Like a common surname, a clan tartan, or a family crest

"SERVICE"
acts as the link between all members of the widespread Staff Family
of

COX BROTHERS

The medium for conveying news to, and publishing reports from, every member of this happy band, "Service" is distributed to all personnel of the following companies:

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Collingwood.
(inc. Office, Despatch, Workrooms,
Reserves, etc.)
Melbourne
Prahran

FOY & GIBSON (W.A.) LIMITED
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Collie
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SYDNEY SNOW PTY. LIMITED
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THE ECONOMIC STORES PTY. LTD.
Perth

COMBINED SYDNEY BUYING OFFICE,
Stafford House, 263 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

LONDON BUYING OFFICE
235 Regent Street, London, W.1
The Ripples of Retailing

Lest this sound like a dull topic, we hasten to add that this article has little to do with writing dockets. And yet, in a way, it has. Nor is it our purpose to deliver a “pep talk,” on sales. And yet, many may find such inspiration here.

Nowadays, our combination of companies is an all-retailing organisation. With the separation of Eagley Mills from Foy & Gibson came the final severance of department store interest from major manufacturing. It follows, therefore, that all who work under the Cox Brothers banner, no matter where, in the Commonwealth, they may be situated; be their job what it may, our one united and all-absorbing interest is—the customer at the counter.

The characteristics of this customer may vary with the location of the store. She could be anyone, from any walk of life. For easy reference in this article, however, we crystallise her into the motherly figure of Mrs. Hemingway, a pleasant housewife, who is purchasing a skirt for her son. Actually, the great majority of those thousands of friends who visit our stores each day are very much like “Mrs. Hemingway.”

Now what happens when Mrs. Hemingway visits our store?

Naturally those who will know her best are the selling staff. Then would come people like lift attendants, delivery men and some office staff. But whether the employee be busy with an accounting machine in the far corner of a long office; handling mail on an upper floor; preparing food in a kitchen; making connections on a telephone switchboard; collating figures; typing letters, or any one of the thousand and one other tasks which are undertaken daily in a large modern department store—not forgetting all the maintenance workers—the kernel of the day’s work is the sale of that shirt (or whatever else she might need, at other times) to Mrs. Hemingway.

In all our thinking, our actions and our attitudes, therefore, we should view our daily welfare in terms of a sale of goods, whether the transaction be great or small; be pence or pounds involved. For, apart from our interest in the weekly pay envelope, this pinpointing of outlook can provide two of the greatest satisfactions in life—the awareness of achievement and the fulfilment of purpose.

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And so all sensible men and women “carry on,” to the best of their abilities, within the boundaries of the immediate field which they have either plotted for themselves, or in which they have
been placed, following the observations of their aptitudes, by wiser heads.

Thus it is that the “Mrs. Hemingway,” of this story, is greeted, wherever the town, wha ever the store, whichever the department, by understanding and intelligent sales people who have more or less dedicated themselves to the task of making easier and happier the daily round of Mrs. Hemingway—and millions like her.

It seems unnecessary to emphasise that much personal satisfaction can be derived by sales staff from these myriad daily contacts with all customers, for whereas to some (and we imagine this to be very few indeed) a transaction may appear to have ended when the docket is made out and the goods taken away, this is actually but one step in a long chain of happenings which, directly or indirectly, link the most junior sales assistant with thousands of people of vastly different callings, not only throughout our own country, but all over the world. When the sale of that shirt to Mrs. Hemingway is fitted into the appropriate place in this gigantic “jigsaw” of buying and selling (remember that we, as retailers, must buy that shirt before we can sell it), we begin to see the true picture of what can be described, without exaggeration, as the romance of retailing.

Petrol rationing in England has brought into use this 1900 all-electric Krieger brougham. It takes representatives of a London firm on business calls. During the first 30 years of its life, the brougham was used as a private town carriage.

(P.A.-Reuter photo.)

If that phrase should sound a little over-picturesque, we can readily simplify it into the much more homely term: “We all live by taking in another’s washing.”

From the moment that Mrs. Hemingway’s shirt is wrapped up for delivery, there begins to gather momentum a merchandising movement which creates ripples that eventually encircle hundreds and hundreds of people, each of whom would be a little less “well off,” if we had failed to “clinch the deal” with Mrs. Hemingway.

Let us look more closely at these “ripples.” Let us look, in fact, at the epicentre of a series of such ripples which could ruffle the surface of the sea of commerce, in concentric circles. We could find this by taking a look at an average man. Let us say, a young man; one of those smartly dressed types such as we see in the business district of any capital city. He is about to enter a bank, the office of an insurance company, or the like, there to begin his daily chore. He is formally garbed. Regard him then, from head to foot:

**HAT:** If he wears the ever popular Australian felt, the chief ingredient is rabbit fur, with trimming of ribbon, in rayon or silk, and a band of calf leather. Should he favour a Panama, in summer, this may come from either South America or Manilla.

**HEAD:** It’s unlikely that he will cut his own hair. But at intervals, someone will have to get to work with comb and scissors. The former would probably be Australian made in plastic, but the scissors might come from England or Germany. Hair dressing preparations could include oils, chemicals or perfumes, from various sources. The care of the chin would call for an electric shaver, or the “open” or safety razor. Most of the best known brands of electric shavers are now made in Australia. (One of these, indeed, is so successfully produced in this country that it is being exported to the United Kingdom.) Several countries produce our safety razor blades. A “cut throat” razor would probably have come from Great Britain, Germany or other European source. Shaving creams, soaps and lotions could be likened to the hair preparations, so far as the diversities of countries of origin are concerned.

**SHIRT:** Being a fashionable figure, our typical young man will have a collar attached shirt, made either of cotton or nylon. The cotton could have grown in Egypt or America. Nylon could be British, American or Swiss manufacture; its spinning might point to Holland or France. Australia itself could be concerned here.

**TIE:** If his tastes are a little expensive, he might run to silk ties, with the basic fabric coming from overseas, whether or not the tie itself was made here. A rayon tie would also be of imported fabric, but his wool tie would almost certainly be Australian made throughout.

**SUIT:** If of wool, unlikely to be other than all-Australian. But a rayon lining could be “traced back,” like his tie.

**UNDERWEAR:** Cotton or rayon, we assume, in either case the yarn being imported from countries as already indicated. Woollen garments (with the odd exception of an imported line) would be all-Australian.

**SOCKS:** Again Australian, if of wool, and Australian made if of imported nylon yarn.

**SHOES:** Undoubtedly Australian throughout, with the exception of some linings and laces.

His watch, we imagine, would be from Switzerland, but pearl buttons could come from over-
seas, even though the trochus shell had been fished in Australian waters. Nowadays, most handkerchiefs are Australian made from imported fabric, as would be the brushes and polish for his shoes, although the brush bristles could come from Manchuria. It would be surprising if his wallet were not of Australian materials, as would be the “contents,” except that the paper in his £1 and 10/- notes would come from Great Britain.

Spearfishing off Pt. Perron, Brian McKay (Display Dept., Cox Bros., Perth) landed this 25-lb. white-nosed groper. This fish, which makes good eating, is not dangerous, unlike the larger species, caught in more northern waters.

This brief listing alone gives some idea of how the ripples of retailing reach out. Yet this indication is but a fraction of all the other industries and activities involved in bringing these articles on to the body of our young man of business. In each of the factories concerned with the basic materials, there are other clerks and typistes, as well as workers of many types. Further along the line would be bankers, advertising men, transport workers, ship owners, ships crews and officers, waterside workers—and who can describe what others.

Also concerned are wives, families and other relatives directly or indirectly dependent upon the workers and “associates” we have specifically named, as well as other “interested parties,” and each of these in turn makes call upon innumerable other industrial workers in addition to “beneficiaries” like doctors, theatre and cinema staffs, bus drivers, dustmen and dentists, etc., etc. If all the electronic “brains” in the world were linked together, we doubt if they could compute where, if at all, the “impact” ends, when Mrs. Hemingway goes shopping for that shirt. Just to “round off” this housewife alusion, it could well be that our city office prototype is actually Mrs. Hemingway’s “little boy.”

As we said in an earlier paragraph, it was not our intention to launch a sales “drive” or in any way “crack the whip” in writing this article. Our thought has been solely to emphasise the importance of any sale of goods and to invite further thought, on the part of those involved, as to how that “importance,” like a boomerang, can whirl away, to the most distant spot on the globe, if need be, and rebound, unerringly, right into the hands of he who “made the throw.”

Immediately this is realised, the vast mechanism of the commercial and industrial “machine” which we have but sketchily outlined here can be more readily visualised as nothing more than a huge combination of interlocking cog wheels—human cog wheels. The directors are such cog wheels; the General Manager is one. The man who washes the floor is another. So too are the sales staffs—and every other employee within our ranks.

Here then comes the individual incentive. For the Field Marshal’s job must become vacant one day, and when the move to fill the position is made, a whole line of people moves, in turn, like passengers on an escalator. Someone may say that this still leaves the fellow on the lowest tread a long way from the top when the escalator stops. Granted. But whatever our level in life, each of us should still decide to be the “best corporal” or just “the best,” no matter what stripe or other insignia we may wear.

To strive to burnish our talents to the utmost should be a natural and instinctive urge. We see it all around us. And how we hail those who are not satisfied to let their abilities “rest;” who are anxious to do better than just “run with the pack.” Running actually is a good example of the point we are trying to drive home. John Landy could have trotted along the local grass every Saturday afternoon of his life—and still have been a good member of his club. But he was determined to achieve that “four minute” mile. How the world acclaimed him when he succeeded! Betty Cuthbert is another example. She could as easily have stayed home and excelled at knitting, instead of hurtling along the track until her brilliance led her to Olympian success, the proud bearer of gold medals. To take one other example of human endeavour, we could think of Louis Armstrong. Thousands of musicians have expelled their breath through wooden or metal tubes. But Louis Armstrong is the trumpeter without peer.

There are similar laurels to be won in retailing.

G.M. ON SICK LIST

Mr. L. E. Williams, General Manager of Foy & Gibson Ltd., has had to enter the Mercy Hospital for a little surgical attention. Reports as we go to press are that his condition is very satisfactory. He should be back in two or three weeks.

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

Customer: Where can I find Terry Towelling?
Sales Assistant: Terry Towelling? Who is HE?

OVERHEARD IN LONDON

Visitor, Australian, female, young: I don’t like Englishmen—in England ... But they’re all right in Australia!
SIR NORMAN MYER

In far more directions than the immediate field of retailing in which, possibly, we, of this company, knew him best, was the death of Sir Norman Myer, on December 17 last, a grievous loss to the community. Sir Norman Myer was a leader, in many capacities. Industry benefited from his guidance, through his directorship of various companies. His advice was sought in Government circles. Many are the institutions and deserving causes who could acknowledge his benevolence, both official and personal.

Few men of business have earned the regard of their fellows to such a degree and in so many spheres as did Norman Myer. Fewer still have borne themselves with such simplicity—even humility—as fame and success shone upon them like fierce spotlights whose intensity increased, year by year.

But impressive though his other achievements, the finest tribute to his leadership, both as a captain of commerce and as a man, is to be seen in the great business house whose destinies he guided after the death of Mr. Sidney Myer, its founder. In The Myer Emporium Ltd., and all its associated enterprises, of which Sir Norman Myer was Chairman and Managing Director, Australia possesses one of the most outstanding department store organisations in the world—certainly the greatest in the Commonwealth. That huge mass of buildings which runs through an entire city block, behind the imposing facade of the Bourke street store, stands as a lasting memorial to Sir Norman Myer, just as it enshrines the spirit of Sir Norman’s uncle, Mr. Sidney Myer.

With Lady Myer and her children; with all others of close family tie and, like our colleagues throughout the Myer organisation, do we of this company mourn the passing of one of Australia’s really great men.

These words are blended by feelings from the heart, for Sir Frank Richardson, our Chairman, was a close personal friend of Sir Norman Myer.

THE FRONT COVER

The striking picture of part of Melbourne’s skyline which appears on Page 1 of this issue was taken from the south bank of the River Yarra, just east of Princes Bridge. The view is towards Swanston Street, looking north.

It is a scene which has been photographed many times, but the illustration, currently used, is of added interest for two reasons. It was taken by Victor Anastasi, of the Hire Purchase Office, Foy’s, Collingwood, and is the first cover picture, taken by a staff photographer, that we have had the opportunity to print for some time. The other reason relates to the composition of the photograph. Not only has the camera been angled slightly differently from many another photograph we have seen, thus providing the most decorative “frame” of leaves, but in the objects portrayed, Mr. Anastasi has managed to compress into the one picture, numerous aspects of the life of Melbourne.

Dominating the picture, of course, is St. Paul’s Anglican Cathedral with its graceful spires. Here is a spiritual influence. To the left commerce is represented in office blocks, like the Nicholas Building, the Manchester Unity building and beyond, Century House, all architectural landmarks on the western side of Swanston Street. In the foreground is a reminder of an unusual form of city transport. “Melbourne Ferries” operate a fleet of pleasure launches which run to beauty spots upstream. Closer still to the camera is a group of Melbourne citizens who, in great numbers at times, find the grassy banks of the Yarra a cool and inviting resting place.

To Victor Anastasi our congratulations for fine camera work, and our thanks for supplying this picture.
Committee which investigates complaints, whether these relate to normal purchases or to goods bought during the Sales. The argument was inconclusive, but retailers stressed that 99 per cent. of the merchandise sold at Sales was genuinely marked down.

Mr. Warren Bottomley from Cox-Foys, Adelaide, arrived on New Year's Eve, on the s.s. "Arcadia." It was a rather bleak arrival, for Tilbury is not a very inspiring place even on the loveliest day in summer, and New Year's Eve was a mixture of cold and rain. He called at this office to see me the other day. Having found a flat with a friend in Victoria (an area in south-west London) he hoped to secure a job in the Display Section of Dickens & Jones, in the next few weeks.

In my last letter, I reported the commencement of petrol rationing. This is now in full swing and most people over the Christmas holidays must have used up their tankful of petrol. The traffic on the outskirts of London has now fallen considerably. Even here, in central London, it is much easier to cross the road—Regent Street, in particular—at mid-day than it has been for many years. So rationing has its boons, along with many disadvantages.

Now has come the official announcement that for visitors to this country there will be no limitation on petrol for those who may bring a car with them, buy a new car in this country, or hire a car from the recognised car-hire firms. There is no talk yet of petrol rationing coming off, in the near future, and the general feeling is that there will be some sort of rationing until at least the middle of summer.

With the continued restoration of property—particularly churches—damaged during the Blitz, came news the other day that the Church of St. Clement's Dane in The Strand (of which the rebuilding nears completion) had had its bells recast. These bells are the original "Oranges and Lemons" bells, which have rung out the famous song for so many years. The original change consisted of 10 bells, which didn't in fact, quite give the perfect tune of "Oranges and Lemons," but now the bells have a change of 11, which does ring every note, correctly. The church has been rebuilt as the church of the R.A.F., and the first bell is known as "Boom." Whether intended or not, this was the nickname by which Lord Trenchard, the founder and "Father" of the R.A.F., was affectionately known throughout the service.

There has been a change in the staff of this Office. Mr. Knights, our Shipping Manager, decided to move out of London and live in Northampton. He left us on December 31 and Mr. F. G. E. Wells has been appointed in his place. Mr. Wells has had considerable experience in Australian shipping—indeed in work identical to our own—as he has been with one of our competitors.

**COVENTRY GETS A NEW STORE**

It is not often that a large and established department store is completely rebuilt. Now and again, a new building may appear in one city or another, as some enterprising merchant begins business (or extends a smaller one) and a bright architectural note is added to the city's architecture. It could possibly be said that on the average, even the most popular and progressive store would
not acquire a completely new "home" (in the course of any normally contemplated rebuilding programme), more often than once in, say, 25 years. Actually the period is possibly nearer to 30 or 40 years for complete structural replacement, even though many organisations may install new windows or doorways, or make other minor improvements to street facades.

But in the City of Coventry, complete rebuilding was forced upon the owners of many businesses, because of the frightful damage suffered during the war-time blitz. It is sometimes claimed, bearing in mind the proportion of the area damaged to the city itself, that Coventry was more extensively ravaged by aerial bombardment than any other city in Great Britain.

In Coventry, one of the best-known retail establishments was the Owen Owen department store. Upon the rubble and craters of war, left after enemy planes had passed over, a fine new building in the "clean line" style of contemporary architecture has arisen. The citizens of Coventry are proud indeed not only of this demonstration of that old British slogan: "Business as Usual," but of this new evidence that business can now be done in the pleasant and inviting atmosphere of one of the most modern department store buildings standing in England today.

The new store is surrounded by roads on three sides and an arcade on the fourth. It is claimed to be the finest commercial site in Coventry, being to the north of Broadgate, the main square of the city.

The main building consists of five sales floors, two of which have street frontages due to a fall-away from the main site level. There are two basements. An adjoining stock building of equal height contains seven floors. Plans allow for a roof-top "penthouse" to accommodate public and staff restaurants, roof terraces, etc., but these features are to be embodied later. A tower, three storeys above roof level at the north-east corner,
containing tanks, main fans, two goods and one staff lift, stairs, all main service ducts and staff lavatories at all levels, is 132 feet in height.

The passenger lifts and the main stairs which "wrap round" them, are in the south-west corner of the building, whilst enclosed staircases at the south-east and north-west corners give complete coverage at all floors. Escalators are sited centrally on the east side of all sales floors. The floor to floor height is 10 feet 6 inches in the stock building and 15 feet 9 inches in the sales area. The sales floor areas vary from 20,000 to 23,000 square feet, giving a total sales area of approximately 100,000 square feet. The proportion of sales to service area is 60 per cent. to 40 per cent.

Visitors to the store will notice the delightful colour schemes and lighting effects which have been contrived on the several floors. A special feature is the self-service restaurant. Here, an effect of sparkle and warmth is achieved by the use of bracket lights with shields of perforated metal, mounted on columns.

Needless to say, this modern store is provided with the usual services and internal equipment and great care has been expended upon every detail. The building is well supplied with lifts, escalators, conveyors, hoists and chutes, while the heating, ventilation, electrical and other services all exemplify the best standards of mid-twentieth century practice.

NEWCASTLE NEWSLETTER

From W. G. TONKS

Merchandise Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd., Newcastle, N.S.W.

WE OPEN A NEW STORE

November 22 was the red letter day in Tamworth, for on that day we moved into our new premises at 391 Peel Street. The new store is more conveniently situated in the main shopping block and is nearly three times the size of our previous store. The former Tamworth Store was established in 1938 by Mr. A. E. Brown, then Manager for Northern New South Wales.

Tamworth Manager, Mr. R. Dunn, and his staff, worked very hard to have the Store open in time for Christmas trading and great credit is due to those good people for a job of work well done. Since the opening, the Store has received enthusiastic support from the public and we predict a very bright future for Tamworth from now on.

There are new faces among the augmented Tamworth Staff and we welcome to the ranks the following newcomers:—The Misses L. Allen, L. Jolliffe and B. Reeves, and Messrs. W. Andren and J. Morris.

Among the visitors at the opening ceremony were:—Messrs. W. J. Matthews (Manager), W. G. Tonks (Merchandising Manager), R. Grieve (Merchandise Buyer), Reg. Lee (Display Manager), Mrs. Fay Rymer (Underwear Buyer) and Miss Joan Petrie (Accessories Buyer).

The last three named were familiar figures at the Tamworth Memorial Olympic Pool at 6 o'clock in the morning!

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Saturday, December 22, was the occasion of the Annual Party and as usual fancy dress was compulsory. The standard of costumes was exceptionally high and the judges had a hard time deciding the winners of the various sections.

Brian Stephens, of the Despatch Department, in the role of a bike rider, came complete with bicycle! Throughout the night, he was a familiar, if somewhat formidable guest, as he weaved his way among the dancers, on his machine.

Robert Jackson, as the "Absent-minded Professor" in a strong (?) pair of striped underpants, was considered unlucky to miss a prize. But Ruth Harris, looking frightening as a Cave Woman, "clubbed her way" into an award. "A wonderful night" was the verdict of the 200 revellers who danced until 2 a.m., and who offer, once again, warm thanks to Mr. Reg Lee and his committee for their untiring efforts.

At Cox Bros. (N.S.W.) Christmas Party, the accent was on fancy dress, and Newcastle staff literally "came to the party." Here are Rodger Armstrong, Jan Morris, Robert Jackson, Aileen Wrightson, Betty Flanagan, and Trevor Davies.
Unhindered at Cox Brothers fancy dress Christmas Party, at Newcastle, N.S.W., were Maureen Dries, Ern Worrall, and Flora Selaris.

A SHARK IN THE SURF

The "Newcastle Morning Herald" reports an unscheduled thrill during a recent surf carnival at Catherine Hill Bay. Well-known Newcastle swimmer Ern. Worrall had just won the Senior Belt Race, and had slipped the belt, prior to his return swim to the beach, when a 12-foot shark made a dive for the belt as it was dragged along the surface. The shark passed within a few feet of Ernie Worrall and only a yard or two from him were two other belt swimmers, John Bloomfield and Bob Bamwell. With all the calmness and resource of seasoned surfers, Mr. Worrall and his friends signalled to the duty boat that a shark was in the offing and then (to quote the "Herald") "caught a wave back to the beach." The simplicity of this statement makes the action sound like the rest of us catching a train or bus home. Heaven knows, we do that under some difficulty, at times, but among all the other hazards of the street, we do not usually allow for a 12-foot shark such as spurred these three men to "return to base."

What brings this story "to our own doorstep" is that Ern. Worrall is a salesman in the clothing department of the Cox Brothers store in Newcastle. He is one of the city's best-known surfers, and represented New South Wales at the Torquay (Vic.) Meeting during the Olympic Games.

VISITORS

We were happy indeed to have the opportunity to wish Mr. A. E. Brown a "Happy Christmas." Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrived in Newcastle on Christmas Eve, for a short holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Smith and son Geoffrey looked in, on their way through Newcastle on a touring holiday. Mr. Smith was Melbourne Office Manager prior to his retirement last year.

NOTHING "KNOCKS" CESSNOCK!

By K. A. SALWAY

Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd., Cessnock, N.S.W.

Cessnock, with a population of 15,000, is Australia's richest and most widely developed coal-bearing area. The district is noted throughout the world for the quality of its coal. There are 20 collieries in the area which produce a daily average of 18,000 tons. Within 10 miles of Cessnock Post Office, are 60,000 acres of untouched coal! Apart from coal mining, local industries include timber, pottery, and clothing manufacturing. The Cessnock district is also one of the oldest wine-growing areas in Australia. It produces half a million gallons yearly of the famous Hunter Valley dry wines. As well, Cessnock is the centre of a vast milk producing area, with a large surplus going to Sydney. Beef is another of the local primary productions.

It is hoped that a plant will soon be established to treat coal for the extraction of oil, chemicals and gas.

Cessnock boasts some fine modern buildings in its High School, Police Boys' Club, Technical College, Ambulance Station and Hospital. The school is the largest first-class High School in New South Wales. We are very proud of our Boys' Club, an all-brick structure set in 51 acres of playing fields, gardens and lawns. It was built at a cost of £45,000 and the equipment is valued at £4,000. The tremendous support of the local people aids this Club to function with continuous success.

A modern Technical College has been built at a cost of £300,000 and is fully equipped to teach fit-
ting and machining, automotive engineering, min-
ing and commercial subjects. The college, which
was officially opened in November last, is set in
12 acres of parkland, in the heart of the town,
and it is a most valuable asset to the district.

Still under construction is the Town Hall, being
built at a cost of £150,000. It is expected that this
building will be completed in June, 1957.

A site is being acquired on the town boundary
for a Psychiatric Hospital, which is estimated to
cost £2,000,000.

Our Ambulance Station, serviced by a fleet of
10 modern ambulance cars, is centrally situated,
and was built about three years ago for £44,000.
This station is recognized as one of the most
modern in New South Wales.

Within an hour's drive from the town are Lake
Macquarie, a very popular fishing and holiday
resort and the Newcastle beaches. Many scenic
drives can be made within but a few miles of the
town, among the mountain ranges which fringe
the area.

From the above indications alone, it will be
appreciated that Cessnock is a thriving community
with a modern outlook. Who could doubt that
coal will be needed, for years to come, to supple-
ment other fuels.

Our own store in this industrial hub was estab-
lished in 1938, and we have plans already for
future expansions.

NEWS OF OUR OWN PEOPLE

Mr. and Mrs. Taggart, both of Cessnock Branch,
were made exceedingly happy by the arrival of a
daughter on January 26. The name of the little
spellbinder is Linda. We share their joy!

Miss Joan Magennis has resigned. She was mar-
rried to Mr. John Murray on February 9. Our
congratulations to the happy pair!

Western Whispers

By ESTHER BOYES

Advertising Department, Foy & Gibson (W.A.)
Limited

CHRISTMAS AT PERTH CENTRAL

A wonderful Christmas it was! Foys entered
the festive season, looking as gay as Christmas
itself! Bright coloured decorations festooned down
from the Cafeteria to the Ground Floor, Christmas
trees decorated every department! And to add to
the cheerful and friendly atmosphere, carols and
Christmas songs were played over the loud-
speakers.

A wonderful new Gift Centre Service was
opened, where busy men and women could have
their gift problems dealt with quickly and effi-
ciently by Foys Public Relations Officer, Miss
Laura McCartney.

Father Christmas made a timely arrival on his
sledge at Foys Toyland on November 8, and held
sessions with hundreds of boys and girls twice
daily until Christmas Eve. The number of last-
minute shoppers who flocked into the store on
Christmas Eve, just before closing time, must
have been a record.

Then the whole staff breathed a sigh of relief
and welcomed the well-earned holiday!

CHRISTMAS PARTY

On Monday evening, the 18th December, the
Directors of Foys (W.A.) Ltd. staged a magnificent
party for the executive staff. The party got off
to a gay start, with the Directors receiving their
guests in the foyer, where light refreshments
were nimbly served by Mr. Bialech. Well to the
fore throughout were Mr. W. J. Yeomans, Manag-
ing Director, Mr. C. G. N. Hobbs, Merchandise
Manager, and Directors Messrs. Ernest Hearn and
R. G. H. McKay, each obviously enjoying in the
fullest this opportunity to foster the friendly
Christmas spirit.

Looking around the gathering, one saw with
pleasure that amongst those present were many
"old identities." Well remembered here, at Foys,
these retired members of the staff had been
invited by the Board to meet old and new friends.
Amongst these were Mr. J. F. Bowman, one-time
Secretary and Accountant, looking hale and hearty

Who could resist Christmas pudding served by
"Chef" Yeomans? Miss P. Tindal stands by, with
the brandy; Mr. F. Luke is ready to light it! The
scene, Christmas party in Foys (W.A.). At other
times, Mr. W. J. Yeomans is Managing Director in
Perth.
and obviously enjoying the occasion, despite the weight of years; Mr. W. A. Mulgrave and Mrs. Laughton. The last named was perhaps more readily recalled by many as Miss Pittman.

When all guests had arrived and the party was really in its stride, Mr. J. Brisbane (Master of Ceremonies) gave the signal for everyone to move into the Service Cafeteria. The Cafeteria was gaily decorated, complete with the traditional Christmas Tree, and the tables were simply loaded with wonderful Christmas fare. This great array of tempting dishes was, itself, a fine tribute to the efficiency of our own catering staff, headed by Mr. Fenn and Miss Tindal.

A "stag session" at Foys (Perth) Christmas Party?

Having an uncomplicated noggin are (standing): R. Farrell (Carpets), E. Howlett (Tobacco), A. Jones (Grocery), D. Sexton (Kitchenwear), D. McInerney (Office). Seated: E. Otley (Sportswear) and F. Fagg (Transport).

After everyone had feasted in true Christmas fashion and the tables were cleared, there came a delightful programme of impromptu musical items. Much talent in the vocal field was displayed by Mr. R. Hindley, Mr. J. Brisbane, Miss Lil McCartney, Miss Laura McCartney, Mrs. V. Pilcher, Mr. R. Withell, and Miss P. Cable, recently appointed Buyer of Knitwear. Mr. A. Manley (Despatch) received a great ovation for singing all verses of the song "When You Wore a Tulip."

At regular intervals during the evening tickets were distributed by Mr. Brisbane and lucky numbers were drawn from a hat. Nearly everyone—including the artists—received one of the great variety of prizes.

The tempo of fun heightened as the party ran on. Then suddenly a burst of applause. From the direction of the kitchens came the well-known figure of Mr. Yeomans, pushing a trolley on which were two blazing Christmas puddings! In the only speech of the evening Mr. Yeomans expressed the pleasure which he and his fellow Directors had enjoyed in entertaining such a happy gathering of Foy personnel.

Later attractions during this happy night were a delightful programme of dancing, complete with lucky spots, and Bill Caporn, giving a lifelike impersonation of famous Al Jolson. Able photo-

THE CHILDREN HAD FUN, TOO!

For the past two years, a big feature of the Social Club's annual programme has been a magnificent Christmas Party for the children of Club members. This year's effort excelled the others. On Wednesday, December 12, at 7.30 p.m., the staff entrance on St. George's Terrace was opened, and members, their wives and countless children, flocked up the stairs to the Cafeteria — scene of this year's party.

Directing operations was a team of keen and capable organisers, headed by Bill Caporn, Frank Luke, George Gardener and John Roebottom. Amongst the interested onlookers were the Managing Director, Mr. W. J. Yeomans, and Directors Mr. Ernest Hearn and Mr. R. G. H. Mackay.

With the children seated around the dais, the party opened with the appearance of "Uncle Arthur," Perth's popular and talented children's entertainer. "Uncle Arthur" introduced first, "Joey," the monkey, who provided many laughs with his quaint chatter and, later, "Charlie," who gave "Uncle Arthur" a lot of cheek before he was persuaded to sing.

To turn from Father Christmas to face the camera, they needed coaxing. Happy at Foys (Perth) Christmas Party were Gregory Thompson (son of Mr. B. Thompson, Butter section), with Susan Thomas and Denise, children of John Kelly.

The most exciting moment, of course, was the arrival of Father Christmas. In the modern manner, he travelled down the elevator, and made for the dais, smiling and waving to all the excited children. Each child was called to the dais by name, to receive his or her particular present from Santa.

Finally—Supper! Sandwiches, cakes, cool drinks for all, and tons of ice cream.

As can be guessed, the party was a wonderful success!
MOONLIGHT RIVER CRUISE

While Perth sweltered in a temperature not far below the century mark, the Social Club members and friends of Foys, aboard the “Zephyr,” revelled in the cool breezes that blew along the Swan River. They were on a moonlight river cruise—the first social outing of 1957.

The “Zephyr” left the Barrack Street jetty at 8.0 p.m. filled to capacity. With every seat full, the unlucky stragglers had either to stand or walk the decks. The crowd was greatest on the top deck—to enjoy the best of the breeze and also to listen to the music provided by a three-piece orchestra, led by Foys’ outdoor salesman, Pete Josephson.

At our destination—Point Walter—most of the younger people went ashore, together with the band, and spent a wonderful half hour dancing in the Point Walter Tearooms. The others remained on board, for a cruise to Rocky Bay. In no time, it seemed the “Zephyr” was back, “tooting” to let us know it was time to embark again!

The journey back brought new thrills. With everyone in gayer mood, we saw our first demonstration of “Rock-N-Roll.” Maisie Anderson (Cafeteria) and her partner gave a vigorous performance.

At 10.40 p.m. the “Zephyr” was back at the Barrack Street jetty. Perth seemed hot and sticky after the cool air of the Swan!

TENNIS CLUB SOCIAL NIGHT

On the night of Saturday, December 29, Foys Tennis Club held an end-of-the-year party at the home of Mr. Coles, Supervisor, Electrical Department. The evening commenced around 8.15, and we met on the cool back lawn of the Coles’ home which was gaily lit with coloured lights for the occasion.

There was plenty of recorded music, which everyone enjoyed, either listening or jiving! The men organised dart games and played for several hours, with the women joining in occasionally. A delightful supper was served at 11 o’clock, and this happiest of parties ended about 1.0 a.m.

Tournament Results: Mr. W. Dryer (husband of Mrs. Dryer, Electroplate) won the Men’s Open Singles Championship against Mr. C. Johnston (Credit Office). Mrs. K. Coles (wife of Mr. Coles) won the Women’s Open Singles Championship against Miss Rowena Hopes (Florist).

VITAL STATISTICS

ENGAGEMENTS.—The following betrothals have been announced:—

Ruby Devlin (a newcomer to the Layby) to Donald Hamilton, on January 3.

Norma Little (Hosiery) to Jim Morgan, on Christmas Eve.

Judith Morriss (remembered at the Pattern Counter but transferred to the Office in August) to Stanley Jolliffe, on September 21.

Margaret Sinclair (Soft Furnishings) to Kevin Stokes, on January 11.

Once again, our felicitations.

MARRIAGES.—Miss E. Osborne (Underwear Dept.) was married to Mr. Bert Harris, at St. Patrick’s Church, Mt. Lawley, on February 16.

Miss G. Summer (Underwear, too) will marry Mr. Bob Sweney at St. Patrick’s, West Perth, on March 9.

Our good wishes to all for full happiness.

RECENT NEWS OF STOREWIDE INTEREST

Mr. Claude Sadler (Group Controller, Ground Floor Departments) recently left to start his own retail business. Mr. Sadler was with the Company for 17½ years.

Miss Margery Drew (Layby), who will be remembered as Margery Abbott, has left to take up household duties after eight years’ service.

Mrs. Grundy (Shoe Department) became the mother of a baby boy on January 18.

The Mantles Department welcomes the return of Miss Thompson after her recent illness.

Mrs. K. Mayne (recently of the Coat Department) left Perth a week before Christmas to tour the eastern States. We hear she is having a lovely time.

Mr. Alan Edward (Despatch Driver) left for England on the “Iberia” on February 4. He intends to work there for some time. Mr. Edward has given eight years’ service to Foys’.

YACHTING ON THE SWAN

By GRAHAM CATCHLOVE

[There are readers beyond Perth who will be interested to know that Graham Catchlove, a member of the Advertising Staff of Foys’ W.A., is a nephew of Mr. Peter Catchlove, Managing Director of The Economic Stores Pty. Ltd., Perth.—Ed. “S”]

For three years now I have been yachting on Perth’s sunny Swan River, and I can truthfully say that never before have I enjoyed such an exciting, invigorating sport.

Spinning across the Swan River in their “Vee-Jay” are Graham Catchlove, of Foys, Perth, and co-owner, Chris. Wain. Don’t ask us which is which. The boys don’t even know themselves! 
Undoubtedly, the most popular type of boat among yachts in the smaller class is the “Vee-Jay.” That's a “Vee-Jay” in the accompanying picture. I'm part owner. My good friend and fellow crew man, Chris. Wain, owns the other half!

Almost any Saturday, while overlooking the river, one may see fleets of yachts, large and small, all sizes and shapes, racing or cruising all over the sun-drenched waters of the Swan. It is truly a wonderful sight, as the big cruisers glide by, their huge white sails billowing out in the breeze, whilst the smaller, nippy “Vee-Jays” skim past, spray flying—and the crew having a busy time!

The club I belong to is one of the most modern, or should I say the most modern, at the present moment, in Western Australia. The fine building—on what was a stretch of bare land—was erected by the club members themselves in just under six months. Not a bad effort, considering we had no outside assistance. At present, it houses only “Vee-Jay” class, but senior members of the club have ideas of extending the premises and including a larger class, such as the 14-ft. dinghies. These 14-footers are a bit larger than a “Vee-Jay” and a good deal faster, but I have heard many a former “Jay” skipper who has gone out in a “fourteen” say that they do not get such a thrill out of the larger boats.

The boat in the photograph is the past Australian champ “Comet 5.” Although it is between three and four years old, it still packs a powerful punch. Last year we won seven races and are now the proud owners of seven trophies. Now we are hoping to win ourselves a trip to Sydney for the Australian Championships to be held very soon. Although the competition will be pretty stiff, I think we have a reasonable chance.

"ALL WRAPPED UP!"
By “SNOZ”
(Dispatch, Foys, Perth, W.A.)
For the boys in these parts, Christmas means a lot of work—but a job out of which we all get a big “kick!” Even though “the pressure’s on,” one gets a nice warm feeling from the knowledge

Frank Coonan and Mauri Knox (Dispatch) alongside one of the best-known delivery vans in W.A.
the scheduled "get together," therefore, the party was transformed into a send-off for Allen. Neither he nor the rest of us are likely to forget this fare-well. It was as jolly an affair as anyone could have wished. If there was one thing lacking, it was a little music!

By the way, if the formality of "Allen" Edwards should puzzle some, he's identical with the more frequently hailed "Tex" Edwards. Nicknames are springing up all around the place lately, in the other good qualities, is known to us all for his excellent singing voice. In his place we welcome Mr. De Feaux, a newcomer to Albany.

Joan Jackman, who has been a mainstay in our Domestic Department for six years, has left to take up a position in the office of radio station 6VA. "6VA," an abbreviation of "Voice of Albany," went on the air last March.

Another salesgirl of long standing, Joy Hawkins of the Confectionery Department, left us recently.

garage. Matching "Tex," are such "handles" as "Johnny Ray" Orton, "Crash" Moffat, "Spencer" Robinson, and "Chook" Mayne. There are others "in the oven" no doubt.

But that's all part of the fun which makes the days pass pleasantly—part of the "play" which ensures there are no "dull Jacks" around.

ALBANY NOTES

By SALLY POWELL
(Foy's, Albany, W.A.)

Our Social Club was well supported by families and friends of staff on the Tuesday before Christmas, when we held a social-cum-dance in St. Joseph's Hall. We danced to the music of Albany's top orchestra and ate a delicious supper. Children of the staff all received a gift and sweets.

The position of Hardware Manager was recently vacated by Mr. Ted Wilson who, apart from all

She went to Melbourne with two objectives—to be married and to see the Olympic Games. We believe Joy and her husband may be in Albany soon, to make their home here.

Albany will be a hive of activity for one week at Easter, this year, when the Apex Club of Albany is organising many social and sporting events as features of "Albany Week." The carnival has been widely advertised, and many visitors from all over the State are expected.

An unusual event was staged some weeks ago when the Apex Club arranged a Rodeo, some miles out of Albany. The show was very well attended from all accounts, though many members of the staff were unable to be there because of stocktaking. Trophies and sashes won by contestants were presented that night at a dance held in the Centennial Oval Hall, which is believed to be one of the largest halls in the State.

Final arrangements for the staff picnic should
be completed soon. We go, by bus, to Nanarup, a glorious beach about 20 miles away.

COLLIE ON THE LINE!

We gathered in Social mood and strength to farewell Mr. John Whyte, our Manager, upon his transfer to Foys in Manjimup. Mr. Reg Turner-Smith made a happy speech on behalf of all staff and presented Mr. Whyte with a silver tray and goblets. Assistant Manager, Mr. G. Peville, has succeeded Mr. Whyte as Manager. We wish him well in his new assignment.

Mr. William Bennie (recently of the Knitwear, Foys, Perth) is now Fashion Buyer for Collie.

KATANNING COMMUNIQUE

The annual holiday season, in addition to producing patches of sunburn and a crop of small talk about new places and faces, is likely to have an added significance. The romantic angle. Suit cases may be shabbier, pockets may be lighter, but hearts are fuller. Such, no doubt, is the back-

A quip from Mr. J. Brisbane, Staff Manager (at right), raises smiles among Miss Pittman (Mrs. Laughton), Mrs. Eddington, Miss Dewar, Miss Taylor, Miss L. McCartney, Mr. W. J. Yeomans, Miss Cable, Mr. Pinker and Miss Coles, at Foys (W.A.) Christmas Party.

MAIL FROM MANJIMUP

Foys in Manjimup is situated in a central position in the main shopping area and is a popular focal point. The staff numbers 42. Our Manager, Mr. John Whyte, who joined recently, came from the Collie store. He replaced Mr. Harry Low, who retired after 12 years of able management.

Mrs. Lorna Roberts has rejoined the staff after an absence of two years to take, again, the position of Manageress of Women’s Outerwear.

Mrs. Val Marshall, Manageress of Dress Goods and Manchester, has left after 10 years’ service with the company.

A pleasing series of renovations in the Drapery and Footwear sections of the store were carried out last year. Customers have been loud in their praise of these improvements.

Our Social Club swung into action again after a longish interval, with a Christmas Social. A most happy and enjoyable function which nicely rounded off our efforts of 1956.

NEWS FROM NARROGIN

Like all other branches, we have been somewhat overwhelmed of late—indeed we might almost refer to the season as “our magnificent obsession”—by the demands of Christmas, and the chores of stocktaking. Now, as if in reward for both efforts, comes the time for annual holidays.

Everyone looks forward to this break, and plans for recreation and enjoyment are many and varied. Looking fit after leisure hours, well spent, are—Miss Pat Barron, Shoe Department, in Perth, on a combined vacation and pre-wedding shopping spree;

Miss Kath Carmody, Cashier, at Bunbury, and Miss Winnifred Danning, Office, at Busselton.

Within the store we have already officially farewelled Miss Val Nelson (Department Manager of Hosiery and Fancy Goods), who recently retired after 10 years’ service. Here we can extend our tribute to a well-loved colleague, and renew our good wishes for her future.

There is room here, too, for a renewed welcome to Mrs. Walker, who has taken charge of the Mantle Department.

CHAPEL STREET CHATTER

By MARY McCURDY

The “merry-go-round” has been turning very merrily of late. Familiar faces have been whisked away; new and friendly faces now illuminate these old walls.

Off to Colac sped Mr. Les Tully, Fashion Controller, to take up his new position as Merchandise Manager at Foy-Bilson’s. To succeed him, Mr. Lindsay Hardingham came this-wise, on the City tram.

Then off to Bourke Street went Mr. Geo. Tre-
villian, from Ground Floor Control, to supervise on the Third Floor in the City. Meanwhile, into our ranks slips Miss Beryl Rowley, who left the Handkerchief section in Bourke Street, to take charge of a number of ground floor departments here.

We wish them all well!

Good indeed to have back with us Miss Margaret Riggs, of the Lay-by. Slim Meg, of the copper hair and known to all, has been away through illness for several weeks.

In the nearby Cash Office the smile on the face of Laurel Doherty could be attributed to the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Jack McCurrach.

Don't quote “What the Stars Foretell” to Mrs. Mary Robertson (Provisions). A mishap with a cutting machine necessitated 15 stitches in her hand. Then her car was stolen. However, as the latter was found in Ballarat some weeks later, Mrs. Robertson is hoping that the rest of the year will not be so depressing, horoscopically, after all.

And, as if to illustrate that the unexpected things in life often run in pairs (like twins!), Vera Bowen, of the Elevators, had to undergo a little sewing as the result of an argument with a soft drink bottle.

Popular Ground Floor identity, Mrs. B. McConville, Buyer of the Wool Department, has left to take another position. Store-wide good wishes go with her.

Widespread jubilation upon news of the arrival of a daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Colin Corboy. Pat Corboy was Pat Strapp, of the Office staff, before her marriage and was well known to all in the store. Colin, of course, was at one time Manager of the Soft Furnishing Department.

True family pride has also entered the life of Annette Cody, formerly of the Jewellery Department, and remembered also in the City Store. A year or so ago Annette became Mrs. Peter Blake. Now there is a wee bundle of feminine charm who, before long, will be greeting Mr. and Mrs. Blake as “Daddy” and “Mummy.”

Many personnel throughout all Melbourne stores, but particularly at Bourke Street, will be happy to know that Mr. George Barlow, who suffered what could have been a protracted illness towards the end of last year, has made a splendid recovery and is back on the payroll, at his old job in Men’s Mercery. The one difference is that he now gives this service under our roof instead of in the city.

Many branches will be reporting upon their Christmas parties in this issue. We “beat the gun” by having news of our own in the December issue. But late in December we held another party for the children of employees. This rivalled all others remembered over the years and, possibly, gave even greater joy to the guests than the grown-ups get together. As a rule, these parties run more or less to a pattern, but arising from the whoops of the youngsters last December is an incident which, we think, earns this paragraph.

If anyone is in need of balloon bloweruppers, we have two that we can spare! Out of the original five dozen balloons, bought for the kids party, no less than two dozen were busted by Bob Thomson, Grocery, and H. Kermode, Dress Materials. These two over-healthy specimens are known nowadays as “the windbags” of Chapel Street.

WRITTEN IN RUNDLE STREET

By CLARRIE SISSON
(Staff Manager, Cox-Foys, Adelaide)

BEAUTY ON PARADE!

The swimsuit is one line of merchandise which doesn’t just “walk out.” Having become an item of high fashion, it takes a lot of persuasion, from many angles, to lift the “iron curtain” from the public purse!

This year, we chose the loveliest of the store lovelies to help in this glamorous presentation of a week of swimsuit parades. The “urger” behind this venture was, of course, Miss Phil Churchill, not only because she wants to sell her swimsuits, but because she likes work. And it takes a lot of work to organise these parades. But this is not without some pleasure when one has the support of such a bevy of beauties as Gay Meecham (Office), Alja Vezis (Ticket Writing), Wendy Rochford (Mr. Conrad’s former Secretary), and Maxine Fuller (Office), as mannequins.

Good crowds attended. Comments by the critics were highly favourable and more and more of our swimsuits found their way to the deep blue sea.

Good work, girls!

TAKE OFF!

Miss Wendy Rochford, private secretary to Mr. D. Conrad, resigned recently after five years’ service with the Company. After a holiday in Melbourne, Miss Rochford will begin training as an air hostess—and wing her way to greater success in the future. The sky is the limit for her, from now on!

We welcome Miss Nola Warner, a newcomer, who has taken over Miss Rochford’s duties.
MARRIAGES

A little belated perhaps, but none the less sincere, are our congratulations to Miss Raylee Olsson (Jewellery Dpt.), who was married to Mr. Colin Minear, at Holy Trinity Church on November 3 last.

We think, too, of Miss Lily Van de Burgt (Hosiery Dept.), who exchanged matrimonial vows with Mr. Han Nerrinex, at Seraphico Francisco Church, Paradise, on December 22.

Wedding bells will ring on March 2 for Miss Pat Poulson (Ticket Writing) and Mr. Otto Weurden (formerly of Foys Display Dept.). The best of luck!

NEW ARRIVALS

The stork has shown a preference for the fairer sex by delivering to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Rogers (Display), and Mr. and Mrs. Keith Smith (Ground Floor Controller), baby daughters to complete, in each case, a pigeon pair—

Karen Lee Rogers arrived on January 5, 1957.
Deborah Jane Smith arrived on January 12, 1957.

Both fathers are taking their new and added responsibility in their stride.

"WHERE WE LIVE"

By S. H. ELLIOTT

(Manager, Cox Brothers, Mount Gambier, S.A.)

Mount Gambier, in the extreme south-eastern corner of South Australia, and approximately 14 miles from the Victorian border, is mid-way between Adelaide and Melbourne. It has been described alternatively as a South Australian town which looks east, or a Victorian town which looks west! Because of its geographical position, however, business houses buy from both capitals, which ensures a fine variety of stocks for public selection.

Mount Gambier was sighted and named by Lieut. James Grant in H.M.S. "Lady Nelson" on December 3, 1800. The "Mount" was named after Admiral Lord Gambier. Another extinct volcano, 10 miles nearer the coast, was named Mount Schank, after Admiral John Schank. Stephen George Henty is believed to be the first white man to ascend Mount Gambier. He made the 75-mile journey from Portland (Vic.) in June, 1839. In 1841, he established a cattle run and built the first hut, on a small rise, in part of the crater which houses the Valley and Brown's lakes.

To Hastings Cunningham goes the honour of founding the first township in 1854. In the same year, William Murray surveyed the first 123 allotments. The town itself is 141 feet above sea level and sits at the base of, and on, the slopes of the Mount. The original name was Gambiertown. It was constituted a municipality in 1876 with an area of 2,048 acres and became a city in 1954, having achieved a population of 10,000 as required by the South Australian Act for country areas. Present population is approximately 11,000, with another 5,000 residing in the district nearby.

The latest swimsuits were well displayed on this shapely staff quartette of Cox-Foys, Adelaide, at a recent parade. Standing, Gay Meecham, Aija Vezis, Wendy Rochford and Maxine Fuller.

The resourcefulness of the scientists! Methane gas produced at the Isleworth sewage works is pumped into cylinders specially fitted into the luggage boot of this car. Enough gas is being made to run the works' vehicles during the current petrol shortage in Great Britain.

(Planet News photo.)

Perhaps Mount Gambier's greatest claim to fame is Blue Lake, situated in one of the craters of the Mount. It is a large limestone bowl, some two miles in circumference with a "wall" 275 feet above the water. It covers an area of 176 acres, and, at its widest point, is 3,010 feet, with a "cross measurement" of 2,000 feet. The water level is 90 feet above sea level and soundings give a depth of 216 feet in the centre, 240 feet on the north side and 228 feet in the north-east. This lake is the source of the city's water supply. The water is
pumped from the lake into a reservoir at the rate of approximately 550,000,000 gallons per year. Fed by underground streams, the level of the lake does not alter, within a few feet, that is. Theorists claim that the lake contains 8,000 million gallons.

The lake is not a real blue all the year. Indeed, Sir Frank Richardson has said that he wonders if it is ever blue! But during the first two weeks of this year, the colour was definitely there and the sight will draw from the most seasoned traveller, a gasp of amazement as the corner is turned and a first glimpse caught of this phenomenon. No painting or colour photo has done it true justice. The lake seems to turn blue about the middle of November and gradually fades. Around the middle of February, it takes on its dull colour again.

What causes the lake to turn blue? Even professors seem unable to answer. The one explanation which seems to enjoy the greatest backing is that the colour comes from the suspension of small particles in the water. Others feel that the tinting is but a reflection of the blue of the sky.

Night shot of the Atomic Power Station at Dounreay, Scotland, as construction proceeds. The giant sphere is 135 feet high (taller than the Manchester Unity Building in Collins Street, Melbourne) and weighs 50,000 tons.

(Planet News photo.)

Alongside the Blue Lake crater are two others which contain the "Leg of Mutton" lake. There are also the "Valley" and "Brown's" lakes. The largest of these is the "Valley," which covers 80 acres and is 900 yards long by 500 yards wide. Speedboat racing is a popular sport on this lake.

There is a popular saying that it rains nine months of the year and that the water drips off the trees for the other three months, but after 20 years in this district, the writer feels that this is the "Land of milk and honey" for the country hereabouts has a remarkably fertile soil in which literally anything grows.

The business centre is situated on a part of the Princes Highway known locally as Commercial Street, a thoroughfare two miles long. There is almost a mile of shops on each side of this street and these produce the biggest turnover of business of any country centre in South Australia. In local circles, this figure is reckoned as one in excess of £7,000,000.

The large pine forests which cover thousands of acres have promoted a thriving industry and dairy farming is also a big source of income, with the many cheese factories in the surrounding district.

A visitor to Mount Gambier is attracted by the clean lines of the homes and buildings, which are practically all constructed of coraline limestone. This is cut from the ground with large crosscut saws. It is then cut into smaller building blocks, approximately 2 ft. by 1 ft. by 6 ins. This stone is now being more widely used in Victorian as well as in other South Australian areas.

In this fine and busy setting, Cox Brothers have a store which has been open for almost 30 years. It has grown from a staff of one assistant and Manager, to a complement of 11. At the moment additions are being made which will add another 1,300 square feet to the floor space.

THE TOP O' BOURKE

By HUGH WILLIAMS

Deputy Manager, Victoria and Riverina
Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.

"WHO'S WHO"—Chapter II

In our last report we spoke about the people who operate our branches. This month we want to introduce the folk who "make the business tick" from the buying side. We do this because we feel that a lot of our friends, interstate, will be interested to renew acquaintance with colleagues whom they may not have seen for some considerable time.

Thinking of them, in terms of their years of service, pride of place goes to Laurie Maynard, who joined the Company in 1930, and probably doesn't look one day older, despite all the cares of a Bulk Store man. He appears to enjoy life immensely and operates very effectively.

Mr. Maynard, having just completed his long service leave, is now well embarked upon his second 20 years! He is the focal point of a smooth operation which has developed around our branch trading. All of which would seem to indicate that he looks like "Father Time." In truth, he looks more like "Pan."

Next in line comes Hector Brittain. He joined Cox Brothers in 1935. Since then he has served in many capacities. From a start in Men's Clothing in Melbourne, he went to Launceston for a short period. The Army knew him next, after which it was back to Men's Clothing. Branch Managership followed, first at Mildura, then Geelong. Today he is the Carpet and Lino Buyer for the group.

Hec. is a true dyed-in-the-wool Coxonian. He, too, has just completed his long service leave. Spent a "busman's holiday" re-roofing and re-blocking a "holiday harem" in the Dandenongs, apparently very successfully.

Bill Peebles, who has operated the Men's Clothing and Sportswear Department since 1952, joined the Company in 1936 as a junior, and has patiently worked his way to the top of the tree.
Bill, an ex-Navy type, has commenced a family of sons, which bids fair to extend to a full team. He commenced his long-service leave in January with plans for using a kit of power tools which he has been accumulating against such an "emergency."

[For later news of Mr. Peebles see "75" Column, page 39, Ed. "S."]

Olive Bunting, in charge of the Fashion group, joined the Company in 1942, and has had a wide experience of Company activities.

Mrs. Bunting's recent visit overseas, to visit her daughter in England, was combined with a round the world trip, coming back through America. Her job is one of the most arduous buying positions we have to offer, that of selling fashion by "remote control"—which is virtually what all of our buyers have to contend with.

THE TOP O' BOURKE

By JOHN McPHERSON

[A warm welcome is extended to John McPherson, who "makes his bow" as a contributor in this issue. Well known throughout the Victoria and Riverina division, Mr. McPherson, who has been with the Company for two years, is Assistant to Mr. Hugh Williams, at Bourke Street.—Ed. "S."]

THE PICNIC WAS FUN

On Sunday, November 11, approximately 120 of us headed for Hanging Rock, for the staff picnic. This picturesque spot, some 40-odd miles to the north of Melbourne, is aptly named. The rock formations thereabouts might not appeal to Sir Edmund Hillary, but "The Rock" offers thrills to lesser "mountain goats." At one time an annual event, the Picnic was revived this year and proved to be an outstanding success. The outing was capably organised by Mr. Ivor Jolliffe, who was kept busy in every direction—not forgetting the handing out of ice-cream and drinks to the children.

Sir Frank and Lady Richardson were with us and appeared to enjoy themselves immensely. Sir Frank's vigorous hitting to the outfield was a feature of the baseball game.

Highlights of the day were the children's events, the egg and spoon race, and sack races for the wives.

WE HAD A GREAT CHRISTMAS PARTY, TOO!

Thursday night, December 20, saw a transformation at Bulk Store, the scene of our Christmas Dance. Gay blue and white striped walls, coloured lights, streamers, balloons, party hats and whistles helped create the Christmas party atmosphere. It will be remembered as a truly happy night.

Upon her arrival Lady Richardson was presented with a delightful floral spray by Mrs. Spry, who was also responsible for the lovely supper enjoyed later in the evening.

At Sir Frank's request, an exhibition of Rock 'n Roll was given by some of the younger dancers. This proved to be a most popular item.

Geelong store's staff arrived en masse—to the last man. Box Hill also was well represented.

The success was largely due to the preparations made by Bulk Store staff and the display team from Bourke Street. To all who helped, our warm thanks, once again.

ENGAGEMENTS

Following the announcement of their engagements, our hearty congratulations go to:

Brian English (Sporting Goods, Bourke Street) to Lucy Peucker. Lois Pardon (Ledger Machine operator, Bourke Street) to Colin Boch. Jean Roberts (Box Hill) to Leo Millest.

STAFF CHANGES

Mr. Ted Foster has been appointed Manager of Ararat Store.

Mr. Frank Dannock has taken over management at Geelong.

In each case the appointment is a promotion, and with our congratulations are coupled good wishes for future success, thoughts which, in the case of Mr. Dannock, extend to his wife Betty.

Vic. Prendergast is leaving the Company to go into partnership in an iceworks at Albury, and we thank him for his fine service to Cox Brothers. His many friends wish him luck.

WHAT HAPPENS TO STATEMENTS?

This experience of Miss I. Searle, of the Wagga Store, won her a prize of £2 2/- as a contribution to the "Women's Weekly":

JUST LIKE A WOMAN!

"While working in an office, I was given the mail orders to attend to. One customer enclosed an amount of money in her letter and apologised for not knowing the correct amount of her account. Some time later we received another letter from her saying that she had found the statement, adding 'It was where I put it, BUT I DIDN'T LOOK THERE.'"

WEDDING BELLS

Miss Elizabeth Sargent, our cheery Bourke Street Switchboard Operator, became Mrs. Lionel Tripp, at Wesley Church, Portland, on February 2. Heartfelt congratulations and the best of luck.

James and Margaret Richardson, children of Sir Frank and Lady Richardson, obviously enjoyed themselves at the Cox Bros. (Vic.) picnic at Hanging Rock. Evan Athens took this picture.
Variously occupied at the Cox Bros.’ (Vic.) picnic were Bill Peebles (then Men’s Wear buyer, but subsequently appointed Merchandise Manager, Hobart), Hector Brittain, Carpet Buyer, and Max Tennant, Victorian Accountant.

Photographs taken by Evan Athens, Maintenance.

THE TOP O’ BOURKE—
MAILED FROM MILDURA

By JOAN POWER

SUNNY DAYS, BLUE SKIES, ETC., ETC.

Phew! It’s hot! (O.K. Maybe the sun does shine on a few other places.) But this is about the hottest place in Victoria. Recently, the temperature has skated around between the 95 and 105 marks. When, in addition, a hot north wind drives the mercury up to 100 by 11 a.m. and 104 by 2 p.m. we’re almost inclined to regard a drop of two degrees as a “cool change.” Still, there are compensations. With our really beautiful Olympic Swimming Pool at Mildura and the blue-tiled pools at Red Cliffs, Irymple and Merbein, there are other opportunities to cool off.

OLD MAN RIVER MISBEHAVES

The Murray River has been in flood for so long and is now dropping so rapidly that it is impossible to get into it, to swim, because of the ruined roads, half-dried mud—and the overpowering smell! The Murray is our life-blood. But it is also very cruel. After ruining so much land and many crops, it is now dropping too rapidly, and market gardeners have had to lengthen the pipes from their pumps to river level, in order to “lift” the water for their crops.

ROBINVALE VENTURE

Robinvale is a soldier settlement area of vine blocks and market gardens. It is on the Murray, some 60 miles upstream from Mildura. There is a rapidly expanding population, but as yet the shopping centre has not kept pace with the public need. Throughout the year, lots of Robinvale people visit Mildura on shopping expeditions, and many of these good folk come to the Cox Bros. Store. At other times, they will make purchases by mail. All told, we have a lot of friends in Robinvale—and have a warm regard for them.

Shortly before Christmas, therefore, it was decided to make an interesting “experiment”—a move along the line of “taking the mountain to Mahomet.” To ease the burden of Christmas shopping for these Robinvale customers who, otherwise, would have had to make a 120-mile round trip to get to Mildura, we leased an empty Cox Bros. store in Robinvale.

Assistant Manager Jack Evans and Ernie Scott from Menswear comprised the task force which conducted “Operation Robinvale.” Preliminary arrangements made, these two “explorers” set off in Ernie’s small Renault, the stock having gone ahead by carrier. About 16 miles from Mildura the car broke down, much to Ernie’s disgust. He “thumbed a ride” back to Mildura while Jack sat on a suitcase by the side of the road and patiently waited. Eventually they arrived in Robinvale at 5.30 p.m., and then had to work until midnight to have the shop and stock ready for 9 a.m. opening the following day.

After listening to some of the stories about
their trip, we all think they had a really terrific time. One story had an unhappy ending though —the one and only fish Ern caught was undersize and had to be thrown back!

But, overall, the "experiment" was well worth while. Our Robinvale customers gave us a warm Christmas welcome, and there has been a noticeable increase in mail orders since then, from old and new friends in that area.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

We didn't lose a moment! Our Christmas party started at 5.30 p.m.—immediately after the last customer had gone! Setting ourselves half way between the Furniture Department and the Tea Rooms, we spent the next hour in much talk, enough to eat, and sufficient to drink, to wash away all the worries of the Christmas rush.

New Year's Eve was another hot day. If we hadn't the warmest regard for Mr. Osmotherly for his managership qualities apart, we would "pin a medal on his chest" for his thoughtful provision of big chocolate sundaes for each of the girls. "Mr. Os" is a very popular man, all round.

PERSONALITIES

Mrs. Deering, of the showroom, recently returned from holidays spent at Corryong and Albury. She called at Wangaratta to see Miss Ruby Morton, who was in Mildura office until early last year. We were all very pleased to hear first hand news of "Mortie." Mrs. Deering was also happy to meet Wangaratta's Manager, Mr. Monty Laughlin, and his wife.

Rona Davies, from the Office, is off to Tasmania this month on a touring holiday. Rona spent some time in Bourke Street Office, and knowing personally so many of the people mentioned in "Service," eagerly awaits each issue of the magazine.

The Quiet Corner

Ceaslessly, the pendulum of Life swings through its measured arc and, just as the household clock reminds us every sixty minutes that the hour we enjoyed has ended and gone, never to return, so must we contemplate, each day, the ending for a loved one, of that longer span of existence which we measure by the passing years rather than days.

With understanding, do we think of those who, recently, have known great grief. They are—

Mr. Thomas Faux, whose wife died on January 19. Mr. Faux will be remembered as a former member of the staff of Cox Brothers, Bourke Street.

Mrs. Shirley Hall, Cox Brothers, Warrnambool, in the death of her mother. Our sympathy is extended to Mr. John Hall, of Warrnambool, her husband, and Mr. Geoffrey Hall, of 75 Flinders Lane, her brother-in-law.

Mrs. Ivy Grant, Bilson's Pty. Ltd., Colac. Her father has died.

Mrs. I. Weir, Electrical Dept., Foys, Chapel Street, whose father has died.

"Thy Will be Done"

Echos from "Eco"

By REG. WILLIAMS
(The Economic Stores Pty. Ltd., Perth.)

The Social Club's annual Christmas party at the Canterbury Court Ballroom on December 17 provided a fitting end to the year's activities, as well as celebrating the festive season in the brightest way.

Very welcome guests of the Club Committee included Mr. and Mrs. P. Catchlove, Mr. and Mrs. R. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Garvey, and Mr. Max Vallis.

A spontaneous burst of applause heralded the arrival of Peter and Elsie Warren. (Remember the story in our last issue?) Although their stay was necessarily a short one, their appearance was a momentous event, and friends and well-wishers made their way to the side of the young couple in a continual stream.

The dancing was interspersed with several pleasant items, among which was the rendering of "The Holy City" by boy soprano 11-year-old Phillip Mulcahy. This talented young man who, as well as having won a number of singing competitions, is a capable instrumentalist, was accom-

Obviously enjoying the "Eco" Christmas Party are (standing) Neil Martin, Pat FitzWilliams, and Jean Bruce. Seated, John Lucas, Fay Farrell, and Marie and Bill Wroblewski.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Warren at the Eco Christmas Party.

panied at the piano by his mother, Mrs. Gwen Mulcahy (Jewellery). Ken Arbury, baritone, a local stage artist, also obliged with crowd-pleasing numbers, and received a great ovation.

In extending Christmas greetings to those present, Mr. Catchlove thanked the staff for their loyalty and patience during the difficulties of the past year, and asked for their continued efforts in 1957.

The clock pointed to the “wee sma’ hours” when the dancing ended and a very happy evening came to its close.

ROMANCE

The Christmas period brought a particularly heavy spate of engagements among the sweet young things on the staff, and we offer our best wishes to the following:

Glenis Eastland (Corsetry) to John Hammond on December 8.

Janice May (Needlework) to Geoff Roscoe on December 14 and Freda McQueen (Haberdashery) to Kevin Veaney.

We congratulate these young men on their obvious good taste!

WEDDING BELLS

In our first contribution to “Service” several months ago we referred to a young painter, Anthony Lazberger, who had achieved a great deal of merit with his first exhibition of oils and water colours. Now we have an even more important event to report, for on January 5 the marriage of Anthony Lazberger to Miss Mary Clifford was solemnized, with Nuptial Mass, at St. Mary’s Cathedral.

Tony and his wife were “launched” on their new life together with celebrations at Chesterton Lodge, where friends and relatives gathered to give them a right royal send-off. To the good wishes already conveyed we extend those of Social Club members for the long happiness of this young couple.

January 5 was a big day also in the life of Sylvia Simmons (Sportswear), for she, too, was married on that day to Albert McLean in the “old home town” of Geraldton.

A few days previously Fashion Buyer Miss Myra Bishop, affectionately known to her friends as “Max,” was quietly married, in Adelaide, to Mr. Jack Andrew, after an overland trip by car from Perth.

Tony and Mary Lazberger after their marriage. (W.A. Newspapers photo.)

PEN PICTURE

Readers of “Service” have already been given an introduction of sorts to our Social Club President, Mr. Vic Barnett, in a previous issue. However, for a few moments we would like the spotlight to rest on this man who has been guiding the destinies of our club since its inception, and whose experience and insight have helped us through the growing pains which it is only natural for any new body to undergo.

After leaving school and trying several jobs, where he developed an adaptability towards display, Victor George Barnett joined the staff of the Economic Stores as first assistant window-dresser in 1928. As time progressed, his talent in this sphere became more evident; so much so that in 1936 the then manager, Mr. C. E. S. Smith, gave him leave for three months to seek greater experience in the eastern States. Some of that time was spent as a member of the staff of David
Jones Ltd., Sydney, the good effect of which was apparent when he once more returned to "Eco."

Came 1939 and the war. Like so many other young Australians, Vic was quick to answer his country's call, and made application for entry into the A.I.F. Being young and healthy, no obstacles were met on this score, and he commenced training with the 2/4th Machine Gun Btn., in which unit he rose to the rank of Platoon Sergeant. Training completed, the unit was attached to the then newly formed 8th Div. and sent to Malaya, where it finally took part in the ill-fated campaign conducted in that war theatre. Becoming a P.O.W. at the hands of the Japanese, he remained as such for 3½ years. "During that time," he says, with a rueful smile, "I learned railroading in Burma and coal mining in Japan, becoming of necessity a first-class exponent of each of these arts."

However, every dark cloud has a silver lining, and Christmas, 1945, saw Victor back home once more. Naturally enough, he rejoined the "Eco" staff, where, after a period of readjustment, he took over as Display Manager of the Company, the position he held at the time of the business changing hands to the Cox Bros. organisation. In August, 1953, he was appointed Ground Floor Controller, and this is the position he holds today.

Outside of business, Vic has had a variety of interests, main one of which has been as a member of the W.A. National Homing Association. The breeding, raising and racing of homing pigeons became for many years a full-time hobby with him. Vic says that as a member of the Association he has held all the offices of that body, being President for many years before retiring. He is now a patron, and is proud of the fact that he is also the first and only life member in W.A.—a due and fitting reward for his labours on its behalf whilst a member. He is also a member of the W.A. Rostrum Club, whose meetings he regularly attends.

Vic has made a home in Floreat Park for his wife, Rene, and young daughter, Janice, and he may be seen spending any time which becomes available in his garden, in which he takes a particular pride.
bottoms and sides—so they will stay balanced on the eater's knife. Our Helen Williams (Perfumery Department Contoure) does better. She always buys her beans from the same greengrocer—because he gives her **specially picked straight ones.** The crooked ones won't go through her bean stringer! (She has him well trained!)

**CELEBRITY**

Snows customers and staff had a rare opportunity of seeing and hearing Sydney's own beautiful actress Victoria Shaw in person. This former successful model, now a star in the film firmament, appeared, in person, on the ground floor. This was Miss Shaw's only personal appearance at a Sydney retail store.

She, whom Sydney remembered as top-flight model, Jeanette Elphick, and who went to Hollywood to become Victoria Shaw, visited Snows in Sydney recently, as Mrs. Roger Smith. Film-type at left is **NOT** from Hollywood. It's Arch McLardie, supervisor at Snows.

With beauty and personality she, whom we knew so well as Jeanette Elphick, captured the imagination of all who were fortunate enough to be on the ground floor for the occasion. It was noted with interest that almost every male in the store from the "Tops" down, were present. Victoria was wise, too. She brought hubby along!

**REACHING OUT!**

In many parts of the world, retail stores are moving to open branches in suburban areas, in an effort to maintain contact with customers who, because of high cost of fares to the city, inadequate transport, expensive meals, etc., and the time factor, tend to "stay home." Snows have not yet followed this trend, but in suburbs north, south, east and west of Sydney, outdoor salesmen are to be found representing the Company. They have been successfully building up new "territories" selling merchandise, taking orders, collecting payments on accounts, and opening new accounts — all a wonderful convenience to the customer who may wish to make her purchases without leaving home.

Responsible for this new development is Mr. Reg. Kimberley, Accounts Manager, who, it would appear, never rests. Mr. Kimberley is a personality who believes that to be fully contented, is to be lacking in progress!! He organised the scheme and is daily improving upon it, with the assistance of 20 keen men as the "outside" team, together with the office staff.

**STAFF TRAINING**

New on the staff of Snows is Miss Miriam Jolson, who has been appointed Staff Training Officer. Prior to coming to Snows, Miss Jolson held a similar position at McDowells Ltd., Sydney, for almost three years. She was also responsible for the inauguration and editing of their staff and store magazine.

Miss Jolson's duties include the training of staff in store systems, their preparation for actual selling and imparting the fundamentals of salesmanship and specialised subjects allied to selling, e.g., fashions, textiles, sales psychology, etc.

Before entering the retail trade, Miss Jolson wrote film reviews for a film trade paper, a background which will be most helpful to her as she has agreed to take over the editing of our own "Staff News" from Mr. John Wilson.

Miss Jolson is at present Treasurer of The Retailers' Club, Sydney, where she is **very** well known—to all unfinancial members!

**NEW VENTURE**

Those who know Sydney will have noticed that during the last few years the furniture trade has had a tendency to move down Pitt Street towards Central. All round us, home builders have been buying furniture. So, into this new field we now enter, with the opening of a new Furniture Department on the fifth floor. Henceforth, home builders (a trade which is flourishing today in Sydney) will be able to completely furnish their homes from departments within this Store.

**GOOD SERVICE**

After 24 years' service, Mrs. Rene Barbat (Shop Inspector) has, through ill health, been forced to retire. Mrs. Barbat was one of the most efficient people in her particular phase of business, being responsible not only for the apprehending of shoplifters, but the "deterring" of would-be shop-
lifters as well as, to a degree, dissuading juvenile delinquents.

CRICKET

The annual Cricket Match, Staff v. Executive Staff, was won by Executive Staff. Scores: Staff, 154; Executive, 197.

LEGACY

We proudly report that during the last twelve months we have been able to place on our Staff a considerable number of widows, sons and daughters of servicemen who gave their all in the field of battle or had died as a result of their service. This is a privilege which we enjoy, as the result of a close liaison with Sydney Legacy.

Penned in Perth

By NAN BOWE

Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.

"HE GOES WITH THE FURNITURE"

One of the oldest members of the staff of Cox Brothers in Perth is Mr. Merv. Sayers. Back in 1928, when Cox Brothers bought out the Furniture Store of Sayers & McEvoy — the Sayers of that partnership was Merv's father—Merv. "stayed on" and for some years was the Manager of Furniture and Floorcoverings Departments. When these Departments moved from the William Street Store to Hay Street in 1947, however, Mr. Sayers relinquished the management of these sections and concentrated on selling only. He is extremely well known in the furniture trade in Perth, and enjoys a popularity which he has well earned during the long years of his association with suppliers, with customers, and indeed, our competitors:

An original member of the Cox Brothers Social Club, Mervyn Sayers organised all the Staff dances during the war years with a great deal of success. He has two sons and four grandchildren to keep him busy now. He is also a "Skipper" of the Subiaco Bowling Club and played for this State in Melbourne in the Australian Bowling Carnival in 1956. He is also a very keen supporter of the Subiaco Football Club, has played a lot of tennis locally and, until recently, had his own yacht, from which he used to do all his fishing, around Pt. Perron.

One of Merv. Sayer's claims to fame is his amazing ability to tell a story about anything, at any time. There's a story about Merv. and his Rugby car which may be true and may not. It seems he had a Rugby for many years—so long, in fact, according to the tale, that this vintage vehicle knew its way home from the Subiaco Bowling Club, went straight in the garage, automatically turned itself off and, further, closed the garage doors. However, the Rugby is no more! Merv. has a Consul which is not so smart—yet! It seems to need two strikes at the garage door and has not yet been clever enough to switch off and lock up!

HAZARDOUS YEARS

During the past decade, Australia has welcomed thousands of new faces from overseas. Many of these are from European countries: a large number from countries which knew—and often suffered—the same threat to freedom as we ourselves. These new arrivals are often described as "New Australians." We are apt to forget their original nationality. Frequently, we know little of their earlier life or the circumstances which led them across the world, so many thousands of miles from their homelands. Here is a glimpse of the impact of war upon the life of a single individual: a minor epic of determination and courage.—Ed. "S."

The invasion of Poland by Germany in 1939 was the spark which lit the conflagration of World War II. Soon to suffer under the heel of the invader was the Majewski family—a mother, father and their two sons. This was a family which could trace its ancestry back to the 16th Century. The father was attached to the Consular Service. The home of the grandfather, in a lovely rural setting, contained no less than 47 rooms.

Suddenly past and future were fused in the cauldron of war. Overnight, loved ones and the cherished things of life disappeared. Tomorrow's dawn was ringing with danger and uncertainty. As Hitler's troops marched into Poland, disaster struck swiftly at the Majewski family. The father was sent to a concentration camp, and no word of him or his welfare has since been heard. The two boys were torn from their mother and sent to enforced labour camps in Germany, the younger boy to a farm in Saxony, the other brother, Alphonse, was taken to a German underground munitions factory, in the Black Forest region, near the Swiss border. This article records the experiences of the elder son, Alphonse, whom we will now call "Jim."

In the factory to which Jim was put to work, there were between 30,000 and 40,000 workers, who endured long hours—6 a.m. to 8 p.m.—and poor food. But they were allowed to move about fairly freely. Naturally means of escape were
talked about and planned, and one day Jim Majewski and six other young men got through the wire and made for the Swiss border. At this time — it was 1942 — the heavily-guarded border was flanked by a cleared strip of land which "snaked" up and down the mountainous terrain. Jim and his friends had neither compass nor map, and unknowingly crossed and recrossed the border several times, but were never sure whether they were on German or Swiss soil. Danger beset them on all sides. Two of them lost their lives. Then, one night, they heard the shouts of German soldiers, and ran in the opposite direction. This was their salvation, for they headed straight into a little town on the Swiss side of the border. From there they were sent to Zurich as refugees, and although they were treated with every kindness by Swiss officials, the fact that they had illegally "crossed the border" obliged the Swiss to imprison them. The sentence was 21 days, but was their salvation, for they headed straight into a pottery factory for twelve months.

Meanwhile, in Poland, plans were afoot to despatch forces to the Middle East to serve alongside the British. There was a call for volunteers, which was directed to scattered Polish nationals everywhere. Word reached Jim Majewski. He volunteered immediately, and was flown to Egypt via Malta. His plane was attacked by German fighters near Malta, but the flight was completed. After training in Alexandria, Jim was sent to Palestine, and for a time was encamped outside Jerusalem.

As the fighting subsided in this area, Jim Majewski volunteered for service in the Polish Air Force, which was operating from England. On the way, the convoy of 25 ships was attacked by German U-boats in the Bay of Biscay, and eleven of them were sunk. Jim Majewski's luck still held, however. He landed at Plymouth in 1944, and was sent to Paisley in Scotland. By this time the Polish squadrons had all the air crews they could handle, and the new arrivals were offered places in the Parachute Corps. Determined to be "in something," Jim Majewski volunteered for this unit, and was sent to Catterick for a three months' course of training. At this stage his luck deserted him a little, for when making his sixth jump, at night, he came to grief, breaking his arm in two places, and his nose. When the hospital had patched him up, there came a chance to join the 16th Independent Polish Tank Brigade. Jim jumped at it, was posted as a radio operator, and went back to Catterick for another three months' course, beginning with Cromwell tanks, and then transferring to the American Shermans.

This was the time of the Allied landing on the French coast. Six days after the first assault, Jim's unit crossed the Channel, and landed at St. Lo. The unit got to within five miles of Paris during the liberation, and then moved to Belgium where there was still heavy fighting. The tanks rolled on through Holland to Germany, where Jim's unit took part in the capture of Wilhelmshaven.

When the war ended, Jim Majewski was in Hanover. He remained in Germany with the Army of Occupation till 1947. As a Despatch Rider he saw much of the countryside. Eventually demobilised at Greenock Camp in Scotland, Jim went back to Holland for eight months on a job in a shipyard, but as living conditions were hard, following the occupation, Jim Majewski returned to England, where he worked first as a waiter at the Piccadilly Hotel, and finally as a railway employee at Euston Station, until 1950, when he decided to migrate to Australia.

In one brief decade, Jim Majewski had known more thrills and adventures than some men experience in a lifetime. What makes this story so pertinent to us, is that Jim Majewski has been with Cox Brothers in Perth for the past six years. He works in the Despatch. During those years, he brought his sweetheart out from Europe, married her, and two years ago, became a naturalised Australian. Jim Majewski could be forgiven for feeling bitter, at times, about all that he has lost, but, as we know him, we find him relishing life as an Australian in Australia, and making the most of the present, rather than dwelling in the past.

**CULLED FROM COLLIE**

Introducing MR. "WALLY" RIPPIN

Collie is a coalmining town in the Darling Ranges. It is 127 miles from Perth and 38 miles from the coastal holiday resort of Bunbury. Population is about 9,000. The Collie River, which runs through the town, with the Wellington Dam, supplies the water for the district. There are apple orchards, timber mills, and mixed farms in the area, Jarrah and Blackbutt being the main timbers milled. Collie also has a Night Trotting track which is very popular in the summer months.
There are 12 deep mines and four open cuts in operation, which employ about 1,438 men. In 1954 these mines produced 1,018,342 tons of coal valued at £2,945,709.

In October, 1954, Mr. "Wally" Rippin took over the management of the Collie store. Previously he was with the Furniture Department in the Perth Store. Married, he has two small daughters, Noreen and Julie. He takes an active part in the town's affairs. For two years he was President of the Collie R.S.L. Sub-Branch and today is Secretary of the Collie Chamber of Commerce and Vice-President of the Collie Safety Council.

A member of the Citizen Military Forces for seven years, Mr. Rippin is now the Officer Commanding C Coy. 11/44 Inf. Bn. in Collie with the rank of Captain. At a recent camp, this Company won the "Best Tactical Coy." Trophy of their Battalion — regarded as a "feather in the cap."

During World War II, Mr. Rippin served with the A.I.F. for five years. He joined the 2/10 Armoured Regiment and saw service throughout Australia as a Sgt. Tank Commander. This Division was sometimes called the "Anchored Division" — for obvious reasons! In 1944 Mr. Rippin volunteered for special duties with "Z" Special Unit of Services Reconnaissance Department. After a very thorough Commando course at Frazer Island (out of Maryborough, Qld.) he qualified as a parachutist at Leyburn, N.S.W. After more advanced training at Mt. Martha (Vic.), he was flown to Morotai, and parachuted into Borneo, behind Japanese lines, where he served with Semut 1 Party in the area of the Bawang Valley and the Padas and Trusan Rivers.

The main task was to locate and liquidate Japanese parties coming inland from the coast. The patrols operated with Dyak headhunters (the blowpipe specialists!), an unusual experience which made Mr. Rippin glad that the Dyaks operated with us and not against us! The war over, Wally Rippin was flown out of Borneo by Auster aircraft for a check in Labuan Hospital, but after returning to Australia he suffered a little reaction to his experiences and spent a few months in Hollywood Repatriation Hospital in Perth. However, as this photograph indicates, Wally Rippin is quite fit again today, and though the war years were gruelling at times, he is still vitally interested in the Army.

Another interest of Mr. Rippin's is yachting with the 14-footers. During 1951 he represented W.A. in the Australian 14-foot Dinghy Championship in Victoria. However, now that he is living in Collie and away from the sea, 14-footers are just wishful thinking.

The staff at Collie store consists of Mrs. Meg Chippington, Miss Kaye Howden, Miss Kath Cook and Mr. Tom Ede. Mr. Rippin is very proud of them and says it is a pleasure to work with them. Obviously, they are a happy team, judging by the picture.

**COMANDO IN THE MAKING?**

Recently Tom Ede turned 21. A week later he "celebrated" by featuring in the rescue of a woman and her baby after the car in which they had been sitting plunged into 16 feet of water in the Minnup Pool, just out of Collie. As the car was going under, Tom scrambled into it and endeavoured to apply the brake, but was carried to the bottom, together with the woman passenger. Someone had been able to grab the baby just before the car disappeared. With the help of others who dived in, Tom was able to assist the woman to get out of the submerged car.

**FRIENDSHIP CAN HELP THE PHYSICIAN**

Mr. J. Glen Doig, Staff Controller of Foys, Melbourne, was taken suddenly and unexpectedly ill at the end of December. A heart ailment necessitated his immediate entry to hospital, where he remained for five weeks, under constant medical attention.

No matter what the size of an organisation, the head of the personnel section is known to everyone, and as Mr. Doig has been with Foys for more than 20 years, his relationship with many colleagues is on the basis of firm friendship. Consequently Mr. Doig's illness caused widespread concern, and as soon as contact with the hospital was permitted, messages of sympathy and cheer, in every form, showered upon his bedside table. These good wishes and thoughtful references cheered the patient very much indeed; in fact, the realisation that he was morally supported by so much goodwill, undoubtedly helped Mr. Doig immensely in his battle with sickness. And knowing Mr. Doig as we do, with his large frame and jutting jaw, we'll wager that he did battle all right.

Today Mr. Doig is home again, his doctor having advised a leisurely convalescence. In a recent note, our colleague asked if he could use these columns to acknowledge those many messages which went to the hospital, and to offer his heartfelt thanks to the senders. As Mr. Doig points out, there were times when he was under sedation and he cannot be sure if, when under such hazy conditions, he did respond adequately or even individually, to many of those who kept in touch with him.

We are happy indeed to pass on this message to all in Foys, and join with Mr. Doig's friends everywhere, in wishing him a quick and lasting recovery, and an early return to our ranks.
FOOTSTEPS IN FOYS

MR. C. K. KELLY RETIRES

The end of December, or to be more precise, the minute which follows midnight on December 31, is traditionally and sentimentally important to a Scotsman. When the bells rang out 1956, however, many in Foys shared deep feelings with a Scotsman. For as the last leaves of the December calendar were turned, Mr. C. K. Kelly retired from Foy & Gibson Limited, after more than 36 years' service with the company.

With the final homegoing of this former colleague, a little “something” has departed from the City Store. Charles Knox Kelly had a “presence.” A rather measured tread, and a head (crowned with still thick, wavy white hair) held high, caught the eye; to the ear came the appeal of the accents of his native Scotland. It is remarkable how the Scots retain the enunciation of their homeland, no matter how long their separation from the heathered hills. In reverse, we all know of Australians who go to England or America and, in no time, acquire traces of a new accent. But not the Scot. The “r-r-r’s” which he rolls with his first baby talk are still to be heard 50 years later, even though he spend that half-century at the other end of the earth.

Charles Kelly arrived in Australia soon after the end of World War I, during which he served in the British Army. To him, as to many others, the Commonwealth countries seemed to offer better economic prospects than war-strained Great Britain. Mr. Kelly reached Melbourne in July, 1920, and immediately made application for a job—to Foys. He got it. It was in the Collingwood Despatch.

With a natural bent towards figures, C. K. Kelly studied accountancy, and qualified. Before long he was promoted to the Shipping Office (which in those days was situated in Collingwood) and later was transferred to the Docket Office.

During this period Mr. John McCahon was appointed General Manager of Foys, which in those days included the Perth Store as well as Adelaide. It was a big job, and Mr. McCahon was soon looking for a “right hand.” He found him in Mr. Kelly. From then on Charles Kelly worked closely with all the Retail General Managers, moving to Bourke street when Mr. C. W. P. Amies began his period of office. Mr. Amies’ administration was based upon Bourke street because the new store had been only recently opened, and its development called for close and constant attention.

During his long term in the city store Mr. Kelly was known by various titles—“Statistical Advisor,” “Assistant to the General Manager,” and “Administrative Controller.” His principal duties were in the statistical field with always a watchful eye upon budgets. Naturally this work kept him in close contact with the Department Managers, many of whom came to regard him as a firm friend as well as a wise counsellor.

Thus those executives who sat around Charles Knox Kelly at the farewell dinner tendered to him by the company at the Hotel Australia on
December 28 were not only representative of many people in Foys, in number alone, but in the wealth of feeling which one and all throughout the stores had and have for this good servant of the company. Many were the tributes paid and solid the good wishes expressed to Mr. Kelly for the years of retirement ahead of him, and as a contribution to the greater enjoyment of his favourite pastime, golf, there was a presentation of a full set of clubs, with bag and buggy.

Another statistician present at the table observed that the aggregate years of service rendered by the 19 executives present at the dinner was 476 years. In itself a fine record. He who was to have been the 20th guest, J. Glen Doig, Staff Controller, was unhappily struck down by illness earlier that day.

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Kelly, once again the good wishes of one and all for many happy years of leisure.

**INTER-STORE MOVEMENTS**

Quite a number of changes among Store—and department—managements during recent weeks. With the resignation of a Store Manager, other appointments followed almost on a “chain action” basis.

**RETIREMENT OF MR. A. E. TROMPF**

Mr. A. E. Trompf, Store Manager at Fitzroy, has resigned, to go into business for himself. With the company since 1935, Mr. Trompf’s first assignment was the managership of the China and Glassware sections, City Store. He had previously been associated with similar departments at Buckley’s and Myer’s. Later he moved to Collingwood, as assistant to the, then, Store Manager, Mr. L. J. Rooke. When the Smith street unit was transferred “across the road,” just after the end of World War II, we knew Mr. Trompf as “Assistant Store Manager, Fitzroy.” Full Store Managership at Fitzroy came in 1952 when Mr. Rooke was appointed Store Manager at Prahran. In December, 1952, Mr. Trompf was appointed an Associate Director of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd.

Naturally, Mr. Trompf is well known throughout the Foy stores in Melbourne, and a host of friends and colleagues wish him every success in his new venture.

**“UP FROM THE COUNTRY”**

To succeed Mr. Trompf in Smith street, the Board has appointed Mr. Frank Ogle, Merchandise Manager, of Foy-Bilson’s, Colac. By a happy coincidence, Mr. Ogle will begin his first Store Managership on the site of the old and original Foy shop in Collingwood for, this month, the former Collingwood Store, completely modernised internally, has been reopened. The Fitzroy Store on the opposite side of the street will not be used for trading purposes.

Frank Ogle will not be “a country lad, lost in the big city,” of course. He’s a Bourke street identity, having been associated with the Dress Materials in the City Store for quite a time before his promotion to Colac a year or two back.

**ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND**

The new Merchandise Manager at Colac is Mr. Les Tully. Quite a slice of his career has been shaped in Chapel street, where the Soft Furnishings knew him early. He then became Manager of the Dress Materials. Promotion carried him to the responsible tasks of Fashion Controller.

Transferring family and home to a distant town is not an overnight operation. To give Mr. Tully time to take care of these domestic details, therefore, Mr. Lindsay Hardingham, of Bourke street, has been “filling in” for him at Colac. When this temporary “exchange” has been completed, Mr. Hardingham too goes to a new job—that held by the colleague for whom he has been “batting” at Foy-Bilson’s. Mr. Hardingham will be the new Fashion Controller at Prahran.

The rapidity with which Mr. Hardingham has...
moved around in recent years would suggest that he had ball bearings let into the soles of his shoes, for it seems only yesterday that he was looking after the Napery section of the Manchester Department in Foy’s City Store. There came the need to open a new section for the wide range of plastic articles and materials which came on the market, and Mr. Hardingham was appointed the first manager of this new department. Shortly afterwards, the Knitwear Manager resigned, and Mr. Hardingham headed that important grouping of the Fashion Floor of the City Store.

When the Cox “take-over” took place, an intensive reorganisation of the Ground Floor departments began under Mr. John Wade, the newly appointed Controller, who came from Manton’s. Lindsay Harding left the Knitwear to become Mr. Wade’s assistant. Now it’s off to busy Chapel street.

Prahran welcomes another Bourke street identity in the person of Miss Beryl Rowley who relinquishes charge of the Handkerchiefs and Aprons in the City Store, to look after a group of Ground Floor departments at Prahran. Miss Rowley’s place at Bourke street is taken by Mrs. Brimacombe, who has been in charge of the nearby Blouse Department for quite a long time, and Mrs. Brimacombe is succeeded here by Mr. Daryl Davenport, who has been managing the Electrical Department.

Responsibility for the latter important department now reverts to Mr. Graham Halliday, who was the manager for several years until the Television Department was opened last year. Mr. Halliday was seconded from his normal duties to put T.V. “on the map” in Bourke street. From now on the Television section will be “under the eye” of Mr. George Assender, Manager of the adjacent Furniture Department.

A final “migration,” to assume greater responsibility in the suburbs, is that of Mr. Brian Flynn, who has been sharing much of the onerous job of supervising on the Bourke street ground floor during recent weeks, as well as looking after his own department, Plastics. Mr. Flynn goes to Smith street, to take charge, in the new Collingwood store, of the following sections: Stationery, Fancy, Haberdashery, Plastics, Needlework, Neckwear, Blouses, Flowers, Wools, Handbags, Jewellery and Toys.

FRESH FACES

Mr. Len Andrews, Controller of the Floor Coverings group, resigned in December after long service with the company. Having spent the whole of his career with Foy’s, in these sections he was well known throughout the organisation, with many friends among staff and customers, as well as having a long association with suppliers. Most of his management days were spent in Bourke street, but he was also in charge of the carpets throughout the whole of the period that the Foy-Ackman store in Flinders street was opened. At present, he is enjoying long-service leave, to which of course he is amply entitled.

As Controller of Carpets and Linoleums, Mr. Andrews has been succeeded by Mr. Roy Dunstall. Here is another executive with a lifelong experience in this field. Roy Dunstall was with Myer’s for a long period, and then worked for a time with Bebarfalds in Sydney. More recently he was with the Newport Carpet Company of Little Collins street.

A man who, before long, will literally be “bringing colour” into the daily life of many people is Mr. Kenneth Bandman, who joined Foy’s on January 14 as Display Manager. Melbourne people, as distinct from our own staffs, are not unfamiliar with some of the talents of Mr. Bandman, for he had previously spent a considerable time with units of the K. O. Geiger group of enterprises. The Geiger store in Collins street, Mascot Shoes, and more recently Hicks Atkinsons, have provided Mr. Bandman with a broad canvas for his creative work. This covers both internal as well as window displays. Ken Bandman is by nature an artist, his talent being expressed as fluently in oils and water colour as with pencil and Indian ink. In the latter media are cartoon and caricature produced. Before coming to Australia, Mr. Bandman worked with the J. Arthur Rank film organisation in England, as a scenic artist. As the field of Mr. Bandman’s new job covers all Melbourne stores, as well as Foy-Bilson’s, Colac, he should find many outlets for his imaginative mind and colourful accomplishments.

Foursome in fine fettle at “Eco” Christmas Party are Tilly Limana, Rona Game, Joy and Ray Watchorn. Signalling “V for Victory” is Fay Curtis.

AROUND “THE CORNER”

The reporter who roves through Foy’s at the corner of Bourke and Swanston Streets has a big assignment, for here at times is a community of nearly 800 people. Most are sales staff, of course, but there are office personnel, plumbers, electricians, carpenters, maintenance men, and others, as well as an important grouping of the company’s senior executives. For covering this busy scene for this issue, we are indebted to Mr. Jack Cremean and his team of cub reporters. Mr. Cremean, in addition to his special staff duties, has carried the onerous job of looking after staff, in general, during the absence, through illness, of Mr. J. Glen Doig, Staff Controller.

A report on Mr. Doig’s welfare appears in another column, but here is good space to welcome another popular Bourke Street identity who was “out of the ranks” with sickness for some four months. He is Mr. Len Hitches, Hardware Controller.
Cessnock is very proud of its Technical College.

ing down” on him for so long. Throughout the store, however, all are glad to see him back.

Also welcomed back after indisposition is Mrs. L. Whittaker, Soft Furnishings. Pleasure in the news of the improvement in health of Mr. R. Cruikshank is shared by friends of Mrs. Cruikshank, of the Corset Salon. On the other hand, all are sorry that after battling with a long illness, Mrs. J. Rook has had to resign from the Shoe Department. Also compelled to leave for health reasons were Mrs. E. McKenzie, of the Millinery, and Mrs. M. Jordan, Manchester. May they win their battle soon.

Those who have seen him during a brief visit to the store, in the course of his convalescence, marveled at the splendid recovery, to date, made by Don Fiddes, electrician, of the Maintenance team. Some weeks ago, Don took a nasty tumble from a motor scooter. His injuries called for skilful surgery, necessitating a longish stay in hospital. All will be glad to know that Don Fiddes is on his feet again, although still scheduled for a little more “take-it-easy” time before getting back into workshop routines. There’s a large crowd barracking for Don Fiddes.

Mr. Jack Ramage, Supervisor of the Third Floor, retired on January 31. Those in close contact with him knew of his life-long association with retailing. But how many realize that as well as being with Foys for 20 years, Mr. Ramage had worked in Melbourne with Myers, Ball and Welch, Craig Williamson, and Robertson and Moffat, whilst at an earlier stage, in Bendigo, he gained experience at Craig's, The Beehive, and in one of the stores operated by his father in the northern city, years ago. He worked in many departments during his long career, and rose from junior boy to Manager. Foys are proud of this fine veteran, and wish him health and happiness in his retirement.

Rarely is a single floor not a-buzz with news of a marriage. Recent or imminent weddings are:

- Miss Beverley Jones (formerly of the Staff Office, and who was “Miss Melbourne” in 1954) to Mr. Richard Whale, on February 23, at St. Mark’s, Camberwell.
- Miss Janice Anderson (Shirts and Blouses) to Mr. John Watt, at St. Luke’s, Yarraville, on March 16.
- Miss E. Broderick (Manchester Controller’s Office) to Mr. Peter Nee, on December 8.
- Miss Evelyn Stevens (Merchandise Office) to Mr. Peter Holland, on February 27.

A happy life for them all!

Featuring in the earlier stages of romance are the following, whose engagements have been announced:

- Mr. Jack Ramage, Supervisor of the Third Floor, retired on January 31. Those in close contact with him knew of his life-long association with retailing. But how many realize that as well as being
Miss Dorothy Ferguson (Knitwear) to Mr. Neil Elsey, of Castlemaine;
Miss Norma Sprickley (Corset Salon) to Mr. D. Rae, of Pascoe Vale;
Miss Alice Fielder (Hardware) to Mr. Keith Gillard, and
Miss Margaret Lyons (Switch Board) to Mr. Fred Styring.

Congratulations are still in order, with a special thought for Dorothy Ferguson, who celebrated her 21st birthday on December 30.

A future concentration on domestic duties has claimed Mrs. Pat Lucenti (Baby Wear), Mrs. Phyllis Christian (Millinery), Mrs. Betty Adair (Knitwear) and Mrs. Grace McMahon (Corset Salon).

When a girl leaves it isn't always easy to "keep tab" of later happenings. Thus it is that publication has been delayed until now of an item of news concerning the former Rita Creswick, well known as a member of the Merchandise Office staff. Miss Creswick, now Mrs. Bradford, gave birth to a baby girl, Sandra Joy, on November 4 last.

The Sunbeam Club is a golden-hearted organisation.

**ANNUAL RED CROSS RAFFLE**

For years now, Foys has co-operated with Red Cross in the organisation of a legally authorised public raffle.

Not only does the company provide the prizes, but facilities for selling the tickets on its premises. The selling tables are manned by volunteers from the staff, in teams, and the help of these good people is gratefully acknowledged with a special word of thanks to Sister Winstanley, Mr. Bert Ruffin (Wools) and Mr. J. L. Cremeen.

The first prize, an Astor TV Receiver, was won by Mrs. M. Murchie, of Kew. Winner of the second prize, a walking doll, beautifully dressed as a bride, was Mrs. L. Parry, of West Brunswick. This doll was dressed by Mrs. E. Hilditch (Ladies' Suits). The raffle raised the impressive and very useful sum of £600.

**CHILDREN'S PARTY**

Once again the Christmas Party for children of the staff was a tremendous success. One hundred and forty-eight youngsters were entertained, and the joyous expressions on their faces was evidence enough, to those who organised this gathering, that a lot of happiness had been spread. There were food, drink, sweets, balloons and novelties galore, with, of course, a present for each child from Father Christmas. In entertainment, Lesley Walker won the young hearts with her dancing, whilst Mary Theodore (Office) entranced them with her singing and whistling.

No need to name those who worked so hard in
planning this happy celebration. We will leave it to Les McEwan, Secretary of the Social Club, to take the bow himself, and say to his helpers, “Well done!” There are, however, some who would like to acknowledge the efficient work of the lift operators “for the day.” So accurately were the elevators stopped at the right place that there is a suspicion that these volunteers must have “taken lessons” beforehand.

UP THE LADDER

Wendy Wilson, who was Miss Melbourne of 1955, and who joined Foy’s as the result of her success, has moved on to new fields, to further her modelling career. Good wishes for success go with her.

MELBOURNE IS GLAD TO HAVE HIM

When he arrived here at the middle of last year, we naturally extended a welcome to Mr. Philip Ashwin, who was transferred to Foys Head Office in Collingwood, as Chief Accountant, when the Adelaide store was closed, following the amalgamation of the Rundle Street business with that of Cox Brothers in the same city. Mr. Ashwin had previously held office as Foy’s accountant in South Australia.

In the most iron-willed men, we suppose, there is always a little measure of anxiety when a change of office takes place. Even finding a new resting place for papers and books in a different desk or on another set of shelving, takes a little getting used to, quite apart from the “settling down” process among the fresh faces which surround the newcomer.

Whether or not Phil Ashwin has an iron will, we haven’t discovered. What we do know is that he has a most amiable personality and friendly, co-operative manner tacked on to his professional abilities. A detached observer watching Mr. Ashwin at work today, smoothly and happily dovetailed into the day-by-day pattern of the work of Collingwood office, would readily assume that he had been functioning in his important role for years, instead of just over six short months.

Nor was it Mr. Ashwin’s luck to “walk into” a job which was scheduled to “tick over” after his arrival with an even rhythm, such as might be expected in a business of long standing. After all, we imagine that in a bank or an insurance office, the mechanism of accounting follows much the same pattern, year after year.

But in our own organisation, there are the constant innovations and improvements, inseparable from a business which serves the general public closely and constantly and which, therefore, can never remain static.

With all these “changes of course,” Philip Ashwin has handled the helm like a seasoned mariner. With every posting, listing, recording, and what have you, in a busy store accountant’s office, Mr. Ashwin has his work as up to date as any office in Melbourne. Possibly more so, if we only knew details, in other directions.

Perhaps his greatest achievement to date, however, was his extremely smooth launching of the shopping voucher system, or the “currency notes” as they are often referred to, within Foys. Apart from the pre-issue planning, printing and instruction to staffs concerned with the handling of these vouchers, there was the truly finicky job of introducing and literally “selling” this new idea to the customers who would use them.

Winston Churchill might have said that a lot of “sweat and tears” were exuded by Mr. Ashwin, and those who aided in bringing this system into operation. Such sacrifices, however, were willingly made by our new colleague; in fact, one might assume that in doing so, he merely got rid of a little surplus energy, for at no time did the stresses and strains leave any visible mark upon Mr. Ashwin. His demeanour at all times is one of calmness, cheerfulness and strength.

Today, his staff, who can readily watch him at work through the clear glass panels of his office, see an executive who lives every minute of the working day with relish. Yet he is no recluse. His door is always open and, at frequent intervals, heads of sections and others are around his desk. Yet nothing ruffles Philip Ashwin. The ready smile and good-humoured presence are always there. Moreover, they are extended throughout the office, for as Mr. Ashwin moves around the floor, there is a friendly nod or a bright word for all and sundry, no matter what his or her position in the office.

In short, Philip Manley Ashwin is a happy man, as well as an able man. Thus to go through life, a man usually has a happy background of domestic life. This also Mr. Ashwin enjoys in full measure. His wife, a South Australian girl, who possibly knew the greatest wrench in leaving her previous home in Adelaide and many girlhood friends, will find that Melbourne has much to offer as a place of residence. The Ashwins live in a pleasant suburb and although new friendships and other contacts may grow a little more slowly in the larger city (a fact which is sometimes inaccurately referred to as the “conservatism” of Melbourne), the circle is gradually widening, and the “gaps” are being filled. The immediate family tie is strong, for the Ashwins have a baby of some 18 months, the one additional asset which transforms a mere house into a home.

Mrs. P. Morrison (who joined Foy’s in December, 1959, and moved recently to Cox-Foy’s, Adelaide) receives her certificate of naturalisation from the Lord Mayor of Adelaide (Cr. Philips).
Colac Chronicle
By "MAC"

To be most unoriginal, Christmas has come and gone, and the store is slowly but surely returning to normal. Replicas of the benevolent Old Gentleman with the white whiskers and all the trimmings have been carefully stowed away "for a future date."

We had a hectic time. Throughout the season the store resembled a great beehive. Towards the end, the Toy Department in particular, had the appearance of having been hit by a tornado.

Now, for many in the store, annual holidays have begun. Mr. Les Atyeo and family enjoyed themselves at Indented Head. Mr. Jim Carroll improved the shining hour—at home. Mr. Mat Quinn has been disturbing the fish at Apollo Bay, a pastime shared by Mr. Ivor Arlow (Transport). Mr. Wat Sprules (Driver) has enjoyed his "break," whilst Mr. Bob Doak (Hardware) went caravanning to Queenscliff. Melbourne claimed Judith Skey from the Haby. One of the Haby girls not on holidays declared she was just "fading out."

Holidays also for Gordon Stephens (Grocery), John Reeves (Receiving Room) and Joe Brown (Despatch).

The least said concerning the weather the better. For the most part, sea bathing for those who went to the coast, existed in the imagination only, except for the very hardy specimens.

We welcome Mrs. Grace Harlock back to the Haby Department. Mrs. Harlock has been ill for some time, and it is with pleasure we see her "in the ranks" again.

Having regard to hot weather, the district around Colac is pretty green and shows no sign of drying off. Visitors to Red Rock, one of our beauty spots about 12 miles out, are treated to a glorious vista. Others who visit the sea, either at Lorne or Apollo Bay (both a handy distance from Colac) drive through enchanting bush scenery which never fails to bring forth favourable comment. In so many directions hereabouts we have scenic attractions of which we are very proud, and which are, we believe, an inducement to good living conditions, thus making it a prosperous and happy district as a whole.

Heard in the Lino Department, just before Christmas. Customer wanted to buy some lino.

When asked how much she required, she replied: "The same length as the broom handle and the piece of string," the device with which she had taken the measurement!

From the angle of importance—apart from our regard for the subjects—this paragraph should have headed all others. But we have left until now, when our mood, in any case, is governed by thoughts for distant friends, the news that Mr. Frank Ogle, our Merchandise Manager, has been appointed Manager of the Collingwood Store. He is to be replaced by Mr. Les Tully, Fashion Controller, at Prahran. Meanwhile, Mr. Lindsay Hardingham, Assistant Controller, Ground Floor, Bourke street, has been "holding the fort." As soon as Mr. Tully is "settled in," Mr. Hardingham returns to Melbourne to take office as Fashion Controller, at Chapel street. To each of these men go our best wishes for full success in their new activities.

Finally, from one and all at Colac, good wishes to staff of all other units for 1957.

At Foys (W.A.) Children’s Party, Michael Jones (son of Mrs. Jones, Shoes), turns discreetly aside, whilst photographer's son Richard Litchfield receives HIS gift from Santa Claus.

ODDS AND ENDS

First Assistant: "The Manager's mean, but he's fair."
Second Assistant: "Fair? How come?"
First Assistant: "Well, at least he's mean to everyone."

It takes one-fourteenth of a second to wink the eye—and about four hours to explain it to the wife.
A Rosy-Cheeked Veteran Says "Goodbye"

For a long time, in Foys, a rough and ready "yardstick" for "measuring" a "veteran" employee was whether he or she had worked under William Gibson, the co-founder of Foy & Gibson. But as William Gibson died in 1918, the ranks of those who were employed under his leadership of the business are now thinning out. This is particularly the case where women employees are concerned. There is a number of employees, of both sexes, in Eagley Mills, who would qualify under this "pre-1918" calculation, but with the separation of the Mills from Foy & Gibson Ltd. in 1955, those good people can no longer be regarded as Foy employees.

At the beginning of this month, there were but three women still on the Foy payroll with the necessary 39 years of service. Today there are only two, for on Friday, February 15, Miss Edith Webb retired, after 51 years' service with Foys. The two friends who knew her back in the 1918 days are Miss Emily Harding, of General Office, and picture the girl who came to Foys in 1906. She can have altered so very little.

Edith Webb's first job was in the public Dining Room of the old Collingwood store, which, in those days, was on the third floor of the four-storeyed building which marks the northern boundary of the Smith Street frontage, on the Collingwood side. In the early 1900's, this Dining Room was a very popular rendezvous of the thousands of customers who flocked to Foy's in Smith Street, not only residents of Melbourne and its suburbs, but the country people who made special trips to the city at intervals, to make purchases from the fabulous stocks of merchandise of all kinds, which Foy & Gibson carried in those days. Later, the Staff Dining Room was built on the fourth floor of the same building, and the two rooms were served from a kitchen at the rear. Some of that kitchen equipment, unused nowadays of course, is still in place.

Miss Webb later moved to the Staff Dining Room. Whilst we often hear that the "old days" were a bit "tough" (a view which is sometimes unfairly expressed because it is based simply on a comparison of wages and the like as they are paid today, and as they were 50 years ago), it stands still to the credit of William Gibson that he made sure that his employees were well fed during business hours, assuming that is, that they were sensible enough to eat the good food which was offered to them at extremely modest prices.

Years later, when the old public Dining Room was closed, Miss Webb was transferred to Eagley Mills, but she came back to Foys in Smith Street in the '30's, and remained there until her retirement, always busily and lovingly on the job of "looking after people." For some years past, she was in charge of the Staff Room of General Office, to which most of the rank and file flocked for their morning and afternoon tea, and many visited to eat their luncheon or enjoy reading during the mid-day break.

Miss Webb will not misunderstand us, we feel sure, when we say that without cease, she "fluttered" among and around her charges like a hen
with her chicks. And as most of us, we suppose, still like to be "made a fuss of" now and then, everyone who came in contact with her was drawn pretty closely to Edith Webb, and learnt to appreciate the sweet and kindly depth of her nature.

Small wonder, therefore, that the staff room was packed to its limits on Friday, February 15, when all who could squeeze in, were there to say farewell to this loyal and devoted colleague. In a room bright with flowers, Edith Webb sat down, for a change, to be waited on in the room where, for so long, she had ministered to the needs of others. On her right hand sat Mr. Allen Houghton, the Secretary, and a Director of Foy & Gibson Limited, and beside him was Mr. A. J. Thomas, another Director, and Deputy General Manager (Merchandise) of the company. On her left was Jack McCuskey, head of the Collingwood reserves. Mr. McCuskey's position there was strategic as well as sentimental. He is one of Miss Webb's oldest friends, but he also had a part to play—later.

Among the "packed-in" throng, we noticed Miss Lotte Taylor, from the office at Eagley Mills, but formerly of Collingwood office; Arthur Godbold, of the Despatch (47 years' service), and Miss Flora McDonald, formerly of Collingwood office staff, who retired a year or two back, after more than 30 years' service. There were friends from all sections of the business, including Charles Canham, who, whilst he "finished up" some months ago, after 51 years' service, still seems to be "on deck," more than in retirement, as he gets "sent for" when things get overloaded in the hire purchase section.

It was natural that the task, both happy and sad, of paying tribute to Miss Edith Webb and of conveying the company's thanks and appreciation of her outstanding service was left to Mr. F. A. Houghton, for not only was there a daily contact between them (Mr. Houghton raised all-round laughter when he said that if Edith Webb and her afternoon tea tray had arrived at his office at any moment other than 3.8 p.m.—an arrangement purely of Miss Webb's fixing—he would have wondered what had gone wrong in Foys), but Miss Webb had known him from the day he started in Collingwood as an office junior. Possibly of all her "chicks," Mr. Houghton had become the "fluffiest" or, should we say, the target of her greatest pride. Inescapable, on such an occasion, that Mr. Houghton's phrases should be largely along the line of reminiscence, for apart from the sheer justification for this, nothing else would have pleased Miss Webb better. Edith Webb literally devoted her life to Foys. What she did and saw and enjoyed in her daily work at Collingwood, filled her time, and seemed to satify her to a degree which relegated all other interests to a minor place.

Then came the presentation. There were so many gifts for Edith Webb that we are not sure that we sighted them all. Most shining, perhaps, was the magnificent canteen of cutlery from the company and friends jointly. There was also a most luxurious-looking travelling bag, nearly large enough to hold Miss Webb herself. She has friends in the country whom she visits fairly regularly, at week-ends. There were also lovely flowers. As well there were innumerable personal gifts like handkerchiefs, a brooch, and a delightful and unusual travelling clock from Mr. A. D. D. Maclean, under whose administration as Maintenance Controller, Miss Webb worked for many years.

For all her compact dimensions, and the undeniable fact that Edith Webb is, nowadays, fairly far removed from the teenage stage, we have never seen her at a loss for words, or in any way dismayed by circumstances. But with some foresight Miss Webb had sidestepped the risk of any emotional upset in taking leave of her friends, by arranging with Mr. Jack McCuskey to speak on her behalf, in reply. This he did with great resource and adroitness, for he spoke in the first person, as if, to use his own words, Miss Webb were the ventriloquist and he merely the dummy on her knee, but this led to some humorous moments when he related some incidents concerning himself and Miss Webb and the "Jack McCuskey" of the story then became the third person in his "remarks."

Thus did a very important day in our calendar close, and thus did a fine colleague end her last day with the company. Like all around her in Foys, we, too, can share this pride in the fine accomplishment of a nice woman who, in her "plain and homely" sphere of work, played her part in keeping the name of Foy & Gibson high among the business organisations of Australia.
COLLINGWOOD CALLING

Biggest thrill of the month, of course, is the reopening of the Collingwood Store. As this has been fully reported in another column, we’ll content ourselves by saying that it’s good to be part and parcel of store life again. In the matter of chasing dockets, answering queries, etc., we’ve literally got the ball “at our feet.”

Another item which has been dealt with in extenso in this issue is the departure of our old friend and colleague, Miss Edith Webb. Here we reaffirm our warm regard for a co-worker who was loved by all.

The appointment of Mr. Les Tully, Fashion Controller, at Prahran, to Merchandise Manager at Colac, removed a familiar figure in Mrs. Tully (Sen.) from the ranks of the Docket Office staff. Mrs. Tully is going to Colac, too, to be with her son.

Overlooked in our last report were the departures of Mrs. Betty Preston (Typing Section) and Miss Biddy Gaylard (Addressograph). After commendable service (as youngsters go), both left before Christmas. Good wishes to each.

As Mrs. Preston was one of the channels for passing on news to “Service,” could be that that is how we missed out with news of two other events.

On 17th September last, to Joe Micallef and his wife Evelyn, a son, making a brother for Joe (Jun.).

And in the George family there was great excitement in October when David George arrived to enrich the lives of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. George.

Mr. George, of course, leads the Docket Office team.

Now headed along the road of romance is Barbara Battaye (Hire Purchase section), whose engagement to Mr. Albert Richards was announced recently.

Two popular members of the younger set are now wearing the mantle of seniority, although any difference in their personalities is imperceptible. Still to be congratulated are Miss Lina Bajada and Miss Hazel Lewsey, each of whom has now turned 21—bless their hearts.

From one of our oldest neighbours in this area, Johnstons Pty. Ltd., of Gertrude Street, Fitzroy (or to be accurate, we should say, former neighbours, for this famous old furniture store closed last year) comes Mr. Frederick Milburn to join the H.P. staff. Mr. Milburn, known as Harry, was with Johnstons for 24 years.

One of the best-known of the “old timers”—although we do not use his birth certificate as a yardstick here — Fred Bellamy has not been too well of late. Surgical aid early last month necessitated a stay in hospital, but Mr. Bellamy is back home now, and making a slow but sure recovery. When he retired from this office a few years ago, Fred Bellamy had “chalked up” nearly 58 years’ service with Foys.

The staff Christmas Party was a huge success. Everyone participated with great gusto. Father Christmas was played by Robert Yuill (F.F.B.A.), aided and abetted by young Daryl Mahon. It’s a wonder no one has thought of providing Santa with an assistant before.
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