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

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

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

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235 Regent Street, London, W.1

HEAD OFFICE

COX BROTHERS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
75 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.
"The Conquering Little Duchess"

It is our frequent boast that, in these columns, we rarely "borrow" from the writings of others. Yet, not only unashamedly but with head inclined in tribute, do we introduce this page with the felicitous phrase quoted above.

A happier choice would have been difficult to make because these words were used more than a quarter of a century ago to describe a remarkable woman to whom, then, as now, our voices and our hearts were raised in loyalty and affection. She is Queen Elizabeth, or, as she is even more intimately known to us today, the Queen Mother. After an interval of 31 years, the Queen Mother has returned to Australia, even lovelier—and more loved—than before.

In her book "The Duchess of York", published in England soon after the royal pair had returned from their triumphal visit to Australia in 1927, Alys Chatwyn paints a vivid picture of the life and character of the petite, soft-smiling girl whom the world had known as Lady Elizabeth Angela Marguerite Bowes-Lyon, the fourth and youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore. And Alys Chatwyn ends her glowing record with a chapter headed: "The Conquering Little Duchess".

As we turn the long pages of history, there leap into memory women of royal status who in various ways, won for themselves the doubtful compliment of possessing "conquering" qualities. One thinks of Semiramis, of Boadicea, of Catherine de' Medici and Catherine, Empress of Russia. But their conquests were those of the warrior. The armoury from which their weapons were chosen could contain the sharp bladed knife, the poisoned cup, the thumbscrew and the rack. For them, the plundering battle; treasure—or power—the goal.

British history, of course, bristles with stories of warlike monarchs. Indeed, it is difficult to form a mental picture of some of them without a lance, a battle-axe or a sword in their hands. Even today, in the royal regalia of the British monarchy is the Sword of State. Its use, nowadays, is purely ceremonial. Whoever unsheathes it, undoubtedly does so merely to polish the blade.

Included in this regalia which has such an important place in the panoply of enthronement in England, are such symbolic accoutrements as the Sceptre and the Orb. And, dominating this gleaming array, is the Crown of St. Edward, that jewelled cap which, with impressive ceremony, is placed upon the head of each English monarch at his, or her, coronation.

For many, many years, this crown was possibly of greater significance to the people, than its wearer. How often still, is the headship of the State referred to, impersonally, as "The Crown". Yet, readily and loyally, the people of England—and of all those domains which, progressively, have acknowledged the institution of kingship in Britain—accepted this badge of office. Remote it may have been; no less separated from his subjects, however, was the wearer.
Within living memory, marked changes have taken place. Not only has the physical distance between "The People" and "The Crown" been startlingly narrowed, but across the remaining "gap" there has been thrown a mighty bridge of human affection. During quite recent years, this new "highway" — which leads almost directly to the very person of the monarch — has been traversed by thousands of ordinary people who once knew no such way of access. Today, the warmth of the regard and the love felt for the occupant of the British throne, is a phenomenon which has impressed the entire world.

The march of science, of course, has helped tremendously in this. The fast aeroplane can carry a ruler to subjects in lands so distant that, but a few years ago, they were almost neglected, or, at least, regarded as, regally, inaccessible. Then came the marvel of broadcasting. Unlike any monarch before him in the entire history of the world, the voice of King George V of England was carried on the radio waves from Buckingham Palace to the farthest corners of the most far-flung empire that civilization records.

Today, we already have evidence of what the miracle of television can achieve in bringing what is virtually the physical presence of a Queen to the very fireside of the most humble home. Successfully has this been achieved within the United Kingdom. Before very long, no doubt, we, at the other end of the earth, shall know the thrill of being able to sit, virtually side by side with Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, merely by twisting the dial of a television receiver, here in Australia.

Close witness to this "closing of the ranks" between royalty and people has been the Queen Mother, now with us in Australia. As the consort of King George VI, she was by his side during his own memorable Christmas broadcasts to the nations of the Commonwealth — indeed, to whomever else in the world was moved to listen.

This Elizabeth of Strathmore, of York, of England; this Elizabeth who is now the Queen Mother of the British Commonwealth has contributed and continues to contribute magnificently, to this dedicated task of strengthening and sweetening these ties which not only hold nations together, but men and women, in all walks of life, within each nation.

Not for the Queen Mother the edged blade of the warrior monarchs who once sat upon the Throne of England. If conquest be her goal, human hearts and happiness are the prizes she seeks. Love and sheer sweetness of character are the only weapons she wields.

The "Conquering Little Duchess" of yesteryear is with us, in Australia, once again.

We salute her.

FOOTNOTE: The delightful picture which we are privileged to print on the front cover of this issue enshrines the happiness which the Queen Mother knew in the company of her husband, King George VI. This photograph was taken in the Music Room of Buckingham Palace. Our print came from the famed Studio of Baron.
DEATH OF MRS. G. A. BITCON

Mrs. Isobel Anstey Bitcon, wife of Mr. George Alan Bitcon, died on Friday, 21st February, after a brief illness.

As General Manager of Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited, Mr. Bitcon is known not only throughout our own organisation, but in many circles of the business world of Melbourne. His personal interests extend still further.

It follows, therefore, that Mrs. Bitcon had a host of friends. Within our own ranks, contact was made most often perhaps, on occasions like Staff Balls, where Mr. and Mrs. Bitcon were always a gracious, smiling and friendly pair, happily returning the greetings showered upon them from all sides. As such, we saw them both at the Foy bell in August last.

The news of Mrs. Bitcon's death brought a sense of personal loss to friends and colleagues alike, and on behalf of all readers, we offer heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Bitcon and his children, Janet and John.

THE QUEEN HONOURS MR. ERNEST HEARN

In the New Year's Honours List, it was announced that the Queen had conferred the honour of Commander of the Order of the British Empire upon Mr. Ernest Hearn, of Western Australia.

Mr. Hearn is well known in the business world of Western Australia, where he has occupied a number of public positions. These include Vice-President of the Associated Chamber of Manufactures of Australia; President of the Chamber of Manufactures, W.A., and Past President, both State and Federal, of the Furniture Trades' Association of Australia. During the war years Mr. Hearn's services were called upon as a Committeeman of the State Board of Business Administration (Defence Division). After the war, he served on the Furniture Advisory Panel of the Ministry of Post-War Reconstruction. He was also Business Adviser to the Disposals Commission of W.A. Between the years of 1951 and 1954, Mr. Hearn was a member of the State Industrial Board of W.A.

Within our organisation, of course, we know Mr. Hearn equally well as a member of the Board of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., and we join with our colleagues in the West in offering sincere congratulations to Mr. Hearn upon this recognition by Her Majesty of his sterling work.

In our little world on this roof-top perch, things happen, as varied as life in the great metropolis at our doorstep.

Early in January our stalwart Commissionaire Thomas Buckley was laid low with an illness which could have been very wearying because there were indications of prolonged treatment. Happily, however, Mr. Buckley made an amazingly quick recovery, and we have him back as burly but browner than ever.

Miss Beverley Knott, of the Buying Office, has already made headlines larger than we can print. So, in simple type, do we add our congratulations upon her achievements in the recent "Miss Beach Girl" Quest, conducted by "The Sun" newspaper.

First, she won her heat as "Miss St. Kilda." Then, in the final judging, Beverley was placed second to the beautiful and accomplished Betty Morgan. Miss Knott's success as runner-up is the more praiseworthy, when it is remembered that she has only recently celebrated her 17th birthday.

Domestic joys are easily shared among a close-knit band like ours. With pride hardly less than that of the proud parents themselves do we record that Kenneth Ian was born on 3rd January to Mr. and Mrs. Laurie Smith. Mr. Smith is the company's Property Officer.

Mrs. Bob Hooppell, whom we knew so well as Betty Froomes, for several years secretary to Mr. G. A. Bitcon, General Manager, gave birth to a son on 30th December. Betty, of the ever-cheerful demeanour, was so much "one of the family," during her eight years in this office, that contacts, on all sides, have been affectionately maintained since she left last year. Consequently our own joy in this latest event is no secret to her, but for the sake of the record, we round off this report with an enthusiastic "Hooray for the Hooppells!"

Staff Officer Sydney Swilk has had other than personnel problems of late. His wife, Kathleen, underwent a major operation on 22nd February. Mrs. Swilk's father, who lives with them, has had to enter hospital, also for surgery. Latest reports indicate that Mrs. Swilk is making splendid progress. "Keep going! You're doing fine," is our message to each.

New smile to greet visitors to the Buying Office is generated by Miss Carole Austin, who joined our ranks on 24th January. Hope she likes us, too!

Mr. Ernest Hearn, C.B.E.
London Letter

From HUGH LIMB
London Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited

"PARIS, MONTE CARLO . . . OR WIDDLECOMBE-BY-THE-WASH?"'

It has always been the saying that, in this country at least, there are two main events in the course of a year for which one is always saving—Christmas and holidays. I feel that this becomes truer every year. Doubtlessly the year does bring other major financial problems, particularly house purchase. But the Christmas-cum-holiday axis revolves relentlessly. In grappling with this problem, one sometimes wonders whether it is better, as you have it in Australia, that the Christmas and holiday periods are rolled into one! Be that as it may, no sooner do the Christmas festivities cease here—in fact, one could say the turkey has hardly had time to cool off—before the travel agencies are thrusting before your eyes pictures of "ideal" holidays.

This year, these agencies seem to have been publicising their attractions more than ever before. The daily papers, monthly and weekly publications, seem to have devoted considerably more of their space than usual to advertisements and the presentation of articles about holidays. It is an accepted fact that on the stroke of midnight at the close of the year, hotels open their books for intending visitors during the summer to come. Many people, of course, enamoured of a place where they have already stayed, book up again, a year ahead.

If holiday travel increases in ratio to the extra pressure of advertising, then many resorts and hotels will have a bumper season. It is significant that far more people from these Isles are travelling to the Continent for their holidays each year. Whilst British resorts may provide a cheaper holiday, they cannot guarantee the sunshine which the holiday-maker on the Continent expects, in return for his higher outlay.

". . . DEEP AND CRISP AND EVEN"

Coming down to earth again from these thoughts of sunny beaches, we are faced by the stubborn fact that here in London, at this moment, we are in the middle of winter. And the season has made itself known to us, in no uncertain manner, during the past fortnight. Most of the country has had heavy falls of snow. In London, we have had only a sprinkling of "winter's mantle." Yet, a few miles away, in the county of Kent, falls at one time were causing snow drifts many feet deep. To Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson (Cox Brothers, Bourke Street) at present "in exile" in this country, the lack of snow in London was a disappointment! They are hoping that this is not the only snow they are going to get this season. (We natives shudder with dismay at such sentiment!)

WEATHER CAN BE DANGEROUS

Just now the snow has all gone, and after a period of wet, mild weather, a miserable fog is lying over the city, at the time of writing. This was the cause of a tragic railway accident only last night—the second this year.

"ONE MAN'S MEAT . . ."

An article in one of London's more staid newspapers the other day referred to Australian television which, it said, was now booming. Manufacturers claim that progress, in relation to population, has been faster than in any other country in the world.

In the U.K., TV still continues to expand, and the effects of its expansion are for ever being felt. In the past, we have written of "locals" ('pubs' in Australia) which have lost much of their business through the advent of this new medium of entertainment and the stay-at-home attitude that has developed in many people's minds. The live

In our last issue, we published the only picture of the Christmas decorations in Regent Street, London, available at that time. It was taken at "road level." Since received is this further view of the brilliant scene at "balloon level." Lighted doorway at left is the entrance of the famous Liberty Store.

(Photo from P. A. Reuter.)
theatre seems to have maintained its popularity, but cinemas are closing down by the score.

There is, of course, in this country a fairly heavy impost added to the cost of theatre and cinema seats, known as Entertainment Tax. This tax was reduced in last year’s Budget. The cinemas say the tax is still crippling; the critics say the decline in the cinema is due to the lack of good quality films. But to the layman, it would seem that without a doubt television is the basic cause. Recent reports from various parts of the country indicate that transport undertakings in their turn are now feeling the pinch from the fall in cinema attendances. There are not nearly as many people travelling in the evenings now to and from the cinema. London transport reports a fall of about 14 per cent., Scottish transport about 6 per cent. and Tyneside transport 4 per cent.

From these figures, it seems pretty clear that in London, where the television was first seen on cleared all old stocks, are filling shelves and racks with new fashions for Spring and Summer. It seems quite incongruous to see, on a dismal, foggy day, brightly lit shop windows featuring Easter bonnets and summer cottons. Even Easter eggs have made their appearance on some sweet counters! Also, as reported in a previous issue, we are approaching the most popular time of the year for weddings. In many stores the bride has pride of place at the moment. We are now well past the shortest day of the year—December 21—when the sun rises at 8.2 a.m. and sets at 3.53 p.m., and are looking forward to the longest day, June 21, when the sun rises at 4.43 a.m. and sets at 9.21 p.m. Friends in Australia may be surprised to know that for a couple of months of each year many people here who travel fair distances to work every day, leave their homes in darkness and arrive home in darkness. They see their houses and gardens in daylight only at week-ends.

B.B.C. and later on Independent Television as well, the takings have dropped more than elsewhere. Now other parts of the country, in turn, are beginning to feel the effects of television as it spreads its coverage more and more. However, other factors contributory to transport problems are the many people who now travel by mopeds (motor-assisted bicycles) and motor cycles.

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Christmas, 1957, is now a memory. The New Year celebrations are all over. Winter sales have ended. Perhaps the only relics left of Christmas time are the various pantomimes and circuses. One always feels that February and March are the most dismal months of the year. Our thoughts look ahead to Spring—which, officially, starts on March 22. In the meantime, the shops having cleared all old stocks, are filling shelves and racks with new fashions for Spring and Summer. It seems quite incongruous to see, on a dismal, foggy day, brightly lit shop windows featuring Easter bonnets and summer cottons. Even Easter eggs have made their appearance on some sweet counters! Also, as reported in a previous issue, we are approaching the most popular time of the year for weddings. In many stores the bride has pride of place at the moment. We are now well past the shortest day of the year—December 21—when the sun rises at 8.2 a.m. and sets at 3.53 p.m., and are looking forward to the longest day, June 21, when the sun rises at 4.43 a.m. and sets at 9.21 p.m. Friends in Australia may be surprised to know that for a couple of months of each year many people here who travel fair distances to work every day, leave their homes in darkness and arrive home in darkness. They see their houses and gardens in daylight only at week-ends.

SALESemen are Wizards . . . THEY HAVE TO BE!

SCENE: Foy’s City Store.
TIME: Christmas Eve—late.

Two tired-looking women approach a salesman in the men’s wear. One asks for a pair of sports trousers. The salesman enquires about size. Given one measurement, he produces a size 5. Customer’s companion offers opinion that pants would be too short, and thinks a cross size would be better. Assistant tactfully asks for a description of wearer-to-be, to aid further selection. Customer wrinkles forehead, thinks awhile—and began:

“He’s got red hair . . .!”

(So help us, this actually happened.)
AN INTERSTATE VISITOR

Newcastle staff was delighted to receive a visit from Sir Frank Richardson in November, even though his stay was of short duration.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Once again, Christmas with its ceremonies and festivities has passed. But we still have vivid memories of our own merry get-together. Winn’s Empress Room was the scene of the staff Christmas Party. It was a fancy dress affair, and some very fascinating and original costumes were worn. It’s amazing how one’s reserve is broken down by a mask!

We could not forward photos of all the costumes, but those which appear in these pages will give some idea of the delightful nonsense. The difficult task of judging was assigned to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Matthews and their guests Mr. and Mrs. Appleby. During the evening, fine entertainment was provided by the “2 Jays” Dance Team, and Barney Freeman, our compere, together with the Rhythm Kings Orchestra, “kept things moving.” All contributed to a most enjoyable evening.

CABINET SECRET?

Recently a customer called at the office and calmly requested delivery of a kitchen cabinet, producing a receipt dated—1943!! It speaks volumes for our credit office staff that they maintained their composure whilst assuring her that delivery would hardly have been delayed quite so long! However, inquiry was promised, and after several later interviews the customer was eventually convinced that she had received the article. Everyone then resumed work, in peace.

Incidentally, the cost of the cabinet was £3! Shades of 1943!!

PRINTING DELAYED—BUT NOT OUR PLEASURE

News of the staff of our Bulk store at Shortland sometimes travels slowly because the building is separated from the main hub of business. As a result, we omitted to report the birth of Wayne George Hamnett on May 31 last, at Western Suburbs Hospital. Although belated, we renew our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. J. Hamnett.

CONGRATULATIONS

A lot of other news in this issue calls for congratulations. Firstly to Mr. C. Evans, our carpenter, who has recently been elected Deputy President of the Lake Macquarie Shire Council.

Mr. Charles Evans, Deputy President of the Lake Macquarie Shire Council. Staff of Cox Brothers, Newcastle, know him equally well as the store carpenter.

Lake Macquarie, the largest sea water lake in Australia, is approximately 16 miles from Newcastle. It has 106 miles of foreshore and many of the areas provide popular holiday resorts. There are a number of industries and mines in the Shire, giving employment to thousands of people. The infants’ school at Boolaroo, which was completed recently, is one of the most modern in the State. There are many plans in hand for further development. Maybe we should include commiserations with our congratulations to Mr. Evans!

The Simpson family in Tamworth has known much excitement recently. Firstly the engagement of Heather Simpson to Frederick Petherbridge of Neutral Bay, Sydney, which called for our best wishes to Heather and Fred. Then on Christmas Eve, Mr. and Mrs. R. Simpson celebrated their Golden Wedding at a surprise party given to them by family and friends. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson are the parents of Heather and Ken Simpson, both of whom have been employed at our Tamworth Store for some years.

The engagement of Phyllis Musgrave to Warren Eckersley of Waratah was announced at Christmas. Phyllis is a popular member of our Newcastle
Fun at the Cox Bros., Newcastle, Fancy Dress Christmas Party! At left, Loretta O'Conner, of the Office staff as a "Waitress." (Cafe owners throughout Australia, please note. This uniform might well be adopted for general use!) Centre, Waikiki Beach could produce nothing better than these Hawaiian maidens. From left, Jan Solway, Maree Valkner, Ron Richards (the "Lone Wolf"?), Mauve McElhinney, Del Smith, Maureen Worrell (seated on stage) and Barbara Lawson. Right, Alan Grieve and Mrs. Ruth Harris, of Newcastle staff, who won the prize for "Best Pair" as Donald and Daisy Duck.

Showroom staff, and all join in wishing them well.

Congratulations to Donald Matthews, the son of Mr. W. J. Matthews, in gaining his Leaving Certificate. Donald has been working at the store during the Christmas vacation. He will shortly be entering the Teachers' College, to train as a primary school teacher. At the same time he plans to do a course in Economics at the University.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Barrett are proud parents. Young Bryan William was born at Western Suburbs Hospital on January 24. Mr. Barrett, a traveller at Newcastle, is very excited about his first born.

Mr. Bill Kynaston is again in the "fishing news," having won the Wallsend Fishing Club point score competition for 1957, for which he was awarded "a Sea Scape Surf Fishing Reel." He was very thrilled with his trophy. We suppose his wife Jean will see less of him now whilst he tests it out on fishing weekends!

The life of a traveller is not all beer and skittles. Consider the following. When Bill Kynaston was making a collecting call recently, the young hopeful of the house must have thought he looked hot and bothered, for he turned the hose full on Bill as he was leaving. (Sorry, we can't print what Bill said!)

DEPARTURES

Mr. George Page, traveller, remarked before Christmas that he had never seen his name in "Service." Now he has "remedied" this—by resigning! (Really, George, you needn't have gone to such length!) We wish him all the best in his new position.

Miss D. Robson from Dissection Office left us on January 27 to take a course of training, in Sydney, preparatory to becoming a missionary. Our very sincere wishes for great fulfilment in this dedicated career.

It's easy to understand why 16-months-old John Jackson won a recent baby show in Lismore. Proud Daddy is Paddy Jackson, of the Men'swear, Cox Bros., Lismore.
WE ROCKED (WITHOUT ROLLING) INTO THE NEW YEAR

Today only happy memories remain of the gay occasions of our Christmas festivities. The Staff Christmas Party was a happy and bright affair which everybody enjoyed immensely.

Came the New Year. And to Tasmania earth tremors! Mrs. Grieve, of the Underwear Department, said she certainly felt them, but didn’t like to mention it after New Year’s Eve! Since then we’ve had a lot more—but nobody seems to notice till the announcement in the paper next day!

“I WILL”

Wedding bells have rung for Pat Lambert of the Showroom staff. She became Mrs. G. Brooks before Christmas.

SPORT

A Bowling night was held at South Launceston Bowling Club on January 23. Three rinks (for the uninitiated—twelve players) from our store challenged three rinks from McKinlays—a neighbouring retail store. From all reports everybody had a gay and sporting night—even though we did go down by only six points! Next time will be a different story.

We hear Robert Sheppard and Warren Wade were the stars of their rink, with Sheppard the most noisy and excited player on the green. Fred Smith as “Skip” was up to his usual form. The other member of this rink, Peter Eady, having too much power, was frequently “in the ditch.”

Harry Reisz “skipped” his rink and his team, Col. Wright, Ron Bishop and Jack Steer, all showed great promise of becoming good bowlers on the green—and in the club house!

Clem Brown played his first bowl and graciously trailed the kitty. To prove it no fluke, he played his next one straight into the ditch. Dicky Lindus hasn’t stopped talking about the night yet—he certainly pulled his socks up on the green! Les Horder, with his only “toucher,” for the night, was denied the pleasure by a shot from his skip, Roy Keogh. Tough!

WELCOME BACK

John Gill has returned to us—after having spent Christmas with some nurses! This isn’t as good as it sounds, as he was in hospital—for an operation. But he obtained a lot of new addresses, which was some compensation.

WRITTEN IN RUNDLE STREET

By R. E. BOTTCHER

Display Manager, Cox-Foys, Adelaide

BULK STORE MOVES

Following the destruction of our Bulk Store by fire last November, we were most fortunate in securing temporary accommodation in the newly erected Bulk Store of the Myer Emporium at Beverly. For this most neighbourly and generous gesture our warmest appreciation goes to the management of the Myer Emporium, Adelaide.

The Myer Emporium having now entirely vacated its own original Bulk Store at King William Street, we have now moved our reserve stocks to other premises on South Road, Mile End. The area of this store—7200 sq. ft.—is smaller than our needs, but we are fortunate in being able to secure it.

Plans are now well under way for the erection of a new Bulk Store of approximately 35,000 sq. ft., on the site of the original store. It is possible that in addition to storage, this building will be suitable for the sorting, marking and despatching of goods. The rebuilding programme should take approximately 6 months to complete.

These changes and movements all called for extra effort and enterprise on the part of those who handle the bulk stocks and this is a welcome opportunity to renew congratulations to the Despatch boys and other helpers upon the manner and promptness of work done under fairly difficult conditions.
YOU COULD BE BAFFLED!

Have a close look at the first of the two photographs below. Who's who, among these three people? Well, on the left is Mrs. George Wharton.

At left, George Wharton (centre) supported by Mrs. Wharton and friend. Right, the glamorous "cutie" steps out, alone!

On the right, a family friend. Yes, yes, we know, what about the other one? You can't wait? Okay. It's George Wharton, our amiable carpenter. George has—and gives—a lot of fun in this get-up. It's a rig he puts on to entertain friends. Does a good job, too! George is quite proud of the make-up. And that's George giving a solo performance in the right-hand picture.

A good tradesman, George Wharton came to Australia from Coventry, England, some 18 years ago. Nowadays he has a grown-up family of three boys and a girl. One son, and his daughter, are married. As further evidence of George's versatility, he's a pretty good bone and spoon player. And just to round off this "Let's-ask-George-to-a-party" virtuosity, he's a nimble yarn spinner.

Everyone in the store knows George Wharton, of course. Ask him for some comment about his work, however, and you probably get an answer like the following. This was delivered to us, the other day, in answer to just such an enquiry. George said:

"I am very happy to be working in such a jolly atmosphere, as it gives one the feeling of belonging to a large family of happy people. I have a younger son who, one day, I hope, will follow in my footsteps and join the happy gang at Cox Brothers."

EBB AND FLOW

After 8½ years of faithful and untiring service to the Company, Mrs. Margaret Hoath left on February 14. Mrs. Hoath has spent all of this period as a member of the Office staff. Always efficient, she had a cheerful and friendly manner which will make her missed the more by all colleagues.

A new arrival to our ranks, Mrs. Y. Vella, has taken over from Mrs. Hoath. We wish her every success.

Mrs. Hunter, known to us all as Miss June Lamb, another well-liked member of the Office staff, left us on February 7. For service loyally rendered over several years, our warmest appreciation and all our best wishes.

We also welcome Mrs. D. Westall, who has taken up the secretarial duties to Mr. Conrad. Mrs. Westall is a recent arrival to Australia from England, her home town being Chatburn, in the County of Lancashire. We wish her every success in this new appointment.

AN ADVERTISING DIVIDEND

In this store, Mr. Tom Macklin is the advertising representative of Richardson-Cox of Melbourne. And Mr. and Mrs. Macklin are the proud parents of Robert Hartley Macklin. As the accompanying picture indicates, they have good reason to be proud. At 16 months young Robert weighs 30 lbs.

At present, Tom Macklin is hard at work with his home building preparations. He has selected a lovely elevated position at Beaumont, which overlooks the Adelaide plains. Construction is well under way.

By the look of young Robert, he will soon be a keen helper, too!

During recent years, Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, has taken a keen and constant interest in matters of education. Here, she confers an honorary degree of Doctor of Music at London University, of which she is Chancellor. The recipient is Princess Margaret. This picture was taken on 4th December last.

("Times" photo.)
The Romance of Furs

By STEPHEN DATTNER

[These days, when high-sounding terms like “Fruitologist” or “Lubritorium Operative” are coined to denote a man’s occupation, it is quite refreshing to meet a simple, even blunt, description of a particular skill. Stephen Dattner is a Fur Trader. But though the definition itself be limited to these two readily understandable words, the fur trader himself is anything but confined. His knowledge embraces many countries. Often his presence—or that of a representative—is demanded in distant lands where animal pelts are brought to market by the trapper.

An Englishman—he was born in Yorkshire—Stephen Dattner has handled furs all his life. Indeed, fur trading could be said to be in his blood, for his family has been associated with this fascinating work for over 300 years, in all parts of the world. Knowledgeable to a marked degree, as to the history, the customs, as well as the economic structure of the various countries from which he obtains his furs, Stephen Dattner, in penetrating his markets and appraising his contacts, is helped greatly by the fact that he is multi-lingual. He has been heard laughingly to confess that during the post-war occupation of Vienna by Inter-Allied military forces, his job there, in uniform, was almost exactly that portrayed by Trevor Howard in Sir Carol Reed’s famous film, “The Third Man.”

Nowadays, we of the Cox Brothers organisation know Stephen Dattner best in his somewhat unusual capacity of Fur Buyer and Departmental Administrator within the larger stores like Foys in Melbourne and Perth, Snows in Sydney, and Cox Brothers in Adelaide and Hobart. Nor is Mr. Dattner’s encyclopaedic knowledge of furs applied only to the stocking of these sections. He frequently acts as compere at the microphone of public expositions of furs, where his fascinating stories of pelts are delivered in a most mellifluous voice. As well, Stephen Dattner freely gives of his knowledge in lectures to sales staff. What he has to say on the subject of retailing is eagerly and easily absorbed by all sales assistants, for his methods of approach, in the matter of selling, can be applied to all merchandise, furs and otherwise.

His association with our organisation is a unique one. He virtually manages all the fur departments named, without being on any official payroll. On one occasion when endeavouring to describe Mr. Dattner’s position, our Chairman, in a customarily pithy phrase, delineated Stephen Dattner as: “An acting, unpaid lance-corporal, supernumerary to establishment!”—Ed. “S.”]

The immediate post-war period revealed the beginnings of what has since become a renaissance of Australian fashion. Not since the nineties have Australian women been so sensitive to the dictates of overseas masters and so determined to stake their own claim in the field of Haute Couture. Furs have always been worn in Australia. But in the past most women were content to admire the lovely creations which graced those whose good fortune it was to possess entree to the Members’ Enclosure of the more exclusive racing clubs. That picture is now vastly changed. Few fashion conscious women are without some item of fur in their personal wardrobe. Those who remain will surely succumb to the avalanche of fur “musts” as it sweeps down upon us from the heights of London, Paris, Rome and New York.

It is interesting to reflect that since well before recorded history furs have been worn as protection against the elements and to enhance the natural attractiveness of Madame—and, at times, Monsieur. Archeological excavations have brought to light crudely dressed (tanned) and fashioned fur garments which suggest that animal pelts have been used for clothing since the dawn of the human race.

Later the record becomes comprehensive and varied. There is evidence, both written and pictorial, which indicates the existence of a flourishing dressing and merchandising fur industry since the commencement of civilisation, as we trace it today.
We learn, for example, that in 2182 B.C. Semiramis, the warrior queen, returned from a successful campaign in India with 8000 tiger skins. In 2100 B.C. the Babylonian monarch Hammurabi spoke of “panthers, jackals and foxes.” Prior to the commencement of the Christian era frequent references suggest that furs were widely worn for decorative purposes and to denote social “one upness” or authority. Herodotus the Greek and Pliny the Roman amongst other contemporary historians discuss the establishment of trading posts in Africa and on the European coast, as far away as England.

Throughout the early Christian era furs were continuously worn for protection by rich and poor alike, for it seems that there was little if any weaving until the middle ages when the Popes began to dominate the European scene. In 1095 A.D. Pope Urban II made his famous call which sent militant Christians, of all nationalities, campaigning into the Middle East.

The little dreamy-eyed girl couldn’t resist fondling this exquisite white arctic fox modelled by Tasmanian mannequin Bettye Jackson, at a recent show in Hobart. Stephen Dattner was the furrier. (“Mercury,” Hobart, photo.)

Wealth, hitherto concentrated among royal and noble families, became widely distributed as vast sums were expended to equip the crusading Knights. The warriors returned with, amongst other things, exquisitely contrived garments either wholly or partially made of fur which they sold to any who cared to buy. Thus for the first time furs became an important item of European fashion.

The new vogue brought with it a demand which soon exhausted existing sources of supply and with which the usual fur producing countries were unable to cope. In spite of periodical legislation prohibiting the wearing of furs to all but royalty, the demand grew to such proportions that new sources beyond Europe were canvassed. The fabulous Marco Polo could, perhaps, be regarded as the “father” of the modern fur trade. Imprisoned in the latter part of the thirteenth century, it was he who wrote of “Tartar pavilions lined with Ermine and Sables.”

The adventures of Marco Polo stimulated further and more enterprising expeditions in the quest for new and different furs. Trading posts were established in Russia, and in 1319 there was formed in London “The Company of Skinners,” a guild which exists to this day.

From the time of Columbus on, most explorations into the new world were conducted for the purpose of obtaining furs, culminating in the establishment in 1668 of the organisation known today as the Hudson's Bay Company, the world’s largest purveyor of furs and skins. In 1668 the company made its first shipment of pelts to England, and in 1672 the first Hudson's Bay auction was conducted at Garraway's Coffee House, in London. The method adopted was the time honoured one of “selling by candle.” To this day, skin traders or their agents from the four corners of the earth converge on “The Bay’s” Beaver Hall, on London’s Garlick Hill, and vie with each other for “lots” of carefully sorted and selected peltteries.

Today the fur trade in Australia ranks in importance with the world’s leading fur trading centres. Internationally famous trading houses have established branches in Melbourne and Sydney, and the consummate artistry of fur blending and processing is carried on in Australian laboratories and factories. Not so long ago European manufacturing houses would have viewed with scepticism and extreme reserve any invitation to extend operations to Australia. “Madame Australia,” however, has clearly indicated her desire to inspect, to buy and to grace herself with the flattering softness of fine pelts. The fur trade of the world and its vast historic background are at her service.

OLDEST STORE GETS NEW MANAGER

New Store Manager of Foys in Smith Street, Collingwood, is Mr. Ivor Jolliffe. He commenced duty on 22nd January. This appointment has made Mr. Jolliffe a proud man, for he takes the reins in the historic old store in which the Melbourne organisation of Fay & Gibson was born. That was back in 1888. Although the buildings have changed very little externally for many years, the new selling area within is the most recent of the Fay units to be “face lifted.” The people of Collingwood, Fitzroy and other areas nearby, who have long maintained a strong affection for this metropolitan birthplace of Foys, now have one of the most compact, streamlined and pleasing market places in the suburban area.

Prior to this managerial appointment in the merchandising field, Mr. Jolliffe was Personnel Manager of the Victoria and Riverina division of Cox Brothers. He is no stranger to the ways of the selling departments, however, for prior to that he was buyer of floor coverings and furniture with Cox Brothers and, as a lad, worked in the same departments in the Basement Store of the Myer Emporium in Melbourne.
Bourke Street Bulletin

By JOHN L. CREMEAN

Back in the cosiness of the Staff Office is Mr. Alan Wild. He has resumed duty as Staff Manager after his Christmas season spell as Acting Store Manager at Collingwood.

This move, in turn, has freed your correspondent to concentrate once more upon the absorbing tasks of Staff Training.

It seems a while ago now, but this is the first opportunity there has been to record the great happiness which overflowed throughout the City Store on 14th December last, when the children of employees attended the Christmas Party thoughtfully given by the management. With 120 youngsters, some 56 grown-ups attended this merry gathering. The parents were also entertained at afternoon tea.

Mr. Les McEwan, Secretary of the Gibsonia Social Club, acted as general organiser of the party and he is anxious, still, to pass on acknowledgment and appreciation to all others who contributed to the success of this bright party.

Thus, warm thanks to the following: Mr. Ken Bandman and his team (table and other decorations); Mr. Mark Wilson, Mrs. Henshaw and others of the Dining Room staff, for attending so diligently and successfully to the needs of guests both young and old; Miss Val Bishton and Miss Thelma Sargeant, of the Staff Office (selection and packaging of gifts); Miss Lolita Noli and Messrs. Key Mateer, Chris. Allison and Pat Byrne (solid aid with table arrangements and distribution of presents).

Finally, the gratitude of all to management for the toys, balloons, party caps, sweets, etc., so generously supplied, and to Mr. A. J. Thomas, Deputy General Manager (Merchandising) for his presence, as host for the company.

Smiling Dorothy Collins, of the Salary Office, was married on 25th January to Mr. William Edwards. The Independent Church, Collins Street, was the scene of this pretty wedding.

And the Salary Office had good cause for another celebration on 21st February, when Joan Symons celebrated her 21st birthday.

For the same reason, hats had been thrown in the air on the floor above a week or two before. The China Department said "Congratulations!" to Bob Darby on 11th January.
AMBASSADORS ON THE WING

During the next two or three months our companies will be represented abroad by four well-known executives.

Early in February, Mr. John Mehegan, Buyer of China and Glassware in Foy's City Store, flew to Tokyo. He will give close attention to the Japanese market.

Later in the month, Mr. A. J. Thomas, Deputy General Manager (Merchandising) of Foy & Gibson Limited, and Mr. Roy Dunstall, Controller of Floor Coverings of Bourke Street, flew to the United States. From there they will proceed to the United Kingdom, following which there will be visits to various countries on the Continent. After leaving Europe, Mr. Thomas will visit Japan before returning to Australia.

Travelling on the same plane to Tokyo as Mr. Mehegan, was Mr. C. V. Warne, Men's Wear Controller at the Head Office of Cox Brothers, Flinders Lane. As this is Mr. Warne's first visit to the Far East, he will undoubtedly benefit from the presence of Mr. Mehegan, who is seeing Japan for the second time.

COLLINGWOOD CALLING

Through BETTY GALL and FRANCES MCKITTRICK

Miss Yvonne Manley, for many years secretary to the Store Manager, left on 9th January to prepare for her marriage on 16th January to Mr. Bill Hayes.

With a bright smile—and a dashing taste in millinery—Yvonne Manley moved everywhere with an enthusiasm which suggested that she had been in her job about a week! It will possibly surprise many of her friends to know that Miss Manley joined Foys in 1938. Her first job was in the Mail Order Department, when Miss Bryce was the Manageress. Apart from two years during the war period when she worked elsewhere, she spanned a period of twenty years with Foys.

We join with her host of friends in wishing Miss Manley great happiness in this new phase of life.

Eyes and fingers alike, are sparkling! On 14th December Lorraine Williams, of the Docket Office, announced her engagement to Mr. Hugh Schafer.

First romance of the new year claimed Yvonne Carter, of the Entry Accounts. On 11th January we celebrated her engagement to Mr. Don Brewer with a bright party.

All babies are “good news.” But we know an added pleasure in recording the birth of a son, Anthony, on 19th February, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shone. By many, is Mrs. Shone remembered as Connie O'Connell, formerly of the Docket Office staff. To those of an older generation, however, her father, also, was known and esteemed as a very long service employee of Foys, in Collingwood.

Still more “happy nappy news”! In January, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Batchelor was blessed—and enlivened—by young Wayne. Harry, of course, is a colleague, Officewise, beneath this historic roof.

Snow Scenes at Sydney Central

Described by MICKI JOLSON

(Training Officer, Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.)

"HEIGH-HO! COME TO THE—FAIRFIELD STORE!"

That could have been the rallying call on January 16th—but we needed one. As it was, customers came in enthusiastic numbers, just because a new Snow's store was opening. This latest addition to our group of suburban stores is at Fairfield, some five miles south of Liverpool, and to the west of Sydney. We occupy one of the corner sites of a newly built arcade of shops. It has a main street frontage of 19 feet.

The Fairfield store is known as Snow's "Children's World," and deals almost exclusively in kiddies' wear. Like all our branch stores, however, it will obtain other merchandise for customers within a day or so.

MANAGERIAL MOVES

Prior to the opening of this latest branch, there was a good deal of thought given to the selection of a manager. For preference we sought one who already had knowledge of our methods. A happy solution was reached. Jack Mulligan, who made such a wonderful job of managing our first branch at Padstow, moved over to Fairfield, and relieving manager, Keith Miller, took over the full-time managership of the Padstow store.
A FAMILY AFFAIR

There has always been a bit of friendly rivalry between the branch stores. With the opening of the Fairfield store, this has reached a new peak. The reason for this is that we have on the staff two sisters, Judith and Barbara Manns. Judith, nearly seventeen, works in the Liverpool branch. Barbara, aged fifteen, is at Fairfield. Each is equally certain that her store is best! We gather that at night, over the domestic dinner table, they compare notes, and wrangle good naturedly as to the respective successes of the two stores, in this "Liverpool-versus-Fairfield" contest.

Alert and sturdy youngster is Michael Anthony, eight-months-old son of Harry Pointon. Snow's versatile screen printer. Picture taken on the beach at Tuggerah, New South Wales.

WE BRAINSTORM!

No one can say we don't keep up with modern times. We'd heard so much about the success of the American gimmick of "brainstorming" that we decided to give it a go with the idea of finding ways of solving some of our store problems.

A group of ten members of the selling staff, all in supervisory positions, got together. Their brains whirred. In twenty minutes they had produced over twenty-five sound, workable suggestions for reducing expenses!

We recommend the idea to anyone who has a problem to solve. It's amazing how the ideas flow once you get going.

“DEAR SANTA . . .”

Silk Buyer Bert Harris and his wife received a wonderful Christmas present—a boy. Stephen Ronald. Congratulations from one and all, once more.

A FOOT ON EACH FLOOR

In addition to being controller of our third floor, Mr. Bruce Cooper has now assumed responsibility for the second floor (our Fashion Floor), as well. This came about because Mrs. McKenzie has been advised to take three months' leave of absence "on doctor's orders."

Supervisor David Donald has been appointed as assistant to Mr. Cooper in running the affairs of the third floor.

GOLF DAY

Plans are well under way for our annual golf day to be held early in March. The Sporting Social Committee assures us that it will be the best day ever. Golf in the morning. Details for the afternoon yet to be worked out!

COINCIDENCE CORNER

The two staff office phones range simultaneously. Both callers asked for Staff Manager John Wilson, and both callers were named Mrs. Douglas. There was only one John Wilson to answer, of course.

Sid Miles, Window Dresser and Ticket Writer at Cox Brothers, Lismore, was married recently to Miss Muriel Cook, of Alstonville. The happy pair, after the ceremony.
Western Whispers

Recorded by SYD WRIGHT
(Staff Manager, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Limited)

[A change, forecast in our last issue, has taken effect. To devote full time to his new duties as Group Controller, Mr. Jim Brisbane has handed over his correspondent's pen to Mr. Syd Wright, who has succeeded Mr. Brisbane as Staff Manager in Perth. On behalf of our readers and editorially, we tender sincere thanks to Mr. Brisbane for his sterling help—and with equal warmth, welcome Mr. Wright to these columns.—Ed. "S."]

WE ALL SAID "MAKE IT A HAPPY ONE."
It STILL Looks That Way!

Christmas, 1957, is now a memory, but still fresh in mind are the near-record trading—and the near-record heat! Staff and customers alike breathed a sigh of relief when the closing bell rang at 5.25 p.m. on Christmas Eve. The holiday break seemed small compensation for the mighty effort involved. But people were happy as they made their way from the city by car, bus and rail to the beaches and holiday resorts, mindful that Christmas indeed is one time of the year when extra work is tackled gladly and happily.

THE DIRECTORS GIVE A HAPPY PARTY

There was a great gathering of executives, staff and of retired executives of Foys (W.A.) on the evening of December 20. This annual event, sponsored by the Directors, is always a very pleasant occasion. Everyone joins in the fun in a spirit of conviviality and relaxation. The result is a happy, fraternal reunion where each, directors and staff alike, gets to know his colleagues better, under the most pleasant conditions.

The party opened in the foyer of the Service Cafe with refreshments and savouries. Later the guests moved into the cafe, where good things aplenty were served. Jim Brisbane, as Master of Ceremonies, ensured that there were no dull moments. There were some happy reunions between present and past staff and many a tale of the old days of Foys was retold.

In due course, the Christmas pudding was served in traditional style, and there was a cautious champing of jaws—to ensure that no lucky silver coins were inadvertently swallowed!

The only speech of the evening was the welcome extended by the Managing Director, Mr. W. J. Yeomans, to those newcomers to the ranks of this year's party. Speaking for his co-directors, Mr. Yeomans expressed appreciation of the team work and co-operation of the staff and offered his good wishes to all for a very happy Christmas.

The remainder of the evening was spent in making merry until hands were firmly clasped during a heartfelt rendering of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE CHILDREN RAISED THEIR VOICES, TOO!

On December 11, children of members of the Staff Social Club were given a wonderful preview of pleasures to come. The Annual Christmas Party for these youngsters was held in the Cafeteria. Organised by the energetic and enthusiastic committee, it was an event which brought joy to young hearts and great pleasure to the parents. Following the high standard set by last year's party, this one was a real winner—complete with Christmas Tree, individual presents for every girl or boy direct from the hands of Father Christmas himself, and refreshments, like ice-cream and sweets and cordials, by the ton.

"Lining-up for it:" at Foys W.A. Christmas party are Syd Wright (Staff Manager), Ted George (Man., Dress Mails.), Harold Roberts (Man., Soft Furn.), John Barker (Cont. Country Branches), Ted Stanford (partly obscured), Man., Order Cont. Acting as steward is Dave Bialeck, of the Mercury.

The guests of honour on this great occasion were Sir Frank and Lady Richardson and their family. They joined in the festive spirit with obvious enjoyment. When the name "Jim Richardson" was called, there was no prouder father present than Sir Frank, as he went forward to receive his son's gift from Father Christmas!

Seating accommodation was soon "mopped up" by the big crowd of children and parents, and the party got off to a good start with a highly entertaining performance by Lex Van der Breggin, the magician. Not only the boys and girls, but the fathers and mothers were highly amused and mystified by his baffling tricks and sleight-of-hand, all supported by clever patter.

The great event of the evening came at last. Father Christmas came down, not via the chimney, as is his usual custom—but in the lift, which stopped half way, to let him wave to all his little friends. Then came the present giving and
what a long, though pleasant, job that was! This was followed by refreshments for the parents. Then the tired by happy kiddies began to move homewards.

Everyone agrees that this was one of Foys “best ever” Christmas parties, and the warmest thanks go, once again, to all who helped to make it such a great success.

Attending a Christmas Party is thirsty work! At Foys W.A. merry gathering, Dave Bialeck (Mercery “dishes it out” to George Gardiner (Associate Director), Bill Caporn (Group Controller), Bill McDonald (Fashion Buyer Country Stores) and Wally Mitchell (Man., China).

SOCIAL CLUB ROUND-UP, 1957
By GEORGE DICKSON
(Social Secretary)
Foys in Perth enjoyed a varied and pleasant year of social club activities during 1957. Early in March, the annual Family Picnic to Garden Island was held. The island being situated about 14 miles from the mainland, it required the combined efforts of the T.S.S. “Zephyr” and the motor launch “Henley,” both hired by the club, to transport close on 600 people.

With the cooler days came the Annual Ball, held on May 20, at the Embassy Ballroom. The merry throng still recalls the very humorous interlude provided by Bill Caporn’s “Male Ballet.” The following morning “Doctor” Tinkler of the pharmacy reported a sharp increase in the sale of soothing potions.

As the dancing season got under way, jive nights were organised for the younger set, but a family night, in the Perth Town Hall, on July 10, had a capacity attendance. Films were shown and there were novelty acts and entertainment by club members and visiting artists.

Night “Treasure Hunts” by car, enjoyed a run of popularity. A surprising feature here was the success of participants in obtaining such difficult things as a “Geraldton Wax Tree in a Nescafe Tin” (there were a few ring-ins here); and a £10 note! These Treasure Hunts finished up at the Hills Tea Rooms in Crawley Bay, where supper was provided.

At a photographic evening, some very interesting and attractive colour slides were exhibited by members of the Social Club interested in this hobby.

Nearing the close of the year the annual “Christmas Tree” was held in the Cafeteria, on Wednesday, December 11. This is described at length elsewhere in this report. The final event of the year was a social evening at the “Alfresco” Gardens in Kenwick. Kenwick is a suburb situated on the Great Eastern Highway about 9 miles from Perth. This event was held for those members

Christmas greetings were exchanged at this gathering in the Board Room of Foys, W.A., on 11th December last. Present were (standing, l. to r.) Messrs. Dickson (partly hidden), Caporn, W. J., Yeomans, Warrington, Wilson, E. Hearn, G. Gardiner, R. G. H. McKay, and F. Luke. Behind table, Mesdames Caporn, Wilson, Lady Richardson, Mrs. Blume, Mr. J. N. Watt, Mesdames Warrington and McKay, Sir Frank Richardson, and Mr. Blume. In front of table, Mesdames Dickson, Yeomans, Hearn, Gardiner and Luke.
who did not participate in the "Christmas Tree." The very name "Alfresco" conveyed an impression pleasant enough of what awaited us. But one had to be there to appreciate fully the surroundings and environment. Refreshments and barbecue packs were provided by the Social Club, as well as private buses for those who did not have their own transport. Some 250 members attended, and a happy crowd danced on both the indoor and outdoor dance floors. There was ample seating accommodation among the green ferns and shrubs. The whole evening was so successful that requests for another outing are just pouring in.

As we contemplate this unusually full and happy programme, we remember, with appreciation, the assistance of the Directors and Management which contributed so materially to make 1957 a year to remember.

MEET THE MANAGERS OF THE COUNTRY BRANCHES

By JOHN BARKER
(Controller of Branches)

On January 20 and 21, the managers of the country branches met in Perth for a conference. The conference was opened by the Managing Director, Mr. W. J. Yeomans, who has a happy knack of putting everyone at ease. The weather was not very kind to our visitors from the south, but nothing dampened the enthusiasm with which they entered into the discussions and put forward some very progressive ideas.

Mr. ALAN NOBLE
appointed Manager at Narrogin in 1955, he was Manager at Kojonup.

Mr. ALAN NOBLE has been with us only since the middle of last year, when he came to W.A. from Melbourne. He has established himself very quickly and manages the Katanning branch as well as the sub-branches at Kojonup and Tambellup.

Mr. JOHN WHYTE
started with Timewells (now Foys, Albany) in 1933, where he gained promotion to Grocery Manager. Has since moved several times in the capacity of Branch Manager, and arrived at Manjimup in 1956, via Mt. Barker and Collie.

Mr. MURRAY GASTON
joined the Company in 1950, as Accountant at Mt. Barker. Because of his natural flair for merchandising, he was made Manager of that branch in 1954. A jovial character—always willing to "give things a go."

Mr. W. WILKINSON
has been with Foys for 8 years, starting in Perth. For a time he managed the Hardware sections at Albany. He then became Assistant Manager at Manjimup. In 1957 he was transferred to Collie as Manager. Four young and active sons keep Mr. Wilkinson busy at home.

ENGAGEMENTS

Announcement of the following engagements has given much pleasure to the many friends of the happy people concerned:

Mr. Johnny Sumich.
Miss Joyce New, Ladies’ Underwear, to Mr. Bruce Willington, Manager Deferred Pay-

ON DECK, AGAIN!

We welcome back Miss Lynette Carich (Advertising Department), who recently underwent an appendix operation.
THE GROUND IS FAMILIAR—THOUGH DISTANT!

Mrs. Ron Healey, whom we remember as Esther Boyes, of the Advertising Dept., after holidaying in the United States, is now in London, working in an advertising agency.

"Make it a happy one!" was the toast between George Dickson (Floor Sup. and Soc. Club Sec.), John Lording (Man., Grocery), Bill Pinnock (Man., Pack. Room), Gordon Perkins (Chiropodist), Ron Withnall (Man., Stationery), and Ernie Howlett (Man., Tobacco Dept.), at Foys, W.A. Christmas party.

ECHOES OF 1957

[The following items were recorded for the last issue. Unfortunately, the report was delayed in transit and did not reach Melbourne until after the December edition had gone to press.—Ed., "S."]

ENGAGEMENTS

The announcement of the following betrothals sent ripples of pleasure among a wide circle of friends:

- Miss Theresa Cordina (Mail Order) to Mr. Joe Pace.
- Miss Beverley Edwards (Mercery Department) to Mr. Colin Douglas.
- Mr. Gary Congdon (Advertising) to Miss Olga Somerfield, on November 10.

WEDDING BELLS

Mr. Bill Barker, Second in Charge, Soft Furnishing Department, married Miss Rita Hothersall, on October 9, 1957, at St. Thomas Church, Claremont. The reception was held at the home of the groom’s brother, in Claremont.

BIRTHS

We hail the following daddies—and congratulate the respective mothers:

- Mr. S. Johnson, Butcher—a son.
- Mr. Michael Lee, Advertising Manager—a daughter (Fiona Roberta).
- Mr. J. Peckitt, Packing Room—a son.
- Mr. G. Wolstenholme, Men’s Wear Controller, on December—a daughter.

BEREAVEMENT

Colleagues have known the severance of family ties. With deep sympathy we still think of:

- Mr. Bill Caporn, Group Controller, who has lost his brother.
- Mr. Jim Holgate, Advertising Branch Manager, who has lost a brother.
- Miss Mary Waters, Corset Salon, who lost her mother.
- Mr. Syd. Wright, Staff Manager, in the loss of both mother and father.

"Warming-up" at the Foys, Perth, Christmas party. Mr. W. J. Yeo-mans, Managing Director, tests the microphone, watched by Mrs. Gollan, pianiste, and Jim Brisbane, Master of Ceremonies.
ALREADY, A FIRM GRASP OF THE RUNGS!

The last issue carried a photograph of Reg Nash and his pretty young bride. It was published as a wedding picture, to support the report of the marriage which had appeared in an earlier edition. In the caption, however, mention was made of Mr. Nash's transfer to Narrogin, as Accountant.

Our budding young executive deserves further mention, for he seems to have “crossed the threshold” of his career at an early age. Less than four years ago Reg Nash was a messenger boy in the Mail Order Department. That was in April, 1954—his first job with Foys. Eight months later he was transferred to the Main Office, for various clerical duties. He worked hard—and he studied. Result? His appointment as Narrogin's Accountant. Yet he's not the “text book terror” type. Has plenty of friends, all of whom are thoroughly pleased that Mr. Nash's efforts have been rewarded by this promotion.

ALBANY ALBUM
By KEN DAVIS

[These notes from Foys in Albany, W.A., unfortunately, arrived too late for inclusion in the December issue. We print them now because although the “news” may be a little dated, so far as Albany personnel is concerned, these tidings from a distant store should still be of interest to readers elsewhere.—Ed. “S.”]

With a population of approximately 10,000, Albany has shopping facilities equal to any country town in Australia, and during the past twelve months numerous new shops have been built, including Corot’s, Woolworths and Coles. All are within 200 yards of Foys’s own wonderful store which, in our opinion, is undoubtedly the newest and smartest store in the West, outside the metropolitan area. It was feared that the somewhat “isolated” furniture department, situated half a mile down York Street, would miss the majority of shoppers, but with two small cinemas close by and the influx of wool growers to the town, business is stronger than ever. Which brings us to another important turn in Albany's history.

September 30, 1957, saw the opening of the first wool sale to be conducted outside the metropolitan area, with an offering of 11,000 bales. With three subsequent sales to follow and with a second shipping berth completed, the port will be very busy handling wool, besides grain, timber, canned fish, whale oil, fruit and various other seasonal products. All we want now is a little bit of industry—and three storeys wouldn't be big enough for Foys's, in 10 years time!

This is no tourist publicity, but those who are enduring the heat of summer in a city or a dusty country store may envy the staff at Albany, where the cool southerlies bring in the afternoon shoppers and where the temperature rarely tops the 90’s—and even if it does, is back to normal by midday. To become a little more envious, just think of the furniture staff of No. 2 Store, who have only to pop their heads out of the door and behold the beautiful blue waters of Princess Royal Harbour!

AROUND THE STORE

Mrs. Marshall came from Narrogin to take the place of Mrs. Lou Bevan, in the Footwear.

Vicki McPhail, Grocery, has left us and, with her parents, has gone to Perth, where she intends to take a commercial course. Another to leave for Perth was Mrs. Parker, Mantles, who has been succeeded in that section by Mrs. Studdeard, a newcomer, from England.

Sally Powell, office, announced her engagement to Mr. Brian O'Callaghan.

Quite a few of Foys’s staff helped to celebrate the coming-of-age of Bill Fitzpatrick, Manager, Footwear, on September 2, when his parents gave a grand party in his honour.

And then there was the dog who went to the flea circus—and stole the show!
"FOR THE BIBS AND BOOTEES BRIGADE"

Highlight of our news, this time, is the opening in mid-December of the new “Kiddies Centre.” This is housed in a property acquired by the company some time ago which is immediately adjacent to our store, in Bathurst Street. An added attraction is a creche at the back of the new section where a mothercraft nurse is in attendance whilst mothers shop. The creche is bright with murals, executed by Display Manager Doug McCallum. As well, there are toys and children's furniture. Interior fixtures and fittings of the Centre itself are blue and pink, in soft pastel shades. One great advantage of this new section is that being on street level, it offers the greatest convenience to mothers with prams or pushers.

As might be expected, Mrs. Betty Aylett, the Buyer, reports excellent business.

THE FURS FLY!

Miss Hall (Showroom) has been more than pleased with the summer sale of furs. In the midst of a heat wave, staff had to work at full pressure to cope with the 9 o'clock rush of customers.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

At the close of business on Christmas Eve the staff were again entertained by management at a cocktail party. This year, we gathered in the hall behind the Kiddies Centre. Our thanks to Mrs. James who, for years, has found great pleasure in arranging the catering, and to Mrs. Caire, who assisted her. Dancing and the usual fun and gay spirits combined with pretty frocks to make it the most successful party yet held. Mr. Harry James, in extending the season's compliments, thanked the staff for their co-operation.

WELCOME

We greet a new member of the staff in Miss Pat Pearson. She works in the Office.

ENGAGEMENTS

Cupid was busy at Christmas time. Three of our colleagues announced their engagement. They are:

- Joan Pettit (Sportswear) to Mr. Barry Bedford.
- Beverley Phillips (Office) to Mr. Kevin Gaffney.
- Kathleen Kingshott (Office) to Mr. Terry Christie.

Good wishes are extended, once more.

TASMANIA IS A GREAT PLACE FOR HOLIDAYING

My husband and I, with another couple, have just spent a delightful time along the North-west coast of Tasmania. The Neptune Grand Hotel, at Penguin, was our headquarters. All being bowlers, when not “on tour,” we'd be found on the adjacent bowling green, a place for making pleasant associations. Weather was ideal, the North-west coast having a very temperate climate. It is noted for its “chocolate soil” in which potatoes flourish. These are grown mainly for export. Wherever one drives the scene is one of prosperity. The whole district is splendid dairying country, but sheep and timber play a big part.

At Smithton is the well-known “Duck River” butter factory. The whole of the milk and cream for Cadbury's fine factory in Hobart is supplied from the North-west. Bacon, cheese and honey is exported all over the world from the North.

The new terminal for the Bass Strait Ferry has
already begun in the progressive town of Devonport.

In the country surrounding Corinna, grow the lovely myrtle trees, the waratah and the laurel. There is milling of the blackwood and Huon pine. Corinna is a rare jewel situated on the Pieman River (via Waratah) and the beautiful Hellyer Gorge where Nature has provided a wall of trees and man's ingenuity has created a trim appearance which gives one the impression of driving through well-kept parklands.

The Pieman River averages 60 ft. in depth, and Corinna, situated 12 miles from the mouth and 11 miles from the rapids, is noted for its trout fishing. A launch is available for tourist trips. Another trip well worth while is to Marawah. Right on the Southern Ocean, which sweeps the western coast of Tasmania, Marawah is a fine vantage point from which to view Cape Grim, the most north-western tip of Tasmania.

En route along the Bass Highway, the charming church of St. Mary's is seen. With its spire soaring aloft amidst beautiful trees, the grounds of St. Mary's are one of the finest examples in the Commonwealth of an Old English garden. The valley which holds Gunns Plains, when viewed from the high roads, reminds one of a tapestry in varying shades of green, shot through with the gold of the harvest.

There are too many other places of interest, beautiful old homes of note, and glorious scenery to describe here. I have just outlined a small part of Tasmania, hoping that my descriptions may whet the appetite of visitors who have not yet considered Tasmania as the place for the ideal holiday.

"Les Girls" set the tempo of the Cox-Eco Christmas party. Middle foursome: Rene Griffin, Irene Gibbons, Ina Kazoks, and Betty Bourke. In front, Jean Neal and Merle Barker. At rear (bashful?), Gordon Bathgate.

as usual, kept up a lively pace for the dancers and although the evening was warm, it did not deter either the young and the not-so-young from making the most of it. It was close to 2 a.m. when the last of the merrymakers were "poured out"!

CALYPSO CAPERS

A little bit of old Jamaica was created in South Perth on New Year's Eve at the home of Display Manager Harold Walsh, when he entertained friends with a Calypso Party. Admission could not be gained unless a Calypso costume was worn, and from all accounts the effect obtained was gay and colourful.

Social clubbers who were Harold's guests included the display boys, and Mrs. Bertie Gillam (Lace Eyer), Mrs. Johnston (Laces and Ribbons) and Mrs. Joan Armstrong (Gloves). All agree that the evening provided a fitting end to 1957 and a fine welcome to 1958.

IN BRIDAL ARRAY

Maxine Sines promised to "love, honour...and all the rest of it" on November 30 last, when
her marriage to Mr. George McNamara was celebrated at Christ Church, Claremont. All brides look lovely. Maxine was dazzling. And the charm of the occasion was further enhanced by perfect weather. We have had the

Happy bride is Mrs. George McNamara. Friends in Cox-Eco will always remember her as Maxine Sines.

pleasure of Maxine's services for several years now. Her naturally benign temperament and an outstanding ability combine to make her a very pleasing little person with whom to work. It is with much sincerity that we extend to Maxine and George good wishes for their future happiness together.

Social Club members who were guests at the reception included Joan Bedford, Maxine's understudy in the Blouse Dept., and Coral Howard.

ENGAGEMENT

We have much pleasure in recording the engagement of young Sonia Cleva (Office) to Ted Morgan.

The big news was made public at the Social Club's Annual Christmas Function, on December 20, by the club President, Mr. Vic Barnett, and the large and happy crowd lost no time in giving loud and enthusiastic acclaim to the young couple. Sonia has been on the staff for two years now, and at present is doing a sterling job in the Cash Desk.

Readers of “Service” may remember the report in a recent issue of some of the activities of the city's team of marching girls. Sonia is a member of one group.

To Sonia and Ted, the very best wishes of all in our own Social Club.

You might almost guess that Sonia Cleva, of Cox-Eco, had just announced her engagement to Ted Morgan.

A CHEERFUL CHARACTER!

Few people are better known throughout this store than George Snellin, of the Maintenance Staff. George has been with the Company for two years. He has a happy-go-lucky disposition, and a versatility which enables him to do such things as stand in for Santa Claus (should the latter be unable to appear); take a turn at the washing up in the Canteen (should an emergency arise);

What was George Snellin trying to wheedle out of Father Christmas? A space suit?
drive the lifts, and keep the customers amused whilst doing so!

Mr. Snellin is married, with five children. He loves old time dancing (in which he indulges every Saturday night) and, at present, is in the middle of building an indoor aquarium. For some reason or other, he has become interested in fish.

His wife is also a member of the staff, helping out in the new Rooftop Cafeteria.

The accompanying impromptu snap of George Snellin and Santa Claus gives clue to the personality of a well-liked colleague.—NANBOWE.

Colac Chronicle

By IRENE TATE

LOOKING BACK, IT SEEMS EVEN NICER!

Let’s be original (!) and say “Christmas has gone again.” It was a good time, with everyone happy and busy. But there’s no doubt that a happy spirit helps one to forget the weariness of the feet.

"THE MORE WE ARE TOGETHER"

The outstanding store event was “Our Party.” It was colossal. Management was our host, and herewith we offer our thanks for fine hospitality. We began with a buffet tea at 6 p.m. What a repast! Every delectable thing to whet the appetite. Everyone did full justice to it.

Mr. Atyeo, Store Manager, welcomed the guests. Responses were made by Mr. Alec Gladman (Wines and Spirits) and Mr. Jack Libbes (Grocery). The meal over, we gathered in the Showroom for a programme of items contributed solely by the staff. Splendid artists all. As each member of the staff was allowed to invite a friend to this part of the festivities, the artists had a considerable audience to face.

Great credit is due to Bev. Shenfield (Display) and Tom Craig (Furniture) for the arrangement of the programme. The ladies’ committee, too, worked tirelessly. The men’s ballet, consisting of Tom Gunn (Furniture), George White (Hardware) and Bob Hannah (Hardware), had to be seen to be believed. In their dainty skirts (what there was of them!) and somewhat precarious “tops,” they looked just “luverly.” The showroom girls’ ballet (Doris Rolfe, Thelma Hamilton, Win McLeod, Heather Chant) put on a splendid act, as did Mrs. Eumon (Receiving Office) and Mrs. Coghill (Hardware). Mr. Geoff Graham (Display) as Myrtle, “The old-fashioned girl,” brought the house down.

Joe Brown (Despatch) presented two songs in his own inimitable manner, while Bob Doak (Hardware) and Beverley Shenfield (Display) treated us to a piano duet. We had two fine piano accordion items from Helen Madge (Hosiery) and Bill Perkins (Furniture). Tom Craig (Furniture) delighted with a mouth organ solo. The show opened with a good old “How-do-you-do” type of song which quipped at various—and im-

Most of the happy guests at the recent Christmas party in Foy-Bilson’s, Colac.
portant—members of staff and caused a lot of amusement. Mr. U. Paine made a most efficient chairman-cum-performer, and at all times kept the programme moving smoothly.

“Auld Lang Syne” concluded a wonderful night.

IN FAREWELL

We regret the resignation from the Hardware of Bob Hannah. At all times courteous and efficient, he will be greatly missed. He was presented with a brief bag. Bob is to become a technician with the P.M.G.’s Department.

Another to leave is Miss Margo Forda. We wish her well in her new sphere in the City of Melbourne.

We, of Colac, take this opportunity to wish all other Branches a very happy and prosperous New Year.

The Quiet Corner

As the bird, flying into the blue vastness of the sky’s great dome, is quickly lost to sight of human eyes, so do Earth’s children, depart its temporary anchorage.

For us who remain, unenlightened as to the Great Destination, is the sadness of parting. With great understanding, we think of:

Mrs. Vera Carroll, Diningroom, Foys, Prahran, in the loss of her son, in a road accident, on 19th January.

Mr. Alan Gain, General Office, Cox Brothers, Newcastle, in the loss of his brother, Roy.

Mr. James Graham, Maintenance, Foys, City, whose brother died in January.

Mrs. Law-Davis, Ladies’ Shoes, Foys, Perth, whose stepfather has died.

Mr. Reg. Myers, Manager, Mail Order Department, Foys, Prahran. A well-loved brother died in December.

Mr. Frederick Rex, Maintenance, Cox-Foys, Adelaide, and his wife, following the recent death of their son.

Mr. Desmond Segrave, General Office, Foys, Collingwood, in the loss of his father, on 6th February.

Those who mourn Miss May Standling, who until a few months ago, was a well-loved member of the staff of the China Department, Foys, Smith Street. Miss Standling died in January.

Mrs. R. Thompson, Showroom, Cox Brothers, Hobart. Her brother-in-law died, as the result of a road accident.

Mr. Harry Wright, Carpet Department, Cox Brothers, Hobart, in the loss of his brother.

Mr. S. Wright, Staff Manager, Foys, Perth, who in recent weeks, has lost both mother and father.

* * * * *

News has reached us of the death, last August, of Miss Gertrude Lanigan, who retired from the Mail Order staff of Foys a few years ago after very long service with the company. We deeply regret the passing of an old friend.

“Thy Will be Done”

TO THE STATE OF THE GOLDEN FUTURE!

By TONY HOLLAND

[Briefly though he reviews the events of his life, Mr. Holland’s commentary is most welcome, because what he writes of Australia he sees through the eyes of a European. Similar contributions from nationals of other countries who are now settled in Australia, will be welcomed in these columns. —Ed. “S.”]

The first Friday in November, 1956, was my “Big Day.” I was going to Australia.

The Holland I was about to leave seemed to have become too small—for me. In a land which measures approximately 250 miles by 200 miles, there live some 11,500,000 people. I had lived there for 22 years. I left by plane, and had a beautiful trip. We travelled through Egypt, India, Lebanon, Syria and the Philippines. I stayed a week in Dutch New Guinea. Eleven days after leaving the Netherlands, I arrived in Sydney. Before I could resume my former work (I had been a shoe salesman and, after that, representative and interpreter for business conferences) I had to improve my English and learn to know the people. So I went on a farm. Six months later, I started with Cox-Foys in Adelaide in the Men’s Shoes.

Tony Holland, snapped in Karachi, en route to Australia.

My opinion of Australia is that it is a beautiful country. If you want to go ski-ing on your holidays, you go. If you love the tropics, you go. And all that in one country!

My biggest surprise was five months ago. I thought that my parents were still in Holland, for I was expecting them a month later. Who should walk into Cox-Foys but my father! They had followed me, giving up home and work. My father has now changed his job as book-keeper with the Amsterdamsche Bank, where he had been for 23 years, for that of a cabinet-maker in the State of the Golden Future.

And we sure are happy here and doing well!
IT WAS "FAREWELL!" AS WELL AS "HAIL!" AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Four days after this memorable Christmas party, the children of employees enjoyed their Christmas fare—uninterrupted by any presentations other than those which each received. The 160 youngsters present had a royal time on the slides, the merry-go-round and in the submarine, as well as tucking into all the good things to eat and drink. It was a gay scene with balloons and streamers everywhere.

THE CHILDREN LAUGHED, AS USUAL!

Sisters can be very useful at a wedding! Happy bride, Mrs. Ray Medley, is supported by bridesmaids Glenys and Brenda Barratt, both of whom work at Foys, Prahran. A year or two back, the bride, as Elaine Barratt, was also well known in the Chapel Street Store.
The Golden Gateway

As the time-signal pips mark the hour of three in the afternoon of each Monday, Wednesday and Friday, there pulses over the Victorian airwaves, from Radio 3DB in Melbourne, one of the most unusual broadcasts in Australia. It is possibly not an exaggeration to say that this feature has few—if any—counterparts in any other country.

This feature, which has thousands of devoted listeners, is called "The Friendly Door." It was first broadcast some twelve years ago. For the past four years it has been sponsored by Foys.

Throughout its virile existence, the "Friendly Door" has been conducted, or, should we say, "kept open," by "Elizabeth," a friendly pseudonym which but thinly disguises the identity of a very remarkable woman, Miss Marguerite Burbury.

Over the years "Elizabeth" has been aided by various other warm-hearted, well-intentioned people. Today, her partner in the sowing of the seed of goodwill and good citizenship is well-known 3DB identity, Curteis Crawford. For a long time "Elizabeth" was devotedly served, secretarially, by Judy Dyer, whose letters conveyed to listeners the results of requests which had been put over the air, a task which is performed with no less sincerity today by "Elizabeth's" latest aide, Margaret Harris.

This "Friendly Door" is not easy to describe. As well, might one attempt to paint a picture of every foot of the banks which shape the course of a long and fast-moving river, as it makes its way from a hilltop source to the distant sea. As the river winds, so changes the scene. As the seasons merge, so vary the tints of earth and sky. The one constant is the river itself. Ever flowing, ever growing—as it moves towards the ocean which waits to receive it. The "Friendly Door" is like that. To tumble one's metaphors again, the ocean which washes the threshold of this doorway is the great sea of human love. And week after week, the "Friendly Door" adds to this great reservoir.

When the session was first broadcast, its primary objective was to discourse upon human problems. As the years passed, however, the smooth flow of discussion began to ripple, like water whipped by the wind. The wavelets began to assume an individual significance which stood out, above the previous general interest. Where before, a question might have affected the welfare of the community as a whole, a single question would reveal the need for direct thought in the case where, say, personal health had become a problem. And from this point on, the "Friendly Door" extended to an enormous forum, where those who were troubled or who knew some particular need—like those who sought to provide help in another's trouble—could state their case.

Today, the contacts made through the "Friendly Door" are so unbelievably varied that a book of encyclopaedic size would be needed to record them, or even to give true inkling of their extent. Many of these requests which reach "Elizabeth" through the "Friendly Door" involve the giving of a helping hand, in the name of sweet charity. But not all. Appeals are made which throw no financial or material responsibility upon listeners. For example, it is not unusual for contact to be restored between a listener and a long-lost relative. Or someone may have need of a book, a magazine or a song that is out of print. Amazingly, a copy of these rare printings is nearly always discovered and, as often as not, the owner is moved to give it, out of sheer goodness of heart, to the enquirer.

A little group of pensioners who meet each day for social relaxation suddenly find that the electric jug used to make the afternoon cuppa has broken down. The dear oldsters have a dual problem. How much will repairs cost? How will they make tea, while the jug is away? On such occasions the "Friendly Door" opens really wide. Word of the old people's plight reaches "Elizabeth." A call goes over the air; and before a kettle could go off the boil almost, some kind soul is anxious to despatch a new jug to the pensioners' club, or another wants to repair the old one.

A hospital may plan to send some of its patients on a little trip for a particular recreational purpose. "Elizabeth" hears of the move. She tells her listeners. Who can help? Immediately, money pours in—more than enough for the hospital's objective.

A crippled boy, in a poor home, craves a football which his parents can ill afford. Soon one is flying through the "Friendly Door," and a young heart is overjoyed. Fetes, bazaars, gymkhanas...
and similar efforts, specifically organised to help a section of the community which may be physically or mentally handicapped, are freely advertised through the “Friendly Door”—and the attendance benefits as a result. Much of “Elizabeth’s” work is in this field.

But listeners—and they are legion—also make enquiries for the oddest things. Who, for example, has a shepherd’s crook? One listener did—which was fortunate, because another listener needed one. And so the crook changed hands. From other directions have come calls for a flagpole, a few skeins of wool (to complete a garment) of a colour or texture which no store has been able to produce, an urn (to provide warm drinks for school children) and seeds to produce some rare plant or herb. One baffled householder even sought a preparation which would dissuade stray cats from entering a picturesque garden! These are but isolated drops in the deluge of requests. All are sincerely made; rarely does one pass unmet.

“Elizabeth” (Miss Marguerite Burbury) with 3DB microphone colleague, Curteis Crawford.

(Photo from Laurie Richards.)

At other times the need is extremely personal and frequently urgent. A patient, recently discharged from hospital, requires an invalid chair, maybe of special design. The article being unobtainable at the usual sources, a harassed relative appeals to “Elizabeth.” As if by magic, a chair of this precise type is produced from the attic or storeroom of some understanding heart.

And so it goes on. One wonders what handicaps or personal distress might persist, if the handle of the “Friendly Door” were not so firmly and continually turned by “Elizabeth.” Yet, this amazing opportunity for the expression of great kindness far transcends the level of a mere “swap shop.” Admittedly, some of the exchanges made are on a commercial basis, although only of a token magnitude, for she who needs the wanted commodity, often insists on making payment, and the owner (who in turn may know some need) will accept a nominal sum, gratefully and graciously.

But over and again, these thousands of calls from one member of the community to another touch chords of the human conscience which lift the work of this session to a very high plane. Paramount is the urge to “Help my neighbour.” Like a golden thread in the warp of living, there runs endlessly, through the pattern of “Elizabeth’s” contacts, the example of the story we learnt when we were very young—the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The utter fineness and sweetness of community love, as it speeds through the “Friendly Door” is a shining example of true Christian principle. Nor are the benefits confined to the giver and the recipient. For, aware of the kindly acts which link those two parties, is the vast throng of listeners whose turn, to participate, either way, has yet to come. The hearts of these good people are warmed to the core by the reports of endless kindness of which they hear from “Elizabeth.” In fact, it would be true to say that the will to give—should the need arise—surges within them. Like greyhounds, eager for the start of a race, they await only the unleashing.

This “goodwill to all men” has gently embraced many strata of the community. News of the good deeds reaches those who have not heard a broadcast. These “movements” of the “Friendly Door” are discussed and one can be sure that as a result, more recruits await enrolment among the good fellows of Melbourne. Nor do the ripples of these kindly acts end here. None are more devoted to this dedicated task of helping others than the station personnel at 3DB. This applies particularly to Margaret Harris, who maintains the same high standards set by Judy Dyer in her secretarial capacity, and to Curteis Crawford, whose infectious chuckle and obvious sincerity make him such an ideal colleague at the microphone. As to “Elizabeth” herself, here is a woman, by nature, kind and considerate, who will admit that personal character and private life have been more firmly and finely moulded by her association with the “Friendly Door.”

Finally, Foys, as a company, is supremely proud that it has known the privilege of sponsoring the “Friendly Door”—and all that this delightful name betokens.

Lest it be thought that we have expressed ourselves too enthusiastically—irrespective of our interest, as sponsor—we will let those who have been intimately linked through the “Friendly Door” speak for themselves. The following are extracts from a few of the many hundreds of letters which have been received by “Elizabeth” or Station 3DB during the past few months:

★ “You tell me that you have a little wireless set for me and that I can have it as a gift. I cannot find words to express my thanks to you, and all concerned in your session. I can assure you I...

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will look after it and treasure it very much. I hope and trust that you will long be spared to carry on the good work that you are now doing.”—An ex-service veteran.

★ "What a lot of kind people there are in the world—many of whom we would not know about only for the 'Friendly Door'."—M.A.

★ "Herewith my promised donation for the Paraplegic Appeal. Sorry I didn't post it right away, but listening to the 'Friendly Door' just now, brought me up with a jolt. So sat down right away—and here it is. What a busy, lovely life you have. Keep on keeping on!"—O.E.S.

★ "The boys were terribly pleased with the response to your appeal for funds to assist the team attending the 'Wheelchair Olympics' in Perth, in October. On behalf of 'The Boys,' I would like to express our sincere gratitude to the listeners of your wonderful session, Foy's 'Friendly Door'."—A hospital sister.

Queen Elizabeth and King George VI with their grandchildren Prince Charles and Princess Anne. This so natural family group was occasion of Prince Charles' third birthday. The picture was taken in the Bow Room at Buckingham Palace.

("Times" photo.)

★ "Good luck to you and 'Friendly Door'! Hope you continue for years to come. (I get very cross when I miss your session.) Thank you for your good work last week and also 'Foys' for making it possible."—Mrs. K.C.

★ "Thank you Elizabeth. It's been very kind of you, sending those two letters, which I do appreciate. I think you are wonderful. Wish your 'Friendly Door' and Foys every success, as I do nearly all my shopping at Foys, Smith Street, Collingwood."—Mrs. M.

★ "You are the best ambassador 'Foys' have ever had. Each time you advertise their wares I have the greatest desire to 'put on my bonnet,' as you say, and 'off to Foys.' It is such a grand place now, everything is just the peak of perfection, and, being a State Savings Bank Depositor, I am going to appreciate the agency within Foy's walls very much."—D.F.

★ "A couple of weeks ago, I made a request through your session for a wading pool for my 2-year-old son, and now wish to express my thanks to you, also Foys, as I was successful in obtaining one. The family who offered it were moving to Singapore and couldn't take everything. I was very grateful as I am a young widow with only the pension to provide for us."—P.R.

★ "I would like to say a 'Thank you' for your help in regards to the sewing machine. I got one. It's old, but runs like a top and, believe me, I have made whoopee with it in the week I have had it. I love to listen to your programme."—Mrs. D.E.

★ "Thank you once again, not only for the personal satisfaction, but for the very fine job you and Foys do in keeping this session on the air. I appreciate the wider sphere of your service—and obviously hundreds of others do, too."—J.G.G.

★ "I do look forward to Foys' session and you and Curteis. When one is so much alone and a semi-invalid, it is a thrill to hear of the good you both do. May you both be spared good health to continue the good work. Many thanks to Foys for making this session possible."—Mrs. D.R.

★ "'Friendly Door' is a great comfort. We have lived here only a little over two years. Having been born in Brighton and lived there for 64 years, it was very hard to leave there and all my friends. Many thanks once again."—Mrs. K.B.

★ "I was out feeding my birds when I got a call, 'Come, quick! Your 'Elizabeth' is on the air.' Well, I can't move as quick as I used to, but I moved so quickly I forgot to shut the cage door, with the result my white Corella cockatoo escaped. But I heard 'Elizabeth'. Foys are to be congratulated upon having you. I have been almost seven months in bed (heart) again and the radio is all I have now. One of these days I hope
The Queen Mother talks to a Land Girl driving a straw baler during harvest time at Sandringham. It was the year 1943. ("Times" photo.)

to meet you. Until then, I am happy to hear you chuckle."—Mrs. L.H.

★ "I am astounded at the gifts you receive, particularly for aged people and youth clubs, etc. You are doing very wonderful work. Congratulations to you and to Foys. May you be spared to carry on the good work for many years yet. I am sure it is the only session of its kind in Australia, if not the world."—J.McP.

★ "Please accept our grateful thanks for the radio and jug which you had delivered so promptly. The look on the old boys' faces was a delight to see. The gifts have brought brightness and enjoyment to their declining years. Please pass on our grateful thanks to the generous person or persons for these handsome gifts. Also Foys. God bless you and may your good service continue. It's really wonderful."—An old pensioners' club.

★ "Many thanks for your letter and the lovely blankets. How very kind people are. Would you give the listener who so kindly gave me the blankets my warmest and sincere thanks. Foys delivered them this morning. What a lovely surprise it was. They will be in use tonight. Kind hearts are more than coronets, aren't they?"—Mrs. E.V.

★ "Thank you, Elizabeth and Curteis, for putting my request over, and to Foys 'Friendly Door' for making it all possible. They say a woman cries when she is happy. I cried when you spoke to me and again when the cheque and the parcels came."—U.T.

★ "I would like to offer my grateful thanks to Elizabeth, of the 'Friendly Door' session, for securing for my invalid wife a special type of chair. I and some of my friends as well as the Red Cross had tried unsuccessfully for nearly a month to buy the type of chair that had been ordered for my wife."—C.S.

★ "I was so thrilled to hear you say on Monday that you had received an answer to my request for knitting needles. I've tried Geelong, Melbourne, Maryborough, Castlemaine, Kyeton, Dalesford, Healesville and other smaller towns for those needles, but not a long pair at all. That's just another instance of what a marvellous invention 'Friendly Door' and its helpers are. Thank Foys for making my 'want' become a reality."—Mrs. T.E.H.

★ "Thank you and Foys 'Friendly Door' for putting our request over the air. We are thankful to receive a violin. It is in good order and will be in constant use at the patients' dances."—A. Mental Hospital Chaplain.

★ "Cheque enclosed. Thank God for your good work."—M.G.

What DID He Mean?

It was Christmas. The weather was hot and humid. But the air-conditioning system was producing excellent results on the Lower Ground Floor of Foys, in Bourke Street. Customers were seeking the source of these cool breezes, standing awhile, alongside the air vents, to enjoy the welcome coolth.

One grateful visitor turned to a nearby sales assistant to express her appreciation. The lad happened to be one of those many boys engaged temporarily during the school holidays. They were all as keen as mustard and did their best to please everyone.

Hearing the customer's comment, this young scholar evidently felt that the responsibility for responding adequately for Foys, sat rather heavily upon his shoulders. But he was bright. Like the crack of a whip came the reply: "Yes, madam. This is the best place in Melbourne on a day like this—apart from The Morgue!"

The Next issue of "SERVICE" will be Published in April. Please send all copy before 31st March

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