2,500 years ago

AESOP told of...

"THE BUNDLE OF STICKS."

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

"UNITY GIVES STRENGTH."
Let's Pray it Won't Happen. But it Might!

What? Illness! Suffered by you or members of your family.

Now don't become despondent. This is not an article in First Aid or "What to do until the doctor comes." Rather are we concerned about what can be done, indeed, should be done—before the services of a doctor become necessary.

Here in Australia the Federal Government has inaugurated schemes for the assistance of those who have the misfortune to meet sickness. This may be only a passing ailment, necessitating advice from a doctor and a prescription. It could involve a serious or simple, calling for skilled surgery, nursing and hospital accommodation.

For too long the coping with all the problems of illness was on a rather "hit or miss" basis. Not unnaturally everyone hopes that illness will not strike—either at himself or those near and dear. That optimism was, and is, worthwhile—up to a point. There seems good reason to believe that if you do not let your mind dwell too much upon the burdens of illness, both physical and financial, in other words, if you bear aloft the old "healthy body from a healthy mind" banner, you may manage to keep a thermometer out of your mouth longer than the hypochondriac. But cheerfulness alone is not enough to treat, says T.B.

Nor, largely, were the provisions made by those who looked around him—or, more accurately, looked out—good enough to meet sickness. This may be only a small fortune (for, so it seemed 30 years ago) but, when the policy matured, must now regard himself as facing a multiplicity of expenses, at today's values, of some £200. Nor was it enough to take steps through lodge or sick benefit group. When the policy was introduced, the man of middle age, for example, who took out an endowment assurance policy when he was 21 for, say £500, thinking that he could count upon collecting this small fortune (for, it seemed 30 years ago) when the policy matured, now regard himself as having a purchasing power, at today's values, of some £200.

Thus, until recently, practically the only people who could face the financial aspects of illness with full confidence were those who were wealthy or, at least, more or less permanently comfortably off.

Now it was obviously not right that the treatment of sickness and the management of all circumstances arising from it should be a matter governed largely by the size of one's banking account. Sickness, like the fire brigade, the police, or the lighthouse service, is a community responsibility. Any sickness itself is an anxiety. A community burdened by both illness and the worries of illness is a sick community all round. The solution of this problem called for bold action—and the Federal Government took it. The problem was tackled on a nation-wide basis. The Commonwealth of Australia is now roughly like a gigantic "mutual aid" society. The Government is the "board of trustees," the people are the "policy-holders"; the initial premiums form part of our taxation payments. We all put in. The "payouts" go to those who need them—when they need them.

And so, under the various headings of "National Health Service" and "Social Services" we, the Australian people, can now find aid in distress, under a number of schemes, which compare with any other Government system in the world. The many payments and benefits which can now be claimed are far too numerous to list here, as are the circumstances in which claims can be considered—or met. To those who wish to familiarise themselves with the full scope of these schemes we commend the well set out and easily digested booklets prepared by, and obtainable from, the various Government departments concerned.

Our desire here is to stress the purpose behind these schemes, the Medical Benefits provisions in particular. It is the encouragement of self-help. The Government can assist a great deal, but the aid it offers can often be substantially supplemented, if each of us makes our own individual and modest effort. In fact, if that effort is not made, certain benefits cannot be claimed. The position is as simple as that. Therefore we urge upon those who have not yet taken steps to protect themselves against the misfortunes of illness to give this matter immediate thought, followed by prompt action.

The position is set out very clearly in the cleverly devised "question and answer" method of imparting information, used by the Federal Department of Health in its booklet entitled "National Health," which everyone should read. On page 6, several "answers" (collectively) give these pertinent facts:

**It is a plan to give extensive financial help to everyone who needs medical or surgical attention.**

To qualify for the additional benefit, you must be a financial member of an approved medical...
insurance organisation. So long as you're a member of such an organisation and pay your small weekly premiums, then you and your dependents will be entitled to the Commonwealth Government benefit.

Commonwealth Government assistance will take the form of subsidies for the cost of medical treatment incurred by individual members of approved medical insurance organisations, and their dependents. In other words, the Government will subsidise the benefit provided to members by the organisation.

The Medical Benefits Scheme is not a plan for compulsory health insurance. But it is a plan deliberately designed to strengthen voluntary medical insurance by helping those who wish to help themselves.

Let us quote just one example of what the scheme offers. This is taken from the Hospital Benefits section:

Supposing your hospital charge for a week is £8 8 0

You would receive—

Commonwealth ordinary benefit, deducted from the hospital account—7 days at 8/- per day £2 16 0

Commonwealth additional benefit, because you are insured—7 days at 4/- per day . . . . 1 8 0

Organisation benefit at 12/- per day . . . . 4 4 0 £8 8 0

You would not have to pay anything.

But if you are not a member of an approved medical benefit organisation, the only allowance you would receive in the circumstances outlined above would be the first item, £2 16 0. The remaining benefits of £1 8 0 + £4 4 0 = £5 12 0 (by far the major part of the hospital account) are payable only if you are a member of such an organisation.

So, if you have not become a member of an organisation of this type, we most strongly urge you to do so without delay. You can cover yourself and your family for a handful of pennies each week. There is no direction as to which organisation you join. The Government's only stipulation is that it must have official approval. For the guidance of readers, we print on page 29 of this issue the names of approved organisations in the States of Victoria, South Australia and Western Australia.

Make your choice and act without delay. Go along to the offices of the organisation selected and have a chat. All that we have written here and much of what is contained in the booklets we have referred to, could be amplified and clarified in the course of friendly conversation. It's not only important that you take this step; it's a matter of sheer commonsense. Every penny which the Government pays out (no matter for what purpose) is derived from taxation. You've "paid your whack" in advance, with every tax instalment deducted from the weekly pay envelope. If you don't take advantage of the benefits of these Government schemes you'll be denying your-

This striking hat, labelled "Chrysanthemum Petals," was modelled by attractive Jean Newington, one of the team of "Flying Mannequins," who touched down in the City Store in June. Both crown and petals were of pink silk.

FROM A HAPPY WOMAN.

Mrs. Basil Logus, of Red Cross, to whose award by the Greek Government of the Gold Cross of Merit of the Legion of Beneficence we referred to in our last issue, assures her many friends within our Company that she has been made both grateful and proud by the host of congratulations which have been proffered by members of the staff, following the announcement of the bestowal of this rare honour.
Western Whispers
By Jack Hayward.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ADDED TO A FINE RECORD.

The April edition of "Service" commenced by asking "Where are you going?" and ended with the information that the next issue would be published in June. With this reminder that we are halfway through another year, we of the West could direct to ourselves the related questions "Where have you been?" and "What have you done?"—and provide some very satisfying answers.

The last six months have been most eventful for Western Australia—in some cases, quite exciting. Since last writing, our State has once again celebrated "Foundation Day" with its potent reminder that "Time marches on!" for this was the 125th Anniversary of the foundation of the West. I think it might be interesting to readers beyond our borders, if I quote a few facts and figures published in the Press on the occasion of this commemoration of our birthday.

Our history began when the "Parmelia," a sailing ship of only 443 tons, and carrying the first seventy people for the new Swan River Settlement; ran aground on a sandbank at Carnac Island and was severely damaged. Undismayed, the settlers refloated the ship and put ashore on Garden Island. From there, they moved to the mainland, where sites were selected for Perth and Fremantle.

In 1840, work began on the Causeway across the Swan River which formed a main artery into the City until the recently built modern structure was opened to cope with the ever-increasing demands of today's traffic. Although it is not yet finished, the main span is in use and proving a great improvement on the old Causeway.

By 1846, the population had increased to 4622. We now number about 630,000, of whom about half are domiciled in the metropolitan area. According to one writer, this figure should be increased to about 1,250,000 by 1979.

In 1903, the world famous Goldfields Water Supply was opened. During the next quarter of a century, a comprehensive water supply for the State will be completed.

In 1929, Perth elected its first Lord Mayor, and Fremantle became a city. Now, Subiaco also has been proclaimed a city.

One hundred and twenty years ago, there were 2545 sheep in this State. So wonderfully has the wool industry flourished that present statistics indicate that flocks have multiplied to 12,474,000. Last year, the wool clip was worth £33,623,000 to Western Australia.

Gold, coal and timber, wheat and cattle have all played their part in the expansion of this great State. Now, the promise of oil at Rough Range and Exmouth Gulf brings forth more high hopes for the future.

Foy's, too, have travelled far during these years of progress and have grown with the State. Today, in addition to the Perth Store, there are country branches at Albany, Mt. Barker, Collie, Narrogin, Kojonup, Katanning, Manjimup, Tambellup and Wagin. These are all thriving centres where the name of Foy & Gibson stands high in the public appreciation of service. As the West expands and spreads its roots further afield, so does our company keep pace with the demands of the constantly increasing number of customers in all its stores.

All of which brings us back to the original question, "Where are you going?" Well, our answer is that during the next 25 years, big things are planned for this State, in town and country alike. "Big Business" is already looking definitely Westward!

RANDOM JOTTINGS.

With the launching of the "Popular Girl" Contest, such a thing as "loose change" became a rare commodity. Anyone who dare jingle money was immediately set upon by an army of "supporters." I managed to steer a couple of pennies to safety the other day—in order to weigh myself! Practically everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular. Everyone was a "sitting shot" for the enthusiastic sponsors of the various candidates. Speaking from experience, I can say that any stranger through the store might easily have been led to believe that I was immensely popular.
there was the great satisfaction to us all of knowing that we were helping those less fortunate than ourselves.

The dressing of the store for Easter earned a special pat on the back for Mr. Max Sheppard with his display boys. There were huge chickens popping out of their eggs and Easter Bunnies on swings. My favourite was a Bunny using an umbrella—as a parachute! He symbolised all the youthful enthusiasm of those youngsters who eyed the lovely Easter Eggs on the counters.

And, speaking of enthusiasm, I think of the boys in training for the floor show at the Ball. Watching their impersonations of famous nursery rhyme characters, I began to think that my Mother must have had the stories all wrong. Ron McDonald and his team just didn't fit in with all I'd heard about fairies!

Have any of our readers ever been to a “Bugs” evening? This was a very popular sport indulged in by our Cafeteria girls, to raise funds for their “Popular” Girl candidate. Although perhaps not as strenuous as some pastimes, I can personally promise anyone an exciting time playing “Bugs” with some of our Cafe lasses—they sure know how to roll that dice!

Mr. Frank Marchant (China) held a barbecue at his home, in aid of the “K” Group “Popular Girl” and all known devices were used to separate guests from their cash. Mr. A. Caporn (H/E) proved himself a very capable “urger” on this occasion, while Miss Beadle (China) kept everyone well supplied with the necessary refreshment. Miss Laura McCartney (Public Relations Office) appeared to be having no trouble at all getting rid of her money. The hard part seemed to be getting something back for it—besides having fun. Miss McCartney (Hats) was also doing her best, but neither seemed to have any luck, although quite a lot of people went home loaded down with cigarettes and champagne. (I wasn't one of them!)

Western Australia had wonderful weather for Easter, and all the beach resorts were crowded. Many of Foy's staff spent four marvellous days camping out. The roads between Perth, Madurah and Bunbury were crowded with every kind of car. Old and new models were put to use, and loaded with tents, blankets, food and fishing gear; they carried thousands of gay holiday makers to the many holiday sites.

**THE ANNUAL CHARITY BALL.**

"The Chairman and Board of Directors consider this Staff Ball to be the best staff social event in the history of the Perth Store."

So said the General Manager, Mr. C. Colebrook, in a message to the staff. And all those who attended the 1954 edition of this annual event heartily agree.
Pretty Fay Vickory was the winner in Perth's recent "Popular Girl" Contest. Fay, who represented the Cafeteria, is obviously delighted with the gift she received as a memento.

It was one of those rare and wonderful nights when nothing went wrong. The ballroom—thanks to Mr. Max Sheppard and his boys—was a delight to the eye. Huge silk banners and old-time battle axes created an historic atmosphere, while the signs outside the loges held a touch of "Ye Old English" taverns—except for some of the names! Huge bunches of red, white and blue balloons hung from the ceiling until midnight, when they came cascading down amidst hundreds of streamers, hats and whistles. The band comprised almost the same combination that played for the recent Royal Ball, and they certainly helped tremendously in the success of the evening. Supper, always one of the main events, left nothing to be desired. There was more than enough to feed the multitudes.

The greatly appreciated floor show was supplied, once again, by our male ballet, composed of several old and seasoned troupers, together with a few newcomers. First to appear was the corps-de-ballet, six dancers depicting fairies dancing in the woods. After they had bashed their elephantine way through a Strauss waltz, they were joined by "dainty" Fairy Gossamer—who proved the heftiest Fairy Queen on record. "She" led her more or less mobile mob in a Can-Can which would have earned them a place in any boxer's training camp. Next to come tripping through the woods (to the strains of an Irish jig!) was Red Riding Hood, followed naturally by the Big Bad Wolf himself. What a team they proved as hot jivers! These two hep cats certainly "sent" me. As a grand finale, they all combined in an exhibition of high kicks, to the joy of a really appreciative audience.

The corps-de-ballet comprised Jimmy Stout (Mercery), Frank Rattigan and Eric Tickle (Grocery), John Leay (Haberdashery), Hank Van Oyen (Display), and Morris Stapely (Materials). Solo dancers were Ron McDonald (Kitchenware) as Fairy Queen, with Johnny Curran (Hardware) and Colin Johnston (Office) as Red Riding Hood and her wolf. The music was specially prepared and played by Bunny Webster.

At midnight came the exciting moment when the "Popular Girl" Competition came to a close, and the winners were announced. The six girls raised almost £800. They and their co-workers deserve great credit for a lot of really hard work and a successful conclusion. The winner was Fay Vickory (Cafe), with £358 to her credit. The runner-up was Iris Halligan (Office) who raised £128. On stage the six girls made a charming sextette as they received the acclamation of the

Runner-up in the "Popular Girl" Quest held recently in Perth was Iris Halligan, of the Switchboard, nominated as the Office candidate.
large crowd. With the winners, and representing various departments, were Doris Wright (Materials), Heather Johnstone (Fashion Floor), Peggy Steere (Fashion Accessories) and Mary Dennison (China Hall and Basement). The frocking of the six competitors would have delighted the most critical eye.

Fay Vickory wore a white nylon tulle frock of which the bodice was mounted with guipure lace, finished with tulle stole and offset by silver laid sandals and bag.

Iris Halligan wore a full length ball frock of silver tinsel net over pink. The dress had narrow shoulder straps and a beautifully designed neckline. With it went a matching stole and mittens.

Heather Johnston (Fashion Floor) looked charming in a ballerina of pale blue slipper satin, embroidered with pearls and rhinestones. A diamante halter neck and matching stole and mittens completed the ensemble. Doris Wright chose a ballerina length frock of orchid pink nylon, with a portrait neckline and softly gathered full skirt, with matching accessories. Mary Dennison favoured a full length evening frock of brocaded faconne of cyclamen over mauve, with cap sleeved top and matching mittens. Peggy Steere's choice was a full length dress of magnolia brocade, with strapless top and a full skirt. In accompaniment, she wore long white gloves and accessories.

Looking round the hundreds of dancers, it was noticeable that every woman was very dress conscious. As a result, this was one of the most pleasing features of the evening. Mrs. Olga Cohen, who acted as Hostess to the visitors from other social clubs, was a striking figure in black, with silver fox cape. In the official party were Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brisbane, Mr. and Mrs. C. Colebrook, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Minors, and Mr. and Mrs. Hummerston. Mrs. H. L. Brisbane was charming in black and gold lame. Mrs. N. Robinson, in black shot taffeta, with pearls, looked most attractive, as did Mrs. L. Craig in cyclamen and black. Mrs. C. E. Colebrook wore a beautiful frock of silver lame. Another who chose silver lame, but set off against black, was Mrs. H. J. Minors. Mrs. W. J. Lucas was a graceful figure in silver lace, and this gay group was completed by Mrs. Hummerston in blue taffeta.

Financially the Ball was not as successful as last year's wonderful effort, owing to increased expenditure. But from the proceeds we were still able to give encouraging help to Sister Kate's Children's Home, The Crippled Children's Society and Wanslea. For each of these three Children's Societies was a cheque for £250. To all those who worked so hard to make this gifts possible, we say, once again, "Many, many thanks."

The cheques for these charities were presented at what has now become an annual gathering in the Board Room. This year, cheques for £250 each were handed to the Wanslea Children's Home, Sister Kate's Children's Home, and the Crippled Children's Society. Representing these worthy institutions were Mrs. F. Hummerston, Mr. H. J. Minors and Mr. W. J. Lucas. It was my privilege to introduce the Popular Girls to the delegates, after which Mr. C. E. Colebrook paid tribute to them, and all others concerned for their hard work in raising this fine sum of money. Mr. E. H. Norman, as President of the Social Club, then presented the cheques, saying it had given him much pleasure to be associated with the organising of funds for such worthy causes.

VITAL STATISTICS.

By Bev Grigo.

Our best wishes are extended to Joy Haylock (Office) who became engaged on the 5th May to Hugh Hay.

Congratulations and best wishes to May Burnette (Office) who announced her engagement to Ben Neuwen on the 23rd April. May also celebrated her 21st birthday on the 30th May.

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Irene Thornton (Manchester Department) who became engaged on April 24th to Chris Bonakey. Irene also turned 21 this month. (21st May.)

Best of luck to Daphne Hills (Layby) who became engaged to Peter Goode in May. Our best wishes, Daphne.

Miss Muriel Merrick (Snack Bar) was married to Ronald Baker in the Methodist Church on the
Mr. Hindley (Acting Group Controller on Fashion in the Juvenile Section. Floor), and Mr. George Gardiner (Acting Merchandise Manager). Another enthusiastic supporter is Merv Jones (Mercery) whose fencing act last Christmas was so successful. He is now working hard on a sword and dagger duel for his next effort.

Mrs. Billie Mitchell has now left us and will be missed when the Players commence their next productions.

Joy Turnbull, who was in Card Office, was in the store recently and gave a good report on married life.

Since acquiring a car, Jimmy Stout (Mercery) is known as one of the “Plymouth Brethren.” His Mother tells us he stays home more now than he ever did—although he goes out on those rare occasions when the car will co-operate.

Fred Hawkens (Carpets) returned from holiday feeling very fit. That should help his golf.

Betty Watson has now left us and will be missed when the Players commence their next productions.

Peg Ross (Elizabeth Arden Counter) left for Singapore on June 1st by the “Gorgan” for a six week holiday. We hope she has a wonderful trip and does not become too seasick.

Congratulations to Barbara Chester (Hosiery) who became engaged on the 21st May to Thomas Griffin.

Ron MacDonald (K-Ware) became engaged to June Pratt on March 13th. We wish Ron and June the best of luck for the future.

Lily Watt (Mail Order) became Mrs. Percy Taylor on Saturday, June 12th, at St. Peter's Church, Victoria Park. One of the bridesmaids was Anne Mavric, from the Office. We offer this happy couple our best wishes.

In the “Popular Girl” Competition, Heather Johnstone was nominated by the Fashion Floor, Perth Store.

Church, Victoria Park. One of the bridesmaids was Anne Mavric, from the Office. We offer this happy couple our best wishes.

Len Fletcher and Les Riley have left the Mercery Dept. and new members of this section include Peter Cossan, Ken Fisher and George Nirens. Mr. Cox is now officiating in the Sports Shirt section, and Mr. Cec Brown has moved across to the men’s clothing.

Congratulations to Mr. Ray Applin upon his appointment as acting second-in-charge of the Haby.

Other members of the Staff who are working in new surroundings include Mr. Ted George (Acting Departmental Manager, dress fabrics), Mr. Hindley (Acting Group Controller on Fashion Floor), and Mr. George Gardiner (Acting Merchandise Manager).

Mr. George Wells is the latest to join the ranks in the Juvenile Section.

Mr. MacIntyre, second-in-charge of Juvenile clothing, is at present very busy trying to organise a golf match between D.P.M’s. and staff. More will probably be heard of this venture in the next magazine.

Believe three of our boys are preparing themselves for the Christmas Revue. There’s nothing like getting in early, and we’ll be looking forward to hearing from this team of vocalists, which includes Morris Stapeley, Laurie Heil and Dennis Adams (Dress Fabrics).

In the “Popular Girl” Competition, Heather Johnstone was nominated by the Fashion Floor, Perth Store.

Earlier this year, some of the younger members of the staff decided to form a cricket club and, after a lot of preliminary work, they got away to a good start and enjoyed quite a successful season. This culminated in a Picture and Presentation Night in the Cafeteria. The first portion of the evening was given over to a re-showing of an old but favourite film, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in “It Happened One Night.” After this came the presentation to the boys of trophies, which had been generously donated to the Cricket Club by its Patron, Mr. C. E. Colebrook (General Manager), and Vice Patrons, Messrs. E. H. Norman, J. Webster, F. Luke, R. Fraser, G. Gardiner and D. Sexton. Before the presentation, the Captain of the Club, Mr. Ron McDonald (Kitchenware) thanked everyone who had helped in the formation and progress of the Club. He was supported by Mr. R. Withnell (Mercery), who is Chairman. Supper was served to 150 guests, and everyone agreed they had had a most enjoyable evening. Those who received trophies were: K. Kelynack, Best Bowling Average (av. 7.808); J. Cobb, Best Batting Average (av. 27.1); K. Kelynack, runner-up, batting; N. Farrell, runner-up, bowling. E. Beek, most improved
player. B. Clarke, best fielder, and R. McDonald, best all round Club member.

ODE TO FAY VICKORY.

By Jack Duncan.

"Queen of The Ball"; no one could dispute.

Our "Popular Girl." And wasn't she beaut?

A shimmering figure in white bouffant tulle,
She made young'uns sigh—and old wolfies drool!

For many weeks past, she'd been busy collect-

ing,

(Our pay packets ripe for her earnest dis-
secting).

There were tickets in turkeys and tickets in hams,

Old clothes for bazaars, also pickles and jams.

But nobody minded; no one "blew their lids,"

For we were helping the crippled and Wans-
lea kids.

There's plenty to show us we reaped our rewards,

In the faces we brightened in Sister Kate's wards.

So here's a good toast to the Queen of the Ball,

And to all those others who answered the call,

To help swell the funds for Foy's charity drive:

"We thank you again girls, for how you did strive!"

TEEN AND TWENTY NITE CLUB.

A very popular addition to Perth's night life is the Teen and Twenty Nite Club, held every Monday night at the "Marelle." As the name implies, this Club caters for teenagers. Already it has quite a considerable following. Dancing forms the greater part of its activities, and teeners are well catered for in this direction. The combination of the house band changes every three weeks, but the emphasis is usually on "Dixieland" outfits. Floor shows are presented by leading artists, and there is a "bar" where soft drinks are served.

The members also gather at various homes for record evenings, and the "programme" also includes hikes and barbecues. Kevin Conroy, the energetic Secretary, has always got something cooking for their entertainment.

Mr. C. Colebrook is the President, and Mr. Norman, a Vice President, while the duties of Chairman are carried out by myself.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES.

Quite a few boys and girls were recently to be seen limping around the store and some were sporting bandages and scars of battle. The reason? Some of the weaker (?) sex from the Office challenged their poor unsuspecting male friends in the store to a game of football!

After several very secret meetings, during which Mr. Loughridge (Linos) worked out a system for them, the girls came out in the open and even went so far as to threaten to give the boys the hiding of their lives. What could the boys do under such circumstances? They simply had to accept the challenge or for ever try to live down the scorn of the girls—and everyone knows the fury of a woman's scorn!

The game was played at the Bayswater Oval, and there was quite a team of onlookers to cheer the female Amazons on to victory. The lasses ran on to the field looking most formidable, while the boys stood in a group, a bit helpless, looking like a lot of sheep waiting the slaughter. First on the programme was a kicking competition which was won by Marie McCauley (Office). Judging from the expert way in which Marie handled the ball, I'd say she'd be most useful in a free-for-all. The game eventually got under way with quite a few rules being introduced (by the girls, of course). We suspect that these had been borrowed from a
the organising, including: Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Wilkie, Miss McCauley, and Mrs. Cargill (Office).


P.S.—We've got to print it, we suppose. THE GIRLS WON!

NARROGIN NEWS.

By H. Parnell.

On the social life at Narrogin Store we report the wedding bells which rang out merrily for Miss Gloria Caterer on June 19. Miss Nathalie Clauser, who leaves at the end of the month, is to be married shortly after. Both are members of the Office staff.

Another member of our staff we are sorry to lose from our midst is Mrs. Ken Davis, who intends devoting her full time to household duties. It is also with regret that we say farewell to Mr. Jack Sidebottom (Furniture Factory), to whom a farewell evening was given on May 26.

Congratulations to Miss Jean Parton are still in order. She celebrated her coming of age on May 18.

Also to be congratulated are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Norwell, the occasion being the arrival of a daughter, Helen Joan.

We welcome two newcomers to our ranks in the persons of Miss Kath Boaler and Mr. John Rykes.

Sorry to report that Miss Daphne MacDonald (Hosiery) and Mr. Brian Sullivan (Office) are, at the time of writing, patients in our local hospital. We wish them a speedy recovery, and hope to see their smiling faces back with us soon.

A recent epidemic of measles seriously depleted the ranks of the Narrogin Store.

On the entertainment side of the ledger we have not been entirely left out of the scheme of things. We recently had a most enjoyable evening, when staff and friends were entertained with films taken by Mr. W. A. Manning during his trip abroad. Although we weren’t lucky enough to make the trip ourselves, we were enabled, through these pictures, to enjoy and appreciate the places visited.

Once again our Annual Ball was a wonderful success, and much credit was due to the organisers, who worked hard to ensure a happy time for everyone. It was held in the Town Hall, where the floor proved excellent for dancing to the enjoyable music supplied by Vickers’ orchestra.

KATANNING KAPERS.

By Kessell.

Hi, ho, Serviceites! It’s quite some time since we joined in this family chat, but here we are again with one or two titbits from our store.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Doug, Baxter, who were married on May 22. Val. is in the Confectionery and Doug, the Grocery. We wish them lots of wedded bliss.

Messrs. Bailey, Bowden and Mosscrop and Mrs. Keay recently made a short visit to Perth, followed by Messrs. Cobby and Futter and Miss McFarland.

Miss Cullen had a marvellous six weeks holiday. She was a passenger on one of those much talked about Cook’s Tours, which took her to Sydney, down to Melbourne, on to Adelaide, and so home again. She certainly is looking absolutely Al since she came back and fully recommends the trip to anyone who may be interested. The worst part of these trips is coming back into harness. Is that right, Miss Cullen?

We were all very pleased to hear of Mr. Gardiner’s new step-up, and wish him every success.

In April we were fortunate to have Mr. McAlinden and his models here for a fashion show. The parade was followed by a dance, the proceeds of which went to local charity. Although the crowd could have been greater, it was a very enjoyable evening. Congratulations go to Miss McFarland for her excellent efforts for this parade. The garments selected by her were really lovely, and combined to make a sparkling show.

Helen Mouritz (Manchester) seems to have recovered completely from a bout of measles. Hope that’s the end of your troubles, Helen.

Lorna Addis (Office) has had us all in suspense over that wedding date. Think of the poor Editor, Lorna!

Wherever you are, we hope your weather is a little warmer that we’ve had it here. There have been some real freezers lately, and we truthfully sign off—“Shiveringly yours.”

An active contestant for “Popular Girl” was Peggy Steerc, chosen by Fashion Accessories, Perth Store.
A Time for Bouquets

There gathered in Head Office, on Friday, 28th May, quite the most representative staff group we have seen, outside the annual ball or the old picnics. To swell the ranks of the large contingent from Collingwood, came throngs from Fitzroy, Prahran, and the City store, with a platoon from Eagley Mills, headed by the Mills' Secretary, Mr. Eric Mollison, to complete the picture.

Admittedly, the afternoon tea, with its lashings of fancy cakes, might have justified the descent of any large crowd upon Smith Street, around this time. But it wasn’t pangs of hunger which had urged this congregation to compress itself within the bulging walls of the Staff Room. For greeting one and all like a perfect hostess, although she was very definitely a guest of honour, on this occasion, was one of the remarkable women of our organisation, and a personality well loved by all—Miss Annie Conkey.

It was doubly fitting that this gathering should have revolved around a tea table, for this was surely one of the few occasions when her many friends had seen Miss Conkey really “take her time” over a cuppa. About the only times when most of us saw her away from her desk, she was either hurrying to work—usually arriving long before her colleagues—making for home in the evening (when she seemed to start all over again with domestic chores) or battling along Smith Street at lunch time with a shopping bag.

Some of us may keep to this sort of schedule for a time after starting work. But the remarkable Annie Conkey seemed to lead this jet-propelled life all the time. And what a time! Year in, year out, we are saluting these long service record holders. There have been so many of them to know during the 88 years of our own existence. But we never fail to thrill with pride and gratitude as each successive champion “breasts the tape” and we knew a particularly warm glow in watching this fine woman, surrounded by a host of friends, on this, her last day with us. For Miss Conkey had chalked up 45 years of service with the Company. It’s a great achievement by any person, in any organisation, and we offer once more, our congratulations and our deep gratitude to a devoted co-worker and colleague.

It was five years before the bugles of the first World War sounded that Miss Conkey came to us. She started at the Big Store in Chapel Street. Although the Prahran Store, as we now know it, was part of the William Gibson “empire,” the name over the Big Store in those days, was Macellan & Co. But the dark eyed girl who started her career with Foy’s in 1909, was actually “Chapter II” in the Conkey saga, for her sister

Mr. F. A. Houghton, the Company’s Secretary, who made the presentations, congratulates Miss Anne Conkey upon her fine record of service.

was already working with us, having joined the staff in Chapel Street soon after that store opened in 1902. Nor was her first job anywhere near the office. Strange though it may seem to latter-day friends who have been accustomed to seeing Miss Conkey surrounded, “up to the tonsils,” by invoices, she began her working life in the dress-making workroom.

In those days, the arbiter of fashion at the Chapel Street store was Madame Lewis, a most stylish figure, whose beautiful frocks, always black, carried a long train. The short-skirted teenager of today, with ounce-weight girdle and wisps of nylon, would have found it torrid going in 1909, for Miss Conkey recalls that the showroom girls wore similar dresses in the department. Each frock contained yards of material. Graceful they looked, we know, but just how one tackled a hot north wind day, in such rig, is hard to understand, nowadays.

Little Annie’s first duties consisted of showing fashion books to customers, taking their measure-
Miss Anne Conkey gazes proudly at her presentation gifts of a canteen of cutlery and an easy chair.

ments and tacking linings during fittings. The rest of the time, she was the section's messenger. One week of this responsible round completed, and Annie took home, with bursting pride, her first pay packet—a whole 2/6! But someone was evidently impressed. The following year the fingers of the little hand closed over 4/6 per week.

Though the fashion game was paying such good dividends however, Miss Conkey was still heading to that signpost which was to point the way to her eventual career. She drew abreast of it the following year, when the opportunity came to transfer to the Docket Office. Still today, she recalls the first day of her first Fair in this new environment. It was dockets, dockets, dockets, everywhere. Cash registers were not dotted all over the place, as the modern assistant finds them. Every sale had to be recorded by hand. Imagine, therefore, the output from the Haberdashery alone. Pity therefore, the cashiers on the main desks, with the cash carriers often humming in with four dockets and the accompanying cash in each. And the dockets? They stacked 'em in kerosene tins until they could be sorted and machined.

In this, its heyday, the Big Store was managed by John Macellan, nephew of William Gibson, and father of Mr. R. J. Macellan, a director of the parent company today. To Miss Conkey, as to all others, it seems, who knew him from working for him, Mr. Macellan was a friendly and considerate man. There are stories galore of John Macellan's perpetual goodness of heart, whether it be towards people or animals, and Miss Conkey echoes them all. All the same, the store employee of those years had to work hard. Yet, somehow, there were few complaints. For one thing, as Miss Conkey reminds us, people seemed to be happier in their jobs, often finding that happiness in the company of fellow workers. Because of the differing conditions, there were more opportunities to 'get together.' With the cinema still in swaddling clothes and radio undiscovered, home was the place for pleasant hours. Visits exchanged in this way would lead to friendships and mutual interests among those who shared the daytime tasks in store or office. Parties were formed to visit the open air beach shows or concerts at the St. Kilda Cricket Ground. With no competition from "the pictures," the theatre flourished on a scale we do not see today. There was a wealth of good shows all the time and "Our Annie" of today says that the young Conkey seldom missed a first night.

In 1931, it was decided that as much as possible of the "office work" of the retail stores be undertaken from Collingwood. Accordingly, that section of Prahan's activity was transferred to Smith Street and Miss Conkey, who in the meantime had been working on the Purchase Ledger in Chapel Street, came over with the "fixtures and fittings." Thus began the final phase of Miss Conkey's outstanding association with Foy's. Not only was she launched upon a voyage across an ocean, fed by endless rivers of invoices, but in her capacity of head of the Invoice Office, she made contact with every buyer, manager and controller on the retail side of our organisation. More than anyone else, perhaps, do these executives know how valuable was the service rendered by Miss Conkey to the Company. Her energy and enterprise were seemingly inexhaustible. This is a section where everything is definitely not plain sailing. Invoices get mislaid around the organisation; sometimes lost. There can be many queries about deliveries or discounts. At times, we even overheard her talking over the telephone about credits! Honestly, we don't know how she coped with it all at times. For remember, whilst there were a myriad matters calling for reference to Miss Conkey "from the inside," she was hardly less busy making contact (or being made the

Happy guests at the afternoon tea which preceded the presentations to Miss A. Conkey were (I. to r.): Stan Holmes (Credit Manager), Herbert Pertwee (Share Office), Cath. Fyden (Entry Office), Emily Harding (Entry Office) with Flora McDonald (Invoice Office). At far right, the guest of honour, Miss Conkey, with Mr. Allen Houghton.
contact!) with many hundreds of suppliers. A busy life indeed. Yet, did anyone ever hear a single adverse comment about Miss Conkey's work?

And, if anyone else ever wondered just how she did fill in her time, we give them this point to chew over. During the time Miss Conkey was in charge of the Invoice Office, she drew cheques in payment of goods purchased to the tune of well over £20,000,000! As our American friends might say: "That ain't hay!"—either as to the figure or the amount of work involved.

During her long stay with us, Miss Conkey has seen many colleagues come and go. She has also been responsible for "launching" others on those careers. Among her "pupils" in the early 30's was a lad whose first job was in the Invoice office and it was the happiest of circumstances, that this boy, now occupying one of the highest positions in the company, should have been "master of ceremonies" at Miss Conkey's farewell party on 28th May. His name is Allen Houghton. We know him today as Secretary of Foy & Gibson Ltd. and of the retail subsidiary.

When most of the fancy cakes had disappeared, and the tea cups had been put down for the last time, it was Mr. Houghton who rose to address Miss Conkey and the host of friends who sat or stood around her. With great feeling did he refer to her wonderful record, and her many estimable qualities. There was complete sincerity in all his tributes, for he spoke not only on behalf of the Directors (whom Miss Conkey had met en masse the previous afternoon when she had been invited to the Board Room during the monthly meeting); not only for the rest of our organisation, but from his own heart.

He raised a great laugh when he asked if Miss Conkey knew that when, back in his boyhood apprenticeship with her, he appeared to be busily sorting a stack of invoices, he often had an accountancy textbook at the bottom of the pile, and crammed in a bit of study whenever he could. But there was a greater laugh when Miss Conkey cracked back that she known all about it, all right. She added, however, that accountancy wasn't the only subject he had studied under those conditions. In due season, she had observed him, with equal diligence, studying cricket form and picking teams!

These personal reminiscences had everyone in happy vein and sad though we all were that we were witnessing the breaking of a great link, and losing a well loved friend, there was an overall atmosphere of deep affection, pride and happiness, when Mr. Houghton presented to Miss Conkey, a beautiful canteen of cutlery, from her colleagues in Smith Street, followed by a body-beckoning armchair from her admirers in the City store.

In circumstances like this, it is not easy for the guest to speak easily. Memories come crowding back and all around are the faces one has come to know so well. But Miss Conkey rose to her feet and made her farewell speech with the same honesty and sincerity that we have always known in her. The breaking of an association which has endured for 45 years is a great wrench. Miss Conkey goes into her retirement, however, with the knowledge that she has done just about the best that any man or woman can do. She did her job well. She gave it all she had, in terms of energy and devotion. In that way, she truly served the company. But she achieved much more than that, for through her stability, her common-sense, and never-failing cheerfulness, she endeared herself to others and, in making life a richer experience for her fellows, she helped to create a harmony without which neither a business organisation nor any community of people gets along as well as it should.

And so, once more, we assure Miss Annie Conkey of our most sincere appreciation of her many years of service; we offer her our deep thanks for her loyalty and her achievements, and we send her good wishes from all hearts for a future of comfort and good health, in the new phase of life she now begins.

A PROUD LINK.

The recent death of Lt. Gen. Sir Stanley Savige, one of Australia's most distinguished soldiers, and, at all times, a very loveable personality, revived memories of pre-World War I days to those who began their work with Foy's at Prahran.

From these oldtimers you'll hear the remark "Stan Savige? Knew him well at the Big Store, in Chapel street. Used to work in the Ribbons and Laces—a salesman, you know. And a real good bloke." That's right. We had Sir Stanley on the payroll back in 1913; in fact, we understand he went straight from the store to the recruiting office to enlist, following the outbreak of the 1914-18 War.

Again we salute a fine soldier and good citizen.
THE FRONT COVER

Like it? As a rule, the picture we print here has some direct bearing upon our activities or the people who "make the wheels go round." But there have been times when the cover illustration has been chosen for its general or even artistic appeal. We recall some excellent photographs sent by London Office, of scenes and events overseas.

The selection of the present cover springs from an assortment of influences. As an instance, it is symbolic. Isn't it well known that the editorial path is "with roses strewn"? Then again, a rose in the abstract, seems to enjoy world wide acclaim. Recall the success of the Bards of Tin Pan Alley, whose ballads have sung of "Roses in June" and "Moonlight and Roses," and with June conditions as we know them in this hemisphere, what's wrong with trying to brighten up the place with a flower or two?

On the other hand, we could be quite frank and confess that lacking, among the contributions available for this issue, a picture "made to measure," we began to look in new directions. As a result, we found this delightful study of a bowl of roses. Our pleasure in this discovery was twofold. Not only is it a pleasing picture and, in our opinion, a little gem of photography, but the camera was held by a member of our staff.

In using this photograph, therefore, we hope that we may be opening an entirely new field from which to harvest contributions to "Service." Are there any other photographers among our staffs, who have taken outstanding pictures? If these camera enthusiasts care to submit examples of their work, we might be able to feature a miniature "Art Gallery" in future issues, as well as adding to the general illustrations in our pages.

Moreover, we might well find among them material for a series of arresting front covers.

And again, the printing of such pictures could well lead to a "get together" movement among staff photographers, with the ultimate development of a staff Camera Club.

We therefore make this direct appeal to all photographers within our ranks, to go through their albums, select some choice specimens, and submit them to the Editor.

The picture of the roses with which we launch this "staff cover" idea, was taken by John Manion, who recently joined the Melbourne retail advertising staff. This then, is a good time to extend a warm welcome to him. He is a commercial artist. His interest in photography, also, is tremendously keen however, and his pictures reflect the skill which shines from his art work. A year or two back "The Herald" staged an exhibition in Melbourne of photographs submitted in a competition. From over 16,000 entries, 100 were selected for this public viewing, and among this hundred the judges included no less than three camera studies by John Manion.

For the benefit of his brother shutter-clickers, John Manion gives us the following technical details of the equipment used in producing the study of the roses:—Camera: Flexaret Reflex; film: 120 Super XX; paper: Bromesko G2; exposure: 1 minute at f5.6; lighting: single floodlight.

So again we say, of our current cover: "Do you like it?" Comments from all sides—that is, from non-photographers too—will be welcomed. As we have so often stressed, this journal is produced for staff enlightenment and, we hope, enjoyment. We need all the help we can get in putting each issue together, and those who may not be able to make direct contribution in the form of writings, pictures or drawings, can still give a lot of help—and possibly do a lot of good—by giving advice or—yes, we mean it—criticism.

When Sydney's "Flying Mannequins" reached Melbourne in June, the girls lost no time in enjoying St. Kilda's famous beach. Yes, we said "IN JUNE"! Here are Virginia Grey, Barbara Martin and Pat Woodley, with no regrets, apparently, for leaving Coogee, Bondi or Palm Beach behind.
News from Adelaide
By Gwenda Neal.

Visitors.
It’s always a pleasure to welcome interstate visitors. Mr. George Assender was here from Melbourne in connection with the opening of the new Nursery Furniture Section on the First Floor. This is now a bright corner, with Mrs. Branford brightly taking charge of things. It’s a continuous battle of wits seeing which is on the floor first—a pram or an underwear table! We hope to see more of Mr. Assender.

Also from Melbourne came Mr. John Mehegan, to talk about china. But we shan’t see him again for a while, as he is off to England in August. Good luck on your trip, Mr. Mehegan.

Mr. Neil Neville handled merchandising matters during Mr. Powell’s absence on holidays. We guess he’s still chuckling over one recollection. To an assistant who approached him in an endeavour to help, Mr. Neville answered that he was just waiting to see a particular buyer. The assistant replied, “I’m sorry, sir, but Mr. X doesn’t see travellers between twelve and two.”

We like Mr. Neville a lot and wish him every success on his trip. We like Susan Neville, aged six months, a lot, too.

A familiar face now is that of Mr. Stephen Dattner, who was here during April to conduct yet another Fur Parade. These parades are certainly putting Foy’s on the map in Adelaide’s fur circles and it’s inspiring to see an event run so smoothly.

Up Nearer the Attic.
Mr. Pight is up with the girls on the Fashion Floor now, and up to his neck in Blouses and Skirts. (Mr. Amos is wearing an even bigger smile these days, now that he has some moral support.) When asked how he was managing, Mr. Pight replied brightly, “I’m managing very well—especially in the fitting rooms.” Seriously, it’s good to see someone as popular as Mr. Pight going up the ladder.

A country lass came into the Skirt Department in answer to an advertisement for Maternity Skirts. Embarrassedly she told Mr. Amos that she would wait for a girl to assist her. A minute or two later, she was approached by Mr. Pight! She began talking to him, but as she made her needs known it was obvious that she was appreciating the funny side of the incident.

Sickness.
It’s been good to see Miss Franklin back again after illness. It’s never the same without you, Miss Franklin.

Our best wishes go to Mr. Collins (Manchester), who had to go to hospital for an operation. We wish you a lasting recovery, Mr. Collins.

Nice, too, to see Jenny Evans (Canteen) back again. If anyone is looking for a bridesmaid, Jenny is an old hand.

It Was a Long, Long Time.
Mr. Herbert Edgar Smith, of the Carpets, retired on June 30. Bert had been with Foy’s since 1911—43 years with the Company. He said he’d been very happy with Foy’s. “Wouldn’t have stayed so long if I wasn’t.” It sounds as if he will not have much spare time, for Mr. Smith’s interests are varied. He’s a keen gardener and has shown quite a few blooms in his time. He has poultry, and breeds dogs—silky and Australian terriers.

We hope that the future years at his home in Prospect will be very happy ones. They certainly should be, with all those interests—and with Mrs. Smith as a companion. Good luck and good health to you, Bert Smith, from all at Foy’s.

Gibsonia Table Tennis Club.
Two teams are entered in competitions this year in the S.A. Table Tennis Association. The first team, which plays in the 9th Division, consists of Lloyd Gunter (capt.), Dick Cossey and Lewries Lamkin. The second team, in the 13th Division, has Brian Modra, Tony Hiles and Bob Cowie. George Ellis is Chairman, Dick Cossey Secretary, and Lloyd Gunter Treasurer of the Gibsonia Table Tennis Club.

Heard the other day that the “G. Ellis” who won the Doubles Championship with K. Riches in the Glenelg District Tennis Association Tournaments
was our George Ellis. Congratulations, Mr. Ellis. Believe it is the second time you have taken it off!

**Electric Light Cricket Association.**

Joint organisers for the Cricket Club Social and Presentation of Trophies night were Dick Cossey and Dennis Bugg. It was held at the Unley R.S.L. Hall, and 40 or so players and followers had a very good evening. Dennis had to choose Rapid Bay for a holiday just when a man was believed drowned off the cliffs there. We were all frantic with worry in case it was him.

**Family Affair.**

Mr. Powell is President of the Burnside Hockey Club. An ardent hockey fan, he used to play competitive hockey in Melbourne in earlier days. Now, son John is following in Dad's footsteps, playing A Grade for Burnside. We congratulate him on being chosen to train with the State squad.

**Exciting Prospect!**

The Vice-Commodore of the Henley Sailing Club held a barbecue in the grounds of his home to raise money for club funds. Two hundred people attended, we hear. During a wonderful evening they disposed of 200 chops, 200 sausages, four eighteens and a ten! The night raised £120, which helped pay off the club's new shed.

**Let's know about the next one, Mr. Brown.**

At last the Furnishing Department has an outside man for Blinds and Furnishings. It's been quite a problem trying to find a representative for this job, but all's fixed now. Who's the man? Why, Fred Jones, from the department. Doing a very good job.

**Mellow.**

We like going down to the Grocery Department to witness that old-time courtesy of Mr. Hynes and Mr. Halliday. These two men have been with us for 16 and 13 years respectively. Mr. Lamprey, Men's Shoes, is another old friend. He's been here 23 years!

**Shy?**

We also have two most conscientious workers on the 1st Floor in Mr. Ted Martin (Manchester) and Mr. Charlie Paulitis (Soft Furnishing). They are so intent on their work that Mr. Amos has to asked them to sign on in the mornings!

**Oops!**

To Joseph Evans, sincerest apologies! North Adelaide is his team, NOT Port. (We always thought him a SENSIBLE man!) And he hasn't switched just because North has come up to third position. He's always barracked for them. Did he ever tell you about "the mark Ian McKay took that time?"

**Fruitologist?**

About the unusual decoration in Mr. Powell's office. If there should be anyone who is still wondering just what is what, it was PERSIMMON, which the dictionary describes as a "DATE-PLUM. NATIVE OF NORTH AMERICA, CHINA, ETC." However, this particular specimen was grown at 59 Hyland Terrace, and although Mr. Powell refuses to take any credit for it, we think the tree must receive a deal of attention to bear so well.

**Eve, the Wrecker.**

And speaking of Mr. Powell's home, just why did that woman have to teach herself to drive her brother's car in Hyland terrace? Mr. Powell couldn't think. All that was clear was that his front wall was practically demolished! Just a slip of the wrist—but it meant getting into reverse instead of first.
GIRLS! MAKE A NOTE OF THIS

ORLON WITH COTTON BLEND IS THE NEWEST FABRIC FOR SUMMER FASHIONS

Foy's made the headlines in the women's pages of the "Sun News-Pictorial" on June 30th, with the first advance publicity on the new wonder blend, Orlon and Cotton.

This "scoop" was prepared by Pam Badyk, who recently joined the staff of the Advertising Department, City Store, where she will concentrate upon the organizing of fashion parades and sales promotions generally. Only recently married, Mrs. Badyk, who hails from Sydney, was better known there as Pam Henderson. In the Harbour City, Pam was Fashion Parades and Press Relations Officer for the Buckingham Group of thirteen stores, including Curzons, Ashleys and Buckingham's, and their respective suburban branches. She first started in the fashion world as a teen-

age mannequin at California Productions, where she was later promoted to Assistant Publicity Officer.

The Orlon and Cotton blend, now produced for the first time in Australia, will mean a happier summer for women of all ages, and a blessing to women who love pretty clothes, pretty clothes, moreover, that remain crease-resistant right through a hot summer's day. These frocks wash and dry in half an hour, are unshrinkable and, like nylon, need just a touch of the iron.

Styles are copied from California originals and this opaque, silk-like fabric, that, glows with a subtle sheen, adds a fresh simplicity that seems designed for an easier, less formal pattern of life.

The frock pictured here is just a sample from the wondrous Orlon-and-cotton range which Foy's will put before the public late in July.

THEY ALL HELPED SO MUCH.

She has been "back on deck" so long now, it seems, that it's hard to recall her absence. Yet this is the first opportunity we have had to pass on this message from Mrs. Berry, Perfumery, City Store. Tied to a sick bed some weeks ago, Mrs. Berry was greatly cheered—thereby speeding her recovery—by the good wishes, conveyed by cards, flowers and the like, from friends throughout the store. For each of these thoughtful gestures Mrs. Berry offers her heartfelt thanks.

JUST TO PUT THINGS STRAIGHT.

With blue pencil now more firmly grasped, we correct a little error in the caption below the picture of Gwenda Neal and Leonard Pye on page 15 of the last issue. The scene depicted must have created a nostalgic haze in the editorial cerebellum, with a resultant slip of the tongue. The structure in the background is, of course, Tower Bridge, not London Bridge.—Ed., "S."
New Appointment.
Mr. Eric Derrick has joined the ranks of Woollen Mill executives. Under Mr. Walter Smail, Manager of the Woollen Mill, Mr. Derrick is in charge of all personnel concerned in those processes from the Woollen Blending to the Finishing Room, but excluding the Service sections, the Wool Store, Scour, Dyehouse and Engineers.

A Norwegian by birth (his full name is Dietrich-Derrick), Mr. Derrick learnt his craft in the largest woollen and worsted combine in Norway. Later he worked in the United States for six years, firstly as Assistant Designer and then Designer. In 1929 he came to Australia to take the post of Designer with the Ipswich Woollen Mills, in Ipswich, Queensland. Further experience was gained at the Concordia Woollen Mill, where Mr. Derrick was Manager. The Centenary Woollen and Worsted Mills, Daylesford, also knew him as Weaving Manager.

It can be readily seen, therefore, that Mr. Derrick brings a very long and varied experience to his new job. He commenced on June 14, and already seems to have "settled in" quite comfortably.

We wish him every success.

Another Veteran Retires.
Mr. Charles Thomas Foote, Assistant Foreman of the Woollen Mule Spinning Section, retired on Friday, June 4, 1954, after more than 54 years' service with the Company. Engaged by the late Mr. G. Waddington, Mr. Foote commenced work at the mills on April 25, 1900. We suppose he must have told us at the time, but he probably wouldn't have got the job today, because we have to confess that Charlie was four months short of his 13th birthday when he started. He chuckles over it now, just as he does in recalling his first pay—2/6 per week!

At a warm-hearted gathering in the Woollen Spinning Section, Mr. J. Law, Manager of the Woollen Spinning and Carding, presented Mr. Foote with an electric razor, shirt and socks. To quote Mr. Law, "The latter two we bought with the few bob which were left over!" These gifts, and the goodwill of many friends, made Charles Foote a happy man, however, and we assure him, once more, of our heartfelt wishes for a good future.

Basketball.
Once again we are in the throes of another basketball season. Unfortunately, with our "A" team we faced a "rebuilding" stage, having lost five of last year's seven girls, the only two left with us being Joy Andrews and Barbara Pearson. Beryl Remfrey, a member of the "A" team before her unfortunate accident, is back with the "A's" once more. She spent last year as captain of the "B" team, feeling her way back into the game. Now she is captain of the "A" team.

This year conditions have not over-favoured the "A" team, for we have had to share our practice...
Eagley Mills is proud of this newly installed carbonising machine, which removes all vegetable matter like burrs and seeds from woven materials. These pass through a tank containing a dilution of acid and then to a heated chamber where the combination of heat and acid causes the vegetable matter to char. There follows a dry milling which shakes out this matter and finally a neutralising bath to eliminate the acid.

sessions with the Collingwood Store team. This means that where, previously, the girls were able to have at least two hours' solid practice, the training and coaching of the two Eagley teams is crammed into no more than 30 minutes, which is rather short time to produce two good teams. The girls are playing without any real practice or understanding. In the lower grades of basketball, one would be able to "get away with it," but up in "A" grade it is hopeless, and not fair to the girls. In their playing, these girls are a good "advertisement" for the Company. The "effect" is even better when they are "top dog"!

After this "winge," let's have a look at "B" team. Here we have a group of juniors whose average age is 15. We start them young! They have played very well to date, and we congratulate them. The future of Eagley basketball depends on them. Captain of this team is popular Margaret Davis, who is showing promise as a good leader.

Joy Andrews and Beryl Remfrey, who started with us at a young age, like these girls, have developed into two good "A" grade basketballers. Our congratulations to Joy Andrews for winning last year's award for best and fairest. This was a popular win, and well merited by a girl who has come along, little by little, to bloom into a top-grade player. She is now as good as any attack-wing in the game.

Congratulations also to Sue McDonald, winner of the award in the "B" team. Sue has now moved up into the "A" team and is fitting into this standard of basketball with an easy style.

—"BASKETEER."

Gibsonia Angling Club.

With the fishing season closed, members of the Gibsonia Angling Club have stowed away their gear to await another season. We look forward to a new and record year of good fishing—and no tall fish stories without proof.

Although only a newly formed club, we had five very successful outings, but, like most clubs, found the fishing very poor. Three of these trips were picnics, to which the ladies were invited.

The club ventured to Woori Yallock, Batesford, Launching Place and Ballan. There was also a week-end trip to Tarrawarra.

During the season the club had 19 members, but there is plenty of room for others. Our President, Mr. W. Leigh, extends a warm welcome to newcomers, from each and every one of us. Intending members should contact Mr. F. Walton, Secretary, at the Mill Office.

To wind up the season we held a gala night at the R.S.L. Hall, Collingwood, to which all members and their friends were invited as guests of the club. Highlight of the evening was the presentation of the "Gunn's Gully Square Dance Set," who gave their interpretation of how square dancing should be performed—with the ladies and gents playing opposite roles.

Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell and "Miss Universe" were put to shame by the efforts of our four "young ladies" in the forms of Messrs. (or, should we say, "Misses") W. Lyons, W. Larkins, M. Hanley and K. Warry. The "males" were represented by Misses (or, more appropriately, "Messrs.") D. McKenzie, M. Davis, G. Hunt and M. Kirby. After the exhibition, the audience was given the privilege of dancing with the set.

Many thanks to Mr. Bert Williams (Finishing Room) and Jack Johnson (Engineers) and his band for providing the entertainment and excellent music which made this evening so enjoyable.

—"FISHY FRANK."

Chatter Platter.

The old swear-box has come good again. One was recently installed in the Warehouse, all offenders being penalised one penny for a wrong word. Proceeds from the box were £5/5/-, which duly went to the Children's Hospital Appeal. Many thanks, Eagley Swearers! If rumour can be believed, even our own Santa Claus was fined
—not once, but many times! Still, it's Santa's job to help little children. So, go it Santa! And all your staunch followers, too. You did a good job.

[Hey, just a minute! According to our ready reckoner, five guineas from "a penny a swear" works out at 1260 cuss words! Someone must have "let go!" Must be an "at-it-for-ten-minutes-without-repeating-himself" champion around. Could we have an "action picture" for the next issue?—Ed., "S."

Well-known Eagley "tipster" Ron Ogilvie has yet to tip a winner. The first time Ron does pick a first placing, Eagleyites fear that the shock will be so great that no one will live to back his next good thing! Ron seems to have much faith in hurdler Sun March. Well, maybe, one day. Who knows?

Seen: One small baby running around the floor in his nappy, at the Gibsonia Angling Club Social. Believed to be Mrs. Warry's son, Kevin. Advertising campaigners please note: Eagley nappies could be a good line for far-distant future. Just ask Baby Kevin! By the way, "Mum-for-the-night" seemed to have lost a few hairs from the front patch. Is "she" getting too old to cut the mustard any more, or could it be too much worrying over "sonny"? Can anyone recommend a good remedy?

—DOREEN McKENZIE.

PRESTON NO. 1 ANNEXE LOSES MISS BENTLEY.

On Thursday, April 15, we said farewell to Miss Doris Bentley, our forelady at Preston No. 1. We were all very sorry to see her go, as she was well liked and respected by all.

Miss Bentley worked originally in the Collingwood Mill, and moved from there to the old Preston Annex, before being appointed to the new factory as forelady. From her Preston admirers, which means, of course, everyone, Miss Bentley was presented with a beautiful burgundy and gold bedroom clock, suitably inscribed. We understand that her immediate plan was to tour around in her little Austin and enjoy the countryside. We wish her all the best for the future.

Then we had to part from Mrs. Alma Trewarn, who was assistant forelady. She has been appointed to Preston No. 2 Annex. As a farewell gift, Mrs. Trewarn was presented with a necklace and earrings to match. To her, too, we wish all the best in her new sphere.

We welcome Mrs. Scott, as our new forelady, and Miss Gladys Jackson, as assistant forelady, and hope that they will be happy with us.

Our deepest sympathy is expressed once more to Mrs. Mollie Layton, of Preston No. 1, whose husband died in St. Vincent's Hospital, on May 14, at the result of an accident while at his work.

FROM PRESTON, No. 2.

Cupid's been busy here lately. Maureen Heffernan announced her engagement to Jimmy Kirkpatrick on June 18. On June 26 they celebrated with a party at her home, which was catered for by another Preston lass, Elsie Howarth—who seems to spend her spare time at this sort of thing! The engagement cake, in the shape of two hearts, was made by the forelady, Mrs. Trewarn. Maureen and Jimmy plan to "make it final" on December 18 next.

Pat Kennedy is preparing for her forthcoming marriage with John Frith on August 28. Her parents gave her a delightful linen shower tea on June 24. All the girls present had a lovely night. Games and other items kept them entertained until supper, which was beautiful. Pat received very nice gifts for her future home, and if she can put on a supper like her mother, well, John is a lucky man.

Joan Thompson also took the "big step" on July 16. Joan had not been with us very long, but we wish her and John Lamb the best of luck.

Ethel Pearson has had more than her share of the 'flu. Four weeks away in a row is enough for anyone. We all hope she's luckier during the rest of the winter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Mr. Kel Hill, of No. 2 Packing, Eagley Mills, offers his sincere thanks to the Management of the Mills and to the many colleagues who conveyed to him, in every form, sympathy and encouragement which meant so much, following the death of his wife on May 30. He was, and is, deeply grateful.
Ken Child, of the Hardware Department, has left us to join the City Store Hardware. We are sure that Ken will make many friends there, and wish him every success for the future.

Out Alvie way can be heard the wailings of a newcomer to the Craig family. To Mr. and Mrs. Tom Craig—a daughter. Congratulations!

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Andrew’s Church, Colac, on March 6. The radiant bride was Pat Parkhill, from the Office, who wore a lovely gown of a delicate shade of pink. Doug Robb was the lucky groom. We all wish them every happiness for the future. The serene peace prevailing at the Robb household on Friday, June 4, was shattered by what sounded like an H. bomb test, but it was only a friendly “Tin Kettling” given them by friends. Having collected what was left of their shattered forces, Pat and Doug brought “the gang” inside and served a super supper. Great fun!

The Social Club is to be congratulated upon the recent and most successful staff social evening. The highlight of the night was the Mistletoe Dance—which resulted in many a blushing face. It was a great night, and we all look forward to the next one.

The basketball girls are feeling very pleased with themselves, owing to the success of a house party held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Doug Robb, to raise funds for their trip to the city during the Queen’s Birthday holiday week-end. A great deal of work was put into the party, and the result was very satisfying. Thanks go to Barry Hutchison for the great job made of the “Tartan Terror” banner, which took pride of place on the mantelpiece. Loving eyes were cast upon the glorious supper—which was soon demolished! The girls wish to express their thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Robb for their help and lively interest in the club.

All’s (very) quiet on the Table Tennis Front. Victories few and defeats many. We think this may be just a temporary lapse, and hope to see the team blaze through the next round with the
good play which is expected of them. Anyway, good luck!

Badminton is a comparatively new game in Colac, but there are many very eager enthusiasts in the district. Our own players are becoming more excited as the season beckons, and if the form being shown at practice is any sign we predict great wins for Bilson's team.

Ah, well! It was too good to last. They're back! Nola Lourey and Dorothy Wilson have taken their place, once more, amongst the "no hopers" (Office, of course) after a very enjoyable holiday in Tasmania. We have not as yet obtained a detailed description of their "doings," which, we imagine, would be well worth reading. What about it, girls?

ALREADY OUR FEET ARE TINGLING!
Your's too? Then we'll see you at the

Annual Ball
At ST. KILDA TOWN HALL on
Thursday, August 19

We'll dance to the music of George Watson's Band from 8.30 until 2.0 a.m.

With pauses for a sparkling floor show contributed by Gloria Dawn, Arthur Little and the Juvenile Cycling Acrobats.

Then there's supper and liquid refreshments.

Tickets 25/- each. single.

from:

Collingwood (Office): Miss K. Howden. City: Mrs. L. Rowe.

Collingwood (Despatch): Len Holland. Prahran: Miss P. Strapp.


F. A. HUNTING, Hon. Secretary. Gibsonia Social Club.

ROD SINCLAIR, Asst. Secretary.

Chapel Street Chatter
(By "Peep").

Nice to record the engagement of Miss Annette Cody, our Jewellery Buyer, to Mr. Peter Blake. Couldn't be more heartfelt in our congratulations.

And belated, admittedly, but no less spontaneous, congratulations to Miss Betty Kennedy, Cashier, on her engagement to L. A. C. Duncan (Con) Cook. The wedding of this bright pair is scheduled for October 16.

It was more than good to be able to welcome back Ray Whitmore, of the Manchester, after a seven-weeks' absence following an operation on his leg. He's going to need a strong pair of legs more than ever now, for there'll soon be a bit of floor pacing to be undertaken. During his absence young Raymond Peter enjoyed his first yawn on this planet. So, it's congratulations, all round, Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore.

Oh, these babies! With the recent arrival of young Susan, it's in order now to congratulate Mrs. Elsie Sellenger, Buyer, Suit Department, as "Grandmama."

Miss Meg Riggs, Typing Office, has now moved over to the Lay-by Office. We wish her every success.

Mr. Durham made the farewell presentation to Miss Pat Holland, Lay-by Office, who is off to Cairns. (Believe there is a special attraction up there.) Wouldn't mind a bit of Queensland sunshine, ourselves these days.

Mrs. McCurdy, formerly of Materials, has succeeded Mrs. Bourke as Buyer for Laces. Here, too, our best wishes for a successful future.

All at Prahran are very pleased to hear that Mr. Frank Hunting is on the road to recovery.

At a Tennis Tournament held in aid of Miss Pat Strapp, Prahran's candidate in the "Popular Girl" competition, Mr. Spencer Thomas (Manchester) and Miss Eileen Walsh, won the prizes donated by Mrs. Bishop (Corset Department), whilst Mr. Gordon Wheeler took off the prize given by Mrs. McCurdy (Laces). All enjoyed the afternoon tea. (MEMO., ARTHUR DORMAN, CARPETS: An urn will boil much quicker if the lid is left alone!)

HAPPY PAIR.

There were congratulations aplenty when it was learnt that Shipping Office identity, Roderick Sinclair, had become engaged to Miss Olwyn Margaret Davis, of Ballarat. This good news was announced on July 19. The nature of his work brings Rod into contact with many parts of the retail organisation and he's likely to become even more widely known, now that he is Assistant Secretary of the Gibsonia Social Club. In the absence of Frank Hunting through illness, a lot of work connected with the running of the Annual Ball has fallen upon Rod Sinclair's shoulders. But they're quite broad enough to carry the load.

To Olwyn and Rod, the salutations of all!
All right! We know. You've heard a lot about 'em. Up to your ears in raffle tickets, eh? Why can't young Gertie's supporters confine their selling efforts to their own flaming floor? Who do they think you are, anyway? The Aga Khan? Yeh, yeh! O.K.! You've been bitten.

So what? You know perfectly well that you've got a great kick from the knowledge that every trey bit, every bob you've parted with, brings that ambulance still closer to the spastic children for whom it is being built.

Just how much money has been raised to date is a jealously guarded secret. On the faces of the members of some of the organising committees there's a definite smirk. Goodness only knows what's “in the bag” of each contestant. We're tipping, however, that the final result will surprise everyone.

To refresh your memory we recall that from the Garden Fete last November no less than £1275 was raised. (Unfortunately, a typing error in the last paragraph on page 20 of the April issue of "Service" gave this amount as £2175.) The company then ran its annual raffle to aid Red Cross. This netted £750. With Red Cross willing to earmark this sum for the ambulance, we had £2025 “in the kitty.”

But, encouraged tremendously by this magnificent effort by Foy's staff, and knowing that, helpful though it be, the ambulance type of car first envisaged would solve only part of the transport problem, Red Cross wondered how we felt...
about aiming for a full-size bus in place of the smaller vehicle. There wasn't a moment's hesitation. Back went the answer, “A bus it is!” And so the “Popular Girl” Quest was born. Which in turn brings us back to all those loose coins which a lot of people are trying to prise from our pockets and purses. You see, although we had thrown our hats in the air when there was £2025 in hand, we had to pause for breath, over buying a bus. Estimated cost of the bus is around £3080, which means that we have to find a balance of £1055. With eight candidates in the Quest, however, aided by some jet-propelled organisers, this sum should not be “too hot to handle.”

Did you know there were eight contestants? Seems to us that most of us have been largely aware of two only—our own and “the opposition from downstairs” (or “upstairs”). But eight there are—and very nice too! Adjoining these lines you'll find pictures of them. Have another look. That'll make it much easier the next time you're asked to fork out for a raffle!

Seriously, though, these girls are doing a splendid job for a great purpose. Don't get the idea that this is any kind of a glamour test. The candidates offered themselves only to afford us a “focussing point” at various places within our walls. When you look at your own nominee, you're reminded only that some spastic children are awaiting means of transport. Just that—except that they're after your money, to procure the bus!

And so, it's “Hat's off!” to:
Lola Rowe  Lower Ground Floor
Eileen Treloar  Ground Floor
Lolita Noli  First Floor
Maria Malynka  Second Floor
Dorothy Baker  Fourth and Fifth Floors
Pat Strapp  Collingwood
Coral Arthur  Office
Margaret Reilly  Despatch

The contest in Smith Street has a novel twist in that Miss Arthur and Mrs. Reilly are running in an “inter-section” effort. Towards the end of the competition there will be a “stocktaking” between these two. It will then be a case of “winner take all,” and whoever collects the loot will then enter into straightout competition with the remaining six contestants.

Whatever the outcome, we're all having a lot of fun while the heat is on—with the promise of a ton of pride and satisfaction towards the end of the year. Remember? We're out to assist those children.

Meanwhile, a blessing upon the candidates and all those who are so busily working for them, or otherwise supporting them.

* * * *

BUSY BEES.

So many people have been “stung” in the good cause of the “Popular Girl” Quest it's only fair that we should name the principal stingers. Among those who have been busily “gathering honey” are:
Lower Ground Floor: Messrs. R. Garcia (Sec.), L. Hocking (Treas.), Phil Trott, Peter Shelley, Ian Morrison, Neil McPherson, Pittorino and John Byrne. Ground Floor: Mr. Jules Pallis, Kevin Matear, Arthur Cooper, Tony Little (Chair.), Mrs. Darby (Sec. and Treas.), Mrs. Jamieson, Miss Rennick, Miss Ellis, Miss Graham, Miss Turner, Messrs. Ruffin, Trevillian, Hitchens, Handley, Mrs. Wilman and Miss Scott. Collingwood Office: Messrs. Stevens and Carr, Mrs. Fricker and Mrs. Eltringham. Collingwood Despatch: Messrs. A. Smith, B. Clark, D. Meagher, Vic. Reid, Jnr., and Phil Warton.

HE'S DOING ALL RIGHT.

Burly Frank Hunting, who delivers many a punch in his Staff Training Talks, is well known throughout the retail side of our organisation and he's seldom out of the thoughts of those who attend his classroom. For some weeks now Mr. Hunting has had to “keep quiet” after an opera-

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Frank Hunting.
HALF A CENTURY OF SERVICE TO FOY'S!

CHAS. CANHAM COLLECTS COVETED LAUREL.

On the morning of July 5, when Charlie Canham, of the Hire Purchase Office, City Store, looked at the reflection in his shaving mirror, he must have found it hard to believe that for 50 years he had been chasing the whiskers off that chubby chin—and each time, practically, in preparation for his departure for Foy's. If we assume that those baby cheeks were so carefully tended on all the Sundays in between, our dapper friend must have lathered up well over 18,000 times. That in itself is quite a lot of effort.

But it's a mere trifle compared with what Mr. Canham has put into his job with us. Throughout this wonderful period of 50 years with the company, which he completed this month, Mr. Canham has led a busy life and, blow us down, he tackles the problems of each day with a vim and keenness which many a beginner might copy.

He began his career in the Chapel Street Store, as a lad in the Despatch, transferring later to the office. In 1932, with the “centralising” of much of the company’s records in Collingwood, Charles Canham moved over to Smith street. Always a useful man to have around where figures or money are involved, it followed almost naturally that when the City began to “feel its feet” after the opening of the new store, Charlie should be posted to the Cash Desk in Bourke street. That was in 1937. The following year we took over the former Ackman Store, in Flinders street, and, with the launching out in a big way in the furniture and furnishing field, Hire Purchasing began to grow. Who better, then, to send over to Flinders street, to run the new office there, than Charles Canham.

Finally, when the Government requisitioned this building for war and post-war needs, and we brought the furniture departments back to Bourke street, Mr. Canham moved along with the fixtures and fittings, and took over the City Hire Purchase office, the position he holds today. If you note carefully these movements of our genial colleague you will observe that he has chalked up another record which few can have equalled. He has worked in each of our Melbourne stores.

During this half century of work with Foy’s, Charles Canham has worked with many people. He knew William Gibson, of course, and was literally “under the eye” of John Macelllan. He’s almost lost count of the General Managers he has served under. But, wherever his desk has been, the Canham behind it has been the affable, well groomed, alert man we know today. Everyone likes him; staff and customers, in common. He’s always “on the job,” combining efficiency with courtesy and consideration for others. And he’s been doing just that for half a century. Yet the years sit upon him lightly indeed. That straight back; those squared shoulders; the quick step: all are characteristics of this fine man we now salute with added admiration.

With the “ways and means” of long service recognition being, shall we say, “on the ice,” not all trumpets are being blown at the moment. But City Store executives saw to it that July 5 did not pass “unsung.” Charles Canham had a happy day, all right!

May he enjoy many more.

Another Farewell!

Less than a month after Miss Conkey’s departure, the staff at Collingwood gathered together once more to say goodbye to another stalwart of Head Office. Here too is a further example of long service by a woman who was widely known throughout Foy’s. The toast of the day on this occasion was Mrs. Vera Simpson, who for years kept a motherly but eagle eye on the P.O.D. Ledger.

Mrs. Simpson, or, as she is affectionately known on all sides, “Simmie,” came to us in 1919. In those days her friends hailed her as “Girlie” Peterson and she answered that call until she left for marriage in 1927. But Simmie returned to the Foy fold at the outbreak of World War II, and stayed until 24th June last. Overall therefore, we knew Mrs. Simpson for a period of 35 years, although her actual association was one of some 23 years. That’s still a pretty good record.
"Simmie" is a warm hearted person. She has that "where-can-I-do-a-good-deed" streak in her. Her "motherly" presence invites confidences and she was regarded by many as a wise counsellor. We speak here on the personal side, of course. But this capacity for sympathy and understanding carried "official" recognition also, for with the launching of Mutual Aid, there was an unhesitating choice of Vera Simpson as Advisor for the Collingwood group. In that capacity, Simmie gave splendid service both to the Trustees and those members who knew the need to call upon Mutual Aid.

In her work, of course, Mrs. Simpson came into contact often over the telephone with a still wider circle of colleagues. There's usually a string of queries hanging to most P.O.D. systems, and Simmie was a most conscientious "chaser up" and "straightener out."

Mrs. Simpson was thus a very active and many sided participant in the daily round at Foy's, and she will be missed in many ways. But after a working life as long as hers, the decision to "take it easy" from now on is understandable. The good fellowship which Simmie enjoyed on all sides was much in evidence at her farewell presentation for not only did Mr. Harry Harris (deputising for Mr. Houghton, who was detained at a Board meeting) pay well deserved tributes in his remarks to our guest, but there was tangible evidence of all round goodwill in the parting gifts which were presented to Mrs. Simpson. Outstanding among these were a chiming clock from the Collingwood staff and a tea set from friends in the City Store.

To Mrs. Simpson we reaffirm our appreciation of her long and loyal service and wish her every happiness in the years to come. In an earlier paragraph, we used the word "motherly" in inverted commas, because Simmie, sitting at her docket-strewn table always reminds us somehow of a hen among her chicks. But that's not to be wondered at, we suppose, because Mrs. Simpson is a true mother. Her handsome son John, long in the R.A.N., is known to many at Collingwood, and though we shall miss Simmie now, we shall be constantly reminded of her in the person of her daughter Margaret, who at 20-odd is already a "junior veteran" of the Docket Office.

NEW AID FOR MUTUAL AID.

To take the place of Mrs. Vera Simpson, who left in June, the Trustees of Mutual Aid have been happy to avail themselves of the services of Mrs. Josephine Eltringham as Female Advisor to the Collingwood group. Mrs. Eltringham is a machine operator in the F.F.C.A. section of Collingwood Office.

And we should mention too that Mrs. Simpson has been succeeded in her work on the P.O.D. Ledger by Keith George, who moved over from a desk in another part of General Office.

To each, good luck!

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When your work speaks for itself, don't interrupt.
On May 31 Phil Warton became the proud Poppa of a seven-pound baby boy, Christopher John. Although this happy event made Phil's equally well-known father, Jack Warton, a grandfather for the seventh time, Chris is the first of his grandchildren to carry on the name of Warton.

Jim Aiken also has become a grandfather for the second time. New grandson is named Christopher James.

Mick Hickie, on the sick list for a few weeks with a bad knee, is back looking fit and well again.

Laurie Malcolm, after a hectic 12 months, is back to normal and is now resting on his "laur(i)els."

GOOD NIGHT.

A dance in the Recreation Room, Collingwood, on May 14, arranged by Despatch and Stores 7, 8 and 9 to aid the spastic children's bus appeal, was a huge success. The transformation of this sports room to a dance hall was almost unbelievable. It certainly held its own with some of the smaller dance halls in the city and suburbs.

The gay decorations, the good floor, indeed the ultimate success, were a tribute to the unflagging work of the committee; to the co-operation of the maintenance section and electricians; to Bob Wallhouse, for his ticket writing; to the men (other than the committee) who gave their own time to render this room beyond all expectations; and to young Michael Anderson, for his tireless work on the drink counter, satisfying thirsty customers during the dance.

The orchestra was Al, the M.C. first class. Everyone voted it a topline evening and thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

This may be one for Ripley. We wouldn't know. But, the first one in the Despatch to sample a new type of beer is a teetotaller! Must ask Dave Meagher what it tastes like.

With his knowledge and advice, Charlie Taylor is worth his weight in gold to his team-mates. But Frank Bell to do it without a blemish. What worries the team, though, is that Charlie is the only one who doesn't play the way he advises!

When backing his furniture van into any spot, we'll back Frank Bell to do it without a blemish. But Frank's own back needs a lot more backing up before we'd back it to stand up to any strain.

Memories of the old vaudeville days were revivied the other lunch time, when Vic Allen gave the camera at the recent dance held in Collingwood Store. Reading down, Norma Brooks, Joan Brennan, Bev. Melrose and Josie McGinty, all of the Fitzroy Store. Next, Geoff Bridges (Maintenance, City Store) with Mrs. Bridges. Centre is Tommy Brewer (Despatch) and his wife. After them, Norm Fielding (formerly of Fitzroy Store) with his wife, Shirley, of the Docket Office, Collingwood. Bottom picture shows Bob Grey (Despatch) and fiancée, and Coral Arthur with Ron Munro, to whom she became engaged on March 20.

Caught by the camera at the recent dance held in Collingwood Store. Reading down, Norma Brooks, Joan Brennan, Bev. Melrose and Josie McGinty, all of the Fitzroy Store. Next, Geoff Bridges (Maintenance, City Store) with Mrs. Bridges. Centre is Tommy Brewer (Despatch) and his wife. After them, Norm Fielding (formerly of Fitzroy Store) with his wife, Shirley, of the Docket Office, Collingwood. Bottom picture shows Bob Grey (Despatch) and fiancée, and Coral Arthur with Ron Munro, to whom she became engaged on March 20.
an impromptu act to the strains of old-time melodies, played by carpenter Alan Tripovich.

On Friday, June 10, Bert Ford lost a closely-contested three-rounds bout at the West Melbourne Stadium on a points decision. Better luck next time, Bert.

Most punters back horses. Not so, Bill Cook. His system is to “follow” a leading jockey, who unfortunately didn’t bring home a winner for some considerable time. But nothing seems to convince Bill that it is just a coincidence and not done on purpose.

Bill Thompson must have heard a whisper that a talent scout from J. C. Williamson is on the lookout for the male lead in forthcoming opera. A special mention of all our personnel for tireless work in despatching goods during the Fair. The asterisk which appears against certain of these Societies is to draw attention to the fact that membership of those organisations is restricted to employees of associated industries or to lodge members.

**STROLLING DOWN SMITH STREET.**

(Continued from page 4).

**HELP IN SICKNESS**

Here are the names of those organisations registered under the National Health Act of 1953, for Medical and Hospital Benefit purposes, to which reference is made in the leading article of this issue. Read these carefully and, if you are not yet a member of one of them, make your choice and act without delay.

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**MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL BENEFITS:**

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**

**MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL BENEFITS:**

National Health Services Association of South Australia, A.N.A. Building, 45 Flinders street, Adelaide.

The Mutual Hospital Association Ltd., 54 King William street, Adelaide.

Manchester Unity Independent Order of Oddfellows Friendly Society, 45 Flinders street, Adelaide.

Hibernian Australasian Catholic Benefit Society, 45 Flinders street, Adelaide.

(National Health Services Association of South Australia, A.N.A. Building, 29, Elizabeth street, Melbourne.)
District No. 7, Pirie street, Adelaide (G.P.O. Box 104B).
Independent Order of Rechabites Friendly Society, South Australian District No. 81, Rechabite Hall, Grote street, Adelaide.
The Whyalla Hospital Incorporated.
"S.A. Police Department Employees' Hospital Fund, Police Headquarters, cnr. King William and Angas streets, Adelaide.
Commonwealth Railways Medical and Provident Fund, Port Augusta.
Army Health Benefits Society, Keswick Barracks, Adelaide.

HOSPITAL BENEFITS ONLY:
Millicent District Hospital Benefits Scheme Inc.
"South Australian Railways Employees' Hospital Fund, c/o. Comptroller's Office, South Australian Railways, North terrace, Adelaide.
"S.A. Public Service Association Hospital Fund, Rechabite Chambers, 195 Victoria Square, Adelaide.
The Eden Fund, Box 15, P.O., Minlaton.
Abattoirs Sick, Accident and Hospital Benefit Fund, Abattoirs.
Lobethal and District Hospital Association Inc.
Hospital Insurance Society Limited, 94 Currie street, Adelaide.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL BENEFITS:
The Hospital Benefits Funds of W.A. Inc., Sheffield House, 713 Hay street, Perth.
Friendly Societies Health Services, 19 Howard street, Perth.
Yarloop District Hospital and Medical Fund.
"Collie Combined Unions Hospital Benefit Fund, Mechanics' Institute Buildings, Collie.
"Warren Medical and Hospital Fund, Giblett street, Manjimup.
Norseman District Hospital and Medical Fund.
Pemberton District Medical and Accident Fund.
"W.A.G.R. Employees' Hospital and Medical Benefits Fund, Bridge street, Perth.
"Army Health Benefits Society, Swan Barracks, Perth.

HOSPITAL BENEFITS ONLY:
"Western Australian Government Railway and Tramway Hospital Fund, Box K828, G.P.O., Perth.
"Boulder United Friendly Societies' Hospital Fund, 9 Burt street, Boulder.
United Friendly Societies' Voluntary Hospital Fund, Box J 660, G.P.O., Perth.
"United Ancient Order of Druids, Hawthorn Lodge, No. 318, No. 2 Hardy Flats, Hardy street, Nedlands.
"United Ancient Order of Druids, Kalgooerie Lodge No. 331, 12 Carrington street, Kalgooerie.
Hospital Insurance Society Limited, 324 Murray street, Perth.

MEDICAL BENEFITS ONLY:
Goldfields Medical Fund, 112 Burt street, Boulder, W.A.

The Quiet Corner

Great or small, the assembling of these lines is always a sad task. Over colleagues a shadow has passed—leaving sorrow in its wake. We remember, with deep sympathy:
Mr. K. Hill, No. 2 Packing, Eagley Mills, whose wife died on May 30.
Mr. L. Stevens, General Office, Collingwood. His brother died on June 4.

"Thy Will be Done"

Popular Ron Wright, Display, City Store, was married to Natalie Haddow on May 22.
Just one section of the large gathering which assembled to farewell Miss Anne Conkey, of the Invoice Office, Collingwood, when she retired in May. Standing (l. to r.): Rex Hutton (Prahran), Miss Peggy Forsyth (Secretary to the Chairman and to Mr. Houghton), Miss Ruby Laity (Furnishing Workroom), Mr. Eric Mollison (Secretary, Eagley Mills), Mr. F. A. Houghton (Secretary of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., and of Foy & Gibson Ltd.), Miss Peggy Pratt and Mr. Jo Walsh (both of Prahran). Seated (l. to r.): Miss Edith Webb (Staff Room), Miss E. Harding (Entry Office), Miss Anne Conkey, Miss Frances Bradley (Cash Office) and Miss Flora McDonald (Invoice Office), all of Collingwood.

achievement in one Melbourne hospital, where three successive children from one mother have had their entire blood supply completely replaced by the transfusion of donated blood. In this comparatively rare case, the parents were of "incompatible" blood groups, and the last three of their four children have inherited a blood mixture which endangered their very lives. Those lives were saved because the hospital was able, each time, urgently to provide the vital supply of new blood from stocks which had been built up, for just such emergencies, from blood gifts made by warm-hearted people like yourselves.

This ability to store blood and serum is a fairly recent development in hospital work. Up to about 14 years ago, the giving of blood was possible only by direct transfusion. Involved in this practice, of course, were all the risks arising from finding the right person (i.e., with the appropriate blood type) at the right moment, to give the transfusion. Today, aided by refrigeration, blood can be preserved for 2-3 weeks. Serum, of course, can be kept for months, without refrigeration. Serum is the liquid part of the blood from which the red cells have been removed. It is required so frequently, and often in large quantities, in cases of burns and crushing injuries.

Not a day passes but that our hospitals are called upon to supply blood. Typical of the causes which create this demand are:

Road accidents (which each year, nowadays, exact a greater toll than the casualties of war);

Industrial accidents;

Burns—from domestic accidents to bushfires;

Abnormalities of childbirth;

Certain serious illnesses which cause internal haemorrhage or severe anaemia; and

Severe operations, which are helped by blood transfusions.

From the day the Red Cross Blood Transfusion Service was launched there has been a growing army of donors, good women and men, who have not hesitated to yield part of their life-giving blood. No praise is too high for these Good Samaritans, who often go on giving year after year.

But even this constant flow of the precious fluid is not sufficient to meet today's urgent need. More gifts of blood are required, that is, more givers are wanted. Red Cross is constantly appealing for donors, and recently members of the Melbourne Junior Chamber of Commerce have given considerable support to the task of finding new supplies. This article is written to further the Chamber's efforts.

The amount of blood withdrawn from a donor has no harmful effect upon a normal adult—and those who do not conform to the minimum standards are not accepted as donors. The actual with-
drawal is made painless by the preliminary injection of local anaesthetic. Those who have not given blood may have heard that some donors have experienced a slight faintness afterwards, but surveys have shown this to be largely psychological in origin, akin to the reaction of a healthy young army recruit about to receive his first inoculation.

Here, then, is the call. More blood is needed. It can come only from human beings. Not one laboratory or factory can help here. The “producing machinery” is within the body of each one of us. If, therefore, you are between the ages of 18 and 55 (men and women alike) and are over 81 stone in weight, and if you are willing to give your blood, more lives may be saved. Incidentally, parental consent is necessary if you are under 21.

Application forms may be obtained at Staff and Enquiry Offices in each of our Melbourne stores, and in the City Store, from the Salaried Office and Welfare Officer, as well.

The importance of the Blood Transfusion Service is finally emphasised with this reminder:

TODAY, OUR BLOOD MAY SAVE THE LIFE OF ANOTHER; TOMORROW, OUR OWN LIFE MIGHT BE PRESERVED BY THE BLOOD OF SOMEONE ELSE.

Personalities

Wedding bells rang on Saturday, June 12, at Holy Trinity Church, Kew, when THELMA SLOAN (Office, Eagley Mills) was married to Hughie Lewis. Congratulations and a host of good wishes for the future of this nice couple.

Miss PAT SINEY (Lifts, Adelaide) is very proud of a photograph of her sister’s wedding, at which she was a bridesmaid. But your eye is immediately focused on Pat—and her partner is the envy of every man in the store.

The double knot was tied for TED WEBB (Hosiery Knitting, Eagley Mills) and Hilda Quinton, at St. Phillip’s Church, Collingwood, on April 10. All the best, Ted and Hilda!

News received that Margaret Billing, formerly MARGARET MILLS (Underwear Examining, Eagley Mills) gave birth to a son, Garry Leonard, on May 1, in Perth, W.A. Garry tipped the scales at 7 lb. 1 oz.

Struck it at last! Adelaide’s BRUCE McGUIVER, DICK COSSEY, MISS HALL, MRS. GILBERT, MISS DOUGLAS and MISS LINDSAY were “in the draw” in Tattersall’s recently. Wasn’t a great deal when shared between them, but we hear it was spent many times before they actually had the cheque.

What has BRUCE GOWLING ( Carpets, Adelaide) on his mind these days? The latest is he came into work without a collar or tie on. He was about to serve his first customer for the day when he discovered something was amiss. Then, had to hare downstairs to buy a new shirt, to face the day!

Congratulations from one and all to SHIRLEY BAXTER (Underwear Make-up), who was married to Jim Nunan at St. Joseph’s Church, Thornbury, on June 5.

Adelaide renews, and we echo the welcome to MRS. MULLINER, as Secretary to Kevin King, and to MRS. HELEN MOODY, Mr. Crump’s “Man Friday.”

VAL DRAPER (Office, Eagley Mills) left on May 28. She has our good wishes for success in her new position.

There’s always room for another congratulation. Here’s ours to MARGARET WATSON (Confectionery, Adelaide) upon her engagement to Ronald Smith on April 10.

TOM OWEN, formerly in charge of the Warehouse Blanket Section, Eagley Mills, called in the other day to see all his old workmates. Judging from his increase in weight, Tom’s absence from Eagley has been very beneficial to his health.

A batch of weddings recently in Adelaide. MR. DOWLING, Furniture, was married on Easter Saturday. PAT PRIDEAUX, of the Office, was a very pretty bride at her marriage to Alan Lee, in St. Paul’s Church, Port Adelaide, on May 8. HAZEL PRIOR, also from our Office, was a bridesmaid. After a caravan honeymoon, touring Victoria, Pat is back with us. MRS. HEARN, Cash Office, is now Mrs. Davies.

Congratulations and good luck to one and all.

Sorry to announce that DOROTHY SMITH, of Preston No. 1 Annexe, left on July 15. Not only a good worker and a nice girl—but our local correspondent. We wish her well.

JIMMY MOORE (Maintenance, Adelaide) has been a busy man for the 12 months or so. What is he doing? Building a boat. What’s the hurry? There’s no hurry, because it’s for the Commodore Who Never Goes To Sea. Know him?

Poor. ALF GOODALL (Furniture, Adelaide) has been in strife again! Latest episode meant his wearing his arm in a sling. Our sympathies are with you, Mr. Goodall.

The next “SERVICE” will be published in August. Please forward all copy IMMEDIATELY. We MUST have it by AUGUST 7.
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