

THE MANAGER'S MESSAGE

In recent weeks the results of Technical College Examinations, Technical University and other advanced courses have been published.

It is most gratifying to see not only so many of our own employees taking these courses, but also the degree of success they are attaining. I notice that Sulphide is well represented in the various Trade courses—Management and Supervision, Accountancy and Degree courses—not to forget the typing and shorthand sections.

With the commencement of another year of study, I would like to wish those who are undertaking a course all the best for a successful year.



BOB SAVILLE RETIRES

All sections of the Works were well represented at a farewell social given to Mr. Bob Saville on 13th January following his 35 years of service with the Corporation.

Organised by the canteen committee with Mr. Bob Forster as chairman and Mr. W. C. Rutherford as organising secretary, a right royal night was had by all. Artists were Jack Stewart, Lance, Neville and John Hawkins, Frank Hitchcock, Bill Gibson, Bryn Davies, under our able compere Clarrie Roberts. Pianists Jim Reid, Ken Wansbrough and Wally Green all helped, and an excellent repast with plenty of prawns and liquid refreshment saw night into morning and, at some time ack emma, the show concluded. Toasts and replies were made by Messrs. Edge, Yates (on behalf of the visitors), Dick, Wadsworth and others, and Bob was presented with a wallet of notes on behalf of the many subscribers on the Works. Bryn Davies composed an entertaining skit which he sang with Clarrie Roberts, the final verse of which we quote—

"You have dished out crook pud, sick starver and stew,

But still we darn mugs think a whole lot of you.

We know we will miss you and often feel blue,

We regret now to bid you 'adieu'."

At the end of December Mr. A. Edge made a small presentation to Bob on behalf of staff members at a gathering in the Canteen. The leadburner crew also made a presentation ere his departure—maybe others too of whom we have not heard.

A spinster was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telegraph wires close to her house. She wrote to the company on the matter, and the foreman was asked to report. This he did in the following way:—"Me and Jim Jones were on this job. I was up the telegraph pole, and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Jim. It went down his neck. Then he said: "You really must be more careful, Bob."