FRAMED! (See page 3.)

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

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

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

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
Towards the end of last year, a slight, middle-aged man, inconspicuous save for a pair of keen eyes, set up an easel beneath the verandah of our Fitzroy store. He looked to the north, and, as the shadows cast by the setting sun made draughtboard patterns across the pavements, his deft fingers began to limn with pastels the outlines of the buildings on the roadway which runs past our birthplace — Smith Street, Collingwood.

Rarely did an artist work under such trying conditions. Passing traffic obscured his view. People peered over his shoulders. Small children, attracted by the novelty of a picture in the making, would scamper around the easel, kicking it now and then. In contact with the jolted canvas, the craftsman’s hand would make a false stroke. Good naturedly, he rubbed out and drew again. There was never a rebuke to his tormentors.

Here obviously was a man absorbed in the scene and in his art. Quietly we stood by and watched the picture grow. Then one day we ventured to ask questions. Who was he? Why choose prosaic Smith Street as a scene? What was to happen to the picture?

From his halting English, we learnt that this craftsman of the crayons was Leo Dorfstaetter, but recently arrived from Austria, where his talents had certainly not gone unrecognised. In addition to having his works exhibited, he held appointment as an official war artist.

Recalling the magnificent material for the artist which exists in his homeland — the beautiful thoroughfares and buildings of Vienna itself; the lovely Danube; the magic of the Tyrol — we marvelled again that this man should have pitched his canvas in Smith Street. His comment was simple — and so sincere. “But this old street and its buildings have so much charm,” he replied.

To those of us who have used it as an adjunct to our daily labours, Smith Street has possibly become little more than a means of ingress and egress. Maybe we haven’t had time to note the varying styles of architecture; to appreciate the contrasts; to dwell upon the past. Or maybe we just haven’t the eye of an artist.

As seen and portrayed by Leo Dorfstaetter, however, that stretch of roadway near our old buildings has an undeniable appeal. With fine feeling have the mellow tones of brickwork and stone washed by sunlight been worked into the canvas by the artist’s facile pastels. So thought the Directors, who decided to purchase the picture from Mr. Dorfstaetter. There now hangs in the boardroom the first pictorial record the company has had of the place where the journey of the Foy’s from the goldfields to Melbourne ended — and our own history began.

Look again at the reproduction of this picture, which appears on the front cover of this issue. As the eye travels with the diminishing perspective of the roadway, one speculates upon the panorama of Melbourne’s life and growth, which Smith Street has witnessed.

In earliest days, Collingwood, like the neighbouring city of Fitzroy, was part of the “first ring” of metropolitan growth. Batman’s “village” was largely a port, an administrative centre, and a place for banks and warehouses. Around the city proper, the earliest residential suburbs sprang, and where people lived, shops were needed. Smith Street became a shopping centre, of which Foy & Gibson was later to become the hub.

Then, as Melbourne grew, as befitting a State capital, suburban growth engulfed Collingwood, leaving the little houses unfashionable, except to those on modest incomes. By today’s standards (ideal, that is, though not often realised) there was a degree of overcrowding.

Towards the close of the nineteenth century, Australia began to manufacture for itself. In selecting sites for factories, industry looked for two things; nearness to the city and proximity to a reservoir of manpower. Collingwood had both. And so the machine moved in. Dwelling gave place to factory, and Smith Street turned another page.

Came the First World War. Public interest was centred on happenings in inner Melbourne. The departure of troopships; the arrival of hospital ships. Soldiers and sailors in the streets; girls to watch them. Flag days, marches, brass bands — all the stimulus and sadness of 1914-18. Mr. and Mrs. Suburbia “discovered” Melbourne — and the city held them, as never before.

The shopping pendulum swung to Melbourne, and away from the inner suburbs. The stores of Smith Street — our own among them — were temporarily neglected.

A few years later, we opened our own Store in Bourke Street.

But a new era was to dawn in Smith Street. World War II made heavy demands upon industry. The wheels in the factories of Collingwood — as elsewhere — hardly ceased turning. Workers had to be clothed and fed. The cash registers of Smith Street rang again.

Peace — so called — gave yet another “shot in the arm” to the old thoroughfare. Overseas motor car makers poured in their machines. As well, Australia commenced production of its own car. Melbourne began to experience traffic problems. Parking restrictions became irksome. Conditions
were better in the suburbs. It was easier to shop in Collingwood and Prahran. Smith Street held its own.

This, briefly, is the story of the street "which has so much charm." We looked at the picture again. The signature was that of a Viennese. It was Leo Dorfstaetter, who had seen all this. And now Smith Street had met Leo Dorfstaetter.

But Smith Street, like hundreds of other places in the Commonwealth, has met — is still meeting — many new people like Leo Dorfstaetter. Some of them have come from Austria. Some are Viennese. The rest claim almost every other country in Europe as their birthplace. So often the reason for their having to leave their homes was a sad one; frequently it was tragic. They have come to Australia to start a new life.

Many, of course, were brought here by Government agreement, not only because they had nowhere else to live, but because Australia needed them. Others — and this should be never forgotten when speaking of our new citizens — made their own way here, at their own expense, because they liked our way of life. And let us be fair, they all try very hard to adopt the old maxim, "Off with the old; on with the new."

The fame of an occasional failure must not be held to the discredit of the many. There will always be those who “can’t make it” in life, just as there are malcontents in every country. We have our own homegrown varieties; have had them for years!

Quite a few of these newcomers, these nationals from other lands, have come to Foy’s. We have welcomed them. In turn we believe they are happy with us — and with their new country. For them, the task of “settling down” is not easy. They have so much to learn. Often, so much more to remember, or, according to circumstances, to forget.

We make no plea for special treatment of our new friends. Nor, in the main, do they seek it. In their former environments, they were as proudly independent as we, in Australia. It is right, however, that we should “give them a go.” By and large, they are doing their utmost to make it easy for us to meet them on that basis. Think of all those you have met. Haven’t they mastered enough of our difficult language for you to be able to talk to them? Would we have done as much in the same short time, had similar circumstances — but in reverse — placed us in their countries?

The average Australian, thank God, is an easy going, tolerant individual. “Fair go” is almost a tradition with us. And strangely enough, our isolation from other countries has given us a sympathetic leaning towards people whom we used to call “foreigners.”

Take for example the popularity of film stars like Valentino, Garbo, Chevalier, Jannings, Boyer, Walbrook, Darrieux and Valli, to name a few. Recall the reception given to European artists on our theatre stages and concert platforms. Witness today, the success of the “continental” restaurants, which have flourished in our cities for years.

For long, we in Australia have enjoyed “Europeanism” in sips. Now is the opportunity to drink deeper draughts. Other countries have done so — and have gained much from the experience. Consider the United States. Read American newspapers and magazines. Note the names of the men and women prominent in industry; among the arts and sciences; in the fields of education or entertainment. They stem from every racial group.

The door which we have opened in Australia is narrower compared with the gates which America swung wide last century to admit the great wave of emigration from Europe. From those first entrants alone, the benefits were many. From the successive generations, born in the country of their forebears’ adoption, have come even greater contributions to the practical and cultural development of the United States of America. And what happened in that continent could well be repeated here.

The old order changeth — as always it has done. The pageant of the years which Smith Street has witnessed has been but a part of the pulsing movements of national growth during the 170-odd years of Australia’s existence. From yesterday’s flour we make today’s bread. Today’s bread brings tomorrow’s strength. It might be admitted, flipantly, that some may have trouble in digesting the bread we eat today. So could it be with our recent intakes of population. But, aided by the “gastric juices” of kindness and commonsense, we should enjoy, through all the tomorrows to come, the heritage of the application of the Golden Rule.

Many Roads Lead to Smith Street

Indicative of the “blending” of national interests which has taken place in recent years is the group of people in the illustration alongside. All these young men and women have been working with Foy’s for some time now. They were selected at random for this photograph, and assembled in the Board Room at Collingwood beneath the picture of Smith Street described in the foregoing article.

Taking the seated row, study them from left to right. The first is Anna Ozols. Born at Krustpils, in Latvia, 26 years ago, she was evacuated to Austria in 1944 and came to Australia in 1948. Much of her young life was thus spent under uneasy conditions. Married, Anna is now a clerk in the Hire Purchase Section of General Office.

Next is Evelyn Farnay. She was born in Alexandria, Egypt, but her parents are Maltese. Evelyn is therefore a British subject. Her family came to Australia “under their own steam” because they felt that life here offered better conditions than in Egypt. If you could see Evelyn’s gorgeous smile (it must have “missed a beat” when our flashlight went off), you’d have every reason to assume that the Farnay hopes have been fulfilled. Aged 22, Evelyn has been here three years, and is a machine operator in General Office.

If only this picture were on Technicolour film, the third girl would display even greater appeal than this photograph reveals, for we believe we have never seen more beautiful red hair than
that which crowns Ella Adriana Croon. Born in The Hague, Ella is so different from the "little Dutch girl" of our childhood picture books. Tall, slim and with a marked flair for clothes, Miss Croon would probably have made an excellent model had she not trained as a stenographer. She works in the office of Mr. "Dick" Warren, Ground Floor Controller, City Store. Her age, just 21.

Last in the front row is Stefanie Staller, an Austrian, from Vienna. During the war years Miss Staller was kept at her job in the Post Office in Vienna, but when hostilities ceased, she was employed by the British Information Service in the Knitwear Department, City Store, where Dorothea is kept busy selling.

Centre, in the back row, is Geza ("Jim") Gallo, a Hungarian. In pre-war days Jim was a school teacher, but he now devotes his time to merchandising in the Receiving Room, Collingwood. In America, Mr. Gallo would be called a "commuter," for he lives at Selby in the Dandenongs. The surrounding hills remind him of the lovely Hungarian district of Transylvania, where, 39 years ago, he was born in the township of Arad.

On Jim's left is beautiful, and equally capable, Stanislava Garbenyta, who was born just 21 years ago in Ylakai, Lithuania. If "Miss Lithuania" contests were held in her own country, we venture to surmise that Stanislava (which has a diminutive, Stace—pronounced STAR-SIR) would have been hard to beat. Like her compatriot, Leo Grumulaitis, Stace's childhood was shadowed by life in a camp in Germany, to which she was evacuated from Lithuania in 1944. She is only 21 now. As lovely to know as she looks, Stace is a great favourite in the General Office, where she is now employed, at her first job, as a typiste.

Last in the row, is Giovanni Ferraro, from Ferruzzano, in the province of Reggio, in Italy. It may be noticed that we have not, so far, used the term "New Australian." For us, it hasn't a great appeal since it creates a sort of "dividing line" which seems unnecessary if our "citizens from overseas" are to be "absorbed" truly into the A-
Australian community. But if we had thought of the phrase in relation to Giovanni, we would have had to amend it to an "old New Australian" surely, for Mr. Ferraro came here as a lad of 16, fourteen years ago. You will find him today in the Men's Shoes, City Store.

With others, these nine people are now adding to the "Australian Story," which is mirrored in the history of Smith Street. Could anyone insist that their efforts in life will be less worthy while; that our own lives will be less happy in consequence, because these new citizens breathe in an air which might well have been wafted southwards from over the very lands of their birth, but which is now scented by the wattle and the gum?

**London Office**

Earlier in the year, Mr. Robert Thomson, London Manager, had to undergo an operation. This was most successful, and Mr. Thomson has made an excellent recovery. All wish him trouble-free health from now on.

Of great interest to the Australian organisation is the news that two well-known members of our London staff have been appointed as Directors of the English Company. They are Mr. H. Fye and Mr. A. Annis. From one and all, congratulations and good wishes for further success in the carrying of their added responsibilities.

Finally, a new appointment. Miss Bywater has been engaged as assistant to Mr. A. Clooney. After three years with David Jones Ltd., in Sydney, Miss Bywater went to London of her own accord to gain new experience. Her quest led her to Dickins & Jones, the famous store in Regent Street, London, where she worked for two years before joining our London Office.

A warm welcome to Miss Bywater. We hope she will be very happy with us.

Mr. Rod Sinclair, who was recently transferred from Collingwood Office to Shipping Office, City. Rod is the son of Mr. M. R. Sinclair, our Internal Auditor.

**EDITORIAL**

We regret that, owing largely to staff problems, this issue of the magazine reaches you after the date of publication which it bears. To those loyal correspondents whose contributions may now look a little "old" (because they sent them in promptly!), we offer our apologies.

Unfortunately, this delay, although unavoidable, has shortened woefully the usual interval between issues. Normally, the next number of "Service" should be published in June, but to achieve that goal, all copy would need to be received by May 31. Will you help?

"Zero hour" for the present issue was March 29. (How many observed it, by the way?). During the past seven weeks, therefore (this message is being written in mid-May), enough should have happened for reporters already to have compiled notes, which, if sent in immediately, should make easier the preparation and — within limits — publication of the June issue.

Has everyone shown this foresight? Are contributions available now? If so, please send them in. If not, please give some urgent thought and action to the need.

"Service" is published for your interest and enlightenment. In ideal form, it should contain something ABOUT everybody — FOR everybody. Such coverage cannot be achieved from the editorial chair alone. News must flow IN before it can be put OUT.

Read carefully through this issue. Note the variety of topics. Then ask yourself, "What did I contribute?" Then ask another, "What COULD I contribute?" If the latter answer is favourable, we shall be very glad to hear from you. But whatever you are going to do, please do it NOW.

Be with you in June (we hope!).

THE EDITOR.

**LAUGHS FROM THE LIFTS.**

Maybe we shouldn't laugh at this one. Anyone can make a mistake. But the question—

"Where can I get lissel stockings?"

sounded funny, even when it ceased to be puzzling to the attendant.

The next "teaser," however, is a gem.

"Do you sell fibrositis cases?"

Well, well! When we think of so-and-so with his aches and pains, it looks as if we might have a few bargains to offer!

* * *

No horse can go as fast as the money you bet on him.
but have received much enjoyment from reading his contributions to "Service" over the years.

To meet Stan Davies is to immediately experience the impression that one is face to face with a man of considerable charm and integrity, whose friendship would be valued. It was felt, therefore, that his fellow workers in the store, and his "reading public," would be interested in him as an individual and would welcome some details of his personal life. We asked Stan Davies a few questions about himself — but slowly discovered that reticence was one of the main characteristics of his personality. Eventually, after much perseverance, we managed to extract the following story.

Stan Davies was born in Bath, England, in 1886, and was educated at Epsom College. His father, who was a doctor, died while Stan was at school, and financial reasons forced the young lad to seek employment immediately upon leaving school. Among various clerical jobs was a position in the London branch of the Dresden Bank. His brother, who was also employed in a bank, had the good fortune, after a few years, to be sent to Brazil. The separation from his brother and the lure of adventure in distant lands all played their role in bringing Stan to the conclusion that there was

MR. STAN DAVIES RETIRES.
By "Scribo."

On April 30 this year one of the most popular members of the Perth staff retired from the Company. His absence will be felt as a loss not only by the staff, but also by a much wider circle of friends who have never known him personally.

Western Whispers

AUTUMN, 1952.
By S. W. Davies.

Autumn has come to the Perth Store. Autumn leaves decorate the backgrounds of our windows, which are a triumph in a skilful blending of sober hues and come as such a restful contrast to the brilliance of summer.

Interior displays express the same subdued note of quiet dignity, and even as we write mannequins are parading the new autumn fashions. Our buyers have excelled themselves in their selections, and, worn as they are to the best advantage by beautiful models, the new season’s fashions must prove almost irresistible to the daughters of Eve who view them. (Alas, poor men!!)

As the selling season changes, so too has the weather. There is more than a hint of autumnal freshness in the early mornings, and the shortening days herald the coming winter. But nothing can detract from the splendour of autumn. What a wonderful season it is. The budding and the sprouting, the blossoming and the fructifying, all are ended and nature settles herself for a period of quiet gentle restfulness.

So, surely, is it with the autumn of life. The surge of youth with its eagerness, the struggle, the triumphs and failures, the frustrations and the achievements, all are over and done with, and ahead it is reasonable to look forward to a few years of quiet calm and peace. It is to this time of life that your scribe has come, and, as this is the last time that he will contribute to "Service," perhaps now he may be forgiven if he lapses into the first person. It makes it easier to say that way.

To every one, especially those in the Perth Store, I want to say thank you for a thousand kindnesses, for friendships generously given, for bright smiles and greetings that have brought the sunshine flooding into many a gloomy day. These things are beyond all price, and so, with all my heart I say, thank you, and wish each one long years of happiness and prosperity.

Mr. Stan Davies.
little scope in England, and that a young man must seek his fortune abroad.

Since "abroad" had no specific meaning, but merely meant anywhere outside England, Stan Davies naturally had little idea of where he was going. Then, fate took a hand. Stan met Mr. William Sandover, who wrote about the young man to his brother, Mr. Alfred Sandover, in Perth, Western Australia. From the latter came the offer of a job. Mr. Davies came out to Perth in 1912, and a few months later was followed by his mother and two sisters. His first job was in Sandover's Indent Office, where he acquitted himself so well that after a couple of years Mr. Sandover approached him to take charge of the Advertising Department. Stan accepted the offer, at the same time warning Mr. Sandover that he had had little experience in this line. Despite his personal misgivings, he made a success of his new duties and held the position for eight years. Boans then offered him the position of Advertising Manager, which he accepted, and remained in their employ for 12 years.

In 1931 Foy's made him a very attractive offer when they asked him to accept the position of Sales Manager. In Stan Davies' own words, here are some of his reminiscences of the good old days when he first joined the Store.

"In June, 1931, I was appointed Sales Manager of Foy & Gibson's Perth Store, which was then a branch of Foy & Gibson Pty. Ltd., Melbourne. At that time, the great depression was at its worst and the public were buying only the bare necessities of life. Everyone worked tremendously hard, long hours, often far into the night; sometimes week-ends, too. In October, 1931, the Cafeteria was opened. Although it was then the most modern in Australia, considerable anxiety was felt about its reception in those difficult days. To popularise it, on the opening day everyone who came to lunch was given an invitation to a free afternoon tea. The idea was, of course, to keep people in town and, more particularly, in the Store for most of the day.

The Cafeteria was crowded from an early hour. Some people had their lunch at about 10.30 a.m. and then stayed on for an early afternoon tea. The results were very satisfactory. Trading throughout the Store showed a marked improvement, so much so that it was decided to repeat the free invitation on the following day, again with gratifying results. The same expedient was used a few years later when the Pharmacy was opened. Everyone who had a prescription made up on the opening day could have a repeat free.

It was, however, a very difficult period. Many people were so hard hit that they could barely afford the fare to bring them into the city, and all sorts of "stunts" were used to tempt them from their homes. On occasions, Foy's chartered the Government trams and ferries to bring people in free to the half-yearly Fair. There were knitting competitions with Gibsonia wools. Prize-winners would be invited to afternoon tea in the Cafeteria, when the Lieutenant-Governor would present them with their prizes. During "Honey Week," the principal apiarists would be invited to a "Honey Tea," at which the Lieutenant-Governor would preside. Fashion parades were a rarity and a novelty in Perth in those days, and when Lady Chaytor, who had flown her own plane out from England (a remarkable achievement then), arrived in Perth, Foy's engaged her to conduct Fashion Parades, which were held in the Embassy Ballroom. Bankrupt stocks were purchased at about half their actual value, and the sales of these brought a huge response.

It was "stunting" all the time. But, gradually, business improved and confidence was restored, so much so that at the end of 1936 it was decided that the time was opportune to float the Perth Store into a public company. For a few years, conditions were more or less stable. Then came the war, and the post-war period with its ever-rising prices."

Stan Davies married a West Australian girl in 1922. He now has two sons and a daughter. One of his sons is an accountant at the Mercantile Mutual Insurance Co., and the other is a cadet journalist on the "Daily News." His daughter is married to a Mr. Michelides. He is a grandfather, too, his elder son being the proud father of two children.

Knowing Mr. Davies as a keen golf player, we asked a friend to tell us something about his game. "Well," he said, "I haven't known Stan long, only 30 years. About his golf? It takes him 22 movements to hit the ball—and then it may go down the fairway. When it doesn't, everybody plugs their ears up. I take a little bye-bye while he's addressing the ball, and when he hits it, I open my eyes to see where it goes. He really plays a fair game — at times! The upsetting influence may be the Irishman he is playing with. But, seriously speaking, he is a grand type..."
and a fine scout. Everyone likes him at the golf club, and there isn’t anyone there who’d say a word against him. He has been elected vice-president of the club this year.”

As far as Stan Davies’ service with the Store is concerned, he has held an executive position since joining it in 1931. There is widespread regret that he is leaving, but no one will begrudge him the leisure which he has so richly earned.

“THANK YOU, MR. STAN DAVIES.”

Readers everywhere, but more especially those beyond Perth and Western Australia in general, will, I know, be very sorry to learn that Mr. Davies is leaving the ranks. For many years Mr. Davies has been, not only a most faithful reporter of happenings in the West and of day-to-day incidents in the lives of those men and women who carry the Foy banner beyond the Melbourne and Adelaide “frontiers,” but his mellow and cultured mind and his polished style have given his writings a distinct place in the pages of “Service.” The magazine is going to miss the contributions of Stan Davies.

The news that comes to an editor’s desk is often more than just a despatch—a thing of paper and ink. Gradually from between the lines of type, a personality emerges. From a long association with Mr. Davies, I had formed a mental picture of the man, in which kindness, tolerance and good humour shaped the features that built the “presence.” This “creation” was based on nothing but correspondence. I have never met Mr. Davies. Not until a week or two ago, when I received the photograph reproduced here, had I seen his face. Yet how closely his appearance approximated my mental picture of the man. The good qualities I had evaluated, all are there.

And so, I know a genuine sadness, in having now, to say farewell. Mr. Stan Davies was the ideal correspondent — and as supporting as a steel girder. Always on time with his news; always plenty of it. He never “made” work for others. Little details like initials or designation were always watched. There was no last-minute checking of his reports. Except that it had to be condensed occasionally—because space was short —his copy went to the printers just as we received it.

Now he has laid his pen aside. I’m going to miss him. Readers everywhere will miss him. But here is a man who deserves the relaxations of retirement. His has been an interesting career. He has tackled many tasks. He has moved in many circles. How he regards his achievements; what his successes have meant to him, I do not know. But one thing is clear. Wherever he has been; whatever he has done, he has met people, worked with them, known them. Undoubtedly, he himself has gained from these contacts. More surely, those who have known Stan Davies have been enriched by the experience. As much as anything else, I hope these happy memories of good fellowship spread and received, will add to the enjoyment of Mrs. Davies of the years before him. On behalf of all those this side of the W.A.-S.A. border, I say: “Well done, Stan Davies. May you and yours find life pleasant in the years ahead of you — and our thanks for everything!”

—JOHN GORBUTT, Editor.

NEW MODERNISED FOOD SECTIONS.

By S. W. Davies (in collaboration with the Company’s Architect).

Everyone is proud of the new Food Sections in the Perth Store, but proudest of all is Mr. George Wilson, our Store Architect, who has planned, arranged and supervised everything. Yet, we still see him looking at these new sections with a critical eye.

The linoleum which covers a large part of the ground floor has now been extended to include these remodelled sections and provides a most helpful base. The whole effect is to give an immediate impression of sparkling hygiene. The food sections comprise three main departments: (1) Groceries, (2) Provisions, Fish and Meat, (3) Cakes, Biscuits and Bread.

The Grocery Section consists of wall fittings enamelled cream with green edges and illuminated sight boards with cut-out scarlet letters. This covers general groceries, a fancy pantry supplying cocktail and Continental delicacies, and an order corner with a complete range of selection, and seating accommodation for customers. Counters are in pastel green with cream display bins.

The Provision Sections, which have been set up in islands, comprise butter, bacon and provisions, fish and meat. They are arranged with preparation benches at the back of the island.
display refrigerators at the side, and refrigerated
cold top counters with display cases to the ser-
vice and front of the islands. The cold tops
consist of a unit refrigerating the metal top at
a temperature of approximately 35 deg. F., thus
enabling goods to be withdrawn from refrigerated
storage and held on the tops in a firm and fresh
condition. All units have stainless steel tops and
cream enamelled metal fronts.
There are four islands for Cake, Biscuits,
Sponges and Bread, with full display-type cases
with storage beneath. They are of stainless steel,
with white vitrolite floors and blue enamel base
panels. Cakes are carried on standard size trays,
which fit all units from the bakehouse, delivery
trolleys and counters.
Each department is made distinctive by the use
of differing colours — green for groceries, cream
for provisions, and blue for cakes, etc.
MORE WHISPERING.
By Moira Burke and S. W. Davies.
[Several new names appear among the contri-
butions from the West, in this issue. To each, a
warm welcome. We hope they will become regu-
lar correspondents. In particular, do we open our
arms to Miss Moira Burke, who will, we under-
stand, become the principal reporter in Perth, in
succession to Mr. Stan Davies. When she is not
news gathering, Miss Burke is busily engaged in
the Perth Store as Staff Trainer. Aye, she's effi-
cient. And, as glimpses of her in some of the
picnic pictures indicate, Miss Burke is decorative,
too!—Ed. "S."
THE ANNUAL PICNIC.
The most popular social function of the year is
the Annual Picnic. Held this year on March 2,
record crowds attended. Once again, Garden
Island, which has been the scene of many an
enjoyable picnic in the past, was selected as the
picnic site. Besides the amenities available, it is
situated far enough off the coast to justify the
impression that a day there has been spent in
surroundings far removed from the hum drum
and ordinary.
That it was a popular choice was obvious when
Social Club members, with their guests and fami-
lies, started to arrive at Barrack Street jetty at
8.30 a.m. The "Emerald" was scheduled to sail
at 10 a.m.! Two boats had been chartered for
the trip. Those who lived nearer Fremantle
were accommodated on the "Dauntless." For

New layout of Food De-
partments in Perth Store
is both attractive and
impressive.

Garden Island was reached in time for lunch.
The working party, and those who had arrived
earlier in the "Dauntless," were on hand to greet
the "Emerald." Gradually the crowd dispersed
as family parties settled down to lunch under the
trees and on the beach, and queues rapidly formed
at the issue points of free fruit, ice cream, ginger
beer, milk and hot water. The smooth blue sea
lapped invitingly on the sand, only to be disturbed
by the laughter and splashing of children and
swimmers.
Lunch over, the afternoon's sports began. The
programme catered for all ages — from toddlers
to old buffers. Spectators crowded around to
watch the events. We missed our Chairman of
Directors, Mr. H. L. Brisbane, and two of his
co-Directors, who were on a tour of the Branch
Stores. Also, our Assistant General Manager, Mr.
C. Colebrook, and his charming wife, who had unfortunately been unable to attend. Assistant Store Manager, Mr. E. Norman, would have been present, too — if he’d only remembered that the "Emerald" left at 10 a.m. instead of 10.30!

The race committee, consisting of Mr. R. Fraser, Mr. J. Webster, Mr. J. Brisbane, Mr. H. Gandy, Mr. L. Munro and Mr. T. George, soon had the sporting events in full swing. The General Manager, Mr. R. L. Manser, presented the prizes at the end of each race, and appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself doing so. Prizewinners were:

Children's Races.
Girls' Footrunning — 9-11 years.
1st, Dorothy Lawrence; 2nd, Val Fitzgerald; 3rd, Janice Cole.
Boys' Footrunning — 9-11 years.
1st, Garry Gillies; 2nd, Allan Machin; 3rd, Desmond Muir.
Girls' Footrunning — 12-14 years.
1st, Barbara Wilkie; 2nd, Judy Gray; 3rd, Elvy Lindop.
Boys' Footrunning — 12-14 years.
1st, Ron Wilkie; 2nd, N. McDiarmid; 3rd, Don Greenhill.

Adults' Races.
The Directors' Dash (Women); Trophy donated by Sir Edwin Nixon.
1st, Miss Blackie; 2nd, Mrs. Coventry; 3rd, Miss Markham.
The Craig Handicap (Men); Trophy donated by Hon. Leslie Craig.
1st, Mr. Brisbane; 2nd, Mr. Dewson; 3rd, Mr. Hawkins.
The Robertson Relay; Trophy donated by Mr. W. Robertson.
Winning Team: 1. Mr. Vuckman; 2. Mr. Rat-tigan; 3. Miss Whatley; 4. Miss Markham.
The Manning Marvel; Trophy donated by Mr. W. Manning.
Winning Team:
1. (a) Miss Read (b) Miss Wallace
2. (a) Miss Markham (b) Miss Whatley
3. (a) Mrs. Coventry (b) Mrs. Anderson
The Chief's Championship; Trophy donated by Mr. R. L. Manser.
Winning Team:
1. (a) Mr. Brisbane (b) Mr. Coventry
2. (a) Mr. Harris (b) Mr. Vuckman
3. (a) Mr. Anderson (b) Mr. Dewson


Mr. G. Marsland (Refrigerators) and Miss F. Arnold about to board "Emerald" at 1952 Perth picnic.

Visitors' Races.
Ladies' Open Handicap.
1st, Miss Mersh; 2nd, Mrs. Dewson; 3rd, Mrs. Strong.
Gents' Open Handicap.
1st, Mr. Wilkie; 2nd, Mr. Beckett; 3rd, Mr. Ryan.

The Norman Handicap (Old Buffers); Trophy donated by Mr. E. H. Norman.
1st, Mr. Jenkins; 2nd, Mr. Bluett; 3rd, Mr. Leppard.
At the 1952 Perth picnic. Left: Mr. R. L. Manser presents prize to Mr. J. Brisbane, co-winner of "Chief's Championship" (men's three-legged race). At left of picture is Mrs. Manser. Right: At the finishing tapes (l. to r.) Messrs. J. Webster, R. L. Manser, H. Gandy, Miss Moira Burke, Messrs. J. Hayward, W. Kett and E. Corrigan.

The Group Controllers', Merchandise Manager's and Accountant's Pull; Trophy donated by Group Controllers, Merchandise Manager and Accountant.

Winning Team: 1. Mr. Vuckman; 2. Mr. McDiarmid; 3. Mr. Mosel; 4. Mr. Rattigan; 5. Mr. Dewson.

The sports over, swimming to cool off became the major attraction. Leave-taking was scheduled for 5 p.m. and the "Emerald" and "Dauntless" rapidly filled up to transport the holiday-makers home. As the "Emerald" steamed into the open sea, the music of the band once more filled the boat, but this time there was a nostalgic air about it, as tired people joined in singing their favourite songs. The Chocolate Wheel, run by Johnny Loughridge and Noel Salter, again attracted large crowds, but once Fremantle had been passed, darkness enveloped the boat and activity lessened as people settled down to enjoy the quiet trip up the river in the cool evening. Unfortunately, not for long. Excitement was soon provided with the cry "Man overboard!" Within very short time, the crew of the "Emerald" had fished the careless young man out of the water and back into safety. Barrack Street jetty was reached at approximately 8.45 p.m., and the Annual Picnic was over!

Congratulations for the success of the day are extended to the Social Club Committee and to those workers, voluntary and otherwise, who responded so readily when their help was needed.

ENGAGEMENTS.
Congratulations to the following, who have announced their engagements:—

Miss B. Partlon (Haberdashery), in February.
Miss J. Coventry (Corsets), in February.
Miss J. Dufall (Cafeteria), in February.
Miss M. Rigg (Cafeteria), in February.
Miss J. Warner (Cafe Selling), in March.
Miss P. Steicke (Lay-by), in March.

MARRIAGES.
Best wishes for the future to the following members of our staff, who celebrated their weddings recently:—

Miss D. Flower (Lay-by), in January.
Miss J. Shaw (Provisions), in February.
Miss P. Kingston ( Carpets), in February.
Miss J. Whittleston (Cash Office), in February.
Miss M. Wallis (Laces) to Mr. K. Meldrum (Manchester), in February.
Miss D. Pass (Underwear), in March.

BIRTHS.
Our congratulations to Mr. R. Thompson (Provisions) on the birth of a son, on March 19.

BEREAVEMENTS.
We extend sincere sympathy to Mrs. J. Cameron (Dress Materials) and Mrs. M. McNicol (Laces), both of whom have suffered family bereavements.
PERSONAL PATTER FROM PERTH.

One of our male staff taking in the mannequin parade, said that he preferred the “barbed wire fence” models. Asked what he meant, he quipped, “The frocks that protect the property, but don’t obstruct the view!”

To the display man who bought a tie “to keep for special occasions,” we suggest the most suitable are bird patterns — preferably with a swan or emu!

By the time this goes to press, a couple of our members in the Mercury may have been promoted to floor-walkers — night shift only. Watch that line of cheap rattles in our Toy Department! Here’s wishing them a howling success!

Many people have a car for years without having a wreck. Brian Charles reversed the proceedings, but has now sold the wreck and may buy a car.

Nursing is certainly a noble profession. Is it the nurse or the profession that attracts you, Nick?

Any of the boys interested in First Aid? Joan and Aileen from Cosmetics are keen to fix up a few broken limbs.

Believe one of our butcher boys thinks himself quite a Romeo since a lady told him she had lost weight since dealing with him. Anyhow, he sent her a pound of sausages tied in a true lovers’ knot to make it up to her.

When a customer asked Reg for a pair of sox sized “Irish nineteens,” he sold her a nine and a ten. Very resourceful boy!

Believe Edith nearly won a jitterbug competition recently. So that’s the reaction of a lady when someone slips a cube of ice down her back?

They tell me a rubber mouse has been doing the rounds of the shop lately. It’s not fair, is it, Suzy? Never mind. Len got quite a shock, too.

A number of the boys to appear in the ballet at the Ball are taking their training very seriously. The “Palace” seems to be the main training centre for them. No one should be surprised if a certain amount of lubrication is necessary. These are VERY strenuous occasions.

In the shop one sale day, a customer was heard to complain that the humanity was worse than the heat!

The other day, a customer insisted that if she bought a tie, Jimmy should be included in the price.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM KATANNING.

By June Blyth.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. K. McAuliffe on the birth of a son on February 24. Mr. McAuliffe is Manager of the Shoe Department.

Eileen Kitson (Shoe Department) and Max Pearce (Office) announced their engagement recently, and all in Katanning Store wish them every happiness for the future.

Holidaying in Melbourne are Mr. and Mrs. H. W. A. Tylor, who departed recently on the “Westralia.”

We wish to welcome to our staff Mr. G. Hamer, who commenced on February 25 as Manager of the Grocery Department.

Our own Dart Team played their first match on Wednesday, March 19, and finished up by drawing with the champions of last year — the Exchange. Members of the team are:

- Mr. Hamer (Manager Grocery Dept.).
- Mr. J. Jacobs (Grocery Dept.).
- Mr. W. Porter (Grocery Dept.).
- Mr. J. Forbes (Manager Manchester Dept.).
- Mr. G. Futter (Manager Clothing Dept.).

Keep up the good work, men!

[Thank you, June Blyth. We hope you can keep it up, too.—Ed. “S.”]

NARROGIN NEWS.

By Jack Valli.

Our former “Service” correspondent, Dulcie Brown, has been ill. After several weeks in hospital, she has now embarked on a convalescing tour, which will take some months to complete.

Round about this time of the year, we, in Narrogin, are looking for “the rains.” Not the monsoons of the tropics, but those few points each fall which fill our tanks and prepare the ground for cropping. Until the pipeline is completed from Wellington Dam, we are almost entirely dependent upon tank water here for drinking and domestic uses, as the town has outgrown its present water scheme.

A lot of water has fallen over the spillways and flowed under the bridge since our last news appeared in “Service.” A number of workmates have moved on, and numerous new faces have appeared in the ranks.

Mr. Joe Engelrecht, after 15 years’ service with the firm, resigned last Easter to take up an appointment in Kalgoorlie.

Other departures include Messrs. Ray Kelly, Wally Rogers, Harry Wilbraham, Artie Boothey and Dennis Flowers.

Among the fairer sex, Thelma Caterer left us to become wife of fireman Jim Williams. Ethel Hoskins and Pauline Davies are now both farmers’ wives, whilst the light of her honeymoon will still be shining on Vi Critchley when this edition goes to press.

Mary Cross left the office staff after nearly seven years, to take up a permanent position with the Salvation Army. As she is to be stationed in Melbourne, our Eastern States friends will possibly see something of her.

Our Manager, Mr. W. A. Manning, was also unfortunately to be forced to undergo an operation before Christmas. On recovery, he made an interesting sea voyage to Singapore and Java.

I know I have not covered the social side fully, but have given rather a broad outline of events.

The pool, Katanning, W.A.
since last Easter. Other highlights from the town's angle during the past year have been the opening of 6NA Commercial Broadcasting Station; a disastrous tyre service station fire; the advent of a second newspaper in the town; and the Great Southern Fifty (just completed), a smaller edition of the Grand Prix held last year.

We're now awaiting Foy's Ball in June.

[If we may be forgiven, a "valli-anf" effort, Jack! Very glad to have Narrogin "on the map" again. The best wishes of all for renewed health to Mr. Manning and Dulcie Brown.—Ed. "S."]

OUR COLLIE COUSINS.

Greetings and a cheery "Hullo!" come from the staff of Western Australia's Branch Store in Collie.

This store, in the only coal mining town in Western Australia, is situated in one of the main streets, there being two, as the railway line divides the town. By the accompanying photo an idea is gained of the size of the store, which is a general store with a staff of 52.

Collie is 125 miles from Perth, and has a population of approximately 10,000. Like many places these days, that figure is rapidly increasing. The approach to Collie is surprising, for no mines are visible, and the town altogether has a very clean appearance. Coal is mined both in open cuts and deep mines, all of which, with the exception of one, are situated some distance from the town.

Only 12 miles from Collie, a scheme is under way to raise the wall of the dammed-in Collie River, known as Wellington Weir. The raising of this wall another 50 feet will then make it the biggest in the West. This comprehensive scheme will then supply the Great Southern districts with an excellent water supply and irrigation system. Enlarging of this dam will also add to the beauty of the drive into Collie, as there will then be 28 miles of backwater, a lot of which will be clearly seen.

Only 39 miles away, and a great attraction for holiday-makers, is Bunbury, our well-known port in the South-West.

Now that we have introduced ourselves, we would like to say how much we enjoy "Service." With this initial contribution, we hope that our "corner" will grow with the recording of our activities.

—— "THE PONY." [Other readers will hope to, too. We look forward to many sparkling items under the heading "Collie Calling."—Ed. "S."]

FOY'S IN ALBANY HOLD ANNUAL PICNIC.

By L. J. Lively.

In glorious sunshine and on golden sands and sparkling water, Foy's Social Club of Albany embarked on their first social venture for the year with a picnic at Nanarup Beach, situated approximately 20 miles along the West Coast from Albany.

The "All Aboard" was sounded at Foy's Store, Albany, at 10 a.m. With the help of a bus and various other means of transport, 100 pleasure-hunters were conveyed to Nanarup beach. On arrival, they went quickly about the job of settling in for the day — some swimming, some playing ball games, others dragging out fishing lines, and the committee busy preparing the lunch.

After the luncheon adjournment, the sporting programme, in the capable hands of committee member, Arthur Knight, was soon on its way. Many events were run and won by staff members to the amusement and satisfaction of their families and friends. Here are the results:

1. Boys' under 16 years: 1st, Ron Carter.
2. Girls' under 16 years: 1st, Coralie Neville.
3. Rolling-Pin Race: 1st, Miss Davis.

En route to the Albany picnic, passengers "re-shuffled" at King River road turn-off.
9. Ladies’ Thread the Needle Race: 1st, Elsie Dixon; 2nd, Mrs. Knight.
10. Darby and Joan: 1st, Basil and A. Beck; 2nd, George Neville and Daphne Scattini. (Last, Scotty and Mina).

We wound up the day with afternoon tea, and then prepared for home.

Everyone had a most complete and exhilarating day, and staff members are keenly awaiting news of the next social function.

[Well, after this “lively” start, we’ll wager that more “news” isn’t far off. That’s the idea.—Ed. “S.”]

**Long Service Awards**

We used to think that the old joke about the bandsman who mislaid the big drum was a bit far-fetched. But not now. We’ve done it ourselves.

Last year, a very important event took place. It wasn’t possible to give it publicity at the time because it occurred during that enforced “interval” when “Service” was not in circulation. When publication was resumed, with the issue of February last, we were so busy getting the rest of the orchestra together that we didn’t notice that the “big drum” wasn’t there.

Readers will recall how proudly we recorded, in the October, 1950, issue of the magazine, the first great celebration of long service, which was held in September of that year. Under the heading, “The Living Ampersand,” we told you of the dinner given by the Company to 264 wonderful employees, who, between them, had rendered to Foy’s the unbelievable total of 8832 years of service.

The ampersand is still very much in evidence. Last year, a batch of loyal souls, who were mere “juniors” in 1950, completed 25 years’ service. One could claim 38 years. To make memorable the awarding of the usual tributes, the Company entertained our young friends at luncheon at the Hotel Australia, on November 9, 1951. Present, as hosts, were all the Directors of the parent company, save Mr. J. S. Arnold. Also there to further the welcome were Mr. L. E. Williams (as Retail General Manager), with Messrs. A. J. Thomas, C. K. Kelly, A. D. D. Maclean, Walter Small, H. E. J. Bridges, E. D. Mollison, J. Glen Doig, and F. A. Houghton.

But the most important people in the room were our guests, the celebrants. They were:

**Retail Stores:**
- A. Beveridge, City (Commenced April, 1926).
- J. Hills, Collingwood (November, 1925).
- J. J. Sheppard, City, following Mills (June, 1926).
- E. T. Stone, Fitzroy (February, 1926).

**Mills:**
- Miss Myrtle Campbell (October, 1913).
- Miss Ina Eddington (January, 1926).
- Miss Mag. Kenyon (January, 1926).
- Miss Irene Middleton (November, 1925).
- Miss Myrtle Mulvahill (June, 1926).
- Miss Gladys Steel (November, 1925).
- Mr. C. Croft (May, 1926).
- Mr. Chas. Holmes (January, 1925).
- Mr. Wm. Moir (June, 1926).
- Mr. Francis Sheldon (December, 1925).

Invited also, but unable to join their colleagues, were:

**Mills:**
- Mr. Horace Jenkinson (January, 1926).
- Mr. Les. Jensz (January, 1925).

Adelaide contributed its quota, too. There the boys were the company’s guests at a luncheon at the South Australia Hotel, on November 5. On behalf of the Board, Store Manager Mr. A. L. Powell was host, supported by Messrs. J. Higgins and D. Taylor. Looking none the worse for their 25 years of service were:

- Cliff Brown (February, 1926).
- John Crump (August, 1926).
- Cliff Marshall (March, 1926).
- Richard Wasley (February, 1926).

To each and all of these fine men and women we renew our congratulations upon their so excellent records, and our sincere thanks for their energy, loyalty and devotion to the Company’s interests for a quarter of a century. We hope that not only are they happy in their recollections of their long associations with us, but that they are as proud of their achievements as we are of them.

Thinking of these nice people reassures us in another direction. We needn’t worry too much about that “band,” for here is a great troupe of players who can always be relied upon to bang the Foy drum!

**THE LINE LENGTHENS.**

Added spring in the step of Mr. A. D. D. Maclean, Director of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd. and guiding hand in all retail maintenance, may be attributed to the arrival of his first grandchild on May 9. To the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Knox (Mrs. Knox was Jean Maclean) and to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean—who must rank amongst the most youthful looking grandparents in Melbourne—the felicitations of one and all.

Smiling VAL SCAIFE (Entry Office, Collingwood), now Mrs. Leavold, presented the world with young David John on April 16. No one says “three’s a crowd” in the happy Leavold home.
News from Adelaide

By Bert Bache.

These notes go over without the guiding hand of our Adelaide correspondent, Mr. K. J. King, who has been battling with an attack of pneumonia.

[To Kevin King, from us all, full sympathy during a trying time. As we go to press, the news varies. Mr. King has made a good recovery, but his "ghost," Bert Bache, spoilt a well-earned holiday by developing pleurisy. Thus our concern is extended to both good people, with the hope that each will have his troubles completely behind him before long.—Ed. "S."]

A Wonderful Record

I suppose the spotlight of this despatch shines most brightly upon an event as momentous as it is rare. Mr. Bill Amos has completed 50 years' service with the company. He joined Foy's, in Collingwood, where he worked until 1927. In that year he transferred to Adelaide, where he became manager of the Dress Materials. Later he was appointed Staff Manager. Today there is no Floor Superintendent more wise or esteemed.

To celebrate the great record of half a century of service, a dinner in his honour was held at Russel Court, Glenelg, on Wednesday, February 20. Amidst the executive and his older friends among the staff, Mr. Amos was able to blend the pleasures of the present with the memories of the past.

Congratulations, Mr. Bill Amos!

[And that goes for all in the Foy family!—Ed. "S."]

Everybody's beginning to settle down after the departmental location changes of the last few weeks. These started with a bang when the floor-surfacing machines prepared the western end of the Third Floor for the Lino Storeroom, and finished up with the Furniture on the Second Floor, and Soft Furnishings on First. All's shipshape again — although we hear that Bruce McGregor (Soft Furnishings) doesn't like being under constant observation from the Ladies' Underwear and Corset Salon!

No! Those aren't reprints from the National Gallery adorning the walls in the new Furniture Section, although you wouldn't be to blame if you thought so. These delightful tree-scrapes are the work of none other than our own budding Rembrandt, Walter Wotzke (Manchester). Congratulations, Wal!

Preparations for the Annual Ball are now well under way. If the enthusiasm of the Committee counts for anything, this is going to be the biggest and best event ever. A serious operation will keep Mr. Jack Marsland (Nightwatchman) away for a month or two. He has been with the Company for 29 years. Hurry up and get better, Jack. We like being farewelled by your happy face each evening.

The Electric Light Cricket Club have just completed a successful minor round. Brian Andrews definitely displayed his ability as captain by heading bowling, batting and catching averages.

On bended knee we ask forgiveness of Mr. John Guy (Ticket Office) for our omission to send word of his promotion to Manager, Ticket Office. Still today, Johnny, congratulations and full success.

Pauline Binns (Haberdashery) looked very lovely for her wedding to Mr. Scarce, at Pirie Street Methodist, on Saturday, 15th.

Dorothy Soulsby (Maid's Wear) was married on Saturday, March 1, at St. Georges, Goodwood. We hear that Mrs. Hammond is really quite a good cook!

Aileen Marriott (Cutlery) followed the leading of her maiden name, and was wed to Mr. Mayger, on Tuesday, March 18.

Mr. Joe Evans (Buyer, Haberdashery) returned recently from a pleasant week touring the Murray on the good ship "Merle." We hear that he spotted Messrs. Jury, Pitkin and Brown who were spending their holidays TRYING to catch fish, but he declined to take a photograph of the "Fishermen Three" in their holiday dress. We sympathise wholeheartedly with our friendly Maintenance Manager, Mr. John Crump, who, expecting to join the fishing trio, and make a "Big Four" at Teal Flat, on the Murray, was prevented from so doing, when duty called.
A GOOD MAN HANDS OVER THE REINS.

Retirement of Mr. William Avery.

One of the best players in the Eagley team handed in his guernsey on Tuesday, April 29. As recorded in our last issue, Mr. William Thomas Avery, Manager of the Woollen Spinning, Eagley Mills, achieved the fine record of 50 years' service with the company in January last. His doctor would have liked him to start his well-earned rest then, but Bill Avery felt he should carry on awhile. That's so typical of the grit and loyalty of these men who joined Foy's in the early days and have stuck to their job through thick and thin, ever since.

Let it be emphasised here, however, that there is little about Mr. Avery which suggests that he ought to take it easy. In fact, it's hard to believe that he has worked with us for over half a century. Well set up, with a trim figure and a good head of hair, Bill Avery greets you with a quizzical grin — and that's the way he has tackled his job through the years.

Looked upon with respect and much affection by staff and management alike, Mr. Avery struck his first ordeal on Monday, April 28, when the men and women of the mills, who had known him as leader and friend, gathered round him to say farewell. Bill admits he just couldn't take it. But, are words so important on such occasions? Those firm handclasps conveyed as much. Nor could any spoken phrase have been more eloquent than the shower of gifts which were presented to Mr. Avery. More like a bridegroom than a long-service departure, Bill Avery took away with him a utility set, a smoker's stand, a pair of Eagley blankets (nice touch, that!) and a butter dish. And he took away, too, as many good wishes as any man who has left our organisation.

To round off a momentous day, the management of the mills gave Mr. Avery a cocktail party at Menzies Hotel, in the evening of April 28. Absence from Melbourne prevented General Manager, Mr. L. R. Hill, from being present. The only other apology came from Chief Engineer, Mr. A. C. Cox, who was on holiday. Present were: Messrs. B. Challenor, G. F. Chatfield, A. R. Cornish, Chas. Foote, Alex. Fraser, H. V. Griffiths, J. Hamilton, A. Harvey, J. W. Hirst, Jas. Law, J. Mitchell, E. Mollison, L. Scanlan, W. Sutherland, F. Urquhart, C. H. Wileman, F. Withers, J. Wood, with Messrs. H. Bridges, R. D. Croll, W. Ferguson and W. Smail. The last four named are, of course, Directors of Eagley Mills Pty. Ltd.

Acting as host — and looking the part to perfection — was genial Walter Smail, Manager of the Woollen and Worsted Mills. Speaking very feelingly of Mr. Avery's great record and his loyalty and work in general, Mr. Smail struck a warm note in bracketing the name of Mrs. Avery, not only in good wishes for the future, but as to her life-long contribution to her husband's well-being. As Mr. Smail reminded the gathering, some men are apt to overlook what they owe to their wives — even to the little things like being awakened each morning and pushed off to work! This happy thought (!) boomeranged later when Bill Avery alleged that the boot had always been on the other foot in his domestic circle!

Following further tributes from Messrs. Harold Bridges and Jack Hirst, Mr. Smail presented to Mr. Avery, on behalf of those present, a most handsome canteen of cutlery. For a moment, Bill Avery, obviously moved, looked as though he might wilt, as he had done earlier in the day. But he dug his toes in and gave as arresting a farewell speech as we have heard for a long time. Of particular interest were his reminiscences of the old days. Mr. Avery was 17 years of age when he joined the mills in 1902. Before that he worked in the Albion Mills, in Geelong, where his wages were 10/- per week. There being no "Geelong Fliers" in those days, Bill Avery came to Melbourne — by sea! He travelled by the old "Edina." The fare? A bob! But there was, relatively, a pot of gold at the foot of the Foy rainbow, for Mr. Avery made a magnificent leap to 25/- per week in his first week's wages from us. And, what's more, with the odd five shillings, came a sovereign — which few of today's lads of 17 are ever likely to see.

Twenty-five shillings sounds little enough by 1952 standards, but when you learn from Mr. Avery that he was able to secure full board and lodging at the old Royal Dining Rooms, in Smith Street, for 12/6 per week — with washing done! — it
meant that he still had half his wages left for clothes and general spending. That's a darned sight more than many of us can count on today!

And so, William Avery left us — in happy mood. He should be a proud man, too. Fifty years of solid and sincere service. Progress from the lad at the machine to Manager of his Department. As the years passed, friends made on all sides — with not even the memory of an enemy. Co-operative to a degree; yet sticking to his belief or a point if he thought he was right. A pretty good record, and not a bad pattern for living.

What more can we say than “Thank you, Bill Avery, for your life-long devotion to your job, and for all you contributed to the welfare of us all. As you begin this new phase of life, may you enjoy good health and find that the years before you contain for Mrs. Avery and yourself new joys to match the happy memories you carry away with you now.”

25 YEARS AT EAGLEY.

In 1927 a young man from Emerald commenced work in the Knitting Mill Stock Room, on March 7. In the country, he had been an orchardist, and his later an auctioneer’s assistant. Three months after he joined the mills, the newcomer assisted in moving his section upstairs and was then appointed assistant and understudy to Joe Foster, who was then head man in Hosiery Despatch. Six months’ experience with Worsted (No. 2) Packing, and our young friend was ready, when Mr. Foster left, to take over the position he now holds, as foreman in charge of Hosiery Despatch. The young man of 1927 has now celebrated his 25th “birthday” at Eagley. His name is Jack Evans.

Mr. Evans tells us that although Eagley Mills have grown since he first came, he is about the same size. Well, a glance at his picture could confirm the view that such stability is no handicap! As impressive as his build are his initials. Known to all as Jack, he is really Gwilym Jack Russell Evans. Gwilym is, of course, Welsh. His family came from Wales, and since, in Wales, there are as many Evans as there are Smiths in Australia, Jack’s family adopted the distinguishing “Russell.” Although Australian-born, like his mother, Mr. Evans’ Welsh descent is very evident when his fine bass voice is raised in song, whether with the local church choir or elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans are justifiably proud of their one and only son, L/SA Evan Evans, who has been in the R.A.N. for seven years. After service in Korean waters on “Anzac,” he has now joined H.M.A.S. “Australia.”

We wish “G.J.R.” good health and happiness in the future.

EAGLEY ENGINEERING APPOINTMENT.

A cordial welcome is extended to Mr. Alf Albrecht, who was appointed Assistant Engineer at the Mills in January last.

Educated at Wesley College, Mr. Albrecht joined the R.A.A.F. in 1943 and served as a pilot in New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies. He was “demobbed” in 1946, and commenced a course in Mechanical Engineering at the Caulfield Technical School. Graduating in 1950, he spent a year as Engineering Draftsman with the Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation.

It was rumoured that Mr. Albrecht played a good stick at golf, so he was duly enrolled as a member of the Gibsonia Golf Club. He played his first game with the club at Rossdale, on March 30, and returned an excellent card.

So to Mr. Albrecht we say, “Welcome to Eagley — and good golfing.”

“OF ALL THE FISHES IN THE SEA . . .”

There have been some nibbles at the bait in February “Service,” and Ted Beamish (Hosiery Stock Room, Eagley Mills) would like folk “bream” full of fishing ideas to let him have their names so that he can gather them together to formally establish the Angling Club — and so forth. With hopeful looks and baited hooks, Eagley fishermen can then set sail on their maiden voyage. Extension 41 is the line that will catch Ted.

THE BULLDOG BREED!

It may possibly be coincidence, but shortly after reading “Love Me Sailor,” Mr. Ron Williams, of the office, Eagley Mills, joined the R.A.N. Reserve. After several months’ training as a reservist, the tang of the salt sea air made a strong call, and, on February 8, Ron left us for full-time service with the Royal Australian Navy.

From the time that he first joined Eagley Mills, in 1947, Ron displayed keen interest in the various sporting activities of the staff, and his departure
will be greatly felt in the teams of which he was an enthusiastic member.

Ron, as his friends will recall, was never lacking in verbal action (that's being mild!), and they are hoping that the Navy might "doctor up" a few of its war-time posters to read "Tireless Talk Sinks Ships," or all landlubbers may be footing a bill for a completely new fleet! As a gentle reminder that the Navy prides itself on being, not only the Senior Service, but also the Silent Service, Ron was presented with a Parker 51 fountain pen and pencil, the idea being that he could write all his messages and not scuttle his shipmates with ear-bash.

So long, Ron Williams — and the best of luck in the King's Navee!

BASKETBALL NEWS.

The first meeting for the year was held on Monday, February 25, 1952. A notable absentee was Mrs. K. O'Reilly, nee Genny Pearson. Having returned from her honeymoon the day before, the burdens of joint housekeeping had a prior claim. Best wishes to Genny for her future happiness.

Office-bearers for the coming season were elected as follow: Beryl Remfrey is our new secretary and treasurer. A broken leg has kept Beryl out of play for some time now, and it is good to see her retain her keenness for the game in offering to carry out the administrative duties. Our thanks to Joyce Bennett for the good work she has done in the past. Joyce announced her retirement, owing to wedding bells ringing in the near future. Carrie Cain has been re-elected captain of the "A" team, whilst Thelma Sloan is the new captain for the "B" team. Congratulations, girls.

By the way, Eagley Basketball Club is short of funds. To put it bluntly, they are stony broke! Donations will, therefore, be gratefully accepted by the new treasurer, Beryl Remfrey. Men! Come along (and form a queue) at the General Office of the Mills and meet Beryl. Having chatted with her you'll appreciate that these girls do a great job in advertising the name of Eagley in the outside world, during the basketball season.

So why not help them?

— "BASKETEER."

"A ROSE BY ANY NAME . . ."

Mention of John Swiatkiewsky and his sobriquet, "Scotchwhisky," in the last issue of "Service," calls to mind the originator of this nickname, alias, nom-de-plume, or whatever it is. Actually this "title" was not bestowed originally on John, but upon his brother, Andre, who was also employed at Eagley, in the Finishing Room. It was pinned on him by one George D. Murray (the "D" stands for "Dry as Dust"). George was one person who was not worried with pronunciation difficulties regarding the names of those workmates from other countries who have joined our ranks in recent years.

"Scotchwhisky" was one of his best efforts. Other phonetic "translations," which reeled off George's glib tongue are:

Zoluszuk — Soft as Silk.
Markianiec — Mechanic.
Pylwy — Egg Flip.

Nor were these all. George can't claim the credit for rendering Cielezewicz as "Sealing Wax." Another half-wit thought that one up. (Sorry, that "half" slipped in, accidentally.) But if George Murray accepts challenges, here's one. How would he have got around Poznichow-Efremowitsch?

Needless to say these nicknames are coined with nothing but friendly good humour. Better still, they are accepted — and quoted — by the recipients with broad grins. Having a ready "handle" to their names obviously breaks down one language barrier, and the easy, familiar greeting helps to make them feel that they are "one of the gang."

— "A. NON."

ALL A-BLOOMING!

Do you grow dahlias? If so, you could obtain good hints from Dr. R. W. Bradbury, Eagley Mills Medical Officer. At the autumn show, held on March 29, at Heidelberg Town Hall, five 2nds, including 2nd in the Dahlia Championship, were awarded to his exhibits, whilst his son, Edgar, also carried off two 2nd prizes. Although the doctor is no doubt a trifle disappointed, how we wish that our efforts could produce such blooms!

Mrs. June Hanley left the Underwear Knit, Eagley Mills, on February 28, to take up home duties. June met her husband, Murray Hanley, when she came to work at Eagley eight years ago. Au revoir — and happy days ahead, Mrs. Hanley!
Paris Style for Simple Purses

Autumn and Winter Parades Please Melbourne’s Women

Last year we gave Melbourne the first Foy Fashion Parades since pre-war days. They were a huge success. With this high standard as a target, the second post-war Parades were held in February-March last. They certainly made the headlines.

This season we had the added inspiration of all the knowledge brought back by Miss Eleanor Cole from her visit to England and the Continent last year. Style and good taste were the “hallmark” on all garments shown. But, whilst design, cut and trim brought forth “Oh’s” and “Ah’s” from the delighted audiences, there were no “skyrocket” prices. The keynote of our fashion presentations is “Elegance with Economy,” or, to quote this year’s theme, “Fashion goes on a Budget.” Our offerings are not exotic creations suitable mostly for Hollywood studios or the glossy magazine pages. They are made to be worn by the people you meet every day, the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of Melbourne.

As the office poet murmured during the parades:

“At budget-right prices; in glorious array,
The year’s trends in Fashion, Foy’s now bring to you.
To be worn with the air of the Rue de la Paix,
Though the little you pay, your pocket won’t rue!”

The presentations were made in eight groupings, and, as an indication of the “availability” of the clothes displayed, we recall here the lowest and highest prices quoted in each group:

**Sportswear:** From skating knickers at £1/12/-, to a pullover at £1.

**Knitwear:** From a Gorray of England skirt at £4/13/6, to a skirt by Munro of Scotland at £7/17/6.

**Budget Coats:** From a Belita reproduction at £12/10/6, to a Cavendish model at £15/8/6.

**Budget Frocks:** From a Belita production in Gibsonia fabric at £4/19/11, to a houndstooth check at 2/9/16/-. 

**Rain-wear:** From a Belita, in Gibsonia Gabardine, at £13/3/-, to a reversible model by Haar of Amsterdam at £66/7/-.

**Suits:** From a Belita production in English flannel at £8/6/6, to a Frederick offering in worsted whipcord at £24/15/-.

**Better Coats (local):** From a Pyramid Stole by Allengar at £10/1/-, to a lovely model by Janis, trimmed with Arctic Fox, at £54/5/6.

**Frocks—Afternoon and Evening:** From an after-five dress by Linda Lee at £5/10/-, to a flounced evening frock by Van Roth at £29/8/6.

It is worthy of special note that the top-priced garment is the raincoat from Holland, at £66/7/-. Hardly for Mum or Sis, you might say. We agree. But landing charges on imported goods are pretty terrific. Even so, we brought out this coat as an example of a marked trend. In possibly

All “on stage” at the Autumn Fashion Parade presentation in Fitzroy Store. L. to r.: Mrs. Everett, Betty Jackson, Judy Lancet, Greta Miers, Shirley James, Lois Orders and Pat Bird.

Miss Greta Miers wins approval of audience at Fitzroy presentation of autumn fashion parade. ("Sun" photograph.)
also were many lovely overseas models brought back by Miss Cole. These frocks, coats and suits, bearing famous names like Balenciaga and Christian Dior, were the envy of all viewers.

Of the part which local manufacture can play in bringing to Australian women, at prices "within reach," the equivalent of the finest creations of London, Paris and New York, our reproductions were very convincing evidence. We could offer at prices in the region of £15 counterparts of imported models, the originals of which would have had to carry prices around the £50 mark.

Fabrics used in the items paraded were as varied as the garments themselves. Woollens were soft and caressing with many novelty weaves and delicate shades. There was wide approval of the pic'n'pic materials. Silks, too, were much admired for their richness and sparkling patterns. Naturally, materials from our own Gibsonia Mills played a prominent part.

Our displays seldom focus upon any particular colour. Nor should they. There are so many gradations of personal taste — and need — that the artists' palette is not too varied, if we are to please all purchasers. Consequently, the shades of materials shown ran with the rainbow. It was colour unlimited, but always carefully chosen and matched. If there was one shade which was prominent because it struck an individual note, it was the new shade known as "Anthracite" or "Charcoal." Even this represents a turn of fashion's wheel, for the tint is not very far removed from a colour which grandmother would have called "gunmetal."

And styles were as free flowing as colour. Designs were planned for the occasion, and the wearer, with few limits. If no special trend was discernible, there was an emphasis upon the large single pocket and the decorative effect from large buttons. Styling was on defined lines possibly, in the clothes for the 'teenager. Here, the line and charm of youth had made undeniable claims upon the designer.

The mannequins who modelled for this year's show were Pat Bird, Mrs. Everett, Ronnie Good-let, Betty Jackson, Shirley James, Judy Lancet, Greta Miers, and Lois Orders. For their polished parade, our thanks and appreciation. In these girls, Judy Lancet's suggestions won the judges' approval. Result, a flying visit to Hollywood with two-and-a-half weeks in Los Angeles enjoying those very social occasions which were just dream-work when her entry form was sent in.

This year, the Parades broke new ground, or rather, tilled ground which had been fallow for some years — in that, after the city showings, the presentations were repeated at Fitzroy and Prahran. These suburban Parades were marvellously successful. The atmosphere was perhaps less formal, due possibly to the fact that housewives brought their children along, too. Even the mannequins seemed to appreciate this "nearness" to the audiences. Their easy smiles "flowed" across the footlights, and the response was so warm that there was a suggestion of something like a family gathering about these Parades. Undoubtedly, performers and audience alike had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

The one proscenium and catwalk were used in all stores, and without detracting in the slightest from the brilliant city presentation, the "stage" was possibly seen to best advantage in its setting in the Fitzroy Dining Hall. Being the same width as the hall, the stage completely filled the end
wall, with the result that the Parades were illuminated only by the lights on stage and catwalk. The effect was most arresting, as the accompanying pictures show. For these photographs, our thanks to Norman Fielding, of the Fitzroy Mercery, who, believe it or not, took them as time exposures, with a box Brownie camera resting unsteadily on a step ladder!

All told, there were ten Parades, and the general feeling is that it would have been hard to improve on them. Full marks go to all who worked so hard on the preparation and presentation of these exhibitions. These include the makers and other "outside" helpers, as well as the advertising display and maintenance staffs. Our own able fashion "team" was led by Mr. Neil Neville. Congratulations to one and all upon a great show.

WELL GROOMED!

If we were a girl, we'd probably have some misgiving about going to the altar with Neil Neville, Fashion Controller, City Store. Don't get us wrong! He's good value in any currency — as husbands go. Our worry would be that his professional, fashion-keen mind would be so busy scrutinising details of the bridal frockings that he might fail to come across, at the right moments, with some of the essential "I wills!"

Any such doubts in the heart of Margaret Selleck were not apparent, however, when she became Mrs. Neville at All Saints Church, St. Kilda, on Tuesday, April 29. Looking very lovely in a gown of oyster duchess satin (whatever our fashion expert thought, it was O.K. by us!), the bride was attended by Mrs. Norman Dunbar and the Misses Margaret Neville and Ailsa Purvis. The good-looking pair of trulyweds spent their honeymoon on a motoring trip, heading vaguely "up north."

To Mr. and Mrs. Neville, may it be sunshine and roses throughout a long and happy partnership.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

Mr. John Hirst, Manager of the Dye House, Eagley Mills, is a very proud and happy man these days, and he has just cause, for his son, Frank, sailed on the "Orion" on March 22 for a two-year appointment as Principal Research Officer at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell, England. This is stated to be the highest appointment by the British Government to an Australian physicist.

Frank was educated at Ivanhoe Grammar School, where he was School Captain during his last year. Later, at Melbourne University, he took a B.Sc. degree in chemistry and M.Sc. in physics. He was a member of the R.A.A.F. for four years from 1941, serving overseas for three years, and attaining the rank of Flight-Lieutenant as a Navigator in a Beaufighter Squadron. During operations he was dangerously injured. After discharge he was appointed to the Melbourne University as Lecturer in Physics and Research Officer on Atomic Energy.

When it is realised that Frank is still only 32 years of age, one can understand his father's pride.

YOU CAN KEEP YOUR CORONETS!

Yes, give us the kind heart every time. And there are still plenty of these about. If you're looking for a good collection, they are to be found in Collingwood Despatch.

Last year, Michael, the 12-year-old son of Mr. H. G. Anderson, Manager of the Retail Despatch, was struck by a car. He was badly hurt, suffering two broken legs, a ruptured liver, broken ribs and a fractured skull. But doctors and hospital achieved a miracle. Seven weeks later, Michael was back home. Today he is literally on his feet again.

It was in the Children's Hospital that Michael Anderson was nursed back to normal. Consequently, when the 3DB - "Sporting Globe" appeal for this wonderful institution was made on Good Friday, the staff of the Despatch, who have known young Michael since baby days, felt that something should be done. It was! Encouraged by Arthur Godbold, hands reached readily into pockets, and £55 was handed over to the appeal.

Nice work, fellers!

This excellent outdoor picture is printed for its artistic merit. The view is from the top of a mulloch heap at the gold mine at Diamond Creek. Photographer was Mr. H. Harris, Collingwood Office.

"TO DOROTHY, A SON."

Her many friends were made happy by the news that on Good Friday a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Streeter. Mrs. Streeter is well remembered as Dorothy Matthews, former secretary to Mr. Glen Doig, Staff Controller, City Store.

We share the joy of the Streeters.

* * *

MRS. PURCELL (Ladies Lounge), Fitzroy, became a grandmother on April 14. Well, lots of people don't! Congratulations, all round!

22
The Gibsonia Social Club

TABLE TENNIS CLUB.

The annual meeting of the above club was held in the Fitzroy Dining Hall on March 5. The Victorian Table Tennis Association was represented by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. Jones, and the Honorary Assistant Secretary, Mr. Summers.

Office-bearers elected for the 1952 season were:
- **President**: Mr. A. Durham (Store Manager).
- **Hon. Secretary and Treasurer**: Mr. N. Fielding.

**Committee**: To be comprised of a representative from each of the Stores playing in the V.T.T.A.

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At Perth picnic, 1952. Mr. F. Jenkins, winner of the Norman Handicap (old buffers race), receives prize from Mr. R. L. Manser.

**Teams and Grades**: In view of the number of players available it was decided to enter five men's teams, and, for the first time, a women's team. Others desiring to play should contact the Secretary, Norman Fielding, Boy's Clothing, Fitzroy.

Teams are as follows:
- **“C” Grade**: A. Carey, J. Aston, A. Don.
- **“D” Grade**: L. Holland, D. Barton, N. Fielding.
- **“D” Grade**: J. Howes, B. Clarke, B. Grey, R. Greenhill.
- **“D” Grade**: J. Gallo, F. Aysoki, L. Grumulaitis, K. Terrill.
- **“D” Grade**: E. Ingram, C. Sien, P. Stuart, F. Henderson.

**Women**.
- **“D” Grade**: E. Young, M. Downie, J. Howes, N. Bridges, B. Minall, M. Bowman, U. Paisley.

A notable inclusion in the women's team is test cricketer, Una Paisley. Women's grades are played on Tuesday nights and the men's on Wednesday nights.

**REMEMBER THESE TEAMS ARE OPEN TO ALL STORES — AND PLAYERS ARE STILL NEEDED TO STRENGTHEN THEM.**

- N. FIELDING, Hon. Secretary.

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GOLF.

The first outing of the Gibsonia Golf Club for 1952, held at Portsea, on Sunday, March 2, was attended by the usual number of enthusiasts. This was our first venture to Portsea, and everybody who attended was of the opinion that it was one of our best outings. Even the weather seemed to be in league with the Committee, for, although it rained on the way down, the clouds soon dispersed, and the sun shone brightly all day. Unfortunately our worthy Secretary, Frank Leary (who was on holidays), and our Vice-President, A. C. Cox (who was engaged elsewhere), were unable to attend.

The event was in the nature of a picnic day, and most members enjoyed their meals, basking in the sunshine. After luncheon the serious business of the day began. Scores were of a mixed variety. Despite the reorganisation of handicaps, the members' trophy was again won by a low-marker, in the person of the President (A. R. Cornish) after a ding-dong struggle with J. Fewster (City), the winning margin being two strokes. The visiting gent's. trophy was won by T. Fewster, who has been a regular attendant on our visitors' days, but who has not previously been numbered amongst our trophy winners. The lady's competition over 12 holes was won by Miss Ella Winter, who had a very nice card of 61 off the stick. The trophies were a set of spoons for the members' competition, and Carlton-ware dishes for the others.

Club Captain, Alex Hanley, did a very commendable job in presenting the trophies. He also did very well at Northern Golf Club recently — hole in one! It was a great thrill, and whoever started the tale about Scotsmen hanging on to their sporrans should revise the yarn. Alex needed no urging to shout for the crowd.

We can think of easier ways of spending a summer day, but Perth staff at 1952 picnic seem to be taking tug-of-war seriously.
YIPPEE! IT’S FIXED!!

THE ANNUAL BALL
will be held at

ST. KILDA TOWN HALL
on WEDNESDAY, 20th AUGUST, 1952

This is a Preliminary Notice only! Details regarding tickets, etc. will be announced later.

MEANWHILE . . . NOTE THE DATE —
AND START MAKING UP YOUR PARTIES.

FRANK HUNTING, Secretary. Gibsonia Social Club.

would pick them up at ten o'clock — irrespective of the rendezvous. Wonder if his wife expected him home at 10 in the night?

Rossdale Golf Links was the setting of the second outing for 1952, held on Sunday, March 30. This was poorly attended, only 15 members being there to enjoy one of the best days ever held by the club. Nine holes were played in the morning. After a very nice lunch in the clubhouse, the round was completed. The winner was Andy Saward (Prahran) by one stroke from Alf Albrecht (Mills), a new member. Andy is now the possessor of a fine cigarette case as a result of his good play.

The party then proceeded to the home of Mr. A. C. Cox, at Mentone, for refreshments. A hearty vote of thanks was extended to Charles and his helpers for their efforts. —“BIRDIE.”

Are Social Club Meetings a Waste of Time?

[Wow! There’s a bit of spin on this one! Frankly, we didn’t know where to put it. It would look odd in the sporting notes; it might have been overlooked in “Letters to the Editor.” Of course, it COULD have gone into the “Keep for reference” file. But that wouldn’t have been fair to the writer, who is obviously, but sincerely, in doubt about something. So, here it is, on a platter. Our otherwise peaceful columns are now open for the Donnybrook! Will Social Club officials and other readers note that replies IN WRITING ONLY will be received. If there’s no answer on the editorial phone, put it down to the possibility that we have gone for a quick holiday to the nearest volcano. Watching that erupt is our idea of a quiet time!—Ed. “S.”]

The social club holds its annual meeting. Along go an inquisitive few, enjoy a pleasant meal among (for the most part) strangers, and then listen to much that seems double-Dutch about last year’s events and finances. After sundry speakers tell the gathering what good fellows were last year’s office-bearers, the majority of these good fellows then invariably proceed to outline the reasons why they will not be candidates for the coming election — and apologies are acknowledged from the canny ones who thus escape this task.

So to the election of the incoming committee. Sponsors get to work nominating the few previous office-bearers who are willing to continue, and quite a few newcomers find themselves “in office” before leaving for home.

But whom do these well-intentioned people represent? They were not sent along by their fellow-workers, who, in fact, do not know who goes to these meetings and perhaps not even why.

Not having been elected by popular vote in their own centre of activity in the firm, how can they possibly be “delegates” from these sections. How can they obtain and analyse opinions on social matters if, in fact, they go to the committee, not as the voice of a group of people to put forward the views of the majority, but to express their individual opinions? In cases where there is an active social group within their particular sphere of business, do they take with them the considered opinions of its committee or members. And is each of the sporting clubs affiliated with the central committee represented on it?

“Everything’s O.K.” you say. “Joe Blow goes along to the meetings, and he’s a good man on
any job.” But how does he fare at these meetings? If he’s asked for your views on any subject, how can he answer? As an example — and one of recent interest — the picnic. Can he reply, for instance, that of the staff in his section:

4.5% never attend any type of picnic;
3.1% go only because they feel that they are expected to attend;
7.7% would only go to a picnic in a parlor coach, but not by train;
15.4% consider that large-scale picnics are out of date. With the increase of private car ownership, small picnics, regularly, are the preference.
30.8% would have attended if another date had been chosen. They had already made other arrangements to attend a sporting fixture or go away for the long week-end.
15.4% felt that the committee had selected the wrong location. They would have preferred the beach.
23.1% consider that the money granted by the Company could be better spent on amenities of more direct and permanent benefit to a greater number.
Will you help to make the committee more effective by giving the persons who attend these meetings your opinions and ideas to put forward?
Or do you think that social club meetings are a waste of time?
—“NEWCOMER.”

**We Knew Them So Well**

This Company has lost two good men. Mr. Arthur Wishart, Manager of the Provision Department, Fitzroy, died on February 14. Mr. John Fiddes, collapsed in the City Store on February 21. He was dead when the ambulance reached the hospital.

Cast in quite different moulds, these two men had one quality in common — an integrity, an honesty of mind which endeared them to their fellows.

Arthur Wishart was known to many people, and, having joined the Company’s staff in June, 1913, many people had known him for a long time. Was there one who didn’t regard Arthur Wishart as a man’s man? Physically, he was the robust type. A soldier in World War I, he had long lived an active life. His great interest was rowing. As far back as 1912-13 Arthur Wishart won the Champion Pairs of Victoria in partnership with “Nip” Newell. From the Essendon Club he transferred to the Yarra Club in the 1920’s, and at the time of his death he was President of the latter club.

Sport had given him a muscled frame. His cheeks were ruddy from exercise in the open air. Allied to these physical developments, Arthur Wishart was known for a briskness in speech and movement. At first meeting, he might have been taken for a “tough” type. But inside that broad body; beneath that “mask” of “got-to-get-things-done-and-there’s-no-time-like-the-present” was a heart of gold. Kind, considerate of others, and with an endless flow of good humour, Arthur Wishart did much to make life more pleasant for his mates — and they in turn, loved him.

Also held in true regard and affection by all who came in contact with him was Jack Fiddes, Foreman Carpenter of the Retail Maintenance team. Mr. Fiddes came to us in September, 1941. His work took him to all Stores, to all departments. Wherever he went, he left an impression of quiet judgment delivered from an alert brain and a wise mind. No matter that Mr. Fiddes might at times have to change someone’s plans or defer some action or other, the person concerned always knew that if Jack Fiddes thought that way, everything would turn out right in the end.

And so, everyone trusted him — and from trust springs friendship. Jack Fiddes had many friends in our ranks and they miss him today — just as they miss Arthur Wishart.

To Mrs. Wishart and Mrs. Fiddes, and to all members of the two families, go, once again, our very heartfelt sympathy. From each of two homes a good man has been taken — but we who are left are the better for having known them.

—ELSIE HORTON (Perth Store).
One of the sprightliest — and most attractive — personalities to hit Bourke Street for many a moon was Bonnie Paxton, of Hollywood. With Dorothy Dash as compère (surely that should read “commère?”) and Sister Zeunert and Miss Hearne as expert advisers, Miss Paxton arrived at the City Store towards the end of April, as the star of the Hollywood Maxwell Bra bandwaggon. To Hollywood Maxwell and the Australian Berlei organisation, congratulations upon their shrewd selection of such a competent team.

Of course the name “Hollywood Maxwell” spells allure, charm, oomph, or just simple need (according to your age), and all bosom friends are loyal to the calls of separation, support, or what have you, at any time. Let in a breeze from Hollywood itself, however, with a sprite like Bonnie Paxton riding the air waves, and the girls who just refuse to be let down, rally round in great quantities. During the City Store demonstrations attendances ran up to 400 a day.

Blonde Bonnie Paxton, with the chassis of a pocket Venus, was a delightful model. That girl could climb into a string bag and make it look glamorous! And unlike many mannequins, Bonnie “takes” with her audience. She has the kind of personality which doesn’t make her platform a sort of iron curtain between her and the viewers.

Berlei are sending this highly-successful team on a lightning tour of the Commonwealth. From Melbourne the Hollywood Maxwell Bra is being triumphantly borne to Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth. A strenuous programme, but the whole troupe loves it. Miss Paxton (we discovered that in more domestic circles she is rightly known

Miss Bonnie Paxton, from U.S.A., demonstrates new Hollywood Maxwell bra and Berlei girdle.

The spacious and well laid out Corset Salon, City Store. The demonstration “rostrum” in centre foreground.
Another Year of Mutual Aid

The third annual meeting of the Foy & Gibson Limited Employees' Mutual Aid Fund was held in the Dining Room, City Store, on February 20 last. Mr. J. G. Doig was in the Chair.

From the report and accounts submitted, there was ample evidence of another period of fruitful work. Throughout the year, the trustees held fortnightly meetings to consider claims. All told, 66 members received payments, totalling £792/0/8. Total income for the year was £1529/9/10. This represents receipts on a 50-50 basis from employees and company alike, for it should be remembered that the Company contributes to the fund on a £ for £ basis, in relation to staff contributions.

Members deeply appreciate this generous regard for the welfare of the staff, and the meeting recorded its sincere thanks to the Company for this continued support.

Although fewer claims were received during 1951-52, there was a good increase in membership, from 694 to 734. These are grouped:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Members</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fitzroy</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Collingwood</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prahran</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>City</td>
<td>418</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>734</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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As the balance sheet indicated, the fund is in a healthy condition, being £1629/8/8 in credit, at the end of the year. It is well to remember that, whilst it is the objective of the fund to give the maximum amount of assistance, the scheme has been in existence for three years only. So far, the calls for aid have been on what might be termed an "even flow" basis, that is, a "normal" expectancy of hardship among a large staff like our own. In other words, there have not been exceptional demands made upon the fund, as might happen if, for example, there were a severe epidemic of sickness in one year. But such a contingency must be allowed for. Thus, the trustees feel, in the early years of the fund's operation, that it is wise to create a measure of reserves.

Actually, there can be no such thing as "normal" hardship. Misfortune strikes suddenly — sometimes deeply. It can hit hard in the most unexpected directions. Of the consequences, no one knows more than the trustees of Mutual Aid, who want all members to be quite sure that, in the administration of the fund, there is no intention of "hanging on" to money, in order to create an impressive balance sheet. The trustees would know the greatest satisfaction if they could pay out every penny received, or meet in full every claim made. In practice, however, such action is not possible.

At the moment, the trustees are happy in the knowledge that much good work has been done, not only in the giving of relief, but in the lesser, but equally beneficial, direction of "comfort parcels." There are letters of appreciation on the files which give testimony to this.

Trustees elected for the current year, together with office-bearers and advisers, are:

**Chairman of Trustees:** Mr. J. G. Doig.

**City:**
- Trustee: Mr. E. H. Jones.
- Advisers: Miss G. Goodbrand and Mr. L. Francisco.

**Collingwood:**
- Trustee: Mr. K. Campbell.
- Advisers: Mrs. V. Simpson and Mr. H. Anderson.

**Fitzroy:**
- Trustee: Mr. T. Chatto.
- Advisers: Mrs. F. Fraser and Mr. E. Stone.

**Prahran:**
- Trustee: Mr. F. Hunting.
- Advisers: Miss G. Shillito and Mr. F. Ogle.

**Secretary:** Mr. E. H. Jones.

**Treasurer:** Mr. K. Campbell.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Honorary Auditors, Messrs. M. R. Sinclair and E. E. Houghton, and to the panel of advisers. The assistance of all these good people is of great help to the trustees, but a special expression of gratitude is due to the advisers, as those members who have benefited from the fund's operations will be the first to acknowledge.

**MUTUAL AID — AND YOU.**

Let us take the name of the fund in the order of the words themselves — MUTUAL AID. "Mutual" has a grand ring about it. Something you do in concert; in companionship. Something you can do for your mate. A chance to show true community spirit. Scoff if you like, but the chance, also, to live up to the Christian ideal.

As to "Aid," you can translate this as "outgoing aid" if you like. That again could make you feel big-hearted. But even if you didn't think that way, the term could never mean less than "incoming aid." In other words, Mutual Aid, in
In its narrowest sense, represents a measure of “insurance” against ill-luck, for an outlay of a penny or two each week.

The purpose of Foy’s Mutual Aid is to provide assistance to members in:—

- Necessitous circumstances,
- Sickness or ill-health,
- Cases of hardship,
- Mortuary benefits.

Contributions to the fund are on the following basis:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Weekly Salary</th>
<th>Contribution per week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Less than £2/10/-</td>
<td>One penny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£2/10/-, but less than £5</td>
<td>Twopence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£5, but less than £7/10/-</td>
<td>Threepence</td>
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<tr>
<td>£7/10/-, but less than £10</td>
<td>Fourpence</td>
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<tr>
<td>£10 and over</td>
<td>Sixpence</td>
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Anyone, from the youngest junior to the General Manager is entitled to make a claim, if the need arises. Such are the conditions of living today, that few people can be sure that they can meet — and deal with — every emergency that can arise. Most of us feel great sympathy when we hear about someone else having a run of bad luck. Many want to do something to help. Well, Mutual Aid gives you the chance to do just that, and collectively, instead of individually.

But what if it should be YOU who “takes the knock?” It means a lot to know that, failing all else, you could find a helping hand in Mutual Aid.

SSSH!

Don’t tell a soul about this. Girls are so sensitive. But listen. Edith Webb had a birthday in March. Know Miss Webb? You should. She’s one of the pillars of the organisation. If you can catch her with a minute to spare, she’ll tell you about the famous Foy Dining Room, which was a popular public rendezvous in the early days. The moulded ceilings, the panelled walls, and the parquet flooring are still to be seen. But the glory has gone. Today it’s a storeroom for merchandise. Location? Third floor, North Building, Smith Street.

Later, Miss Webb was at the Mills for a time. Then she came back to the Stores. Today, she looks after the General Office Staff Luncheon Room in Collingwood, where she mothers everyone like a hen with chicks. Her “children” made her stand still long enough on March 28 to receive a cup, saucer and plate and some handkerchiefs with their birthday greetings and their affection. Now, we echo on behalf of all her old friends, “Many happy returns.”

Did you say, “What’s special about this birthday?” Well, you see. Edith Webb joined Foy’s in July, 1905, and on March 28 last — she was 70!

But, keep it quiet, everyone, keep it quiet.

RED CROSS RAFFLE RESULT.

To assist the recent Red Cross Appeal, Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Limited provided a Wireless Set and a Canteen of Cutlery as the first and second prizes for a raffle. Run under the auspices of Red Cross, this effort raised the very useful sum of £306/4/-.

Drawing took place in the 1st Store on March 12. The winners were:—

1st Prize, Ticket 10935, Mrs. Griffiths, Mount Beauty.

2nd Prize, Ticket 8574, Kennedy, 193 Kooyong Road, Caulfield.

Many of the tickets were sold within our organisation, of course, but tables manned by our own

Apart from their interest as an indication of the welfare of children at the Orthopaedic Hospital, Frankston, these pictures show excellent composition in photography. They were taken by Mr. Harry Harris, Accountant, Collingwood Office. Left, one of the verandah wards. Right, something intrigued a young patient.
Along a Track With a Pack

By Claire Hilsberg.

[These notes, by Miss Claire Hilsberg, are an interesting account of an unusual holiday. Those who haven't yet attempted this mountain-goat type of relaxation should get all the inspiration they need for next year's vacation. Others who don't relish snakes for supper or blistered heels can just sit back and read about it — the softies! Looking very fit after her holiday, Claire Hilsberg is now back at her desk in Eagley Mills, where she labours as Secretary to Mr. Bob Croll, Manager of the Knitting Mills.—Ed. "S."

You've heard of hikers and hitch-hikers, of course, but what do you know of the increasing number of city types who take to the hills for their holidays. These folk class it a grand holiday to shoulder a pack (anything between 35 and 40 lbs.) and, clad in shorts and heavy boots (lined with two pairs of Eagley F200 sox!), to camp and hike up and down some particular range of mountains.

Well, I'm just one who has tried, for the first time, this form of modern sport or madness — call it what you will.

Having accepted all the advice available from the more-experienced hikers of the club which I had joined, my pack was crammed with a hundred and one items of food, spare clothing, tent, groundsheet, etc., etc., etc. Much to the amusement of the neighbours I set off, wondering whether I could climb the ramp to the station! but I reflected if others had done it — and climbed 5000 feet mountains — so could I.

There being no space for a full account of the ten days' trip, I shall try to give some idea of odds and ends as they happened; the sort of food and clothing taken, and the sense of adventure throughout the trip.

We were bound for the Mt. Wellington ranges, reported to be over 5000 feet above sea-level, and arrived about 11.30 p.m. at Heyfield, in Gippsland, about 120 miles east of Melbourne. Sparks flew up from the feet of 18 would-be hikers as we covered the half mile along the macadamized road in hiking boots with metal studs, to the measure of some well-known tunes. Rumour had it that we would be able to sleep in a recreation hut belonging to Porter's Timber Mill. We did. The floor was hard, but we were tired — and slept.

Transport was arranged next morning to take us 30 miles to Licola, where we really had to get down and walk. The 18 of us split into three equal parties with a leader for each, and the group which included me, set off about noon to follow the Wellington River for about 15 miles, climb a 4-mile Spur (reported to be steep) and then cover the 5 miles to the first cattlemen's hut.

In the course of following the river 15 miles, we made as many river-crossings. Just walked straight through, boots and all, over the pebbly and sometimes rocky bed of the shallow stream, which was about 10-15 yards wide. Our first camp was about 11 miles up this stream, at about 6.15 p.m. Nothing compares with the smell of the bush in the evening after one has set the butter container to cool in the creek, cooked and eaten a meal, pitched the tent and pulled out the down-filled sleeping bag. Sundry pairs of coloured sox were to be seen steaming by the fire as a result of the many river crossings.

We were up by 7 a.m. on the next morning, and by 8 a.m. were ready to march off, fires completely out, rubbish buried, and all possible evidence of our camp destroyed. We had four miles to cover to the last river-crossing, and then the steep climb up the Spur.

While climbing the Spur, I had ample time to reflect as to whether every single item in my pack was absolutely essential! My pack was heavy, and, although my appetite helped to lighten it a little, there was the overshadowing thought that I might be eating my rations ahead of schedule and have nothing left for the last two days or so!

You'll be interested to know the type of food usually taken on these trips. A loaf of rye bread (keeps fresher longer), Ryvita biscuits, sugar, and wholemeal porridge (so many dessertspoonsful per day multiplied by 10), powdered milk, 1 lb. bacon, ½ lb. cheese, dehydrated vegetables (cabbage, potatoes, parsnip, carrot, onion), 1 lb. freshly shelled peas, dried fruits (apricots, prunes, peaches, apples,
ranges that seemed to stretch indefinitely into the
some interesting, since we could pick out points
the north, south, west and east. Some were hazy;
could not have been better.

The beginning to be noticeably lighter, and the weather
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were proud of their beards. We had settled down
were so far away from modern living. The boys
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just automatically part of cattle country. On a
before dark. The thing
was the incidence of flies. Apparently flies are
early morning song of birds (about 4-5 a.m.!),

Two things I enjoyed whilst camping were the
the early morning song of birds (about 4-5 a.m.!),
and the colour and calmness in the bush just
before dark. The thing I hated most on this trip
was the incidence of flies. Apparently flies are
just automatically part of cattle country. On a
hissuciously cool spread of grass near a creek I
ate one memorable dinner of Ryvita biscuits and
sardines, Ryvita biscuits, butter and honey, and
some nuts I had carried as a special for the day.
It was memorable in the number of flies which
shared this festive meal with me, while their
cousins and other innumerable relations shared
the joy of the other hikers.

On the fifth day out we enjoyed knowing we
were so far away from modern living. The boys
were proud of their beards. We had settled down
to regularly pitching tents. Our packs were be-
ing to be noticeably lighter, and the weather
could not have been better.
From so many points along the ten-day trip of
just on 100 miles, we had a variety of views of
the skyline, looking over ranges and valleys to
the north, south, west and east. Some were hazy;
some interesting, since we could pick out points
we had been over. Others were just a series of
ranges that seemed to stretch indefinitely into the
distance. We had the opportunity of visiting
Lake Tarli Karng, which, I am told, is the only
mountain lake in Victoria. From the hut where
we camped, it was a 2000-ft. drop down in a 4-

Lake Tarli Karng.

mile walk, and provided a swimming spot for
those of the party with sufficient energy left.
The trip over, I came back to Eagley Mills feel-
ing I’d had the best holiday for years. I do not
pretend that I enjoyed the climbing more than
I now relish the memory of it! I would probably
choose to do a similar trip again. But I can
assure you my pack will be lighter. I am now
wiser from experience and would off-load, before
leaving home, a number of items thought to be
essential prior to this trip.

The Quiet Corner

Just as the sun sinks each evening and day-
light fades, so does the rhythm of Life itself rise
and sink, causing shadows to fall across the hearts
of those who remain to witness. Because they
have known much sadness recently, our deep symp-
athy goes out to:
Mrs. Frank Baxter. Her husband, who worked
in the Serge Combing, Eagley Mills, died on
February 29.
Miss Evelyn McBride, Dressing Gowns, City
Store, who lost a beloved sister on May 13.
The relatives of Mr. James MacMillan, who
retired some years ago after 29 years’ service
with Eagley Mills. Mr. MacMillan died on Feb-
uary 16.
The children of Mrs. Lucy Verso, a member
of the staff of the Weaving Department, Eagley
Mills, until last Christmas. Mrs. Verso died in
Sydney on February 21.
Mr. Leslie Wigg, Hardware, City Store, whose
mother died in May.

“Thy Will be Done”

The recent death of Mr. Michael J. Bannon
brought back memories to some. Formerly an
Inspector of the Victoria Police, Mr. Bannon
launched a private agency after his retirement,
and for some years he and his men undertook
cash escort and other work for us. Mr. Bannon
was 90 years of age.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wishart has asked us to convey her heartfelt thanks to all those among our ranks, who, in varying forms, paid tribute to her husband, Arthur Wishart. These warm feelings have given comfort to Mrs. Wishart during a time of great trial.

On behalf of Mrs. Gladys Fiddes, her children and relatives, we record here deep appreciation of all those expressions of sympathy which have flowed to her since the death of her husband, John Fiddes. In such ways is the burden of sadness lightened a little.

Speaking also for his son Geoff, Mr. Lionel Jackson, Travel Goods, City Store, uses this medium to thank their many friends for the enquiries made throughout the illness of Mrs. Jackson, earlier this year.

Personalities

Congratulations to Eagley Serge Spinning foreman, JOE SLEEETH, and his wife, Pat, on the arrival of their first child, a son, on April 3. Gregory Francis is the name. Eagley Office staff, particularly the Invoice Section, can expect to hear much about him from delighted Auntie CARMELE SLEEETH in their midst.

Popular JOYCE SCLATER, Docket Office, Collingwood, resigned in March. As Mrs. Heaney she is now busy with domestic duties at Kinglake. Good luck, Joyce!

Don’t know why we publish this. Competition’s all very well, but . . . a rival event on the day of our own picnic! Word has just seeped through from Ground Floor, City, that bright sparks from all Stores attended a barbecue at Emerald Lakes on A.N.A. Day. Tut, tut! Someone will have to blow down the ears of reputed organisers, Messrs. “Passiona and Plonk.” Serves them all right that cases of “lipstick poisoning” were reported later.

ALF PHILLIPS (Make-up, Eagley Mills) is a proud father again. With two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips should now be most happy.

Everyone is glad to see MISS FLORENCE BYRNE back in the Hose Section after a few weeks absence through illness. Miss Byrne, a great favourite throughout Eagley Mills, is in her 54th year of service with the Company. From now on “Good health,” Miss Byrne.

Reason for recent wide grin on fairheaded lad in Travel Goods, City Store, is that on April 5 he was a member of Clarinda “A” Grade Tennis Club, who won the pennant. But AT LEAST two workmates are relieved that football has started again. Saves a lot of ear-bashing!! Congratulations, Kevin!

Transferred to City is MR. K. ROBINSON from Hire Purchase, Collingwood. MISS REEVES went the other way — City to H.P., Collingwood. Fair exchange. Good luck to both!

Machinists in the Make-up, Eagley Mills, have warm hearts. Recently a straight-out gift of money did much to help two of their number who had suffered in more ways than one, through ill health. A blessing on each!

Congratulations to MR. and MRS. JACK POWER (No. 1 Combing, Eagley Mills) on the arrival of Julie Ann, on March 12.

All happiness to Mr. and Mrs. R. Ritchie, who were wed on April 26. Bride was MAVIS CREELEY (Blouses, City). LEN EBDON is back at Eagley Mills again. Starting as a cutter, he left to go droving for health reasons. He returned during the war to take charge of the Make-up, in conjunction with Miss Olney. Later, he looked after the Fabric Store. Then came a position with another firm. Now he’s back in the fold.

Mill folk at Collingwood were pleased to meet MISS DORIS BENTLEY (Preston forelady and “Service” correspondent), when she called in recently before resuming after quite a spell of illness. They are always glad to welcome in person those whom they learn about from the pages of the magazine.

Collingwood Office has entered a team in the “Night Basketball Competition” (Winter Section). This play is quite separate from the Victorian Women’s Association of previous years. Team comprises PAT RYAN (Capt.), MARGARET WOODS, MURIEL STEVENS, CORAL ARTHUR, NORMA HARVEY, BEULAH SHEWRING and MAUREEN ROWLAND. All matches will be played in St. Phillip's Hall, Collingwood. Go for your lives, girls!

MARY GORDON, Despatch Office, Collingwood, was married to Francis Dunster, at Bentleigh, on Easter Saturday. A joyful journey to them both.

On February 29, Eagley Mills said farewell to MISS JOAN STAHL, who left the Knitting Mill Office to take up another position. Joan, who had been with the firm for over five years, was presented with a handbag and gloves to match by the Knitting Mill Manager, on behalf of her workmates. To a very good friend, the best of luck in her new job. “One of the Gang!”

A happy event in Perth. Married at Christ Church in February were Moya Wallis (Laces) and Ken Meldrum (Manchester).
Mr. Hendricus Siteur, who recently joined Perth Store, in charge of Tailoring Workroom. Born in Amsterdam, Mr. Siteur came to Australia from Indonesia in 1950. He is seen here in the uniform of a copilot of the N.E.I. Air Force in which he served during the war. His experience in the tailoring and cutting trade extends to 24 years.

Parted for five years, STACE GARBenYTA (Collingwood Office) met her sister on April 17, on her arrival from England. The last time they were together was in a camp in Germany. Since then Stace has become an aunt. May the future be happier for them all.

Our hearts go out to ARTHUR COURT (Collingwood Office). Made anxious by an operation undergone recently by his wife — who, happily, is making good now — Arthur himself is having a bad time at the moment as the result of being knocked down by a motor cycle. A speedy recovery Arthur Court — and an end to all your troubles!

Recovering successfully from an appendix removal is JUNE UTTING (Mantles, Fitzroy). Cheer up, June! Who wants the beastly thing, anyway?

Best wishes for a happy future to Mr. FRANK SHELDON (Underwear Knit) and his bride, the former Gwen Langdon, of Thornbury. They were married at Prince of Wales Park Methodist Church, Thornbury, on April 19.

Two brides from Smith Street. BETTY SULLIvAN (Collingwood Office) was married to Vincent Cartwright, at our Lady of Lourdes, on May 3. MARGERY SMALL (Lay-by, Fitzroy) joined Thomas Boyle at the altar of St. Aidan’s, Northcote, the same day. May it be sunshine all the way for them all.

Congratulations to JOYCE BENNET (Make-up Office), Eagley Mills, for completing 21 years on April 6. That’s a birthday, of course, not long service. A busy week for Joyce — birthday on Thursday, then to hospital on Friday for a tonsil operation. Keep smiling!

BETTE JEAN JAMIESON, secretary to Mr. Eric Houghton, Office Manager, City, was married on May 17 to Anders Larsson. Her Cash Office training should make her a thrifty wife. Happy days ahead!
Library Digitised Collections

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Foy & Gibson

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Foy & Gibson newsletters

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