EXPANSION AT EAGLEY MILLS

If you could take the two old proverbs “It’s never too late to learn” and “If you think young, you’ll act young,” and shake them up together, like mixing a cocktail, you would get a line of thought which would point to recent developments at Eagley Mills.

The huge woollen and worsted and knitting mills, which cover 10 acres of ground, occupy some 720,000 feet of floor space, and have frontages measuring almost two miles within the area bounded by Little Oxford, Wellington, Stanley and Peel streets, in Collingwood, are not only the largest—as a combination of all phases of wool manufacturing processes—in the Southern Hemisphere, but among the oldest. In was in 1896 that the first machines for knitting men’s socks were installed. The woollen mills were begun at the turn of the century. In the technique of transforming wool “from the sheep’s back to yours,” therefore, we have been very actively engaged for nearly 60 years.

It has been an exciting experience. We met competition from both overseas mills and other local manufacturers. Better, we introduced new lines of our own. The immense demands of two world wars, we took in our stride. Indeed, the 1914-18 War saw us really put to the test, for in addition to supplying the vast quantities of materials required for military purposes, we even had to build additional looms to produce the cloth, because it was impossible to obtain new machinery from overseas.

And today the names of “Gibsonia” and “Eagley” are brands of acknowledged quality when blankets and woolens are sought, whilst there can be few places within the Commonwealth where “Eagley” and “Yelga” are not readily recognised as “hallmarks” among fine underwear.

But this is an age of specialisation. Today experts work within narrower limits. Twenty years ago few people, we suppose, had heard of such adjuncts to industry as “management consultants” or “industrial psychologists” or “time and motion study engineers.” As a comment at random, in an entirely different field, take medicine! The family doctor, who once treated all members of the household, may now decide to concentrate upon the ailments of children only, and he becomes a “pediatrician.”

In our mill operations, our prime interest, naturally, lies in manufacture. So many mill employees are craftsmen—and women—with lifelong experience in the processing of wool or the handling of cotton yarns. We scour; we comb; we spin; we knit; we weave, or we fashion into finished products.

In turn, what we make must reach the great buying public through warehouse or storekeeper. Here begins the marketing phase. And here, too, one meets “the doctor turned pediatrician”—the market research specialist.

Prominent among the “live-wire” selling organisations in Australia today is J. A. Brady Pty. Ltd. This company specialises in selling Crestknit outerwear. In a highly competitive field, therefore, it was not remarkable that we, one of the oldest producers of knitwear in Australia, should consider using the services of an agency whose energetic and persuasive talents have taken the goods which it handles to practically every doorstep within the Commonwealth.

From discussions regarding marketing, however, there developed new possibilities. It happens that J. A. Brady Pty. Ltd. is a subsidiary of Crestknit Industries Ltd., another subsidiary of which is Crest Mills Pty. Ltd., well known as manufacturers of men’s and women’s outerwear. As time passed, therefore, it was not unnatural that we should meet executives of the Crestknit company.

The name Crestknit is most widely known in connection with outerwear. Conversely, the knitting mill within Eagley Mills has been geared for years to the production of underwear. Is it surprising, therefore, that as we got to know better the men of the Crestknit company the thoughts of all should turn to the possibilities of “pooling” our resources, both mental and mechanical? To contemplate Eagley underwear and Crestknit outerwear, marching side by side, as leaders in their respective fields? To ensure that both should reach the greatest number of customers through the “top flight” methods of the J. A. Brady selling organisation?

Thus was the acorn planted. Thus will the new oak grow. With a nominal capital of £500,000 (to which Foy & Gibson Ltd. and Crestknit Industries Ltd. are the joint subscribers), a new company, known as Eagley Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., has already been registered. It will commence

“Waterfall at Lorne,” another excellent box Brownie shot taken by Georgie Luton (City Store).
to operate on May 1, using the entire plant of the Knitting Mill section at Eagley Mills, in Oxford street, Collingwood.

Named as directors are Messrs. J. A. Brady, N. Spigelman and B. W. Ruffels, representing the Crestknit interests, with Messrs. J. B. Arnold, Peter Howson and L. R. Hill. The latter, of course, are all members of the Board of Foy & Gibson Ltd, as well as directors of Eagley Mills Pty. Ltd.

It is important that we distinguish between these very similar sounding names. The new company is Eagley KNITTING Mills Pty. Ltd. As its name conveys, that organisation will be concerned only with the production and distribution of knitted goods. These activities will not in any way touch or encroach upon the functions of the older company, our own wholly owned subsidiary Eagley Mills Pty. Ltd. This part of our business, which we have always referred to familiarly—and briefly—as “Eagley,” will continue to make and market the woollens and worsteds, blanketings and fingering yarns which have been famous throughout Australia and beyond for more than half a century.

“Friendly Door” Flood Relief Appeal Brings 6½ Cwt Of Baby Clothes

T.A.A. Does “Stork Patrol”

By Joy Adamson (Advertising, City.)

D’you know Miss Marguerite Burbury? You don’t? But mention Elizabeth to any Foybody—and you’re in! Through Foy’s “Friendly Door.” For Elizabeth is the friendly hostess of that famous afternoon session, heard three times a week from 3DB throughout Victoria.

When disastrous floods washed away homes and hopes in northern New South Wales, “Friendly Door” was quick to reach the ears and hearts of its widespread audience. For the occasion away went the commercial angle, and Elizabeth and Maurice (never Miss Burbury or Mr. Callard) got down to basic needs.

What was more needed, Elizabeth reasoned, at a time when fresh garments, baths and laundering were out of the question, than babies’ napkins? But, she insisted, new ones, please. New babies deserved new napkins, no matter what else they might lack.

Now Elizabeth’s audience is the woman-in-the-home—and how that audience swung into action! The response came, not in dribs, drabs and half-crowns, but in thick packets of currency, mounds of little gowns, coats—and napkins. In a week or ten days donations of hard cash totalled over £1200. Garments (new and fresh) reached a staggering weight of 6½ cwt.

With gifts came the letters. From farms, suburbs and cities; from mothers, grandmothers, girls. Notes in values from 10/- up to £10, slipped shyly into nameless envelopes; money left with attendants in the Foy Stores. Instances of thoughtfulness, like the pensioner who wrote, “Nappies without safety pins are no use at all. Please use this pound for pins.” Women who didn’t forget the extra touch of pink or blue ribbons in tiny frocks and jackets, the roses and forget-me-nots embroidered by hand.

And so the good will treasure trove mounted. There were postage stamp size vests and panties, bunny rugs, woolen shawls, gowns and cardigans—and napkins, with pins! Elizabeth gave up counting napkins after the 100,000 mark.

Then, how to move this mountain to the flood areas. The R.A.A.F. was sorry. It would cheerfully have lent a whole plane for the purpose, but every available wing was out on flood rescue work.

So, off by T.A.A. to Newcastle, and 3DB’s sister station, 2KO, went case after case of clothing, to be channelled through women’s organisations, hospitals, schools and welfare centres.

Usually so serene, “Elizabeth” registers all the joy she felt as parcels arrived, in response to her Flood Relief appeal. Never did she need a secretary more!

It was wonderful, warming in every sense, a triumph of soft hearts and good heads—and what a formidable combination those two can be when they really co-operate.
And, if we know our Elizabeth, they always will!

Whilst the waters were still rising, the “Herald”-“Sun” 3DB Flood Relief Appeal was launched in Melbourne. Among the early contributions to this fund was a cheque for £500 from Foy & Gibson Ltd. There was also a sizeable parcel of baby wear for Elizabeth’s “Friendly Door” Appeal.

Incidentally, we welcome this opportunity to congratulate the organisers of the “Herald”-“Sun” Appeal upon the magnificent result of this effort. Nor do we forget the other splendid amount raised by the Lord Mayor’s Appeal.

WESTERN WHISPERS

By Pat Congdon

[Missing from the head of this column is the familiar name of Jack Hayward. Mr. Hayward who resigned from the Perth Store in November, was a facile correspondent. His keen eye and able pen recorded all phases of local activity, both within the store and without, and he kept the West “on the map” to a degree that was exemplary. Into the breach steps attractive Pat Congdon. Working in the Advertising Department, Miss Congdon has the advantage of contacts with all sections. And so we can be assured of a continued flow of newy reports from Perth, and the country stores. Pat Congdon is an attractive brunette.

To Jack Hayward, therefore, the warm thanks of all for doing a fine job, always with great spirit and conscientiousness, and our best wishes for further success in his new field. For Pat Congdon, a warm welcome, and the hope that all in the West will rally round her and make easier her job as the “voice” of our most distant roof-tree—Ed. “S”].

THE STATE OF THE STATE

Western Australia is on the threshold of a great, new era.

The mammoth £40,000,000 oil refinery at Kwinana is nearing completion and will soon be ready to receive and distribute 5,000,000 tons of petroleum products per year.

Western Australia’s new, industrial harbour, Cockburn Sound—the gateway to Kwinana—has been officially opened and will eventually accommodate one 12,000-ton tanker and three 32,000-ton tankers each week, besides numerous vessels that will be distributing the refined products from Kwinana to the Eastern States and New Zealand.

The creation of this new harbour, like the mighty refinery that lies on its shores, has been accomplished in a little over two years.

Some 30 miles away, at the eastern entrance to Perth, the new Causeway is reaching the final stages of construction. This has taken seven years to build—seven years of trials and setbacks caused through shortages of labour and materials. The traffic has now started to flow smoothly over the six lanes, but the complicated circuits at each end are still providing plenty of headaches for the inexperienced drivers.

And now at last the Government plans to build the long-advocated bridge across the Narrows. This should open up a big, new industrial area in South Perth. (This suburb is less than a mile from the heart of the city, yet residents have to travel close on six miles to Perth on a roundabout journey, via the Causeway). Four years is the estimated building time, but when completed we will have a beautiful and graceful structure which, we hope, will not in any way detract from the natural beauties of the Swan River. At present dredges, pipelines, bore barges and mud banks stretch across the Narrows preparing the way for perhaps the most controversial bridge of our time.

And with the ever-increasing volume of city traffic came the need for traffic lights. During December these were installed on our busiest city intersections.

Within the short space of 20 months a stately and impressive building has risen high above St. George’s Terrace, the centre of business activity in the capital of Western Australia. The new Prudential Assurance building is the first large office building to be completed in Perth since pre-war days.

It has a ground and eight upper floors, in addition to a basement and lower ground floor. A
glorious outlook over the Swan River can be seen through the full-length windows.

But few know that this magnificent building was accomplished with little need to import materials. The walls were faced with our own Donnybrook freestone, and all the intricate cutting and polishing of the handsome red granite columns and the dark blue pearl and grey granite facings, was done locally. From drawing board to the finished product all the skill and manpower came from Australian resources.

And so it is with great assurance and confidence that we enter 1955. This promises to be a “bumper” year both for Western Australia and the Foy Family.

Foy’s are proud that they are part and parcel of Western Australia and that their roots are deeply and firmly entrenched in this fertile soil. They have unbounding faith in the future and prosperity of the “Golden West” and will always continue to be “Partners in Progress” with this rich and fast-expanding state.

**MR. DICK HINDLEY APPOINTED OVERSEAS BUYER FOR PERTH STORE**

“England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Western Germany—any country on the Continent where they’ll let me in, so that I can get my hands on some bargains!” Thus commented Mr. Dick Hindley, as he stuffed yet another sheaf of papers into his over-size satchel. Dick Hindley flew to London on January 27th. So, by the time this issue goes to press, he will have already commenced his hectic 4½-month buying trip.

Dick Hindley began his Foy career 25 years ago, as a boy in the hosiery reserve. When he turned 18, he was transferred to window dressing. At the outbreak of war, he joined the AIF and for 5½ years was on active service in the Middle East and New Guinea. When he returned, he was made second in charge of dress fabrics but was soon promoted to buyer. He controlled this department for 5 years. Seven months ago, following the retirement of Mr. Cope (Merchandise Manager) and the reshuffling of key positions, Mr. Hindley became group controller of the Fashion floor. It was in this capacity that he learnt of his appointment as Overseas Buyer.

So when this issue of ‘Service’ catches up with you, Mr. Hindley, whether you are reading in a Munich railway carriage or in a Rome-bound skyliner, we all wish you a most enjoyable and successful trip and a safe return home.

[That “Munich railway carriage” awakens memories. Last year a copy of “Service” was sent to a friend who was travelling abroad and there came, later, an acknowledgment from Italy saying that “Service” had unfortunately been left “in a Bavarian train.” We do get around.—Ed. “S”]

**NEW SOCIAL SECRETARY**

Mr. Syd Wright has been appointed Social Secretary in succession to Mr. Jack Hayward, who resigned from the company last November.

Organising work of this nature will be entirely new to Mr. Wright, for although he has been with Foy’s for 25 years, he has divided his time between Transport, and later, Mail Orders. But Syd Wright is “digging his toes in” rapidly. Already another river trip is scheduled and plans are well in hand for the Annual Picnic to Garden Island, sometime in March. And, judging by the outstanding success of the January river trip, we feel sure that Mr. Wright will more than justify his selection as Foy’s new Social Secretary.

**OUR FIRST SOCIAL OUTING OF ’55**

Foy’s Social Club commenced the year’s activities early, with a moonlight River Trip on January 5th.

Whether it was the chance to get a little respite from the hot, clammy weather, or whether it was the perfect opportunity for taking the current “thrill” on an inexpensive outing, 584 staff and friends packed the popular launch “Zephyr” on this the first social event of ’55.

We weighed anchor at 8 p.m. and, with a delightfully cool breeze behind us, were soon steaming down by the river’s foreshore and leaving the twinkling city lights and shadowy Mt. Eliza behind us.

Our rendezvous was Pt. Walter and within an hour we could define the jetty’s outline and the surrounding cliffs. Soon we were clambering off the deck and racing up the steep slope to the tearooms and dance floor, leaving the more romantic folk to enjoy a peaceful cruise to Rocky Bay.

But in a few minutes, or so it seemed, we were being recalled by the ship’s siren, to commence our homeward journey. We were now in a very happy and contented mood and were soon joining in the latest pop tunes, accompanied by some really good talent on the mike.

And to the strains of the “Maori Farewell,” we tied up at the Barrack Street jetty and reluctantly prepared to pass through the turnstiles to board the waiting buses and trams which carried us home—to spend yet another restless and sticky summer night.

**NIGHT BASEBALL IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA**

By Marie Macauley

[Marie Macauley is an ardent baseball fan. She is also an enthusiastic softball player and takes
the field every Saturday afternoon in a “Pink Top” uniform. In this article she gives us some idea of what to expect at a night baseball match.

Western Australia’s newest sport, night baseball, is catching on like wildfire. On the opening night, 6,000 people attended; the second night, 7,000 were there; the audience numbered 6,500 on the third night, whilst the last night saw a crowd of approximately 8,500. Three large towers, each carrying 30 powerful electric globes, illuminated the playing field brilliantly. The scoreboard, too, was well lit. The umpire controls the number of strikes, balls, runs, outs, etc., which are then electrically recorded on the scoreboard.

Among the participating teams are: Wembley Athletic’s “Magpies,” whose uniforms are all black with white piping, with crossed bats across the shirt fronts. West Perth “Indians” favour a bright red uniform with black piping. Their names are lettered across the shirts. The Perth “Tigers” have a really dazzling uniform. Bright canary shirts with the name “scrawled” across, and black pants with yellow piping. The uniform of the South Perth “Cubs” also looks very attractive on the diamond. Royal blue with white piping and lettering on the shirts. There are two games scheduled for each Wednesday night, and each game lasts about 1½ hours. Four umpires control each match. But mostly the crowd seems to wish there weren’t any at all! As in every other sport, the umpires are always giving provocative decisions, which, the partisan supporter maintains, help the opposition to win!

[NOTE: Night baseball is only in its infancy here. But it is creating a lot of interest in Perth and by next season the game should have a very large following. It could become very popular among those sport lovers who know other claims upon their time at week ends.—P. C.]

Personality of the Stores

[Under this heading, Perth plans to contribute a little cameo for each issue of “Service.” The spotlight will turn in all directions, without fear or favour, although more often than not, it will pick out the butcher, the baker or the shoemaker rather than the top-flight executive. No discrimination here, of course. Just that in the categories indicated, the cast is stronger, numerically. Here then, is the first of the vignettes.—Ed. “S”]

NO. 1: ARTHUR LANE

“If you haven’t got a certain type of humour, you won’t stick long at this job.” So says Arthur Lane—and if that’s true, Arthur Lane surely has a life-time job as a liftdriver at Foy’s.

Everyone knows Mr. Lane. His original jokes (“yes madam, this is the teapot floor!”) and friendly greetings (“Good morning sir! Doing the shopping for Mum, I see!”) make him the best public relations officer that a store could possibly have.

He loves meeting people and talking to them, and says that he certainly had plenty of that experience whilst delivering bread in Albany. As a matter of fact, that indirectly led to his present job at Foy’s.

A baker by trade, he would be up every morn-
fellow workers. "If you're happy in your work, it goes a long way in keeping you healthy, contented and in good nick."

I RACK MY BRAINS FOR "SERVICE."

By Carol Howse.

[NOTE: We're always asking people to write for "Service." Over in the West, Pat Congdon asked Carol Howse: "How about it?" Carol, who joined the Perth Advertising Department last November, is a trier. Here's her first effort. Not exactly "store news," maybe, but there's quite a feeling for expression and style. Her next opus should be worth watching. Carol, by the way, is 15 years old.—Ed. "S."]

Clack-clack. A pause. Clackety-clackety-clack. Another pause, longer this time, but followed by a period of frenzied clattering. The room is silent after this outburst, as for fully three minutes I wrestle with the problem of "what to say next." That problem solved, I settle down to write, and envelop myself in a cloud of concentration, from which I am rudely torn by the sudden crashing chords of "John Peel," which happens to be my sister's favourite piece at the moment. Of course, she would pick on a crucial moment such as this to render her masterpiece! Rising wrathfully, I slam the door, and return to find—alas!—that my inspiration of a few moments before has completely deserted me. At this moment my sister is down on my black list as Public Menace No. 1, but, fortunately for her, my mind begins to function reasonably again, and I forget her in another frenzied outburst.

With no further interruptions to distract me, I type madly and, with the help of sudden flashes of inspiration, cover the best part of a page. But then, just as I start in on a new thought, a head appears around the door, voicing the complaint that I'm keeping everyone waiting at the tea-table. Sighing regretfully, I leave my desk and wander through to the kitchen, sadly wondering WHY in the world I ever agreed to write for this magazine!

VITAL STATISTICS

Cupid's bow must have run red-hot over Christmas as the following girls are now sporting diamond rings and planning "wedding bells" for the near future:—

Best wishes to Shirley Shyborne (Snack Bar) who announced her engagement to Bert Earnshaw.

Best of luck to Lorna McSwan (Florists) who became engaged to Sydney Wilson.

Wilga Ough (Pharmacy) and Reg Greaves have announced their engagement. All the best to you both.

Mary Dennison (China) and Kevin Veaney decided that two could live cheaper than one. Congratulations and best wishes.

Our best wishes and congratulations go to Jean Craig (Millinery) and Kevin Clune, who recently announced their engagement. Betty Payne (Service Tearooms) also has a sparkling ring finger. Best of luck to you, Betty, and to Bill Allan.

Peter Claudius is the lucky guy who won Margot Stirling (Credit Office). All the best for the future, Margot.

"Yvonne Treloar (Office) and Ray Simpson have announced their engagement. Hope the extra weight on the finger doesn't affect your typing, Yvonne.

Mr. Payne (Terms' Office) will be leaving shortly for a job in New Guinea. We wish him the best of luck.

Miss Thelma Bassett (Office) sailed for England on January 23 on a seven months' holiday. The office staff presented her with a beautiful photograph album and some films. Whilst in London Miss Bassett hopes to visit Foy's London Office.

St. Peter's Church, Victoria Park, was the scene of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Neuwen. Perth Store knew the bride as May Burnett, who worked in the Cash Office for some six years. Her husband hails from Holland and has been in Australia for nearly five years. Bridesmaids were Frances Huxley and Bernice Davies, both of the Dissection Office, Perth.

Congratulations are in order for Bill Bennie, who has been promoted to the Fashion Floor. He will help Mr. Gardiner with fashion work during Mr. Hindley's absence.

Another popular promotion was Miss June Stall to second in charge, Ladies' Coats.

For the third time in recent years, Bruce Willington (Credit Office) has made the return trip to Sydney by car, covering 9,000 miles during his three week's holiday. Others to join the "Nul-larbour Club" within the last few months are Mrs. E. Forsyth (Knitwear) and Mr. Syd Wright (Mail Orders).
"Finest Store South" —
Opening Of New Albany Store

On Friday, November 26, another chapter of the "Foy Saga" was written. This was the opening day of the new Albany store—a handsome, new building attached to the completely remodelled older section of the shop.

We boast that this is the finest store South, with all of eleven-and-a-half thousand square feet of floor space, and beautiful blonde ash and golden maple fixtures. A further feature of the new store is its amazing brightness. To the natural lighting has been added 592 feet of fluorescent tubing, giving a light of about 50 candle power to the square foot. With the ingenious use of pastel shades for different sections of the store, the general bright effect is enhanced.

Expert planning and layout has made good use of every inch of space without restricting public movement. Great care has been taken to provide the maximum display space, so that customers can do almost all their shopping "by eye."

And so we turn over another page of the record of Foy's seven-league country store programme. Here is a big and glamorous new store, situated right in the heart of a great and prosperous district.

HE'LL HAVE A LOT TO SEE!

When the news breaks each year that a group of buyers is off to Europe, we guess that through the minds of some people run such unuttered thoughts as: "Half his luck!" or "Now, why pick her?" or "What can they possibly know about my sections. It would be a lot better if the company sent me."

Not that any such views would be unfriendly or even really personal towards the people concerned. On the contrary. Those whom the company sends abroad as its representatives are chosen for one simple reason. They have sufficient nous to do the job. It follows therefore that those who are selected for these trips have adequate "background" and the first to acknowledge this are their many colleagues throughout the organisation, who do everything possible to make easier this very responsible task of selecting new merchandise in the market places of the world, or using their eyes to gain new knowledge of methods of manufacture or distribution. If anyone should suffer a momentary pang because he's got to remain "the boy who stayed at home," it would be the result of no more than a kind of mental burp; that natural feeling which would have been shared by the old-time lance-corporal when told that somewhere in his knapsack was a field marshal's baton. Scratching around our individual knapsacks, just to get our fingers around that baton; just to make sure that it is there, ready for immediate display when the opportunity comes, is an exercise that we should all follow—regularly!

All of which brings us to the purpose of this report, which is to announce the departure for London and elsewhere of Alan Lindsay, Manager of the City Hardware. If ever a man went overseas with the good wishes and good will of an
entire organisation, it is this quiet spoken, quiet mannered buyer, who is so well regarded, on all sides.

As Alan Lindsay takes off by plane this month, he makes history—or rather re-makes it. For it is a long time since a hardware man went overseas. Such has been the tremendous development of secondary industries in Australia that the old familiar tag, "Made in Birmingham," which appeared on a thousand articles of domestic hardware, is almost unknown to the present generation of this country. In fact, the last hardware buyer to go abroad was Bill Trowse, well known manager of what was the huge hardware section of the old Collingwood Store. And Bill had already returned from that trip, when Alan Lindsay began his career at Foy's—under the watchful eye of Bill Trowse himself, back in 1924.

Yes, we repeat, 1924, for, hard though it be to appreciate this from the boyish appearance of Alan Lindsay, he will have been with the company for 31 years this year.

What makes a man take one definite track through the jungle of life? Especially in early years? A lot depends upon general conditions, of course. If times are not prosperous, the youth who urgently needs a job will probably take the first one that offers. Or he may have an open mind, and make a start in some unexpected direction where he either makes good, or uses the experience as a springboard for moving to some other form of occupation.

In the case of Alan Lindsay, it would seem that heredity played a part, for both his father and his father's father were interested in "hardware." When Melbourne was a much smaller place, Grandpa Lindsay was early in the field of the sale of sewing machines. This interest seemed to descend directly to the following generation, for Alan's father, for many years, serviced the sewing machines used in various workshops of the old Sargood company in Flinders Lane.

Maybe when Alan was in his crib, Dad Lindsay gave him an oil can to play with instead of a rattle, for as soon as he could do his own thinking, Alan Lindsay seemed to turn towards mechanics and he completed his schooling with two years at the Collingwood Tech.

However, the opportunity offered to join Foy's Hardware department in Smith Street, and in he came, as a junior Salesman.

In those days, the Hardware section of the former Collingwood Store was as famous as the rest of the departments in that historic old building. For some twenty years, either side of the turn of the century, Smith Street was not only a focal point for the shopping public of Melbourne, but the long lines of Foy's service stretched to all parts of the Commonwealth. The Hardware was an enormous department, completely dwarfing the comparable sections we know today. Who, for instance, remembers that in the early 1900's we had our own electroplating factory? When Alan Lindsay was a lad, this factory was managed by Joe Pearson, who later was to succeed Mr. Trowse as Manager of the Hardware department. Also, who recalls the famous Foy lawn mower which we manufactured ourselves in Oxford Street, Collingwood? It was sold everywhere under the trade-mark "Keen Kut."

In such busy surroundings did Alan Lindsay learn the ins and outs of the almost limitless variety of merchandise which is grouped under the heading, "Hardware." With the possible exception of that other "umbrella" designation, "Haberdashery," there are surely more changes of design and function in every square foot of hardware display than could be found in any other section of a department store.

Then came the opening in 1936, of the Hardware department in the newly opened City Store. Under Fred Chatto, as Manager, a first-rate staff had to be assembled for this all-important extension of our service from Collingwood to the City proper, and Alan Lindsay was among those brought in to "meet the metropolis." Fourteen years later Mr. Lindsay was appointed Manager of this section.

Now he's off to learn more about pots and pans, feather dusters—and golliwogs! For Alan Lindsay has the unusual experience of "giving birth" to a new department each November, and seeing it "put into mothballs" each Christmas Eve. This is the great toy display which is the "home" of Santa Claus throughout the period of the Christmas Carnival in the City Store.

As well as the smokestacks of the Birmingham and other Midland towns therefore; as well as the factories of Germany and Switzerland; as well as the great British Industries Fair, Mr.
Lindsay “has a date” with the already famous Brighton Toy Fair. Organised by the English toy makers, the first Fair held last year was an instantaneous success and Alan Lindsay will have much to see at this year’s exhibition.

For Alan Lindsay going abroad means leaving behind a charming wife and three children and neglecting his “third love,” his work on the Advisory Council of the Northcote High School, of which he has been a most energetic member for the past six years. But by using ‘planes wherever possible, Mr. Lindsay plans to cover much ground—including a “visit of inspection” to the United States—in roughly four months. So, it’s God speed and good luck to Alan Lindsay. For more reasons than one, we’ll be glad to see him back, later this year.

And to those who note his journeyings and await his return, we say: read this little story again. For here is an ideal record of the boy who made good. The youth who stepped off the Smith Street pavement in 1924 to take his first job is now become, in 1955, Foy’s “ambassador” to many countries.

The footprints made in the sands of success by the Lindsays of any one generation mark a track easy to follow by others who are determined to seek the same destination.

The Sphinx Speaks ...

And with a note of sadness in the voice today, for we have to record the loss of a group of great colleagues.

Mr. “Bill” Ferguson, Sales Manager of the Knitting Mill, and a member of the Eagley Board, resigned on January 31 to take an important appointment in the city.

In December, Mr. Jack Hirst, veteran Manager of the Dye House, retired. He had been with the company since 1912. To mark his exceptionally long association with us in a senior capacity, the Mill Management arranged a dinner at the United Kingdom Hotel, Clifton Hill, just before Christmas. There “John Willy,” as he was affectionately known (not always to his face, of course!) sat as guest of honour, surrounded by a gathering representative of all sections of the Mills, and including many of his contemporaries.

Mr. J. S. Wilson, Deputy Chairman of the parent company, was also present.

Another good comrade, Alec Lillie, Chief Mechanic of the Hosiery Mill, resigned on January 27, after 34 years’ service.

Also in January we accepted with regret the resignation of Mr. D. Besant, mechanic in the half hose section. He was with the company for 16 years.

Each of these men played an important part in the progress of the Mills. In the case of Mr. Hirst, of course, his contribution from the point of view of the years alone was outstanding. Not too many people these days know the urge to serve one employer for over 40 years, although, very happily, the experience is by no means uncommon within our own organisation.

To each of these good and faithful servants the company’s feelings and the company’s appreciation were expressed fully and feelingly as each in turn said “Farewell” to the old red brick buildings in Collingwood which they knew so well. Here we can but reiterate these sentiments, and with deep thanks for their sustained efforts and their loyalty wish them success, happiness and health along the new paths they now follow in life.

And as if to bear out the old adage, “Life goes on,” we record with pleasure that Mr. Len Jensz, who for quite a long time worked right alongside Mr. Jack Hirst, has been appointed Manager of the Dyehouse, in succession to his former leader. We wish him well.

Finally, an appointment which should have been more widely “broadcast” at the time. In Eagley he is already well known. Now to the rest of the organisation we give you Mr. P. A. J. Berryman, who joined the Knitting Mill last October in a capacity which combines the activities of both Production Manager and Sales Manager. May he, too, enjoy a successful and rewarding career with us.

City Store personalities at a recent Fashion Show. Norm Stephenson (Controller, First Floor) with Pam Badyk (Fashion Co-ordinator) and Jim Sharp (Advertising Manager). Second from left is Mr. M. Frankel, a Manufacturer.
By "Dorothy"

NICE TO HAVE THEM.

It's "Welcome" to several newcomers. The office has gained threefold charm in Maureen Klein, Joan Condon and Lois Mactaggart. Mrs. Kester, Peter Brewer and Grahame Smith can be found in the Men's Wear Section, whilst the Footwear Department frames the new faces of Miss Nelson, Noel Hargreaves and Mrs. Gill. John Reeves, Jnr., has joined Foy-Bilson's—to keep an eye, no doubt, on daddy John, who is in the Display Section. Elaine Mawley and Mrs. Margaret McDonald are in the Fashions; Miss Darcy, the Receiving Room; and, last but not least, the Furniture Department has Brendan Kealy.

A warm greeting to them all, and we hope that one and all will be happy at Foy-Bilson's.

WE LOSE A FINE COLLEAGUE.

All members of the staff were greatly shocked by the tragic death of Richie Kerr, which occurred in a swimming accident in Lake Colac. Richie was a very popular member of the Men's Wear staff, and our deepest sympathy goes to his family.

Our sympathy is offered also to Bert Gavin (Boot Repairs), whose brother passed away recently, and to Frank Fay, who has lost a sister.

SOFTBALL.

At the moment the girls are a little disappointed at not quite making "the 4." However, there is always next year to make good, and we must all remember that it's the first year Bilson's have entered in the competition.

AT THE WRONG END OF THE THERMOMETER.

On the sick list at the moment are Joan Coghill (Hardware) and Muriel Mitchell. But it's good to be able to report that both are well "on the mend."

Doris Trewhella also is away, and we'll be pleased to see her about soon.

Jim Carroll is back after illness, and we hope to have Frank Fay back shortly. Frank was unlucky enough to injure his back.

IZAAK WALTON WOULD HAVE WEEPED!

The latest fish story comes from the Furniture Department. Three members of the staff (no names!) went on a fishing trip. In the excitement of landing a 3 lb. eel, one so-called angler slipped inelegantly down the river bank, still clutching the line. Unfortunately, there wasn't a camera handy. However, from all accounts, the trip was a successful one, as the catch amounted to quite a number of eels, weighing from 1 oz.—yes, we repeat, 1 ounce—to 3 lb. Not such a bad effort, boys.

WELL EARNED.

Mr. Fred Slater (Grocery) is now enjoying a portion of his Long Service Leave.

TO NEW PASTURES.

Recently departed from our ranks are Judith Bell (Office) and Margaret Kearns (Haby). Both Joan Atherton (Office) and Joan Gore (Fashions) have now taken up nursing as a profession. Jan Veale is making her presence known in Sydney. Jan was our popular telephonist, and her place at Softball is definitely "on the map" in Colac, with this team from Bilson's Store. Standing, l. to r., Marie Lourey, Julie Gaylard, Mernda Johnstone, Janet Skinner, Dorothy Morris and Jean Coghill. Seated, Nola Lourey, Dorothy Wilson and Valerie McDonald.
the switchboard is taken by Dorothy Morriss. We have said farewell, too, to Mrs. Hughes (Ladies’ Footwear) and to Ted Richards (Furniture), who has now made his home in Melbourne.

We wish every one of them the best of luck in their new ventures.

So Long, “Fan”!

The need for shrinking the size of the last issue of “Service” caused a number of casualties, in the form of news items which just wouldn’t fit in. An editorial heartache resulted from each of these omissions but perhaps the greatest pang arose from our inability to record a farewell party which took place at Collingwood, towards the end of last year.

Nor did this concern spring solely from a missing paragraph. Keener was our awareness that, henceforth, a smiling face and a loyal colleague would be missing too. For on October 14 last, Miss Frances Bradley, of the Cash Office, Collingwood, tidied up her desk for the last time and went home—with proud memories of her long association with this company. Ours was the privilege and the benefit of having enjoyed Miss Bradley’s loyal service for over 46 years.

Miss Frances Bradley.

“Fan” Bradley came to us in May 1908. Like her old friend Anne Conkey, who retired last year and the “third musketeer”, Emily Harding (who still “holds the fort” at the Entry Office, Collingwood), Miss Bradley started at Prahran. The “Big Store” as it was known in those days, was practically a self contained unit within our organisation. For example, Prahran had its own Docket Office and it was here that Miss Bradley started at Prahran. The “Big Store” as it was known in those days, was practically a self contained unit within our organisation. For example, Prahran had its own Docket Office and it was here that Miss Bradley started at Prahran.

As the years passed, Miss Bradley took charge of the Docket dissection at Chapel Street. Then she was appointed as assistant to Charles Canham, who in those days was head cook and bottle washer at Prahran when “general office” work was concerned. Her work brought her into frequent contact with Mr. John Maclellan, and like all others who knew Prahran in the early days, she has a fund of memories of the kindly deeds of this warm hearted man, who was of course, a nephew of William Gibson.

In the early ’30’s, the bulk of the office work of the retail stores was concentrated in Head office. Charlie Canham and his staff moved over to Smith Street and thus Miss Bradley began her long association with Collingwood office. For a short period in 1941, she took charge of the Lay-by section in the Collingwood store, but in January 1942, she was back “upstairs” and when Bert Corom, chief cashier, enlisted in 1944, Frances was posted behind the big counter, and there she stayed right to the end, for when Mr. Cornish came back from Army service, he was appointed Staff Officer at Eagley Mills.

In this, the accounting side of retail activity, Miss Bradley saw many changes. When she started at Prahran, there were no entry accounts. All transactions were for cash. And what cash! Sovereigns—those coins which to the modern generation are museum pieces (if indeed you would find one there!)—were in free circulation. At Fair time, in Chapel Street, the amount of gold taken in a single day was so heavy that no man could carry it! The bags had to be pushed to the bank!

With all the developments in credit buying, Miss Bradley saw the introduction of charge accounts, lay-by, hire purchase and budget accounts. These facilities to the public involved much paper work “inside” of course, and during the latter years of her life, Miss Bradley “copped the lot.” The cashier’s desk at Collingwood was never a picnic ground.

Yet, through all the stresses and strains which arose during the war and post war periods when getting staff in Smith Street was a perpetual nightmare, Fan Bradley was rarely without a smile. Let a footfall approach the cash counter and those polished glasses would quickly turn in warming greeting to the caller, to customer and staff alike.

In a “pivot” job like this, Miss Bradley became widely known. Her friends were legion. Thus when the time came to say “Farewell!”, the large gathering which overflowed from the Staff Room at Head Office, was only to be expected. Speaking for her colleagues and for Foy’s Mr. F. A. Houghton, the Company’s Secretary, presented Miss Bradley with two handsome pieces of furniture, an auto tray and a coffee table. (These should make the daily “cuppa” taste better than ever!) For some people, retirement creates the opportunity to let dreams come true. There’s that trip abroad, planned years ago. For Frances Bradley, however, that experience is already a happy memory, for early in 1953 she took long leave and popped off to London for the Coronation.

Today, she is living at Lorne. Maybe we shall be seeing her featured among those “Beach Girl of Today” snaps in the press, (she has those nice contours which should make for great buoyancy in the water!) but current reports are that she has fallen for the fascination of bowls. Well, if she’s as neat and accurate on the green as she was in her work, some of her opponents are going to get a bit of hurry-up!

And at this pleasant pastime, in the picturesque setting of Lorne, with its surf, its woodlands and its waterfalls, we take leave of a fine woman. Forty six years of good and devoted service is a great record. We’re very proud that we enjoyed the confidence and loyalty of Frances Bradley during all those years and we are grateful for what she contributed, as a result, to the Company’s welfare.

May you find the years ahead to be a rewarding experience Fan Bradley!
News from Adelaide
By Margaret Ashwood

[Adelaide's correspondent Gwenda Neal left our ranks for marriage in September last. Miss Neal, now Mrs. Evan Cunningham, had an alert eye and a swift pen. As a result there was always a sparkling cascade of South Australian news during her scribeship.

Busily recording the scene and activities around Rundle Street nowadays, is Mrs. D. M. Ashwood, who is equally well known in Adelaide by her maiden name, Margaret Richter. To our new recording angel, a welcome to these pages. For Gwenda Cunningham, our thanks for much good service loyally rendered, the memories of which will, we hope, add to the joys of her new way of life.]

CHRISTMAS SOCIAL
The annual Christmas social for members of the Social Club was held on Tuesday, 14th December. This gathering was well attended, particularly by the office staff. Club members had worked hard, and a very tasty spread was prepared. We were most intrigued by Mr. Powell's sandwich—a piece of hot fish between two slices of bread and butter. Mr. Powell claimed there was nothing better!

The tables having been cleared, Stan Giniotis (Carpets) led the community singing with his squeeze box. Mr. Stan Pight (Blouses) knows only one Christmas carol, apparently— the "First Nowel"—and let everyone in the Canteen know that he knew all the words. We were then entertained by Max Gray with some sleight-of-hand tricks. After that there was dancing.

Mr. Powell moved a vote of thanks to the Social Club Committee, for the work they had done on this evening and throughout the year, and popular Alf Goodall—energetic Social Club Secretary—replied on behalf of the Committee.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TREE
The Children's Christmas Tree was held on Saturday, December 11. The kiddies visited Toyland, and were given rides on the Speedboats and the Switchback. Then, Father Christmas came—and spoke to them!

The Canteen was gay with coloured streamers and balloons. In a corner, a large Christmas Tree. After the food had disappeared, Father Christmas (Mr. Walker, Carpets), again visited the kiddies and distributed gifts from the Tree.

Once again, the thanks of all to the Social Club Committee.

BLACK SUNDAY
It was hot on Christmas Day. The thermometer read 99.2 deg. But we still enjoyed Christmas dinner. The New Year too dawned hot and very dry. January 2nd, was a roaster. With a temperature of 109 deg., came searing North winds of up to 60 miles velocity. This was Black Sunday. Bush fires raged throughout the Adelaide hills, the lower North areas, and in the South East. The result was terrible and staggering. Two lives were lost. Some 60 homes were destroyed, leaving the occupants with nothing. In a matter of a few minutes, homes, all worldly possessions, and means of livelihood had gone.

Headed by a contribution of £50,000 from the State Government, with a similar gift from the Federal Government, an appeal was launched immediately. The public response was wonderful. Our two daily newspapers combined to acknowledge the subscriptions, as they poured in. Donations of clothing, blankets and household furniture were given so freely, that Red Cross was compelled to ask donors to withhold further gifts until the distribution of goods in hand could be completed. Even fodder for stock was given, whilst distressed persons were allotted first priorities for building and fencing materials.

Already the public subscription list exceeds £80,000 and subscriptions are still being received. A collection taken up among our own staff brought in £30, and we welcome this opportunity to express thanks and appreciation.

PROMOTION
Mr. Kevin King, Manager of the Advertising Department, has left the company, and we wish him full success in this new phase of his career. To his place, moves Brian Bell, one time scribe to "Service" in Adelaide. Congratulations, Brian!

IMPROVEMENTS
The new strip lighting has made a wonderful difference to the Ground Floor. We hope this is a fore-runner of more to come in the way of improvements.

An engineering triumph, this railway viaduct spans a gorge at Langwies, between St. Moritz and Zurich, another place visited by Mr. Len Andrews during his recent trip.
SPORT

At the end of the first round of matches, the Gibsonia Club was third on the premiership table in the South Australian Electric Light Cricket Association competition. Last year, we were the runners-up. With a little bit of luck, we could hope for still better results, this year.

The Social Club spent three enjoyable evenings this year, on tennis courts hired at the Railways Oval. Although the attendance was not very large, the Social Club is hoping for a bigger round-up on the fourth and final night for the season. Watch the notice board for details.

Table Tennis enthusiasts are loosening up in preparation for the coming season. It is intended to enter one team in the South Australian Table Tennis Association competition this year. Any ladies interested in forming a team should contact the Social Club.

Night Baseball has become a very popular sport in South Australia. Inter-club matches are played under the lights at the Norwood Oval every Wednesday night.

During the Christmas-New Year holiday period, an interstate carnival was held, and we are happy to report that South Australia carried off the honours. We are not sure whether this had anything to do with the actual results, but Mrs. Hillier (Ledger Room) is official scorer at these baseball matches! If you have any queries on those baseball terms like—infeld flies, base on balls, or a bunt, just consult her.

When Jantzen presented their Water Carnival here in December, Jenny McDonnell, Receptionist, General Office, was a member of the Water Ballet. We liked that snappy swim suit you modelled, Jenny!

PERSONALITIES.

We begin this record with a correction. Getting out the Christmas issue is always a rush job because the holiday imposes an inflexible deadline at the printers. Under this pressure, watchful eyes may dim. Ours can. Ours did. As a result we failed to notice that two lines of type had been "compressed" into one. And the engagement of Mary Morallee, of the Receiving Room, did not appear among the announcements of these happy events.

And so, with our sincere apology to all concerned, we now record the engagement of Mary Morallee to Mr. Don Schaffer.—Ed. "S."

Happy to report that JOAN HALLS (Mail Order) has a sparkle on her left hand. Lucky man is Ross Webster. Our congratulations, Joan and Ross.

Another happy lass is MOLLY MORROW (Lay-By). She recently announced her engagement to Allan Richards.

MITZI AMOS (Perfumery) has chosen March 26 for her wedding date. Mitzi will marry Max Moyie in the Woodville Methodist Church.

It's good to have Miss FLORENCE BOWDEN (Lay-By) back again. Illness had claimed her for many weeks.

After limping about for two or three weeks with fluid on the knee, Mr. JAY (Furniture Department) has cast aside the walking stick.

Mrs. NATALIE CHISHOLM, Mr. Taylor's Secretary, took a nasty toss from a horse, and was badly battered and bruised. But we are happy to report she seems to have shaken off all these discomforts now.

Mr. MARSLAND, our night watchman for many years, has had a long spell of sickness. We hope it won't be long before he is fit and well again.

SHIRLEY CHELEW, Maidswear, spent three weeks at home with—guess what? Mumps! We thought at first it may have been Shirley's cooking. But it's the husband who then suffers—not the bride!

DOROTHY MORRIS, popular Manageress of Hosiery, gave us a fright a few weeks back. But it was only that childhood complaint, measles. Glad it was nothing more serious.

Mrs. DEARDEN (Frocks) is in hospital, and has just had an operation. We hope her stay won't be too long, and we look forward to seeing her in full health again soon.

All in General Office were sorry to say goodbye to JEAN HARRIS on Christmas Eve. Jean retired.
to become a housewife and to revel in our South Australian sunshine. An English lass, Jean had been in charge of Sales Dissection for some time. The office isn't quite the same without her.

We are wondering how long it will be before DOUG HOGG (Manager, Tearooms and Confectionery) takes his son and heir out yachting. Young David Andrew is his pride and joy.

MISS CATER (Manageress, Ladies' Underwear), ESME VYLE, and JENNY MCDONNELL (both General Office) all enjoyed holidays in Western Australia. Do they sell a special brand of sun tan lotion in the “Golden West”? We don’t know when we have previously seen such brown berries around the place.

Another who came back looking very fit is Mr. DON TAYLOR. He spent his holidays caravanning in the eastern States with his family.

VAL WATERMAN (Maidswear) was married to Ken Williams at St. Peter’s Church of England, Glenelg, on February 26. Her bridal gown was lace and tulle over satin, with a three-quarter length veil. Val was attended by her twin sisters, in pink brocade.

---

**LOOKING FOR A GOOD CAUSE TO ASSIST?**

**The Blind Babies Need £183,000**

Last year the retail staffs went “flat out” to buy that bus for Red Cross. Result, £420 was raised.

If there is one feature which marks a Foy effort to help a good cause, it is a burning determination to see the job through. This year, too, to most of her staff works for charity all fall within this pattern. Let the initial discussions turn upon the need for a bus—and a bus it is! A suggestion is made that a hospital cot be endowed—and it’s not long before a brass plate is being screwed to the wall of a ward, recording just one more fine-spirited move among the “Foy Family.”

What’s afoot for 1955 we haven’t yet heard. But if our warm-hearted staff is looking for a channel through which to pour their bounty we can think of no more deserving cause than the Blind Babies’ Fund. Launched last year, at a meeting in the Melbourne Town Hall, which was attended by the Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, the Fund has been making its initial preparations quietly. Very soon now the public will know all about it. And if any evidence, apart from the poignant words of the name, were needed to point to the urgency of this appeal, it will be found in the act of Sir Dallas Brooks, who offers himself as Patron, and was asked if Lady Brooks could work at Patroness.

The Blind Babies’ Fund is seeking £183,000 to build and equip a new home at Box Hill, for which the land has already been acquired. At present these blind babies and other similarly handicapped young children are housed in the Blind Institute, which is such a familiar landmark in St. Kilda road. But the number and needs of these youngsters have outgrown the facilities of this 86-year-old building.

Apart from the utter worthiness of the cause, the basis of this appeal should pull at many a heart. For the Blind Babies’ Fund is unique in its sponsorship. The official and full title of the movement is: THE VICTORIAN WHOLESALE AND RETAIL EMPLOYER-EMPLOYEE AUXILIARY FOR THE BLIND. This means exactly what it conveys. Throughout this appeal, workers of all types within the trades indicated will be working, literally hand in hand and actually side by side, with “the boss” to gather in this much-needed sum of £183,000.

All communications from the Fund to its supporters, and, of course, to the public at large, will be “signed, sealed and delivered” jointly by Mr. Arthur Storey, Secretary of the Shop Assistants’ Federation, and Sir John Allison, President of the Melbourne Chamber of Commerce.

Those of you who are members of the Federation will have had news already, through the Union paper. Others can start thinking now.

More news of the Blind Babies’ Fund and its progress will be given in later issues of “Service.” Meanwhile, leaves a grand opportunity to get together in another united effort to help a band of fellow human beings who, at all times, will have to face life more burdened than most of us, but who in that period of their lives for which this appeal aims to provide deserve the utmost that the community can give, in understanding and practical aid, just because they are babies—blind babies.

---

**IT’S BEEN VERRA GUID TAE KNOW YE!**

About to enjoy long service leave is Miss Flora McDonald, of the Invoice Office, Collingwood. Flora came to Collingwood just 32 years ago. She was fresh out from Scotland then, but her accent is still so fascinatingly burried that she might have arrived only yesterday.

General Office has been Miss McDonald’s background throughout her long stay with us. Like so many other of the girls who have stayed with us so long, she started in the Docket Office; then crossed the floor, about half-way through her career. In her long and patient “mothering” of invoice payments, a job she did for most of the time right at the elbow of Anne Conkey, who retired last year, she came to know many people. She also saw many changes within our ranks. General Managers have come and gone; boys from school have climbed the ladder from the humblest job to executive desk.

But now she is going to forget all about drawing cheques and filing vouchers for a while. Flora McDonald is off to England in March, or perhaps we should say she’ll be setting foot in England en route to Scotland! With all our heart we wish her a happy holiday, not only as a reward for her devoted service, but in the opportunity to renew auld acquaintance with the land she loves so well, and with those near and dear who within it dwell.
Despatch Diary
(By "Despatcher").

JOYSPREADERS.
On December 14, 1954, Margaret Reilly, Allan Smith and Len Holland, representing the Despatch and Stores 7, 8 & 9 Committee for the Spastic Children’s Society, together with Bill Jewell in the role of Santa Claus, visited “Marathon” with £60 worth of toys and other gifts. From first-hand observation, the looks and actions of gratitude of these handicapped kiddies was worth far more than money could buy. One little lad asked Santa if he could get a PIANO next Christmas! Another literally crawled up the red-coated figure, put his arms around Santa’s neck, and then thanked him for the toys and ice-cream.

As a point of interest, the Despatch and Stores 7, 8 & 9 have a committee to help the Society in its work for the Spastics. Work is continuing to raise money to furnish wards for the new hostel being built this year, and to supply goods which the Society needs. All help is welcomed, and if any reader has any suggestions for helping to raise money will he or she please contact either Allan Smith (Hon. Secretary) at Store 8, or Bryan Clark (Hon. Organiser), Furniture Reserve, Collingwood?

MARRIAGES.
On January 17 Wilma Evans became Mrs. Reg Norman. Happy couple were married at Church of England, Greensborough. Prior to her marriage, Wilma was a Collingwood switch-girl, whilst Reg is one of our parcel drivers. Our best wishes go to the happy pair.

Rarely do we witness a wedding embracing so many Foy interests as the marriage of Christina Aldridge to Bernie Myers at St. Patrick’s Cathedral on February 19. Pretty Christina is the youngest daughter of Bert Aldridge, veteran stalwart of Collingwood Despatch. The groom, Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Myers after their wedding at St. Patrick’s Cathedral, Melbourne.

BIRTHS.
A very proud man, indeed, was Ray Lay, when his wife presented him with a bonny baby boy on November 14. Son’s name, Bruce Raymond. Congratulations!

DRIVERS’ DILLY-DALLYINGS.
Funny things can happen during a driver’s daily run. Here are a few of the quaint experiences of recent weeks. Although some might appear to have been “lifted” from a book of tall stories, their authenticity can be vouched for by the men whose names we quote.

Charlie Taylor, seeking directions as to where to place the incinerator he was delivering, was told—to put it—in the lounge room!

Because the weather forecast predicted rain, Laurie Malcolm was told by the lady of the house to “put his delivery in the shed—so that it wouldn’t get wet.” What was it? A clothes hoist!

Having referred to the money required for her P.O.D. parcel, Eddie Baker was told to come back in about twenty minutes—“when the radio serial is over!”

On the front door of a house to which Maca Burns took a parcel was a note, reading: “Leave parcel on verandah, but put change (6/6) under door for safety sake.” And, under the note, were pinned four £5 notes! In full view of the passing public!

After a stiff walk, carrying a 12 yd. roll of lino, Mick Hickie heaved a sigh of relief when customer opened door to relieve him of his burden. Imagine his thoughts when he was directed to unroll the lino, out on the lawn for inspection. Quoth the cautious customer: “Then, if I don’t like it now, I can send it straight back!”

NEWCOMERS.
A big welcome to the following who have become “Despatchites” in recent weeks:—Bill Horton, Len Stewart, Geoff Hose and the brothers Fred and Brian Jago.

GET WELL.
On the sick list is Plumber Les Scotland. After an exploratory operation at Prince Henry’s Hospital, he was wheeled back to the ward carrying a set of neat stitches, with the prospect of having to go through the whole procedure all over again at a later date. Tough luck!

NATTER NATTER.
How not to fill a cigarette lighter was demonstrated the other night by Bob Brown. With the lighter in one hand, he held in the other a bottle of fluid—minus cork! When the lighter was...
tested, the flame shot straight through the fumes coming from the bottle, and quickly spread. Result—carpet, curtains and mum's dress burnt! Hear tell that Bob is using safety matches now!

Frankie Newbold's chest is stuck out a mile. Seems he has reason to be proud, as he is the only man in the Despatch who has shaken hands with Mick the Dazzler and has come out unscathed. Mick is credited with having so much electricity in his body that the last fellow he shook hands with was nearly electrocuted!

Vic Reid, Jnr., missed all the fun at Christmas. Laid low with chicken pox! Never thought of it before, but wonder if a chicken hamper could help cure chicken pox?

Frank Bell, Collingwood Despatch, claims that he landed this fish after a terrific struggle. But having read a lot lately about what the Dinoflagellates have done to fish in Port Phillip Bay—Well!

We all know the saying "knocking off work to carry bricks." Well, two of our fellows did just that. On their annual holidays, Tom Clark and Mal Forbes both did concrete work at their own homes.

"Oil struck in Oxford Street!" Or that’s what it might have looked like to the inexperienced investor. Further inspection, however, showed that it came from Bernie Myers' car. During his lunch hour he changed the oil filter, but the gasket wasn't put on correctly; so when the motor was started—oil everywhere.

HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

Almost as much a part of Foy's as the bricks in the old walls is Arthur Godbold, who merits special mention again this year, as in the past, for his work in aid of charities. Over Christmas he raised £60 for distribution between Dr. Singleton's Dispensary, the Methodist Mission for Old People, and the Opportunity Clubs, all at Collingwood. Well done, once again, Arthur!

SPORT.

Billie Nathan and Tom Brewer both play for the same club in V.J.C.A., and they are both getting phenomenal figures in the bowling. Billie got 6 for 18, including 4 wickets off 4 balls. Tom in another game got 6 for 27. Test material? H-m-m!

DESPATCH PROVERB.

One can't be optimistic, if one looks through misty optics.

BOURKE STREET BULLETIN

CHRISTMAS FARE

Ever well run and hugely enjoyed, the Christmas Party for children of City Store personnel left over 100 youngsters wide eyed with excitement. Santa Claus not only thrilled each child with his gift, but "joined their ranks" as he led them in the carol singing. Watching children in such surroundings is doubly moving to the grown-up. We see little faces registering the joys of childhood—and then remember our own!

For the musical entertainment, from piano accordion and violin, thanks go once more to Mr. Taylor and his partner. Equal praise goes to Don Forbes, who ran the merry-go-round. Prominent among the "helpers" of the afternoon were, of course, Mrs. Pat Mullens, of the Dining Room, and those of her staff who willingly gave their time to the youngsters. And all remember, too, the splendid efforts of the Misses G. Goodbrand, Lolita Noli and Phyllis Christian, Mrs. Lola Rowe, with Messrs. Reg. Pestell and Les McEwan.

PROUD MAN

Idol of her father, June Doig was married to John Cameron on February 19. Not everyone in the City Store may know June, but there's something wrong if anyone doesn't know Dad! Yes, none other than J. Glen Doig, Retail Staff Controller.

MAIL FROM THE MAIL ORDER

Ring! Ring! No, not the phone. Just one each for two of the lovelies who plaster the City Store with extracts each day.

Missing our December issue by only an hour or two, the announcement of the engagement of Loril Owen to Nick Wallis. Now Betty Sims of the slim outlines and dry wit is wearing the ring of Keith Graham.

To each, once again, our congratulations.

Our pen was poised to record the birthday celebrated by Irene Meiers on January 8. It was an important one for blonde Irene—her 21st. Memories must have flooded her mind as she recalled childhood days in far-off Northern Europe. In the meantime, an opportunity of a better job beckoned Irene away from us on January 25. So it's both good wishes and good
luck to Irene—and our appreciation of her work during her stay with us.

And to round off the catalogue comes this note from Mr. Reg Myers, Manager of this busy section:

“Master John Francis Myers made the usual noisy entrance to this land of toil on December 26.”

Junior is a bit older now, but it’s the first chance we’ve had to say “Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Myers!”

FROM ONE FLOOR TO ANOTHER.

These things can be managed better by a weekly publication. Our bi-monthly issues lead to “concertina-work” at times. We were all set to record the Christmastime engagement of Maynes Aiken, cool voice of the City Switchboard, to Don McPherson. This we still do—but with the additional cap-in-the-air that Maynes and Don were married on February 26. Maynes, of course, is the apple of the eye of father, Jim Aiken of Collingwood Despatch.

To the happy pair, our renewed felicitations.

Of seemingly boundless energy, even the sturdy frame of Miss Betty Armstrong, Hosiery, gave way under the onslaught of pneumonia, and we missed her wide smile for three whole weeks in February. Better now, however—and better still, back with us once more.

And to end this round-up on a happy note, Pat Barr, Merchandise Office, became engaged on March 4. The cunning fellow? Ian Dobson. Good luck to them both.

PHEW! HECTIC WASN’T IT?
—BUT YOU DID A GRAND JOB!

It may sound a little out of season now to speak of Christmas. But we haven’t forgotten the splendid performance which everyone in the retail stores gave, day in, day out, through those busy weeks of November and December.

The pressure of Christmas trade is imposed upon one and all. The buyers who plan for months beforehand; the display wizards who create the carnival air; the advertising moguls who woo customers to our stores; the selling staffs (bless ‘em!) who “take a beating” like the sands of a surf beach; the dispatch teams who work like demons, to ensure that little Willie’s fire engine arrived in time to be stuffed into that precious pillow slip hanging by the bed; and the office demoiselles who had to swim against a flood tide of dockets and invoices.

There are of course, a whole lot of odd bods between or alongside these groupings, who all played vital parts in the Christmas crisis—and who, no doubt, found themselves with tired arches when the 5.30 bells rang on December 24. Nor do we forget management, in its offices, alternately beaming or running fingers through fugitive hair, as the all important figures float in.

It was a marvellous display of team work, and today we still say to staffs everywhere “Thanks a thousand times! There’s no one like you!”

Unfortunately, this picture did not reach us in time for inclusion in the article relating to the “Spastic Bus Appeal,” which appeared in our last issue. Staff of the Corset Department City Store ran a special raffle to aid this cause. First prize was a complete Hickory wardrobe, donated by Dowd Associates; second prize, a doll, dressed by the girls; and third prize, a dozen pairs of nylons, bought by the staff. Here, at the drawing, are Sister Lawrence, Mr. A. J. Thomas (Store Manager), Mrs. Basil Logus of Red Cross, Miss Elsie Riddell (Manageress), Miss Lolita Noli (First Floor Queen, for whose benefit the raffle was run), Mr. Reg Wyatt, Southern Sales Director for Hickory, and Mr. Norm Stephenson, Controller, First Floor.
Clustered around Smith street, Collingwood, but with windows which face variously upon Oxford street, Little Oxford street and Peel street, are a group of units of the Retail organisation, known somewhat anonymously as Stores 7, 8 and 9.

There can be few people, surely, who have no knowledge of Store 8 and its functions, but not all departments are concerned with Stores 7 and 9. And as those of us who earn our daily crusts beneath these symbols now make this first contribution to "Service," it seems a good idea to give readers a brief outline of the fields of activity designated by these bare numerals.

In the main, Store 7 comprises the Bedding Factory and the Furnishing Workroom. The word "Store" does not denote any particular building, of course, and should you decide to go out to Collingwood one Sunday afternoon to inspect the local architecture, you won't find any structure bearing the name "Store 7." Whereas the Bedding Factory is located on the corner of Oxford and Peel streets, the most direct approach to the Furnishing Workroom, from Smith street, is along the passage which leads north out of General Office. Here, in a long room with windows on three sides, which eventually overlooks Oxford street, loose covers, curtains, bedspreads and cushions are made—no, tailored is the word—by Miss Hodgson and her team of specialists. In the Bedding Factory, our famous Reelax and Cosy Sleep mattresses are made under the watchful eye of Bill Carey.

Among those who make contact with it, Store 8 is often referred to simply as the "Receiving Room." Actually there are two marked and important divisions of work within Store 8. To the first, the Receiving Room, goes practically all merchandise, local, interstate and overseas, for the retail stores. Quite a busy spot, naturally. But, adjoining the Receiving Room, are the Reserves. With the invoices checked, recorded and costed, the goods pass into the various reserves, which are grouped in relation to the relevant selling departments, and are held there until requisitioned by the department buyers.

Store 9 takes care of manufacturing. All materials which pass to factories for making up into garments, etc., are recorded, controlled and costed here.

Well, that's how we spend our working hours in Stores 7, 8 and 9. But, drawn together as we are in this "clan-within-the-clan," we've developed a true "family spirit." We find enjoyment in our work. We get along together. Consequently, when someone suggested recently that we try our hand at getting together outside business hours, there was a roar of approval. And so, on Sunday, February 6, we had a picnic. At Christmas Hills. It was a winner!

Of the complete enjoyment of every minute, which everyone knew, we shall surely be talking for weeks. For this report, we'll just sketch in the highlights.

The lightning cricket match between Bob Wallhouse's team and another led by Phil Wharton. The latter, after a desperate struggle, won.

Among the events for "Ladies Only" was the Rolling Pin Throwing Contest. Judging by the ferocious look in their eyes, one could imagine that they had their husbands in mind as the targets. When Mrs. Baxter took her aim, Mr. Baxter was to be seen standing behind the "Aunt Sally" target, giving her final instructions. Whether by intent or sheer bad luck, that rolling pin finished nearer her spouse than the target.

Miss Laity (Furnishing Workroom) created a record by brilliantly winning her heat of the Egg and Spoon Race. Miss Hodgson narrowly missed first place Bowling at Wicket, and to cap a grand performance by the Furnishing Workroom girls,
Miss McNamara simply romped in first in the Ladies' Sack Race.

The main event was the Store 8 Open Handicap. A dark horse popped up in this. “Suky” from Store 8 office won the "gallop" by a yard from Phil Wharton, with J. McCuskey filling third place. "Suky," by the way, is no longer with us, to our great regret. Readily did our smiling

Congratulations once more to Mr. Fred Reynolds for winning the Tea Drinking Contest. We will not publish the quantity he drank. But we do know that the general supply looked very low afterwards.

All the kiddies were catered for with pony rides, races, ice cream, fruit and lollies.

We must record our thanks to the Committee

young friend answer to this friendly abbreviation. To his family he is known as Pisit Sukrasep. He is from Malaya, doing a course at Melbourne University. Store 8 was happy to have him during the Christmas vacation.

One lesson we learnt. When handicapping never let the colour of one's hair influence you. Our controller, Jack McCuskey, finished third in the Open Store 8 Handicap, and won the Old Buffers' Race. It was noticed, however, that the usual jaunty walk was reduced almost to a crawl on Monday morning.

Andy Young would be a good man on any selection committee. In the nomination race he selected the wife of our Secretary, Mrs. Allan Smith, as his partner, and the result was never in doubt. Whilst Allan himself, realising that his wife would have something to crow about if he came home empty handed, narrowly defeated Bob Murray in the Men's Sack Race, after a superhuman effort.

George Tucker, in outclassing a field of Junior Buffers, gave many younger entrants a running lesson. Do or die effort in the Wheelbarrow Race by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Murray went the latter way. The "wheelbarrow" collapsed!

and to Phil Wharton for staging this most enjoyable event. In addition, all those who attended wish to convey sincere appreciation to Secretary Allan Smith for his efforts in making this THE PICNIC OF PICNICS.

On February 10 Mrs. L. Murray left Store 8 to take up home duties. Mrs. Murray was with us for a number of years, and will be greatly missed by all. She has the best wishes of one and all.

Cyril Carr (Store 8) became a proud father of a bonny baby boy (Allan Edward) on December 24. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Carr.

Some of the staff of Stores 7, 8 and 9 at play. Standing (l. to r.), "Suky" Sukrasep, Fred Reynolds, Fred Broatch, Len Stokes, Allan Smith, Phil Warton, Jack McCuskey, Lil Murray, Jack Smith, Mrs. Burston, George Tucker, Miss McNamara, Bob Wallhouse. Seated, Miss Ruby Laity, Miss Hodgson, Elsie Connisbie, Jean McKie and (kneeling) Jim Reece.

Chapel Street Chatter

By "Peep"

Mr. Durham gave a most enjoyable Christmas Buffet Tea to the Prahran staff on December 15. A presentation of flowers was made to him for Mrs. Durham, who came later in the evening.

Everyone had a marvellous time, but the favourite memory, perhaps, is of Mr. Durham in
chef's cap and apron, carrying steaming hot plum puddings all alight! Who collected most three-penny bits? Spen Thomas, are you around? The day marked another celebration, and with so many present hearty birthday greetings were showered upon Mr. Bob Thomson, Grocery Department. We wound up the evening with community singing and dancing, which included a super sword dance by Mrs. Mary Shearer and Mr. Bob Criddle.

The children's Christmas party was held at the store on December 18. About 80 children enjoyed the slides, merry-go-round, etc. Father Christmas (Mr. H. S. Walker, Mercury Department) handed out the gifts, and Mr. Dorman, Carpets, gave further delight as the Clown. The afternoon ended with a lovely party tea. The very fine decorated cake was made by Mr. and Mrs. Hutton. Every young eye was riveted upon its Cowboy and Indian ornaments.

After many years at Prahran as Manageress of the Wools and Haberdashery, Miss Molly Baird decided to seek a change. Today she is to be found in the Mantle Department, City Store. We wish her every success.

With regret, too, we hear that Mr. Edward Shade, Provisions, who has been with the company for 42 years, is retiring at Easter.

She whom we knew as Miss Duffy, Mantle Department, recently became the proud mother of a lovely daughter. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan.

Mr. Arthur Dorman, Carpets, has another son, Garry. All at Prahran are proud, too!

Miss Olive Brooks, one of the Prahran Store Mannequins, was married to Mr. Victor F. Shattock on December 18.

A hoodoo seemed to settle on the Manchester Department just after Christmas. First, Mr. Spen Thomas sprained his back. Then Mr. Alex Chambers developed pleurisy and pneumonia, Mr. Rob Burgess sprained an ankle, and Mr. R. Oliver followed with a few days in the Alfred Hospital. The one remaining member of the department staff was watched with great anxiety!

The following appointments were announced on March 8:-

Mr. J. Fewster, to Department Manager, Woolens, City.

Mr. P. J. Bower, to Department Manager, Cottons, City.

Congratulations and good luck to them both.

We caught our breath on January 11 when news flashed through that Mr. R. J. Warren, popular Ground Floor Controller, City Store, had been involved in a car accident. Returning from a visit to the Colac Store, his well-known Oldsmobile sedan suddenly shot off the road in Geelong and lost out in a sudden disagreement with a nearby tree. We say "well known" because the speedometer on "Dick" Warren's car has always shown such ridiculously low mileage, in relation to the age of the vehicle, and this alone is an indication of his unshakeably careful driving at all times.

Why he "parted company" with the main highway on this occasion still remains a mystery. But as the result of the "bump", Mr. Warren suffered some bruised ribs and a painful crack across the upper jaw, whilst his niece and nephew, who were passengers in the car, were treated in Geelong Hospital for fractures, lacerations and shock.

Happily, however, all three have completely recovered. "R.J." had to take it easy for some six weeks, but he's back on the job again, his old dapper self, and showing no signs of damage.

That's our report. Now Mr. Warren takes over to assure the many friends who "remembered" him during his recuperation, of his deep gratitude for kindness expressed in so many ways. This heart-warming regard for his welfare was so widespread that he doesn't want to mention names, but we're going to quote him in relation to Glen Doig, Staff Controller. Of Mr. Doig, who made three visits to Geelong Hospital, and finally accompanied the patient to a private hospital in Melbourne, Mr. Warren says, "He was better than a mother!"

RETAIL MOVEMENTS.

The following appointments were announced on March 8:

Mr. J. Fewster, to Department Manager, Woolens, City.

Mr. P. J. Bower, to Department Manager, Cottons, City.

Congratulations and good luck to them both.

The Quiet Corner

At the crossroads, some we knew have taken the turn which leads them away from their fellow travellers through life. To those who must wait, separated and sad, our deep sympathy is offered. We think of:

Mr. Alan Brogan, formerly of the Internal Audit Staff, whose mother died on October 9.

Mrs. Lanah Campfield, in the loss of a much-loved mother on November 17.

Mr. Thomas Morton, whose beloved wife, Mrs. Mary ("Lil") Morton, of the Soft Furnishing Workshop, died on February 10.

"Thy Will be Done"
MR. LINDSAY WRITES TO "SERVICE"

Keen reader though he is, we didn't expect to hear so soon from Alan Lindsay. But, dated from London just twelve days after he left Melbourne, came a nine-page diary of the flight to London.

Have you ever thought what the aeroplane has given to the traveller on business-bound from Australia? In the old days there was a five-week journey across nothing but water—with a port of call here and there—before the real purpose of a buying trip could be started. And compare the experience of, say, a buyer from Harrods, who has to visit the same European factories as his "opposite number" from Australia. The Englishman makes a quick trip across the Channel, and he's there.

But the Australian, executive of today is like a modern Marco Polo. He sees half the world before having to unpack his order book. Take Mr. Lindsay's itinerary on the outward journey. Melbourne—aloft over Canberra—Sydney. Thence by Qantas Super Constellation to Darwin—across the Timor Sea—Djakarta—Singapore—Bangkok—Calcutta—Karachi—Beirut in Lebanon—the lights of Damascus from above—a bird's-eye view of Athens—then, Rome—a smooth flight across the snow-covered Swiss Alps—a meal in Frankfort—and finally, London.

Airborne from Sydney, the Constellation carried 52 passengers and a crew of eight. Most prominent was the Rt. Hon. R. G. Casey, Minister for External Affairs, en route to a conference in Singapore. The youngest, a four-months-old Chinese baby, headed for Borneo.

Officials in Djakarta showed little warmth in their greeting to the travellers. But there was the comfort of a suite in Raffles Hotel, Singapore. Here Mr. Lindsay found many attractive shops, small but well stocked. Fittings were good; stocks neat and tidy, and the salesmen—super! One high-pressure merchant, who buttonholed Alan Lindsay when he paused outside to inspect a window, identified him as an Australian, and learning that he came from Melbourne asked: "Ah! How is my friend Ned Kelly?" To which Alan replied: "He's dead—but plenty of his friends are still alive!" Like a flash came the answer: "Same here, sir, in Singapore. You be careful, sir! Dinki di!"

Bangkok leaves the memory of a University with 3500 students, and Rome, the wonders of St. Peter's and the impressive King Victor Emmanuel Memorial. Sightseeing in Rome was made easy by a glass-roofed bus, and pleasant by a cellophone-wrapped luncheon package handed to each passenger. This contained sliced ham and beef.
a leg of chicken, salad, bread rolls, biscuits, an apple, a bottle of wine and a drinking cup. The cost of this, plus the two-hour bus tour? Just 7/6!

The first week in London was crowded with visits to factories and showrooms, in rather unpleasant conditions, for snow was falling at regular intervals. Mr. Lindsay found it necessary to pile on quite a lot of extra clothes during these visits—and just as necessary to remove at least his topcoat whilst inside the building, for many of them were centrally heated. But he managed a visit to Selfridge's on the Saturday morning. And on Sunday found his way to Buckingham Palace, Hyde Park and Westminster Abbey, where Poets' Corner, the Coronation Chair and the tomb of the "Unknown Warrior" had him enthralled. This instalment of the "Lindsay diary" ends with reference to the Houses of Parliament and Harrods.

Summing up, Mr. Lindsay gives the following as his firmest impressions to date:

The excellent service given by our Australian airline, Qantas; the high regard that English folk have for Australians; the courtesy of the English people, in crowded tubes, lifts and in the street; and the good service given by the staff in hotels, stores, and on the famous London buses.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB!

Let no one say Foy's service can't meet any emergency. Let no one doubt that the Despatch boys can rise to any occasion!

During the recent Christmas rush, there were times innumerable when Collingwood Despatch flexed its muscles with additional vim and willingly got on with the big job without regard to the position of the hour hand on the clock. Our chaps put up a splendid record. We're proud of them.

We could fill a column with the story of the Christmas deliveries. But we are quoting just one incident to illustrate the spirit which seems to move all members of the Foy Family, whenever the opportunity offers to uphold the company's good name.

On a particularly heavy day in December (he had over 140 deliveries on his sheet) one of our drivers called at a suburban home. The front door was open. He rang the bell. Nothing happened—except that mixed noises came through the doorway, like a sound track gone haywire.

He rang again. And again. Then, from somewhere inside a weary voice called, "Come in". Tracking down the din like a bloodhound on the scent, the driver found himself looking into a back room. There on the floor was a young woman with three husky babies. Most babies look alike. These were more so. They were triplets.

The harassed young lady was the babies' aunt. The mother—her elder sister—had had to go down the street on an urgent message. To "Auntie" had been left the job of bathing the triplets. And things weren't going too well. Whilst she struggled with one wriggling eel in the tub, Nos. 2 and 3 were playing up on the sidelines. All were bawling like mad—with "Auntie" joining in the chorus at corrective intervals.

Our driver was apparently the least expected visitor but as he stood in the doorway, "Auntie" threw him a look of anguish and reaching into the bath said, "Look, would you take this little * and dry him, while I get to work on the other two?"

He did. And he isn't even a family man!

Could be that spanners and tyre levers won't be adequate as standard equipment on our cars in future. Obviously the kit of the perfect driver should include a tin of talc!

* It seemed to rhyme with "lugger."
The "Gen" From General Office

New voice to be heard over the phone from the Invoice Office these days vibrates from the vocal cords of Herbert James Letch, who has "taken over the wheel" from John Gavey.

Give him a hand, everyone—physically as well as metaphorically.

The whiff of the anaesthetic didn't reach our nostrils quickly enough, or we would have lamented before about that appendix which was whipped out of Betty Shewring, F.F.C.A., last October. Betty looks all the better now for this lightening of the load.

Also lacking an appendix nowadays is Irene Steele (Cash Office). Back on the job now, showing no signs (that we can see!) of her ordeal.

Saturday, March 5, was a day for dual celebration for Pam Ailsop, Cash Office. Began the day with the joy of being 21—and ended it with a ring slipped on her finger by devoted Raymond Woff. May it be the forerunner of many other such happy days!

Another girl who wears a glow of happiness is Pat Wittig. Haven't met Pat, but we do know the man concerned. He's Harry Batcheldor, outdoor representative of the Credit Office. Engagement was announced on March 17. It's O.K. by us.

Bill George (Docket Office) became a father for the second time on January 14. New arrival, Stephen Lindsay, makes a brother for young Peter.

News has only just come in that Leo Cash (General Office) announced his engagement to Miss Mary Thornton on November 6 last.

BLESS THEIR HEARTS!

Wrongly, a few people are apt to become a little impatient with some of the temporary staff engaged at Christmas time. After all, these good people make it much easier for us to cope with all the pressures of the season. It should never be forgotten that this team of helpers often comprises many people who have never been "behind the scenes" of a department store, and as many others, like the schoolboys and girls who have never even had a job before. They find themselves pitchforked into a strange world of price tickets, stock bins, docket systems and faced by an avalanche of shoppers who expect each of them to respond with the knowledge and experience of a Gordon Selfridge or a Sidney Myer.

All in all, they put up a splendid performance. But for their efforts, Christmas would not have been the successful season it was.

And just to illustrate how conscientious they can be, in their endeavours to give good Foy service, we quote just one incident. In the City Toy Department was a display of rubber beach balls. Most of the balls were lying flat on the counter, but one or two had been inflated for better effect.

Behind the display was one of our young friends, eager to serve. In this, however, she was hindered because, through some oversight, the articles bore no price tag. Manager Lindsay's...
attention having being drawn to this, the figures were supplied and the youngster instructed to mark the goods.

Returning later, Alan Lindsay noted that all the items had been ticketted with the exception of the inflated balls. Asked why, the youngster replied that she didn't have the details. "But" said the manager "I gave you the price, and you've marked all those on the counter. Why leave these out?" "Oh!" answered the girl brightly, "Are they the same price when they're blown up?"

To the experienced sales assistant, an empty remark perhaps. But just put yourself in the shoes of the newcomer. Striving to please; anxious not to make a mistake, this hesitation pointed at least to a mind which was not stagnant.

**CO-OPERATIVE!**

Everyone makes mistakes. And the honest error is readily forgiven. Thus we have no thought of "rubbing it in," in recording this lapse. Far from it. It's just that the incident is so funny that we would be greedy if we didn't allow others to enjoy it.

Recently a newly engaged cleaner was sent down to wash the easternmost window on the Bourke street frontage of the City Store. Fifteen minutes later a call went back to the maintenance that he hadn't turned up. The caller insisted that he wasn't there, adding, "I'm standing in the Arcade, looking right through the window, and there's no cleaner in sight." Second thoughts then prompted the inquirer to go out on to the Bourke street pavement for a final look.

And there was our man, with his bucket and chamois.

Cleaning a window, too.

Only, one thing wrong. It wasn't OURS.

One of Snow's!

**Journey's End**

In any large organisation there will always be a handful of people whose very personality puts them in a group apart. Often these individuals are described as "characters."

From May, 1949, until May, 1953, the City Store knew well such a man. He wasn't a manager; he didn't hold a high position. But everyone knew him, and there could have been
few who were not impressed by his spick and span bearing and his bright disposition. He had the faculty of putting a cheery slant upon everyday incidents which raised many a chuckle.

Before he came to Foy's he had seen long service with the Victorian Railways. Here, too, his ability to "register" with all sorts of people was recognised. He became "The Man in Grey." Maybe this colour had some significance for him, for when the time came for him to retire as a public servant, he made a quick change of job—but still donned a grey uniform. He became one of our elevator drivers.

His name was Harry Budge.

For Mr. Budge, the old railwayman, the signal has now turned to red. After a brief illness, he died on March 7. We learnt of his passing with deep regret, and our sympathy goes out to all those within his family circle who mourn him most.

SHE SINGS, TOO!

Dorothy Baker, Interstate Office, City Store, can count many blessings. Fashioned like a piece of Dresden china, she can turn on a 100-candle power smile as she moves around her daily chores with the grace of a sylph.

And securely attached to all these assets is a voice. A week or two back that voice crooned its way to fame, when Dorothy thrilled all listeners to the "Stars of Tomorrow" programme from Station 3AW, by her rendering of "Why Don't You Believe Me?"

The judges gave evidence of their belief by awarding to Dorothy the 1st prize. This takes the happy form of a flight to Tasmania by A.N.A. and a two-week holiday at glorious Wrest Point, with all expenses paid. Miss Baker plans to make this dream trip next year.

Reading about such success is the next best thing to winning a prize ourselves. Congratulations, Dorothy Baker!

TIME AND TIDE

Doreen R. Bassett (Perth Store)

A quiet manner and dignified presence give no hint that Miss Bassett is, at heart, a wanderer. At least that's our analysis. Not for her lure of adjacent beaches or nearby hills. When the opportunity offers, Doreen Bassett makes for more distant shores. Readers will recall her interesting accounts of a trip to Fiji a year or so ago. Now Doreen has enjoyed another holiday, exploring the Northwest coast of Western Australia and, with her customary thought for readers who may have dreamed of visiting far places (but have little prospect of seeing them), has sent us these notes upon her trip. Miss Bassett is a machine operator in the office of Perth Store.

Having seen most of the southern portion of this western state; its seaside resorts, timber country, farming areas and mining towns, I decided to seek new horizons in the far North. Boarding the M.V. "Koolinda" at Fremantle on a perfect day, we headed out into the calm, blue waters of the Indian Ocean. We bypassed Geraldton, and, two days later, made Carnarvon. Our first port of call and over 500 miles from Perth. In these waters, we were entertained by whales, rising and spouting. We were fortunate enough to be at the whaling station there when one of these huge creatures was towed in by the little lugger and hauled up the slips. Its estimated weight was 37 tons and every particle is used for some purpose.

Transport in the far Nor'west. At left, the "Boat Train" takes passengers from the jetty to Carnarvon township, some three miles away. Right, a 25-ton load is trucked to an isolated inland destination. Note the native "passenger" on his grandstand seat.
Where the whalers ply. The huge tidal falls make long jetties necessary in the Nor’west. At right, the “Gascoyne” ties up at Carnarvon jetty. Note the torpedo-harpoon in the bows.

There was another visit to the Government research station, where we saw the banana plantation and the cultivation of other tropical fruits like pawpaws, pineapples and avocados.

“Turning the corner” at 4 a.m. we travelled along the north coast, calling at Onslow, Point Samson, Port Hedland, and Broome. Then, on the ninth day, we reached Derby. It would appear that these ports are important only because they serve the vast inland areas, with the exception of Port Hedland. All have one thing in common—very long jetties, up to a mile long. Some miles inland from Point Samson are asbestos mines. There are manganese mines near Port Hedland. At the latter, too, is a Flying Doctor base.

Broome is the centre of the pearling industry. We watched native men packing the pearl shell ready for export to the United States, where it is worth £600 per ton. Good work has been put into the construction of a pearling lugger which, we were told, would be valued at £8,500. This is the town which suffered aerial bombardment during the war.

Derby is situated on the south of King Sound, the entrance to which is studded with small rocky islands of the Buccaneer Archipelago. At the Captain’s invitation I viewed this fascinating panorama from the bridge—and the “monkey ring” above it, as we passed through. Derby is the port for the West Kimberley cattle stations.

The Baobab or Bottle tree of Western Australia is hollow.

Believe it or not, this Baobab tree at Derby, W.A., was once used as a gaol! The arrow marks the entrance.
It was an eye opener to see the work entailed in preparing races and yards in the ship's hold for our new "passengers"—500 odd, bullocks. Many of us formed a "welcoming committee" at the trials of this great land of ours, the M.V. "Koolinda" berthed at our home port once more in glorious weather. For me, it had been the perfect holiday.

After building a hill like this one at Derby, W.A., the ants must pant! Miss Doreen Bassett, who stands beside it, measures 5 ft. 4 in.

When we recorded in our last issue the death of Mr. Bob Fraser, well-loved former Staff Manager in Perth, no photograph of him was available. We have since received this snap taken at a staff social. Mr. Fraser, who was making a speech at the time, is seen on the right.

Mr. J. Brisbane, who succeeded Mr. Bob Fraser as Staff Manager, Perth.

"SERVICE"
isPublished bi-monthlybyFOY & GIBSON LIMITED130-152 Smith Street, Collingwood.Editor: JOHN GORBUTT.Art Panel: J. S. SHARP and TERRY WATTS.Editorial Office:c/o Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd.Bourke Street, Melbourne, C.1.
The Next Issue
of
SERVICE
will be published in
April
Contributions Required
Immediately

Remember!
This is Your Magazine.

Its Success Depends on
YOU!
Library Digitised Collections

Author/s:
Foy & Gibson

Title:
Foy & Gibson newsletters

Date:
1947-1967 (incomplete)

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

File Description:
Service [no.?] 1955