PARKING UNDER THE PALMS!
Indicative of the decentralisation of American retailing is this attractive Sears Roebuck Store in Florida.
(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."
PETER HOWSON RECALLS —

The Stimulus of Overseas Retailing

There must be few people who have no desire to go abroad. But the number of lucky ones who DO embark by plane or ship is surely fewer still. For most of us, therefore, the pleasures of overseas travel are largely a matter of day-dreaming. To some extent, of course, this hungering for knowledge and experience of other countries and their peoples can be satisfied by the reading of books and the viewing of films. There is, however, another source of information. To paraphrase the one-time Packard car slogan, “Ask the man who drives one,” you can “Ask the man who's been there.”

Mr. Peter Howson is not an easy man to pin down. His seemingly tireless energy moves him here and there with a speed which even the recently punctured sound barrier would undoubtedly acknowledge with respect. But we managed to catch up with him the other day. Our idea was to obtain the answers to a few questions about his recent trip to Europe and the United States. That was nearly our undoing! A torrent of information poured upon us. And from this Niagara of news we have distilled the following details as being of the greatest general interest to our readers.

The purpose of Mr. Howson’s visit to England was a private one, and although, naturally, he had an eye for all things which have bearing upon our own activities here, it was not until he was on his way back that he teamed with Mr. L. R. Hill (whom he had met in America) and his “inspection” of retail stores became more “official” in its approach.

It follows, therefore, that his most enlightening observations were made in the United States, and it is, in the main, with retail trends in America that this commentary deals. Nor could a more interesting field be chosen, for in the American store the rendering of service to the nth degree is almost a religion. It has to be, for America is the home of free enterprise, and competition—if friendly—is fierce.

Moreover, there seems to be one trait in the make-up of the Americans which we might well study. It is the cool assessment of whatever looks like a problem, followed immediately by a most determined effort to solve it. In tackling such difficulties, of course, the American is greatly aided by the enormous technological resources of the country and its people. With their usual facility for coining a phrase, Americans call this “know how.” But although the planner, the engineer, the scientist and all other specialists may have access to a stupendous variety of equipment for the shifting of mountains—literally and figuratively—there is still, at rock bottom, the exuberant willingness of the individual worker to get things done.

As an example of this spirit, we could point to a recent paragraph in the Melbourne press, which recorded that in Flint, Michigan, which suffered great damage when it was raked by a tornado earlier this year, a concerted effort was made to help those who had been rendered homeless. Spurred by this added impetus to “get moving,” we were told that 7000 men built 200 houses in two days! During the war years many of us saw similar “whizz-bang” construction methods employed by the U.S. armed services.

One of the major problems worrying business houses in most large cities today is transport; in particular parking. And nowhere, possibly, is this causing more headaches than in the United States, home of automobile construction—and use. But are the top-flight business men there sitting back at their desks with furrowed brows whilst local civic or other authorities doodle at blue prints for future parking areas or otherwise hampering the free movement of private transport? In many of the great department stores in the States they are most certainly NOT!

Of all the developments noted by Mr. Howson during his tour, nothing impressed him more than the steps being taken by the great retail establishments to ensure that car-borne customers...
make the quickest and most convenient contact with the store's front door. And although the attempts to solve this problem are costing millions of dollars, the solution is clear-cut in its simplicity. The stores are moving Mahomet to the mountain. Where traffic congestion or city growth is hindering the approach to existing buildings, new building are being erected in positions which are either close to the living areas or where transport can flow freely.

In some instances the provision of these new facilities must have required courage as well as considerable physical outlay. Study the photographs which appear in this issue. Some of these new stores have evidently been built in outer suburban areas. Others seem to have been put up "out in the paddocks." To make quite sure of adequate parking space the store has acquired naturally its own "green belt." Others again have risen side by side with new housing, so that the surrounding community can grow up with all mod. cons.

Yet, there is further evidence from other illustrations that "decentralisation" has not been enough. Store operators are still looking ahead.

Whilst there may be parking lots available immediately adjacent to the new buildings, the stores have not neglected to ensure parking facilities in one position at least, to which access must always be available—on the roof of the store. Note the spacious ramp which runs from a nearby street to the top of one store building.

The widespread American custom of shopping by car has led to another marked change in retailing methods. For years the large store has used its window displays to catch the eye of the pedestrian passer-by. But in the planning of these new "feeder" stores the Americans seem to be taking the view that if the potential customer is no longer the casual sidewalk (pavement, to us) stroller, but a busy woman who prefers to make a bee-line for the front door of the store by car, then windows are not essential. Consequently, in many of these new stores, outer glazing has been eliminated. The maxim seems to be "We'll get 'em inside first, and then show them what's good."

Prominent among the retail houses which are well launched upon a decentralisation programme, is the famous Sears Roebuck Co., of Chicago. A

The new Sears Roebuck store in downtown Los Angeles. Not only is there a large car park alongside the store, but even more vehicles are resting comfortably on the roof. Note the long ramp from the street in the background.
number of the accompanying illustrations show new Sears stores. Although designs are ultra modern, this is no pandering to "modernistic" whim. Every rounded wall or overhanging cornice has a functional purpose. And the overall effect is very pleasing, both from without and within. In the case of Sears, the creation of these feeder stores has a dual significance. Not so many years ago, the fame of Sears rested solely upon its reputation as a mail order organisation. It had no shops. What the public saw were the gigantic catalogues. The chain of retail establishments now spreading across the United States not only supplements the huge catalogues, but shortens the distance between store and customer—both ways.

Renowned Lord & Taylor, in the heart of New York, where the world's traffic problems possibly reach their peak, is another store to "offshoot" to an outer residential area. To this move much thought must have been given, for Lord & Taylor's trade is of the "exclusive" type, and its hold upon the public would derive much from the sentimental attachment of successive generations to the well-known "mother store" in New York. Incidentally, "L. & T." made history some years ago when their windows were fitted with "movable" floors. Working on the elevator principle, two floors serve each window. Whilst one is "on view," displays are arranged, out of sight, on the other level. When a change is required the "current" floor is moved away by electric motors and the new display slides into its place. This store is noted also for its magnificent internal display work.

The stores of New York City are among the world's finest. Macy's, of course, claim to be the largest departmental store in the world. Smaller—though still great, by comparison with their Australian counterparts—and lacking nothing in the extreme attractiveness of the displays of all-quality merchandise, are Saks, Gimbel's and Bonwit Teller. Peter Howson strode through all of these establishments, with a keen eye for every new idea—and any old ones which might be studied here! Of all the stores visited on his journey, however, Mr. Howson has the greatest admiration for Saks, Fifth Avenue.

On 14th Street, New York, is a store of different type. Sears, Roebuck & Co., however, that among its own customers it probably rates higher than Saks and Macy's put together! The store is Klein's—and the magnet is self-service. Here in Australia, when self-service is mentioned, we think primarily of groceries or the odd supermarket. But at Klein's it's "the works"! Of all the sections, Peter Howson found the Men's Clothing the most fascinating. Under an intricate, but most efficient, system the coats only, of two-piece suits, are arranged on racks, according to size, cloth, style and price. Such are the wide ranges of cross sizes available in America (the enormous population justifies this extended manufacture, of course) that it is seldom that a customer cannot find the fitting he needs within a few minutes. With the approval of this part of the suit the customer then walks to an enclosed counter along the wall, rather like an army Q.M. store. Here an assistant notes a numbered tag on the jacket, and promptly produces the corresponding trousers.

Klein's business in this department alone is enormous. It caters for a middle and working class trade. In turn the customers appreciate the ease with which a new suit can be obtained and, of course, the savings represented in the reduction of sales staff to a minimum.

At the other end of the scale is a store like "City of Paris," in San Francisco. Here, large quantities of French merchandise of tip-top quality are sold. Materials, perfumes, wines, foodstuffs and the hundred and one novelties associated with Paris are assembled for those whose bank balance could only be described as solid.

But no store in America which Mr. Howson visited had achieved the novel form of "service" offered by Jelmoli's, of Zurich. Here, in an atmosphere which can at times be cool, it is still preferred that the doors be left open. For the protection of customers within the store, therefore, jets of warm air play across the doorway aperture, and there is complete comfort for all behind the "curtain." Jelmoli's also gives an "after hours" service, in the form of automatic stocking vendors. From these slot machines nylon stockings can be obtained at any hour of the night.

Whilst in Switzerland, Peter Howson inspected a great deal of modern textile machinery, details of which have been of great interest to Eagley Mills, of course, and he also spent many hours at "WIRA" (for the Woollen Industries Research Association) at Torridon, in Yorkshire. Still more helpful information was gathered at Corah's, of Leicester, one of the largest knitting plants in the world.

From New York, Mr. Howson flew to Canada to see the huge and world-famous Eaton and Simpson department stores in Toronto. There is much here to impress even the expert eye. Then followed visits to Boston, Detroit, Chicago and San Francisco.

In Boston, the Jordan Marsh Co. has embarked upon a huge project known as "Shoppers' World." Following the current trend of "taking the store to the people," Jordan Marsh has acquired a huge
tract of land on the outskirts of the city, where not only have new residential areas already been started, but where there is still room for similar development during the next few decades. Here, in a favoured spot, will be the new store, set in the midst of open ground, which lends itself to beautification from tree planting as well as affording wonderful car parking facilities. Thus the store and its setting and other civic amenities as well as the dwelling accommodation, existent and to be, will all flourish together. The sort of thing which should happen when someone says “This is the place for a village!”

Dominating the city of Detroit is the J. L. Hudson Co., one of the largest stores in America. From a modest shop opened by the founder, Joseph L. Hudson, son of an English tea and coffee merchant, in 1881, the Hudson Store today rises 25 storeys from pavement to tower top, and boasts of four basements. Its main floor areas cover 49 acres, with an additional 25 acres in warehouses and other buildings.

There are 18 entrances, 51 elevators and one of the largest escalator installations in the world. No less than 16 acres of floor space are carpeted, and customers have the use of 688 fitting rooms. In five public restaurants from 8000 to 10,000 people enjoy meals each day, whilst the store cafeteria serves 6200 meals daily. The fur storage vaults have room for 83,000 garments. A delivery fleet of 300 vehicles travels 3,000,000 miles each year, delivering more than 10,000,000 parcels, and about 900,000 pieces of furniture.

And if these details are not impressive enough, there is the remarkable story of the Hudson Basement Store. Operating on two selling levels, which cover four acres of space, this “store within a store” claims to do the largest basement volume recollections. But let us turn now to other things. Possibly his most outstanding impression of the merchandise to be found within all the stores visited—indeed wherever fashion goods are handled—is the tremendous switch to synthetics. For years now rayon has been a household name for most of us. Latterly we have been intrigued by nylon. Today new yarns have soared to prominence in fabrics which are practically unknown to most of us in Australia, although we may be familiar with the names from enthusiastic claims made in various press commentaries. But even though those stories of synthetic materials which are waterproof, of suits which can be thrown into a washing machine, of fabrics which will not burn, and of others which are “crease-less,” may have been a little overdone, there seems no doubt that to some extent already these synthetics have been vying with wool. That alone must be a matter of significance to Australia.

On the other hand, there are those who see in this new development an extended use of fabrics rather than the replacement of one material by another. The view from this angle is that when people come to appreciate fully the comfort of lighter clothing the trend will be towards different outfits for summer and winter. In other words, people will require more clothes. This, it is felt, would be a natural raising of the standard
of living with a consequent fillip to the national economy.

Best known perhaps of these recent developments from the scientists' test tubes are Dacron, Orlon, Acrilan, Dynel and Vicars. Orlon and Acrilan are similar to wool. So, too, is Dynel, which has been greatly favoured for sock manufacture. In a rough analysis made by Mr. Howson, of the wardrobes of people he met, the popular synthetic items were Orlon pullovers and sports trousers, Nylon (with cotton) singlets and Dacron suits and shirts. In many instances the new yarns were blended with wool.

Readers will probably be surprised to learn that one article of clothing which is in common use by both sexes in Australia is practically non-existent in the United States. This is the woollen singlet. Local custom over there, conditioned no doubt by the wide use of central heating has led to the wearing of light underclothing. This is adequate to indoor needs. When winter comes the American man and woman steps out in heavy top coats for street use. Those of us who are familiar with the man's underclothing sections of our own stores will recall the keen interest in woollen singlets shown by U.S. servicemen when they were here, during the war years. The G.I.'s bought these vests in large quantities, moved, in the first instance, no doubt, by the sheer "novelty" of a garment with which they were unfamiliar, but whose qualities they soon learned to appreciate.

Main frontage of the J. L. Hudson store in Detroit, Michigan.

But though the possibility of the widespread use of synthetics with its implied threat to the woollen industry may cast a little shadow across Australia's economic horizon, it is reassuring to know that nowhere is a fine quality woollen cloth still appreciated more than in the United States. Fine English materials, Harris tweeds, and some French worsteds command ready buyers, despite the high importation costs. On the other hand, the American mills turn out excellent materials for which there is ample local demand. Mr. Howson found it well worth while to inspect the world-famous weaving mills of the Forstmann Co. in New York, whose fabrics are of such fine quality that some of them are even preferred to British cloths.

Throughout his journeyings, in both factory and store, Mr. Howson was vastly impressed by the prosperity of America. Nor is this confined to business as represented by the stockholder or management. It is the individual worker who enjoys so much. Not only can so many employees look forward confidently to living in a decent home or apartment and to what might be termed the "amenities" of modern living, like a car, a washing machine, a refrigerator, or even a television set, but they show much evidence of enjoying the getting of these things. In other words, they enjoy life as represented by the work they do.

Not only does the American worker work hard, but he's quite happy to work long hours, provided the reward is good and conditions are happy. To put this in a nutshell, the average American finds pride in carrying out his allotted task. Be he the vice-president of a huge manufacturing company, or the "soda jerk" at a drug store, there's the same acknowledgment of an individual responsibility for some part of the day's job; the same urge to get it done, and done well, because the man himself will derive a self satisfaction from the know-
(and even their suitability for the job in hand) is regularly reviewed every six months. Broadly, therefore, the worker knows that if he is good his ability will be recognised. He is told where he stands. This is important. This is what gives rise to the feeling that the individual has a “stake in the country.” This encourages him to do his best all the time.

And what is the result? Possibly nowhere in the world is there such good service as is offered in the United States. The gas station attendant is helpful and cheerful. The elevator attendant could be the owner of the building. Nothing is too much trouble for the restaurant waiter. The sales clerk (or, as we know him, the shop assis-

**LADY NIXON**

We are happy to report that Lady Nixon, wife of the Chairman, has made a splendid recovery from a recent operation. Lady Nixon had to enter hospital on August 6, and was prevented from being present, with Sir Edwin, at the Annual Ball, an opportunity to meet so many members of the staff to which she had looked forward keenly.

As we go to press the news of Lady Nixon has that nice homely ring, which we know so well, in our individual family circles. “She’s up and about again and doing fine.” That she will long continue to enjoy this restored health is the sincere wish of us all.

This spacious store building in Houston, Texas, shows how the shop has gone to the customer. The surrounding trees make a remarkable setting. What look like rows of ornamental shrubs on either side of the store are actually lines of parked automobiles. Who could name one store in Australia offering comparable facilities?

**AH! THOSE RETAIL PROBLEMS!**

An amusing note from John Minks arrived the other day. Adelaide folk remember John as Office Manager. Before that he was in charge of Mail Order.

He recalled an incident involving the loss of a piece of irreplaceable material which a customer had sent in to have some buttons and a buckle made. A day or two later the department reported that the piece had been lost. At his wits end to placate the customer, John eventually screwed up courage to write a white fib about the material having been irretrievably chewed up by the button machine.

Imagine his feelings when back came the reply: “Thank you for all your kindness. The buttons, etc., arrived here quite safely, about ten days ago!”

As John Minks says now, “Was my face red!” Two reflections from this reminiscence. The first, a store correspondent treads no easy path. The other, departmental reports are sometimes more easily digested if taken with a little salt.
News from Adelaide
By Brian Bell.

WHITE TIES AND TAILS.
Everybody agrees that the 1953 Annual Ball was the best ever. It was held in the Australia Hall, which was gaily decorated with flowers and amusing cut-outs of rabbits eating carrots. The orchestra provided excellent dance music, and the buffet supper was delicious. Floral decorations arranged by Athalie Asplin, included masses of gum leaves, poinsettias, and autumn leaves.

Noted by our Fashion Spy, Pauline Lindsay (Mail Order), were Greta O'Neill, wearing frothy blue net over taffeta with a lamé bodice, and Lois Lock, looking charming in a maroon, shot taffeta ballerina. Miss Young chose blue-grey taffeta, and Athalie Asplin's delightful ballerina was styled in pink French organdie. Pink net with gold braid trim was the choice of Lorraine Carter.

Enjoying themselves at the Adelaide Annual Ball were Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Powell.

while Joyce White favoured a white frock with a red top. Red was most becoming to Barbara White, too. Hers was a lovely strapless frock.

The fun-packed evening was compered by Stan Rule, and the night certainly went with a swing.

NEW LAYOUT.
The Advertising Department has been on the move. It now occupies the former ticketwriter's office. The change over was a backaching job, with all the lugging of furniture and fixtures from one area to the next, and getting covered in dust from head to toe. But it was certainly worth it. The Advertising Department is now unbelievably spacious.

MELODY IN F(0Y'S)
With the commencement of the Winter Fair in June, came the installation of a public address system, which provides music while we work. Records are relayed from the Advertising Department throughout the store. It certainly brightens things up. Even the customers seem to swing and sway in rhythm with the toe-tapping music. Various members of the staff bring in records to be played, and lately we have been having request numbers. Our programme is more like the Hit Parade. (Did somebody say we only have a small selection of records?)

DRI NEST.
The cottage where Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary (Miss Lee, Knitwear) spent their honeymoon is situated at the water's edge, but it managed to survive our recent coastal lashing. Maybe it was the three thick coats of paint applied by the owner, Miss Auld (Children's Wear) that kept the sea at bay.

ENCORE!
Foy's grand variety show held in Churchill Buildings proved by popular vote to be a great success. To our producer, Col. Graham, and the many artists, we say a great big "Thank you." The chorus girls, Barbara Eddy, Joyce White, Esme Vyle, Lorraine Carter and Gwen Brodie, provided plenty of high kicks and colourful dancing. Sketch artists Dennis Bugg and Dave Hewitt excelled themselves, while Stan Ginotis, Joan Graham, Wally Wotzke and George Ellis, did their part to make this Broadway production the huge success it was.

Come on, Col! Let's have some more of these shows.

BATTING WELL.
Our Table Tennis chaps seem to be right on the ball these days. The top team has won every game. The second team is running third, and the last team . . . w-e-l-l, luck's been against them. But keep trying, boys, you're time will come.
A Catwalk is a "Must"

As if inspired by the calendar, which gives us movable feasts, the fashion departments of today are giving us movable clothes. Until comparatively recently, the larger stores usually presented a couple of parades each year — the important spring-summer and autumn-winter displays. There might be an additional odd showing or two of specialty items like underwear and corsets or "innards" of a cut-away washing machine. Nearby is a sewing machine demonstration. Further along, soft music beckons the jaded ear. Elsewhere, a patient lass allows her hair to be tinted pink or puce, whilst the suave demonstrator caresses his microphone to spellbind the assembled audience. Movement and sound. It is reaching everywhere until our own memory takes us back to that remarkable gentleman who, working in a city store, turned up one day in full evening dress, aye, in white tie and tails, to dazzle the dames with details of a combined mop and bucket.

Amidst the dramatics of this new atmosphere of the fair ground-cum-circus-cum-theatre, the hitherto sedate fashion floors are beginning to succumb. Today, it is not so much the season which dictates the date of a display, but the arrival of a new material. And, like everything else, even fabrics seem to be born every minute nowadays. Where grandma endured calico for years — or red flannel even longer — the misses and matrons of these hurrying years must make snap

Fascinating frocks on gorgeous girls at recent Spring Parades in City Store. At left: Gretta Miers and Carole Mee (winner of recent Teenage Quest) with Judy Lancet at their feet. Right: Judy Lancet models the latest strapless beach frock. (Photo by courtesy of "The Argus")
decisions among the materials which now spring from the looms with almost startling rapidity.

Look back over the past few months. We've had gleaming faille — not so new perhaps, but now in infinite variety; new weaves in nylons; and latest of all, the wondrous polished cottons. Our own fashion departments have shown them all. Not content with dazzling displays on racks and dummies, of course. Not relying altogether upon an eye-riveting window or the subtle word- ing of a press advertisement. These inducements all count for much. But as the fashion men will tell you, what finally tips the balance in pushing up the sales graph is the viewing of a new dress on a moving body. On the supple framework of a good-looking mannequin, a new neckline, a nipped in waist, or a softly sheathed hip, has added meaning for Miss Teenage, or her older sister. And as the model moves, with rhythmic grace, revealing the full beauty of colour and line, sales resistance trembles. Hardly a miss or matron but sees herself in the mannequin's shoes, perhaps even confident that she herself, similarly clad, would look even more devastating at that ball or party "next Saturday week."

Nor do we forget that a smooth broadcast com- mentary, against a background of soft music, plays an important part in moving milady from inaction to transaction.

And that, broadly, is the new technique. Movement and sound. Miles above, unseeable almost, against the blue of the heavens, the sleek aeroplane defies the eye with almost sightless speed and the Sound Barrier echoes, "Boom! Boom!" Movement and sound. It's the age we live in, and somehow we must attune ourselves to the new ways.

Meanwhile, fashion controllers seem to be "taking the strain" with their customary poise. Nature endowed Norm Stephenson with a body which moves him with reasonable ease. As for sound, haven't you heard that clucking noise as he gloats over his weekly sales?

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Steve Grant, Underwear Pressing, writes: "Being a regular reader of 'Service,' I have decided to wake myself up and send you a couple of items about mill folk.

"I would like to bring to the attention of others the proud record of two sisters. One is Mrs. A. Collingwood, formerly Miss Judd, and affectionately known to one and all as 'Amy.' She is head presser in the Underwear section at Eagley Mills, where she has worked for more than 32 years. Mrs. A. Moore, who is Amy's sister, is in charge of the Dining Room, where she has served us for the past 13 years. It's a pretty good record for two sisters. Can any other section report a better one?

"There was plenty of excitement when Miss Margaret Miles, of the Examining Section, announced her impending marriage to Leonard Billing, of Perth. Her many friends presented her with a lovely silver tray, and a farewell speech was made by Bruce Newstead, substituting for Mr. Cahill. Margaret left Melbourne on July 23, to make a new home in the West. We were all sorry to see her go, especially Elsie, the forelady.

"We look forward eagerly to seeing something of Bagley in 'Service.'"

The following notes, dealing with "past history," have almost become past history themselves. Our correspondent, Miss Alice Thompson, of the Weaving Mending, wrote about an interesting event which took place last Anzac Day, but, unfor-
Fortunately, her message did not reach us until after the June issue of "Service" went to press. There has thus been no earlier opportunity to report this happy occasion.

Miss Thompson writes: “A very enjoyable afternoon was spent in the Fitzroy Gardens on April 25, when approximately 120 past and present members of the Weaving Department met to renew old acquaintances. Some folk had not met for 30 years, and it was delightful to see their happy and excited expressions. Of course, the ladies were in the majority, but the few males present were very welcome, and had a happy time. Yes, they talked as much as the women.

This was the third gathering of its kind; the last being in 1944. Some old-timers would like one every year, as they feel the road must be getting short for them, and still want to keep in touch with the happy times they had working in Foy’s Weaving Department.”

With Miss Thompson’s letter came some snaps of our old friends. Unhappily, the photographer posed his subjects a little too much in the shade, and it has not been possible to make worthwhile blocks for reproduction here. A pity, because the girls were obviously having a whale of a time. Names on the backs of these pictures include B. and M. Sherriff, A. Irwin, C. Kaye, N. Tuttleby, A. Kay, and M. Baxter, C. Kenyon and A. Page. The three Graces who had not met for 30 years were Mesdames Stock, Webb and Cross.

Chapel Street Chatter

By “Peep.”

The moving tides of retail life! We lose here, we find there. From the Soft Furnishings—a spell in Heidelberg Hospital—Mr. Charles Marsden has moved to the same department in the City. We wish him well, in health, as well as in his new job.

To “balance up” the City has sent to us Miss Annette Cody, to take charge of the Jewellery. Already she has had our welcome. Now, our best wishes for full success.

Within the walls, we have watched Mr. John Wade move from the Mercery to Boys’ Wear, where he is now second in charge. Congratulations J.W.!

Laurie Davies (Window Display) has been “trying out” as a square dance caller. He was a competitor in a recent radio contest for would-be aces.

Mr. Ray Whitmore, Manchester, was married to Miss Cetie Curran-Gadsen, at St. Mary’s Church, Dandenong road, East St. Kilda, on September 8. As Cetie is a nurse, he’s in extra good hands from now on.

To be married at the same church is Miss Irene Duffy, of the Coats and Frocks. She exchanges vows with Kevin Heffernan, on September 26.

To one and all, our best wishes for great happiness.

DEATH OF Mr. H. G. CHARRETT

A deep gap was cut in the Chapel Street ranks with the death of Herbert Grant Charrett, on July 2. Nor is Prahran alone in mourning the loss of a good and loyal man, for by his long service of 37 years Mr. Charrett had long established himself as one of the “identities” of Foy & Gibson.

With nine years’ experience at Treadways already behind him, Herbert Charrett came to Foy’s in 1918. His first job was in the old “Big Store” in Chapel Street, and there he remained throughout his career with us, practically the whole of his years being spent in the Boys’ Wear sections.

As might be expected, the varied contacts he made during this long period endeared him to people both within the store and without. He was held in affection by many, in respect by all. Of his devotion to his job and his long standing loyalty in general, the Company is deeply appreciative, and once again we offer to the members of his family and all others who mourn him our deep sympathy for them in the loss which is theirs.

One of the finest tributes paid to American comedian, Will Rogers, was: “He never made anyone unhappy till he went away.”
Western Whispers
Broadcast by Jack Hayward.

PERTH WAS A GAY CITY.

Perth was an exciting place during the celebration of the Coronation, and sightseers thronged the streets to view the decorations. These were many and varied, although the majority followed a broad pattern, the most popular features being illuminated replicas of the Royal Crown, heraldic devices, and huge paintings of Her Majesty and Prince Philip.

Without doubt, the most outstanding of these were the huge three dimensional crowns on the Electricity and Gas buildings. These were really magnificent and at night made a glorious picture, with large "jewels" sparkling like the gems of Aladdin's cave.

Flags, pictures, lights and bunting made Perth look like a fairy city. Foy's Terrace facade was really a joy to behold and was, to my mind, the most brilliant of all decorations. It stood out from anything else because of its novelty, and one could only wonder at the tremendous amount of work and thought put into it. The entire building was outlined in amber lights, which gave it the necessary amount of light without detracting from the main feature of the display. This consisted of a patriotic flashing of red, white and blue light, arranged all over the three upper storeys. The numerous windows were picked out with hundreds of globes, the first floor in blue, the second in white, and top floor in red. These flashed on and off to a set pattern, giving the effect of "running" along the building, and then shining in unison so that there was a series of red, white and blue movements across the frontage, and then the entire building was lit up in one breath-taking burst of all three colours. Congratulations for this wonderful effort are due to management and the staff responsible.

The Hay street entrance was decorated with flags, and there were also some very artistic window displays by Vic. Sale and his boys. The spirit of the Coronation was also noticeable at some of the counters, where assistants had made special efforts to create an exciting atmosphere and show their loyalty on this occasion. The weather man also did his bit on the first two days, but spoilt himself completely on the Monday, when rain came down in no uncertain manner.

On Tuesday, Coronation Day, Perth was in carnival mood, and thousands of people packed the streets to watch the procession of about 5000 men and women from every branch of the Navy, Army and Air Force. The sun shone on streets still wet from morning showers, as tightly pressed thousands of people, against a background of colourful bunting and royal emblems, cheered and cheered.

DIVIDENDS OF HAPPINESS.

A very pleasing event took place in the Directors' Room on Friday, June 12, when Mr. H. E. Norman presented cheques to three charitable organisations. This was the final moment of several weeks of sustained effort by numerous enthu-
siastic workers in the Perth Store, during which the Annual Ball was organised, and the Popular Girl Competition was so successfully guided to an unprecedented conclusion.

Those who benefited from this year's function were the Sister Kate's Children's Home, Slow Learning Children's Group, and the Crippled Children's Society. These very worthy institutions all work for children who need the greatest possible help, in various forms, and each of them received a gift of £383/13/4. Representing the various groups were Mr. Minors, Superintendent of Sister Kate's Home; Mr. Foster, Slow Learning Children's Group; and Mr. R. Allingham, for the Crippled Children, who expressed heartfelt thanks to all concerned in this splendid effort. Present also on this happy occasion were Mr. C. E. Colebrook, the eight "Popular Girls," Mr. Eaton (Advertising Manager), and Mr. Hayward (Secretary, Social Club). Apologies were received from Mrs. Ruston, President of the Slow Learning Children's Group, and Mr. McWilliam, President of the Crippled Children's Society.

"ANDY" MULGRAVE HAS PASSED ON.

It was with a heavy heart that we learnt that Mr. A. Mulgrave, our cheery lift driver, had been taken to hospital once more to undergo an operation. Then came the sad news of his death. Everyone of us who ever travelled in his lift knew what a grand character he was, and how much his happy words meant as we left the lift each morning. During his many years of service, "Andy" had perhaps become the most popular chap in the whole store, and his breezy personality will certainly be missed. Not only was he loved by his fellow workers, but customers had come to know him throughout the years as a personal friend. His passing will be felt by everyone, young and old.

VALE, JIM ROWE.

It was indeed a great shock to the entire staff to hear of the sudden death of Mr. Jim Rowe, who, as Floor Superintendent, had been such a familiar figure throughout the store.

His breezy personality and jovial manner were so much part of the store life that it was hard to realise that he had passed on. Mr. Rowe was always full of the zest for living. He was a keen sportsman with many and varied interests. In his younger days he participated in many sports and still maintained an interest in them.

For many years, he was a cricket umpire with the W.A.C.A. and, with the others, gave his services free during the war years. In latter years, he umpired for the Mercantile Association. During recently, he was also a goal umpire for the National Football League, and was a life member of the Perth Football Club, and the Swan River Rowing Club. During the war, he acted as Head Warden in East Perth.

Perhaps his greatest interest, in later years, was in the Police Boys' Club, of which he was a keen and enthusiastic supporter and worker. He was Treasurer of the East Perth Police and Citizens' Boys' Club, and also a Federation member. These boys have expressed their sympathy in practical form, by sending a working party to his home during the week-ends to assist Mrs. Rowe.

WELCOMING OUR NEW STAFF TRAINER.

A new addition to the staff is Mrs. Leigh MacPherson, who has taken over the duties of Staff Training Officer. Mrs. MacPherson comes to us from New Zealand, but, as she is making some very definite plans regarding home building, it looks as though she has decided to really become one of us. Incidentally, Mrs. MacPherson is very interested in the formation of a
Girls' Marching Association, a movement which has proved exceedingly popular in New Zealand. We welcome her to Foy's and also her new home State.

A SUCCESSFUL STORE SOCIAL.

For a recent staff social evening, about 80 braved the weather, and had a really happy time. The evening commenced at 8 p.m. with a few words from Mr. H. E. Norman, chairman of the Social Club, in which he expressed Mr. Colebrook's apologies for his absence. The main portion of the programme consisted of a varied and interesting assortment of short films. Community singing was conducted by Brian Charles and your correspondent, whilst Judith Flanders was a popular vocalist. Vic. Sale (Display) at the piano, Carmel Whatley (Despatch) on the violin, and Bernie Clarke (Soft Furnishings) with his drums, supplied the music. The big surprise (and, incidentally, the star) of the evening was Andy Mulgrave, with his comic songs. Andy is one of the most loved members of the store, and his popularity on this occasion left nothing to be desired. To use an old theatrical term, he had them "rolling in the aisles" and it was quite a while before his audience quietened down after his encore, which had an unusual twist on the usual run of "Mother" songs.

[The saddening news of the death of Mr. Mulgrave has been recorded in an earlier paragraph.
—Ed. "S."]

The evening ended in a popular way, with a cup of tea and eats, and our thanks go to Miss Tindal and her workers, for the excellent supper arrangements. Do not forget Brian Charles for his breezy compering, and Vic. Sale and his musicians. A special vote of thanks also to those men behind the scenes — Frank Jenkins, who showed the film, and to all those sterling workers who prepared the cafeteria.

VITAL STATISTICS.

By Bev. Ely.

Our hearty congratulations go out to Miss Leila Greenhill (Office) on her 21st birthday (June 25), on which memorable occasion she announced her engagement. All the best, Leila!

Miss Grace Guest (Millinery) also recorded a 21st birthday recently. Congrats. to you, too, Grace!

Miss Beryl ("Tell Me a Story") Cherrington (Lay-by office) celebrated her 21st birthday on July 24. Best wishes, Beryl!

June 5 was a big day for Miss Darrel Williamson (Cafe), being both her birthday and the day she announced her engagement. All the best to you!

Miss June Vincent recently left our ranks (Ladies' Shoes) to take up the duties of matrimony. Good luck, June!

Another member of the Ladies' Shoe Department, Mrs. Hogarthe, became Mrs. Rodgers on June 30. Best wishes, Mrs. Rodgers!

BEREAVEMENT.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mrs. Rowe and family at the recent sad loss of Mr. J. Rowe, whom we knew so well as Floor Superintendent. Our nearest sympathy is felt also for Miss Val Wells (Stationery) and family on the recent passing away of her baby brother.

FANCY DRESS DANCE.

On Monday, July 27, the Social Club held a plain and fancy dress dance at the Leederville Town Hall. Jimmy Beeson's band supplied the music for dancing, which was mostly old time, with a sprinkling of modern dances.

The number who went along in costume was not large, but they added colour and gaiety to the evening, and such was the variety and originality, that choosing the prizewinners presented quite a task for the judges, Miss L. McCartney (Laces), Mrs. Parkinson (Receptionist) and Mr. Vic Sale (Display). Their decisions, however, were popular with all present.

Beryl Cherrington took the "Most Original Girl" prize for her "Tell Me a Story" costume, at recent Fancy Dress Dance, in Perth. Right: Sheila and Eric Corrigan took "Best Dressed" awards for their "Japanese Lady" and "Hussar" creations.

You never can tell! This heart-warming trio collected special prize for their "Family" presentation at Perth Social. L. to R.: Audrey Black as "Father," Jimmy Stout as "Baby," and Nick Farrelly as "Mother."
The prizes were awarded to:
Most Original Girl: Beryl Cherrington (Lay-by) — "Tell Me a Story."
Most Original Boy: Mervyn Jones (Mercery) — "Brighteyes."
Best Dressed Lady and Gent: Eric Corrigan (Electrical) — "Hussar;" and Sheila Corrigan — "Japanese Lady."
Special prizes:
Wally Mitchell (Electroplate) — "Clown;" and "The Family," composed of Audrey Black as "Mother," Nick Farrelly (Mercery) as "Father," with Jim Stout (Mercery) as "Baby."

Jimmy Stout made quite a noticeable entrance, and it was evident throughout the evening that he was having nappy trouble. However, I noticed Joy Turnbull helping out with safety pins and showing a surprisingly good knowledge of the art of "dressing baby."

Many thanks are due to Mr. Ritchie (Despatch), who acted as ticket collector, Joy Turnbull (Card Office), in the ticket box, and Shirley Whyborn (Cafe), who bravely withstood the cold night and sold ice cold Coca Cola to the thirsty people.

FOY'S PLAYERS AND THEATRE NEWS.
On Monday, June 8, Foys Players commenced activities for the forthcoming season, with the first of a series of weekly meetings for play reading. A most encouraging feature was the presence of several new members. Some really good one-act plays have been selected, and are now in rehearsal for a public season in September and visits to several hospitals.

The ballet have started rehearsals for a charity performance and also for the Christmas Revue, in which they will feature more prominently than previously.

Several parties have been arranged for visits to theatres to see plays presented by other amateur companies, with the result that our players are more eager than ever to smell the greasepaint.

Many members of the staff took advantage of the special concession rates available to Social Clubs to see the visiting companies in "Kiss Me Kate" and "Oklahoma!" and also the National Opera Company's season. A most interesting entertainment listed for our enjoyment was a ballet season presented by a newly formed company of local dancers. Trained by Madame Bousloff, this ambitious band of artists, assisted by soloists from the National Ballet, and appearing under the name of "The West Australian State Ballet," deserve unstinted praise and support. They showed that, given the training and opportunity, our own dancers can compete very favourably with more seasoned artistes.

I was able to represent Foys Social Club at an afternoon party at the "Savoy" given by the Management of "His Majesty's" Theatre to the secretaries of the various organisers of theatre parties, and I was astounded to learn to what extent these social clubs were helping keep the live theatre going. During the recent Ivor Moreton and Dave Kaye Show, more than 10,000 members of the social clubs visited the show during its seven weeks season. Since Edgeley and Dawe took over the lease of "His Majesty's," we have had a wonderful assortment of productions, and the support of the social clubs has, no doubt, helped considerably towards this, since it costs a terrific amount to bring a company here. According to Mr. Edgeley, the cost of bringing a show here from the Eastern States is greater than taking a similar show from London to Cairo. "His Majesty's" Theatre is considered the best theatre of its kind in the Southern Hemisphere, so, given the right kind of shows, I know Foys and other social clubs, together with the general public, will continue to support them — not for...
getting, of course, the generous concession rates we receive.

A PURL — AT ANY PRICE!

A store feature which has been enjoying quite a lot of notice for some time now is the demonstration of the "Zip" Home Knitting Machines. Always on the lookout for a bargain, I suggested that Miss Steere might knit me a pullover while demonstrating. The best I could get was an offer to teach me to use the machine — if I bought one! Well, you can only try! Anyway, if a fellow can't buy a knitting machine he can always marry one, although I'd probably be unlucky enough to get someone who couldn't afford a floor polisher — and was looking for one!

MR. A. GIBB.

Mr. Andy Gibb, our new Floor Superintendent, commences his duties with the good wishes of everyone. He started with Foy's in December, 1950, in the Hardware Department, where he remained until his recent promotion. Andy—as he

is known to many of his co-workers—has always been a popular member of the staff, and is particularly well known for his sporting activities. At present he is an umpire in the W.A. National Football League, and before this, played League football for Claremont during the 1925-35 seasons.

When I first met him he was on the staff of the Great Boulder mine, and during his stay on the goldfields, football was again responsible for making him a well-known and popular personality.

It was during this period that he played for the Mines Rovers — one of the leading teams on the goldfields. Before going to the land of the Golden Mile, he was also a keen swimmer with the Claremont club, and the numerous trophies to be seen around his home point to his many successes in the sporting world.

We wish him every success in his new job, and feel sure he will be a worthy successor to Mr. Rowe.

TABLE TENNIS.

By Pat Congdon.

I suppose many faithful "Service" readers have been wondering why there has been a suspicious lull in this column. Two issues back, when the opening announcement appeared regarding the coaching class, the response from the girls enabled us to enter a team into the third grade. Since then, I have been swamped with inquiries from the staff asking how the team was shaping and where it was likely to finish up on the premiership ladder. Now that the season is drawing to a close, the time has come to break this silence.

The girls have fought out many a hard and thrilling match. Unfortunately, they have only been able to "crack it" once, and I'm sure that nobody who saw that match would begrudge them their narrow 6-5 victory.

Although hampered by restricted practice arrangements, the girls have persevered with their early morning efforts and, without doubt, have improved 100 per cent. on their first games. Thanks to the efforts of Miss Bourke, the girls were able to procure the material for their uniforms, which they designed into snappy two-piece affairs, with very alluring split-side seams.

I don't know whether it was admiration of this outfit, or that the boys were just plain good-hearted, but many of them gave up their beauty sleep to come in at 8 o'clock in the morning to give the girls much-needed doubles practice.

Next year, if all goes well, we hope to have our own home ground, with regular practice and playing nights, which should create further interest amongst girls in the store.

By and large, I think it's been a very successful first season. After all, you can't expect to be State champions the first year! But I can say this — that if it were only keenness that counted, Foy's Table Tennis team would be right there, on top.

NOW LONDON KNOWS!

Mrs. Harrison (Laces) received a letter from her mother in England, who was very excited because she had seen the Foy & Gibson Perth Store on television.

Turning on her set one evening, she got a very pleasant surprise to see the St. George's Terrace entrance to the store flash on to the screen, in all its Coronation splendour. Her one regret was that, although she had closely scanned all the people passing in and out, she hadn't seen her daughter among them.

STOP PRESS.

Ron Withnell, of the Mercery, is not alone in his pride of fatherhood. His many friends share the joy of Ron and his wife in the recent arrival of a son.

And congratulations from all sides to Nick Riley, Mercery, and Brian Charles, Display. Each has just become engaged. That makes at least four happy people in the neighbourhood.
KATANNING KAPERS
By Kessell.

Hi! Ho! After one whole issue of silence from us, readers might have thought that Katanning was no longer Kapering. Oh, no! I've just been lazy at the job of rounding up the news. That was all—and here I am back again.

Firstly, I have an overdue congratulation to make to Miss Gladys Gray (Grocery), upon the occasion of her engagement. We all wish her every success for that married bliss later on.

Miss Shirley Ryan (Manchester) left our ranks recently. Shirl was married on August 1, and is settling quite close to Katanning, and so we will see quite a bit of her in future. Before leaving she was presented with a lovely stainless steel tray and six lovely glasses. Good luck, Shirley!

We recently had occasion to farewell a long service member of our staff, when he retired. He was Mr. Richard Mosscrop, of the Back Store. Mr. Mosscrop was the recipient of a lovely electric kettle, presented to him at a gay social evening in his honour. We all wish him a long and pleasant retirement.

Another retirement has been that of our Kojonnup Manager, Mr. J. W. Anthony. Mr. Anthony's loss will be keenly felt in Kojonnup Store activities. A farewell party was held in the Katanning Store amenities room on July 25.

To coincide with this retirement we have to record the return of Mr. Stan Norrish to Kojonnup as Manager, and the transfer of Mr. Bill Godenzie to the Tambellup Store, as Manager. We wish them both every success in their separate concerns.

A new home seems to be a store byword lately. John Cobby (Furniture) is soon to move into his. Mrs. Blanch Evans and her husband haven't long to wait either, so I hear; and Norm Giles (Furniture) is just embarking on the first stage of his building. We had a rushed visit paid us by the extremely bright couple, Miss Laura MacCartney and Miss Ethel Boyd. Our guests were introduced to one and all, in sparkling fashion, by Mr. Bowden. In turn, our congratulations to Mr. Bowden upon his recent appointment as a Director of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd. We quite sure he not only deserves this position, but that he will fulfill his new responsibilities with the utmost care.

We had a short farewell visit from Mr. Angell. Our best wishes to him in his future ventures.

Mr. Manning is to be congratulated on his recent appointment as Branch Controller. Down here we are just beginning to realise what a job he has in hand.

Mr. Taylor has been on the sick list. It must be the weather we're having. I'm sure we're getting our own, and everyone else's share of wet and cold. In the office we huddle around our heaters, "Sherlock Holmesing" for new draughts, which seem to blow from any nook or cranny. Still, summer can't be far away. Or can it?

One good thing about the wet weather is that the town water reserve has reached an all-time high. So, whacko, gardeners! There'll be no restrictions on scheme water this summer—we hope.

I couldn't complete this sermon without mention of our office boy, Earl Beeck. Earl endeared himself to everyone in the store, and his moving to Perth to live was a very sad loss. We have a new office boy now though, and he's shaping very well.

MANJIMUP MUSING
By Jim O'Sullivan and John Morris.

It's been a long time coming, but at last we have made it. This is the first time we have taken up the pen, and trust that you will receive us into the magazine in the same carefree light that this article has been written (E. & O.E.)

First, a few lines from the personal angle. Mr. Jim Roberts (Hardware) and Mrs. Lorna Roberts (Show Room Manageress) have returned from holidaying at Scarborough, a beach near Perth. Lorna arrived back from the Perth Coronation celebrations wearing a rather handsome star-like badge on her lapel, giving her a "Dame of the Empire" look!

Our own Coronation celebrations went over well, and through the energies of John Barker, James O'Sullivan and John Morris, the float (as pictured) joined in the Manjimup Coronation pro-

The "Queen Elizabeth" was a popular feature of Coronation celebrations in Manjimup.
the good ship. Assistant Manager (and Naval Engineer), Mr. John Barker, is keeping out of Percy’s way until he simmers down to 98.4. The aforesaid John Barker, and Back Store chief, James O’Sullivan, are the social lights of Foy’s, Manjimup. They have proved worthy ambassadors at staff balls as far afield as Perth, Collie and Albany. Fortunately, they have strong-minded wives to head them home after such occasions.

Our two latest domestic acquisitions are Leslie Withers and Grace E. Johnston. With Leslie it is only a matter of time, her initials having been carved, not in the big Karri trees, but in the Government railway waggons! Grace E. claims to be a serious minded 17, who has just qualified in breaking her first dinner set, but this very day she has left the ranks of the Beavers to join the Shiny Seats. She claims she can type, but we think the heating arrangements suit her better.

We have just received a farewell visit from the Branch Stores Manager, Mr. Bob “Get-on-with-the-job” Angell. Mr. Angell is retiring from the Company, and we are all very sorry to see him go. He was at all times helpful, admired and respected, and we hope that it is not long before he settles down into his new environment.

Mr. Bert Piggott, of our Grocery Department, suffering from that quite common complaint, “Housing Shortage,” has been very busy looking for somewhere to live. He and his better half decided they would rather live “alone,” so they are building a small bungalow a considerable distance from town. The only hitch now is that Bert has to push a bike each way, and I can safely say that none of us envy him these bleak, wintry days.

Now, away from Store news, with an item of general interest to all readers. To go straight into our little story, we shall call it—

“A GAPING MOUTH”

Despite the rising popularity of chain and power-driven circular and drag saws in the milling industry, the axe still plays an important part in delivering the yield of Karri and Jarrah from the Manjimup district. Here the scarf’s put in a monster Karri tree situated, as the crow flies, 14 miles west of Foy’s Manjimup Store. This is remarkable, in view of the fact that the mill at Deanmill, operated by the State Saw Mills, was built in 1914, principally to cut sleepers for the Trans-Australian Railway. Skilled axemen put in the scarf (pictured) while straddling slim planks, and with a rhythmic swing of the axe, hack out great chunks of blood-red wood. Our hardwoods have established a firm market for W.A. throughout the world. The axeman in the picture is just ready to remove his staging to the other side of the tree and put in the back cut with the cross-cut saw. To steady the whip in the razor-sharp saw he uses a length of cycle inner tube as his “partner,” and soon the keen blade sinks hungrily into the tree, which has withstood all assaults of fire, wind and rain for hundreds of years, but in the matter of hours it will fall a victim of the hand of man.

With an ominous crack as the hint of a job well done, the faller withdraws his saw, leaps for cover (a protection from falling limbs) and soon the monster thunders to the ground, spreading itself in lordly manner over the dense scrub, which is part of the karri forests of the lower South-West. Then the commercial length of the tree (which might measure from 60 to 100 feet) is sawn into shorter lengths and towed by lumbering bulldozers to the landing. Here the cores are tugged onto railway trucks or eased with amazing precision onto powerful diesel trucks and transported to the mill (pictured).

From them, mine guides for a South African order, or a 50-foot principal for a Perth building, might be cut. Who knows, the house in which you, dear reader, are living might have its genesis in the karri and jarrah forests around Manjimup.

Some idea of the magnitude of the milling
industry and its contribution to the primary wealth of the State and its value in making Manjimup the attractive shopping centre it is, is best realised by consideration of the fact that within a radius of 40 miles of Manjimup there are nine major mills, employing many hundreds of men in the mills and the bush.

Major mills are situated at Palgarup, north of Manjimup, Jardee, Deanmill, Nyamup, Tone River, Quinninup, Shannon River, Pemberton and Northcliffe, south, east and west. Pemberton Mill is regarded as one of, if not the, greatest mills in the Southern Hemisphere.

Because of a sane policy of controlled cutting introduced by the Forestry Department many years ago—but only just in time—there will be a thriving milling industry in W.A., and with a tightening of control against damage from bushfires, the forests will ever remain. The blow of a humble axe, the swish of saws and the crash of trees will always be part of the life in the busy Manjimup districts.

Colac Chronicle
Compiled by “Dorothy.”

TRAVELLER’S TALES.
The following notes have been extracted from letters to Colac, written by Mr. A. O. Bilson, during his trip abroad. As comments upon department stores activities overseas, they should be of interest to readers here:

In the best stores in England and on the Continent one gets the impression that there is plenty of room. Displays are invariably well spread out.

Many of the well known stores have flower boxes on window sills. These look particularly attractive, especially to the people riding on the tops of buses, who get a splendid view of them.

In one place at Folkestone a very large and up-to-date store has wire baskets of growing flowers like geraniums, hanging from the cantilever verandahs. Most effective.

When customers at some of the large stores in Holland have made their purchases, they move to a desk to make payment. Behind the desk is a packing section. It is here that the goods are wrapped and handed over. In other words, the sales assistant is concerned only with making the sale.

At Fortnum & Masons’, in Piccadilly, the grocery shelves are heavy with caviare, calves’ foot jelly made with champagne, pate-de-foie-gras, and many other lines from all over the world—at prices to match. And in keeping with this “tone” in the department, the grocers wear morning suits of striped trousers and frock coats.

FUR PARADE.
Early in July we had parades of luxuriant furs, modelled by three leading mannequins. The parades were very successful and appealed to the Colac ladies. One day of the parades coincided with a school holiday—all available showroom space was taken up by school uniformed young lasses. Potential buyers of 1960?

There was also the impromptu Fur Parade (behind the scenes) comprised in the not-so-duicet tones of Mr. Neil Neville (City) with furs displayed by our most curvaceous Miss Thelma Hamilton (Showroom). This had to be seen to be believed!

National Service training is claiming the attention of one of the lads from the Men’s Wear Department, namely Eddie Hall. It was suggested
that we present Eddie with a potato peeler. He may need it!
Yet another victim has fallen for the charms of one of our office girls. This time it's Marie Garner. Marie is the recipient of a solitaire from Mr. Pat Gavin, of Warrnambool. We give you, Marie, our best wishes.
We welcome Margaret Tibbits to our fold, and trust she will enjoy being with us. As well as being a hard-working office girl, Margaret is also one of our staunch defence players in the Basketball team (Tartan Terrors).
Another new-comer is Barry Hutchison, who has joined his Dad in the Display Section, and is quickly learning the ropes.
We recently farewelled Mrs. Pat Gleeson (Office). Although she had been with us only a short time, she made many friends throughout the Store. We wish you well in your new venture, Pat!
At a Debutante Ball, held in Colac last month, Miss Mernda Johnstone (Office) was one of the charming young ladies presented to the Mayor and Mayoress, Cr. and Mrs. Atyeo. A delightful evening was enjoyed by one and all.
Congratulations go to Mr. Miles (Manager, Drapery Department), who has become a proud grandfather for the third time.
Five members of the Colac staff, namely Misses W. McLeod, I. Finnegan, I. Burzacott and Messrs. D. Walker and L. Libbis, recently lent a hand in the Bourke Street Store on the occasion of “Foy's Fair.” Although footsore and tired on their return, they had a wonderful time — according to stories related!
Two members of the Furniture Department staff, namely Phin. Dalton and Maynard Cuthell, had a narrow escape when the van they were travelling in plunged 1000 ft. over a cliff on the Skenes Creek Road, near Apollo Bay. However, these boys are certainly tough, as neither suffered serious injury. And, do you know that it has even been rumoured that Phin's hat wasn't even dislodged!
Another mishap from the direction of the Furniture Department is that of Mr. Ches. Baker's unexpected “ducking.” On a recent duck shooting expedition in the local flood area, Ches, in an effort to retrieve his spoil, was inadvertently “ducked” himself.
Miss Jess. Bethune (Office) has just returned from holidaying with Pioneer Tours. Miss Bethune visited Canberra and travelled along the Hawkesbury River and spent several days in Sydney seeing all the sights.
my tracks and looked back. There were “Mrs. Dairy Farmer” and “Mrs. Townie” — both ardent gardeners, of course. Just about everything has its “Bright Moments.”

At our recent sale the usual “Bargain Table Tussle” was in progress, when Junior, all of five years, emerged from the throng with a pair of stepins pulled over his head with suspenders waving — quite a Medusa effect. The crowd roared, and Mother looked furious. I can visualise her, whenever the conversation gets round to embarrassing moments — “I remember one day at Bilson’s Sale, etc. . . .”

A Unique Record

Twenty-five years ago, the National Safety Council launched its “Freedom from Accident” Competitions, and towards the end of each year we have the pleasure of recording in these pages the long list of names of Foy and Eagley drivers who have qualified for successive annual awards for accident-free driving. We are, at present, awaiting this year’s list.

But, in the meantime, there is something very special to record. Because this company was the first to enter its drivers in the Council’s competition, and because so many of our employees have the habit of “staying put,” we find ourselves anticipating an event which has no parallel. Between this issue of “Service” and the next, three of our drivers, who were entrants in the first contest held in 1928, will have completed a quarter of a century of driving free from accidents for which they were to blame.

These remarkable men, whose achievement is a shining example to every motorist in Australia, are Bert Aldridge, Arthur Godbold, and Jack Warton, all of Collingwood Despatch.

The community at large has full reason to be grateful to this grand trio. For ourselves, we are immensely proud of these fine fellows.

BEYOND THE WALLS.

In our retailing capacity, we make many contacts with the general public. Not all of these arise from, or are even related to, the buying and selling of goods, however. Our association with many of the efforts made each year for the assistance of charity and other good causes, for example, are fairly well known.

But still further opportunities for community service arise from time to time. Most recent move in this field is the nomination by the parent Board, this month of Mr. A. E. Trompf, Stores Manager at Fitzroy, for appointment to the Advisory Council of the Collingwood Girls’ School. This decision was made in response to an invitation from the District Inspector of Schools for the Company to participate in the work of the School Council.

Mr. Trompf’s work in this capacity is not altogether dissimilar from the part taken in the deliberations of the Council of the Lord Mayor’s Fund for Metropolitan Hospitals and Charities, by Mr. C. K. Kelly, of the City Store. Following a nomination by invitation, Mr. Kelly was elected a member of the Council last year.

Like the Company itself, both men are proud to be able to make their contributions to the common good.

By “Hey Nonny Mus” (Perth).

They come to your counter—ask “How much is that?”
And then, when you tell ’em, they just leave you flat.
They make your blood boil till you want to be rude;
Then a sweet feminine voice says “May I intrude?”
Your mind is still in a state of confusion
But you murmur “Madam, it’s no intrusion.”
You’ll find them gentle, kind-hearted and true,
Then they’ll suddenly turn and act like a shrew.
They hit you with baskets and bash you with prams,
And then expect you to stand up in the trams.

They’re cunning; they’re open; keen sighted and blind.
They’re loving and hurtful. They’re cruel and kind.
You think they are this, but find they are that;
They purr like a kitten and scratch like a cat.
Weighing all this, your mind’s in confusion,
Thinking women are simply a snare and delusion.
Well—maybe they are.
And—maybe they’re NOT.
But surely they can handle mere man — THE GREAT CLOT!

A film director on location could not understand why his wife blew her top when she received the following wire from him: “Having wonderful time. Wish you were her.”

Whenever you are asked if you can do a job well, tell ’em, “Certainly, I can!” Then get busy and find out how to do it.
Well, it was worth waiting for, and now it's another happy memory.

Once a year, at least, we manage to get together, all together. Sometimes it's more often. We have had picnics, too. At other times, we meet sectionally — at cricket, basketball, table tennis, and the like. But, comes the near-ending of winter and nearly everyone thinks about "The Ball." No matter where the notices go up, no matter how large the allotment of tickets, the Foy Family swoops down in droves upon the local secretaries, and weeks before the night the Annual Ball is an assured success, numerically, that is.

When the great night comes, the personal element takes over. From near and far, the Foy throng descends upon St. Kilda and fills the Town Hall with one of the friendliest, happiest and best dressed gatherings to be seen in that traditional home of annual balls. Like the shower of stars from a firework rocket, there came pretty girls and glamorous matrons, with their attentive escorts from distant corners of the mills and from showroom floors; from garage and Board Room; from workroom and office. There was a sprinkling of our Interstate colleagues and a strong force of "outside" friends. It was a merry multitude.

All told, nearly 1000 people took the floor at St. Kilda Town Hall on the night of Thursday, August 6. Official "host" for the evening was the Deputy Chairman, Mr. J. S. Wilson. Sir Edwin and Lady Nixon were unable to be with us this year, for the unhappy reason that Lady Nixon had to enter hospital that very night, and the Chairman, naturally, accompanied her there. They were both very sorry to miss an event to which they had looked forward with keen pleasure.

Supporting Mr. Wilson was a strong representation of Directors of the parent and subsidiary companies, with both General Managers well to the fore. Watching Mr. Lance Hill mingling with the crowd, it was not difficult to appreciate how he must have missed the presence of Mrs. Hill, but their friends were made happy by the knowledge that Mrs. Hill has been making steady and good progress from her illness.

To find a word for every one at a gathering of this size is no easy matter, even for the most accomplished "mixer," but our "top brass" managed to cover a lot of ground. Mr. Peter Howson, in particular, seemed to make a pretty wide circuit of the tables.

Music, entertainment and supper were to everybody's taste. Vital and vibrant Gloria Dawn ripped off her songs with a rhythm that led many people to "step it out" and listen at the same time. Her rendering of "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun" was particularly infectious in this respect. Deeper tones from the platform came from Eagley Mills' own and favourite songster, Alan Don. And, as an added pleasure, there was the fine voice of Arthur Little. Although a professional singer, Mr. Little was present as a guest that night, and volunteered to sing for us out of sheer enjoyment of the evening. His rendering of "Some Enchanted Evening" made rich listening.

With the reputation that he has built, one expects tip-top melody and rhythm from George of winter and nearly everyone thinks about "The Ball." No matter where the notices go up, no matter how large the allotment of tickets, the Foy Family swoops down in droves upon the local secretaries, and weeks before the night the Annual Ball is an assured success, numerically, that is.

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With the reputation that he has built, one expects tip-top melody and rhythm from George
what have you, which vanished from view around supper time. In providing these stimuli to our gastric juices, the Bond Catering Service must have dredged the sea bed dry and generally emptied its cupboard. Congratulations, Bond’s!

We would be ungallant if we tried to comment upon the galaxy of lovely frocks which splashed colour across the hall from every angle. It would be impossible to describe them all, and to pinpoint a few would lack justice towards the rest. Not for us the jottings of the social column, therefore. Instead, in the muteness of masculinity, we just envy the women the opportunities which nature has given them to create beauty in

A good “mixed bag” at the 1953 Annual Ball. L. to R.: Jack Baker, “Bill” Dux (both City), Jack Hamilton (Eagley Mills—with 50 years’ service completed this year), E. Otley (Perth), J. L. McDougall and J. H. Hook (both of Eagley Mills Office, Sydney), Mr. P. J. Cahill, (Eagley Mills, partly hidden), Mrs. Wilma Brain (Mill Office), her husband, Max Brain, Charlie Young (Maintenance), Peter Howson, and Ernie Jones (Boys’ Wear, City Store).
Making whoopee at the Annual Ball are (front): Norma Wallace, Eileen Scanlon, Mardi Stanley (both Collingwood Switchboard), Mona Reeves (Fitzroy). Immediately behind them (L. to R. of the table): Bill Wallace (Hardware, Fitzroy) and Barney Reeves (husband of Mona).

many forms — and think with apprehension, how drab the world would be without them.

But one specific reference to the fair sex will, we know, be willingly echoed by all. One quartette of girls arrived at the hall pink cheeked and bright-eyed — and a little late. They had been delayed a while at the Exhibition, where at an earlier hour they had completed the strenuous job of winning the Victorian Women’s Night Basketball, “B” Grade Championship for 1952-53 by defeating Moreland. These girls were Carrie Cain, Eileen Cain, Shirley Baxter and Denny Baxter (yes, two sets of sisters), members of the victorious Eagley “A” team. They were accompanied by former player and present secretary, Beryl Remfrey. Nice work, girls! To think, however, that it was around midnight when we took a picture of them as they rested between two of the many dances they enjoyed after this gruelling game makes us wonder whether it was a sage or a sap who first used the phrase “the weaker sex!”

And so, the night of the year ended, and the record of another staff social effort can be filed away, marked “Complete Success.” A lot of people played a part in planning the night’s fun; others were “on deck” to see that the function itself ran smoothly. Those who sold tickets, made bookings, and answered a lot of preliminary questions, and the busy bees who made the leis, all earn our praise. There’s a “mention in despatches” due also to the Display men, who devised the arresting decor on the Town Hall stage, with an individually incribed “gong” for Arthur Beveridge and Ernie Freeman.

Overall, of course, there was — and is — the hardworking Committee, consisting of Mrs. L. Rowe, Miss Beryl Davis, Messrs. A. Little, L.
McEwan and K. Boniface (all City); Miss G. Kessler and Mr. L. Davies (Prahran); Mr. R. L. Black (Fitzroy); Miss K. Howden and Mr. L. Holland (Collingwood); Miss Carrie Cain and Mr. J. W. Gibbs (Eagley Mills); with Mr. Laurie Marshall as Chairman, and Frank Hutting as a tireless Secretary and Treasurer.

To them, and all others, our congratulations upon a job so well done, and our thanks for a memorable night.

If the Melbourne Annual Ball produced nothing else it gave us a handsome committee. We managed to assemble some of them for this group. Standing: Austin Little and Kevin Boniface (both City), J. W. Gibbs (Mills), L. Davies (Prahran), R. L. Black (Fitzroy), with Frank Hunting, Secretary. Seated: Miss K. Howden (Collingwood), Miss G. Kessler (Prahran), Mr. Laurie Marshall (Chairman), Miss Carrie Cain (Mills) and Mrs. L. Rowe (City).

TWO HAPPY PEOPLE

Rivalling the morning sunshine is the sparkle in the eyes of Ray Carcia, Men's Suits, City, and his happy bride. She whom we once called Marjory Boreham, we can now greet only at intervals—since Ray coaxed her from the City Tube Room to the altar.

Marjory and Ray have asked us for this space to offer their sincere thanks to each of their many friends, for kindness in various forms showered upon the pair of them at the time of their wedding. Always to be treasured are the lovely gifts they received, and they acknowledge gratefully, too, the tea set presented by the Company.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

When Miss Beryl Rowley, of the Handkerchief Department, City Store, lost her mother on August 16, she found comfort, in her sadness, in the assurances of warm sympathy which came from her many friends throughout the Store, in particular, from her colleagues on the Ground Floor.

Unsure that she is able to acknowledge individually, each of these kind thoughts, Miss Rowley has sought these columns to convey a message—on behalf of her father and brother, too—of sincere appreciation and gratitude for all the heartwarming tributes, in every form, which were paid to her well-loved mother.

ON ALL LEVELS.

Ray McConchie, of the City Elevators, who left recently, was unaware that he had made so many friends among the staff whom he drove from floor to floor. Expressing the good feelings of many people, Miss Marie Galvin, Manageress of the Underwear, presented Ray with a handsome travelling bag as a farewell gift. Thoughtfully, there were chocolates, too, for his wife.

As Mr. McConchie is unable to thank his well-wishers (because he does not know who was associated with this nice tribute), we print the following letter from him:

"Dear good friends,

I desire to sincerely thank all who joined in the kindly thought and act, in making me such a handsome gift, and also for thinking of my wife, too. She wishes me to convey to you all her appreciation and thanks for the nice box of sweets.

I have always been very happy during the time I had the privilege of being amongst you, and value very much your kindness and friendships that grew very strong.

Sincere thanks and appreciation for everything.

Yours fraternally,

RAY McCONCHIE."
A Dream Comes True

From London the other day came a note from Miss Bradley, of Collingwood Office, whose bon voyage party we reported in our April issue. She had received her copy of "Service" over there, and was able to chuckle again over the amusing incidents of that merry gathering.

But our main reason for referring to Miss Bradley's message is that her description of places and events seen and enjoyed is such a "nutshell" account of so many of the things that the voyager-to-be dreams about, that we feel that readers here, who have yet to book their passage, may catch a glimpse of some of the good things in store. And so, apart from a few personal references, we give you this little travel cameo in full:

"Well, I like your London very much, but I wouldn't call this weather summer! Everyone told me how lucky I was to miss the Australian winter. I suppose I am, as it's been very cold. I believe. But the English people are disgusted with their summer. I'm enjoying it because it's much easier to get about, although one never ventures far without a raincoat. At present I'm staying at a farm in Surrey, very lovely country, the fields are covered with bluebells and buttercups, and all looks very pretty.

"The Coronation was marvellous. We were very lucky to have such good seats at Apsley House, Hyde Park corner. Although we had to be in our seats by 7 a.m., the time did not drag at all. Always something to see, and then, when the procession passed, the lovely gold coach with the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh. It's something I will remember always. All the soldiers marched beautifully, especially the Aussies, stepping it out to "Waltzing Matilda." Of course, it HAD to rain that day, but it didn't dampen the spirits of the people who had stood in the rain for hours.

"The decorations were beautiful, also the lights. Each street had a different design. And the flowers! Everywhere you went the gardens were full of red, white and blue flowers, also the window boxes. "I saw the whole Coronation on television in the evening, so really saw it twice in the one day. Have been to all the main places around London, had some lovely views from the top of London buses. You see such a lot from them.

"Enjoyed the trip to the Continent, especially Switzerland. Glad I saw Venice also. Went to the top of the Eiffel Tower. That's something I've always wanted to do, and have seen Paris—saw everything to be seen there. I did think I would break the bank at Monte Carlo, but no such luck. Still, it was all a very interesting experience. Seeing that I had a Scotch mother and father, I HAD to see Scotland. It was a lovely trip. The Highlands are beautiful. The heather was out, and the hills were all covered, just a mass of purple.

"I leave in September to return to Australia, so the time will soon go now. Have still got some visiting to do, in different parts of the South of England, which I believe is very beautiful. Well, I've seen a lot and enjoyed it very much. It's all been work while, but I am quite ready to return to Australia. It will always do me.

Yours sincerely,
FRAN. BRADLEY."

We're waiting to welcome you, Fran. Bradley!

THE OLD BLOCK YIELDS A STURDY CHIP

For years the name of Vizard had a familiar ring in our organisation. The sound—like the man—was heard most clearly in Collingwood, although in latter years the echoes came from the City.

It was in 1906 that we first knew Lance Vizard. For some years he was associated with the Men's Mercury. Then came a long period in Store 8, which brought him into contact with all sections. When Mr. Vizard retired in 1951, he left behind a host of friends, a splendid record of achievements within our ranks, and took with him a host of happy memories of his 45 years of distinguished service with the Company.

And so, not only an uncommon name, but a dynamic personality moved away and was lost to sight though not to mind.

Today, like a tree which has "missed a season," the Vizard blossom blooms again in the likeable form of Lance Vizard the Second. And the roots are still firm in Collingwood.

Sales assistants in the Melbourne Stores have become very familiar this year with the working of our latest customer shopping facility, the "F.F.C.A."—to the uninitiated, the Foy's Family Credit Account. Not all department staffs may be aware, however, that at Head Office, in Smith Street, where the ultimate control of such accounts is exercised, Lance Vizard, son of our old friend, has taken charge of the F.F.C.A. division of the Credit Section, under Mr. Stan Holmes.

Being "up to his ears" in ledgers, Lance Vizard the younger hasn't had much chance to get around since F.F.C.A. was launched last February—the accounts already number several thousands—and by way of formal introduction, we give you this pen picture of a young man who has had some unusually varied experiences in his short span of years. Even if there weren't the pleasure of recording this father-son succession, the recent "Vizard achievements" are quite a story.

With that light-hearted touch which is part of his make-up, Mr. Vizard confesses that he was "born at an early age, and led a normal childhood." If later happenings are a normal development of early leanings, however, the latter part of that announcement reeks of understatement. For example, Mr. Vizard joined the R.A.A.F. in 1945, got as far as Point Cook, even managed to complete a few hours solo in a Link Trainer, before..."
being discharged. Then he went back to school! See what we mean?
Yes, as the result of a bit of “Nelson’s telescope” technique somewhere, Lance Vizard, who had taken his Leaving before enlistment, was eligible to go to Melbourne High School to tackle matriculation. Successful, he moved on to the Uni-

versity, and finally came home with a Commerce degree — with an incidental graduation in billiards! And around this period he had a part-time job as a cub reporter with the Melbourne "Herald."

A more formal graduation in Colonial Administration from the School of Pacific Administration in Sydney, then took Lance Vizard to New Guinea as a patrol officer. Here, even his probationary period was far from dull. After a series of exploratory patrols in the Upper Tauri River region, Lance Vizard was the first white man to penetrate and map the Moori River district in the Central Highlands. This area is inhabited by the Kukukukus. These folk are definitely characters. Have an unusual hobby—headhunting! Whether or not his new-found friends disregarded him as a museum piece, is still a matter of doubt.

What is certain is that the Kukukukus recognised Patrol Officer Vizard’s services — by putting an arrow through his left leg.

In such comparatively quiet surroundings, any really eventful happening naturally stood out, and Mr. Vizard regards 1951 as a year of incident. To begin, he was transferred to the Department of Economic Development, and put in charge of economic development in Western Papua. To close, whilst in Port Moresby for a brief stay, he collected the Territory cruiser weight boxing championship. Other incidents which were off the beaten track were the skippering of a 46-ft. native manned schooner from Brisbane to Port Moresby, continuing from there as a United Nations goodwill tour of the South Pacific. Some charming — and genuine — “South Pacific” types were encountered in Papeete and opportunities for creating goodwill.

(Hold it! This is strictly F.F.C.A.—Ed. “S.”)

A spell of leave brought our colleague back to Australia in 1952, and for various reasons, he decided to stay here. For a few months he managed one of Hoyt’s Theatres, and then came the opportunity to follow in his father’s footsteps.

From South Pacific to Smith Street is a long jump, but Lance Vizard is happy as a lark—and ready for any local Kukukuku who may barge in.

While you wait for the O.K. on a simple sale of socks by F.F.C.A., therefore, don’t imagine that the bloke behind the scenes at Collingwood is a chronic, white collared stool polisher. He’s been around, children. He’s certainly been around!

Lance Vizard’s house at Kukipi.

The Quiet Corner
The pen, like the heart, is heavy, as this record is begun. That again, so much should have to be written.

For many the realities of yesterday have become the memories of today. In the sorrows which they have known, we think, with deep understanding:

Those who mourn the passing of Arthur Andrew, on July 7. Although compelled by illness to retire a few years ago, Mr. Andrew is well remembered by many employees at Fitzroy and Collingwood.

Mr. M. Clifford, Windows, Prahran, and those who share his grief in the recent death of his father.

Mr. O. Dux, Interstate Office, City, his wife and family. Mrs. M. B. Curren, mother of Mrs. Dux, died on July 1.

Mr. James Ellis, Despatch, City, in the death of his wife on September 5.

Mr. V. Hobbs, Despatch, Prahran, who has lost his mother.

Those who loved Miss Florence May Jackson, of the Wool Department, Fitzroy, who died on August 11.

The children and other relatives of Mrs. Rachael McLean, of the Maintenance Staff at Collingwood. Following a sudden illness, Mrs. McLean died on May 4.

Mrs. Ethel Ohlson and her children. Charles Ohlson, husband and father respectively, and a former elevator driver in the City Store, died on July 10.

"Thy Will Be Done"
Collie [W.A.] Has a Lovely Church

The citizens of Collie, Western Australia, are very proud of All Saints' Church of England. There can be few like it in Australia.

In its early days, Collie enjoyed the services of a visiting Minister, who travelled on horseback from Bunbury. At the beginning of this century, there was a small, wooden church, dedicated to the Church in Collie. Mrs. Noyes had made many visits to Italy, to escape the English winter, and the appeal of the early Christian churches in that country led her to express a preference for that style of architecture. Among other features, these churches had no East window, which is found so often in the English churches. The benefactor felt that this would be of added advantage in Australia, in the protection of worshippers at the early services.

Plans drawn by the Diocesan Architects, Messrs. Eales and Cohen, were approved, and building operations commenced in 1915, the foundation stone being laid by the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Harry Barron, on May 19 of that year. It is recorded that, as Mr. Eustace Cohen was away on active service at the time, his partner, Mr. J. H. Eales, F.R.A.I.A., was actually respon-
sible for the design and all architectural services. Including the semi-circular apse, the building is 77 feet long, 28 feet wide, and has accommodation for 275 worshippers. It is interesting to note also, that the contract price (with the tower only partially built) was £1923, with interior furnishings some £250 extra. The church is Romanesque in design.

A further benefaction in 1922 enabled the decoration of the Sanctuary to be completed. This included a carved and panelled dado and banksia inlaid with ebony and burnished brass Byzantine crosses. But perhaps the most outstanding addition is a magnificent mural painting, the work of Mr. Phil Goatcher, at times assisted by his son, Mr. James Goatcher, for Mr. Goatcher, Senior, was nearly 70 years of age when this great painting was commenced in 1922.

The huge fresco, which contains 30 figures, and covers the greater part of the Sanctuary wall beneath the dome, was painted in the artist's Perth studio and later affixed to the church wall. The painting covers an area of 425 square feet.

With yet another gift from Mrs. Noyes, the tower was completed in 1928. It rises to a height of 65 feet, topped by a large cross. This gift prompted another benefactress, Mrs. Lillico, to give a set of tubular bells to complete the campanile. These bells, which are played from a keyboard, were first rung on Christmas Day, 1928.

We acknowledge the courtesy of Archdeacon Lerpiniere for his permission to make the above quotations from a booklet issued last year. To this booklet, giving the story of All Saints', Archdeacon Lerpiniere, as Rector of Collie, contributed the foreword. His pride and that of his parishioners in the beautiful church, which echoes their prayers, is very understandable.

Foy's and "The Friendly Door"

One of the most popular afternoon sessions on the air is "The Friendly Door," broadcast from 3DB on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2.30 p.m. The "Love Thy Neighbour" theme of this feature has endeared it to thousands of listeners. In a world which is at times a bit "edgy," there are many people who are hungry for a kindly word or a message of hope. For such, the simple philosophies of the "Friendly Door" are an inspiration — and a comfort.

As from September, the "Friendly Door" will be wholly sponsored by Foy's.

As an example of listener reaction, we quote from a letter received recently by "Elizabeth," whose voice has given meaning and warmth to the broadcasts. It was written by a man whose experience and wisdom, acquired during a lifetime of considerably more than the allotted span of "three score years and ten" are, themselves, to be respected. He said:

"I don't think you are needing encouragement for your energy and enthusiasm seem inexhaustible. But I am further away, and perhaps distance and age give one perspective. . . . 'Friendly Door's' work is both bigger and deeper than would be realised by a casual onlooker. It is the essence of 'Goodwill to my neighbour' and as such a powerful factor in moulding the well-being of our State.

Goodwill knows no restrictions, national, social or religious. It crosses freely all boun-

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A COLLEAGUE IS GRATEFUL

On Sunday, August 23, Mrs. Rosemary May Perkins, wife of Bruce Perkins, Cutlery, City Store, died, after a long illness.

Throughout the many anxious weeks of his wife's battle with ill-health, Bruce Perkins found needed strength in the comradeship of the men and women around him. An enquiry here, a handshake there, and the thoughts of all helped Bruce to "keep his chin up." Thus encouraged, he was better able to meet the stress of daily circumstances.

With his wife's passing, the deepened sympathy of his friends was expressed anew in many ways. This fellowship meant much to Bruce Perkins, who now uses these columns to convey his heartfelt thanks to the Company, and to his many colleagues for their goodness of heart.
Personalities

"Ring-ring-ring" is second nature to a telephoneist. Gets sick of it, probably. But it's different when she gets one. That's what happened to BARBARA KELLY, Collingwood Switchboard, on August 10. And slipped on by one Barry Judd. Nice girl! Lucky lad!

Popular figures at the Ball and among our ranks generally are Messrs. L. J. Rooke, Store Manager at Fitzroy, and Lance R. Hill, General Manager, Eagley Mills.

Recently BERT SMITH celebrated both his birthday and the completion of 42 years with Foy's. Bert has spent all these years in the Adelaide Carpet Department, giving great service to our many clients.

Blessed again is the home of DON FRASER, Head Office, Collingwood. For his two sons, a sister, Shirley Ann, in August. Our congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser.

Adelaide gives welcome to FAYE BECKWITH, recently of Myer's. Faye has joined the team of hard-working ticket writers, and all wish her lots of luck for the future.

Accomplished elocutionist, ELAINE FITZPATRICK, swotted hard on an unusual poem recently. It had only one line; only one word in fact—"YES." But she was word perfect, as she said it softly to Bernie Jowett, when he proposed on August 22. Bernie used to be with us in Store 8. Nice couple!

DOUG SHEPHERD (Maintenance Electrician, Adelaide) is to be seen on many week-ends helping to pioneer St. James' Park, via Clapham. Doug is working hard, laying water pipes from the main some 350 feet away.

The stage at St. Kilda Town Hall lent itself admirably to this decor for the Annual Foy Ball. Congratulations to Arthur Beveridge and Ernie Freeman in particular.

Married on August 15, was MARGARET DOWNIE (Wools) to DES. BARTON (Carpets), both of Fitzroy. Lifelong happiness for them both!

The girls of the Children's Wear, Adelaide, are pleased to know that MISS COLBERT found her glasses! (Please don't lose them again!)

Mr. and Mrs. Max Sheppard watching the high jinks at Perth dance. From Max have come the excellent cartoons which have illuminated the pages of recent issues of "Service."

A farewell (which we should have spoken before) to MRS. LILIAS ALEXANDER. The need for a rest after illness took her away from the Maintenance Office, City Store, on May 28, but her merry laugh and Glasgow burr are missed by many in Bourke Street. Lang may it reek, Mrs. A!
The victorious Eagley "A" basketball team relaxes at the Annual Ball. L. to R.: Carrie Cain, Eileen Cain, Beryl Remfrey (Secretary), Shirley Baxter and Denny Baxter. At rear, proud supporters, Vince Spaull, Frank Withers, Bob Knox, John Walkley.

Remember EVA HOLCKNER, former secretary to Mr. Glen Doig, Staff Controller? She's Mrs. Lawrence now, and before long, young Anita Pamela, who came on the scene on September 4, will be doing her best with her first word, "Mum-mum-mum." Our best wishes to the lucky Lawrence.

From Adelaide Office, news of the engagement of PAM HALL to Colin Hicks. Congratulations from us all.

"Teen and Twenty" Shop, City Store, is sorry to lose BETTY SEBIRE, who left on September 10. Good luck, Mrs. Ling!

Noticed an engagement ring on the finger of MITZI AMOS (Perfumery, Adelaide). Lucky chap is Max Moyle. Good wishes from all to this happy couple.

Recent distribution of significant jewellery on Fashion Floor, Bourke street. JOAN WITTY, of Better Frocks, now engaged to John Stewart, of Caulfield, whilst VALDA NICKS (Sportswear) will be taking even more notice in future of P/O. Stan Elvey, R.A.N. Our fourfold felicitations.

MARGARET SIMPSON (Docket Office, Collingwood) celebrated her "21st" on September 11. Gifts aplenty and a wonderful party for this popular girl. And there's Mum, sitting right behind her, looking prouder and happier than ever. Our greetings, "Simmie I" and "Simmie II."

Adelaide staff were seen warming themselves during the chilly days with free samples of Chicken Noodle Soup supplied by Nestle's demonstrator, Mrs. Pursehouse. A table complete with electric stove was placed in front of the elevators, so that customers could sample this mouth-watering soup. It was a publicity campaign, of course, but members of the staff so enjoyed their "quotas" that it's a wonder there was any left for the poor customers!

Hard to believe that high, wide and handsome ROD SINCLAIR, Merchandise Office, City, was not 21 before July 1. But that was the day. Our congratulations, Rod—and a pat on the dignified back of auditing "Pop," Mr. M. R. Sinclair, who made such things possible.

Mr. PITKIN (Boys' Wear, Adelaide) came in recently, limping and pale. We were told that he and his wife, together with Mr. and Mrs. BULLAS and Mr. and Mrs. BROWN, had had a mishap in the car. The cause? The fog, so they said. But it sounds a bit fishy.

These hurrying years! But yesterday it seems little PAULINE PARK got her first job in Collingwood Office. Came the boy, romance, engagement, then marriage. Now Mr. and Mrs. Jack Ray are joined by Stephen John, born July 21. Such a happy home is a precious place.

Recently JOAN QUIRE (Office, Adelaide) announced her engagement to Robin Bache. Our best wishes to them both.

Springy step of NORM. STEPHENSON, Fashion Controller, City Store, is not due altogether to departmental pride. He became a daddy for the third time on September 3. Later on, you can hail the youngster as Grant. Meanwhile, the toast is "To Joan and Norm!"

Broader-than-ever smile on face of EDDIE GREELEY, Silks, City, could mean only one thing. Yes, "It's a boy!" On September 15. So here's congratulations, once more, Mr. and Mrs. Greeley.

The next "SERVICE" will be published in October. Please forward all copy IMMEDIATELY. We MUST have it by OCTOBER 5.

"SERVICE" is Published bi-monthly by FOY & GIBSON LIMITED 130-152 Smith Street, Collingwood.

Editor: JOHN GORBUTT.
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Editorial Office: c/o Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., Bourke Street, Melbourne, C.I.
Library Digitised Collections

Author/s:
Foy & Gibson

Title:
Foy & Gibson newsletters

Date:
1947-1967 (incomplete)

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

File Description:
Service no.35 August 1953