"... that nice young man from Burroughs" (See page 10)
This is the Staff Magazine
of
THE "FOY FAMILY"

which comprises
FOY & GIBSON LIMITED

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FOY & GIBSON (STORES) PTY. LIMITED
Retail Stores in Melbourne, Prahran, Fitzroy, Adelaide and
the Collingwood Organisation
Sydney Office

*

BILSON'S PTY. LIMITED, COLAC

*

FOY & GIBSON (LONDON) LIMITED

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We have "Close Relations," too, in
FOY & GIBSON (W.A.) LIMITED
Sunrise

This year of grace, 1955, will undoubtedly remain red-ringed in the company's records as a year of renaissance. Just as in the chronicling of world affairs, we observe a dividing line which has led to the use of "A.D." as a yardstick for measuring the events of the past nineteen and a half centuries of life on this planet, so might we in this old company of ours brand that era which ended this year as "B.C."—Before Cox.

It was in April last that the new dawn broke. After weeks of rumour and counter-rumour; of uncertainty, doubt and (aye, let's admit it!) incredulity, there came those electrifying headlines in the metropolitan press of the 6th and 7th of April:

**COX WINS FOYS BID. £4½ MILLION DEAL.**

**FOY SELLS. £4.7 MILLION.**

**COX PULLS OFF BIGGEST COUP.**

This was the biggest retail bid ever made in Australia. The terms were four Cox Brothers' 5/- shares and 25/- cash for each Foy £1 ordinary share. A condition of the offer was its acceptance by not less than 51% of the Foy ordinary shareholders. Indicative of the readiness of shareholders to welcome the new administration is the fact that by June 79.10% of the shares had passed to Cox Brothers. By 31st July the new owners had acquired no less than 98.35% of the company's ordinary capital, whilst at the time of printing its Annual Report Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd. was able to announce that holders of 99.8% of Foy's stock units had accepted the offer.

Could any change have been effected more smoothly? The sun of Cox Brothers had climbed into the Foy sky, "softly, as in a morning sunrise."

And what better time than in the beckoning light of a new dawn, to contemplate the events of yesterday—or the yesterdays which preceded it? The turned leaves of the calendar show that quite a few yesterdays have slipped into the limbo of time since the previous issue of "Service" appeared. Remember? It was in February last.

Coincidentally, it was in that issue that we reported an important development in Eagley Mills. This was the formation of a new company, EagleyKnitting Mills Pty. Ltd., in which the Mills (through the parent company) would combine with Crestknit Industries Limited to produce Eagley underwear and Crestknit outerwear. Thus the knitting side of the Mill production was completely separated from the woollen and worsted end.

Who could have foreseen then that this purely organisational move was to herald greater changes, not only in Oxford street but in Smith street, Bourke street and wherever else the Foy flag flew?

Yet come they did—as come they must. This world of ours is what it is today only as the result of the endless changes which have taken place since the Creation. And speaking of our common ancestor, it is well to bear in mind always that change is not necessarily synonymous with calamity. The arrival of Eve must have made a vital difference to Adam's lonely existence. There is, unfortunately, no record of his personal reactions to this "merger." Yet it must surely have been apparent to Adam, even within the limited perimeter of Eden itself, that the result was not entirely unfruitful.

Change, change—ever change. How often do we review the past and mark the stages of man's development? Of all living creatures, mankind has possibly altered most since the Dawn of Life. Not so much in appearance, perhaps, but in his mental processes.

By comparison, consider the giraffe, the turtle, the whale or the ant. So far as our knowledge extends, the specimens we know today are not only identical in conformation and colouring with the origins of their species, but they have retained the instincts and habits of countless centuries in directions like feeding, movement or self-preservation.
But not homo sapiens. A few aeons back, when some prehistoric young buck felt that he needed female help with the domestic chores, it was quite a daring excursion for him to dash over the nearest hill and club the woolly-looking daughter of a neighbouring clansman into submission. Today some of the descendants of that same young buck are probably working out the advantages of running water for purposes of personal hygiene?

Skip the centuries and recall what that peaceful "invasion-by-migration" of North America during the nineteenth century, by tens of thousands of Europeans, of all races, contributed to the development of that great country which we know as the United States.

Between these two extreme examples lies the story of human progress. We move. We merge. We emerge—and from each successive stage we step with greater knowledge. Yet such is the peculiarity of that "twist" in the make-up of most humans that, when change is imminent, many people become preoccupied by the mere mechanics of what is regarded as an unwanted disturbance of accustomed routines, and the ultimate benefits are not contemplated; sometimes not even foreseen.

History, both past and contemporary, shows this to be unwise. The ancient Britons no doubt took a poor view of the Roman invasion of their country. But would the British way of life have flowered as we see it today had our forebears not been taught by their Roman visitors such things as law making, road making—or even the advent details of how to spend the world's first honey-moon upon an interplanetary space platform!

Here in Australia, a sturdy, virile Commonwealth now proudly faces a world which once knew our land as a place of sparse settlement, in such widely separated outposts as Sydney and Hobart.

The trend can be seen on all sides. In world politics, Country "A" and Country "B" join forces as a bastion against Country "C." The columns of the newspapers almost befuddle us with their references to NATO, SEATO, ANZUS, EDC and other algebraic combinations. In home politics, "X Party" aligns itself with "Y Party" to maintain advantage over "Z Party."

In industry and commerce, resources of both manpower and material are being constantly amalgamated as companies of like interest decide that each is complementary to the other. We have seen bank merged with bank; a union of one great hotel with another; manufacturer join with distributor; factory linked with factory;
stores of varying origin and far apart in location brought under a common administration.

Another—and random—example is the doctor whose goal was an exclusive private practice. Now he is often happier to join with a colleague or two in the formation of a clinic. As a result, the patient is assured of constant and better service—and the doctor can be assured of a good night’s sleep!

In lighter vein, think of Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. Each in his sphere a tip-top artist. Yet bring them together in one film, and the public loves them more than ever.

Now we of the Foy organisation have felt the impact of changed conditions. New blood has quickened our pulse. We flex our muscles with added vigour. There are fresh faces among our ranks, as shoulder to shoulder we swing along the highway, springheeled and head erect. The road ahead has much to offer us. There will be the cheers as we pass each milestone and the joys of expectation as we sight our goal. And before us, outstretched to the breeze of this new dawn, is the banner we know so well, with its proud legend:

**FOY & GIBSON,**

for it has never been lost upon Cox Brothers that there is a wealth of sentiment attached to this old name. The people of Australia who have known it well since 1866 still put their trust in it!

In the preservation of the name under which we have served so long, there is to be found, too, the soothing touch to any who may have been momentarily disturbed by the events of this year. Repeat it to yourself, once more. "FOY & GIBSON." Note that ampersand. Both Mark Foy and his son Francis had known great success in conducting the old Collingwood store under the founder’s name only, Mark Foy. Even so, neither father nor son was unwilling to listen to the proposal of William Gibson that he join their enterprise as join he did, in 1883.

Thus the loyalty and affection shown to the organisation known as Foy & Gibson by staff and public alike during the ensuing 70-odd years was generated simply as the result of two men coming together. Today, not two men, but two large groups of men and women, two great and famous companies, have joined forces for a common good.

God—so say the irreligious—is with the big battalions. Three companies, namely:

- **Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited** . . . . with 2000 people
- **Foy & Gibson Limited** . . . . . with 1500 people
- **Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Limited** . . . . . with 1000 people
certainly make a mighty battalion, 4500 strong. United and strong, to serve the public of the Commonwealth.

‘Suicide blondes.’ Heard of ’em? Dyed by their own hands!
EDITORIAL

PHEW!

Been quite a year, hasn't it? The breezes of commerce caused a stir as they blew through the House of Foy. Amongst other things whisked aloft was "Service."

Not since February have we been able to put a copy of your magazine into your hands. It wasn't that we didn't have any news to give, or that we couldn't arrange the printing. Our real difficulty was that events moved so fast, in the earlier part of the year, that we couldn't keep up with them. Do you recall those strange weeks when it seemed that we were the richest retail prize in Australia—and everyone was trying to win us? Day after day almost, the press carried reports of new interests in our welfare; new bids for our possession. Myer's? Coles? Rockman's? Cox Bros.? Sears Roebuck? Never were we so popular. Never so sought after!

Then in April the final and successful move by Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited. The rest is now public knowledge. But, whilst all these alarums were sounding, we suffered editorial nightmares each time publication date came round. It was not only difficult to give definite commentaries about the present or as to the future, but we were faced with the ever-growing stack of news and reports from our good correspondents in distant places, who kept faith by sending in copy which, as quickly, became a little out of date when we could not find the opportunity to use it.

Now we have been faced with the unenviable task, on the one hand, of trying to "bridge the gap" between February and October, and on the other of sifting all that news about people and events which has been accumulating during recent months.

As a result, this present issue of "Service" is, in some parts, "a thing of shreds and patches."

If, however, some items should seem a little "dated"; if other articles should appear to be a rehash of information which has become known, through other channels, we can but plead that we have done our best to ensure a sort of continuity between issues. Our object has been to maintain the personal contact between headquarters and all those places where "Service" has hitherto been distributed and, we believe, read with interest.

From now on, our job should be much easier. We all know where we are and who we are. There's a firm future before us—and a very bright one. It is up to each and every one of us to play our part with energy and enthusiasm. And one of the best means of building a fine spirit within the new team is for each to know what the other fellow is like, both as a fellow-employee and as an individual. There is no better way of creating this "get-together" atmosphere than through the pages of "Service," which is published purely as a staff journal.

We therefore hope that all existing correspondents will be able to continue their splendid work and that those who have worked with them will continue their support. In other directions—and the pages of this issue will indicate where gaps exist—we hope that some friendly and right-minded people will pick up those idle pens and maintain a steady flow of news and reports about members of the Foy Family and the places in which they work.

In the past, "Service" has been praised from without as well as within our organisation for the representativeness of its coverage and its manner of presentation of the many and varied happenings in the lives of what is, after all, a fairly large body of Australian workers, of every type.

Let us keep "Service" in the proud position to which you all helped to raise it.

It just wouldn't be "Service" without a contribution from London. Here, from Mr. R. B. Thomson, London Office Manager, is this delightful scene in rural England. You are looking at the village green near Lutterworth, Leicestershire. The tree is a chestnut in blossom.

"Times" Photo.
A FRIENDLY FOUR — JUST LIKE BRIDGE!

The old Board table at Collingwood is a pretty massive piece of furniture. It needed to be, for when the former Board met, it had to seat at least twelve people—eleven Directors and the Secretary. Today, under the new administration, the Board has been streamlined. So compact is our new “Cabinet” that they could almost sit around a card table. For they number only four. The new Board of Foy & Gibson Limited consists of Sir Frank Richardson (Chairman), with Messrs. Herbert Fogelstrom Journeaux, John Norman Watt and Llewellyn Eli Williams.

In time, we shall undoubtedly get to know our new leaders very well, for each is a friendly type, and at least three of them will be likely to move among us freely and fairly frequently. Meanwhile, here are a few details of the lives and achievements of these men, to serve as a sort of “introduction” to the new-comers until such time as readers can add to their own knowledge from physical meetings.

Not that he would wish it, but because he was, after all, the spearhead of the move which brought our old company under the aegis of a much younger one, do we give first greeting to Sir Frank Richardson himself, our new Chairman.

Many of you will surely have formed already some sort of mental picture of this dynamic man, for much was written of him in the newspapers at the time when the successful bid of Cox Brothers was announced.

To “fill in the gaps” we will endeavour to sketch Sir Frank’s career on a “Question and Answer” basis rather than the usual biographical notes. This should serve a double purpose, for it could be that a number of people have asked themselves questions about this man who has had such a meteoric success. We have heard it said: “Is Sir Frank a merchandise man or a financial wizard?”

Well, we can but point to two widely spaced periods of his life.

As a child, Frank Richardson lived in Kerang, where his parents kept a store. Thus, heredity possibly, and environment certainly, must have influenced him, to some extent, in the direction of storekeeping. It’s not impossible that, as a child, he may even have sucked a docket pencil! Years later he was to play an important part in dealing with merchandise of every type, on a colossal scale, during World War II., when acting in an honorary capacity, as Deputy Chairman of the Business Board of the Defence Department. Through this agency, expenditure for defence purposes was at the rate of some £500,000,000 per annum towards the end of the war! Then, when hostilities ceased, Sir Frank was appointed Deputy Chairman of the Commonwealth Disposals Commission which, after five years of very active work, netted £130,000,000 from the disposal of surplus war assets. So never be surprised if Sir Frank Richardson picks up a shirt or a cup and saucer, and regards it with an expert eye.

To those who say, “What is he like to look at?” we point to the photograph herewith. Did any company ever win a nicer looking, happier looking Chairman? “How old is he?” Well, H. F. Richardson was born in Bendigo in October, 1901. So he is not as old as the century we live in.

Sir Frank Richardson

From the boyhood stage, the road ahead of the young Richardson forked in many directions. He went to school at All Saints Grammar, St. Kilda, and later studied at the University of Tasmania. Then came a brief period when he was Junior House Master at the Friends School, Hobart.

For a time, Melbourne knew him as a salesman with the Burroughs Adding Machine Company. Then came the great turning point of his life. He joined Cox Brothers in 1922 as a salesman in their Fitzroy Store. From then on, the man we now know as Sir Frank Richardson climbed faster than a jet propelled plane. The story of his own rise to fame is much the story of the phenomenal growth and progress of the Cox Brothers company too. The latter epic, which does not belong in this column, we hope to treat in greater detail in the following issue of “Service.”

The name of Herbert Fogelstrom Journeaux undoubtedly rings with a brand new note in many ears among our own ranks. Yet, in other spheres of business life in Melbourne, Mr. Journeaux is very well known. What’s more, he has been well known for a long time, for he was born in Prahran. By calling he is a stockbroker, being the senior partner in the old established firm of H. Byron Moore, Day and Journeaux. A razor sharp mind combined a sixth and even a seventh sense where finance is
concerned, however, has led to his services as a Director being frequently sought. He is a member of the Board of a number of our best known companies. The success of these companies is a tribute to his knowledge and judgment. The sheer variety of enterprises which these firms represent—they have included mining, hotels, breweries, foodstuff manufacture and cinemas—is an indication of the versatility of our new Director.

When Mr. Journeaux finds time for relaxation, he favours golf, but he is keenly interested, too, in racing, being a member of the V.R.C. and V.A.T.C.

One interesting facet of Mr. Journeaux's life is that he attended the same school as Sir Frank Richardson—All Saints Grammar School, St. Kilda. But we doubt if he could have been a shining example to his future colleague in those days, because he would have been well away from desk and sports field long before Sir Frank played with his first rattle!

The longer one knows John Watt the more likely is it that some new quality will be discovered. But at first meeting, two things, possibly, impress most. One, an almost boyish look. The other, paradoxically, an air of quiet but firm confidence. Actually, however, it is not surprising that he possesses these two characteristics, for he is a young man. He is 36. Conversely, he has crammed into his comparatively brief manhood an extraordinary number of activities, all of which would call for the exercise of quick, firm and reliable decisions.

As a boy, he attended the Mont Albert Central School, then moved on to University High. An active interest in sport made him a member of the cricket and football teams for three years. Then came perhaps the first recognition of his qualities for leadership. He was a prefect during his final year.

In 1934 he entered the service of the Commonwealth Bank in Collins street, thus beginning what possibly seemed to him at the time a very promising career.

But, as was the experience of many other young men of the time, the outbreak of war changed all that. In October, 1939, J. N. Watt was mobilised for full-time duty in the Australian Army Pay Corps, and in February, 1941, he embarked with the A.I.F. for Malaya as Assistant Staff Paymaster. The Staff Paymaster was D. M. Ferguson, now well known in wide circles as the present President of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association. In February, 1942, the Staff Paymaster was ordered back to Australia, and Mr. Watt was left in Malaya in command of the A.A.P.C. troops, numbering about 100. He was raised to the rank of Major, his promotion being effective as from February 11. Unhappily, the tide went against the Allies in this theatre of war, and on February 15, 1942, John Watt became a prisoner of war. Even so, the determined young major managed to recover the finance records of the 19,000 Australian troops in Malaya, and, to quote his own words: "With the magnificent assistance of all members of the unit, including Geoffrey Hall (until recently Deputy Manager of Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd. Victorian Branches,
and now that company's Methods Manager), the records were reconstructed, buried, and finally returned to Australia."

Back to civil life, Mr. Watt joined Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited in February, 1946, as Head Office Accountant. Three years later he became Deputy General Manager of Cox Brothers. He held this very important position until a few weeks ago, when he was appointed to the Board of Foy & Gibson Limited. Since then he has assumed executive rank in our organisation, with his recent appointment as Deputy General Manager (Administration).

Here indeed is a career-in-a-“nutshell.” J. N. Watt has covered far more ground than most men of his age. Yet his responsibilities sit upon him lightly. So boyish his smile and deferential his manner, that in school blazer and cap once again he would still today look very much as we can imagine him as the University High prefect of some 20 years ago.

Nor have the cares of office deflected him from a young man's pursuits. In the post-war years he was captain and coach of the East Malvern hockey team for some time, and he has also played a good deal of tennis. Married and with two children, a boy seven and a girl aged four, J. N. Watt is a splendid example of a young Australian who has made good along a road which has not been without handicaps.

Only the comparative newcomer will need an introduction to Mr. L. E. Williams, for already he has over 20 years' service with Foys. This alone marks him out among the present Board, but he has the added distinction of being the only member of the former Foy Board to continue in office under the new administration.

Llewellyn Eli Williams came to us in 1935 with a well established reputation in the house furnishing field. Among other stores, Myer's, Buckley & Nunn, and Beard Watson in Sydney, had all known him as an able buyer and department manager before we welcomed him to the management of the carpet department in the City Store. Shortly after that, he began a series of rapid moves both as to location and responsibility. When we opened the Foy-Ackman Store in Flinders Street in 1938, Mr. Williams became its first Manager. After the building had been taken over for Government needs during the war, Mr. Williams returned to the City Store, where in 1948 he was appointed Store Manager. With the formation of the subsidiary companies in 1950, L. E. Williams became a Director of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., a position which he still holds, and in 1951 he stepped up to the General Managership of the entire Retail Organisation. This was followed by his appointment to the parent Board in November, 1951.

With a manner quiet almost to the point of shyness, Mr. Williams is nevertheless a warm-hearted man with a sympathetic ear for all staff matters. Anyone who had time to stand outside his office for a week would be astounded at the number of people who enter it for counsel or a quick decision. He will surely be a very valuable guide to the new Directors who, to some extent, may have to “feel their way” before they get to know each and every one of us, as they show every indication of wanting to do.

WISDOM

We seldom quote other journals, but the following extract from American “Time” caught the eye of Jack Goldie, City Store. We like it too.

"You can buy a man's time, you can buy a man's physical presence at a given place; you can even buy a measured number of skilled muscular motions per hour or day. But you cannot buy initiative; you cannot buy loyalty; you cannot buy the devotion of hearts, minds and souls. You have to earn these things.”

"Time" was reporting a speech made by the President of General Foods Incorporated.

CRACKERS?

Faces were red in Store 8 Collingwood a while back when a man walked in inquiring for “Foy & Gibson's Receiving HOME.” To make matters worse, the bloke wanted to deliver a bag of nuts! Before any damage was done, it was discovered that the Grocery Department HAD placed an order.

A CIVIC SINEW

When burly, popular Ernie Jones, of the Boys' Clothing, City Store, enters the Council Chambers at Brunswick he is greeted as Councillor E. H. Jones, for our energetic colleague was returned unopposed, for the second time, at the 1955 elections. In addition to his chairmanship of several municipal committees, Cr. Jones is now Manager of the Fawkner Cemetery Trust.
In the relatively short space of time that we have known him as our new Chairman—and having regard to his limited opportunities, as yet, to make contact with each and every section of our large organisation—there has developed a warm personal regard for Sir Frank Richardson wherever he has moved within our ranks.

On all sides one hears quick comment upon his ready smile and friendly manner and his unassuming approach to all people. He has a nature as buoyant as his physical movements.

Couched in the every-day phrases of rank-and-filers, the comments which we have overheard upon the personality of our new Chairman have been most enlightening. They indicate that in Sir Frank we have an inspiring leader to captain the Foy team—in the great commercial games to be played from now on.

But the most unusual comment to reach our ears came from one of our long service employees. The day after the news broke that the control of our company would pass to Cox Brothers, we (speaking editorially) we needed to be in the office at Eagley Mills, talking to Miss Lottie Taylor. With more than 41 years' service behind her, Miss Taylor has been in the Mill office since 1944, but for years after she joined the company in April, 1914, she worked in the Retail General Office in Collingwood. Back in the early 1920's there was much mechanisation going on in Collingwood office which had its beginning, of course, in the pen-and-ink days of the last century. Consequently, there were many visits by representatives of firms handling office equipment, and particularly accounting machines. Among these callers was a young, enthusiastic salesman named H. F. Richardson.

During our chat on 7th April last, Lottie Taylor spoke of the tremendous deal completed by Cox Brothers through their Chairman, Sir Frank Richardson, and Lottie's reaction was most enthusiastic. "This is good news," she exclaimed. "There couldn't be a better man. Well do I remember the old days in Collingwood Office, when Mr. Richardson would call and we girls would nudge each other and say, 'There's that nice young man from Burroughs.'"

Where more appropriate, therefore, than the front cover of this issue of "Service," the first to be published since the administration of our company passed to new hands, to recall these words of one employee, which are now being echoed on all sides as our new Chairman mingles more and more each day with people, at all levels, within the Foy stores.

"That nice young man from Burroughs," still boyish looking, notwithstanding a sprinkling of silver atop, thoroughly enjoyed himself at the Foy Ball on Tuesday, 13th September. Our picture shows him happily watching a presentation of flowers to Lady Richardson at the moment of their arrival at the Palais, St. Kilda. The bouquet was tendered by Mrs. Les McEwan, Jnr., daughter-in-law of the Secretary of the Gibsonia Social Club, with Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Williams in beaming attendance.

``
Salesman to Mill Manager: Are you interested in coarse yarns?
M.M.: Sure! Tell me some.
``

Foy's Humpty Dumpty float in the 1955 Moomba was an all-round staff triumph. The float itself was constructed by our Maintenance and Display men under the guidance of Arthur Beveridge, whilst Len Francisco, Alan Day, Ron Wilson and Brian Hadley gave tremendous support as clowns. "On deck" on right is Maria Malynka, City Store.

ONE WAY TO GET A BABY!

There's no doubt about life in a department store. Even the drudgery jobs have their lighter side. Not so long ago the Baby Furniture in the City Store had to be transferred from the First Floor to the Fourth. The job had to be done hurriedly to make room for the dry-cleaning section, which itself made an emergency move in from Manton's, next door.

Consequently it was a case of all hands to the plough. The passenger lifts were commandeered. A team of men on the First Floor pushed the prams in. Another gang was waiting on the top floor, and hurriedly ran them to their position in the new location. Up at the receiving end the technique was (in order to clear the lifts quickly), grab two prams. Push one, pull the other, was the routine.

In charge of operations on the new floor was Manager George Assender. As the prams hurtled towards him, he lined them up as straight as a military file. But as he placed in position the second of the pair which salesman Bob Ivezic had just brought along, he happened to look inside it. And there, to his horror, was a baby. Feeling quite sure this had not been in stock before the move began, the hue and cry began as to when and where Junior had been popped into the pram. Fortunately, the mystery was solved very quickly. So quickly that not even the mother knew that her offspring was missing.

"On deck" on right is Maria Malynka, City Store.
In almost each year of our long history we have said farewell to a few good friends. For one reason or another, colleagues at work move away from us. They have retired after long service or because of ill-health. They may have left to work elsewhere.

We are thinking, of course, not so much of the restless youngster who may fly from one job to another after only a month or two with us, but the workmate who has stood beside us over a period of years.

Thus, in any one issue we might take leave of two or three old friends; perhaps even a dozen. But now we have occasion to refer to a large-scale exodus, for, with the separation of Eagley Mills from the Foy retail organisation, following the acquisition of control of the latter by Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited, almost 1000 people suddenly ceased to be Foy employees. Instead, they became the ready-made personnel of Eagley Mills Limited, or its associated company, Eagley Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd.

In a way, it came rather as a shock to realise that so many fellow-workers were still so near, geographically (for the main doorway of the Mills is still but a stone's throw from the Foy Board Room in Collingwood), yet so far removed by the new status of the two companies.

But though all these good people have now disappeared from our payroll, we not only think of them as stout friends, but remember the parts they played in the writing of the long history of our old company.

Because their number is so great, we cannot refer to each of them by name. Among them, however, is a group numbering no less than 185, each of whom served Foy & Gibson Limited for a period of 20 years or more. Many, of course, were with that company for double that period. There are even three whose record of service exceeds 50 years.

With Eagley Mills still, as at the 30th September last, were:

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. V. AINSWORTH</td>
<td>28</td>
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<td>J. W. ASTON</td>
<td>21</td>
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<td>S. ASTON</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>Miss M. T. BARRY</td>
<td>40</td>
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<td>F. BARTLETT</td>
<td>34</td>
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<td>C. A. BASEDON</td>
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<td>A. BATES</td>
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<td>C. BATTSS</td>
<td>41</td>
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<td>R. BERTRAM (since retired)</td>
<td>24</td>
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<td>J. L. BEST</td>
<td>20</td>
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<td>W. F. BEST</td>
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<td>J. BIRD</td>
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<td>Miss A. BOUCH</td>
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<td>G. F. CHATFIELD</td>
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<td>W. W. COCHRANE</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. COLE</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. K. CONYBEAR</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. R. CORNISH</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Despite the separation of Eagley Mills from Foy's, there was strong representation from Oxford Street at the 1955 Foy Ball. Standing, left to right, are Max Graham, Mrs. Wilma Brain, Mrs. Thelma Lewis, Barry Burman, Shirley McMaster, Geoff Swain, Beverley Sampson, Bob Crammond, Mrs. Olive Gardiner and Mrs. Jean Seeliger. Seated are Mr. J. S. Wilson and Mr. Peter Howson, Chairman and Deputy Chairman respectively of Eagley Mills Ltd.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. H. CRAIG</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. CROFT</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. A. CURRAN</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. DANIELS</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. DONNELLY</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. DUDLEY</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. J. DUFFIN</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss I. EDDINGTON</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss J. EVENDON</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. W. FEDLEY</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss N. M. FEDLEY</td>
<td>28</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss M. A. FEDLEY</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. FIELD</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. FLYNN</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. K. FOOTE</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. E. FREELAND</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. FRENCH</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. E. GAGINO</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. R. GALL</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss A. V. GAYLARD</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. GILBERT</td>
<td>37</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. C. GOUGH</td>
<td>30</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. GRACE</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. GREEN</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss D. I. GREGORY</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. GREY</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HARRY GRIFFITHS</td>
<td>32</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. V. GRIFFITHS</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. H. HACKING</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. G. HALL</td>
<td>33</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. C. HAMILTON</td>
<td>31</td>
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<tr>
<td>A. C. HAND</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>V. C. HARRISON</td>
<td>33</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. J. HARVEY</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss A. S. HAY</td>
<td>36</td>
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<tr>
<td>F. T. HENDERSON</td>
<td>41</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. HENDERSON</td>
<td>44</td>
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<tr>
<td>E. HENTHORN</td>
<td>41</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. R. HILL</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. HIRST</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. J. HOCKING</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. HOLMES</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. HOLMES</td>
<td>34</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. J. HOWARD</td>
<td>41</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. A. HUNTER</td>
<td>31</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. HUTCHBY</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. R. HUTCHINSON</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. G. HYDE</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss V. L. IRWIN</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. T. JAMES</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. H. JENKINSON</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. JENKINSON</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. M. JOBE</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. R. KELLOWS</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss C. KENYON</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss M. KENYON</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. A. KERR</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. A. LAURITZ</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N. McALLEY</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. H. McBEATH</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss A. McPHERSON</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. MANIFOID</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. O. MARTYN</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss N. MEAD</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. MEARS</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss F. I. MIDDLETON</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. M. MILLARD</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. MITCHELL</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. P. MULINS</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss M. MULVAHILL</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. D. MURRAY</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. NATTRASS</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. M. NISBETT</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss F. M. O'MEARA</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss C. PAGE</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. C. PHILLIPS</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. P. PORTER</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. G. J. POTTER</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. POWER</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. PRIDHAM</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss A. F. REED</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. RODGER</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. W. RUFFIN</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. J. SCANLON</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. SHAW</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss D. SHERRY</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. M. SHERRY</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. SMITH</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. A. SPARKS</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss G. J. SPENCER</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The main street of Clovelly, Devon, being so steep that vehicular traffic is impossible, this little donkey is the "delivery van." One of the unusual scenes remembered by Thelma Bassett (Perth) from her recent trip abroad.
An additional group has passed (as at 30th August last) to the payroll of G. Michell & Sons, makers of wool tops, who now occupy part of the Mill premises:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. B. WEIL</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. J. WEST</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss M. WEST</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. H. WILEMAN</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B. A. WILLIAMS</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. J. WILLIAMS</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. J. WILSON</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>D. A. WOOD</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. WOOD (since retired)</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. WOODS</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. M. YOUNG</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The following former Mill employees had, by 30th September last, become employees of Eagley Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd.:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>G. L. ADAMS</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. COLLINGWOOD</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss I. L. HALL</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. A. E. HOGAN</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss D. M. LUCE</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss K. E. McNALLY</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. G. PHILLIPS</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. RODGER</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F. SHELTON</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss A. SPARKES</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. STEPHEN</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss M. WELLS</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. I. YOUNG</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Another group has passed (as at 30th August last) to the payroll of G. Michell & Sons, makers of wool tops, who now occupy part of the Mill premises:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. J. DUDLEY</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. HENDERSON</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. MILLER</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. SHAW</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Finally, there are those who have left the Mill organisation altogether this year. These are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Years of Service</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. J. ADAMS</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. M. APPLEYARD</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. J. BAILEY</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss J. BLAKEMAN</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. J. CROKE</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss L. E. EARL</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. G. M. FIELD</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K. J. HILL</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss D. A. HUNT</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L. JENZS</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss G. M. JOBE</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss B. KENYON</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss R. KILBY</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss T. KIRKWOOD</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. J. S. KNIGHT</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. LAW (since deceased)</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss I. C. M. McNAIR</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. D. MOLLISON</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss C. R. J. MORGAN</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. G. A. SANDERS</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. J. STAPLETON</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss G. H. STEELE</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss E. L. TURNER</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. WOODBURN</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miss K. WRIGHT</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One other name worthy of inclusion among these veterans is that of Mr. John Mitchell, who has transferred to Michell’s as Manager. A former Foy & Gibson identity with 10 years’ service, Mr. Mitchell was, of course, very well known throughout Eagley Mills, as he still is.

To each of those named above we express warm appreciation of their long and devoted service to Foy’s, through their association with Eagley Mills, and we wish them happiness, prosperity and good health under the new regimes.

Four other names, familiar to all in Foy’s, which are now prominently associated with the Mill interests, are those of Messrs. J. S. Wilson, Peter Howson, J. B. Arnold and L. R. Hill, all members of the former Board of Foy & Gibson Limited, and now Directors of Eagley Mills Limited. Mr. Wilson is Chairman of the Mill Board, Mr. Howson Deputy Chairman, whilst Mr. Lance Hill is General Manager as well as a Director.

**WE WISH THEM WELL**

During recent weeks, a few well-known executives have moved from our midst. Some have gone to good positions elsewhere; one retired; and another has moved his home to another State, for family reasons.

To these good people we extend, through these pages, one final hand-shake, and we do hope that each, in his or her new sphere, will enjoy full success. They are:

- Mrs. L. C. Boulton (Buyer, Frocks, City).
- Mr. S. J. Bowman (Manager, Woollen Manchester, City).
- Mr. F. L. Gurry (Manager, Carpets, City).
- Miss E. McBride (Buyer, Dressing Gowns and Overalls, City).
- Miss D. Olds (Buyer, Teen and Twenty Frocks, City).
- Mr. H. M. Potter (Manager, Linos, City).
- Miss Ruth Watt (Buyer, Economy Frocks, City).

Mr. Robert O’Donnell (Fashion Controller) is another who has moved on to new fields, and we miss also the friendly smile of Miss Agnes Barry, who left, more recently, after many years’ service in the Ladies’ Shoes, as saleswoman and supervisor.

Thelma Bassett, Perth, saw Jumbo take a bath in the Colombo Zoo.
IT WAS BACK TO THE GOOD OLD PALAIS!

The Committee of the Combined Gibsonia Social Club showed great wisdom in deciding to hold this year's Annual Ball at the Palais de Danse, St. Kilda. We have had many happy gatherings in other years at the St. Kilda Town Hall, and no one could deny the attraction, from all angles, of that magnificent ballroom.

But whether it be that even longer associations make us more sentimental, the old Palais by the beach at St. Kilda seems to have an appeal all of its own. To a great extent, no doubt, memory plays a great part here. For the present writer the St. Kilda Palais was the venue of his first Foy Ball. That was in 1938. As later (but, at the time, quite unforeseen), events influenced our lives in general, that was also the last Foy Ball to be held at this well loved landmark on the Esplanade. With the outbreak of war, the Palais was commandeered for urgent national use. So well was the building used that the famous floor suffered, and several post-war years passed before suitable timbers could be obtained to renew a floor over which millions of feet have glided and turned.

So we gathered again this year under the roof which had not echoed our laughter and the buzz of happy conversation since pre-war days. But for many of those who enjoyed themselves so thoroughly on Tuesday, the 13th September, there was even more than the lure of the happy atmosphere. For those who were beyond the teenage years there were recollections of the important part which the Palais had played in times well antedating the 1939-45 war. Many present could remember the Palais as the place of their first dance, quite often, the first place where they took a sweetheart of the youthful years. What's more, that girl friend of the 1920's had become the wife—sometimes the mother—of the 1950's, and she, too, as she nestled a little closer to her lifelong partner, had good reason to view the Palais as something more than the beautifully proportioned and decorated hall that it is today.

All told, nearly 1000 members of the Foy Family and their friends contributed to the huge success of the 1955 Ball. A gathering of this nature is

Between dances at the Annual Ball. Left of table, left to right, Mrs. Alfred Brown, Mr. A. J. Thomas (Deputy General Manager, Merchandise, of Foy's) and Mrs. Thomas. Right of table, Mr. Alf Brown (Merchandising Manager, Cox Bros.), Lady Richardson and Sir Frank Richardson (Chairman of both Foy's and Cox Bros.).
good at any time. For the first time for a whole year, in many cases, people from various units of our organisation meet under the happiest conditions; happy in one way because they are free from the cares of workaday routines.

But this year the Ball had a new significance. During the months beforehand we had all known a certain tension when uncertainty existed as to where our old company was heading and who was to guide its destinies in the future. So, following the announcement that Cox Bros. were "in the saddle," there came a sort of pause when we could breathe more easily. As a result, the Ball, with its opportunity for contacts, discussions and the renewing of friendships, was almost in the nature of a "safety valve." There we were, representative of all sections, looking very much as we did the year before, except that the recent news of the new ownership had undoubtedly acted like a "shot in the arm." For all was the prospect not only of a very enjoyable night, but a future of hope, in which we would still move on together, almost as before, from the personal angle.

Where we knew a difference from other days was in that twist of circumstances which had separated us from our colleagues in Eagley Mills. Yet, on the night of September 13, even this break was not greatly in evidence, for the Mill people, although now functioning under a separate administration, had still known the "pull" of the Foy Ball, and there was quite a solid contingent of workers from Oxford street and their friends to mingle with us as we danced, or to lighten and brighten the cabaret tables as we supped and sipped. Here, as in life itself, the laws of compensation were applied. Whilst some faces, familiar in other years, were missing, we were intrigued by the opportunity to see and to meet—for many of those present for the first time—a group of executives of Cox Bros. Having lots of fun this night were George Bitcon (General Manager), Alf Brown (Merchandise Manager), Vernon Tilley (Secretary), Ken James (Chief Accountant), Geoff Hall (Methods Manager) and Penrod Dean (Manager for Victoria and Riverina), with their smiling wives.

And, setting an example of "how-to-enjoy-an-evening-to-the-fullest," were Sir Frank and Lady Richardson. Our one regret when the Ball was over was that our photographer was not nimble enough to catch up with Sir Frank as he stepped it out on the floor like another Fred Astaire. Our new Chairman obviously gets to know his people as much by literally rubbing shoulders with them as from talking from behind a desk.

No one wanted to miss a dance at the Annual Ball, but they had to sit down sometimes. Our camera caught (left to right) J. Glen Doig, Vernon Tilley (Secretary, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.), Mrs. Tilley, F. A. Houghton (Secretary, Foy & Gibson Ltd.), Mrs. Houghton, Alan Durham (Store Manager, Prahran), Mrs. Durham and Mrs. Doig.

Collingwood was well represented at the 1955 Annual Ball. Left of table, Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Myers with Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Holland. Bernie's in the Lay-by Reserve: Lennie works in Despatch. Right of table (at back), Eileen Scanlon, Frances Johnson and Mardi Stanley (all on Switchboard) with Mrs. Mona Reeves (Fitzroy Dining Room).
This must have been a good one! Enjoying a joke to the extent that they did not notice the photographer are Alan Durham (Store Manager, Prahran), Evelyn Bailey (General Manager's Secretary), Allen Houghton (the Company's Secretary) and Heather Doig (wife of Staff Controller, Glen Doig). Snapped at the Annual Ball.

Naturally, our own General Manager, Mr. L. E. Williams, was very active throughout the evening, ably and most fashionably abetted by Mrs Williams. In fact, we have rarely seen a man wear so surprised a look as Mr. Williams when, towards the end of a graceful partnership on the floor with Lady Richardson, the orchestra suddenly stopped—to permit the compere to announce that Lady Richardson and Mr. Williams had won the Monte Carlo prize! Believe it or not, there was no wire pulling or favouritism about this. They simply happened to be on the all-important spot at the prescribed moment. The expression on Lady Richardson's face as she received her gift of a lovely scarf reminded us of a school girl receiving her first prize.

Would that we could name many of the other personalities who contributed to the brightness of this memorable night. As we have reported, however, there were nearly 1000 people present. The others must therefore rest easily—as they may prefer—beneath a cloak of anonymity. Yet, this very reference to a cloak brings to mind the lovely frocks we saw on all sides. Whether it be that the influence of the department store background has any effect upon personal taste we do not know, but the throngs of lovely women added light and colour to the floor of the Palais to an even greater extent than the magnificent ceiling lanterns. They created a scene and a standard of beautiful dressing which would have been hard to surpass.

The organising of a party of this magnitude calls for a lot of detailed planning, and we of Foy's are fortunate in having such a hard-working, knowledgeable and enthusiastic team as contained in the Committee of the Combined Social Club. Apart from all the work involved in the presentation of the night itself, there was much preparatory work, particularly in the direction of ticket selling. Tribute is due and is hereby paid to:

Miss Pat Strapp, Mrs. P. Walters, Arthur Dorman and Gerald Kirkham (Prahran)
Reg Pestell and Austin Little (City)
Miss D. McKenzie and Bert Cornish (Mill)
Miss B. Gall (Collingwood Office)
Len Holland (Collingwood Store)
Ron Hayson (Fitzroy Store)

Supper time at the Melbourne Ball. Back of table, left to right, Mrs. L. E. Williams, Mr. Williams, Mr. J. N. Watt, Mrs. Watt. Front of table, Mrs. G. A. Bitcon, Mr. Bitcon (General Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.), Mr. Peter Howson and friend.
who met under energetic and resourceful Chair-
man Laurie Marshall (Fitzroy).
Nor do we forget the tireless efforts of Rod
Sinclair (Treasurer, City) and the indefatigable
Secretary, Les McEwan (City Store).
And as a result of the Committee's efforts we
are moved to express finally our thanks to Mary
Theodore (City Store) and to her and Tommy
Davidson and his men our appreciation of the
splendid music which they contributed, the former
as a soprano; the latter, for dance rhythm which
is in world class.

News from Adelaide
By Margaret Ashwood

A STATE-WIDE ASSET
February was a "red-letter" month for South
Australia, particularly Adelaide, for we saw the
near-completion of a big project which had been
in progress for a long time. The pumps of the
Mannum to Adelaide pipeline were put into
action, and the water which we so desperately
needed started to flow through from the River
Murray.

The level of our reservoirs was dangerously
low; in fact, Mount Bold, our largest, was shut
off altogether, whilst Millbrook (which when it
was first built submerged a township) was so low
that the ruins of the township and an old bridge
were showing above the water level. In Feb-
uary, however, the new pipeline was completed
sufficiently to enable water to be pumped through
to the top of the Mount Lofty Ranges and then
guided down a creek into the River Torrens and
eventually into Millbrook Reservoir. The instal-
lations are not yet complete, but the pipeline,
when working at full capacity, will pump 56 mil-
lion gallons of water a day into Adelaide's reser-
voirs and so to our mains.

With the opening of the pipeline, the imposing
of water restrictions in Adelaide was relaxed for
the first summer for several years. We hope that
the Mannum pipeline, together with the new
South Para reservoir, which is now under con-
struction, will solve Adelaide's water problems.

ANNUAL BALL
Our Annual Ball was held at the Windsor Ball-
room, North Terrace, on Thursday, 7th July.
With an attendance of 300, the ball was voted
a huge success by all.

SOCIAL CLUB
The Gibsonia Social Club's Annual Picnic, held,
at Long Gully on Sunday, 30th October, was
thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. There was
transport for those without vehicles of their own,
and drinks and ice-cream, in abundance, for the
kiddies—and also the adults.

Tennis-courts were hired, also a running track,
it being hoped that the latter might whittle down
some of those waistlines. We had in mind some
of the newly-weds, who seem to be doing well,
contrary to popular belief, on their own cooking.
We are unable to vouch for the husbands.

Plans are in hand for the Children's Christmas
Party, with, of course, a visit from Father
Christmas. Then will come the Staff Christmas
Social.

We are happy to report that the Club has sev-
eral new members, and during the year several
competitions have been run to raise funds for
the Spastic Children's Appeal.

A big birthday blow by Margaret and
Dianna, children of Mr. and Mrs. J. A.
Herde. Mr. Herde is Furniture Buyer in
Adelaide.

SPORT
The Gibsonia Social Club Table Tennis Team
carried off the premiership this year in Division
11 of the S.A. Table Tennis Association. Our
successful team consisted of Lloyd Gunter, Brian
Odgers and Dick Cossey. Brian did not lose a
game throughout the whole season. Congratula-
tions to a great team!

Electric Light Cricket commenced on 18th Oc-
tober, and our team is competing in B Grade.
Last year we were defeated in the final. This
year we should have another very good season,
with high hopes of taking our first premiership.
FAREWELL — AND HAIL!

We have said good-bye to the following buyers: Miss Noblett, Miss Auld, Miss Scoble, Miss Garland, and welcome the following: Mr. C. G. Cook (Electrical and Hardware), Mrs. R. W. Keane (Frock), Mrs. W. E. Smith (Babywear), Mrs. R. E. Schermer (Knitwear), Mrs. E. M. Grant (Gloves) and Mr. T. W. Murphy (Ladies' Shoes).

PROMOTION

Mr. Clarrie Sisson, Staff Supervisor, has also been appointed Controller of the following departments:—Dress Fabrics, Baby Furniture, Ladies' Shoes, Underclothing and Corsets. Our heartiest congratulations.

With an Outstanding Record, Mr. Amies Says "Good-Bye"

With the resignation (in agreement with the incoming Cox administration) of ten of the eleven members of the former Foy Board, a well-known and remarkable figure has passed from our midst. He is Mr. C. W. P. Amies.

Possessing the distinctive Christian names Charles Wenman Pilgrim, Mr. Amies, whether he knew it or not, was as often referred to by his Managers and others, in discussions among themselves, as “Poppa” and even “Daddy.” When a man acquires a readily used nickname of this nature, it is a sure sign that his presence and personality are constantly in the minds of those with whom he worked. It would certainly be difficult for anyone not to know or remember Charles Amies, for, all told, he served the Foy organisation for over 61 continuous years. He thus eclipses what we always regarded as the exceptionally long service of Fred Bellamy, of Collingwood, who retired a year or two back, after 57½ years’ service.

But what adds such lustre to Mr. Amies’ long association—and what he achieved during six decades—is his remarkable progress from a position of almost junior salesman behind the counter in the Smith Street Store, through a succession of high executive offices, to his seat on the Board of the parent company. Even at that Board table he saw longer service than the majority of his colleagues.

It was in 1894 that Mr. Amies joined Foy’s. Born in the little township of North Walsham, near Norwich, C. W. P. Amies completed his apprenticeship as a draper in England, and was hardly out of his teens when he arrived in Melbourne. He was promptly given a job by William Gibson himself in the Dress Materials section of the old Collingwood Store. In those days such fashion departments carried impressive stocks, for whether the need be for a simple cloth or a most expensive fabric, the demand then was for material by the yard rather than the ready-made dress. Far more people attended to, or arranged for, their own dressmaking at that period.

Not only was Charles Amies a good salesman. He had a nice eye for display. Not surprising, therefore, when William Gibson decided to extend his business to Western Australia, in 1896, that one of the first jobs in Western Australia was offered to Mr. Amies. He accepted without hesitation. In doing so, he began to climb the ladder.

Before long he was appointed buyer. Then, in the early 1920’s, he was sent abroad on his first buying mission. Other trips followed. It was a quiet insight of William Gibson’s administration to have joint managers in his stores. When, therefore, George Freeman and George Rae relinquished their management in Perth, Mr. Gibson brought together in new joint managership, John Conochie and Charles W. P. Amies. The former, being the accountant in Western Australia, contributed strength in finance, Mr. Amies, of course, had wide knowledge of merchandise.

For forty years the Perth Store was merely a branch store within the Melbourne organisation, like Prahran, Fitzroy or Adelaide as we know them today. In 1936, however, the Perth business was converted into a public company, and Mr. Amies became the first General Manager.

He had hardly got into his stride in his new capacity, however, when wider fields beckoned. In Melbourne John McCallon, who had been General Manager of Foy’s for five years, left, and the Melbourne Board sent for Charles Amies. The new store in Bourke street having been completed and opened in that year, the Directors knew the need not only for an experienced merchandise man but one who was familiar with the administration of the Foy organisation.

And so C. W. P. Amies severed his very long connection with Perth, and came to Melbourne as the new General Manager. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Managing Director, and it is interesting to note that he was the first and only Managing Director which this company has had.

The city store having been safely launched, Mr. Amies relinquished the Managing Directorship in 1939, and was succeeded in his administration by Mr. G. S. Moore, who resumed the title of General Manager. Mr. Amies, of course, retained his seat on the parent Board, where he remained until the control of our organisation passed to Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited, this year.

In our recollections of Charles Amies in Melbourne, we remember him as a man easily ap-

Testing the merry-go-round on City Store roof, prior to its erection at Christmas Carnival are: Pat Byrne, Jimmy Masterton, Geoff Bridges, Les Hosking and Vick Reid. Back turned and "lending his weight" for the trial is Jim Graham. (Note: City Maintenance blokes are not as hard worked as this all the time!)
proached and friendly in his response. He moved freely and constantly through all departments during his term of executive office, and it is fair to say that the warm regard which staff on all sides felt for him was stimulated by the equally friendly contacts made, throughout the stores, by Mrs. Amies.

Neither of them will be forgotten by those of us who remain. If he had achieved nothing else, the lifelong service of Charles Amies will always stand as a fine example of the opportunities which exist in the world of retailing for a man to rise from the simplest job to a position of the highest responsibility.

To Charles Wenman Pilgrim Amies our congratulations once again upon a most outstanding record, and to him and Mrs. Amies our best wishes for a happy life in the years which lie ahead of them.

TOUGH ON THE CHIROPODISTs!

We seem to remember having read somewhere that only 23 paces separate our City Store from the former Manton Store. This is possibly reassuring to anyone who HAS to make that journey, but we have been thinking as much of anyone who need not travel further than Foy's corner. Our tame (but quite mad) mathematician (whom we keep tethered in a nearby paddock) has calculated that a person who did NOT wish to reach the Manton building from Foy's would, in the course of 313 working days of the year, save himself a walk of some 20 miles. So, if we assume that it takes another 23 paces to pass our own Bourke street frontage ("Mad Harry" couldn't check this because of the scaffolding that's up nowadays) the really Foy-minded voyager would thus save himself another 20 miles of pavement bashing.

If, therefore, any of those good people from Manton's who have joined us recently should seem to have an abundance of energy, this lack of what might have been a customary 40-mile walk each year could be the explanation. Which in turn brings us to the real point of this article. Although we have now had the opportunity to work beside them and get to know them pretty well, this is the first opportunity we have had to extend a welcome through the pages of "Service." A warm greeting, therefore, to:

- Miss A. Birch, Coats (Second-in-charge)
- Miss R. Charlton, Frocks
- Miss I. Mather, Gloves
- Miss L. Stewart, Skirts, Blouses
- Miss K. Wilson, Maids' Wear
- Mr. L. Dunn, Controller Manchester (three Stores)
- Mr. W. Fennell, Dressing Gowns, Uniforms (three Stores)
- Mr. L. S. Gliddon, Toys
- Mr. E. K. Lampe, Fashion Controller (three Stores)
- Mr. A. Templar, Millinery Controller (three Stores)
- Mr. J. Wade, Controller, Ground Floor
- Mr. M. Wilson, Food Controller

who hold executive rank, and to those others who work in other capacities in our stores.

May they be as happy among us as they were under that slogan which used to blaze across Bourke street, "IT'S SMART TO BE THRIFTY."

HOW TO CONDUCT COMPANY MEETINGS

Full success guaranteed from our simple, easy-to-follow course.

Apply "H.F.R."

Box BB, Melbourne.

Enthusiasm ran so high during one exciting Conga at the Annual Ball that bandsmen led the "crocodile" right out of the Palais on to the cool pavement of the St. Kilda Esplanade. With white tie and tails in centre is Brian Hanley, Hardware, City.
well groomed, good-humoured and with a confidence that is simply infectious. He reminds you of the seasoned skipper of an old-time sailing ship, knowing every inch of his rigging, the structure of his ship, the nature of his cargo, the measure of his crew, the strength of tides and currents. And certain, oh so certain, of his destination—and how to get there.

No matter how intricate the detail to be explained, Sir Frank is lucid and completely convincing. He talks to and never down to his audience. He is moved by a tribute to his company’s achievements. He is sensitive if that tribute should touch him personally.

One thinks of what any Parliament would gain, not only from his encyclopaedic knowledge, but in the enjoyment of his free-flowing and polished oratory. Using simple but well-phrased terms, he transformed these meetings of shareholders from what are, so often, in other places, dull assemblies, overshadowed by strings of figures and little else, to what could easily be mistaken for a gathering of friends in a private home.

Above all, he has a disarming modesty. We quote one instance. In leading his listeners through one intricate section, Sir Frank looked up with a grin and said, “You really need a public accountant beside you to get through this bit.” But he managed quite nicely on his own. Later when dealing with another part of the report, which also was somewhat involved, the chairman with an even wider smile gazed at his listeners and commented: “This time I could do with a lawyer up here as well as the accountant.” But again he gave his usual crystal-clear explanation of the figures and facts.

And why not? Because his protestations of “helplessness” were merely in keeping with his unassuming manner. Sir Frank had no need to doubt the clarity of his interpretation of those figures. Hadn’t he “vetted” every comma of that balance-sheet before it was printed? What’s more, he was probably responsible for “putting together” those very parts about which he feigned a lack of ability to understand.

Therein lies a streak of considerable charm in the make-up of Sir Frank Richardson. He doesn’t air his knowledge. Quite often, in ordinary day-to-day conversations, “H.F.” has the knack of making the “other fellow” feel that with his contributions he is adding to Sir Frank’s knowledge. The boot, of course, is very much on the other foot!

Bearing in mind the phenomenal progress made by Cox Brothers during recent years, and particularly their spectacular achievements of 1955 in the acquisition of Foys, one would have expected to find shareholders enthusiastic.

But enthusiasm contributed only in part to the good atmosphere of these meetings. Over and above, sincerity, friendliness and even fun were mutually exchanged.

There was the shareholder who recalled that at the last Foy Annual Meeting he was a substantial Foy shareholder, whereas this year he was an even more substantial shareholder in Cox Brothers. As if to tender evidence of his satisfaction with this exchange, he mentioned that whilst he wore a Foy suit in 1954 he was now wearing a suit from Cox Brothers. This was perhaps the one occasion when Sir Frank Richardson was baffled. For as he cocked one eyebrow, and looked over his glasses, one could imagine the lively brain of this chairman of both companies trying to work out just where the advantage lay in such a shedding of garments.

We heard the Chairman receiving suggestions about future company finance—and commenting upon them—to a degree which one would normally expect to hear only behind Board Room

No float in Melbourne’s first Moomba Procession, held earlier this year, attracted more interest or won more approval than Foy’s Humpty Dumpty. This was the scene in Swanston street near the Town Hall.
doors. We heard Shakespeare quoted in praise of the Directors. We chuckled when another shareholder, describing Cox Brothers as being "among the first ten" retailers in the Commonwealth, was halted by a purring Sir Frank, who raised three fingers and pointed to the third. For that is the position today. The Cox organisation, of which Foy's is now an important unit, is the third largest department store enterprise in Australia.

And towards the end of the second meeting, that is, when the Foy shareholders heard Sir Frank's commendation of the year's efforts and his optimism concerning the future, there came the greatest laugh of all. The Chairman rounded off his reference to the year's trading by saying that whilst the profit for the 12 months ended 31st July was not quite up to the anticipated amount, the result for the last quarter actually showed a better ratio than that of Cox Brothers, the parent company. This was news, indeed, and Mr. Earle Orr, of the Perpetual Trustees (who represented one of the largest shareholdings in the old days of Foy & Gibson Ltd.) cried out, in all sincerity, "Good!"

With the art of Groucho Marx the Chairman paused in his speech, raised a wicked eyebrow, peered over his glasses and just looked at Mr. Orr. In that look was the unspoken question: "What's so good about that, brother? Aren't I Cox's Chairman, too?" The rest of Sir Frank's remarks were lost in the laughter which followed.

As this journal is a Foy publication—and since the Cox balance-sheet this year contains many new columns—we make no attempt here to present or comment upon the Cox Brothers' result for the year, except to point to a satisfactory net profit of £287,019 (after tax provision £130,643), which, supplemented by a net profit of £148,102, returned by Foy's, brought the consolidated Cox earnings for 1954-55 to £435,121.

To quote Sir Frank Richardson's own words to shareholders, "No business can be successful today unless it has a good staff, and we have a good staff—a very good staff." And like the fine leader he is, Sir Frank does not regard his stores as mere buildings to hold stocks nor his annual report as a roll of figures. To him, people are just as important as profits, and he points to both with equal pride.

Having reviewed, in great detail, the most comprehensive balance-sheet which Cox Brothers published this year, the Chairman came to the final paragraph of his report. He paused. His kindly eye travelled along the rows of shareholders before him, and with a note of great earnestness in his voice he used these words: "Here at the end of my report is a most important paragraph. It wasn't put at the end because it wouldn't fit in anywhere else. Had it appeared in the middle it might have been overlooked. It must not be overlooked. That is why it is placed where it is—to give it a position of importance." [Incidentally, this paragraph appears directly above the Chairman's facsimile signature: "H. F. RICHARDSON."—Ed. "S."]

Sir Frank then went on: "At the beginning of this meeting you agreed to take this Report as read. But this is one paragraph which I want you to study and re-
Western Whispers

By Pat Torpy

(This is possibly the last contribution we shall receive from Pat Torpy, our able and ever-conscientious correspondent in Perth. She, whom we once knew as Pat Congdon, is now Mrs. Brian Torpy, and the calls of hearth and home have led Pat to hand over her able pen to another. Indications are that it may be picked up, without interruption, by her brother Gary, in which case the Congdon talent should flow as freely as before. Meanwhile, we offer to Mrs. Torpy our sincere appreciation and warm thanks for her never-failing cooperation and enthusiasm in keeping Melbourne, and all other units of the Foy organisation, so well posted with news of events in Western Australia, and, on behalf of all readers, we wish her great happiness in the new phase of life which awaits her.—Ed. "S.")

WE CELEBRATE OUR DIAMOND JUBILEE
Sixty Years of Service in Western Australia

One wonders what thoughts, what plans, what hopes raced through the mind of William Gibson when, in 1895, he bought a little, old, shabby shop in Murray street and placed the following advertisement in the local press:

FOY AND GIBSON,
Of Melbourne,
Have opened temporary premises
In MURRAY STREET, PERTH,
Near Barrack Street,
Where samples may be inspected of
what they make and what they sell.

For, from those small and totally inadequate premises in Murray street has sprung the great 10-store town and country group we know today. That's the Foy story, told in a trice!

And now as we celebrate our Diamond Jubilee, we know that just as the early settlers were with us 60 years ago, so, too, is the whole State behind us today. Looking back over those eventful years, we find that Foy's have stood firm through good times and bad; through three wars—two of them world wide—and a devastating depression. The people of this State have always had a ton of faith in us, and we in return have never failed them, in our policies of "service" and "faith in our goods."

This important "birthday" was announced with huge full and double page spreads in the press, which brought just about every person from the city and metropolitan areas flocking to our counters. News of these daily anniversary specials brought us eight days of ransacking bargains: eight days of Jubilee celebrations—and record sales!

What of the future? For our part, we look forward eagerly to enjoying still greater opportunities to fulfill the needs to a great public which it has been our privilege to serve for 60 wonderful years.

STOP PRESS!

"DON'T WAIT — ESCALATE!"

Thousands of joyriders are flocking to Foy's daily to sample Perth's first all-floor escalators. After eighteen months of hammering banging and dust, the mysterious partitions have at last been demolished, and we can gaze upon the finished product—the West's biggest and most modern escalators—in white plasterboard casing, with gleaming stainless steel fittings and cream luxwood Formica lining over the moving treads.

WE SAY "FAREWELL" TO MR. COLEBROOK

When young Claude Colebrook joined the small but growing company of Foy and Gibson on December 16, 1905, he little dreamed that he would make Foy history by serving under six General Managers; that he himself would rise from humble docket boy to the highest position in the store. Claude Colebrook's work was odd and varied during his early days at Foy's. He checked office docket books, became post-boy in the letter-order department, and later moved to the packing rooms as parcel stacker. Then, to his pride and joy, he was offered the coveted position of driver's assistant on a horse-drawn delivery van.
As a young man he was transferred to the hardware section, where he showed so much ability that in 1921 he was appointed manager of the electro-plate, cutlery, toys, fancy goods and sports department.

Mr. John Conochie, the General Manager, had unbounding faith in his new department manager. So much so that in 1925 he named Claude Colebrook as overseas buyer, and prepared him for a visit to England and America. The trip proved a wonderful success, and seven years later, under instruction from Mr. C. W. P. Amies (the following General Manager), Claude Colebrook departed on his second overseas buying trip. This time visits to China and Japan were included.

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Mr. Claude Colebrook

On his return he was appointed first Sectional Manager in Foy and Gibson (W.A.), covering all the hardware side of the house, including china, kitchenware and toys. From then on Mr. Colebrook had a meteoric rise. Merchandise Manager in 1939 to Assistant Manager in 1942. When Mr. Donnas died in 1950 and Mr. Manser succeeded him as General Manager, Mr. Colebrook was appointed as Store Manager. Later he became Assistant General Manager so that he could work in closer collaboration with Mr. Manser. In 1953 Mr. Manser left the company and Mr. Colebrook was appointed General Manager of Foy and Gibson (W.A.) Limited.

And now it's "Goodbye." After 49 years of service, "Coley," as he has become known affectionately to us all, has stepped aside to make way for younger blood. In his farewell message (see below) the General Manager says that he is thankful for having had the privilege of serving the company. No, Mr. Colebrook, no. To Foy's was the privilege in having you to serve the organisation so faithfully and well.

"We wish "Coley" all the health in the world to enjoy his well-earned holiday. We're certainly going to miss seeing him and Mrs. "Coley" around the store. But it's not really goodbye. As you say, it's just "Au revoir."

CLAUDE COLEBROOK SPEAKS

To my friends in Victoria and Adelaide, as well as my friends in the Western Australian Organisation of Foy and Gibson:

The time has arrived for me to say "Au revoir." I am most thankful that I have had the privilege of serving the company for such a long period, and because of this I cannot have any regrets that it is now time for me to step aside and allow others to prove what they can do for the good of the Organisation in general.

I know that all of those that share in the control of the Western Australian business are good and worthy employees, and that the future of the company is assured of success in their capable hands.

As both Mrs. Colebrook and myself served with the company, I would like to say, on behalf of us both, to everyone:

"Thank you for your sincere help in the past and also for your very good friendship, which I trust we will be able to retain for many years to come."

Cheerio and good luck!

CLAUDE COLEBROOK.

April, 1955.

PERSONALITY OF THE STORE

Dorothy Gaffney

Almost every girl, at an early age, yearns to be a nurse. Among the majority, the novelty wears off sooner or later. But, for Dorothy Gaffney, this passion for nursing remained permanently.

Unfortunately, Dorothy's parents were not in a financial position (having just arrived here from Clapton, England) to put her through the necessary training. So, as a young girl of 20, Dorothy joined Foy and Gibson as a salesgirl in the underclothing department.

The next best thing to hospital nursing was, of course, St. John's work, and Miss Gaffney joined this Association and carried on St. John's nursing in her spare time. In 1940, Mr. Donnas, the General Manager, approached her and asked her to take on a job as store nurse. Foy's in Perth was growing rapidly, and needed a full-time nurse in permanent attendance. Miss Gaffney was thrilled. She donned her attractive grey uniform, with its crisply starched white collar and cuffs, and settled into her own little "surgery." From that day she became one of Foy's best-loved "identities."

But Miss Gaffney's work doesn't stop at the Foy's 5.25 bell. As a St. John's nurse she must be prepared at any time, if called upon for ambulance work, hospital duties, or to stand by at the
speedway, trotting and other sporting events. All these duties are done in a voluntary capacity, of course. In 1942 she formed a division for cadets, and is well known throughout the State for her instructural teaching. Those three “pips” on Miss Gaffney’s shoulder denotes that she holds the rank of Captain.

And almost as passionate as her love for nursing is her love for animals. “Snowball,” the store cat, follows her around like a dog, and it’s a well known and true fact that “Snow” will not eat a rat or mouse until she has firstly placed it at Miss Gaffney’s feet. All kittens born in the store are immediately relegated to “Gaff,” who consults the waiting list and informs the prospective owner when the kitten is strong enough to leave the store. Miss Gaffney never loses touch with any of the kittens that pass through her hands.

We asked “Gaff” to name the most thrilling moment of her life. “Why,” she replied, “when the Queen stopped and spoke to me. I was on duty at the Guildford Airport the day that the Queen was flying to Busselton to begin her south-west tour. Her Majesty walked on to the tarmac, turned and smiled at me in that wonderful, friendly way of hers. She couldn’t stand too close because of the polio epidemic, but she said so clearly, ‘You girls do a marvellous job.’”

“Snowball” are all in a day’s work for Dorothy Gaffney. She is a wonderful person with a heart of gold. And we all say, “Dorothy Gaffney, you do a marvellous job at Foy’s.”

CONCERNING “SNOWBALL”

[We admit that we’ve sent up some plaintive wails at times in our quest for news—and writers of news. But we’ve never been driven to calling on the cat for help. Nor did we seek the following contribution. It just came naturally—like kittens.—Ed. “S”]

“WANTED: PRIVATE ROOM OR PACKING CASE . . .”

Where is a poor, harassed gal supposed to have her kittens these days? I have discovered all sorts of potential little hiding places during my daily travels round the store, but all too often I have been gently pushed on my way, and sent about my business by a dozen or so cold-hearted departmental managers. I feel that I haven’t a friend left in Foy’s (except dear old “Gaff,” of course), and these are just the times when a woman needs a little bit of sympathy!

“Gaff” has tried to induce me to settle down in all sorts of cozy nooks. But I dislike being rushed. I like to hunt out a little den on my own where I can at least have a little bit of privacy. The crowning insult came the other day when I overheard Mr. Manning remark, “I wish ‘Snow’ would hurry so that I can open my office door again.” (Mr. Manning, even I have enough sense to realise that the Board Room and your office are strictly on the black list!)

I remember when old Rosie gave birth to her
little family under the Lournay counter. Such a fuss! Tch, tch! You would have thought the walls of Foy’s would cave in. And was it such a sin when Sally became a mother in the lay-by department? You certainly would have thought so from the frowning faces and disapproving head shakes.

Well . . . I must toddle off again now. I’m not as agile as I used to be, and it takes me quite a while to get anywhere. Thank goodness the lift-men allow me to ride in the elevators, or I’d never make the long trip up the stairs to “Gaff’s” office. I don’t know why customers stare at me so. Anyone would think they’d never seen a cat riding up and down in a lift before.

Footnote: “Snowball” gave birth to quintuplets in a most inaccessible spot under the basement stairs. Both mother and family disgustedly well—as usual. [This was the July consignment.—Ed. “S”]

Stop Press: Beautifully comfortable on a pile of skirts in the Children’s Department, “Snowball” gave birth to quads in October. Both mother and family . . . Oh, as if you hadn’t guessed!

As we weren’t there, we can’t quite get to the bottom of this, but Perth Store titles this picture “Behind scenes at the 1955 picnic to Garden Island.” Contributing variously to the scenery are Phoebe Gurr, Glennis Jacobs, “Titch” Ritchie and Stan Leppard.

Today, flanked by tall and stately buildings, this was St. George’s Terrace, Perth, at the turn of the century. Picture was taken from the Barracks at the top of the hill, an old army fort of the early days.

KATANNING SPEAKS

By V.A.B.

Since the voice of Katanning was last heard, we’ve seen a few staff changes.

Yvonne Kessell left us last December to take up married life as Mrs. Mathews. She had a grand send off, Mr. Bailey on behalf of the staff presenting her with a travelling case.

Two other losses were the departure of Kath Sugg and Marion Chalk. Kath was the Secretary of the Staff Social Club, and her work was greatly appreciated. She was married to Les Crosby on March 25. Marion, who was our typiste, plans to return to England in 1956.

To newcomers to the office staff, Pat Haddleton and Verlie Addis, we renew our welcome.

Engagements announced are Judy Beeck (Office) to Bill Porter (Grocery); Gladys Gray (Footwear) to Colin Garstone; Val Quartermaine to Rob McLeod; and Ida Combes (Grocery) to Ron Hoskin.

Val Baxter (Confectionery) and Enid Williams have left, but Aileen Pope and Val Beeck are “on strength.”

Mr. Hain, of the Kojonup Branch, retired earlier in the year. His friends were around him solidly at a most enjoyable farewell party. Once more we wish him well.

Dining Room Manager to waitresses: “Look your best today, girls. Flash the customers a big smile, and try to walk like Marilyn Monroe.”

Superintendent: “Why, is someone important coming in?”

Manager: “No. The beef’s tough.”

Customer: That’s a dear pillow, isn’t it?

Shop Assistant: Oh no, madam. Down has gone up.

25
A FINAL GLIMPSE BACKWARDS

As we have witnessed this year such dramatic changes in the ownership and administration of this company, it could be said in a way that the last word has been written to what has sometimes been referred to as the Foy Saga. That, however, might sound a little too drastic. Let us say that a chapter has been completed, or even that Part II has been concluded. In fairness to the original founder, Part I of our story could be said to cover that period from the beginning on the gold-fields in 1866 to the dissolution of the partnership between Foy and Gibson in 1884.

The phase thereon, until the present day, notwithstanding the many other happenings and the loss by death of certain members of the Gibson family, could rightfully be recorded as Part II. Future historians who record our progress in association with Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited, from 1953 onwards, may thus treat this era as Part III.

Meanwhile, for those of our readers who are historically minded themselves, we give for the happenings during the first 89 years of the existence of the Foy Organisation in Australia:

1859 Mark Foy arrived in Melbourne from Ireland.
1866 Stores opened successively on the gold-fields in Bendigo, Greytown, Castlemaine and Spring Gully Creek.
1868 The move to Collingwood, with the opening of the first store in Smith street.
1882 William Gibson reached Melbourne from Scotland.
1883 Following a brief business career in local houses and in New Zealand, William Gibson entered into partnership with Francis Foy, son of Mark Foy, on March 6, 1883.
1884 This partnership was dissolved on August 11, 1884. William Gibson became sole proprietor of the Melbourne business.
1890 His nephews, Samuel Gibson and John Maclellan, admitted to a new partnership.
1896 Perth Store opened. Mr. C. W. P. Amies sent from Melbourne to assist. Fitzroy Bulk Store erected and knitting of woollen socks began in Collingwood.
1897 London Office opened. Mr. R. B. Thomson, our present London Manager, was among the first to be engaged on staff.
1900 Manufacture of blankets and flannels began. Eagley Mills were born.
1902 Prahran Store opened.
1903 Brisbane Store opened. It was closed in 1932.
1904 Partnership turned into a proprietary company.
1907 Adelaide Store opened.
1914 The period of the first World War, which saw tremendous developments in Eagley Mills. But during this period the Company also suffered great personal loss in the death of James Gibson, son of William, killed in action at Vimy Ridge, 1917. Samuel Gibson died on April 10, 1918; William Gibson, Jnr., died on August 11, 1918, and on November 5 of the same year William Gibson himself died, aged 76.
1926 Site of the City Store acquired.
1928 Trading began in Bourke street, in the existing buildings.
1936 New City Store opened.
1938 Stocks and goodwill of Ackman's, well-known furniture house, purchased.
1944 Controlling interest acquired in O. Gilpin Limited, with its Melbourne warehouse and 94 stores, operating in four States.
1946 The long-established proprietary converted to a public company.
1950 The subsidiary companies, Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd., and Eagley Mills Pty. Ltd. formed, making, with F. & G. Stores Limited, a parent company (Foy & Gibson Limited), with three subsidiaries.
1951 Our interest in F. & G. Stores Limited sold to G. J. Coles & Co. Ltd.
1952 Amalgamation with Bilson's Pty. Ltd., Colac.
1955 Controlling interest in Foy & Gibson Limited (excluding Eagley Mills) acquired by Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited.

THE NEW ORDER

Our new Chairman does not believe, apparently, that all affairs of a great business can be run from a Board table. Nor, in truth, could everything be physically achieved around that august piece of furniture. For example, it isn't the brightest spot at which to hold a staff social. Accordingly, when Sir Frank Richardson heard that the staff of Prahran Store were anxious to meet him—even to see him—and perhaps get to know him better, he lost not a moment in accepting the invitation of Mr. Alan Durham, Store Manager in Chapel street, who arranged this happy get-together.

And so, on the night of 30th September, when the ink on the new Cox-Foy agreement was hardly dry, we had the heartening sight of Sir Frank and Lady Richardson enjoying a buffet meal with the entire Prahran staff, followed by very active participation in the social and musical evening which followed. If there was one person present with whom Sir Frank didn't manage to have a chat it wasn't because he didn't try, whilst Lady Richardson, utterly charming (but who was nearly prevented at the last minute from coming, because of a heavy cold), not only gave her husband full support conversationally, but was on her feet, willingly, when invited by some of the dashing cavaliers of Chapel street, to dance. Helping also to spread good will and good humour throughout the proceedings were General Manager L. E. Williams and Mrs. Williams.

Mrs. Alan Durham was present too, of course, lending gracious support to her husband. Another who contributed much to the pleasure of the evening was Mrs. M. McCurdy, who produced most pleasing rhythms from the store's treasured grand piano.

It was indeed a happy night—and an auspicious one. And because this happy mingling of all ranks meant so much to all concerned, it is right that we pay here a tribute to those who attended to all organisational details, particularly the catering.
Chapel Street Chatter
By "Peep"

Just to bring the record up to date, a brief mention of the celebrations last May of the Centenary of the City of Prahran. There was, of course, much festivity, with the Town Hall as the focal point, more or less. And as our Store is but a stone's throw from this historic old building, we were well and truly "in the thick" of the junketings. There were decorated streets, special window displays, bands, contests, and a wonderful procession of floats. Our own entry here was the Humpty Dumpty which had won such praise in the Melbourne "Moomba" held earlier in the year.

No one had more fun at the Foy Ball than the people from Prahran. Radiating Chapel street cheer were (standing) Tony Pettorino, Arthur Dorman, Maurie Clifford, Perc Martin, Walter Walters, Alan Durham (Store Manager) and Harold Peters. Seated, Pat Strapp, Beverley Peters, Glenys Barratt, Mrs. Bonnie Maddox, Mrs. Peggy Walters, Olive Brown, Mrs. Eva Humphries, Bob Thomson and Elaine Barratt.

A whole batch of weddings to make us all happy. Annette Cody, Jewellery, was married to Peter Blake at St. Patrick's Cathedral on August 20. She received lovely china and glassware as gifts from friends and the company.

Popular Pat Strapp, Office, became Mrs. Colin Corboy at St. Joseph's, Malvern, on October 1. For her, lots of nice crystal.

A Store romance was sealed on November 19 when Doris Harvey, Underclothing, was married to Wally Roe, until recently on the Elevator staff, now in the Despatch.

To them all, once more, much joy and contentment.

We've got used to having her back now, but we still feel the joy we knew when Mrs. Margaret Hobson returned recently after a three months' absence following an accident. She was knocked down by a car.

One new father—Bob Chubb, debonair Manager of Soft Furnishings. For young Gregory Ian, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Chubb.

As if they didn't now already, we now give public voice to our welcome to George Trevillian, out from the City Store as Controller of a group of Ground Floor departments, and to Jim Eddy, also from the City Store, who is now in charge of Dress Materials.

Pat Lewis, China, sends greetings to Adelaide, where she worked in the Stationery Department.

News of our Social Evening with Sir Frank and Lady Richardson as principal guests appears elsewhere in this issue. It was a great night!

Prahran is humming with new activity these days. Always a busy store, we now have the Mail Order Department under our roof, bringing new faces—and more work! Nice to have you, Reg. Myers, and your team of lovelies.

And, we suppose we had better mention here—or heaven knows what might appear in print about us!—that the Editor of "Service" has brought out all his magazine paraphernalia (including a most efficient secretary in Margaret Holmes), and is conducting this and his Public Relations work from a nice bright office on the third floor. He used to chase us for news like a hawk when his office was in Collingwood and later in the city. But, there, he had to use the 'phone. Now, we haven't a hope of dodging him!

There's no harm in mixing your drinks so long as you don't drink them.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.
Throughout its long history this company has been buttressed by the loyalty of its staff. Full credit for the devoted service given to us by employees naturally belongs to those good people themselves. Yet we, as an organisation, must have had something desirable to offer in return, or why else have these wonderful workmates of ours stayed with us so long, as our records show so many of them have done, and are still doing.

We knew this feeling of pride, but sensed it, even more fully, in our distinguished guest on that day in July last when we said "Farewell" to that well-loved identity, Charles Canham. Charlie's story is pretty well known by now, for we have paid tribute to him on the occasion of other anniversaries. Only last year we were congratulating him upon his outstanding record of 50 years with Foy's. Apparently Charlie must favour odd numbers, for less than a month after completing his 51st year he decided to retire. Don't read anything into that decision which isn't intended. Charles Canham isn't reaching for a crutch or even a walking stick. Few men have ever left us, or any other organisation, after more than half a century of service, with such a straight back, a light step or a twinkling eye.

Thus at the leavetaking party in the City Store on 28th July last any feelings of sadness arising from the breaking of this great link were completely submerged by the good humour which Charles Canham himself radiated throughout the proceedings, and which were caught and reflected by his large audience. This was one of the largest and most representative gatherings of its kind we have seen.

Unfortunately, Mr. L. E. Williams was prevented from attending owing to a Board meeting at Collingwood, and the chair was taken by his deputy, Mr. A. J. Thomas. Following him, so many others rose to pay tribute to our old and distinguished friend that we feared Charlie himself would never get a chance to tell us anything. And by the time he could rise to speak he was so obviously moved by the warmth of sentimental regard with which he had been surrounded that he couldn't say very much.

No fewer than seven people, in the persons of Stan Holmes, Rex Hutton, Cyril Baxter, Les Stevens, Len Andrews, Herman Anderson and Grace Goodbrand, spoke in praise of Mr. Canham as a fellow-employee and a man, before Mr. J. G. Doig made the presentations. These in themselves indicated the measure of the appreciation which both company and colleagues had, and have, for this man, who joined Foy's in July, 1904, as a youth in the Prahran despatch. He became Despatch Manager, then Accountant at Prahran, and later moved to Collingwood, the City, Flinders street, and then back to the City, always on figure work, right up to the moment of leaving, when he stepped out of the Hire Purchase Office in Bourke street, where he was in charge for the past few years.

From the company there was a standard lamp, dinner set, and as material evidence of Charlie's physical well-being, a lawnmower. His friends among the staff (who at the time of making their selection knew nothing about the lawnmower, incidentally), thoughtfully gave Mr. Canham a most comfortable armchair.

In his well-earned retirement, Charles Canham carries the best wishes of all in our organisation, those thoughts being extended with equal fervour to Mrs. Canham, to whom Charlie has always given full credit for his own health and happiness in life.

Advertising men do relax sometimes! Here is Bill Taylor, Foy's Advertising Manager, partnering Mrs. Taylor at the Annual Ball. Swept unexpectedly into the flashlight were Arch. Griffiths (Controller, Men's Store) and partner.

As Mrs. Clementson, Aileen Cough, of Staff Office, Perth, leaves the church with her handsome husband after their wedding.
The records of yet another year's effort—the sixth, incidentally—as reported to members at the annual meeting on 17th February, revealed not only the “helping hand” advantages of Mutual Aid, but the splendid spirit which motivates this group.

Looked at one way, we suppose we shouldn't praise this body because it is ourselves—or, at least, that large number of retail personnel in the Melbourne stores who banded together to run Mutual Aid. Even so, Mutual Aid is a very live “organism.” It is inspired by a warm humanity. It has ideals. It achieves its goals. For its achievements it deserves every credit. By its achievements it has eased many a private burden.

As the Trustees proudly announced, claims met during the year 1954-55 totalled £1326. The generosity of these payments is underlined by comparing this amount with the income for the year. Contributions amounted to £1686. Of this sum, of course, one-half was donated by Foy & Gibson Ltd. Members contributed the balance. That is how Mutual Aid is financed. The Company matches contributions on a £ for £ basis.

Distribution of this amount of £1326 in relief was made to 65 members. This represents an average grant of just over £20 to each, which is an increase over last year's average. But such “apportionment” is not an accurate indica-

If the Fitzroy Store contingent enjoyed itself at the Annual Ball, we'll hazard the guess that Laurie Marshall enjoyed himself most of all. Here he is, the Chairman of the Ball Committee, surrounded by (left to right) Elaine Lewis, Judy Renfree, Mrs. Vi Thompson, Mrs. Ula Henney, John Mormon, (at back) Mrs. Alice McIntyre and Mrs. Tess Tucker.

The wardrobe of Noelle Jeffrey (Fashion Artist, City) is always as immaculate as her work. But something went wrong with this garment. We understand that Noelle lost the pattern and went on knitting for a fortnight too long. But note the nifty silhouette it produced!
ness. These packages, containing delicacies or other commodities which may brighten the days spent in sick bed, brought forth yet another batch of letters of thanks from those who were comforted.

And to show that employees are keen in their support of Mutual Aid, there was yet another increase in membership. The figures are:

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It should never be forgotten that those who join Mutual Aid invariably do so because they are moved to help the other fellow, should hardship come to him—or her. It is typical of human nature that we usually “sit pretty” and think—“That couldn’t happen to me.” The strong motive behind all members of Mutual Aid therefore is, “Well, if someone is in trouble through sickness or is distressed, through other causes, I want to lend a hand. My little bit won’t achieve much, however. But, if Bill and George and Mary and Karen and a hundred others will ‘put in’ with me, we’ll really have something to offer.”

Mutual Aid is thus a grand demonstration of good citizenship. It’s the parable of the Good Samaritan brought to life. But it’s even more than that. Because, despite our optimism, despite a run of good luck where health—or finance—is concerned, illness or misfortune strikes—out of the blue. There may come a time when it isn’t a friend or colleague who is in trouble. It is YOU. Then Mutual Aid takes on new meaning. As well as being the “community chest” from which others are helped, it can become your own “friend in need.” That is why we continually encourage every member of the staff to join Mutual Aid.

From the outset, six years ago, the Trustees have administered the fund very wisely. How prudent they have been came well to the fore during the year ending 31st January last, for in December, 1954, the Trustees made their first investment from accumulated funds. They purchased one thousand 5% preference stock units in Foy & Gibson Ltd. All told, the fund now shows a credit balance of £2419, compared with £2037 last year.

Prominent in the Trustees’ annual report was the expression of their appreciation of the Company’s purposeful—and very practical—support of Mutual Aid. Speaking, for the moment, as the Company, we can only say that it is a great privilege to be able to participate in this additional direction of contributing to the welfare of the staff.

Far more anxious are we, however, to pay our own tribute to the Trustees and those others who work so conscientiously and self-sacrificingly for Mutual Aid. The examination of claims, the holding of fortnightly meetings, the keeping of accounts and the general watchfulness in ensuring that a greater good is done for the greatest number, entails a lot of painstaking work.

For the current year Trustees and office-bearers are as follows:

Chairman of Trustees: Mr. J. G. Doig.
City: Trustee, Mr. E. H. Jones. Advisors: Miss G. Goodbrand and Mr. A. Little.
Collingwood: Trustee, Mr. J. McCuskey. Advisors: Mrs. J. Eltringham and Mr. H. Anderson.
Fitzroy: Trustee, Mr. T. Chatto. Advisors: Miss M. M. McQuillen and Mr. F. Perry.
Prahran: Trustee, Mr. S. Thomas. Advisors: Miss M. Pratt and Mr. W. Watson.
Secretary: Mr. E. H. Jones.
Treasurer: Mr. T. Chatto.

The sincere thanks of all, beneficiaries, members and staff in general, go to these fine women and men, both past and present, with a special thought for the Chairman, Mr. J. G. Doig, and the indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Ernie Jones.

The “Popular Girl” Quest, run by Perth this year, was the most successful yet. Between them, eleven contestants raised £930, which was divided equally between the W.A. Crippled Children’s Society, “Wanslea” and Sister Kate’s Home. So, “Hats off” to (front) Irene Thompson, (3rd) Nancy Jones (1st), Maureen Watts (2nd). At rear, Helen Miller, Lorna McSwan, Phoebe Gurr, Fay McCrea, Joy Muller, Eva Rule and Dorothy West. Jessie Lawrence was absent when this picture was taken.
Primarily for the enlightenment of those newcomers who have joined us during recent months, but as much to jog the memories of those who are not unfamiliar with its work, do we remind readers of the existence, in our midst, of an unusual organisation—the Sunbeam Club.

It is unusual in that, whilst it possesses much strength as an organisation, and uses this strength—which is both sentimental and financial—to achieve remarkable results, the club rarely meets. It hasn't a club room. We doubt if it even has a written record of its members. Yet, it has a large membership, and membership is free.

Bird-like whistler, Mary Theodore (Office, City Store), entertains guests at the Annual Ball.

You don't have to be "put up" by anyone to become a member of the Sunbeam Club. There is no proposal; no seconding. Your character won't be questioned nor your bank balance examined. You possibly won't be formally approached to join.

But, one day, someone will gently rattle a little box under your nose. Or you may be invited to dress a doll or asked if you can do a little job like packing relief and similar parcels. Once you have acquiesced in any one of these things, you will be a member of the Sunbeam Club.

There are people in our organisation who have been maintaining their membership in this simple fashion for over 21 years now. And year after year, the Sunbeam Club goes on quietly doing its myriad good deeds, such as providing clothing, and other things, for children in missions or kindergartens, or patients in hospitals. Somewhere, a group of people may be overwhelmed by a disaster, such as flood, or be in great need, as the result of war. Then, if the Sunbeam Club has not actual goods to give, it provides willing hands to pack gifts supplied by others, or even to collect things which will further the range of its relief work.

For example during this present year, clothing and hand-knitted goods went to the Mission to Streets and Lanes, and other made-up articles went to the Aborigine Mission. There were milk bottle tops for Red Cross. There was £69 in cash for the Lord Mayor's Relief Appeal for those who were hurt by the disastrous floods in New South Wales early this year.

At the Orthopaedic section of the Royal Children's Hospital at Frankston are two cots endowed in perpetuity by gifts of money raised and given by the Sunbeam Club. Each year, at Christmas, warm hearted people from our ranks visit the occupants of these cots, and little gifts are left for these small afflicted people, with the love of members of the Sunbeam Club.

Following last year's visit, someone came away feeling that a little extra could be done at Frankston. Doctors and matron suggested a tricycle as a possible Christmas gift this year. Such is the enthusiasm of the Sunbeam Club, however, that it was decided that these handicapped youngsters should not wait until Christmas for this machine which is more than a toy, since use of it can help weakened limbs to regain strength, and already the tricycle with sweets and books has been delivered to the Orthopaedic Hospital.

As a further illustration of the widespread support given to appeals by the club, some 300 beautiful dolls were submitted in response to a doll dressing competition organised during the year. So lovingly had the little clothes been fashioned that the judging was made most difficult, and eventually a division was made into three...
groups and prizes awarded to each. The winners were:

Hand-knitted: Sheila Maclean (Switch Board, City).
Exhibition: Doris King (Office, Collingwood).
Fashion: Florence Tyler (Coats, City).

The dolls were on show at the “Little Money” Fair held in the Melbourne Town Hall. Some were sold for the benefit of Red Cross. The balance was put aside to provide gifts for the young and the old, the sick and the aged, around Christmas time.

All these humane actions call for a little self sacrifice on the part of us all. Even though you may have obligations towards some local good cause, spare a thought for the Sunbeam Club, and whenever you can, a coin—when the call is made.

The Sunbeam Club is very modest about its administration and membership. Names are seldom mentioned, for those who organise it feel that it is, and must always be, a co-operative effort, representing the staff of Foy’s as a whole. But we must break the usual seals of silence to tell you that Miss Grace Goodbrand is the President, and Miss Florence Cole (Maintenance, City Store) the Honorary Secretary.

If, therefore, you would learn more about this most admirable movement, or you should be moved to do something of your own to further its work, contact with either of these fine women will bring you all the information you could need.

RUFFLED FEATHERS

As if life didn’t have enough problems, Ernie Jones, Manager of the Boys' Clothing, City Store, was puzzled the other day by a letter from a remote spot in New South Wales, telling him that a dead duck had been picked up some 500 miles west of Sydney.

Mark you, there was nothing personal about this. Whatever else he doesn’t do, Mr. Jones is NOT an authority on dead ducks. Yet this is not the first time that he has been brought into such ornithological fatalities. Up in the Fisheries and Game Department in Flinders street there is a section concerned with the migratory habits of our birds. The officials affix little metal tags to the legs of various birds, and as reports come in of discoveries in distant places so are records compiled of the movements of the birds.

But “Fisheries and Game Department, Flinders Street, Melbourne,” is a pretty big address for a bird to carry. So the little tags bear the brief direction.

Dept. 50,
F. & G.,
Melbourne.

All of which is very efficient—up to a point. And that point is that to the postal authorities “F. & G.,” is obviously associated with an enterprise in which we are interested. And, having travelled thus far through the mails, Ernie Jones follows, obviously, since within our own books him in Department 50.

But, off hand, we'd say it might be a good thing not to mention birds to Ernie. After all there is nothing very exciting about being treated as a recording angel for dead ducks is there?

"SERVICE" GETS A NEW "MAN FRIDAY"

Or, strictly speaking, “Girl Friday,” for after a somewhat torrid time stenographically, earlier in the year, the Editor has been able to shrug off a lot of detailed work on to the youthful shoulders of Margaret Holmes, who joined us in August. The nimble fingers of dark haired Margaret, who previously had done a responsible job for some years with the Australian Gallup Poll, are responsible for much of the typescript of this issue. The Editor must remember not to drive her too hard! It's still easier to get hen's teeth than a good typiste!

THE HAPPY VOYAGER

This month we received a postcard from Flora McDonald, who departed from the Invoice Office, Collingwood, earlier this year, on a visit to the Old Country. Although due to return before Christmas, Flora is so entranced by all she has seen in England and Scotland that she is extending her stay until February next, when she hopes to sail for home in the "Himalaya." Meanwhile, she sends greetings to all old friends.

The Quiet Corner

On other pages, we know a concern if tidings for publication are brief. In the “Quiet Corner” it is different. The fewer the lines to be printed here, the more is our sadness diminished.

Yet, paradoxically, our mind is troubled as we write the heading today. So many weeks have passed since our last issue, so long were the various units of our organisation “out of communication” with each other, where the magazine is concerned, that we are uncertain of the extent to which sorrow has come to our colleagues during recent months.

Speak we can, however, of some good friends among our ranks whose kindly hearts are now stilled, and of those colleagues who knew grief in the loss of a dear one. We think today, with sympathy still warm, of:-

The mother of Mr. Roy Clark, Bedding, City Store, who died on the 5th of May. A bachelor, Roy Clark had remained a devoted son.

Mrs. Criddle, whose husband, Robert, died in the Prahran Store on the 21st July. Well loved by all, Mr. Bob Criddle had given a lifetime of service to Foy's, in Chapel street.

Miss I. Moore, Cash Office, Adelaide, whose father died on 9th May.

Lady Nixon, her daughter and her sons, in the great loss they suffered of husband and father, in the death of Sir Edwin van der Vord Nixon, Chairman of Directors, on the 19th of August.

Mrs. Y. Raymond, General Office, Adelaide. Her father died on 13th of September.

The children of Mr. Arthur Smith, and all others who may mourn the passing of a fine man. Mr. Smith is another who served the company for many years, at Prahran.

"Thy Will be Done"
INDEPENDENCE ON FOUR LEGS
By Pat Torpy (Perth Store)

Besides having the loveliest capital city, the prettiest girls, and the most perfect climate in Australia, we in the West are justly proud of the fact that the only Guide-Dog Training Centre in the Southern Hemisphere is situated in Perth.

The Guide-Dog for the Blind movement was introduced to this State by a young West Australian, Arnold Cook, who at the age of 18 lost his eyesight, but undeterred, embarked upon a brilliant scholastic career which eventually took him to the London School of Economics. In England he obtained one of the most famous guide-dogs in the world, “Dreena,” a black labrador retriever.

A number of Perth businessmen became interested in the movement, and were fortunate in procuring the services of Miss Betty Bridge, who had spent six years in London working under the eminent guide-dog trainer, Captain Liakhoff. Through public subscriptions a block of land and a house were bought at Belmont, and modern kennels (costing £900) were built for the dogs.

The Guide-Dog movement should become a national heritage in Australia. We should throw ourselves right behind this scheme, not only because we in the West have the only training centre in Australia, but because those unfortunate persons doomed to live and move in eternal darkness can at last find INDEPENDENCE—the greatest gift a trained guide-dog brings to a blind person. It makes him free to move around with confidence, and gives him self-reliance, health and happiness.

To a dog, its master or mistress is a God-like being to be worshipped and served. No dog can have a closer link with its beloved owner than a guide-dog, for when the dog is on duty, man and dog are the two parts of an inseparable whole. A guide-dog is a happy dog. It is the constant companion of a person that it adores, and it is the object of that person's deep devotion.

What more could any dog desire?

BLESS 'EM ALL!

A wit has paraphrased the old saying “A man is known the company he keeps,” to give us an up-to-date quip that “A company is known by the men it keeps.” This, in turn, could be amended to, “A store is known by the customers it keeps!”

We were reminded of this recently when “Elizabeth,” in the course of one of her “Friendly Door” broadcasts, asked a question as to who, among her listeners, recalled Foy’s, in the old days, and what their memories were.

We don’t as a rule delve overmuch into the past, and this is one, of all years, when our motto should be, “Forward!” But whilst the modern tendency is to put the accent upon youth, there’s still nothing to be ashamed of in having lived a few years longer than the other fellow. Age is sad, perhaps, if one once knew a fame which did not last, and the joys of life dwindled as the final years petered out.

Where life has brought an ever-growing, or at least, never diminishing circle of friends, however, then one marked advantage which maturity has over youth is in the recollection of a greater number of happy events in other years.

Such thoughts—more often an indulgence even after a personal rather than the official level—flooded our mind when we read some of the replies which “Elizabeth” received to her invitation. Would that we could quote all these messages which bore upon happy incidents recalled by the writers, in the early days of their association with Foy’s.
Instead, we give here just three of them. These are typical of the others, both as to incident and to the ring of sincerity from the hearts of those old people who, like thousands of others, derived much pleasure from their contacts with Foy's in the old days—and have remained firm friends ever since:

- As I am 87 years of age, I must be one of Foy's oldest customers. I am certainly one of their most consistent, and so I can speak with authority. When I was a small girl, I and my sisters were taken to Foy's Fair as a treat. It was unique. We travelled by a bus which had two steps, and we had to make a jump to get on them. Inside we handed up our threepenny fare through a hole, to the driver. If we wanted change, he passed it back to us, and then we placed the correct amount in a box. It seemed quite a journey to Collingwood, but we did enjoy it. Whilst mother looked at blankets, etc., we roamed around and bought a screw of boiled sweets or a few chocolates with our pennies. But it was a day to remember.

Later, when I married, my husband and I would go out there, and he got measured for all his underwear; and indeed, he did this all his life.

—Yours, etc., Mrs. I.M.G., Elsternwick.

- I have many happy recollections of the old Foy's over the years—especially being taken as a child by horse and buggy to Foy's Fair in Smith street. I can still smell the delicious aroma as we descended into the basement into the Dairy Produce Department. The blending of bacon, cheese, smoked fish, etc., etc. Oh, the bargains we stacked up in the old buggy! They would keep mother busy sewing for months. And to think the firm has kept such a reputation all these years, and is still supplying families with exciting bargains.

—Yours, etc., Mrs. T.S., Geelong West.

- I lived in Williamstown for over 66 years. I was born there, and married in 1890. We went to Foy's Famous Fairs by steam train from Williamstown. The fare was 9d. return, with another 3d. for the cable tram. We had to be at Foy's doors at 8 o'clock, for the opening, and what a rush and a crush it was. Here are some of the bargains I remember: Calico 6d. a yard; calico long chemise 1/- (we would put some crocnef around the collar and arms); taped pillow slips 1/11; black cashmere stockings (made by Foy's) 1/11. All women wore black cashmere stockings then, although not many members of Foy's present staff may remember them. These were the days of no electricity, no motor cars, no pictures, and the shops stayed open all night if they wanted to. There was no Egg Board or other boards; no controls of any sort. Australia was a free "go-as-you-like" country in those good old days. I am 83, my husband is 87.

—Yours, etc., Mrs. T.S., Geelong West.

Two definite attractions at Perth Fete to aid "Popular Girl" contest earlier this year were Frances Garie and Beverley Grigo.

- I have many happy recollections of the old Foy's over the years—especially being taken as a child by horse and buggy to Foy's Fair in Smith street. I can still smell the delicious aroma as we descended into the basement into the Dairy Produce Department. The blending of bacon, cheese, smoked fish, etc., etc. Oh, the bargains we stacked up in the old buggy! They would keep mother busy sewing for months. And to think the firm has kept such a reputation all these years, and is still supplying families with exciting bargains.

—Yours, etc., Mrs. T.S., Geelong West.

AULD LANG SYNE

They stay with us a lifetime; they leave for a lease of leisure. The years roll by—but they do not forget. Yet again, our old friend Fred Bellamy has called, to give through "Service," greetings for Christmas to all old colleagues.

We are happy to pass on this message. We are happier still to report that Fred looks as good as a man of much fewer years, and we extend to him in return, on behalf of all readers, our best wishes for a good Christmas for him and his family—and for many more birthdays.

WAIL, WAIL!

To Father Christmas, Prahran Store:

Apparently one child missed out on a Christmas gift last year. When you were here in 1954, this little chap was often heard to plead, "I want a hippopotamus for Christmas." Now the wee voice is heard once more—and the cry is more poignant since it rises nearly every time the merry-go-round is in motion. Santa, could you manage to get a hippo for him this year? It'd be heartbreaking if this kid were disappointed two years running. And there are others who would be happy if the little so-and-so got what he wanted—and deserved!

—"MUSIC LOVER."

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

Thelma Basset, of the Office, Perth Store, went off to England for a holiday. Gazing at historic places, seeing the Queen and Princess Anne and Prince Charles—all made Western Australia seem a long way away. Then came a visit to 10 Downing street, in the hope of a glimpse of the Prime Minister. A long Jaguar slid sleekly alongside her. Who's that in it? Sir Winston Churchill? Sir Anthony Eden? No! It was Western Australia—in the person of Dick Hindley, overseas fashion buyer for Perth.
Personalities

The wheels of commercial chance spin rapidly at times, and those who ride them sometimes find themselves whirled off to scenes and activities far different from what they knew in their original place, on the hub. We think of ERIC DAVID MOLLISON. But a few years back it seems, he was a slim youth, with high forehead and reddish hair, tinkering with the shipping book in Collingwood Office. Thence, via the Docket Office, he became sub-Accountant. The war intervened, and Eric Mollison came back, with the rank of Captain in the Army, to the Accountant's desk in Head Office. From there he went to Eagley Mills, and with the formation of the subsidiary companies in 1950, E. D. Mollison became the first Secretary of the Mill Company. This year, when the mill interests were separated from the Foy organisation, Mr. Mollison heard a new bugle call, and today he is Secretary of the American company handling tractors, etc. The name of Mollison has been long associated with Foy's, for his father before him gave over 40 years' service to the company. To Eric Mollison, now, congratulations and good luck.

From Adelaide, news of a rise in population statistics. For EDDY MOMICH (Elevators) a daughter, Irene, on June 21; for RAY CURNOW (Men's Wear) a son; and for PHILLIP ASHWIN (Assistant Accountant) a daughter, Jane, on August 2. Congratulations to one and all.

Distinguished service marked the retirement, in September, of FRED WELLS (Shipping Office), Adelaide. He was with the company for 32 years. From his many friends there, and ourselves, best wishes, once again, for many years of happy leisure.

Attractive MARGARET GRAHAM (Sports Wear, Prahran), has an appointment at the altar of St. Andrew's, Brighton, with Kenneth Bogie on November 12. Good luck to the happy pair!

IRENE STEEL, whose beaming smile flashes to all through the glass screen of the Cash Office, Collingwood, announced her engagement to Alan Green on October 5. Nice work!

On September 14, to Mr. and Mrs. ERIC HOUGHTON, a son, Colin Eric. Eric senior we know as Office Manager, City, whilst his wife will be remembered in Collingwood Office as Phyllis Crisp. Our congratulations!

Not too late to cast one more approving glance at the ring of SHIRLEY PLANT (Mail Order), Prahran. Her engagement to Lyn Baker was announced on July 16. It made us glad too.

In July, Adelaide said goodbye to happy Mrs. JOHN COCHINOS, of the Staff Canteen, better known throughout the store as BETTY O'CONNOR. Her farewell gift from staff friends was a nice chair.

Adelaide also announces these engagements: JENNY EVANS, Greenwich Tearooms, to LENONARD DENNIS.

PEG O'NEILL, Blouses, to Jack Smith. The wedding date is to be November 16.

COULA VOVOS, Confectionery, to Johnny Kipreos.

EVE CHRISTIE, Knitwear, to Don Furlong. Eve and Don plan a wedding in February.

DOREEN SHEARER, Needlework, to Murray Mitchell. Wedding bells will be ringing at the end of November.

At the moment when hundreds of streamers were released from the roof at the Annual Ball. Girl, dead centre, with patterned frock, is Olive Brown of the Grocery, Prahran.

GWENDA BRODIE, Pharmacy, to John Dunn. An all-Foy romance was sealed on September 6 when MAVIS SUTHERLAND (Typing Section, Collingwood Office) was married to CHRIS HAMMER (H.P.). A long life of happiness to them both.

KEN SHERGOLD, popular and efficient manager of the Knitwear, City, resigned in June to go into the manufacturing business. There was "standing room only" at the farewell party when handsome gifts of radio and electric percolator were tendered with congratulations from friends and company alike. We do miss those Air Force reminiscences.

There's been no opportunity to report before, that earlier in the year the Opportunity Clubs paid another fine tribute to our Despatch men for their work, so willingly given, in their own time, in driving the Club's youngsters to the Annual Summer Camps. Well done, Oxford street!

RITA CRESWICK (Merchandise Office, City) was married at Bentleigh Methodist Church on October 1 to Harold Bradford. It's congratulations and greetings, for Rita is back with us, busy as ever.

We join with all in Adelaide in our good wishes for LEN FRANCIS (Furniture Storeman), who has been ill and may be away for a little time yet. Come back soon, Len, with good health aplenty.
Remember Francis Drake, the Armada and the game of bowls? Here's Sir Francis himself, still standing on Plymouth Hoe, with Thelma Bassett, Perth, nearby.

in the Cash Office, it's "Welcome back." Miss Spain, who previously had worked in the Tube Room, has taken the place of Mrs. ELVA HEARN, who has gone overseas on a trip to England and the Continent.

There have been many occasions when OLIVE WATT, Hosiery, City, has deserved a pat on the back—and possibly didn't get it. This time we are "on target" to offer congratulations (unavoidably belated though they be) upon her completion of 20 years' service on September 13. Sometimes we may not know "Who?" or "Why?" But we all know WATT!

Adelaide Store seems to get more than a fair share of romance—and its outcome. Now, it's a report of three weddings:

On August 6, CLENDA BRADBROOK (Patterns) was the lovely bride collected by Bill Johns at the Campbelltown Methodist Church. We hear that Clenda looked radiant in her gown of embroidered nylon.

On October 15, PAT SIMEY (Elevators, but more recently of the Stationery) pledged herself indissolubly to Arnold Cussion at St. Ignatius' Church, Norwood.

Third happy bride, RITA POPLE, of General Office, was wed to Bob Hoad at St. Bartholomew's, Norwood. Rita, who recently arrived from England, was attended by YVONNE RAYMOND and RHONDA MOYSE, both of General Office.

As might have been expected, ELAINE FITZ-

We Hope to Publish a Christmas Issue. Otherwise We Shall Resume Publication in February, 1956.

In Either Case, Please Start Forwarding Copy NOW

Winsome MARGARET BLACKIE (Invoice Office, Collingwood) chose Scots Church, Melbourne, for her wedding on August 20 to Bill McGarvie. Nice to see this, for we had watched Margaret grow up from the school girl stage. Collingwood was otherwise represented in the smiling presence of BIDDY GAYLEARD as bridesmaid.

An old-timer whose farewell missed mention in "Service" is BILL DEAN, who left the Soft Furnishings, Fitzroy, in March last after long service. Bill, of soft speech and benevolent manner, left behind a wide circle of friends who still think of him and wish him well.

Too well known—and well liked—to need any "introduction" now, it's right that we should record the appointment in May last as Advertising Manager of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd. of Mr. W. I. TAYLOR. The occasion called for more than congratulations. It was almost "Welcome back," for Bill Taylor had been a member of the Advertising Staff some years before.

St. Anthony's, Fairfield, was the setting of the wedding of Pam Wittig to HARRY BATCHELDOR (H.P. Outside Representative, Collingwood), on October 14. All happiness to them!

To Miss EDNA SPAIN, who has joined Adelaide

PATRICK (Office, Collingwood) had no difficulty with her responses at her wedding on September 31 to Bernie Jowett, for Elaine, among other accomplishments, is an experienced elocutionist. It was a pretty wedding at St. Anthony's, Fairfield. Bernie is well remembered by many, of course. He once worked in Store 8.

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