported to have turned the corner. May the road be straight from now on and complete recovery and return to our midst be the news in our next report.

Glad tidings from Adelaide, where MISS RHONDA LEAHY has announced her engagement. We hear the ring is the envy of all local bobby soxers. Congratulations!

We talk about the success of Australian industries. But there's none so busy as "Love Unlimited." There seems to be no limit of consumers! Another "customer" is MARJORY PARIS (Advertising, City), whose engagement to Max Prosser is announced. Incidentally, Max is the brother of JOYCE PROSSER, who will be remembered as one of our artists. Happy landings!

After 27 years' service, Miss MERLE MAIR (Ring Frame Spinning, Eagley Mills) resigned in April. On behalf of her many friends she was presented, by Mr. D. Wood, with a lovely wall mirror. Miss Mair carries with her the best wishes of all in the Organisation. We shall have news of her, for local wag, BOBBY GALL, is her brother-in-law.

Many's the young buck in the City Store who will envy Sergeant John V. King, of the Military Forces, who has laid permanent claim to the heart of soft-eyed brownette, MARGARET JENNINGS, of the Hosiery. The diamond changed hands on March 15. My, but he's a lucky bloke!

Yet another glimpse of the old days. This is the first picture we have seen of this type of cart. Jim Carkeek is standing, whilst holding the reins, is our old friend, Bob Speirs, whom many will remember as a much loved assistant in the Collingwood Hardware Department, until he retired through ill-health a year or two ago. This photograph, which was taken in 1913, was loaned by Mrs. Aiken, wife of Jim, Collingwood Despatch and mother of Maynes, whose voice is heard on the Collingwood Switchboard.
Put your hands together for ALAN WILD (Merchandise Control, City), who became a daddy when Grant Alan Wild arrived on April 23. Mrs. Wild will be remembered as the former GLADYS MURRAY, of Collingwood Store. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Wild.

Nor is it too late to re-affirm good wishes for ELSIE MCINTOSH (Mr. Kelly’s office, City), who was married on April 20. All joy be thine!

You’d never believe it, but streamlined “vest-pocket Betty Grable,” VAL BARNES (Collingwood Office), was 21 on May 3 last. As Val is already engaged and has plans for an early marriage, she can laugh at the challenge, “Time marches on.” We share your pride, Val!


The farther you go, the more fathers you meet. Another proud papa is ALAN HOUGHTON (Accountant, Collingwood Office). He was given this “promotion” by young John Frederick, who “came on strength” on April 13. All the best, all three!

Just one more cheer and a sackful of good wishes for BOB SHARPE (Weaving, Eagley), who retired on April 1. Happy days and good health ahead, Bob! Nearly 30 years’ service is a great record.

The silver voice you have missed on the City Switchboard belonged to LOIS FINCH, whose name will appear in the directory in future as Mrs. Russell McGill. They were married at Burnley Presbyterian Church, on May 14. New telephone number, “Blissful 2!” Best wishes from us all.

Here we go! Back to the babies! Population figures from Adelaide this time. Across the border, we wring the hands of AUBREY DOBSON (Mercury) and PAUL TRESIZE (same section), each of whom has been blessed with a daughter. For Aubrey, this makes “three little girls in blue.” By the way, our daddies work in a MEN’S Store. Something wrong here?

Romance in the Mills. DORRIE STRINGER was wedded to Bill Killeen at the Methodist Church, Northcote, on April 16, whilst JACK RYAN sealed his fate on Easter Saturday. Both popular identities in Hosiery Knitting. May they be as happy as our good wishes anticipate!

His many friends will be relieved to know that KEITH BARTLETT (Malvern Warehouse), who is secretary of the local social club, is making good progress from the accident suffered from a motor cycle spill in March. Let’s hope he’ll soon be back, “in the saddle.”

Another recently on the sick list is H. R. DREW (Manager, F. & G. Stores, Ararat). The Ark which landed on another Ararat discharged its cargo “two by two,” but Mr. Drew could not oblige in the plural! He lost his appendix! Hope he’s feeling “lighter” in spirit now!

When father follows son, it’s a pretty good omen. We have lots of examples of this in our business. The latest is the SINCLAIR succession. ROD SINCLAIR, who joined us in February and was recently transferred from the Shipping Office

To Merchandise Control, is the son of Mr. M. R. SINCLAIR, Internal Auditor. You can't have too many Scots!

Not that they haven't heard it already, but welcome back to CHARLIE COX and KEL HILL (Eagley Mills), who have recently returned after illness. The good wishes of their many friends bore fruit in helping them through their respective ordeals. And, of course, everyone is glad to see HORRIE DRANE on deck again. We're not "ribbing," either!

SAM HARRIS (House Stationery, City) is another who has been in hospital recently. He's not quite "out of the wood" yet, but if good wishes help, early and complete recovery is assured.

We join with Adelaide in saying, "A long life and much happiness," to the girl we knew as MARY FLANNAGAN. She was married recently. As she was one of the stalwarts of the Adelaide Tube Room, it did not dawn upon her friends until afterwards that their farewell gift of a vacuum cleaner might seem tame—by comparison.

From Collingwood Office comes the news of the marriage of MARJORIE HARRISON to Walter Johns, on April 26, whilst MARIE LE ROSSIGNOL announced her engagement to Graham Burgoyne, at Easter. To each in their respective states of bliss, our good wishes.

On May 21 we said farewell to ELEANOR LEWIS (City Switchboard), who now favours life in the country. Although we miss her, we wish her well.

Popular JOAN TOMS (Hosiery Press Room, Eagley Mills) was married on April 9, to Mr. Ken Graham. With socks to darn now, she should feel quite "at home." Meanwhile, congratulations and good wishes from all.

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