SERVICE

DECEMBER

1952
A Time for Reflection

In a few days we shall celebrate another Christmas. Where, normally, our minds might rove along distant horizons for inspiration for the commentary which usually appears on this page, we relax gratefully and allow our thoughts to focus upon a single incident—a birthday.

Aside from the basic reason for all impressive religious celebrations; amidst all the hurly-burly of seasonal preparations; despite the reminder contained in the laughter of children as we watch them celebrate Christmas beneath our own roof-tree, or that of our neighbour, how many of us pause to think of Christmas Day—as a birthday?

There is something very significant about a birthday—allowing for the fact that none of us can exist without one. Why do we remember birthdays? The answer must surely be that they remind us of the person who is forever linked with that particular day. Yet few of us could name more than a handful of birth dates of the many people we know.

Seemingly, therefore, we remember the birthdays of certain people, and heading this group would be mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, wives and husbands, children, sweethearts and friends. In other words, we recall the more personal details of people who mean a great deal to us, or, to put it plainly, those whom we love.

Think of this on Christmas Day. Long ago a Baby was born on Christmas Day. He became a Man whose teaching has had the most profound influence upon the life of each one of us. He was the Son of God. Is it for that reason only that our thoughts are of Him at Christmas? Or could it be that we accept Him as we accept others whose birthdays we remember—as a Friend?

Reflect upon this, for the basis of true friendship is mutual love.

To Our Readers Everywhere, "Service" Gives Greeting.
May Full Happiness Abound Throughout Christmas and the Coming Year.
Greetings from the Board Room

From the Board Room at Collingwood, has come this Christmas message from the Chairman, Sir Edwin Nixon and his fellow directors on the various Boards within our organisation.

Throughout the year, we, your leaders and colleagues are in touch with you—possibly more than you imagine. Although our meeting place is in old Smith Street, “lines of communication” lead in to us from the most distant members of the Foy Family and the interests and welfare of one and all are constantly in our thoughts.

With the approach of Christmas therefore, it is natural that we should reflect upon the road along which we have journeyed together during the year that is nearly ended. Any year which we have spent together, working as a team, is significant. In point of time alone, it is another chapter written into the long Foy record. And for all that you have done to help us, and, through us, the Company as a whole, we say to you now, very sincerely, “Thank you. You played your part well.”

But the year 1952 has been a period when we have experienced problems beyond the ordinary. Circumstances beyond the influence of any commercial organisation created problems which have tested every one of us. And like many other businesses, we were not able to solve all of them. The Company itself suffered a setback, as the balance-sheet showed. We know, too, that this has affected everyone; that here and there the daily round may not have been quite as sunny as usual.

Therefore, to our thanks, we add our warm appreciation of the loyalty shown on all sides, in carrying on during the difficult days.

Now, Christmas is near. The Day itself is a reminder—if we needed one—that our basic faith springs from man’s love for his fellows, as exemplified in He who was born in Bethlehem and died on Calvary. As well, the Season is almost a threshold across which we enter another year of human endeavour. Let us cross it together, for we shall deem ourselves to be in good company if you are with us.

Meanwhile, from the heart, we wish each one of you a happy Christmas, with an understanding thought for those who, for any reason, find it necessary to spend the day in quiet reflection. But may one and all find new hopes and purpose in the coming year.

EDWIN V. NIXON, Chairman

CHAS. W. P. AMIES
JOHN BOWMAN ARNOLD
ALAN O. BILSON
H. E. J. BRIDGES
HUGH LANCELOT BRISBANE
R. D. CROLL
W. S. FERGUSON
FREDERICK GRASSICK
LANCE R. HILL

PETER HOWSON
CHAS. K. KELLY
A. D. D. MACLEAN
ROY J. MACLELLAN
GERALD M. NIALL
WALTER SMAIL
A. J. THOMAS
L. E. WILLIAMS
JOHN SYDNEY WILSON
Balance Sheet Indicates Today's Problems

In his address to the shareholders at the seventh annual ordinary meeting of members of Foy and Gibson Ltd., held on November 11th, the Chairman, Sir Edwin Nixon, outlined the problems which beset the Company during the year ended July 31st. As Sir Edwin explained, consumer demand through the Retail Stores fell away sharply towards the end of 1951. This affected sales, not only through our own units, but in orders usually placed with our mills by other retailers.

High wool prices, credit control, a glut of shipments from overseas, followed by the drastic import restrictions imposed early this year, all contributed to the upsetting of the national economy, with its consequent effects upon retail trading. The position was influenced still further by statutory wage increases. The Chairman mentioned that during the year these increases, together with the added pay roll tax involved, amounted to no less than £138,000.

Consolidated net profit for the year (excluding any part of the profits of Bilson's Pty. Ltd., which was not acquired until late in the year) was £116,070, as against £332,005 for 1950-51.

However, the year had its hopeful aspects. For example, sales through our Retail Stores during Christmas, 1951, were nearly 20 per cent. higher than those of the previous year, whilst total business through our Stores in 1951-52 was in excess of the preceding year. Sir Edwin reported also recent signs of some improvement in the demand for mill products.

The working capital position of the Company improved during the year, and at balance date each £1 of current liabilities was covered by nearly £4 of current assets.

The meeting ended with the customary expressions of appreciation and confidence from the shareholders.

"WE'VE SPENT A YEAR TOGETHER . . ."

This is the first opportunity I have had since becoming the leader of our Retail Stores to give voice, through "Service," to my thoughts about you all as we near Christmas.

With the approach of this festive season, I wish to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation to all Executives and Staff in the Retail Organisation for your loyalty and help throughout the year, and to convey to you my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and New Year.

1952 has not been an easy year, and we, as a team, have had to share quite a lot of worries. However, the success of our Company depends mainly on the loyalty and enthusiasm of all of us who work for it, and, whilst the spirit of goodwill and Christian fellowship which Christmas commemorates is retained, we can and will meet the future, whatever it may bring, with all confidence.

Finally, on your behalf and mine, I send sincere greetings and thanks to all other members of the Foy Organisation, both in Australia and overseas, for their assistance and co-operation during the past year.

—L. E. WILLIAMS,
General Manager, Retail Stores.
THE MESSAGE OF THE MILLS.

Christmas is here again, and I am glad of the opportunity it affords me to convey my thanks and appreciation to members of the Mills Staff for their loyalty and co-operation during the year now drawing to a close. I trust that the holiday season will bring great joy to you and your families, and I extend to you all my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

On behalf of the Mills, I desire to send also seasonal greetings to our good friends in all other branches of the Foy Family, and particularly to thank them for their support and goodwill.

May Christmas be indeed a time of gladness and the New Year one of happiness and progress.

—LANCE R. HILL,
General Manager, Eagley Mills.

AS THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

One of the best-liked lads in the City Store is John Meagher, Advertising "copy boy." Serious beyond his years, John, aged 15, breeds and races pigeons. If you're interested in these birds, you can learn a lot from young John Meagher. Yet his bearing is always modest. How much, we did not fully appreciate until the other day when we were both waiting to speak to Miss Riddell of the Corset Department. John had brought down a couple of pages of copy to be O.K.'d. As a rule, John stands by while department corrections are made, but, as Miss Riddell bore off, for the final check, the batch of write-ups on "Wide separation," "Gentle uplift," "No. 2 cups," and what have you, John turned to us with a deadpan expression and sighed: "You know, this department baffles me!"

THE FRONT COVER.

For the Christmas motif on the front cover of this issue we gratefully acknowledge the joint effort of Miss Lin Bailey and Geoff Brown, Advertising. Inspiration and art work from our two colleagues are brightly combined in a design which involved more painstaking work than the simplicity of line might suggest. Thanks, partners.

Western Whispers

By Moira Burke.

SANTA CLAUS.

By Bonnie Disbrey.

After a tour through Foy's country stores, Santa Claus (Andy Mulgrave) has returned to Perth to encourage the metropolitan kiddies (bless the little scamps!) to be good, so that he will come down their chimneys on Christmas Eve and leave them just what they wish for most.

He is the centre of all eyes right from the moment he comes in on his sleigh. The scene for his "act" is a small room with a big fireplace, child's cot, with a life-size doll asleep in it; a cane chair, with a child's dressing-gown lying across it, and a small pair of blue slippers on the floor. There is a small stage extending out from the room itself, which enables Santa to cross in front of his audience in his reindeer sleigh. Except for this room, the front of the stage is a white snow scene, with a railing at the front leading up to Santa's throne.

Santa sleighs in on the stage and for a few seconds waves to the kiddies, and, oh! the shrieks of joy and a few tears which mother has to dry. Santa then passes through a cave-like exit. While all are standing with mouths agape, Santa, carrying a large striped bag, climbs down the chimney into the room. After inspecting the doll's fingernails and hands, he proceeds to place different toys and Christmas stockings at the foot of the cot, cheered on by joyous shrieks and claps from the children. As the excitement reaches a peak, some of his juvenile audience try climbing through the railing to get a closer view, some run to Mum and others stand back, satisfied at looking on from a good distance.

The bag empty, Santa speaks to his young listeners, telling them that his fairies and elves are hiding everywhere, watching the children who don't do as they're told. (There goes another young 'un
WESTERN AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS!

Once again the opportunity is here—through the medium of "Service"—of wishing all members of the Foy organisation a very happy Christmas and the best of good fortune in the coming year.

On behalf of Foy's (W.A.), I would like to say "thank you" to Mr. Thomson and his staff in London for their sterling service in unusual and difficult circumstances; to Mr. Williams and all our colleagues in Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., who have always given every possible assistance to our visiting buyers, both in Melbourne and Adelaide, and also to the interstate offices in Melbourne and Sydney, to whom we are indebted for their invariably helpful service.

To my own staff particularly, both in the city and country, I would like to say "thank you" for your co-operation and help. Success is not measured entirely in terms of money or profit, but also in terms of loyalty, and of this you have given generously. The year that has passed has not been easy and would have been more difficult still had it not been for this spirit which has been so evident throughout the business. It is something which is beyond price and which has been, I am sure, a source of great satisfaction to all those in positions of considerable responsibility. With the continued assurance of such wholehearted support, we can look to the future with every confidence.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all readers of "Service."

—R. L. MANSER, General Manager, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd.

over the rails! Of course, they all do as they're told... Santa should know better than that! He scans their outstretched hands with his magnifying glass, looking for dirty fingernails and hands. There's many an "Oh-hh-hh" from the mothers when Santa asks, "How many children haven't got toothbrushes?" and hands shoot up everywhere. In his speech he impresses on the children the road safety rules, and then, while their mouths are still open in awe, he slowly walks down the steps and towards his throne, holding hands and talking to his little friends as he goes. (There goes another one screaming for Mum.) As he finally seats himself on the throne, the children go up to him one at a time (Did I say one?... Look at that anxious fellow... haul him back!), sit on his knee, whisper their secrets and have their photos taken.

Unfortunately, Santa (Andy Mulgrave) has now been taken ill. Lionel Dossett has gallantly stepped into his shoes and we congratulate him on his grand efforts at keeping up the spirit of Christmas. Artist Max Sheppard has interpreted in his illustration how he thinks Santa Claus feels at the end of the day. Is he right, Lionel?

"GOOD NEWS" PLAYS TO PACKED HOUSES.

The Assembly Hall on November 19th and 20th was packed to overflowing for the Comedy Players' presentation of their Christmas revue.

This small group of staff, under the guidance of Jack Hayward, for several months sacrificed evenings and week-ends at rehearsals, so that this bright, sparkling revue would equal the very high standard of past productions. The revue lived up to its
publicity. It was "Good News" in every way and the cast can deservedly assure themselves that they achieved an all-time high in their performance.

The essence of their success lay in the rollicking fun provided for the audience. The well-balanced programme included sketches, musical items, novelty acts, and introduced the "Dancing Debutantes" and "Debonairs." There wasn't a dull moment and Jack Hayward, as producer and director, should be proud of his team. Alan Smith should also take a bow for the pleasing instrumental trio and vocal quartette arrangements.

The entire cast were present in the opening number, "Good News," "Winter Time" and the finale. Otherwise a fairly clear "division of labour" was observed, each small group being responsible for a particular specialised type of item. The Comedy Players (including Jack Hayward, Billie Mitchell, Marjorie Summers, Vicky Harrison, Dawn Stewart, Betty Mather, Bonnie Disbrey, Brian Charles, Ray Applin, Jimmy Stout, Les Riley, John Curran and Dick Rouse) convulsed the audience with laughter, as, living up to their name, their comedy sketches interspersed the other items.

The "Dancing Debutantes" (Daphne Blackie, Dorothy West, Phyllis Spinks, Leslie Marshall, Isobel Veasey, Anne Mavric, Jean Shepherd, Glenys Jacobs) and the "Debonairs" (Al Clark, Reg Whiteman, John Curran and Brian Charles), in turn and together, entertained with some first-rate dancing. Billie Mitchell and Jack Hayward danced with them in a delightful waltz number.

Snapped by Ron Parker during the actual performance, the "Calypso" number was a highlight of the recent Perth show "Good News." On stage are the "Dancing Debutantes" and "The Debonairs."

The vocalists were outstanding—Doreen Whelan, Shirley Jones, Colin Johnstone, Ron Withnell, Judith Flanders and Betty Mather. Each of the girls in turn sang with the Dancing Debutantes. Doreen Whelan, Shirley Jones, Colin Johnstone and Ron Withnell combined in a vocal quartette, much to the pleasure of the audience. Alan Smith, Bob Orchard and Carmel Whately provided a quiet interlude of music with their instrumental trio. John Vanderiet once again baffled the audience with his novel telepathic demonstrations.

Pianists were Alan Smith and Vic Sale. Stage managers were Colin Smith and Doug Hodges, and the electrical effects were provided by Frank Jenkins and Kevin Harris. Max Sheppard contributed his artistic skill and talent. The ballets were by Jack Hayward and Al Clark, assisted by Reg Whiteman. Costumes were cut out by Miss Stubbs and Miss Drummond of the Mantle workroom and made by the girls themselves.

VITAL STATISTICS.

From Bonnie Disbrey.

Engagements.

Best wishes to the following on their engagements:—

Miss G. Hyde (Electroplate) in October;
Mr. K. Jones (Mercery) to Miss M. Flynn (Mercery) in November.

Marriages.

Good luck to the following, who have recently taken up matrimonial duties:—

Miss B. Millar (Pharmacy), Nov. 15th;
Miss B. Penn (Pharmacy), Oct. 18th;
Miss M. Woodley (Switchboard), Oct. 11th;
Miss D. O'Hara (Staff Office), Oct. 25th;
Miss J. Pitcher (Branch Control), Sept. 27th;
Miss M. White (Provisions), Nov. 15th;
Miss M. Jessamine (Cafeteria), Nov. 14th;
Miss C. Hinchcliffe (Cafeteria), Nov. 15th.

Twenty-first Birthday.

Congratulations to Mr. H. Church (Juvenile Clothing) on receiving the key to majority on November 12th.

Births.

Our congratulations to Mr. R. Hindley (Dress Materials) and Mr. K. Meldrum (Manchester), both of whom have been presented with baby sons.

PERSONAL PATTER FROM PERTH.

By Jack Hayward.

In the August issue, I made a half-hearted attempt at forecasting coming events. It seems I was fairly well on the mark. I am now happy to
announce an engagement in the Mercery section. Congratulations and best wishes to Ken and Mavis from all the boys and myself.

All our entertainers aren't concentrated in the revues. I often hear Anne Duncan at the piano in the cafeteria.

Talking of the cafeteria girls, I believe Beryl has collected quite a stack of medals and certificates as a ballroom dancer. Here's wishing you lots of success in the future!

Some of the staff have threatened reprisals against this column. Jokingly, of course, because it's all in good fun; but I think some of them really put their threats into action, judging from the horses I drew in several sweeps on the Melbourne Cup. It wouldn't have surprised me if they'd given me the jockey on 'the white horse.'

A few of Foy's pack rolled along to a barbecue and bonfire held at Val Griffith's home at Ingelwood. Everyone's mouth watered, although the steak was genuine charred, and the boys kept the girls well on their toes with a cracker-jack time.

**CONCESSION TICKETS OFFERED SOCIAL CLUB MEMBERS.**

Social Club members who feel like having a night out in town are advised to take advantage of the concession rates for local shows available periodically in the Staff Training Office.

These special rates are advertised over the store loud-speaker system and on all notice boards, or dress circle seats at a rate several shillings cheaper than that available to the general public.

Social Club members are not restricted to buying only one ticket each. They can buy tickets for the whole family or, if they are having a night out with friends, they can buy tickets for their party. The only condition is that Social Club members must personally ask and pay for these tickets.

As examples of concession rates available in the past, here are a few details:

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<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Price to Social Club Members</th>
<th>Price to General Public</th>
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<tr>
<td>August 5th:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Student Prince&quot;</td>
<td>9 s. 9 d.</td>
<td>11 s. 6 d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Alden</td>
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<tr>
<td>Shakespearian Season</td>
<td>7 s. 11 d.</td>
<td>13 s. 9 d.</td>
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<td>October 29th:</td>
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<td>&quot;The Great Van Loewe&quot;</td>
<td>6 s. 4 d.</td>
<td>8 s. 10 d.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Light Opera Season:</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Gypsy Baron&quot;</td>
<td>7 s. 11 d.</td>
<td>11 s. 5 d.</td>
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Social Club members can look forward to a continuation of these concessions in the future.

**ALBANY ALBUM.**

Kept by K. N. Sutton.

[NOTE: Former Albany correspondent, L. J. Lively has left the Company's service. His pen is picked up by Mr. K. N. Sutton. To the former, good wishes for the future; to friend Sutton, a welcome to these pages.—Ed. "S."]

**We Get Together.**

The main news from Albany since the last issue is the very successful social held on October 28th. Mr. Knight, Hardware, as M.C. certainly kept the evening going at high pressure.

We had welcome visitors from the Perth store in the persons of Mr. R. C. Angell (Manager, Branch Stores), Mr. G. Wilson (Architect), Mr. J. Carrier (Electrician), Mr. Mayne, and last, but by no means least, Mr. Andy Mulgrave, as Foy's Father Christmas.

As usual we were entertained with vocal items by Miss Cunningham (Cashier) and Miss Abernethy (Hosiery), whose songs were greatly appreciated by all present. Miss Brooks (Home Cooking) played a pleasing selection of popular numbers on her piano-accordion, and Father Christmas (Andy) presented two humorous songs, thus proving that he could entertain adults, as well as children. Everyone agreed that it was our best social to
This smiling group was taken at a recent social held by the staff of Albany, W.A. Unfortunately, names were not available as we went to press.

date, thanks to our very hard working committee, let's hope they keep on improving.

Marriages.

Best of luck for the future to: Mr. R. McGough (Accountant), September 20th; Miss D. Taylor (Confectionery), October 18th.

Birth.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Knight (Hardware) on the birth of their son (Bruce Raymond) on September 10th.

The coal hulk, "Sierra Colonna," a familiar figure in the Albany Harbour for many years, has now disappeared. She was given to the R.A.A.F. by the Adelaide Steamship Co., for use as a target ship and on Friday, October 31st, Mustang fighters of the City of Perth Squadron strafed and bombed her until she sank.

In her heyday the "Sierra Colonna" was a member of a major line of sailing vessels. She was of iron construction (plates half an inch thick), 238 feet long and 38 feet wide, with a wooden deck and three masts. She had fine passenger accommodation, her saloons and cabins being panelled in birds-eye maple.

Before we close we would like to take this opportunity of wishing all members of the Foy Group a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

COLLIE CALLING.

By "Coaldust."

In an earlier issue of "Service" we told you a little of the location of Collie in our State, with a brief description of the township. Today we would like to give you some idea of the industrial side of our community.

It was not until the end of the nineteenth century that coal was found in this locality by one David Hay. He kept this a secret until early this century, however, and shortly afterwards mining commenced on a very small scale. For many years things were more or less stagnant. No expansion of note was made on the coalfields, with the result that large quantities of coal still continued to be landed on Western shores from the Eastern States.

This state of affairs, and the old-fashioned type of mining with pick and shovel remained until somewhere around 1943. During the second World War the Allies lost many ships. None was available to ship coal from the East to the West. As a result, the Government decided the time was right to develop the Collie coalfields, in order to keep essential industries going. This meant the importation of very expensive machinery—and the birth of mechanisation at Collie.

Today Collie supplies practically the whole of Western Australia with this precious commodity from eleven deep mines and four open cuts. The railway yards at Collie have a full-time job shunting in empties and hauling out full trucks of coal. Many thousands of tons are distributed over the wide areas of our State.
Collie today has something to be proud of—and owes her debt to the old miners who pioneered the industry for the first forty years. Coal means power, and the future of our States lies in the hands of those who go down into the pits daily to mine the precious coal.

**A Happy Day.**

Glorious spring sunshine greeted us on the morn of Sunday, October 19th, which helped wonderfully to put us all in great spirits to enjoy our annual picnic, which took place—in conjunction with our Manjimup Store friends—at Australind, a seaside point some 40 miles from Collie.

On reaching our destination, a spot to suit all concerned was found (after some controversy!), and after all parties had settled themselves, we proceeded to enjoy the programme.

Honours for all the races were fairly equally divided between the two stores, as can be seen from the following results:

- Children under 6: K. Stark, T. Harris (Collie).
- Boys, 7 to 10: D. Higham, R. Stark, D. Studds (Collie).
- Girls, 7 to 10: C. Studds (Collie).
- Boys, 11 to 14: R. Prior, M. Jones (Collie), M. Wunnenberg (Manjimup).
- Girls, 11 to 14: V. Holst (Manjimup), T. Davidson (Manjimup), V. Jones (Collie).
- Novelty, Ladies and Men: J. and M. O'Sullivan (Manjimup).
- Three Legged, Children: B. and D. Higham (Collie).
- Bun Eating Competition: V. Holst (Manjimup), D. Jones (Collie).
- 100 Yards Stepping Race: M. Wunnenberg (Manjimup).
- Married Ladies, 75 Yards: Mrs. O'Sullivan (Manjimup), Mrs. Zilko, Mrs. Hansen (Collie).
- Married Men's Race: P. Hansen (Collie).
- Old Buffers' Race: A. Higham (Collie).
- Relay: Foy's (Collie).
- Men's 100 Yards Championship: H. Davey (Collie).
- Ladies' 75 Yards Championship: J. McLaren (Collie).
- Three Legged: S. Dawson and N. Kilrane (Manjimup).
- Wheelbarrow Race: M. Wunnenberg (Manjimup), R. Prior (Collie).
- The antics of the men in the bun-eating competition reminded one of Bobby Burns when he penned words something like this: "Ah! would the Lor' the giftie gie us—to see ourselves as others see us."

**Christmas Thoughts.**

The nearness of the festive season was brought to bear very forcefully on us this week, when that king of fairy tales, Santa Claus, arrived in full attire...
from "South." He was joyfully met by all the youngsters from the town, and the happiness he brought to the faces of the little children was a joy to behold.

Whilst this celebrity was in our midst, we took the opportunity of conducting our staff Christmas tree, which was voted by all as an outstanding success. This party is held mainly for the pleasure of the youngsters, who listened eagerly to all that the champion of juvenile hearts had to say. Presents were given to everyone and the evening culminated in a social for the adults, during which a very tasty supper was served by the Committee of our Social Club.

We wish to pass on to all our Company colleagues heartiest wishes for the Christmas-tide and the hope that the New Year will be a happy and prosperous one.

KATANNING NOTES.
By Yvonne Kessell.

If there are moisture stains on this page, believe me, they ain't teardrops—it's perspiration worked up by the exertion of pushing this pen! Yes, Ser-

vice-ites, summer has certainly hit us with a vengeance (whew!), but at last our swimming pool has opened its welcome portals to the sunbaked community.

On October 28th Katanning's staff Social Club held a social evening to farewell our previous manager, Mr. Gardiner, and welcome our new manager, Mr. Manning. Mr. Bailey called upon Mr. Bowden to present Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner with a beautiful traymobile and to wish them well in the new paths of life. A welcome was extended to Mr. Manning, who responded with a short speech. Mr. Dwyer, representing the branches, wished Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner farewell also. The Gardiners' presence will be sadly missed in both store and town activities.

Mr. Bowden seems to be keeping tip-top health once more. May he long keep it at that level. Noticed him enjoying himself on the beach at Albany last week-end.

Katanning Agricultural Show caused quite an interest for the public, though the weather could have been much kinder. Saturday turned out to be almost bearable. Congrats. to Miss Cullen (Office), who was successful in gaining highest points in the woollen work section, thus winning the Foy Trophy.

Father Christmas, indicative of the impending season caused almost a riot in the store on his annual visit, and since his disappearance Santa

Wealth in the ground leads to natural beauty. Through the Memorial Park, at Collie, W.A., flows the Collie river. Note in foreground a black swan, the State emblem of Western Australia.
Fotos have been the password of the flocking customers.

Well "Service," the heat’s getting a little the better of me, so I’ll just squelch off, wishing a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all "Service" contributors and every member of the Foy family.

MAILED FROM MANJIMUP.

By Ma Chine.

Much has been ado since our last report to "Service" about Foy’s Ambulance Appeal. Even rain could not dampen the enthusiasm of the crowd which patronised our monster fireworks barbecue on Guy Fawkes night. This had been particularly well advertised by our Mr. Barker.

Sideshows, ably run by Foy’s employees and outsiders (to whom we say “thank you”), proved good money gatherers. Alex Dunn (Produce) has surely missed his vocation—he can certainly hold a crowd. Strange noises made by Tom O’Sullivan (Grocery) hinted that the pains were terrific, but attracted patrons to the lucky dart wheel.

Lost! One back storeman; eventually discovered under false nose and glasses, doing a good job in the “hit ‘em or knock ‘em.” Mary Mazz (Mantles), bachelor supper in hand, mingled with the crowds, whilst Percy Bourne was seen in varied roles, being his usual helpful self. Whipping them well in the “horse stall” was Jim Roberts (Hardware) and Bert Piggott (Grocery).

Appetites were taken care of by the “hot dog” lasses—Kay Johnstone, Val Dick, Norma Gray and Jean Young. From there to the “steak and roll” stall, attended by willing butchers of the town, where, also filling a need, were the “cool drinks,” dispensed by E. Gilmour and Madge Skeet. Hot beverages, taken care of by Kath Battalina, Anne Eggington, Kay Donovan, Roma Piggott, Margaret Ellice and Verna Butler, were also on tap. Money matters were taken care of by our manager, Mr. H. Low, with Mr. Major and Mr. Brown.

Our deep appreciation goes to D. K. Johnston, who made his property available for our bumper night.

At the moment, the five thermometers (which represent the five “Queen” nominees) are looking particularly healthy, with a total of £1050 showing. And we haven’t closed down yet. Foy’s “Queen” (we hope) is holding an advantage, which we shall endeavour to maintain.

On October 19th our Collie cousins invited us to join them in a picnic at Australind, some 97 miles distant. A full bus load and several car loads enjoyed a spring day in pleasant company and surroundings.

May we of Manjimup take this opportunity of conveying to each and every store the old, old seasonal greeting—a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year?

A HEART WAS WARMED.

Our old friend, Charles Canham, of the City Hire Purchase Office, has asked us to convey to all his pals and good friends his sincere thanks for their thoughts for him and their help during his recent illness. He adds, quite simply: “I’m very glad to be back again.”

That takes the words out of our mouths, Charlie.

THE VOICE OF THE VETERAN.

From Fred Bellamy, who retired in August, after a record-breaking 58 years of service, has come a message of Christmas greeting and good wishes for the New Year to all former colleagues.

We are happy to report that Fred is enjoying his retirement in good health. That he may long continue to do so is the real substance of the seasonal salutations which we send in return to him and Mrs. Bellamy, on behalf of all readers.
In a year made bleak in many directions by the restriction upon imports, London Office has shipped to us a ray of sunshine in the person of Leonard Arthur Pye. Known to many managers here as the London buyer for hardware, toys and associated lines, Mr. Pye is also a Director of our English subsidiary company.

Leonard Pye is a dyed-in-the-wool Foy & Gibson man. He could hardly be anything else, for he went to London Office straight from school. As a lad, he had two main interests: One, scouting; the other as that keen eye might suggest, cricket. He still likes a knock on Saturday afternoons.

When Leonard Pye joined us in 1922 at the age of 15, London Office was in Finsbury Street, with Mr. Thomson in charge, of course, just as he is today. But for a start Mr. Pye was earmarked for the manchester trade. Among his vivid recollections of those early years is the personality of Mr. Dan White, manager of Foy’s huge (in those days) Manchester Department in the old Collingwood Store, who was in London on a buying trip.

Later Leonard Pye was to gain much experience and in great variety when he worked alongside Mr. Thomson for four or five years in the capacity of personal assistant. Later still Mr. Pye turned to hardware, the interest he holds today.

During World War II Mr. Pye joined the Royal Artillery and saw service for three years. Married, and, with two daughters, Jane, aged 18, and Anne, 15, Mr. Pye lives at Gidea (pronounced like “giddy!”) Park, an attractive residential area near Romford, in Essex, which, although some 15 miles from the heart of London, is actually one of its suburbs nowadays.

Although Leonard Pye has driven along the Point Nepean Road to Sorrento, seen Ferntree Gully and visited Dandenong, we think it a little early yet to seek his impressions of Australia, or even Melbourne. We shall look forward to getting his more definite views later on. Meanwhile, we gather this much. He is anything but unhappy.

For our part, it has been a pleasure to know this genial personality more intimately than as a signature on mail from London, and, speaking for all, we hope Mr. Pye will not only enjoy every minute of his visit, but profit by it in every possible way.

And we must add that our thoughts go over the ocean to his wife and children, who, unfortunately, will be separated from him this Christmas. To them all our greetings and our good wishes for a new year which, if uncertain in all other directions, at least promises the joy of a happy family reunion.

The Quiet Corner

The compiling of this record is a sad task at any time. That the scroll should lengthen at Christmas time but makes the heart heavier.

Inexorably, however, the wheel of life revolves, and, turning its full circle, it has brought sorrow to the following colleagues, to whom our heartfelt sympathy is expressed:—

Mr. J. Crimmin, Tailoring, City Store, who has lost a brother.
Mr. L. T. Nowlan, Dress Materials, Prahran, whose sister has died.
Mr. A. L. Powell, Store Manager, Adelaide, in the loss of his father.
Mr. A. D. D. Maclean, Maintenance, Retail Stores, and a Director of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., and his sister, Miss Sheila Maclean, Switchboard, City. Their father died on December 12th. Our thoughts are also with all other members of their family.
Mrs. E. Sellenger, Suits, Prahran, who has lost her mother.

"Till Will be Done"
News from Adelaide
By David Fopp.

ADELAIDE IS WITH YOU!

It is refreshing after a strenuous year of business activity to think, as Christmas approaches, of the many real friends one has in the organisation of Foy & Gibson Limited.

With the Festive Season comes the spirit that one does not universally find at any other time of the year; a spirit of fellowship which overrides minor, indeed major, difficulties, and shows us all as we really are.

Troubles melt away and the real spirit of Christmas takes charge, and it is with this Christmas feeling that I should like to extend every good wish to the Executive and Staff of the Adelaide Store, and take this opportunity of expressing my thanks for the willingness they have shown in the giving of their support.

To my other colleagues and friends throughout our vast organisation, whether they be interstate or abroad, I would also wish them a Merry Christmas, at the same time extending to them every good wish for the New Year.

—A. L. POWELL,
Store Manager.

WE LOSE MR. JURY.

To the great concern of all, Mr. Ted Jury (Men’s Wear Controller) has had to resign from the Company, owing to ill-health. Ted will long be remembered for the efficient and courteous way he handled his difficult job as Men’s Wear Controller and the interest he took in all the social activities of the staff. When presenting an occasional chair, on behalf of the whole staff, Mr. Higgins expressed exactly what everyone felt at Ted’s leaving.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.

Upon their recent appointments, we congratulate Mr. Les Leaver as Controller of Men’s and Boys’ Clothing and Shoes; Mr. Inc. Leane, as Manager of Men’s Mercery.

ANNUAL PICNIC.

The Social Club’s Annual Picnic was held on Labour Day, 13th November, at Birdwood Oval. Despite a rather threatening sky, a large number of employees, with families and friends, were at Parliament House well before departure time, 9 a.m. The five buses were comfortably full and all enjoyed greatly the trip through the Torrens Gorge to the pine-clad beauty of Birdwood.

Many more travelled by private car, nearly 300 people attending in all. Although just before lunch a heavy shower scattered picnickers to all available shelter, the clouds soon cleared and the afternoon became a scorcher. The path over the rise to the Birdwood Hotel was quite well worn!

New faces figured in the races this year. The ladies’ Sheffield was won by Gwen Brodie (Chemist Shop), but the men’s Sheffield was not won by Colin Graham. Our champion met his Waterloo in the form of the smallest member of the staff, Max Morris, of the Ticket Office.

During the day 600 ice cream dandies, 600 bottles of soft drink and large quantities of sweets were consumed, over and above such minor items as luncheons and teas. When you come to work it out, it means that everyone must have had at least two dandies and two bottles of soft drink, and yet there were those who didn’t touch soft drink all day!

Unfortunately, we lack the usual range of picnic photos. Our official photographer was so intent on recording Gwen Brodie’s finish in the Sheffield that he didn’t notice the runner-up, Mrs. Duncliffe (Receiving Room), who floored him completely. Geoff still can’t remember what happened, but the result was that he didn’t seem very interested in anything for some time afterwards. For the pictures available, we thank Mr. Don Taylor, our Accountant.

The amusements of the day were very diverse —swings and a see-saw for children of all ages, the "straw struggle," tennis, "penny scramble" (an A. L. Powell special), picking wildflowers (the best were found in the cemetery!), rides on the tractor-
Event of the day at Annual Picnic, Adelaide, was the Straw Struggle. Col. Graham, Display, holds the youngsters at bay until the signal is given that "the hunt is on."

The day was great, the fun unlimited and the ride home again through the cool Gorge a fitting and happy climax to another Foy picnic.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . .

to soothe the savage breast."

Soy says the poet . . . but Adelaide Store has proved that it also hath charms to open the customer’s purse! With the commencement of the Christmas Fair, music has been amplified daily over a public address system—spiced with short and pithy commercials. It’s surprising what announcing talent we have discovered within the store . . . with Atheli and Brian sharing the honours as Foy’s favourite disc jockeys. (Memo: But, oh! for a complete change of records!)

Incidentally, these two disc jockeys are just recovering from a hair-raising experience.

Place: The middle of Hindley Street.

Time: Peak hour period.
The Villain: A paper bag holding 2 lb. of tomatoes.

drawn waggon, and . . . er . . . talking in twosomes under the pines.

The day was great, the fun unlimited and the ride home again through the cool Gorge a fitting and happy climax to another Foy picnic.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS . . .
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Soy says the poet . . . but Adelaide Store has proved that it also hath charms to open the customer’s purse! With the commencement of the Christmas Fair, music has been amplified daily over

At the word "go," it’s "each man for himself" as the youngsters dive into the straw in search of the prizes at the Straw Struggle, Adelaide Picnic.
THE Bells Ring in Bourke Street.

Since last Christmas those of us in the Retail Stores have been through a trying period of adaptation to changing conditions, and as we approach the end of the year it is natural to look back and reflect on its happenings, as well as to look ahead to the future.

I would like you to know that your services and helpful co-operation throughout the year have been thoroughly appreciated.

The Christmas Season, a time of thanksgiving and of rejoicing, gives also the opportunity to dedicate ourselves for the year ahead. What this will bring we do not know, but of this much we are sure—it will be the better for all of us if we follow the Golden Rule, serving our fellow-men to the best of our ability and renewing our loyalties with a new spirit and a new heart.

We in the Bourke Street Store extend Christmas greetings to our companion Stores in Adelaide, Prahran, Fitzroy and Colac. We also wish a Merry Christmas to fellow-workers, and their families, at Collingwood and London Office, as well as to those at the Eagley Mills.

—A. J. THOMAS,
Manager, City Store.

LONDON OFFICE RETIREMENTS.

Two men, distinguished in service and outstanding in their loyalty, have retired from the staff of our London Office.

Senior in service is Mr. Alfred Clooney, London buyer for laces, gloves, handkerchiefs, hosiery and associated sections. He was with the Company for 58 years. Originally in the old Collingwood Store in Smith Street, Mr. Clooney moved to Perth when the Western Australian Store was opened. From the West he went to England to buy. Arriving in London on one of these trips shortly before the 1914-18 war, Mr. Clooney "stayed put" for the duration, as he thought. Instead, he remained in London as resident buyer for 40 years. He revisited Melbourne in 1935.

With the Company for about one year less than Mr. Clooney was Mr. Ernest James Heim. From his boyhood beginning in London Office, he

IN THE NEWS.

Glad to see the happy face of Ted Pitkin (Boys' Wear) back again after his rather lengthy period in hospital. We trust that all the vestigial remnants are healing satisfactorily!

We're sorry that Mrs. Richardson is relinquishing her duties as buyer for Jewellery and Perfumery Sections. We'll miss your flashing smile a lot, Mrs. Richardson!

What has Perth got that Adelaide hasn't? Among those who have recently holidayed in Perth, and come back bubbling over with the Golden West, are Miss Auld (Maids' Wear), Miss O'Neill (Confectionery), Miss Roberto (Knitwear) and Geoff Carr (Ticket Office). You lucky people!

All the members of the Carpet Department are hoping that Fred Summerfield will repeat his generous offer of last year, and throw a slap-up Christmas party this year, although, by the law of averages, it's their turn to give him a party.

Optimism! A certain member of the Carpet Department is using onions and sardine oil in an attempt to resurrect his crowning glory. The score so far... one new hair!

June, aged 10 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank West, Adelaide. Frank is to be found in the Boyswear.
became cashier, but during the past 20 years he has been Secretary of our English Company.

Any company would be proud of two men who between them served it for a period of 115 years—and we yield to none in the warmth of our regard for and appreciation of the loyalty and effort which we, through London Office, have enjoyed from knowing Messrs. Heim and Clooney. To them both we express the heartfelt wish that the years before them will be made even more enjoyable by the retention of many happy memories of their long association with us—just as we shall always think of them.

Chapel Street Chatter

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS FROM PRAHRAN.

I extend to all in the Foy organisation the wish that they enjoy a Very Happy Christmas, Health and Happiness in the New Year.

We must face the future with courage and confidence to meet any difficulties in trading which may arise and, with team-work and loyalty, continue to give the public that service which has built up the Foy tradition.

—L. J. ROOLEE, Store Manager.

The final wind-up in Prahran Store was held on the evening of Thursday, November 6th. It was a grand night. Good work had been put into the decorating, which gave the room a gay Christmas appearance. The band was excellent, and a night of dancing was enjoyed by all. The barn dance, most amusing of all, was won by Mrs. Maclean (Napery) and young Lewis Martin, son of Percy Martin, Despatch. Oh, the joys of being slender!

The proceeds from these monthly socials during the winters months have been snowballing towards the expenses for the bumper Christmas Party to be given to the kiddies of our store employees. This year's party promises them another grand treat, with over 90 children participating.

We have a splendid Committee, which works very hard to make these evenings a success, and Mr. Frank Hunting personally introduced each member in turn during a spare moment in the evening, so that all present could show their appreciation.

And here we express a very hearty "thank you" to our President, Mr. Hunting, who works so hard to make every post a winning post where these socials are concerned.

A very fine buffet supper was enjoyed by all at the final dance, and we now look forward to seeing all our friends back again in 1953.

We are delighted to announce that Mrs. Mary McCurdy, Dress Materials Department, Prahran, was chosen by the "Phantom Shopper" as the most courteous salesgirl in the store. This session is conducted by the Prahran Traders' Association.

Mrs. McCurdy was presented with a very nice compact at the recent community session in the Prahran Town Hall, and her photograph will shortly be on display in one of the store windows.

Nice work, Mary? (How's the dentist?)

April Therese, only daughter of Kevin King, Advertising, Adelaide. This picture, taken by her proud father, indicates that there's something April can do which her father can't — grow hair.
Crowds thronged the Bourke Street store for the Beachwear Parades, which were held twice daily from November 25th to the 29th. This presentation was one of the most successful exhibitions we have arranged. The latest in swimsuits were arrestingly displayed by dozens of lovely girls and gave the sea-going teenagers and all other beach lovers a foretaste of the dazzling colours with which holiday resorts will be splashed this summer—if ever this elusive season decides to make longer than a 24-hour stay!

But what lent greater-than-usual interest to these Parades was the fact that all the models were non-professional. Earlier in the month, girls who had never previously modelled were invited to “try their hand.” Lasses in all walks of life: from shop, office and workroom, responded by the score. The extent of this keenness to “have a go” at a calling which, despite all the apparent glamour, involves a great amount of hard work and painstaking effort, was an eye-opener.

Many of these girls, endowed simply with a flair for wearing clothes and bearing themselves with a natural poise, carried over from their normal workaday round, paraded with easy charm and unquestionable attraction. They were, of course, equipped by nature with the necessary assets for filling a swimsuit to advantage.

With each contestant thus striking a distinctly individual note—apart from the variety of the garments displayed—the judges were set no easy task. However, the panel, consisting of Mr. John Walker, of Cole of California; Mr. E. De Rood, of Scamp, and Mr. T. Barnett, of Jantzen, after an exacting analysis of all important points and an elimination from the daily “heats,” finally named as the winners:

1st, Miss Grace McMahon;
2nd, Miss Audrey Davis;
3rd, Miss Judith Francis.

The lucky girls received as award summer wardrobes, valued at £50, £20 and £10, respectively. To these attractive and clever girls go our sincere congratulations upon accomplished performances, and to them, and to all other entrants, our warm thanks for their co-operation and enthusiasm.

First prize winner, Miss Grace McMahon.

Miss Audrey Davis was awarded second prize.

Altogether, they constituted as nice a parcel of pulchritude as we have seen for a long time. Here we must record a very pleasing and unexpected outcome of the judging. Hardly had the
results been announced when Harry Harris, our accountant at Collingwood, got an urgent ring on his 'phone. At the other end was Mrs. J. P. McMahon, of St. Kilda—and Grace's mother. In a voice as excited as her daughter's, she explained that her joy upon hearing that her offspring had "brought home the bacon" was the greater because this honour had come to her family through Foy's. Mrs. McMahon is quite an old friend of our company, having been an account customer for some thirty years.

For the compact setting of these parades, with the catwalk leading out from a beach-tent back-


The judges named Miss Judith Francis as third prize winner.

ground, the Maintenance Department gets a full pass, whilst, adding sparkle to the occasion, we had well-known radio identity Ray Chapman, with his crisp commentaries upon the costumes—and their contents!

Busy as a bathing beauty with a broken shoulder strap were Miss Rudd, of the Swimsuit section, and Mrs. Aldridge, Sportswear, the latter giving the contestants their "final blessing" before they stepped out into the public gaze. All told, the parades made a happy man of Ken Shergold, the Swimsuit Manager—who otherwise had been viewing the murky weather with the jaundiced eye of an ex-

R.A.A.F. navigator—and there's reason to believe that the net result of the entire show has softened even the aching heart of Fashion Controller Norm Stephenson.

So it's hat's off to all those on the Second Floor who gave Melbourne—and us—a very successful and unusual show.

GREETINGS FROM FITZROY.

Or should we say "Greetings from Smith Street," the original planting ground of our vast organisation? Like a great evergreen tree, our Company has thrown its branches far and wide and to all under its spread we extend fraternal Christmas greetings.

Like the leaves of a tree, some of our employees have fallen, withered. Today, though certainly not forgotten, they are scattered to many other fields. Many others have clung to the tree through stormy periods and to these "loyal leaves" we extend our heartiest greetings.

As Store Manager, I would like, through the medium of "Service," to say "thank you" to my executives and staff for their unfailing loyalty and help during our past difficult period. May they all make this the best and happiest Yuletide ever.

—A. E. TROMPF,
Manager, Fitzroy Store.

THERE'S A CATCH IN THIS SOMEWHERE.

Ordinarily, we wouldn't refer to any incident involving a personal affliction. Something happened at the City Store cash desk the other day, however, which was funny—but not at the expense of the "other party."

Paying an account for £2/2/-, a customer wearing a hearing aid tendered a £5 note. With the idea of simplifying the change, the visitor was asked if the odd 2/- was available in silver, but the cashier is still worried about what could have happened to her words as they carried across the counter, for, pointing to the hearing aid, the customer replied, surprisingly: "I had it syringed out this morning!"

A marriage late in life has its advantages. For one thing, there is less of it.
The Gibsonia Social Club

CHARITIES AND OTHERS BENEFIT FROM SPLENDID RESULT OF ANNUAL BALL.

Staff and friends alike, whether or not they were present on the night, will assuredly be proud of the distributions made by the Committee from the proceeds of the Foy Ball, held on August 20th last.

Cheques totalling the impressive sum of £588/5/- have since been sent as gifts from the Club to the following organisations, each of which is concerned with the rendering of important service to the community:

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<td>Surrey Hills Kindergarten</td>
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£588 5 0

Attending the Foy Ball is not just a matter of “having a good time” therefore. When you buy your ticket you are on the way to making a donation to a number of very good causes, thus bringing comfort and aid to your fellow-citizens.

Congratulations to the Club Committee upon their excellent management of the ball, and for having their hearts in the right places. Thanks, too, to all the good people who filled the St. Kilda Town Hall on August 20th and thus made these goods deeds possible.

BASKETBALL.

By “Ha Ha De Lousy.”

There was great excitement around the Collingwood and Fitzroy Stores last month as the day arrived when the basketball game of games was decided between The Hags and The Bags.

Talent was aplenty in both sides and spectators were assured of a hard and fast game. The Bags had such players as Tom Brewer, Bernie Myers, “Lulla” Nathan, Bob Grey, Des Seagrange, Bill Norris, and Leo Grumulaitis. The Hags fielded a fine side in Len Holland, “Beanie” Harker, “Glamour Girl” Norm Fielding, “Hacka” Clark, Ron Greenhill, Dick Eagles, and were very fortunate in securing at the last moment the services of “Madame Mighty Mouse.”

The game started with a bang—literally, that is. Des passed to Leo, intercepted, and “Hacka’s” heaving bosom exploded. The pace was a cracker. When “Lulla” picked up and threw to an opening, consternation broke out amongst the crowd. The opening he saw was one of the lady spectators yawning. After the ball was extracted and returned to play, Bill went down when a hard pass from Bernie knocked the wind out of his sails and left him all at sea. “Mighty Mouse” was well...
trussed up and of "corset" had many shots for goal, but had no success until given a bunk-up by two team mates. The evenness of the two centre players was evident, although Bob was left flat chested after one encounter with "Beanie." Tom was attempting to make a fast move, but found himself rooted to the spot, with the aid of a piece of rope and a 30-lb. weight.

The Hags had the advantage, inasmuch that Len's bare midriff and Norm's contours had a most disturbing effect on The Bags, and it must have been a great effort indeed to concentrate on the game.

Dick's tailored costume and Ron's well-groomed hair were slightly soiled, but both carried on undaunted. Pat Ryan did a masterly job of umpiring, as it was no mean feat to keep control of the temperamental and highly-strung players.

The game was put on to help swell the football and basketball funds, and was very successful. So, until next year, its goodbye to the lunch-hour interludes of fun.

MELBOURNE TABLE TENNIS.

The team entered in the Northern Suburbs Summer Competition finished the season in second place, losing only two matches by the smallest possible margin, 6-5, in each case.

In the final the team did not reveal it’s early form and was defeated 7 rubbers to 4.

The Games.

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The Players.

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</tbody>
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Doubles games are not included.

Although our many representative teams in both winter and summer competitions did not win a pennant this year, they have at all times played the game and given of their best.

And so the time comes for us to put away the bat and ball (as far as competition is concerned) until next season, when again we can say "it's on again."

—Norm. Fielding, Hon. Sec.

DON'T FORGET THIS!

Foy's Table Tennis Club will hold a Theatre Night at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, December 29th, for "South Pacific." Tickets will be available in dress circle. Make up a party now and contact N. Fielding for bookings.

Laughing bride is Pauline Theresa Armstrong, of the Mercery, City Store. She was married on October 16, at Sacred Heart, Kew, to Russell William Rowley.

A man's faith gets a severe test when he finds himself in church with nothing smaller in his pocket than a £1 note.
IT'S CHRISTMAS IN COLAC!

From the countryside; from the 'youngest' unit in the Foy & Gibson organisation, Christmas greetings are on the wing.

For those around me in Bilson's, my thoughts are especially warm when I say "A happy Christmas to you all and if the coming year should bring us no more than the strong comradeship I have known since the merging of our interests with Foy's last June, I for one shall regard it as a new year of good omen."

And I speak for all in Colac in sending our best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to all others who serve under the Foy banner. Long may it wave!

—L. A. HITCHES, Manager, Colac.

"THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS."

By Jack Hayward (Perth Store).

Miss Moira Burke suggested that I might write some reminiscences of humorous incidents that have happened to me in show business. This is much easier said than done, as many of them make good stories when told, but aren't nearly so funny on paper.

I often think of an occasion when I was compering at a concert in gaol some years ago. (I wasn't an inmate, by the way.) One of the prisoners of "the weaker sex" made a terrific nuisance of herself and eventually it was decided to take her back to her cell. This caused a violent uproar, in which all the male prisoners joined, and the artists were terrified there would be a riot. I thought of the saying that "music hath charms" and rushed the band on to the stage. It was a girls' orchestra, and I often laugh at the incident, because I think they set an all-time record for speed. I've never heard "The American Patrol" played like it since!

When I played the part of "Buttons" in the pantomime of "Cinderella" a couple of years ago, there were lots of unrehearsed laughs. These were caused mainly by the very youthful members of the audience, whose loyalty to their hero, "Buttons," always overcame their fear of the "Demon King," and when, at the end of the show, I had to chase him through the theatre, they gave him a rough time. Most times I was kept busy pulling heaps of kiddies off him, and, although he was a very big man, it was not unusual for him to lose his cloak or his hat, or even pieces of skin from his nose.

When I left England as a youngster, I used to say jokingly that I'd go to the Goldfields and have a theatre where people paid nuggets of gold to see the show. To my surprise, I did go to the Goldfields and I also had my own show. The audience, of course, never produced any gold, but during the war my shows were responsible for subscribing over £8000 to the A.C.F. and other war organisations, so my youthful prophecy wasn't altogether wrong.

I remember one humorous incident when on tour. The stage manager had to do almost everything—besides appearing in the show. One night while changing his costume he had to rush out and place a chair on stage in a blackout. We heard an awful crash and turned on the lights. There was the chair in the audience and the S.M. half off the stage—dressed only in his underpants. It was the hit of the show.

Many years ago in England, during a tent show, the manager came in one night from the ticket box and found he had a packed house. He looked around and roared: "Get out, the — lot of you. The house is full and I've only taken sixpence."
often wondered what happened to the one and only financial member of the crowd.

While producing "The Merry Widow" on one occasion I struck one of those nights when nothing would go right. One of the leading women was having a battle with the wardrobe mistress, the conductor fell off his stool, and numerous other things happened, but I carried on rehearsal as though nothing was wrong, until, in the middle of a big number, the leading lady fainted. After we had given her a reviver we went to supper and I was discussing her untimely faint, and she casually told me it was just an act. She said "everybody was getting too much attention—besides I felt I'd like a glass of whisky." That was the last time one of my leading ladies ever got anything stronger than water, and it's amazing how few of them have fainted since.

I don't know whether this article has been interesting to anyone else, but it has certainly set me thinking and brought back many happy memories, because it is quite true that "there is no business like show business."

Marjorie Summers, Dick Rouse and Jack Hayward engaged in "a little magic," an amusing interlude in the Perth Store Christmas Revue. Ron Parker took the picture during the show.

and they haven't been placed in these particular positions for decorative purposes, but for use.

Have you any complaints or grumbles you want to air? Have you any suggestions for improving the organisation and services of the store? Every suggestion, no matter how small, will be welcomed. What about your Social Club? Any way in which you would like to see its activities extended or improved? Any complaints about it?

If you can answer "yes" to some or all of these questions, then you should take advantage of the nearest suggestion box. We want your suggestions and we want your complaints. All you have to do is write them down on a slip of paper and, preferably, sign your name. We say "preferably" because, although it's not compulsory to give us your name, there are two good reasons why you should. Firstly, if you make a suggestion for an improvement which is adopted, the management will wish to express their appreciation in some way. Secondly, if you have a complaint, it may so happen that, before it can be investigated further, details may be necessary. In either case, your name would be essential.

Each note slipped into the suggestion box will receive immediate attention and the writer will be informed of the action taken.

PERTH ASKS: "ANY SUGGESTIONS?"

There are three small green boxes in the store which should be a familiar sight to each and every member of the staff. Many of you, if asked the whereabouts of these boxes would probably confess ignorance. You would probably admit also that you'd never heard of these green boxes before.

As a clue, one it situated in the staff luncheon room and one in each of the locker rooms. Getting any warmer? Yes, they're your suggestion boxes.

THINK BIG.

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't;
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you'll find,
Success begins with a fellow's will—
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost,
Ere ever a step is run,
And many a coward fails,
Ere even his works begun;
Think big and your deed will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind,
Think that you can and you will—
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are—
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But, soon or late, the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.

(With acknowledgments to the unknown author.)
A LASSIE IN TASSIE.

By Pat Congdon (Perth Store).

[As mentioned in our last issue, 19-year-old table tennis star, Pat Congdon, of the Perth Advertising Office, was selected to captain the W.A. State women's table tennis team, which played in the Australian championships in Hobart in September. Here are some of Pat's impressions of her visit to Tasmania.]

A table tennis carnival is perhaps the most exacting of all sports, as a fortnight's playing time is jammed into the space of five days. When six States are competing in team matches and every player from each team, as well as outsiders and professionals, is competing for the Australian open titles, the going is pretty fast and furious. Some days we would be on the tables at 9 o'clock in the morning, playing continuously till 11 o'clock at night, broken only by an hour for lunch and an hour or so off for tea. Consequently, there was very little time left to take any long tourist trips. But we did manage to see plenty of the city proper and I for one loved every inch of it.

It was bitterly cold the night we arrived in Hobart; so cold, in fact, that several inches of snow fell up on the mountains. I shall never forget the sight that awaited us when we left our hotel the next morning. Towering high above us was Mt. Wellington, the upper half almost entirely enveloped by a thick mist. Dimly we could make out the white snowline at the peak. Wildly excited at the prospect of seeing snow for the first time, we hired a couple of cabs and raced up there for our lives. The taxi drivers must surely have thought us West Aussies a bit crazy as we tumbled out of the cars and ran to the snow. We revelled in it, picking it up, feeling it; even eating it! By now the mist had begun to lift and for the first time we could look down and see Hobart and its suburbs spread before us in doll-like dimensions. A wall of mountains and a succession of waterways (which included the River Derwent and tributaries), bays, peninsulas and islands completely surrounded them. The city itself nestled, protected, right at the foot of our mountain.

That afternoon we paid a visit to the famous Wrest Point Hotel, reputed to be the finest hotel in Australia. You pay something like 40 guineas a week for a suite of rooms. This four-storey, modern hotel faces the harbour, is set in spacious lawns and gardens, and is complete with its own private tiled swimming pool. I must add that it was here in this hotel that I sampled the dinkie-die...
Tasmanian cider—and, believe me, I can taste it yet!

Another free afternoon we squeezed in a trip to New Norfolk, situated on the banks of the River Derwent, some 21 miles from Hobart. Here we visited the trout hatchery, some historic churches and, of course, the "Old Colony Inn," the latter being a famous roadside coffee inn for tourists. We saw beautiful orchards and hopfields, and passed the Australian newsprint mills and Cadbury's huge chocolate factory, situated on the opposite side of the river.

My only regret when leaving Tasmania was that I had been unable to take a trip to the Huon Valley or to Port Arthur and Eaglehawk Neck, but I have fully resolved to return there some day to visit these places. It's a wonderful State, the people are friendly, the scenery magnificent, and it makes one very proud to think that it is part of our great continent, Australia.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE.

By John Vanderiet (Perth Store).

An Instructive Quiz.

Nearly all the materials used and the goods sold in a store nowadays cost two or three times as much as before. How can this be made clear to employees?

In a big store, the following solution was reached: In an empty room various goods and samples were displayed. Everywhere were show-cards with the question: "How much do we have to pay for this?" Employees were asked to send in their estimates. The employee closest to the actual cost price received a prize.

The amazing thing was that, especially on consumption goods, such as stationary, packing paper, etc., the actual price was about five times the closest estimated price.

A Speed Hammer.

A firm in Chicago has brought an electric hammer on to the market. This hammer drives nails into wood and other materials in a few seconds. The hammer hits the nail 3600 times every minute.

Magic Chalk.

Manufactured by Patterson, Matilume & Co., Chicago, chalk that can write on glass is obtained in five colours. The letters when written are luminous, like neon lights.

For Our Cleaning Staff.

Cleaning is not always an easy task, and, although done carefully, it does not always give the desired results.

In America a new method has been developed. Grease and oil are removed from metal by sound. The cleansing liquid is exposed to ultrasonic energy waves (750 kilocycles per second). All reactions are thus accelerated. The cleaning takes only ten seconds.

Colour.

According to an American expert, the best results in an office are achieved when the colours
of walls, floors and ceiling are of a darker shade than the colour of the desks or tables. The same goes for machinery.

His advice is to keep office furniture and machines as light coloured as possible, but that too much difference in colour tires the eyes.

ACROSS THE SEAS.

Writing from 24 Blomfield Road, Maida Vale, London, W.9, former display artist Paul de Bur sends greetings for Christmas and New Year to his many friends in our organisation. To Paul, our own good wishes for future success in his homeland.

Personalities

Cutlery and Electroplate (Adelaide) seems a quiet place nowadays, for our one and only MARION BROWNLIE has left. She's gone a-nursing at Balaklava. The experts say a good laugh is the best tonic. If that's the case, Balaklava Hospital will be the happiest spot in the State! All the best in your new vocation, Marion.

MR. ALF. TROMPF, Manager, Fitzroy, and his wife were proud parents at the marriage on November 24th of daughter June to Mr. Bill Sticklan. Many of the staff have watched June grow up, and they and all others will be full of sympathy that, whilst honeymooning in N.S.W., Mrs. Sticklan was laid low with appendicitis. So we've an added reason for expressing our best wishes for the future of the happy couple.

We thought there must have been something more than the scenery behind HARRY ARTHUR'S (Boys' Wear, Adelaide) trips to Broken Hill. Now we know. He's announced his engagement! Congratulations, Harry!

Former workmates will be happy to learn that Mrs. Alma Bevan, whom we knew as ALMA WARD, of Eagley Annex, Prahran, gave birth to a daughter on November 16th. Lucky baby has been named Joy Lorraine. Congratulations from us all.

Mrs. Olive Hargreaves, Babywear, City Store, with some of the beautiful dolls dressed by members of the staff, for Christmas distribution to children in hospitals and kindergartens. Employees donated and dressed more than 200 of these dolls.

--(Photo by courtesy of "The Age."

MR. W. PIGHT is now the proud father of a bonny boy, Warren John. With this little playmate for Dianne, the joy of the Pight home is shared by all in Adelaide.

Happy to record that KEITH TERRILL (Ticket Writers, Fitzroy) has won the hand and the heart of Miss Barbara Latter.

We find that PAT COTTER'S (Hosiery, Adelaide) fiancé's name is Garth Southcott. Happy to note
This old German wagon gave lots of fun to the kids at Adelaide's recent picnic. Note the youthful driver of the tractor.

that, as well as all else, they have a syllable in common!

Must be something in the name of Garth. JAN HEADING (Jewellery, Adelaide) was wed to Garth Hutchinson on Saturday, 15th, at the Campbelltown Methodist Church.

An inter-store engagement! PAT HORNIDGE (Handbags, Fitzroy) is "signed up" with PAUL BOWERS (Silks, City). Luck, Paul! Congratulations, you two.

Bon voyage to MRS. ROC (Merchandise Office, Adelaide) who is off to England with her husband.

Not all mining in Collie, W.A., is underground. Above is the Stockton Open Cut.
who has been transferred to London. Sailing on Christmas Eve, Avis will be slap in the middle of the Bight for Christmas dinner. What a waste of food!

Wed at Christ Church, Caulfield, on November 1st was MR. R. RHODES (Ladies' Shoes, Prahran). Smiling bride was Miss Gwen Brooker. A long and happy life to them both!

Another of our charming young "Misses" is now a "Mrs." NANCY LEE (General Office, Adelaide) was married to Kevin Messel at St. Barnabas', Croydon on November 8th. We hear that there is trouble about signing the time book correctly—but she'll get used to the new name in time.

Dark-eyed, petite NESTA FITZGERALD (Tailoring Workroom, Prahran) said "I will" to Mr. Mil White on October 18th. Nesta was always a solid support in Social Club activities. All joy to Mr. and Mrs. White.

"Get together" look of above twosome is explained by their recent engagement. Meet Mavis Flynn and Ken Jones, both of Perth Store.

The brightest smile in Adelaide Office nowadays belongs to LOIS LOCK (Staff Office), who has announced her engagement to Terrance Murphy, of Houghton. Congratulations and all the best to this happy couple.

MAXWELL MILLER, of the Advertising, City, was married to Miss Gwen Stewart on Friday, December 12th, at the Chapel, Melbourne Grammar School. Most of us know of Max's skill as a lay-out artist—but have you seen him at the wheel of a sports model M.G.? May the happy couple journey together throughout their new life with equal smoothness and contentment.

Why use heavy disguise, when a bun will do? Just recognisable here in the Bun-eating contest at Collie (W.A.) Picnic, are C. A. Stark, Manager, G. Wittorf and G. Dransfield.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It was stated in court that a reveller had returned four times to a night club after being asked to leave. It is thought that the doorkeeper must have put too much spin on him.

Girls who think they know all the answers sometimes find themselves going with questionable men.

A father no sooner gets a daughter off his hands than he is expected to help her husband to his feet.

In recent years our population has grown by leaps and bounds—especially in the flat overhead.

Women who wear evening gowns to bridge parties needn't worry about showing their hands.

No man is the master in his house if his bedroom is done in pink.

Too many car repair men listen to an engine and think they hear opportunity knocking.

"My boy friend lost all his money."
"What'll you do?"
"Oh, I'll put some of it in real estate and the rest in bonds."
Aesop, B.C. 620-560. Of uncertain origin, he is usually regarded as a Greek. A slave in early life, he showed high intellectual power. He told stories with a moral which have come down through the ages as Aesop’s Fables.

2,500 years ago

**Aesop** told of...

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

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

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