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

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LONDON BUYING OFFICE
235 Regent Street, London, W.1

HEAD OFFICE
COX BROTHERS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
75 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.1.
Hygienic homicide should be MUCH more enjoyable!

Of late, a new factor has been introduced into the tactics of those who wage the so-called “cold war.” Enjoying ready and wide publicity nowadays is the man of science, whose task, apparently, is to act as compere-cum-apologist for those of his laboratory colleagues who devise atomic and hydrogen bombs, those dainty little trinkets, which, under high-pressure political salesmanship, have been “sold” to the man-in-the-street as part of the amenities of twentieth century civilisation.

To be as precise as the trinket manufacturers themselves, we should perhaps describe these international “gift parcels” by their technical titles. At the moment there are, apparently, three tempting dishes to be sampled from the menu of human destruction. They are:

1. The nuclear fission bomb, referred to, affectionately, as the “atom bomb,”
2. The thermo-nuclear bomb, known offhandedly as the “hydrogen bomb,” and
3. The fission-fusion-fission bomb, which ordinary folk possibly speak of in a variety of terms—not all of them polite!

Based on whatever formula, however, bombs are built for killing and destroying. Even the smallest versions like the hand grenade cannot be related to human “consumption” as if they were aspirin tablets. Yet, the new scientist-publicist, whose commentaries upon what should and should not happen, following the testing of the modern bomb, would have us believe that, rather than lethal weapons, all these fissions and fusions are really quite benevolent gimmicks.

In one recent “arm chair” review of the progress to date in the development of these instruments of mass annihilation, we were informed:

(a) That the atom bomb produces a radioactive fallout, “but not on a global scale.”
(b) That the radioactivity involved in the explosions of a hydrogen bomb is not more than “some 10 times greater” than that of a “conventional” atom bomb, and does not contribute “alarmingly” to man’s environment.
(c) That the radioactive material from a fission-fusion-fission bomb can remain suspended in the stratosphere for 10 to 20 years, “growing steadily less potent,” although some may be brought down, by falling rain, in a few weeks.

Because this fallout is regarded as “biologically significant,” the fission-fusion-fission gadget is described as a “dirty” weapon.

Ourselves, we have no knowledge of bomb-making. At lectures in the laboratory, we even got mixed up with our litmus paper tests, at times. But from all our adventures in physics and chemistry, we retain at least two clear impressions. These are:

(i) That what goes up must come down, and
(ii) That all matter is indestructible.

Leaving aside all technical aspects, however, this latest move to “qualify” the amount of damage which may be wrought upon human and other material by radioactive fallout would seem to have bearing upon the attitudes we take on other occasions when a human life is destroyed. Killing, at most times, is regarded as murder, and the laws relating to such matters are usually clear-cut. Imagine the problems of the Criminal Court, however, if counsel for the accused, in a murder trial, were to plead: “But, Your Honour, this was a ‘clean’ murder, for it was committed with a ‘clean’ weapon.” Is the killer who shoots his victim to receive more lenient treatment if he can show that he had washed and polished the bullet beforehand?

As for that other nice little loophole, “relatively speaking,” now employed in the assessment of damage caused by radioactive fallout, are we to envisage a “relativity” in the “amount” of death suffered by various victims? To use Criminal Court proceedings, as a “background,” once again, will the day come when pleadings are made on behalf of the murderer who achieves his aim by drilling one neat little hole in his victim’s forehead that the degree of suffering which preceded the killing, in this case, was slight, “relatively speaking,” compared with the agony suffered by another victim whose killer poured petrol over him and set light to it?
But, among all the comforting guidance we have been given, latterly, as to how it can be decided whether the disintegration of our bodies is due to the explosion of a "clean" bomb or a "dirty" one, has it been noted that all this scientific "soft pedalling" about leukaemia, bone tumours, skin diseases and the like, relates only to what may be suffered by people whose participation in the test explosions of atomic weapons WAS NOT INCLUDED IN THE PLANS. In other words, to those people who may have—or have had—the misfortune to GET IN THE WAY OF any experimental blasts?

What of the tens of thousands of men, women and children, old people, cripples, patients in hospital and helpless babies whose lives will be blotted out; whose very bodies will be incinerated and vaporised in a fraction of a second, when an atomic or hydrogen bomb—or worse—perfected as the result of today's tests, is deliberately sent on its death-dealing way, with a great city as its certain target?

The utter hideousness and horror of such happenings; even the contemplation of them, should weigh heavily in the minds of right-thinking people, every minute of each day.

Yet, during the days of Easter just past, a time when one might have expected the mass-consciousness of the world to express, through one channel or another, its condemnation of the wholesale slaughter which is the atom bomb's gift to mankind, we, in Melbourne, heard voices loudly raised in protest against the wearing of Bikini swim suits at a river carnival!

What may fall out of a beach costume is, seemingly, far more sinful, socially, than what falls out of an exploded hydrogen bomb!

There remains in mind, following Easter, one soul-searching reflection. Centuries ago, on the day which we now remember as Good Friday, a man died, that a world might live. Today, there is the prospect that a world may die because bomb-building is a flourishing trade.

Are you accepting this as your destiny?

THE FRONT COVER

As Victor Anastasi of Collingwood Office is a contributor to this issue, the opportunity to decorate our front cover with another example of his photographic skill is welcome. The fact that this fine waterfront study differs so strikingly from the front cover picture on our last issue reveals an interesting stage of Mr. Anastasi's progress in camera craft.

Like many another enthusiast, Victor Anastasi had dwelt rather extensively upon the more usual shots of groups of individuals, with some landscapes, seascapes and still life studies. Then his tutor at the Technical College suggested he try his hand at "straight line" studies. The picture we now reproduce was one of the results of this challenge. It was taken on Princes Pier, Melbourne, in the early hours of a Sunday morning.

Again, a laurel to Victor Anastasi for fine work, and appreciation for furnishing this print.

FOYS ON TV

Having literally pioneered the field of closed circuit TV in Melbourne department stores—the judging of the "Miss Prahran" Contest last year in Foys in Chapel street was the first event of its kind to be televised to customers on another floor—it was logical that Foys should begin telecasting to the general public at large. The first show was "on the air" through Melbourne station HSV7 on Thursday, May 2. Well-known broadcaster "Elizabeth" compered the performance. It was a five-minute telecast, and being the first, much of her talk was devoted to an historical review of our old company. Other performances are to follow at weekly intervals.

FOYS

Annual Ball

will be held at the
PALAIS DE DANSE
ST. KILDA

on Wednesday, August 7.
It's the "Night of the Year"
Dancing! Floor Show! Prizes!
Tip-top Band! Royal Supper!

TICKETS 35/- SINGLE

Secretaries:

Foys:
City: Rod Sinclair.
Prahran: Mrs. Mary McCurdy.
Collingwood: Laurie Marshall.
Collingwood Office: Mrs. Betty Gall.

Cox Brothers:
Bourke Street: John Osborne.
Head Office: Mrs. Nancy Clarke.

Reserve the date now. Make up your party as soon as you can.
If desired, tickets may be purchased on "lay by."
Consult your local Secretary.

LES. McEWAN,
Hon. Secretary.
From HUGH LIMB
London Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.

THE DAFFODILS NOD

At this so often dull, cold and windy time of the year it is very pleasant to be able to report a comparatively mild day from a London bedecked with daffodils, almond trees and fruit blossom in full bloom.

Following a White Christmas, winter did not live up to its usual standards, and I think all are thankful for this respite. Not the least grateful, one supposes, is the Government itself, for with the petrol and oil crisis since Suez, a really cold winter could have decimated coal stocks, and oil, rationed for heating, could have been far from adequate. As it is, and despite the substitution in many plants of coal for oil, an increased productivity in the mines resulted in coal stocks considerably higher than they have been, at this time of the year, for many years.

LONG JOURNEY

Last week Mr. Gregory from Broken Hill called here. I was very pleased to see him. He came by Italian liner to Genoa and then overland to London. Whilst he enjoyed his voyage, he reports that the food, for an Italian liner, did not come up to expectations. He plans to spend up to the end of August or early September looking around the country and visiting the Continent, enjoying this brief spell before finding a daytime occupation which will enable him to study for three or four years at night at an art school.

NATURE KNOCKS!

Perhaps the most unusual occurrence to record since our last report is—an earthquake! Compared with those experienced in Greece, Turkey, Japan or the Pacific Islands, this could not by any means be called severe, but I am assured by those who live in the Midlands and felt the shock that it was quite frightening. According to reports, it was the most severe earthquake felt in this country for many years, and quite a lot of minor damage was caused. If a similar disturbance occurred in the metropolitan area, I doubt if people in Central London would notice anything, for the rumblings of Underground trains passing under many buildings often give that effect anyway.

BETTER VIEW OF A BETTER 'OLE

For many years the attraction to passers-by of a hole being dug in the road has been a standing joke and a feature of many cartoons. With the tremendous amount of rebuilding that has been going on since the war attention has turned—particularly male—from holes in the road to holes being scooped out for new foundations. The huge excavations that are necessary in London’s clay subsoil to make foundations sufficiently solid to bear the ever-increasing size of buildings have generally been, for safety's sake, hoarded round. The only view one could get was through cracks or joins of the hoarding, or at the exit or entry points of contractors' vehicles. The latter are the most popular among the public, but most inconvenient for the builders!

Enterprising contractors are now meeting this natural curiosity—encouraging it in fact—by the erection of a kind of balcony let into the hoarding which is clearly designated “Public Viewing Platform.” Your correspondent himself sallied forth the other day on to one of these platforms, erected on a site near this office, to have “A butcher’s” (“Butcher’s” is short for “Butcher’s hook,” which is Cockney rhyming slang for “look”!), only to find himself standing next to Bernard Loring, the London Manager of Farmers (Sydney) Buying Agency Ltd.!

ENERGY ABUNDANT

The advent of spring (official March 21) heralds the main sporting season of the year. This consists of many well-known events. The first of these is the opening of the flat racing season...
with the Lincolnshire, followed quickly by the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and the Grand National Steeplechase. April sees the end of the football season and the beginning of the cricket. Later in that month and early in May come the Amateur Football Association Cup Final, the Rugby League Cup Final and the F.A. Cup Final. Then, late in May, is the Derby, and June brings the Test Matches, the Wimbledon Fortnight. Finally, at the beginning of July, the Henley Regatta. There can hardly be a single person in the country who hasn't an interest in one or other of these events. Possibly the one with the greatest "audience" both male and female—yet perhaps enjoying the smallest following as a sport—is the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. Maybe this is because we start to enjoy better weather around this time, but it could be that this is one race when it's not so hard to "pick the winner." It just has to be Dark Blue or Light Blue!

SHADOWS ON THE OPEN ROAD

Following on my comments in the last issue of "Service," on the effects of petrol rationing (which is likely to be relaxed in mid-April, to make the basic allowance sufficient for 300 miles a month instead of 200) and the ownership of cars, a recent press report stated that rationing had made us a "two-car nation." This does apply to those who can afford such a luxury. Big cars like Rolls, Jaguars and Bentleys have, in many cases, been put away, and a second, smaller car purchased. Thus mileage is eked out by using the petrol ration for both cars in the one that does 30 to 40 miles per gallon. However, another factor which must surely be influencing the type of car purchased, is the continuing rise in the price of petrol. Today's prices are 6/1 a gallon for ordinary grades and 6/5 a gallon for premium grades. The tax of 1/- per gallon put on by the Chancellor of the Exchequer when petrol rationing came into force (in order to recoup the loss of revenue arising from lower consumption) has not yet been taken off, though promise has been made that this will happen when petrol rationing ends.

"A BIRD IN THE HAND . . ."

I had it in mind to attempt a little forecasting of the Budget. But of what use? The Chancellor keeps his secrets well locked in his famous little scarlet Despatch Box, and woe betide he who might in all innocence "hit the nail on the head"—in advance!

Whilst pondering the subject the Budget was announced. It is far too complicated a statement to analyse, and in any case the news would not be news by the time it reached this column. Instead of dealing with our fiscal problems as a whole, therefore, I give thought—and perhaps to readers in Australia, food for thought—to a topic which concerns practically every man and woman, whatever their country, for pocket and purse are common to us all. Like the weather and mothers-in-law, Income Tax is always with us.

Recently the London "Financial Times" published arresting figures, showing what people whom the paper describes as "executives" (but

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<th>Gross Income</th>
<th>Australia</th>
<th>U.K.</th>
<th>Canada</th>
<th>U.S.</th>
<th>West Germany</th>
<th>France</th>
<th>Sweden</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>£ 1,000</td>
<td>940</td>
<td>915</td>
<td>965</td>
<td>971</td>
<td>842</td>
<td>981</td>
<td>790</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£ 2,000</td>
<td>1,706</td>
<td>1,586</td>
<td>1,790</td>
<td>1,762</td>
<td>1,504</td>
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<td>£ 3,000</td>
<td>2,352</td>
<td>2,051</td>
<td>2,583</td>
<td>2,556</td>
<td>2,085</td>
<td>2,687</td>
<td>1,899</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£ 4,000</td>
<td>2,934</td>
<td>2,451</td>
<td>3,320</td>
<td>3,328</td>
<td>2,624</td>
<td>3,404</td>
<td>2,392</td>
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<tr>
<td>£ 5,000</td>
<td>3,433</td>
<td>2,930</td>
<td>3,985</td>
<td>4,065</td>
<td>3,155</td>
<td>4,125</td>
<td>2,835</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£ 6,000</td>
<td>3,892</td>
<td>3,101</td>
<td>4,650</td>
<td>4,770</td>
<td>3,672</td>
<td>4,776</td>
<td>3,344</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£ 7,000</td>
<td>4,320</td>
<td>3,351</td>
<td>5,166</td>
<td>5,453</td>
<td>4,165</td>
<td>5,404</td>
<td>3,640</td>
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<td>£ 10,000</td>
<td>5,539</td>
<td>4,001</td>
<td>6,830</td>
<td>7,330</td>
<td>5,580</td>
<td>7,280</td>
<td>4,740</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>£ 12,500</td>
<td>6,463</td>
<td>4,350</td>
<td>8,125</td>
<td>8,675</td>
<td>6,700</td>
<td>8,663</td>
<td>5,575</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
which could relate to any salary earner within the brackets shown) retain for themselves, after payment of income tax. The “Financial Times” quoted a comparison between six countries. (The comparable Australian figures have been added here.—Ed. “S.”) In each case it is assumed that the income is derived solely from personal exertion, and that the taxpayer is a married man with two children. Here are these most interesting figures. Of the U.K. “top markers” it could truthfully be said that “the higher they go the harder they fall!”

MAKING MATRIMONY PROFITABLE

The old adage about the effects of spring on a young man’s fancy is, in this country, enthusiastically underscored by the Tax Man! For, under our system of P.A.Y.E. (Pay as you earn), each person is given a code number which is calculated on his or her tax-free allowance. This, for a single man or woman, is £140 a year; for a married man £240 a year. There are other items too numerous and complicated to go into here. The Tax Man casts a benevolent eye, however, upon the single man and woman in love. If they marry just before the end of the financial year, which is April 5, the husband reaps the benefit of the tax allowance as a married man, not just from the time he is married, but dated back to the commencement of that financial year. And so, having paid as a single man for the best part of a year; his extra allowance brings him in, in many cases, a substantial rebate.

The effect of this is to bring about many more marriages at this period of the year than at any other time and, of course, the whole matter is annually the subject of comment and jokes in the Press. Should Easter fall before the end of the tax year, then of course most of the weddings are concentrated in this holiday period. This year, however, with Easter so very late, those contemplating an Easter wedding thought in many instances of their pockets and planned the ceremony for an earlier date!

COLLINGWOOD CALLING

Busy though the Cycle Billing staff be, the girls still find time to switch their attention from docket—occasionally. Thus our pleasure in recording the engagement, announced on April 13, of Maree McGown to John Stevens.

And on the busy floor below, which now houses the “reborn” Collingwood store (our trading in Smith street having “crossed the road” from Fitzroy to the original site, in February) romance is reported among the managerial ranks. In March, Mr. Brian Flynn, who has a whole group of departments in the new store under his wing, became engaged to Miss Suzanne Pedlow. Miss Pedlow has had a variety of associations with our organisation, having worked at Cox Brothers Bourke street, then at Flinders lane, and until some months ago she was Secretary to Mr. John Wade, Ground Floor Controller at Foy's Melbourne Central.

Just before the Fitzroy store closed, one of the stalwarts of Smith street retired, and we regret that due to the somewhat hectic pressures during those days which preceded the transfer to Collingwood, we failed to record the departure of Mrs. May McKie. Mrs. McKie was a store cashier throughout the full period of the last phase of trading in Fitzroy, and prior to that held a similar position in the old Collingwood store. All told, she served Foy's for 17 years. Tangible expressions of the affections with which this well loved colleague was regarded, on all occasions, was the shower of gifts presented to her when she left. To these were added a standard lamp from management.

Recently departed from the Hire Purchase and Family Budget ledgers is Noelle Tomkins, who has joined the staff at the nearby Collingwood Girls' School. This fine old building has the distinction of being the first domestic arts school opened in Melbourne. Noelle took with her the good wishes of a wide circle of friends.

“Come on over and have a look. We won’t bite you!” London contractors say, when excavating for the foundations of new buildings.

(Photograph by F. G. E. Wells, London staff.)
"All the World's a Stage . . ."

And, as Shakespeare added, all men and women are the players. From time to time correspondents have included in their contributions brief "pen pictures" or biographical notes of an "identity" among local personnel. These "thumbnail sketches" have given readers elsewhere a closer knowledge of men and women who "make the place tick"—irrespective of the position they hold—in various parts of our organisation. Such contributions have therefore been most welcome.

With this issue we begin a series of these articles on a "planned" basis. There are sufficient people among our ranks to provide a host of good stories—in a steady series. Instead of awaiting these "miniature sagas" which have been written at intervals by local correspondents, as inspiration seized them, we have "started the ball rolling" by seeking suitable material from this end.

There will be no fixed "stipulations" in selecting the subject of each story. Sometimes long service may be an unavoidable consideration; on the other hand, the person concerned could have achieved fame or good reputation in much briefer time. If there is a "common denominator" linking these articles, it will be that the principal character is one who has played his (or her) part well, on Life's stage, irrespective of the period of association with any of our group of companies.

Enjoy now the first of these articles.—Ed. "S."

**HIS PATH WAS NEVER DULL**

By "NOVOCASTRIAN"

In May, 1931, when Head Office was at Brunswick street, Fitzroy, a mere stripling joined Cox Brothers. He began as a junior and worked in various departments. When the move was made to Bourke street, the youth obtained first-hand experience in the men's wear and mercery sections. Later he was transferred to the display department as second-in-charge to Bert Hummerstone. In addition to window dressing, show card writing and general store display, he assisted with the planning and opening of new country branches and, in between times, gained further knowledge on the selling side. His name was Ronald Leslie Dunn.

Ron still found time to play cricket for Coxonia Club and to compete each year in the Yarra Three-Mile Swim. He was not successful in winning this event, but his times were so good that eventually he finished up a back-marker. Covering himself with grease, he swam just for the fun of it.

In April, 1938, when the Newcastle store was opened as the principal New South Wales branch, Ronald Dunn was transferred as buyer for men's wear, mercery and footwear. There are now four buyers carrying out the work he used to do but, of course, the store has grown considerably since then.

Early in 1940 Ron enlisted in the Army and was posted to the 2nd/3rd Pioneer Battalion. He was soon promoted to Sergeant and, with his unit, served for some time in Darwin. Further rapid promotion followed; Lieutenant, then Captain. Ron fought with his battalion at El Alamein, where he was badly wounded in the leg. Although he is now forced to wear a permanent steel support, he managed, upon his return to Australia, to convince the authorities that he was fit. When 2nd/3rd Pioneers went to New Guinea, Ron was with them!

The battalion took a terrific pasting from the Japanese at the Scarlet Beach landing and afterwards when defending positions they managed to occupy. At one stage the Pioneers were ambushed and many of them wiped out. Ron and about a dozen men were completely cut off (without food or water) for more than a week. But after living off the jungle and fighting off enemy troops, he managed eventually to bring his men safely back to allied lines.

The remnants of the battalion returned to Australia. They reformed and set off once again! This time it was Tarakan, off the coast of Borneo. Once more the "2nd/3rd" lived up to its name. Many were killed or wounded and Ron almost "called it a day." An explosive bullet, fired from close range, made a gaping wound in his stomach.

Mr. Ronald Leslie Dunn
The new Cox Brothers store in Tamworth, N.S.W., (opened last November) has fine clean lines.

For weeks he was in hospital, living “on borrowed time.” But he pulled through.

This is information which cannot be got from Mr. Ron Dunn. In all probability these lines would not have appeared had the writer not met him in New Guinea the day he suddenly reappeared, tattered and torn, after being cut off with his men. In Balikpapan I met an officer from 2nd/3rd Pioneer Battalion who told me of Ron’s injuries during the Tarakan campaign and, to complete a chain of coincidences, the day my own unit arrived in Brisbane from Borneo, the first man I met was Ronald Leslie Dunn, who also had landed that day. Needless to say, I requested a bird’s eye view of the wound. Having seen it, I wondered how he had managed to survive. During his Army career Ron was twice mentioned in Dispatches.

After a long convalescence, Ron returned to Newcastle, to rejoin the staff as buyer. But his injuries, particularly the one which affected his leg, would not allow him to “stand up” to the amount of walking buyers are expected to do, particularly during visits to Sydney and Melbourne. About that time we required a temporary manager at Lismore, so Ron went there to supervise until a new manager was installed. A few days after his return to Newcastle our Tamworth manager died very suddenly. Ronald Dunn was appointed to replace him, and that is the position he holds today. The Tamworth store is one of the finest and most modern of all Cox Brothers’ country branches, and Ron, with his buying experience, plus his flair for display, is well equipped to capably manage it.

It is well worthy of mention here that Mrs. Dunn, formerly Nance McLeod, is a direct descendant of Dame Flora McLeod, head of the Clan McLeod throughout the world. Ron and Nance had the pleasure of meeting Dame Flora during her recent visit to Australia.

The Dunns have two fine children, Peter (“Butch”) and Jill, who, like their father and mother, are strong swimmers and budding champions. They live in a very nice home in the most picturesque part of Tamworth, and have a car. Ron spends his leisure hours swimming, shooting and adding to his already overstocked bird aviary.

Apart from a startling increase in weight and a few grey hairs, his many friends in Victoria and other States would readily recognise him as the young Ron Dunn who left Bourke street for Newcastle 19 years ago.

Cox Brothers store has plenty to offer the people of Tamworth, in well lit surroundings.
WRITTEN IN RUNDLE STREET

By R. E. BOTTCHER
(Staff Manager, Cox-Foys, Adelaide)

(The insignia of "Adelaide correspondent" has passed from lapel to lapel during recent months, due mainly to movements of personnel arising from the "settling down" phase of the unique Cox-Foy organisation in Rundle street. Our last report came from Clarrie Sisson, who has since moved to Broken Hill (see below), and the "badge of office" is now worn again by Ron Bottcher. To both colleagues, good luck—and thanks for service rendered to "Service."—Ed. "S.")

THE TURNING WHEEL

Mr. Fred Ludbrook, Manager at Broken Hill, has transferred to his home town, Melbourne. Friends can now greet him as Floor Superintendent at Foys Bourke street. All wish him well in his new position.

Mr. Clarrie Sisson, formerly country Store Manager and Staff Supervisor of Rundle street, has succeeded Mr. Ludbrook at Broken Hill. We wish Clarrie good luck in his new position too.

A dark horse of our Adelaide staff, Miss Trudy Doyle, suddenly decided to leave Rundle street and take a working holiday abroad. Miss Doyle left on Anzac Day on the "Iberia" bound for London. We wish her "Bon Voyage" and good luck. Miss Doyle has spent approximately 10 years at Rundle street, the latter part of the period as Mr. Forster's private secretary.

WEDDING BELLS

Although she is not a member of our staff, it is not inappropriate that we record here that Jean, daughter of State Manager, Mr. Noel Forster, married Mr. Stephen Fruss on April 27. Miss Forster is known to many of our staff. We wish the happy couple a happy and prosperous life together.

Miss Pauline Shaw (Office) was recently married to Mr. William Dow at Goodwood Baptist Church. Gossip has it that the honeymoon is being spent in Brisbane.

SPORTING

We must congratulate Mr. Eric Tuohy (Credit Manager) on the achievements of his son, Robert, with golf ball and sticks. Bob recently finished third amateur in the £1000 "Advertiser" Open Tournament at Seaton Park. Apart from this fine effort, Bob has won numerous trophies and his services are now sought in the professional field.

Bob is now employed in the Advertising Department at Dunlops.

BUSY FUTURES!

Three important staff departures are expected soon. They are Mrs. Barbara Hanrahan (in business, Miss Penhall), and Mrs. Bernice Hull, both of Ladies' Sportswear, and Mrs. Carlene Hobby (Cashier). Word has it that a recently acquired large stork (used for display purposes) could be winking its eye!

This fine night shot of Rundle street, Adelaide, is of particular interest, since it shows the only sign in Australia carrying the legend "Cox-Foys." This sign is mounted on the front of Cox Brothers store in Rundle street, with which the former Foy & Gibson business, in the same thoroughfare, was amalgamated last June.

("Advertiser" Photo)
Western Whispers

By ESTHER BOYES

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

AUTUMN FASHION ON PARADE

With autumn just around the corner and winter close at hand, a woman’s thoughts turn anew to Fashion’s call. What will she wear this winter? Will hems be shorter or longer? What are the new fabrics like? In short, just what has 1957 in store for the fashion-conscious?

Every shop window in Perth is at present a preview of autumn-winter fashions. And well to the forefront is Foys, Perth Central. In all Foys windows, elegant autumn-winter fashions are beautifully displayed.

On Thursday, March 28, Foys held the first of their autumn Parades, giving the women of Perth their first chance to see the leading and latest coat and suit fashions for 1957. The garments featured in the Parade were chosen at random from a huge and lovely range available in Foys Coat Department. The new season offers softer and very feminine styles, in warm woollen fabrics and fashionable tweed. Fur is a dominant motif—as a luxurious collar, a panel or simple trimming. Shades are warm—tonings of “Wild Rice,” “Ming” and “Beige” being greatly favoured.

Four of Perth’s leading mannequins successfully modelled the lovely new fashions, and the parade was compered by 6IX radio announcer Monty Menhennette.

FURTHER EXTENSION OF STORE FACILITIES

Over the past 12 months, many improvements have been made at Foys, Perth Central. Now, still more fine customer amenities have been completed—all within the first few months of the new year!

Foys “Vast Improvement Plans” were designed to bring to the customer the best, easiest, quickest means of shopping and in the most pleasant and comfortable surroundings. Last year saw the opening of one of Australia’s finest, up-to-date Shoe Salons; lovely new Fashion Showrooms; a Self-Selection Hardware Basement and a new, modern Children’s and Maids’ Section. To this impressive list the following innovations must now be added:

ESPRESSO COFFEE BAR. Modern and streamlined. The perfect place for the morning, mid-day or afternoon snack.

TAKE-AWAY SNACK BAR. Sandwiches of all kinds and snacks speedily served.

MODERNISED CAFETERIA AND SERVICE TEAROOMS. Serving, in comfortable, colourful surroundings, a huge selection of appetising meals and light lunches.

In the near future the whole of Foys Ground Floor will be transformed into a shopping wonderland. We’re making plans for:

A NEW OPEN DISPLAY MAN’S SHOP. For quicker, easier and better shopping for all men’s and boys’ wear.

A NEW OPEN DISPLAY FABRIC DEPARTMENT. Inspection and selection will be much simpler and certain.

BRIGHT-AS-DAY LIGHTING, making shopping easier in all departments.

Seven “ingredients” of a successful picnic. On their way to Garden Island are Barbara Downy, Rosemary Wilkes, Yvonne Leyland, Pat Johnson, Joy Green, Rosalie Bailey and Margaret Ridge of Foys, Perth.

WELCOME

We take this opportunity to renew welcome to Mr. Victor Storer Tinkler, who has been appointed Departmental Manager of the Pharmacy and Cosmetic Department.

Mr. Tinkler hails from Leicestershire, England, where he conducted three pharmacies. He was Past President and Treasurer of the Leicestershire and Rutland Branch of the National and Pharmaceutical Union, and is now the Departmental Stores Representative on the Council of P.A.T.A. of Western Australia, taking the place of Mr. C. A. Sadler, who resigned from the company on December 4, 1956.

Like his wife and two children, Mr. Tinkler finds living conditions in Western Australia and the climate a great change from the cold “smogs” of Britain. To use his own expression, “Everything’s wonderful.” The whole family has settled down happily in Perth, and all look forward to many years of happy association with the Company.
STAFF APPOINTMENTS

Miss Jean Thompson, to Departmental Manager of Infants', Girls' and College Wear.
Miss Jean Beadle, to Departmental Manager of Handbags and Jewellery Department.
Mrs. Mavis Shepherd, to Departmental Manager of our Corset Salon.
Mrs. Thelma Colvin, to Assistant Buyer of Infants', Girls' and College Wear.

Hearty congratulations to them all.

PICNIC AT GARDEN ISLAND

On Sunday, March 3, the Social Club held the annual picnic to Garden Island. Garden Island is a very pleasant spot and popular holiday resort, located due south of Fremantle, about eight miles off the coast.

The camera caught three directors in this group at Foys (W.A.) picnic. At left, Mr. C. G. N. Hobbs and Mr. R. G. H. McKay. On right, nearest camera, Mr. W. J. Yeomans. Centre is Controller, Geoff Wolstenholme.

Over 800 club members, their families and friends attended, the greater number leaving on the “Zephyr” from Perth at 10 a.m. Some of the Committee and a working party left with all the foodstuff and necessary gear in a smaller launch, the “Henley.” It was ideal weather for sea travel—and we embarked in optimistic mood. The trip to the island was most enjoyable. Besides the interesting seascape, there was plenty of entertainment on board and fun for all.

The “Henley” arrived before the “Zephyr,” and the working party set about preparing for the arrival of the “main regiment,” which reached Garden Island at 1 p.m. To cater for these sea-sharpened appetites, lunch naturally was the first item on the programme, and the Social Club supplied hot water, milk, ice cream, ginger beer and fruit. Then came the races—with events for one and all.

For those not interested in the sports programme there were plenty of other attractions: Long walks around the island, swimming and surfing at the back beach. It was rumoured that Mr. Frank Cole (Furniture) and his son spent most of their time fishing on the naval jetty. The catch? Three or four tiny specimens. Mr. Eric Jones (Bulk Store), looking most impressive in his St. John Ambulance uniform, gave proof that speed, in action, can be dangerous. Reclining on the boat, thinking how good life can be, his dreams were suddenly shattered by a call from the shore for first-aid assistance. Racing up the gang plank, he came to a sudden and painful halt. He had overlooked the limited head-room. Although momentarily stunned, he continued on his errand of mercy, albeit a little cautiously. The patient lived. Sorry we haven’t a photo of the incident.

The day was ideal for swimming, and everyone possessing a swim-suit was in the water. It was noticed that a large group of Social Club members, including a number of Group Controllers, were very active in the shallows, playing “No Man Standing.” It was also noticed just how stiff and sore they were the following week!

Both boats weighed anchor at 5 p.m. and headed for home. The “Zephyr” had a gay atmosphere, much vocal talent being displayed with accompaniment on the piano, in turn, by Mr. Josephson (Outside Sales) and Mrs. Peggy Smith (Cafeteria).

Thus ended another Foys Picnic—even better than the last.

STOREWIDE

By M. FITZGERALD
(Advertising)

The Millinery Department, like all other colleagues, welcomed the return of Mrs. Hewitt, after a three-week stay in hospital. Mrs. Hewitt looks as fit as ever.

Our best wishes go to Mr. Arthur Timms, who has left, after nine years’ service at Foys, Katam-
ning, and two years' service at the Perth store.
No less than 37 people at our recent Theatre Night to see "Laugh Around the Clock." Encouraging to see such a good attendance.
Bob Perkins (Display) gives every indication of complete recovery from recent surgery for the removal of a troublesome appendix.
Mrs. Valerie Pilcher, Handbags and Jewellery Buyer, has left the company after 15 years' service, to take up residence with her daughter and parents in Sydney. A loyal member of the staff and an active Social Club Committee member for many years, Mrs. Pilcher must have found it hard to make the break, and will certainly be missed by all her friends at Perth Central. We wish her all happiness.
Miss Barbara Hawkins (Millinery Department) has left the store after five years' service.

VITAL STATISTICS
MARRIAGES
Miss V. Bennet was married to Mr. R. E. Laughton on Saturday, March 23.
Miss S. Cowlan (Stationery) became Mrs. J. De'Goode on Saturday, March 23.
Miss Pat McDonald (B.C.A. Dept.) is now Mrs. R. Spittles. At a lovely wedding at the Wesley Church, all the B.C.A. staff attended.
Miss J. Mathews (Laces) was married to Mr. K. Dodd on April 13, at Wesley Church. All the Lace Counter staff were present at the ceremony.

ENGAGEMENT
Miss Audrey Wright (Despatch) recently became engaged to Mr. Ron Shreeve.

BONNY BUNDLES
Two births are reported from the Cosmetic Department:
Mrs. Leandri (Innoxa) recently gave birth to a daughter, Kim Suzanne.
Mrs. Healy (Max Factor) has a son, William Stephan.
And from the Hardware Department:
Mr. C. McKee recently became the father of a baby daughter, Deborah.

"A-Camping They Did Go"
By "JESSIE"
This is a reliable—if anonymous—report upon five Controllers of the Perth Store who went camping for one full week—to get away from "O.T.B." and all that! These enthusiastic wanderers were: Mr. G. Wolstenholme (Controller, Men's Wear), Mr. F. Marchant (Controller, China), Mr. J. Barker (Controller, Country Branches), Mr. J. Stanford (Order Control) and Mr. L. Graham (Controller, Footwear).
Such a trip was first discussed some months ago by Messrs. Barker and Stanford (well, someone had to take the blame!), but the numbers grew one by one, until the total was five. At this stage, our Managing Director, Mr. Yeomans, became a little uneasy. The party wasn't canvassing for more recruits, however!
Nornalup, situated on the south coast of W.A., and some 200 miles from Perth, was the chosen spot. All preparations went to schedule, and the party got away to a good start on Saturday, March 9, at midday. Judging by the "Fly by T.A.A." labels prominently affixed (by those who were left behind!) to all the luggage in our Country Branches Controller's car, it was evidently intended to be a "flying start." Travelling in this car also were Messrs. Graham and Stanford. Because of the heavy and bulky load of luggage, including bedding and an outboard motor, Mr. Marchant wisely decided that he and Mr. Wolstenholme should travel in his car.
First stop was Manjimup, where the night was spent at the home of Mr. Joe Fontanini (Fonty's Pool). An offer to go the rest of the way in Joe's truck was gladly accepted. By a stroke of genius, Joe was talked into joining the party for the week. He is the man who "knows all the answers" on the coast. By the way he was "quizzed" throughout the trip, his knowledge was much needed.


After reloading all the camping gear into Mr. Swarbrick's launch, the party reached the camping ground late on Sunday afternoon. The volunteer cook—Mr. Wolstenholme—immediately prepared a lovely meal. But he did make one complaint—about the way the fish were jumping around in the pan whilst he was trying to fry them! For the doubtful reader, the first fish caught were from within a few feet of the frying pan, as "Cookie" was preparing the meal.

Pages and pages could be written about what happened from them on. In this brief record it will be sufficient to say that the time was spent fishing, eating, sleeping and—more fishing!
Rather than dwell upon the routines of camping, this chronicle offers these sidelights upon what might be termed "controlling factors":
Mr. Frank Marchant. Caught the first fish on
the trip, then rapidly reached the stage of landing a 10-lb. salmon with ease. A good hand, too, at starting outboard motors!

Mr. John Barker. Definitely surpassed himself—and everyone else—by catching the one and only seagull, on a fishing line! Is now very doubtful which is the greater menace to camping—seagulls or black crows.

Mr. Ted Stanford. Not everyone has Ted’s touch. And he certainly can catch fish. He gets first prize for the quantity caught. Ted is another who is a little dubious of black crows flying around the tents at night.

Mr. Geoff Wolstenholme. Our cook(?). Was threatened with suspension several times, but his jovial nature managed to keep his position for him for the entire week. Geoff had a very bad habit of talking in his sleep. But that morning cup of tea was wonderful!

Mr. Leo Graham. Offsider to “Cookie,” and was, by far, the best dressed man of the week. There are photographs to prove this. Oddly enough, he rates high in fishing ability, but lacks seamanship. Even has difficulty in baling out.

Mr. Joe Fontanini. Joe takes the honours for catching the biggest fish—a 20-lb. groper. Joe, however, consider this to be small, but “Cookie” thought well of it, and it made nice eating. Joe certainly “knows the ropes,” and the gang was very glad to have him with them.

All being well, history will probably repeat itself next year, provided, of course, that ways can be found to get over the problem of wives, Managing Directors and all that!

**ALBANY ALBUM**

Compiled by S. POWELL

(Foys)

**EVERYONE LOVES A PICNIC**

Saturday, February 23, having been finally settled as the date of the staff picnic, we awaited the day with bated breath. What would the weather be? But we need not have worried. It turned out really nice. We all gathered in front of the shop at 10 a.m. Some members of the Mt. Barker staff travelled the 32 miles by train to join us. On the return journey they caught the 6 o’clock train back by a margin of about three minutes!

After a swim, and lunch, we all took part in a vigorous game of softball on the sand. I think this strained the stamina of even the more athletic boys present. How the rest of us felt can best be imagined!

**APPOINTMENT**

The position of Hardware Manager having become vacant, Mr. Pinchbeck was promoted from the Furniture Department to hold this office.

**AROUND THE STORE**

Staff member Honor Robertson was married this month. Honor hails from England.

It’s “welcome back” to Barbara Brooks. Barbara recently returned from a working holiday in the eastern States.

The store has grown a lot during the past two years. Firstly, the extended, well-lit floor space, and spacious new bulk store. Now, a new refrigerator and meat room has been built.

**ALBANY ITSELF**

The people of Albany literally “go to town” in their preparations for the Easter Carnival Week. Planned well in advance are the money raising functions for the Carnival’s Queen Competition. Entrants were nominated by the North West Albany Progress Association, C.W.A. Younger Set, Ladies’ Hockey Association and the Ladies’ Basketball Association. The judging is based upon the money raised, as well as the personality and background.
appearance of the contestants. The prize? A trip to Perth, plus £30 spending money.

Other prominent features of the Carnival are the Australian Hill Climb Championship, held for the first time in Western Australia, “Round-the-Houses” car racing, yachting, an Industrial Exhibition, and all manner of sporting events and entertainments.

Telephone subscribers here, in Albany, now have the pleasure of the use of an automatic telephone exchange. Other than Geraldton, Albany is the only town in the State to have had an automatic exchange installed.

The building which houses the complicated mass of wire and clicking gadgets is very modern in design, and has every facility for the girls employed there. These include a well equipped modern kitchen, locker room with wardrobe space for each girl, and a rest room with comfortable cane settees. With both walls and floors finished in contemporary shades, the whole atmosphere is bright and gay. Happy workers are usually efficient workers.

[Further news with a Western Australian background will be found on page 38.—Ed. “S.”]

NEWCASTLE NEWSLETTER

From R. M. LEE
(Display Manager and Social Club Secretary, Newcastle.)

PICNIC PATTERN

The Social Club’s annual picnic was held at Budgewoi on March 31. Hopes of the weather being fine were not widespread, beforehand, because this time of the year has become known, in these parts, as “the Flood Season.” But on this occasion Old Sol really favoured us with a splendid day—much to the relief of the organisers.

Numerous cars and a trailer bus provided transport to the picnic ground. It is some 38 miles from Newcastle, on the fringe of Lake Munmorah, and only a few hundred yards from the ocean. A piano accordionist on the bus, which was crammed to capacity, provided music on the trip to the vociferous accompaniment of the passengers.

The morning was devoted to the children and, after much frolicking in the water, a programme of sporting events was conducted especially for them. Ice cream and soft drinks were dispensed freely throughout the day—and amazing quantities were consumed!

Three point landing—with one coming in! Shedding energy at Cox Brothers, Newcastle, picnic are, front, l. to r.: Mrs. Jean Eason (Lunchroom), Mrs. B. McDonach and Miss Pam Fenton (visitors) and on ground—Miss Maureen Dries (Office). At back, Heather Mitchell (visitor) and Phyllis Musgrave (Showroom).

After lunch the adults competed in numerous events for many thrilling prizes, generously donated by our suppliers. Highlight was the men’s 100 yards sprint. Mr. Tonks, who in previous years has been an odds-on starter in this event, was gracefully resigned to his tightening ligaments and held the tape to judge the finish. Not so Mr. Craigie (Accountant), who pulled a muscle in a valiant attempt to deny the toll of increasing years. Mr. Kevin Pelgrave (Despatch Manager) streaked away to a good lead, but a spasm of clowning near the finish was his downfall. In a re-run, for a decision between Kevin and Ernie Worrell (Men’s Wear), of local surfing fame, the stamina of the youthful Ernie proved superior.

Diminutive Judith Makin (Switchboard), just five feet in her socks, won the women’s 100 yards from a packed field. Easily, she would have been the smallest contestant.

The most humorous spectacle of the day was the ladies’ wheelbarrow race, won by Phyllis Musgrave (Showroom) and P. Fenton, to the cheering and screams of laughter from the sidelines. Phyllis went home with an armful of prizes, being successful in three events.

Mrs. P. Bowman, showing uncanny prowess in “striking the nail,” was an outright winner in this novelty event. She drove a 2-in. nail into a piece of timber with only two hits of the hammer. This possibly explains why she has such a model husband!
Mr. P. Bowman (Deputy Manager) and your correspondent, self-styled favourites for the wheelbarrow race, won our heat convincingly, so we thought. But, in the final, Mr. Bowman met with a severe check, and we finished badly, unplaced.

Mr. W. J. Matthews (Manager) who, at the moment of writing, is away on a tour of the northern New South Wales branches with Mr. Tonks, confined his efforts to the judging and the bestowal of blessings on all and sundry, with a frequent query on the fortune of others.

As it happened, the rains came, just as we were about to depart for home, but it was too late a mar a perfect day.

**CONGRATULATIONS**

Mr. Paul Marr has been appointed to succeed Mr. Noel Brown as Manager of the Floor Coverings section. Mr. Marr, who has been with the company for eight years, has occupied the position of first salesman in that section for the past four years.

Elaine Carroll (Newcastle Office) has announced her engagement to Bruce Wellard, of Hamilton. The occasion was celebrated with a “night out” for the office girls; they entertained Elaine at dinner and afterwards at a theatre party.

**FAREWELL**

Mr. Noel Brown, B.Sc., has left our Company to apply his talents to his first love, science, in which field he obtained his degree at Sydney University. He has taken office as Technical Officer at the magnificent new scientific research laboratories recently opened by Broken Hill Pty. Ltd. with much pomp and ceremony, in Newcastle.

In his five years with our organisation Mr. Brown (who is the son of Mr. A. E. Brown, Merchandise Manager of Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd.), held, consecutively, the positions of Despatch Manager and Floor Coverings Buyer. His popularity among our ranks earned him the best wishes of all for his future welfare and success—and a set of spanners for his new car!

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On his third buying trip to Japan, Mr. A. E. Brown, Merchandise Manager, flew to Tokyo on April 30. He was accompanied by Mr. John Mehegan, China and Crystal buyer of Foys Melbourne Central.

In March, Mr. John Robert Browning left for Sydney, where he will be “on duty” with Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd. John Browning, known more readily to his colleagues as “Bill,” was a member of Head Office staff for some four years, working closely with the company’s Chief Accountant, Mr. Ken James.

Simon Price, his colleague, boyhood friend and fellow student at Melbourne University (they both hold a Bachelor of Commerce degree), who was seconded from Head Office two years ago for duty with Snows, has returned here.

As this office is not peopled with teenagers to the same extent as many organisations where all administrative and other office functions are conducted under one roof, an engagement is a comparatively rare event. Congratulations echoed, therefore, from the four walls when Lorraine Banfield announced her engagement to Mr. Bill McLellan on May 4. Lorraine, who enjoyed a 21st birthday last November, is secretary to both Mr. Ken James and Mr. Geoff Hall. Once again, our good wishes for two happy young people.

And this very “compactness” of the personnel of Head Office means that we see a junior only at comparatively long intervals. Latest addition to the staff on the buying floor is Beverley Knott. At 16 Beverley is a very versatile young lady, for in addition to being a competent typist and stenographer, she studies ballet dancing, cookery, dress-making and music.

Apparently we don’t drive our girls hard enough, for a group of them have sought to work off surplus energy by forming a basket ball team. Revealing much shapeliness (of which, hitherto,
we had had only the vaguest impressions) in their brief and bright blue tunics, the team consists of Mrs. Joan Woolley, Val Macdonald, Nora Musgrave-Evans, Lorraine Banfield and Mrs. Elaine Prescott. To build up to full strength of a team of seven, plus one reserve, three “outsiders” have been recruited among the friends of our own girls. These are Una Daniel, Kath O’Dea and Marie Hawkins. The team, which plays in the Independent Association, has had its first match. That victory was not theirs is not to the girls' discredit, for they had had little opportunity for full court practice beforehand. The flat roof of this office (where they gather during the lunch break) is too small for other than limited passing. Too vigorous a throw might otherwise land the ball on the head of an innocent pedestrian in Flinders lane below!

From this busy office communications go out, literally, to all parts of the world. Many and varied, therefore, are the postages which are worked out every day, and we sometimes wonder that we take so much for granted of the busy brain and nimble fingers of she who affixes the many stamps of many denominations. Efficient at this task is Gaye (short for “Gayenor”) Lyons, whose main function is to be secretary to Mr. Vernon Tilley, the company's secretary. Gaye, who by some Heaven-sent disposition never seems to get ruffled, is in private life Mrs. Roy Watters. Roy for many years played first grade cricket for North Melbourne and is now captain of the N.M. Seconds.

The steps of this office from Flinders lane are so well worn by the feet of the many buyers who come to Melbourne throughout each year that we rather take their visits for granted. We do not list here the names of these visitors, because their presence is already known to their colleagues in their home towns and, as a rule, they come to Melbourne in company with their “opposite numbers” in other places, so that what might be termed the “interested parties” throughout the organisation, are already familiar with these Interstate movements. But at intervals the same steps are trodden by colleagues who have travelled long distances to enjoy a holiday in Melbourne. A visit from them is unheralded. But our pleasure is the greater if we have the opportunity to renew acquaintance with these holiday makers, during the brief periods they can spare from sight seeing and the like.

It was good to meet, during recent weeks, Miss Kathleen M. Cleary, Manageress of Cox Brothers, Port Augusta. With a population of some 8000, the Port is a little more compact than sprawling Melbourne with its 1½ million people, but Miss Cleary wouldn't swap the joys of living in Port Augusta for the din of our bustling metropolis. Incidentally, Miss Cleary holds a unique position in our organisation, in that she is the only woman Country Branch Manager. One other woman who holds a distinctive office is, of course, Miss Ethel Boyd, Manageress of the Combined Buying Office in Sydney.

Also here on vacation has been Mr. Stan Elliott, Manager of Cox Brothers in Mt. Gambier, South Australia. It was he who contributed that very descriptive article on Mt. Gambier's famous lakes to the last issue of “Service.” Mr. Elliott has held this managership for so long, it's a wonder the local people have not considered christening the local eminence “Mt. Elliott” as an alternative.

The securing of a relief during the holiday season has brought back here, temporarily, a good worker who has serviced Cox Brothers under several roofs. Looking after the staff tea room during the absence of Mrs. Elaine Prescott is Mrs. Ada Hills. Mrs. Hills was here for several weeks last year, but some years previously she
was well known to personnel at both Cox Brothers Bourke Street and Brunswick Street as a member of the Maintenance team. Her motherly presence and wide smile are just the right attributes for that cup of tea which we all enjoy at the daily breaks.

March is Red Cross month. In Victoria the effort culminates in a one-day radio appeal. This year the appeal was televised for the first time by Station GTV9 in association with radio station 3UZ. The amount raised was a record.

Dozens of voluntary helpers worked “behind the scenes.” Among them—as in other years—was well known identity of this office, Miss Wyn Jenkins. Totting up Cox figures is her daily chore. No one more useful than Wyn on Red Cross day, therefore. As the donations poured in, Miss Jenkins’ nimble fingers sped over an adding machine. At intervals she jotted down the results. These slips of paper gave the announcers the progress totals which were read out throughout the day.

Vastly interested visitor to the studios of GTV9 was the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks. Shaking her hand, His Excellency thanked Wyn for her valuable contribution, and this was followed by a personal letter of appreciation from Colonel Spowers, Chairman of Red Cross in Victoria.

Groomsman (at the church): “Are you a friend of the bridegroom?”

Woman: “Indeed I’m not. I’m the bride’s mother.”

Changes in Personnel Administration

The illness suffered by Mr. J. Glen Doig kept him away from the Staff Office for a little longer than was expected or, to put it another way, his physician insisted on a lengthy convalescence. That the latter injunction was a wise move on the doctor’s part is in evidence in Mr. Doig’s return to office toward the end of April. He whom all Foy personnel have known as Staff Controller for over 20 years came back looking fit again, and wearing his accustomed smile.

Upon doctor’s advice, however, Glen Doig asked to be relieved of some of the responsibilities which he had long carried as Staff Controller, and this the company readily agreed to do. As from May 1, therefore, Mr. Doig resumes duty as Staff Supervisor at Foy’s in Prahran, relinquishing his former office as Staff Controller of Foy’s Stores in Melbourne.

As Staff Controller he is succeeded by Mr. Alan Wild, who has had quite a varied career with Foy’s, his most recent position being that of Staff Training Officer.

Mr. Wild’s place in the Staff Training Room is taken by Mr. J. L. Cremean, who “carried on” for Mr. Doig during his illness. His new office is designated Controller of Staff Training. All three appointments date from May 1.

Pam: “Why are you shuffling about? Something on your conscience?”

Sam: “Conscience be blowed. It’s my new winter woollies!”
A Remarkable Woman Returns To Melbourne

— And Sir Frank Dines With a Princess

Of all the titles borne by women—within the British Empire at least—none, possibly, creates such a fascinating mental image as the word "Princess." Nor is this interest in the title derived from the fact that after "Queen" it is the highest mark of nobility or recognition which can be borne by a woman.

More likely is it that as we think of any Princess, the mind goes back to childhood when we met the Princesses of the fairy tales, bequeathed to all children by Hans Christian Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. Because of their own Nordic origins perhaps, these spell-binders of our school days give us mind pictures of blue eyed, golden haired princesses. This story, however, concerns a raven haired princess whose life and attainments make no less romantic reading than the fairy stories of old—with the one great and vital difference that all that she has achieved exists, in very tangible form. Here is no figment of the story-teller's imaginative writing. For this is the story of the Princess Atchil Gourielli-Tchkonia.

And as the best of fairy tales should, this story can truthfully begin: "Once upon a time, in Melbourne, there lived a girl named Helena Rubinstein. . . ." Of Polish nationality—she was born in Cracow—Helena Rubinstein was one of a family of eight lovely girls. Chemistry, and to some extent medicine, had influenced her early years, and scientific studies played an important part in her education. This, and one other happening, were seemingly destined to launch the young Rubinstein upon that fantastically successful career upon which she was soon to embark.

That "other influence" was, in its initial stages, no more than a manifestation of maternal love and care, for Helena Rubinstein's mother, proud of her brood of eight daughters, with their lovely skins, was wont to anoint their little faces, at intervals, with a cream which had been devised by the family doctor, a Hungarian physician.

It is quite likely, however, that had Helena Rubinstein not left her native Poland to visit Australia, she might never have felt the inspiration to pass on to others, as she did first of all, a friendly gesture, this skin elixir, with whose fragrance she had been familiar since childhood in Cracow. In 1902, when little more than a girl, Helena Rubinstein came to Melbourne on a visit to the Silberfeld family, who were relatives. At the turn of the century, Melbourne was very different from the bustling metropolis we know today. Those were the days of cable trams and horse drawn carriages, for electric power was not in wide use, and the motor car had hardly appeared. Men wore tight trousers and bowler hats. Women swept by in instep-long dresses of voluminous cut. Whale bone was favoured at neck and waist.

What intrigued the young Helena Rubinstein more than the fashions of Melbourne women, however, were their skins. Frequently she noticed that the wives of farmers and graziers had dried skins and windburnt complexions, the result of endless battles with Australia's summer sun and drying winds. It must be remembered, of course, that in those days, too, the pursuit of beauty was not the much publicised cult it is today. Those women who may have dabbed their faces with lotions or rubbed some sweet smelling preparation on face or hands did so within the privacy of the bedroom, and with little comment to relatives or friends.

In her luggage, young Helena Rubinstein had brought with her some of the cream which her mother had used upon the children, in Poland. From this precious supply Helena Rubinstein gave samples to friends and people she met. The reaction of the users was immediate and electrifying. Where and how could they obtain more of this miraculous preparation? For let there be no doubt. Whatever those Melbourne women of 1902 found so desirable in this cream was not some suggestion created by high power advertising. These experiments with the Rubinstein cream were individual tests. And the cry was: "Let us have more!"

The 'teenage Helena was not only scientifically

Princess Gourielli arrives in Melbourne. She is accompanied by Mr. P. O'Higgins, her personal public relations officer. (''Herald'' photo)
inclined. She had, even in those years, a first-class business sense. Immediately she sent to Poland for enough of the cream to set up a beauty establishment in Melbourne. This was the first of the selling points which, later, were to be found in 55 countries of the world.

This Melbourne business was born in rooms in McEwan House, in Elizabeth street, Melbourne, and right from the start, the world famous beauty-consultant-in-the-making worked for none other than Helena Rubinstein, for the doctor who had created the cream back in Poland sold to her the rights to his formula.

Never was a new product more successfully launched. The Rubinstein cream which was marketed under the name of Valaze sold for 4/6 a pot. Within a very short time, Helena Rubinstein had made enough money to go to London. She had already acquired a substantial capital, and by gathering in every other penny she could, she resolved to win London, as she had captured Melbourne. This time there was to be no giving of samples to friends. London had to be met at the level of London's society. To achieve this, she resolved to win London, as she had captured Melbourne. This time there was to be no giving of samples to friends. London had to be met at the level of London's society. To achieve this, she

Sir Frank Richardson, as President of the Retail Traders' Association of Victoria, presented prizes to first and second year students of the Retail Career Training course at the Royal Melbourne Technical College. L. to r.: Mr. Bruce Stevens, Cox Brothers Bourke street, (first, 2nd year); Sir Frank, and Mr. M. A. Clark, Leviathan Ltd. (first, 1st year). Bruce is the son of Mr. A. S. G. Stevens, Cox Brothers Buying Office, Flinders lane.

The story of Helena Rubinstein reads rather like a fairy story—except that behind all this amazing and world-wide development of a highly skilled business was the astute brain of an exceedingly clever woman, backed up by tireless energy, inspiration and courage.

From London the fame of Helena Rubinstein sped to Paris, and, within a short time after that, all over Europe. In 1916, Madame Rubinstein went to New York, and in quick succession other salons were opened in Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, as well as in Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires in South America. Today the name Helena Rubinstein is known throughout the world, her products being available throughout Europe, the Americas, and the Far East. It is a cosmetic empire.

To take one brief peep at the resources of this remarkable organisation, we could look at the New York plant. This modern structure of glass and stainless steel, which cost $4,000,000 to erect, has dust-proof walls, sealed odour-proof rooms for the testing of perfumes, and a capacity production of 1,000,000 bottles and jars each day.

It is doubtful if the world has ever known so successful a business woman, for today, as at the beginning of her career, she is still a tireless and enthusiastic worker. Much of the vital work of the Helena Rubinstein organisation still passes her own eyes for approval or review. Research in chemistry, important trends in advertising, and even the letters which are written by thousands of customers each year, can all claim her attention. As well, she takes a close interest in the work and welfare of her immediate staff. It is proudly acknowledged that, wherever she may be, her door is always open.

With so many responsibilities, lightly borne for over half a century, one might imagine that Helena Rubinstein "slept on her desk," as is sometimes said of the male tycoons of big business. On the contrary, Madame Rubinstein has long lived graciously that part of her day which she regards as her private life. As well as an apartment in New York, she has a lovely country home in Connecticut, and a permanent home in Paris. The New York apartment, incidentally, is a 26-room penthouse on Park avenue.

All told, she has five homes, in the United States and France. Each is fully staffed, and she moves between these places with a minimum of luggage and impedimenta. As a rule, she spends about nine months of each year visiting her various establishments all over the world. And in the quietness of her home, Helena Rubinstein has been both wife and mother. Her first husband, Edward Titus, was an American newspaper man. They were separated in 1937, after 28 years of marriage. Their two sons grew up to occupy positions in the Rubinstein organisation.

Her second husband, Prince Atchil Gourielli-Tchekhov, an exile from Russian noble from Georgia, died two years ago. It is by the abbreviated form of her late husband's title, Princess Gourielli, that Madame Rubinstein is known in private life.

During the time which she spends in her various homes, her days are enriched by the lovely things around her. Princess Gourielli possesses beautiful jewellery, and is a generous patron of the arts. One of Madame's greatest friends is Epstein, the famous sculptor, who was largely responsible for cultivating her interest in acquiring lovely things. However, every article of Madame's collections of
paintings, sculpture, tapestries, antiques and jewellery must appeal to her own personal taste. Now her art collection is world famous and includes paintings by Matisse, Degas, Picasso, Salvador Dali, Renoir, Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as “unknowns” whose work has appealed to her. Other than certain museum collections, hers is the world’s largest collection of primitive African wood carvings. Her art gallery, which occupies a whole floor of her New York penthouse, was recently redecorated by famous Court photographer and designer Cecil Beaton.

On April 1, during a brief visit to Australia, this remarkable woman returned to Melbourne, the scene of the beginning of her fantastic career. Whilst here she gave a small dinner party in her hotel suite. Among the guests who sat with her were Sir Frank and Lady Richardson.

Our Chairman was deeply impressed by everything about his hostess. He describes her as “not only one of the most colourful women of the world, but one of the most intelligent.” As Sir Frank adds, with his usual penetrating observation:

Perhaps the best test of a woman is her evaluation by other women. It seems to be one of the traits of human character that women can be distrustful and sometimes more than faintly jealous of members of their own sex who are endowed with superior intellect. In the case of Princess Gourielli, the handful of women who were her guests at this dinner were completely entranced by her personality, utterly charmed by her presence, and full of praise for the sheer wisdom which flowed from the lips of Princess Gourielli.

Could any finer tribute be paid to a woman who is now over 80 years of age?

[Other news of Madame Rubinstein’s visit to Australia will be found under “Snow Scenes” on page 32.]

NEW JOURNEY

Miss Jessie Robb, secretary to Administrative General Manager, Mr. J. N. Watt, typed her last memo for her chief on Friday, May 3. She has worked with him since July, 1953. More than two of the intervening years were spent at Flinders lane. When Mr. Watt was seconded to Foys in September, 1955, Miss Robb moved to Bourke street with him.

In private life Jessie is Mrs. Peter McAlister, and she now plans to give hearth and home her undivided attention. To them both, all happiness.

NEWCOMER

Appointed to succeed Miss Robb in Mr. Watt’s office is Miss Eileen Joyce, who previously was in practice as a public typiste. We wish her well in her responsible new job.

These Prunus Yedoensis trees in blossom simply HAD to look good, for they were planted by the Royal Horticultural Society of England at its gardens at Wisley. (Times Photo)
Echoes from "Eco"

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

"UP THE LADDER"

It is always a pleasure to be able to extend congratulations when promotions are made, particularly when the promotee has "risen from the ranks," as it were.

In such a category is Mr. Harold Walsh, recently appointed Display Manager of this company. Harold Walsh joined the Economic display staff some five years ago, just after the business was taken over by Cox Brothers, and, from the outset, exhibited outstanding ability in this field. Towards the end of last year, he was given the opportunity to study display trends in the eastern States. He spent several weeks at Snows in Sydney, and a similar period at Foys in Bourke street, Melbourne. We welcomed him home just before Christmas. Mention has already been made in these pages of Mr. Walsh's theatrical activities. He has also been a big help to the Social Club, having served on the Committee since its formation, three years ago.

From running the Mantle Alteration and Dress-making Room to appointment as Under Buyer for a selling department is a transition requiring a measure of courage as well as the necessary ability. But, following the tenet that "opportunity only knocks once," this is the step taken by Mrs. Paula Tongue, when she was invited recently to take this responsibility, in the Skirt and Sports-wear Departments. To assist her, during the initial "settling in" period, Paula has, as her guide and adviser, Miss Elsie Tidey (Knitwear Buyer), about whose praises we cannot sing loudly enough.

Mrs. Tongue joined us eight years ago, and her pleasant personality and benign temperament have endeared her to all who have had the good fortune to come into contact with her. Paula also is a member of the Social Club Committee, and as such has been a great help when problems have arisen and the need for "the ladies' point of view" has been manifest.

Another to receive the reward of honest endeavour and a job well done is Miss Hera Holland, whose appointment as Buyer of the Infantswear Department became effective on March 6 when, because of expansion, that section was separated from Children's and College Wear.

Miss Holland commenced her duties with the Company as a sales assistant in the Knitwear Department about four years ago. Then, after some 12 or 18 months, she was transferred to the Children'swear as second-in-charge. So ably were her duties carried out in this capacity that her latest promotion is a fitting acknowledgment of her enterprise.

In private life, too, Miss Holland is a very busy woman. A very active member of the Perth Fortress, Salvation Army, Miss Holland is a Senior Local Officer, and holds the position of Corps Cadet Guardian. Many hours each week are spent in her activities with the Army, not the least of which is the welfare of the young people between the ages of 13 and 25 years. Quite a responsibility.

We look forward to seeing each of these three colleagues enjoy a long and happy association with the Company, in their new capacities.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

Readers of "Service" already have some knowledge of the saga of Peter and Elsie Warren and their struggle against adversity—a struggle made the more meritorious by the stoicism and faith with which this adversity has been borne.

Mention has been made of the many offers of help which were received by this young couple; of how the Social Club's decision to complete, by erection of two additional rooms, the house which Peter himself had commenced some three years earlier.

We feel it our duty now to pay brief but none the less sincere tribute to the efforts of the various helpers who played their part in what we affectionately termed our "Building Project."

We think of—

Mr. John Allan, Clerk of Works for the Economic modernisation programme, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of the plans. His advice and guidance on the job itself were invaluable.

The Company's architects, Messrs. Oldham Boas and Ednie Brown, who supplied the specifications and estimated quantities.
The tradesmen of A. T. Brine & Sons, contractors for the Economic rebuilding, who freely gave of their spare time at weekends, for no other reason than mighty good fellowship and the desire to help a friend in need. The technical knowledge which these men supplied made molehills out of what otherwise would have been mountains to the rest of us. Gratefully we name Messrs. E. Nelson, A. Hill, A. Lyndhurst, T. Purser, C. van Boheeman, D. Hayward, E. Kranenbroke, W. Lehane, G. Larsen, B. Waterman, J. Walker and D. Paull.

Mr. J. McCleery, of the Mount Hawthorn Modelling Works, for supplying and fixing free of charge the entire lining of the extensions. Mr. McCreery made his offer voluntarily and spontaneously. Such a gesture cannot be measured in terms of mere pounds, shillings and pence.

Mr. V. D'Esterre, Electrical Contractor for the Economic alterations, who, likewise, supplied both labour and fittings free of charge for the electrical installations which the new work involved.

Our own male staff, who, unskilled in the finer arts of building, acted as labourers to the tradesmen and, generally, made themselves helpful. And, by no means least, those women members of our staff who rostered themselves to "look after the inner man," a self-appointed task which they carried out with warm hearts, competence and results utterly satisfying to those to whom they ministered. For their generous efforts, we thank Norma Connell, Edie Marcel and Paula Tongue, as well as Mrs. Rene Barnett, Mrs. Maisie Harmer and young Val Harmer.

Thus, a story closes! Yet, rather than having come to an end, we feel that we have seen the beginning of the road back for this little family. Quiet, therefore, is our pride and knowledge that a combination of efforts has helped in some small way in increasing the happiness which reunion has brought to Elsie and Peter Warren.

To all who helped, we say no more than a simple, but heartfelt, "Thank you."

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SPORTING ITEMS

A feather in the cap of the Economic Softball Team was their taking of the Premiership honours for their grade in the recently completed 1956-57 season. They defeated Pink Tops, 11-8, after an exciting game. The team was pitched to victory by Faye Curtis (Needlework), who captained the side, and some strong batting was displayed by Fay Farrell (Coats) and Norma Gittos (Office), with Rona Game (Frocks), Glenda Farrell and Norma Connell (Office) putting in some good field work.

At the Leederville Town Hall, where the W.A. Softball Association held the Annual Presentation Ball, Faye Curtis and Janice May were in attendance, as representatives of our team, to receive their trophy.

Now, with the winter season just around the corner, we look forward to seeing the Basketball and Table Tennis teams emulate the Softball girls' achievement.

Marching, by girls in teams, is a form of physical activity which maintains its popularity in Western Australia. Indeed, enthusiasm is so high that the W.A. Association of Marching Girls now boasts of a membership of some 400-500 girls comprising 40 teams. Their uniforms, in a galaxy of colour combinations, provide a spectacle which transforms a sporting arena from an ordinary green field into a scene of great brilliance.

Nothing but favourable comment could be made as to the value of this, shall we say, "sport," which combines, as its fundamentals, deportment, precision of movement and vigour. Thus we could deplore the fact that, so far, we have not been able to organise a team of our own, proudly arrayed in 'Economic' colours. But we are happy in the knowledge that some of our teen-agers are taking part in this very pleasurable activity. These lasses, possibly, could form the nucleus of a store team at a later date.

Typical of the girls who march, not only in their own Association competitions, but at almost...
It’s “Eyes Front” here, but when Dorothy Robins, Sonia Cleva and Lyn Cant of “Eco” Stores are on the march, eyes are cast from all directions.

every open air function held, are Dorothy Robins (Childrenswear), Lyn Cant and Sonia Cleva (Office), all members of the same team, “Masters Ensigns,” so named for their sponsors, a leading Perth firm of wholesale milk distributors. These girls report having spent a very enjoyable day, taking part in the recent South-West Championships, held at Collie, our main coal mining town, about 130 miles from Perth. In a closely contested competition, Miss Robins tied for third place as Champion Leader Girl, and the team took second place honours in Display and Dress, a very commendable result considering the numbers taking part. We offer our best wishes for their continued success in future competitions.

CORRECTION

In the news from Foys Bourke Street published in our last issue we recorded a marriage between Miss Evelyn Stevens, of the Merchandise Office, to a Mr. Peter Holland. That “Holland” was so wrong! The name of the happy man is Peter Billane. Naturally, such an error is keenly regretted, but we find it hard to impress pretty Evelyn and her husband by our contrition. They see the funny side. No longer will they have to convince relatives, friends and the trades people that there is no “shadow spouse” about the place.

TALES FROM THE TAMAR

Told by W. CUMMINS
Merchandising Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd., Northern Tasmania

MOVEMENT AND COLOUR

The 19th Australian Bowling Championship was held in Launceston between February 25 and March 13, and the city was “invaded” by nearly 1000 people.

The familiar white trousers and hats with the varied coloured blazers from every State of the Commonwealth became part of our everyday life. Hardly a moment, it seemed, but that we were directing strangers on their way.

Launcestonians were amazed—and perhaps a little bewildered—by the perfect weather which lasted for the 16 days of play. On everyone’s lips were the words “Can it last?” And, believe it or not, on the last day, dark clouds gathered and light rain fell very shortly before the end of the final game. History was made when the single finals were played between two brothers from New South Wales (the second best State in Australia!), the winner exclaiming: “It is a pity the Carnival is not held more often in Launceston!” Our greens drew high praise from all, whilst our parks and gardens, looking more beautiful than ever, had admiration lauded on them.

Mr. Eric Mailer, our Manager, was Liaison Officer for the New South Wales team. Mr. Reisz, our Floor Covering/Furniture Buyer, made the acquaintance of many with messages from Cooxonian bowlers in other States.

The annual Hydrangea Festival was once again a great success. Shop windows dressed out for the competition were very attractive with novel and interesting ideas. We gained equal second place in the departmental store section for our very delightful garden scene window. This display was commended by all our customers, and our thanks go out to all the staff who worked to make it so beautiful.

STAFF JOTTINGS

Flounder spearing seems to have swept the male staff into the water. No one has yet returned with evidence of a catch or yarn to equal Harry Reisz’s crayfish holiday stories. But some have gone very close!

On a recent jaunt, Max Ward (Assistant Accountant) speared a bugle shark about five feet long! We’re not doubting, but we do wonder at the length, as flounder spearing is done—at night. The spear only tickled the shark, and we understand Max broke even time to reach the shore.

Four of the “bright lights” of the store—Peter Eady, Bob Sheppard, John Gill and Jack Steer—also went out. They returned without fish, but Peter Eady did get a catch—Jack Steer’s foot. They haven’t been since!

Mr. Wilson, our Accountant, has been playing “hide and seek” with a black snake at his home—at the most awkward times! Consoling his wife, who is terrified, he stated, “Remember, a snake is
more frightened of you than you of it." His wife's reply—"Impossible!"

Robert Sheppard (Furniture Section) returned to work after a fortnight's annual camp with the Army, looking very bright and fit. He wasted no time in swapping his Army boots for dancing shoes.

David Thomas, our thumping Despatch footballer (age 16, height 6 ft. and weighing 13 stone) has been having great success in his athletic career. Cleaning up events, all round.

We understand that a young bachelor on our ground floor would receive extra special attention if he had to go into a certain hospital in town. And, if another of the ground floor boys doesn't stop putting on weight soon, he won't be able to fit so many in his car!

Clem Brown (Mercery Buyer) is not looking forward to the winter. He turned out to be such a keen swimmer during lunch hours and after work that no one could be sure if he were training for the 1960 Olympics—or just concentrating on his waist line.

With football "on" again, Mrs. Grieve, our City Club's most notorious fan, is getting ready to do battle for her "Redlegs." Just because they won the Premiership last year doesn't mean North won't beat them this year.

In the recent Solo and Party Brass Band State Championship, John Gill became the Open Champion in the tenor horn section. He filled second place in the junior section, losing by a point. Who was in the audience to cause the extra flutter of nerves?

It has been fine to see back again in good health—and selling well—some of our staff who, over the last few months have, at various times, been on the sick list. We think of Mrs. Rabe, Miss Castleman and Mrs. Brooks. Mr. Horder and Mr. Keogh were both hospital cases, but are now looking brighter than ever.

Margaret Kenyon, who was involved in a car accident, is back at work again, after a few weeks' hospitalisation.

We were amazed to note that a lady from our showroom didn't bother to obtain a pair of binoculars recently in stock. We hear she can pick the winners even without them—almost as easy as unpicking a hem, shall we say?

Mr. Tippett, Footwear Buyer from Hobart, called in to see Mr. Andrews during a holiday in Launceston. Always nice to see someone from down south.

Wedding bells recently rang out for Miss Jowett of our Devonport staff. Congratulations to her and her husband. Noticed Miss Richards, also Devonport staff, enjoying her annual holidays in Launceston.

Congratulations to Miss B. Smith of our Launceston staff on her recent marriage. She is now Mrs. Knee.

Miss Fisher and Miss Warren, both members of the Twenty-five Year Club, returned from a holiday at Fern Tree, near Hobart. Using this as their headquarters, they certainly moved around quite a bit, among other "targets" renewing acquaintance with Miss Hall of the Hobart shop.

Final note. A very young lass on our office staff looks quite grown up with her new hair style. We wonder what's in the 'air!"
The display staff consists of Brian McKay, of whose artistic achievements you have already heard, and Bob Wilkinson, the Junior Display man who assists Mr. Allen generally—and whose sartorial efforts never cease to hold the interest of the junior female members of the staff.

During the war years “Ike” Allen was in the Merchant Navy, and, among other ships, sailed on the “Centaur” before she was converted into a hospital ship. Mr. Allen claims he was a deckhand in the engine room, but we find that rather hard to believe. Beginning at Broome, he saw many places. New Guinea, the Persian Gulf, Durban, Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Trinidad, Cuba, Panama were ports of call. He ended up in New York to convalesce with a leg injury for four months. His stay in the States must have influenced him, as he still has an “Americanised” way of dressing, and some of his expressions could have been acquired during his sojourn in New York.

Married, with one school girl daughter, Mr. Allen has just moved into a new ultra-modern home, facing the Indian Ocean at North Beach, about 12 miles from Perth. The lounge has a terracotta tiled floor and natural granite walls, the stones being set exactly as they arrived from the quarry. A novel feature is the suspended kitchen cupboard which hangs over the servery. The front wall, which faces the ocean, is 9 ft. high and 20 ft. long, and made completely of glass. The house is “U” shaped, with a large outdoor patio. The wall from the lounge to the patio consists of sliding glass doors. Wonderful for entertaining in the warm weather!

Mr. Allen is a member of the Underwater Explorers’ Club, and spends quite a good deal of time “wading” around the ocean bed near his home. He also tried his hand at fishing recently, with a friend. Being a supreme optimist, Mr. Allen decided that they would sell the fish they caught and from the proceeds buy their own boat. However, this plan came to an abrupt ending because the catch comprised two whiting and 34 blowfish!

There’s always plenty of fun when “Ike” Allen is present at a party or night club. If he can be persuaded, he will reluctantly approach the microphone and croon “April Showers” in a slightly ‘Bingish’ manner. The only catch about all this is that he then has to be persuaded—all over again—to leave the microphone! Also, it’s a well known fact that being at a party has some extraordinary influence on “Ike,” inasmuch that he gets an urge to smoke cigars—something he never does at any other time.

Despite these few idiosyncrasies, however, Mr. Allen is, as he would express it, “quite a guy” and—a remarkably good display man.

Meet “Johnny” Holmes

One of the personalities of Cox Brothers in Perth is Mr. “Johnny” Holmes. As Despatch Manager he comes in contact with mostly everyone of the staff, sooner or later. The job isn’t an easy one, but he is a capable man and very helpful when the occasion arises.

He joined the staff in 1928 at the same time as Mr. Merv. Sayers—both of them transferring from Sayers & McEvoy when Cox Brothers bought this firm out. Apart from his war service, he has been “on deck” ever since. That adds up to about 30 years service all told.

He is married with four children and lives at Scarborough, which is Perth’s well known bathing beach. Fishing is his hobby or, at least, according to Mr. Holmes, it was—before he was married. Some of his friends on the staff offer an alternative explanation as to why he doesn’t fish so often nowadays. They maintain that Johnny’s vocabulary is so pungent that even fish refuse to swim within hearing distance! However, this is probably just another “fish story.”

In October, 1940, Johnny Holmes went overseas with the 16th Battalion, having previously been with the Militia, and, believe it or not, on his
Mr. and Mrs. "Johnny" Holmes

second day in action at Latarni River in Syria, much to his disgust, was wounded in the leg. This injury put him in hospital in Palestine for eight months and, ultimately, he was discharged medically unfit. The only bright spot about his long stay in hospital was that he was put on a beer diet, which according to Mr. Holmes was jolly sporting of the Medical Officer—had he only realised it.

By a strange coincidence Mr. Holmes' brother was the first casualty in the battalion in this particular action.

FAMILY NEWS

Another chapter has been added to the "Jim Majewski Story," which was published in our last issue. On April 6 Mrs. Majewski gave birth to a daughter. This, their first child, has been named Barbara Adelheit. Our congratulations are now added to those of all local friends.

From Albany, too, news of domestic joy. On March 29 a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. George Morrison. Mr. Morrison is manager of Cox Brothers, Albany, and this happy family now consists of two sons and a daughter.

We echo the wishes already expressed in nearer circles.

"CORNERED"—AT FOYS MELBOURNE CENTRAL

Away on his second overseas buying trip for Foys is Mr. John Mehegan, Manager of the China and Crystal sections. He flew to Tokyo on April 30. Mr. Mehegan visited Great Britain and the Continent in 1954.

Mr. Leonard Hocking, Manager of Men's Shoes, is a proud man. He is about to welcome back his son, who has been in India as an officer of the Australian Diplomatic Service. He is due back in Australia shortly, after three years abroad.

Val Cooper of the Lower Ground Floor Office staff has announced her engagement to Mr. Tom Scarf.

From the same direction comes news of the engagement of Dick Eagles to Miss Kathleen Reed. Mr. Eagles is in charge of the Family Budget section. Could it be that making contact with F.B. applicants has some influence on the staff concerned?

Looking as fresh as a summer sky in a gown of blue brocade, Miss Norma Spreckley (Corset Dcpt.) was married to Mr. Danny Rae on April 13. Still making final plans for marriage is Miss J. McMillan of the Men's Mercery. She is to wed Pte. K. R. Foulks from Townsville on June 29.

After 15 years' service spent in the comparative seclusion of the telephone switchboard, Miss Shiel Maclean left on March 22. Although the contacts we make with the operators are often more vocal than direct, we get to know these "Hello" colleagues very well, and there can be few among the ranks of all the Melbourne stores who were not on "speaking terms" with Shiel Maclean. Farewell gifts were proffered from all sides, and there was a beautiful set of crystal from management.

Miss Shirley Reynolds of the Shipping Office was married to Mr. John McGuire on April 20 at the Sacred Heart Church, Newport. Slim, dark Shirley was widely known through the nature of her work in the Shipping Office, but during the past year or two she often flitted from her desk there to relieve colleagues in offices in the nearby executive suite during the holiday season.

Acting on doctor's advice, Mr. Ken Stretton of the Men's Shoes has decided to take it easy for a while and has resigned. In presenting Ken with farewell gifts from many friends, Mr. Jack Creeman expressed the sincere hope that Ken would soon be permanently restored to good health. A thought we reaffirm here.

From Ken Stretton himself has come a later message, offering sincere thanks for the kindness shown to him not only during the period of his association with the store, but for all the good feeling crystallised in the presentation. Not being sure of the identities of all his well wishers in the latter regard, Ken seeks this column to offer his gratitude to one and all.

Welcomed back, after a period of illness, is Miss Lorraine O'Shannessy of the Accounts Office. Lorraine looks well enough today. May she remain so.

NEW APPOINTMENT

A new position has been created in the Maintenance section of Foys. It is Assistant Maintenance Controller. First to hold this title is Pat Byrne. Long-striding Pat, with hat well back atop his curly head, has been maintenance foreman since the death of well loved Jack Fiddes a few years ago. Maintenance Controller is, of course, Mr. A. D. D. Maclean.

The Maintenance section always seems to be flat out with work. Pat Byrne should be a tower of strength.

A NAPPY FOR GRANDPAPPY!

Here's double barrelled news. Charlie Young, foreman painter, known throughout Foys Melbourne stores, became a grandfather on April 2—for the second time!—when daughter, Mrs. Gladys Wood, gave birth to her second son, Ian Stanley. Mrs. Wood herself is well remembered, of course, at Melbourne Central as Gladys Young of the Men's Store staff. As there are a lot of twosomes about this report, twofold congratulations are in order.
[In the previous issue we bade welcome to John McPherson as a co-contributor from Cox Brothers, Bourke street. Such is the whirligig of life that we now say farewell, at least temporarily, to an able colleague. Married on May 6, Mr. McPherson has gone abroad with his wife. We wish them both a pleasant journey.—Ed. “S.”]

THE WORLD WAS HIS WINDOW

Wessel Korssen, our senior window dresser, (he is more often called “Wesley” nowadays) was born in Utrecht, Holland, a city of some 200,000 people. It is near Amsterdam. After completing formal schooling, Wes went to a commercial school for three years. But by this time his mind had begun to turn towards display work. His next step, therefore, was to go to the Amsterdam Display School. The first year he attended as a full time pupil. The following two years were worked as an assistant in the display department of the Gallery Moderne department store, WITHOUT PAY. And there were night classes at the Display School five days a week. That was the normal procedure for any young man who wanted to become a qualified window dresser. It was virtually an apprenticeship, without pay.

Window dressing in these two cities, according to Wesley, plays a big part in attracting customers, since it is the main method of advertising. Newspaper advertising is limited, by our standards, owing to high costs. Thus stores have as many windows as possible. Some even have outside display windows on the first floor with a special “deck” around them, upon which the customers promenade.

Wes was then sent to Rotterdam, to work with the same chain of stores. One of the staff features at this store was the “Display Band.” There were 12 performers and Wes was the leader. The band played for the monthly store dance and over the local radio stations. Composed entirely of Display personnel, this band, to Wesley Korssen’s belief, was the only group of its kind in existence, up till the time he left. The store also had its own Symphony Orchestra.

Our versatile colleague moved on to Brussels, where he spent 1½ years with the Pricbas department store. There followed visits to Budapest, Paris and Marseilles, where he worked in the Nouvelle Galleries Store.

Then came war! As a member of the Partisan Group (the Dutch Underground movement) Mr. Korssen’s objectives were the reverse of “display.” When the war ended he met the girl who is now his wife. She had been a millinery model in both Paris and Amsterdam.

The two of them set off for South Africa, where they stayed for 18 months, mainly in the Johannesburg area. Back to Utrecht, they collected their belongings and caught a ship to Australia.
Their arrival here in 1951 created news, as they brought with them a complete, pre-cut, ready-to-assemble home, made from Swedish timbers. It took just two weeks to assemble this house on a block of land at Doncaster. Another “first-in-Australia” that they brought with them was a motor scooter from Italy, used by Mrs. Korssen for shopping.

FAMILY BONUS
Display Manager, John Kilderry, is a proud father. Daughter, Kim, was born on March 12. Both wife Valerie and daughter are doing fine. John has nearly recovered too!

FOUR PLUS!
Bob Reid, who works at the Bulk Store, is very proud of the fact that he is now not only a grandfather, but one of four generations with the name of Reid alive at the present time. Bob’s father was born in 1867, Bob was born in 1903, his son Des in 1932, and his grandson on March 21 this year. A fine record! Incidentally, Bob Reid, who first joined the company in 1924, will be remembered by people in Hobart.

Editorial Note: Too busy recording events in the lives of other people—or too modest to mention his own affairs—John McPherson omitted to report that on May 6 he was married. Charming bride was Helen Davey, of Briar Hill, and the ceremony took place in nearby St. Andrew’s, Montmorency. As mentioned above, Mr. and Mrs. McPherson had long planned a trip overseas, so that their journey to England will be virtually an ocean honeymoon.

Chapel Street Chatter
By MARY McCURDY

The tempo of life in Prahran may be pitched a little lower than in busy Bourke street, but we greet the same sunrise, and people move and breathe in much the same way as our brothers elsewhere.

Big news of the period, perhaps, is the advent of Mr. J. Glen Doig as Staff Supervisor. For so long did we know him as Staff Controller of all stores, with his office in the city. Then we felt for him during the trying days of his recent illness. Now, to make his tasks a little less strenuous, he has come to Chapel street to “look after” us, but, confidentially, we feel it behoves us, as much, to “look after” him. This we do gladly. We are not only glad to see him back in harness again, but proud to have him so directly with us.

Popular Jimmy Gerloff, Manager, Menswear, who came to us from the city a year or two back, has returned to Bourke street to take charge of the larger department there. From his many friends, sincere wishes indeed for further success. In material form, these were expressed, too, in the parting gift of a dinner set in a contemporary design of yellows and greys.

To sit at Mr. Gerloff’s desk has come Vernon Craig of the City Store. Already we have given him warm welcome. Now emblazoned, our good wishes for a successful career in Chapel street.

Congratulations are due, nearby, where Mr. Vic Brooks has become Manager of the Men’s Shoes and Travel Goods, two sections recently separated from the Menswear Department.

On Easter Saturday, Laurel Doherty of the Cash Office, but known throughout the store of course, was married to Mr. Jack McCurragh. From the company a parcel of linen. From her staff friends a bed lamp and toaster. From one and all, renewed wishes for a happy life.

Tall Maurice Clifford of the Grocery became a father on May 2. New note in the family chorus is crowed by Kevin John. Let’s clap the Cliffords!

The household of Bill McFarlane, Manager Manchester, was blessed with another son on March 20. Garry John is the name. We share their joy.

Durable Harry Kermode of the Dress Materials has been made a grandfather again. One Sally Anne is the cause of this latest gleam in his eye.

To give her the name by which we knew her longer, Dawn Smith resigned on February 23. Now as Mrs. Emberson (she was married last year) Dawn plans to concentrate, full time, on domestic duties. Our good wishes go with her.

LONG DISTANCE “HELLO”
The voice which so often greeted callers to Foys City board comes over a longer distance here to give a message very different from “Number Engaged.” Miss Sheila Maclean writes from her home in Camberwell to express sincere thanks for the gifts made to her when she retired in March. The written word is free of accent, but one senses the familiar echo of Glasgow which would have accompanied the words in Miss Maclean’s note: “These gifts bring back memories of happy associations.”
HEATHER, HAGGIS AND BAWBEES

To a Sassenach, the mere sound of such words as these always brings thoughts of the Land of the Thistle. It is such an atmosphere we would create for the purpose of this report, since the principal character in our story is a through and through Scot, James Cunningham Masterton.

There can be few people of mature service throughout the Foy organisation who have not met Jimmy Masterton or had fairly close knowledge of his work, for he joined Foys, as draftsman and designer, in the Maintenance Department, in 1931. That, in itself, is an outstanding period of service, but it is by no means the measure of Mr. Masterton's career. Prior to his linking up with us, James Masterton worked in a similar capacity with Myers, and before that again, he was still devoting his talents to the needs of retail stores, as a draftsman with Thomas Duff, the well-known Melbourne shopfitters. All told, James Masterton has been in Australia for 45 years. But even this is not the full extent of his work with pencil, set square and compass, for our old friend had followed exactly the same vocation in his native Scotland. Within his profession, therefore, Mr. Masterton is a definite veteran, and, as might be expected, is a skilled craftsman. And his work having brought him into contact with so many people at all levels, he has made a host of friends and is, in return, well loved by them. As well as retaining the slim build, and even some of the brown hair of earlier years, Jimmy Masterton still gives evidence of youthful associations in the form of enough burr in his speech to convince listeners that he is not from Manchester or the Isle of Man.

Now, after a long life and honoured career, James Masterton has left his drawing board and tracing paper, in the office on the 4th floor of the Bourke street store, which directly overlooks the busy intersection dominated by Foys, Melbourne Central. This area of the floor which houses so many of the executive offices is undoubtedly "Jimmy's corner." That is where we went to look for him; that is where we invariably found him, except of course, when his work took him to other stores—or to other States. In the course of his long association with Foys, Mr. Masterton's skills were often needed in both Adelaide and Perth. But unlike the buyer who travels Interstate for a matter of a week or two, the jobs which took Jimmy Masterton over the border sometimes ran into months. For in an organisation like Foys which itself has served the public for over 90 years, there have been many many changes of floor layouts, structural alterations and building extensions. But though the job may have kept Mr. Masterton from his domestic hearth in Melbourne, involving perhaps certain sacrifices by both Mrs. Masterton and himself, our good friend ploughed through each of these new tasks unwearingly and uncomplainingly. He was thus an extremely loyal, as well as an extremely able technician.

Tributes to this effect were showered upon James Masterton as he sat as the honoured guest at the farewell dinner held in Foys city store on Tuesday, April 30. The holding of such a function was, in itself, evidence of the affection which the company has for him, a good feeling however which flowed, personally, as well as officially, from the colleagues, from all sides, who sat around him at this gathering.

Naturally there was a solid representation from the ranks of the maintenance team. There were heads of all departments from all Melbourne stores. There were four directors present too. We publish the full list of those present, for the one reason that we think that James Masterton himself will find pleasure in recalling the occasion, in later years. At the table were: P. Ashwin (Accountant), G. Bakker (Maintenance Prahran), C. G. Baxter (Furniture Controller), T. Bennett (Electricians), A. Brooks (Maintenance), A. Beveridge (Display City), Geoff. Bridges (Drafting Office), Pat Byrne (Asst. Maintenance Controller), R. Crowe (Men's Store), P. Day (Mercery Collingwood), O. Dux (Floor Supervisor), D. Fraser (Ticketwriters), J. Goldie (Maintenance City), A. Griffiths (Controller Men's Wear), E. Greeley (Manager Dress Materials City), Les Herbst (R.M.S. Pty. Ltd., Shopfitters), F. A. Houghton (Secretary and Director, Foy & Gibson Ltd.), E. Houghton (Office Manager City), L. Hitches (Controller China, Glassware and Hardware), R. Knight (Polisher), A. Lindsay (Manager Hardware), A. D. D. Maclean (Maintenance Controller and Director of Foy & Gibson Ltd.), F. Madden (Shipping Manager), Neil Neville (Merchandise Manager), F. Ogle (Store Manager Collingwood), E. Provis (Plumber), E. Probert (Maintenance Collingwood), R. Pestell (Manager Men's Knitwear City), V. Reid (Chief Electrician), H. Richards

Mr. and Mrs. James Masterton

30
Among the guests was Mr. Alf. Clark, head of R.M.S. Pty. Ltd., who however, wished to sit with this old friend as an individual.

Mr. L. E. Williams, General Manager, was, unfortunately, unable to be present, as he explained, in a note of apology, read to his fellow guests.

Never did the city store Dining Room look more attractive. It is a pleasant place at any time, with its surroundings of soft pastel shades, but the maintenance boys, headed by Ken Bandman, had given a lot of thought to the construction of a kind of multiple-fold screen, gaily decorated, which acted as a back drop to the top table.

The principal toast of the evening was proposed by Mr. A. D. D. Maclean, under whose direct supervision the guest of honour had worked throughout his long association with Foys. Mr. Maclean, who spoke with much sincerity and, at times, with great good humour, was supported by Pat. Byrne, formerly Maintenance Foreman but recently appointed Assistant Maintenance Controller. And to their tributes were added those of Mr. J. N. Watt.

In this happy atmosphere Mr. A. J. Thomas, of the wide smile and genial presence, rose to make to James Masterton the Company's gift of a magnificent canteen of cutlery. His feeling remarks were echoed by Mr. Allen Houghton. As if the guest of honour was not already finding it hard to cope with all these verbal bouquets, Charlie Young, the foreman painter, then stood up to express the thoughts of Jimmy Masterton's many friends. There seemed to be no "gaps" in this heart warming tribute, yet Ken Weaver, who followed, managed to add to the good thoughts which everyone has always had for a well loved co-worker. On behalf of his many friends, Charlie Young presented James Masterton with a lawn-mower and an eiderdown quilt, as tokens of the affection which all held for their departing colleague. Incidentally, the last mentioned gifts were of Mr. Masterton's own choosing.

Then came that moving moment which many of us have witnessed before, and most of us may have to endure ourselves, when James Masterton rose to his feet to meet the ordeal of saying farewell, officially. It could hardly be otherwise that a man who throughout his life has worked to such meticulous detail would have other than a well ordered mind. James Masterton is no exception, and he is, as well, a man of deep and sincere feeling. In simple but heart-touching phrases, he reviewed his long connection with Foys, emphasising the many satisfactions he had derived from his work, and acknowledged the loyalty and friendship which he had so long enjoyed from all around him, whether they had been directly associated with his labours or not.

Occasions like these are not easy to describe, for no matter how many words are uttered, there is always so much that has to be left unsaid, and understanding is in the heart, rather than the ears or eyes. Sufficient must it be here to say that for every 60 seconds Mr. Masterton may have enjoyed of his life in Foys, the company in turn enjoyed a full minute from knowing him and in benefiting from his skills and inspirations.

For both Mr. Masterton and his wife, there is the widespread wish of an entire organisation, from both its leaders and its personnel at large, for years of contentment, happiness and health in the period of retirement which has now begun for an honoured colleague. No one is likely to forget his or her contact with this gentle personality, but if memories should dim with the years, there will exist, on all sides, reminders of James Masterton's presence among us, for there can be scarcely a square foot of floor space which, at some time, he has not detailed in one of his immaculate drawings.

On behalf of all those who attended the dinner, Mr. Neil Neville expressed appreciation and thanks to the Chairman for the evening, Mr. A. D. D. Maclean.

Mario's, in Perth, was the scene of the farewell party to Mrs. Valerie Pilcher, who resigned recently as handbag and jewellery buyer. Foys W.A. L. to r.: Mrs. Pilcher, Mrs. I. Lee, Mrs. S. Lindsay, Miss Jean Beadle, Mrs. K. Harrison, Mrs. C. Smith, Mrs. J. Carroll, and the Misses P. Cable, O. Richards, J. Fowler, L. McCartney.
Snow Scenes at Sydney Central

Described by JOHN WILSON, Staff Manager, Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.

ART AND BEAUTY

In the last issue of "Service" we related with pride the visit to our Store of a celebrity who through her own beauty has achieved fame and stardom—Victoria Shaw, or, as Australia knew her better, Jeanette Elphick, former Sydney model.

More recently, we were privileged to enjoy the unheralded visit of another very distinguished personality who, paradoxically, has found fame and fortune in the cultivation of beauty among millions of women the world over. She is Princess Gourielli, or, as she is known professionally, Madame Helena Rubinstein.

An amazing person! Before anything could be done to extend an "official" welcome, Helena Rubinstein was mingling with and talking to members of the Perfumery Department staff. She had wanted to meet, personally, all these people who make contact with the public in the actual environment of a selling area. Controller Joe Blacklock and Departmental Manager Miss May Henderson were taken by surprise by the suddenness of this visit. Five feet tall, weighing 125 lb., and over 80 years of age, Madame Rubinstein has sparkling dark eyes. Her complexion is flawless. With the poise of a quite young woman, our visitor is certainly the perfect advertisement of her aims—preservation of beauty.

Mention has been made many times in stories of the life of this remarkable woman, of her widespread encouragement of art in all forms. Her collection of paintings is world famous. Now, Helena Rubinstein has shown that her appreciation is not limited to the work of artists overseas. Impressed by Australia's potential in this field, whilst in Sydney, Madame Rubinstein announced that she will give a travel grant, as an Art Scholarship, to the winner of a competition to be held each year. The prize? To study abroad with any art teacher the winner may choose, for 12 months. A trust fund to cover travel and living abroad for a year is to be established.

At appropriately-named Princess Restaurant, Princess Gourielli was hostess at a dinner reception. Among her many guests were Mr. Keith Hunt (Merchandise Manager), Miss May Henderson (Perfumery Departmental Manager), Mrs. Pat Thomas (Fashion Promoter) and Miss Joan Smith (Snow's Helena Rubinstein specialist).

Helena Rubinstein gave as her final hint to the Australian girl: "Beware of too much sun!"

Madame Helena Rubinstein, as Sydney saw her. With her is Mr. P. O'Higgins.

FAIR EXCHANGE

We were all very sorry to lose Mr. Simon Price to Head Office Melbourne. Simon came to Sydney two years ago to broaden his knowledge and learn what makes a retail store tick. After a "running in" period, Simon was able to teach us something in the short-cutting of systems and eliminating unnecessary work in offices and departments. Simon also made his presence felt in the sports field while in Sydney. But as well as for his attainments at golf, cricket, table tennis, tennis and surfing, we shall remember Simon Price with affection for his unvarying co-operation in all things, which, coupled with a gentleness of manner, makes him the well-nigh perfect colleague.

From Head Office in Simon's stead comes Mr. Bill Browning, possibly for a similar period. Bill and Simon, by happy coincidence, were pals together as kids and went to the same school.
Then they entered the University of Melbourne, together, each taking a degree, and finally started their careers with the same company—our own.

Bill Browning plays a mean game of golf—eight handicap—but gets into some hot debates at morning and afternoon tea, discussing his beloved Aussie Rules football. He forgets that here in Sydney he is in a Rugby stronghold!

JERVIS BAY

One of the most popular holiday spots, and, indeed, the most beautiful close to Sydney, is Jervis Bay. It is a major calamity that this paradise is soon to be closed to the public and handed back to the Australian Navy as a training college and base.

The loss of this popular resort is being so lamented by many of its annual frequenters from Snows that but for the current turmoil in the Middle East we would consider importing a Wailing Wall from Jerusalem for them to weep against!

BEAUTY IN AUTUMN

Snows, for one week, presented a series of parades (three each day) devoted exclusively to matrons' fashions. A bold venture, but a huge success. The models, all well preserved women of the 50 to 60 age group, could teach some of their younger counterparts some of the finer points. (Please don’t get me wrong!)

There was nothing lovelier at Surfers' Paradise than June Arndell of the Staff Office of Snows.

SINISTER

The popular phrase “You wouldn’t read about it” could hardly apply here because you are going to read about it. But you wouldn’t read about it, would you?

One of our office lasses, Madge Moran, was asked to play golf. She had never played before, so she borrowed a set of clubs for the day. After struggling for hours over a couple of holes, her partner, noticing her difficulty getting the ball to rise, found she was right-handed but using left-handed clubs.

So now she plays GOF, having knocked “L” right out of the game!

COMPO

Our compensation rate must suffer soon, if we don’t stop shifting counters around. Lifting ’em is not the problem. It’s just that the counters have been in set positions for years. When they’re moved, there is a gridiron-style rush for the money that has rolled under them during the years. Could it be merely a coincidence that our popular Ground Floor Supervisor, Miss Peg Davie (ex Scotland!), always knows exactly how much is recovered?

CONTROLERS

Each of Snows six trading floors now comes under the administration of its own Controller.

Lower Ground Floor: Mr. Len Gardiner.

BERRY GETS "THE BERRIES"

Mr. Reg. Kimberley, Accounts Manager, recently conducted a competition amongst his team of 20 outdoor salesmen, based on the results of two months’ achievement. Mr. Stan Berry was the winner, with a sales total which ran well into the four-figure bracket. For this fine effort he won the coveted prize—25 guineas. Mr. Berry exploded the oft-quoted theory that one must be an experienced salesman to be a success in a venture such as this. Mr. Berry, prior to joining the sales staff six months ago, was an entertainer. For several years he conducted our Saturday morning Snows Show for kiddies.

TRANSPORT

Sydney's transport, it would appear, is headed not towards the improved standard expected through progress, experience and advice, but to a level even lower than at present.

An efficiency organisation is reported to have advised the N.S.W. Government Railways that the only way to overcome the overcrowding of suburban trains is to take out at least 120 seats on each train, thus making more standing room for travellers.

As peak hour travelling to and from the City is already similar to that of cattle transport, this mooted retrograde step would adversely affect retail stores in the City. Selling staff, too, who are on their feet all day, would know an added discomfort.

To add to the future uncertainties of our city transport, a decision to replace trams in Pitt street and Castlereagh street with ‘buses has been made. The change is scheduled to take effect in November. It is to be hoped that the lesson from
the recent Middle East situation has not been overlooked. Petrol rationing had to be introduced in England following the flare-up over Suez. If Australia were seriously affected by any petrol and oil restrictions, the City of Sydney might have NO public transport at all! Still, if the authorities of our Transport System decree we must stand in trains like bullocks, it would, perhaps, be a privilege to walk up and down Pitt street!

THE GEORGE CROSS ISLAND

A Short Version of a Long History

By VICTOR ANASTASI

Mr. Anastasi is a Maltese. Born at Sliema, some five miles from Valetta, he is proud of the historic island of his birth. Many are the racial strains which have contributed to the development of the people of Malta, and Victor Anastasi claims his origin as Greek-Sicilian. He can actually trace his own descent over a period of some 400 years. Today he has been in Australia for five years, is married to an Australian girl, and they have a baby girl. He works happily in the Hire Purchase section of Foy's General Office, Collingwood.

Gladly do we print this brief outline of the history of Malta which Mr. Anastasi has compiled specially for "Service," for not only do we welcome “off the beaten track” contributions, but we feel that many readers will be glad to have the opportunity to learn a little more of the “background” of just one of those many thousands of people from other lands who have become members of the Australian nation during the recent post-war years. Incidentally, the 15th of this month marked the 15th anniversary of the awarding of the George Cross to the island of Malta.

Victor Anastasi is versatile. He is, as well, keenly interested in photography. That excellent picture of Melbourne which decorated the front cover of our last issue was a good example of Mr. Anastasi's work. Some people regard history as rather tedious reading. But I believe that any interesting history, if related in an abbreviated form, can be very entertaining. And I know of no more interesting history than that of the island of Malta, the country which gave me birth.

Often referred to nowadays as “The George Cross Island” (following the awarding by King George VI of the George Cross to the people of Malta, collectively, in recognition of their courage and fortitude in the Allied cause throughout World War II), Malta is sometimes described by the English as “The British Riviera.” Other complimentary names also have been used. Personally, I call her “The Island of Sunshine and History.”

Malta has many places of worship dating from the pre-Christian era. Here is the entrance to a temple at Mnajdra, some 15 miles from Valetta, the capital, which is believed to have been built in 3,000 B.C. The stones are believed to have been transported by road from Egypt. Malta, in those days, being joined by land to the African continent.

(Photograph from Government Tourist Bureau, Malta)
The existence of Malta and its people can be traced back over a period of nearly 10,000 years. Even the recorded history goes back over many, many centuries. It is a story kaleidoscopic in its detail, and, so often, not "in mesh" with that of nearby countries, even though Malta is but 60 miles distant from Italy.

Malta can boast of being under the domination of the Phoenicians, the Greeks and the Carthaginians. The last named were at one time the rulers of the world, a dominance which they held until the great Roman upsurge and victories of the Punic Wars. In these wars, Malta was won and lost several times, but eventually the Maltese islands were encompassed by the victorious Romans and its inhabitants were brought under the influence of the Roman civilisation. We learn from Cicero that during the struggle between the Romans and the Carthaginians my ancestors, fortunately, took the side of the Romans. When, therefore, Rome "took over," the Maltese people were granted privileges as Roman citizens. They were not regarded as conquered strangers, but allied friends, a relationship which was maintained throughout some 600 years of Roman rule.

It is interesting to recall how the Maltese embraced Christianity. This took place about 1900 years ago. St. Paul, under sentence of death, was being taken to Rome for trial, as befitted a Roman citizen. During a severe storm, the vessel was shipwrecked on Malta. At that time Malta was pagan. There is evidence of this to be seen to this day in the many temples which still stand in remote parts of the island. The Temple of Juno and Hercules is a well-known relic. When Paul became aware of the existing beliefs of the islanders, he began to preach the Gospel, and eventually he converted a large number of the inhabitants, including the "chief" of the island. This leader, Publius by name, eventually became the first Christian Bishop of Malta. From Malta, Paul was taken to Rome, there to be executed.

It was not long after this that the power of Imperial Rome began to decline. Riven by continuous internal dissensions and civil wars, the Romans were incapable of defending the immense territories which had been acquired by conquest, and eventually the great empire gave way to the Teutonic invaders from the north. In the east, the Arabs, spurred by the influence of Mohammed, founder of Islam, were acquiring a power which soon knew no bounds. The Byzantines were compelled to yield to their advance, and soon the whole of the Mediterranean fell in their hands. Sicily and Malta shared the same fate, and in the year 870 A.D. both islands fell into the hands of the Arabs.

History records the great hardships which these times brought to the Maltese. The new masters, burning with hatred for all Christians, treated the Maltese with little kindness and many humiliations. Release from this bondage did not come until Count Roger, the Norman, and a kinsman of William, the conqueror of England, after subduing the Arabs in Sicily, turned his attention to Malta. In the year 1090 Roger landed on Malta and was hailed by the Maltese as their long-awaited liberator. The Arabs, taken completely by surprise, were vanquished by the new conqueror and Malta was once again restored to the Maltese.

It was at this time that the historic Maltese flag of red and white came into existence. Historians say that after Count Roger had freed the islands of the Arabs and was determined to carry the Holy War to Jerusalem, the Maltese asked him for a token. He cut a piece of his checked mantle, the pattern of which happened to be red and white. Today an addition has been made to that ancient flag by inserting an emblem of the George
Cross, at the top left corner, against a background of pale blue.

Fifty uneventful years or more passed, after Count Roger's departure from Malta, with no one venturing to dispute the island's dependence upon the Normans. Count Roger died in 1101, leaving behind him a name made honourable by his valour and wisdom. His son Roger became King of Sicily with the title of Roger I. The Maltese were then ceded, for the first time, to the Sicilians, and when the King of Sicily died, leaving no heir, the islands of Malta and Sicily passed to the rule of the German Emperors, known in history as the Swabians (1194-1266).

Malta in those days was not well fortified and was continuously menaced by Arab Corsairs. Meanwhile the Turks, too, had become very powerful. They conquered Constantinople and step by step moved westwards. Forts were built around the island, and still today lookouts can be seen at every mile along the beaches.

The troubled years rolled by until that time when Malta was ruled by Charles V of Spain. In 1530 he ceded the islands to the Religious and Military Order of the Knights Hospitallers of Saint John of Jerusalem. Malta was now destined to play a very important part in the history of Europe and to rise to a high standard of fame and glory, as a bulwark against the infidels, who seriously threatened to overthrow the whole of Christendom. This was to lead to the Great Siege of Malta by the Turks and the occupation of Malta by Napoleon.

(To be continued)

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ONE OF NATURE'S PRANKS

From time to time the newspapers report the devastation wrought by the flooding of Lake Corangamite, a vast area of water that lies about 15 miles to the north-west of Colac. Many farmers have lost a third or more of their land, and some their entire farms, under these flood waters which, as is well known, are intensely salty. This alone makes reclamation for cultivation a hopeless job for years to come.

The accompanying snapshot is of a road which is the main outlet of many farmers to Colac and other centres. As can be seen, it is built up. In this picture the water has fallen 18 in. below the level it was at the height of the flood, but as the normal lake edge is well over a mile from this road, the full expanse of damaging water can be imagined. Just to the right of this picture a weatherboard house had to be moved, holus-bolus, to higher ground on the farm, as the water was up to the back door. A heart-breaking experience, for apart from all the inconvenience, a fine garden had to be left behind.

Some practical scheme will have to be evolved to help these people who are dependent on these once cultivated areas for their living, and it is pleasing to know that the Government is planning a project to cost half a million pounds.

MOVEMENT AMONG THE RANKS

We welcome to the staff Cath Mahoney, Mary Mearns, Lynette O'Dowd, Sadie Peterson, Chris Thomas and Jim Chappell, and we trust they will be happy with us. Departed is Mr. Bill O'Dowd, Manager of the Soft Furnishings Department. Bill was presented with a beautiful clock and chinaware. Another to leave us is John Reeves, of the Receiving Room, who was presented with a travelling bag and rug. Mr. Reeves was with the store for 20 years. Mr. O'Dowd
gave 18 years' service. Gone, too, are Bob Arnall (Menswear) and Val McDonald (Switchboard). To all these former colleagues we extend our best wishes for their future.

PROMOTIONS

Miss Eileen Maloney has been made Manageress of the Underclothing and Infantswear, and Miss Ivy Burzacott is now the Manager of the Corset Department. Mr. Bill Giles has taken off the position of Manager of the Soft Furnishings Department, in succession to Mr. O'Dowd.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Mr. and Mrs. Philip Congram—on the birth of a son, Lester William. Mrs. Congram was formerly Greta Huckle of the Soft Furnishings Department.

To Stephanie Kalitsky—on the occasion of her 21st birthday. Stephanie works in the office.

HOLIDAY TALES

Beverly Shenfields (Display) flew to Tasmania, as did Mrs. Chris Williams (Alterations), Emily Kerr (China) motored to Dromana, Bert Miles (Drapery) went to Wangaratta, Maureen Klein (Office) spread some red paint over Bendigo and Ballarat, whilst Molly Moloney (Office) went to see the lights of the big City of Melbourne. Frank Duncombe (Menswear) drove “up north” to Eildon and did a spot of fishing. Tis rumoured that he caught a huge number of fish, but most of them had to be returned to the water! Undersized! Mr. Veale (Despatch) spent his well earned holiday right here in Colac, “just resting up,” as he describes it. Incidentally, Mr. Veale is the proud grandfather of twin girls, born to his eldest daughter in Sydney.

Bob Freestone, our Accountant, spent a week down at Apollo Bay where, like Frank Duncombe, he did some fishing. There’s a rumour that the people of Apollo Bay intend to restock the creek down there—mainly because of the quantity of fish taken out during Bob’s holiday. Some of the fish were so big that we just don’t know how he landed them! We certainly have some keen fishermen here at Colac.

ENERGY BURNERS

As soon as the sun begins to lose a little of its warmth, promoters of winter sports teams begin to look for new recruits. The basketball team joint managers, Nola Lourey and Claudette Tucker, seemed to have a little difficulty in rounding up the necessary numbers, but after some solid talking they have organised a team that looks as if it will hold its place in the top four.

Badminton and table tennis beckon too. It is worth reporting that the Badminton Club has signed up Reg Ennor, who holds the singles and doubles titles of the Colac and District Badminton Association. If Reg can pass on some of his knowledge of the game to other members, this team also should manage the top four.

"MR. PRESIDENT"

At its May meeting the Prahran Chamber of Commerce elected as its President for the ensuing year Mr. Alan Durham, Manager of the Foy Store in Chapel street. The Prahran Chamber is a very active body, and in fostering trade in Chapel street it has a “big” job, in the geographical sense, for it is sometimes claimed that shops, stores and other business establishments run in an unbroken line, on both sides of this historic thoroughfare, for a greater distance than anywhere else in the metropolitan area—some say anywhere in Australia—within a single municipality, that is.

REMEMBERING AND GRATEFUL

In another column reference is made to the retirement of Mr. James C. Masterton, of Foy’s. Therein further reference is made to the kindly nature of this man who served Foy’s for more than three decades, and of the depth of his feelings.

Himself unaware of it, Mr. Masterton has confirmed these beliefs of his friends in a recent note. Primarily, James Masterton wished to offer his heartfelt thanks for the friendship, crystallised and conveyed in the parting gifts which were presented to him on behalf of all colleagues. These will be lifelong treasures.

But our old friend remembered more than this. As his mind has traversed the years, recalling all those whom he has met and what had transpired as acquaintance grew, Mr. Masterton, fearing that he may have missed a handshake here and there, wishes to say to one and all of those with whom and for whom he has worked, that his heart is ever warmed by reflections of the help, both physical and moral, he received on all sides and to every degree. This message goes not only to all personnel in Melbourne, but to those in Colac and Adelaide as well.

The Quiet Corner

Softly and swiftly, as beat the wings of a bird, does Life slip from us. And, like a soaring eagle, is the spirit borne aloft. Only for those who watch and mourn and wait is there sadness. We think, with sympathy and understanding, of—

Mr. L. Balsarini, Despatch, Foy’s, Prahran, whose mother died in April.

Mr. E. Cain, Maintenance, Foy’s, Bourke street, in the death of his wife on April 10.

Mrs. L. Chinrside, Gloves, Foy’s, Prahran. Her sister died in April.

Mrs. G. Plisch, Needlework, Foy’s, Prahran, in the death of her mother in February.

Mrs. Rose Marion Smith, whose husband, Austin Smith, died on May 3. Mr. Smith was a member of the maintenance staff, Foy’s, Bourke street, for four years.

Ruth and Charles, children of Benjamin Oliver Snell. Mr. Snell, who died on March 31, gave a lifetime’s service to Foy’s, through Eagley Mills, where he was Chief Engineer until his retirement a few years ago. He was a widower.

"Thy Will be Done"
FOYS (W.A.) IN SEARCH OF TALENT

A step of considerable assistance has been taken by the management of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd. It is a move to stimulate observation and literary talent among our ranks of the staff in Perth.

An essay competition has been launched. Competitors are invited to submit an essay on any topic of local and current interest. This does not necessarily have to be associated with store activities or even retailing in general. The contest will be current, throughout this year.

Judging will be by a panel, selected by top management. There will be a cash prize for the best entry submitted, and another for the most original entry sent in. As entries are received, a preliminary examination will be made, and selected efforts will be passed on, from time to time, for publication in these pages. Below are two entries received to date.

Whether or not readers elsewhere have ever contributed to “Service” in the past, the fact that this competition is being run within one of our subsidiary companies should encourage writers elsewhere to put their pens to paper, to test both the imagination and their writing ability. It is good for one and all to widen knowledge and improve self expression, both in writing and speech, and quite widespread benefit, all round, could be the outcome of this “talent quest” which is being conducted in Perth.

PERSONALITIES OF FOYS STAFF

By W. M. NILAN
(Maintenance, Foys, Perth.)

After a few hours’ painting here at Foys, my sight is somewhat hampered by my paint spotted spectacles; yet despite this I have noted personalities among us who are as outstanding as the bargains on a sale day.

To begin with, let us study those charming Scotch lassies behind the bread and bacon counters. These lassies must, I am sure, have migrated from the wild highlands of Scotland, for their brogue is such that at any moment one expects them to break into Gaelic! The writer suggests that Haggis be displayed among the many items for sale, so as to complete the land of the heather atmosphere! In a more serious vein, however, I must add that, judging by the customers who usually crowd these counters, their accent is as persuasive as it is pleasant.

And now we shall take a trip in a passenger lift. Even the most irregular customer cannot fail to notice that breezy little man in the grey uniform whose life is an endless series of ups and downs. His sing-song voice which can often be heard to dramatically declare: “We shall be going to the lower ground floor” could be fittingly used to announce the arrival of Royalty at some Vice Regal function. Foys would not be Foys without Mr. Lane, whose cheerful bearing is a stimulant to the shoppers and staff who use his lift. Office girls from the second floor have been heard to say, “Dear Mr. Lane,” and we heartily agree.

Another striking character is that tall, well dressed figure of Mr. Wilson, the stores architect. His approach has been known to quicken the pulse of the maintenance staff; especially the painters, whose brush strokes show a marked increase in tempo with his nearness. Without jesting, I will say that Mr. Wilson’s design and colour scheme of the new Espresso Bar has made it the jewel of the ground floor.

The list of staff celebrities would not be complete without mentioning the Master of Ceremonies of the decorators. Who has not heard that melodious voice, that Richard Tauber-like voice, warbling forth from the precincts of the paint shop? Or is there anyone among us who has not noticed the portly figure, dressed in white overalls, strutting around the store with pot and brush in hand? Pop Browning, whose one object in life is to urge his harassed painters to greater efforts. And, with an eye to the fresh colours that can be seen on all floors, I will say that you are doing a good job, Pop!

Finally (if only to bring this essay nearer the 500 words mark) the writer humbly includes his own name to this list of the great; and to the many who will no doubt object to this audacity, I hereby advance my claim to notoriety. With my paint spattered overalls and my ill-fitting cap, am I not the most conspicuous worker on the ground floor? Have you not seen me wearily dabbing the ceiling, while perched like a parrot on that over-sized meccano set of a scaffold? If you haven’t, please don’t ask Pop Browning as to my whereabouts, for he may start searching for me!

THE MAGIC OF COLOUR

By J. SMOKER

(Advertising, Foys, Perth.)

"Where there's colour there is life." Not a particularly profound statement admittedly, but just imagine what a drab and depressing world this would be without the presence of colour—and where could there be a more graphic illustration of the power and magic of colour than that seen at Foys of Perth. From the moment of stepping into this large and friendly store, there is an immediate and pleasant awareness of an atmosphere of colourful harmony. This is as it should be.

In the daily hustle and bustle of fast moving traffic and merchandise, colour is playing an important part. Its use and effect as an eye-catcher is probably without parallel in the world of commerce, but perhaps more significantly still, it is being employed today from a greater psychological angle than ever before. There is no doubt that the presence of colour in our surroundings has the power of playing on our emotions. In this respect, it has something in common with music, as the "sound" of music and the "sight" of colour are both equally eloquent. We absorb colour that pleases us, and by doing so we contribute a "colour" of our own by virtue of our own personalities. Bright, vivid hues find us automatically responding in a gay, exciting manner, but where our surroundings consist of soft tints and pastel shades the effect is soothing to our senses.

So it is that the application of colour around us is not simply a surface covering of no particular shade, but is the result of thorough research and expert execution. Without that care and attention to detail, colours would clash, and a colour scheme that jars and irritates is infinitely worse than none at all. The walls with their

Once again the Retail Traders' entry in the Moomba Procession was awarded the Governor's Trophy. The theme of the float was Spanish, in design and colouring. The matador was supported by fourteen lovely mannequins. The awarding of this prize was a fine tribute to Mr. Fred Asmussen of The Myer Emporium Ltd., who was responsible for the designing of both this float and the winning entry in the 1956 procession. In this picture, the float is turning from Bourke street into Swanston street, directly opposite Foys, which is out of sight, to the right.

("Herald" photo)
Driving away from their wedding at Wesley Church, Perth, are Mr. and Mrs. R. Spittles. The bride was Miss Pat McDonald of the B.C.A. Section Foys (W.A).

well selected pastel shades; the various forms of artificial lighting; the cleverly arranged floor coverings, with colours perfectly blending; the numerous tickets and signs; the gowns and uniforms; fabrics and furnishings; the myriad fascinating attractions that lend themselves to the creation of this vast tableau of colour are a most vital essential to our well-being and to the store generally.

This is understandable when it is realised that the average housewife (who is the most catered-for person in the world's markets) is going to derive much more pleasure in shopping for her necessities in colourful surroundings than she would in an atmosphere devoid of the charm and vitality that the presence of colour imparts.

Perhaps the most impressive of our many recent improvements and innovations is to be seen in the cafeteria on the second floor. Ceiling and walls have been given “the treatment”; linos and dining accommodation have been renewed, and the pleasing charm of the clean and quietly colourful result is proof indeed that the labour and expense involved in work of this nature is far from being wasted.

Colour is one of the necessities of life. It has a power and magic for which there is no substitute, and we are justly proud of the excellent results being achieved in our keenly progressive and colour-conscious Perth store.

Mr. and Mrs. Ron Branson. Ron works in Furniture Dept., Cox Bros., Perth. His bride, formerly Gail Leigh-Jones, hails from England.

“Service” will be published again in June
Please send all copy by May 31