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

"SERVICE"

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

of

COX BROTHERS

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

**BILSON'S PTY. LIMITED**
Colac, Victoria

**COX BROTHERS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED**

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY Canberra

NEW SOUTH WALES
- Newcastle
- Albury
- Broken Hill
- Cessnock
- Lismore
- Maitland
- Tamworth
- Wagga Wagga

SOUTH AUSTRALIA
- Adelaide
- Mt. Gambier
- Port Augusta
- Port Pirie
- Renmark
- Whyalla

TASMANIA (Northern)
- Launceston
- Burnie
- Devonport

TASMANIA (Southern)
- Hobart
- Queenstown

VICTORIA Melbourne
- Ararat
- Ballarat
- Bendigo
- Box Hill
- Fitzroy (Bulk Store)
- Geelong
- Horsham
- Mildura
- Sale
- Shepparton
- Wangaratta
- Warrnambool

WESTERN AUSTRALIA
- Perth
- Albany
- Bunbury
- Collie
- Fremantle
- Kalgoorlie
- Midland Junction
- Narrogin
- Northam

**FOY & GIBSON LIMITED**
Collingwood (inc. Office, Despatch, Workrooms, Reserves, etc.)
- Melbourne
- Prahran

**FOY & GIBSON (W.A.) LIMITED**
- Perth
- Albany
- Collie
- Katanning
- Koajumup
- Manjimup
- Mt. Barker
- Narrogin
- Tambellup

**SYDNEY SNOW PTY. LIMITED**
- Sydney
- Fairfield
- Liverpool
- Newtown
- Padstow
- Ryde

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

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

HEAD OFFICE
COX BROTHERS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
75 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.1.
Would You Like To Be A Hippopotamus?

When you got out of bed this morning and made ready for work at your usual daily task, did YOU wish, perchance, that you could, instead, enter some entirely new field of activity?

Was there a clerk or sales assistant who felt that the manager's job offered a lot more scope—or fun? Did any junior executive covet the desk of a managing director—with or without a reckoning of the added responsibilities involved?

And among the girls? Who felt that she would like to change places with Eva Marie Saint or Joanne Woodward; with Ava Gardner—or Jayne Mansfield?

Is there a baker who wants to be a bishop? A machinist who would rather be a glamorous model? A telephoniste who yearns to be a TV star?

If so—and assuming, of course, that these ambitions are NOT based solely upon a desire to enter a higher income bracket—WHAT'S STOPPING YOU? Are you sure you know?

Because it's more than likely, in most cases, that you will continue today to do the job you were doing yesterday, for the perfectly good reason that it offers you a sense of fulfilment and that, in consequence you are happy—or, at least, not unhappy.

Don't misunderstand our meaning. This is not an attempt to stifle ambition; to confine to an existing channel, some flow of talent which, between other banks, might become a turbulent river instead of the present peaceful stream.

But remember this. If this urge to "get on" REALLY prickled you, the chances are that you would have made some move YESTERDAY which would have forestalled that wish you indulged in, this morning.

The ability to "climb the ladder" in life, aided by nothing more than brains and determination, is an achievement, which the world applauds. Often, of course, there is one other great contributory factor—the element of luck. In any large organisation, when the occasion comes to make a high appointment from "within the ranks," there could be three or four candidates whose capabilities and even suitability for the new position are so close as to be almost identical. Yet, clearly, only ONE of them, can move into the new office.

And, should that happen, the unsuccessful candidates, would have no reason to feel that their talents had been discounted; that they had been "overlooked."

It would be fair to say, we think, that the chance of something really big, happening in the life of any one of us is not more favourable than the drawing of that one winning marble from Tattersall's barrel. Among those who purchase "a ticket in Tatts," is there one person, who, failing to get even a fiver, could argue that the winner collected the main prize because of unfair means?

Uh-uh!

Perhaps one of the reasons why some people are inclined to worry overmuch about their neighbours' apparent prosperity, or their enjoyment of some material asset, which "we" haven't got, is that, externally at least, we humans are, roughly, the same shape and, therefore, not too dissimilar. Thus it's apt to be a bit baffling, at times, to understand why "A" has so much that "B" lacks.

Yet, in the kingdoms of the animals, the birds, the insects and the fishes, there should be much MORE concern about differences. Is there? Unfortunately, we don't know and have no way of finding out. But ask yourself. Did you ever see a discontented herring?

Personally, if we were a hippopotamus, we don't know that we would be particularly enthusiastic about it. But we'll wager a Tatt's ticket that a bull ant, a toad or an earwig, seeing a hippo for the
first time, could easily develop an inferiority complex. And who knows what mental anguish the rhino-
ceros may suffer as it thinks of the sleek gazelle—or the graceful seagull.

There is, of course, a possibility that a not over-observant hippopotamus might know a momentary
entry of human beings. If he were really intelligent, he would banish the thought for, whether in
captnity or his local habitat, the hippo doesn't have to worry about what's happening in Washington,
Canberra or Moscow, and he's completely unconcerned about keeping up instalments on a car or a TV set.

But one thing, he DOES share with human beings. Like all animals in the herd, he acknowledges
a leader. This is something inherent in the consciousness of most living creatures. Man himself is a
gregarious animal. (Think of the beaches, in summer or football grounds, in winter, as examples.) It follows therefore that the destiny of millions of us, is TO BE LED. And, as in so many other fields
of human effort, what suits the majority, generally carries the day.

In other words, there's nothing to be ashamed of, in following a leader. On the contrary, this
experience is rewarding, in itself, for if we assume that one man moves to leadership because he
possesses knowledge or qualities beyond the ordinary, then the rest of us have the privilege of
WATCHING leadership at work. Which, in turn, can bring other advantages.

For if those who are led will take heed of the qualities of he whom they follow, by what better
means could they prepare themselves to inherit the leadership, they now acknowledge?

SWEET MUSIC

As the last issue went to press, the Board of
Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited announced re-
cord trading results for the group for the half
year to January 31. The daily press boldly head-
lined the Directors' decision to pay an interim
dividend on ordinary capital of 3½%, that is at
the rate of 7½% per annum, which was the rate
paid in 1955-56, the last year of ordinary dividend
payments.

Supporting this invigorating news were the en-
couraging trading figures themselves. Sales for
the six months to January 31 amounted to
£6,674,613, the highest sales figure for any half
year on record. This was an increase of £576,940
on the corresponding period of the previous year
and represents an improvement of 7.1%.

The Chairman followed up this stimulating
news with a detailed "account of stewardship"
which was posted to all shareholders on March 12.
In this report, Sir Frank Richardson reviewed
the Chairman's report also referred to the
statement issued jointly in Sydney on January 8
by Mr. Isaac Wolfson, Chairman of The Great
Universal Stores Limited, and by Sir Frank Rich-
ardson, our own Chairman. In that statement,
details of Mr. Wolfson's visit to Australia were
set out. It will be recalled that the two Chairmen
had agreed that the expressed interest of G.U.S.
in entering into a form of partnership with Cox
Brothers was a proposal, for the deliberation of
which both companies would need further time.
The suggestion has been made by Mr. Wolfson,
following his Australian visit, that Sir Frank
Richardson might visit London later this year to
examine, on the spot, the ramifications of The
Great Universal Stores.

In his report to shareholders on March 12, Sir
Frank stated that there had been no further de-
velopment since the issue of the joint Sydney
statement on January 8.

Following references to the current opportuni-
ty for the public to make deposits with the Company,
on short term investment, Sir Frank Richardson
gave to shareholders the heartening news that
the Board had agreed to grant a discount on all
purchases made by shareholders which are
charged to monthly accounts. This concession
applies to all goods with the exception of food
and liquor.

centrated in the fine new "store-within-a-store"
facilities in the Foy buildings on the Collingwood
side of this famous old street, there had already
been a disposal of part of the property on the
Fitzroy side of Smith street. This section had
been sold for £50,700. The Chairman's March
report related the sale of the remaining property
for £100,000. The Company thus no longer owned
any surplus property in Smith street, Fitzroy.
These transactions, incidentally, had returned a
profit of £19,700 over current book values.

This report to shareholders also referred to the
statement on January 8.
[In a covering note, Mr. Limb apologises for the brevity of his despatch to this issue. Towards the end of his refreshing letter, he mentions the presence of three buyers from Australia—and confines the reference to just that—as if it were little more than a piece of "social" reporting. The "mothering" of these guests is, of course, a time-demanding labour of love. Hence Mr. Limb's inability to find opportunity to give his usual ample coverage of the varied life of London Town, on this occasion. He need not worry. His delightful descriptions of Spring and the burgeoning which accompanies Spring's advent in a northern clime, are as stimulating as a travel film, in vivid Technicolour.—Ed. "S".]

Spring is with us once again—at least, that is what the calendar tells us happens officially on March 21. From Winter, we are launched, suddenly, into Spring-time, rather like the modern fighter pilot, who pulls the lever which ejects him, seat and all, from the plane he has decided to abandon. Astronomically, this changeover may be a matter of exact and inarguable calculation. But, as regards the weather, there was no difference whatever between March 20 and March 21. In fact, they had one feature markedly in common. Both days were miserably cold! Admittedly, however, Spring puts a certain "something" into the air. One feels as if life is coming back to the sleeping gardens and trees.

For an Englishman who has never been to Australia, it is difficult to make comparisons between our climates, particularly the advent of the various seasons. However, one is always inclined to believe that in these colder climates, Spring, especially, brings a more noticeable change and has, perhaps, the greatest effect upon human beings. Without doubt, Spring receives the warmest of welcomes after the rigours of our Winter.

Whilst fully realising that the climate of the Middle East—the only hot climate in which your correspondent has spent any length of time—cannot be compared with that of Australia, the differentiations between Winter and Spring in that part of the world were only slight. In the warm weather you just knew that soon it would be unbearably hot. And if Nature's schedule got out of gear, the Army always helped. Around Spring-time, orders were issued that uniforms would be changed from battledress to khaki drill!

What are the signs of Spring in these fair Isles? (The season, incidentally, lasts officially from March 21 to June 20.) Without a doubt, the most noticeable change is the revivification of everything in the countryside and garden—and the return of the many migrant birds. In quick succession come the snowdrops, the crocuses, the...
primroses, the violets, the daffodils, the tulips, the lilacs and the wallflowers. On tree and bush the new and fresh green shoots burst forth to greet the sky. Then comes the early flowering of the fruit trees. The almond blossom vies with the flowering currant bushes. The rhododendrons erupt in riotous colour.

And above all, the dormant grass of Winter becomes greener and is more lush underfoot. Where the old folklore runs, a speculative eye is kept on the trees, for, as the saying goes: "If the Oak comes before the Ash we will only have a splash; if it's the Ash before the Oak, then we're sure to have a soak." This, of course, is the age-old prophecy of the countryman of the Summer weather to come! No doubt it is believed by many. The cuckoo, too, will soon be "tuning up" and, as ever, there will be letters to the newspapers affirming the writers' claims to have heard the first cuckoo.

When it snows in the English Midlands it's not just a "white carpet" on the roadway. In the winter from which England has just emerged this snowdrift was level with the tops of doorways at Sparrowpit, near Buxton. Note, too, that some of these ancient looking houses are crowned with TV antennae. ("Times" Photo)

...
In general we are all set for Summer, 1958. What kind of Summer will it be? After a hard Winter, everybody's hope is for fine, warm days. But we are, so often, disappointed. Maybe we should keep our eyes on the Oak and the Ash, pray that it won't rain on St. Swithin's Day—and keep our fingers crossed!

DEATH OF LADY NIXON

Lady Nixon, widow of Sir Edwin Nixon, former Chairman of Foy & Gibson Limited, died at her home in Moule avenue, Brighton, on March 26.

When the staff and executives of Foy's first met Lady Nixon, she was greeted, of course, as Mrs. Nixon, since Sir Edwin did not receive his knighthood until 1951. He had been Chairman of Directors since September, 1938, following his appointment to the Board the previous month.

For almost 20 years, therefore, Lady Nixon had been frequently greeted by the staffs of many departments when she visited Foy's stores in the capacity of a customer. But those who attended, over the years, the Annual Foy Ball, came to know Sir Edwin and Lady Nixon as two very simple, human people. Each was of quiet nature, at times seeming almost to prefer the position of a retiring onlooker. In Lady Nixon herself, this characteristic amounted almost to a shyness. Yet their interest in the welfare of the staff was warm and sustained. As greetings were exchanged on these social occasions, there was a smile and an expression of great kindness for all she met—the kind of smile that could have come from one's own mother. That is perhaps how Lady Nixon will be remembered best. She had an air of gentle motherliness.

Greatly devoted to her home life, Lady Nixon and her husband were tremendous companions, and she knew great sadness following Sir Edwin's death in August, 1955.

There remain two sons, Mr. Noel Nixon and Mr. Ken Nixon, and a daughter, Mrs. Ian McKinnon. To them is expressed our very deep sympathy.

THE FRONT COVER

Journals which can indulge their readers in that direction, usually print the sporting section or, to be more precise, the racing news, on or near the back page.

Ourselves, we could not contemplate such a goal. Having no crystal ball available, we know not where to look for the winner of the 2.30 next Saturday. As for form, we doubt our ability to recognise a 6/4 on "cert," even if the horse trod on our foot beforehand, to draw attention to itself.

But, we make history today by giving our front cover to racing. No one can benefit—or otherwise—financially, since the nags are nameless. But, isn't it a glorious picture? It was taken a few weeks ago on Warren Hill, Newmarket, England, and shows horses in training for the flat racing season, in the pearly light of early dawn.

The picture was taken by a photographer of "The Times," of London.

NEW ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR FOR FOYS, W.A.

From SYD WRIGHT

The Board of Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd. announces the appointment of Mr. Victor Arthur Fenn as Associate Director and Sales Manager. The appointment is effective as from January 25.

In early years Mr. Fenn made a comprehensive study of the woollen industry and, when hardly more than a youth, opened a mercery and clothing store in the city, on his own account. After several years of successful trading, he sold this business and joined the Bairds Company as a Section Leader. Further success soon came his way. He was appointed assistant to the Managing Director, a position he occupied for 10 years when, following the death of Mr. Baird, he became Manager and Director. The administrative scope of this office included the control of all staff as well as merchandising and selling.

Mr. V. A. Fenn

Mr. V. A. Fenn has been active in the Retail Traders' Association since 1937, having been an Australian and State Vice-President for a number of years. He was State President, 1954-6. During that period he attended many Federal conferences as W.A. State representative. Mr. Fenn is also a Director of the Traders' Mutual Cash Order Company of many years' standing, and has been Chairman of Directors for the past five years.

In the world of sport Mr. Fenn founded the Nedlands Tennis Club and for a number of years was a prominent tennis player. He is married with one son.
As might be expected from such an active career, the name and talents of Victor Arthur Fenn are well known in the retail world of Perth. Speaking for ourselves, we could almost say that he was too well known, for hitherto we have had to watch him at work in what might be called "the opposition camp!" Thus, it is with more than the usual pleasure of greeting a newcomer, that we welcome Mr. Fenn to our ranks.

---

**HOBART—**
**and Thereabouts**

By ETHEL DAVIES

*Cox Brothers (Australia) Ltd., Southern Tasmania*

[Keen eyes will note that this column is "introduced" by a new view of the picturesque city of Hobart. Although fruit growing is not Tasmania's major industry—it ranks high, nevertheless—the apple harvest is a colourful event and the export season is a very busy period.

In the above photograph of one section of the wharves of the port of Hobart, the Port Wellington, Port Jackson and Port Victor are loading apples by the million for transport to the world at large. —Ed. "S".]

**THOSE MEMORABLE HOURS**

Many Tasmanians were privileged and thrilled to have had a brief glance at the Queen Mother during her lightning trip to our State. It was a perfect day, and the very sight of this most gracious woman made one feel proud to be British.

**FESTIVITIES**

Regatta Day brought the usual influx of visitors, the most notable being the British Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, and his wife, Lady Dorothy Macmillan. There were three ships of the American Navy, one of which acted as flagship for the Regatta. The Derwent River was a marvellous sight, with its mass of white and coloured sails.

---

The Huon "Apple Festival," now an established event, drew thousands of cars and visitors to Cygnet. Once again the weather was perfect. The high standard of the apples and apple packing was acclaimed by all.

**WITH HAND EXTENDED**

Again we offer welcome to the following new members of the staff:

Legal Section: Mesdames I. Potter and N. Quinn.

Ledgers: Janet Cunningham, newly arrived from Scotland, Dorothy Ewell and stenographer Mrs. Pat Webb.

**PRESENTING QUEENSTOWN**

[Situated roughly midway down the rugged west coast of Tasmania, but at some distance from the sea, Queenstown is one of the "outposts of Empire" in the Cox Brothers organisation. It is administered from Hobart, itself the southernmost unit of all. Secluded thus, in its ring of mountains, Queenstown lives the quiet life. Not for Queenstown the upheavals of metropolitan existence. But whilst no news may be good news, on many occasions we've missed the name of Queenstown and its people in these columns.

With great pleasure, therefore, do we publish this, the first report on Queenstown and its activities. Our correspondent is Mr. Harry James, Manager for Southern Tasmania.—Ed. "S".]

Queenstown is a compact little town of red-roofed houses, white streets and rounded contours, nestling in an amphitheatre at the foot of Mt. Owen. It is entirely dependent on the operations of the Mt. Lyell Mining and Railway Company.

The very rich copper ore was discovered in 1883, at which period Mt. Lyell was a dense forest. In the process of smelting the sulphur, however, fumes which were not then controlled killed all vegetation for miles around. This sulphur miasma...
has now almost disappeared, and Queenstown people find that they can grow in their gardens anything that does not object to imperfect aridity.

The town's development has a colourful background, although not without its painful episodes. The mine disaster of 1912, which took toll of 42 lives, and the Pengana fire, which ravaged the first town, are two of the many tragic incidents on record.

The actual site of Queenstown was literally carved out of the mountains, which tower nakedly on every side. These contain fabulously wealthy seams of ore. Little underground mining is done nowadays, the bulk of the material treated being from open cut mining. Visitors and tourists are, at once, amazed by the strangeness of Queens-

Launceston. On the opening of the Lyell Highway, Mr. Hugh Wilmot (now 2 i.c. Men's Clothing, Hobart) was transferred to Queenstown, and commenced business from Hobart in a small sample room in a private home. In those days the average fortnightly pay of the employees at Mt. Lyell, after deduction of hospital and medical fees, was £6/19/8. Mr. Wilmot recalls the record rainfall for Queenstown—600 points in one hour! And, in reverse, five months without rain, in 1935.

The water shortage was so serious that the Mt. Lyell Company practically ceased operations and only kept a skeleton staff of about 200, as against a normal total of 2000.

The present Manager at Queenstown is Brian Pilling, with a staff of three.

Reminiscent of a village in the Swiss Alps is this view of Queenstown. But that is not snow on Mt. Owen in the background. The hills surrounding Queenstown show bare rock caused by sulphur fumes, fires and erosion.
Western Whispers

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

THE CHAIRMAN VISITS THE WEST
Sir Frank Richardson arrived in Perth on March 18. He left by plane, eastbound, on Wednesday, March 26.

YOU BRING IT, WE BANK IT!
To think that some people regard life in a retail store as humdrum! Why, where could you find a greater variety of activity? Run through the alphabet and with each letter you find the pointer to half a dozen—or half a hundred—items of merchandise.

Take "B" for example. Haven't we buttons, blouses and balloons; blankets, bloomers and boots? Ahead of some stores, we also have a large modern bakehouse. There are many other goods in this "B" category, of course.

But recently we have added something quite new. In place of a commodity, a service. Banking. On the Ground Floor, alongside the escalators and on the main aisle from Hay street to the terrace is an agency of the A.N.Z. Savings Bank. In the establishment of this agency Foy's in Perth have made a very forward move. In other States we understand that a few stores house agencies of the Commonwealth Savings Bank. Elsewhere the Government Savings Bank of the State concerned has established itself under a retail roof.

But we are assured that in few directions has a trading bank extended its savings bank facilities to the public through the medium of a department store.

Our "banking chamber" is a handsome, polished wood unit, with an illuminated sign above to catch the eyes of shoppers. In attendance is one of our own staff, Mrs. Peg Coughlin. Both she and the girl who relieves her spent some time before the opening at the A.N.Z. Western Branch in Perth to familiarise themselves with all details of savings bank work. The girls are most enthusiastic "bankers," loving the work and greatly pleasing customers by their pleasant and courteous manner. The A.N.Z. reports encouraging results since the opening.

OUR ANNUAL SEA VOYAGE
By GEORGE DICKSON
Social Secretary

We've enjoyed it again! The yearly Social Club Picnic to Garden Island. This trip is a general favourite, for apart from the pleasures of a family outing, there is the added attraction of a journey
by boat for some 12 miles outside Fremantle Harbour to reach the Island. The T.S.S. “Zephyr” and the launch “Dauntless” were chartered by the Social Club to transport approximately 550 people. After a picnic lunch with ginger beer, ice cream and milk supplied by the Social Club, several parties walked across the Island to the back beach, and most members took advantage of the ideal conditions for swimming and bathing. On the homeward journey the piano which is situated on the top deck of the “Zephyr” was kept busy. Happy voices joined in popular melodies, and the amplified music carried all over the boat on the P.A. system created a real holiday atmosphere.

Twelve months seems such a long time to wait for the next outing.

“ALL WORK AND NO PLAY . . .”

Following numerous requests, another Social Evening was held for members of Foys Staff Social Club amid the colourful surroundings of “Alfresco” Gardens in Kenwick on Wednesday evening, February 26, at 8 p.m. This delightful setting is some nine miles from Perth.

Chartered buses carried to the Gardens those who did not have their own transport. A happy band of some 200 members enjoyed a pleasant evening of dancing, refreshments and a well-organised barbecue supper. The popularity of these evenings points to their permanent inclusion in the Social Club calendar.

IN DOCTORS’ CARE

Arthur Lane, our well known Terrace liftman, has been in hospital with appendix trouble, calling for surgery. Staff and public alike miss this cheery personality, and all wish him complete recovery and an early return to work.

Mrs Dorothy Marshall (nee West) of the Tobacco Department is making good progress in Wooraloo Sanitarium, where she has been an in-patient for some time. That she too will soon be “back in circulation” is our earnest thought.

Miss Beyerley Eaton of the Staff Office had to enter St. John of God Hospital for an operation. Here again good wishes for restored health flow from many hearts.

Well on the way to recovery after an operation is Mr. Hec. Bluett of the Furniture Department. Speed the day!

ENGAGEMENTS

Ever a joyful task! We record the following engagements:

Miss Jean Carter, Staff Office, to Mr. Al Sunderland on February 27. The engagement party on March 29 was a great success.

Miss Peggy Francis, Haby and Wools, to Mr. Jim Dickson, on March 24.

Mr. John Gentry, Grocery, to Miss Helen Miller (formerly of the Upholstery Factory), on February 22.

Waiting to board the “Zephyr” for the Garden Island picnic are Rowena Hopes (Gloves), Bruce Willington (Man. D/P) and Bill Hawken (Internal Auditor) of Foys, Perth. Cylindrical objects, at right, presumably contain oil for the lamps of China!

MARRIAGES

We echo the many congratulations already bestowed upon:

Mr. Nevill Manley, Mercery, whose marriage to Miss Yvonne Saunders was celebrated on March 29 at Wesley Church, Perth.

Miss Ruth Taylor, Stationery, who was married to Mr. Thomas Hicks on March 8 at the Methodist Church, Victoria Park.

ALBANY ALBUM

By KEN DAVIS

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

The staff at Albany having survived the heavy summer trading, now look forward to well-earned holidays. Down south these are always taken during the winter season.

Speaking of holidays, we think of these lucky people who will be due for 13 weeks long-service
leave, if and when it is officially passed. The grocery will have numerous "candidates." Mr. Alec Peebles commenced with the original firm in 1937. Prior to that he worked in such places as the Wyndham Meat Works and Andersons of Sydney. Fred Page, who came straight from school, has 22 years service and Keith Sharpe 20 years. It is appropriate that our Store Manager, Mr. Margetic, has put in the longest time. He commenced in the Grocery Section at Foys in Perth and has continued for 23 years. One man who will have a little while to wait is Mr. Arthur Hoffman, Head Storeman, with 18 years service.

From these "old faithfuls" let's turn to the rest of the store. In the Menswear we welcome Lionel Downes, just 14½. We hope he will remain to claim long-service leave! In the Hosiery we have greeted a relative newcomer in attractive Mary Keevil, who hails from Kalgoorlie. Also there's young Coral Parkin, just from school.

Thoroughly enjoying themselves at Foys (W.A.) Garden Island picnic are Mr. and Mrs. Jim Brisbane with their children, Leisa, aged two, and 10-year-old Denise.

It's good to have among us Mrs. P. M. Studdeard of the Mantles Department. Recently from Plymouth in England, Mrs. Studdeard was a private secretary. Having been "bombed out" three times in London, she moved to Plymouth, but decided ultimately that Australia was a much safer place to live.

Alf Sherwood of the Bakehouse continues to bake "the best in town." So he should, with 40 years of baking in the Old Country behind him. Dennis Hall, our recently acquired Ticket Writer, has moved into the office owing to the surroundings being more human and attractive. Cliff Turner, recently transferred to the Transport section, has been well and truly broken in, with tons of shipping.

Just arrived back from a 3½ years spell of newly married life is Mrs. Elsie Bergsma. As Elsie Dixon she worked in the office for five years prior to her marriage.

We were all sorry when May McKenzie departed. She has left Albany to live in Narembeen with her parents.

---

**ENGAGEMENTS**

Once again, our congratulations to the following colleagues, following the announcement of their engagements:

- Miss Mavis Draper (Fancy) to Mr. Alan Hamilton.
- Miss Margaret Hooper (Domestic) to Mr. Brian Mitchell.
- Mr. Cliff Turner (Driver) to Miss Merle McDougal.

**WEDDING**

St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Aberdeen street, Albany, was beautifully decorated on Saturday, February 8, for the wedding of Patricia Mary Cottier (Cashier) and Conrad James Smith. The honeymoon was spent touring the South-West. Pat and Con have made their home at Frederick street, Albany.

**BIRTH**

With sustained joy, the news of the birth of a son, Gregory John, to Bob and Gladys McGough.
FISHING

Staff anglers are doing quite a lot of "sitting." But "catching" is another matter. Bill Fitzpatrick, of the Footwear, doesn't really believe that the Furniture staff really wrestle with sharks. Nevertheless it's true. Bill Godenzie still boasts of the pile of fish installed in his "fridge. Where they came from is, we suspect, just another "fish story."

GOLF

Bob McGough still continues to beat Bill Margetic at this gentleman's game. (Hold on! We've finished with fish stories!)

"THAT WEAKER SEX!"

Business firms in Albany have been approached to sponsor teams of Marching Girls. Foys have "taken under their wing" the "Regals," now to be known as "Foys Regals." This is a senior team, and is led by our charming office lass Sally Powell. This combination should be a great credit to Foys.

Another member of the Office staff in the news is our Cashier, Helen Fleay, who will be leaving us on Easter Thursday to prepare for her marriage to Mr. Kelvin Griffiths on April 12. She takes with her our very best wishes for her future happiness. Margaret Hollins (Grocery Order room) will be one of Helen's bridesmaids.

"HERE'S OUR HAND!"

During February we were joined by two new Department Managers in Mrs. Win Jennings (Dress Materials and Manchester) and Mrs. Dorothy McCormick (Haberdashery and Fancygoods). Our regret is saying "Goodbye" to their predecessors, Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Giourid, is tempered by the pleasure of welcoming Dorothy and Win. Incidentally, Dorothy used to work at this store before her marriage.

WE KNOW HOW TO RELAX

During recent months the Social Club here in Collie has been very active. Each new social event seems to be more successful than the last. In November we had a wonderful day at Yallingup Beach. In December we celebrated the Christmas Season with a very enjoyable social evening.

Our latest outing was a combined river trip and picnic at Turkey Point, Bunbury, on March 9. There were 76 people, and we received 76 high-powered testimonials! Everyone had a very full day of swimming, fishing, races, etc. Mr. George Johnson of the Furniture Department proved to be the most successful fisherman with a record catch of 74 blowfish, 1 crab, 2 bream and 1 (very small) whiting—a catch which we felt deserved a special prize of the "Miss Turkey Point" sash. (See photo.)

The launch took us back to Bunbury at 5 o'clock, but as most people were unwilling to see a good
day out end so early, lots of evening meals were eaten on the beach.
Our future plans include a Barbecue, if the weather holds good; otherwise a dance or two.

George Johnson of Foys, Collie, with the dream catch which helped to win him the special "Miss Turkey Point" sash trophy.

Rock-n-roll fans among the junior members of the staff particularly enjoy the dances, but we've noticed that older (and less agile) staff members also have a jolly good time!

NEWS FROM NARROGIN
By "MYOBB"
ON WITH THE SHOW!

On Friday, March 28, we presented a Fashion Paradette. There were two sessions—one at 2 o'clock, the other at 4 p.m.
The centre of the store was devoted to the showing, and this setting was made most attractive by floral decorations artistically arranged by Hosiery lass Consie Whitford.

Incidentally, a Flower Show was held in the Lesser Hall, opposite our store, on the same day, and this "tied in" very nicely with our own display.
The Paradette covered sportswear, day frocks, woollens and ballerinas. These were modelled to advantage by clients of Foys and two of our own staff, Consie Whitford and Val Walters of the Shoe Department. Our sincere thanks are offered again to these good people who gave their time to assist us. We do appreciate their help.

Finally, a bouquet each to Mrs. Parnell (Mantles), Miss Marsh (Underwear) and their staffs
and all who helped to ensure the success of this interesting presentation. This Paradette was well received and enjoyed by our customers. Both Narrogin and the surrounding district were well represented.

THE SOCIAL ROUND

Last year's activities ended with a grand Christmas Dinner. This was followed by a social where games and much fun were thoroughly enjoyed by all. Because around this time of the year so many people take their annual leave, the Social Club practically suspends operations. But now things are getting back to normal it will not be long before we are again enjoying our periodic functions.

Our Furniture Manager, Mr. Ron Foreman, is no mean exponent of the clarinet and saxophone. If the occasion arises, Foys could assemble a nice musical combination, for Mr. Martin Boros (Men's Wear) is also a keen musician—playing the same instruments—whilst our Manager, Mr. Norrish, can contribute on the piano. Looks as if the nucleus of a dance orchestra exists in Narrogin Store!

ENGAGEMENT

The engagement of Miss Coral Barron (Domestic) is announced. Happy man is Mr. John Rennie of Narrogin Self Service.

PERSONAL

Towards the end of the year Mr. John Norwell, who had been with us many years, looked around for new pastures. In due course he found the "oasis in the desert" and subsequently terminated his service with Foys of Narrogin.

Mr. Robert Drew has taken over the Domestic and Gifts sections. He was appointed as D.P.M. late in March. A young and energetic man, he should make his presence felt as the years go by.

NEWS FROM NA

Aboard the launch, en route to the Foys (W.A.) picnic at Garden Island are John Robottom (Statistical Officer), Frank Brown (Accountant) and Andy Gibbs (Manager, Hardware), with wives and children.
It is just a year since the footlights limned the first of our colleagues to emerge here, from the wings. In the months between, widely spaced scenes have been set upon our stage. And varied have been the plots. The stories told by those who have faced the audience have differed markedly. The players, too, have been highly individual.

As the curtain rises again, the spotlight is focused towards the West.

It is the ambition of most men—and the experience of many—to achieve distinction, great or small, after a period of years devoted to a particular effort. But few surely could anticipate a momentous happening on the first day of their career. In Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., however, is a man who has achieved both—the "double header." A unique beginning—with subsequent progress to prominence. For Richard Geoffrey Hindley (the first syllable rhymes with "find") had the most unusual experience of being "fired"—about a couple of hours after he obtained his first job with Foys in Perth. That was on April 26, 1930.

To avoid any misunderstanding, we give unequivocal assurance that this hasty departure was not due to any misdemeanour on the part of the embryonic executive. The company was forced to drop him, like a hot brick, because it was discovered, during these early hours of his association with Foys, that he could not be legally employed, since he was two months short of the qualifying age of 14 years! The man who had to send the young Hindley home, to cool his heels for eight weeks, was one of the company's leaders, who later was to be known as well in Melbourne as he had been loved in Perth. It was the late Charles W. P. Amies.

Richard Geoffrey Hindley

But even though he held the responsible and busy position of General Manager in Perth in those days, Charles Amies' regard for young Dick Hindley did not falter. For although it was Mr. Amies who engaged him and "sacked" him on that distant April day, he was waiting to reinstate him, in the same job, when that all-important 14th birthday came around. And the job which Dick Hindley resumed was that of stock boy in the Hosiery Department, then managed by Mr. Dick Paling.

Hitherto in this series, what might be termed the "vintage" picture of the subject has been a photograph of the individual concerned, with, perhaps, a little background atmosphere, related to the period. But when the camera captured the image of the young Hindley of some 25 years ago, he was in the company of a number of colleagues—mostly his elders—in the Perth store of those days, and we have printed this group picture, in full, since quite a few of the other faces to be seen are still familiar to the present generation. For example, he who stands at the far right of the back row has a quizzical look which many people in Melbourne saw, until quite recently. Those keen eyes belong to James Masterton, who retired as Chief Draftsman of Foys in Melbourne in April of last year. In the 1930's, Mr. Masterton was sent to Perth on a shopfitting job, but so much work was found for him that he almost "went into residence" there.

As in the case of the doctor or the actor, the latter stages of a man's career can often be traced to early inclinations or associations. In the case of Richard Hindley, however, we can but ponder which path he might have trodden had he not been selected for work of different calibre after early handling of ladies' stockings. Six short months marked the span of Dick Hindley's labours in the hosiery section. He was then transferred to the Display department where he remained for 10 years, working as a window dresser under Mr. Jack Anderton.

Following this there came another form of activity—in a field which also was a long way from the hosiery counters. War! In 1940, Richard Geoffrey Hindley enlisted in the A.I.F. The Muse of Movement must have followed him into the ranks—or, at least, have been close handy, keeping a fostering eye on him—for, in no time, the khaki-clad Hindley was selected from an N.C.O.'s school, for transfer to Duntroon Military College, from which our gallant colleague emerged with his commission. He was posted to the 2/28th Bn., 9th Div., and went overseas to the Middle East. You can't get much out of Dick Hindley about the happenings of those momentous days. In fact, he offhandedly quotes as one memorable experience the fact that he returned to Australia on the Queen Mary.

As if the busy warrior had not enough other battles on his hands, it was around this time
that he drew up plans for a more personal campaign—marriage. Lieut. R. G. Hindley became engaged to Miss Joyce Wise who, by a happy coincidence, worked in the Knitwear Department of Foys in Perth. With military precision, this new objective—the altar—was to be reached immediately following the arrival of the troops from the Middle East. But the military tactic is sometimes involved. On this occasion, security intruded. As no one at home knew anything about the movements of the 9th Div., the original "order of the day" had to be abandoned and new plans laid for a later wedding—and that within the brief period of 14 days' leave. But Dick Hindley laughingly recalls today: "I did eventually marry Joyce Wise!"

This was no time for rehabilitation into the domestic sphere, however. After Lieut. Hindley's battalion had completed extensive training in jungle warfare in Northern Queensland, he and his men embarked for New Guinea, there to take part in various island campaigns. The former lad from the Hosiery had now become platoon commander. It was here that Dick Hindley had to post to the debit side of life's ledger some of the misfortunes of war, as contra entries to the various achievements he had otherwise banked up to his credit. Hookworm, malaria, dysentery, and some shrapnel wounds took toll. Lt. Hindley was discharged from the Army in November, 1945.

Despite the upheavals of the years just ended, it was now a matter of "back to Foys." Like a homing salmon, Dick Hindley wanted it that way. And so, in December, 1945, we found him posted as 2 i/c of the dress fabrics, silks, woollens, cottons and patterns in the Perth store, under Manager—now Group Controller—Bert Gandy.

Six years later again, the rising executive went overseas once more. This time he wore a sac suit and carried a brief bag in place of a bayonet.

A rather serious young Hindley greets the world through the square on the above picture. Here, as a member of Foys (W.A.) cricket team of the 1932-33 season (in which they were runners-up), are some other well known identities of the Perth store, including one colleague, long-loved in Melbourne. At back, l to r, H. Ranford (Treas.), A. Caporn, G. Allday (Coach), E. Norman and James Masterton (who recently retired from Foys, Melbourne). Centre row, l to r, H. Campbell (Sec.), J. Cale, R. Townshend, A. Strother and W. Denn. Front, l to r, J. Farrall, R. G. Hindley, G. Gardiner, L. Graham (Capt.), W. Bridger (Vice-Capt.), J. Jarvis, L. Rosewaine, A. Daniels, M. Ranford (Mascot). Members of the club who were absent when this picture was taken are Messrs. F. Luke, A. Marshall, R. Angel and E. O'Sullivan.
No troop ships, either. For his mission was a buying trip. R. G. Hindley flew from Perth to Darwin, where he connected with a Qantas plane to London. In 4½ months abroad, he covered most of England and much of Western Europe, visiting France, Italy, Switzerland and Western Germany. He still joyfully recalls one briefly-snatched weekend of leisure which he spent in Scotland with Alan Lindsay of Foys in Bourke Street, who was away buying at the same time.

Returning to Perth, Dick Hindley plunged into what is still the current phase of a quite exciting career, that is, Group Controller of the Fashion Floor.

As the accompanying photographs of Dick Hindley show—and they span a period of nearly a quarter of a century—he is the long-headed type, of greyhound build, which often indicates a life of quick movement. Dick Hindley has disappointed no one in the matter of sheer physical activity for, apart from his energetic devotion to his work, he has been—as the photographs indicate—keenly interested in both cricket and football. At one time, he trained with Todd Morgan, a well known boxer of other years. Still, today, he enjoys his tennis. And these days, he has two sons, Stephen, aged 5, and Robert 2. The Hindleys live in Wembley, a suburb of Perth, in a home which Dick built in 1948.

Here then, once more, for those who need it, is a splendid illustration of the opportunities which the retail field offers to the keen man—or woman. Even more pertinent in the case of Mr. Hindley is the fact that the laurels he has won have all been earned and bestowed, in one particular business—our own.

-------------

Dick Hindley loves all sport. Second from left in this picture he makes ready for some keen football with Perth colleagues Frank Luke, Jim Brisbane and Jim Dalglish. This picture was taken a year or two ago at a picnic at Yanchep.

-------------

COLLINGWOOD CALLING

Through BETTY GALL
(General Office, Foys)

Always lots of birthdays. But these two are special. Twentyoneths!

On February 8, plenty of handshakes and kisses for Lillias White. To mark her serene journey past the twenty-first milestone of life, there was an umbrella from colleagues in the Invoice Office, with a handsome leather travelling case by Antler, from the staff of the General Office, at large.

Richard Eagles, Entry Ledgers and right hand of Mr. Les Stevens, Credit Manager, puffed his chest out, to carry the added responsibilities of full manhood on March 25.

Once again to two nice people, congratulations!

Celebration of a very different nature—but no less heartmoving to the celebrants as well as a wide circle of friends—enjoyed by sisters Nancy and Hulvia De Silvo on Friday, March 7. On that day these two girls from Italy became Australian citizens at a naturalisation ceremony. The Southern Cross should shine even brighter, now!

Two departures. Mrs. Irene Green, Cashier, left us on April 10, to give full time to the joys of domesticity.

A week later, leavetakings all around as we bade farewell to Margaret Stevens, 'teenage support of the Entry Section, who makes for fresh fields.

Each remains, in our minds, with affection. For the future—good luck!

Welcomed back after illness are Mrs. Val Mocker and Jack McHugh, both of Hire Purchase. For Jack there was a hospital bed and surgery. May each have kissed the thermometer goodbye for many moons.

Friends galore overjoyed by news of the birth of a daughter in March to Mrs. Verna Beaver, formerly of the Entry Office.

THOSE WINNING WORKROOM WAYS!

Tucked away as it is, on the 5th floor (it's only half a floor, really) of Foys' City Store, the Tailoring Workroom sometimes slips through the newsgatherers' net. No doubt that's why we have heard so late of the engagement, last December, of Miss Maureen Kerr of the workroom staff to Mr. Robert Wilson.

It may be a little late to offer congratulations now—but, undaunted, we do.
NEWCASTLE NEWSLETTER
From ENID DAVEY

SOUTHWARD BOUND!

On February 27 we bade farewell to Mr. Pat Bowman, who has been Deputy Manager at Newcastle for the past four years. Mr. Bowman has been appointed to the staff of Foy & Gibson, Melbourne, as Controller of Outdoor Staff. He and his wife were so thrilled by the news it almost sounded as if they were glad to see the last of Newcastle! This wasn’t the explanation, of course. Cause of the excitement was the “call of the hometown,” for both Mr. and Mrs. Bowman hail from Melbourne, and were naturally elated at the thought of being among their own folk again.

We hope Mr. Bowman will be happy in his new position. He has our congratulations and very best wishes.

PROMOTION

Mr. A. E. Craigie, who came to Newcastle from Hobart eight years ago as Accountant, has been appointed Deputy Manager. Although we will be sorry to lose him from the Office, we wish him every success in his new role.

APPOINTMENT

To Mr. K. McLennan we extend a hearty welcome to the staff of Cox Brothers. Mr. McLennan has been appointed Accountant in Mr. Craigie’s stead. He comes from outside the organisation—and his resemblance to Mr. Craigie, in colouring, is rather startling!

Mauveen McElhinney (Hosiery) and Del Smith (Mr. Tonks’ Secretary) won the final of the three-legged race at the Cox Bros. Newcastle picnic. Cheers from the stag line, at left, must have helped.

DEPARTURE

Mr. H. J. Cook, our former Lismore Manager, has deserted the retail trade for the life of a publican. He has become the Licensee of the Royal Hotel, Guyra. Apart from all else, he should notice a great change, atmospherically, for Lismore is noted for its high temperatures and humidity, whereas Guyra frequently records below-zero thermometer readings during the winter months. We hope he has a good supply of Cox Brothers famous woollens to ward off “Jack Frost.”

Whatever the climate, however, we wish him well in this new venture.
ANOTHER PROMOTION

At Lismore, Mr. H. R. Cornford, who has acted as Mr. Cook's deputy for some time, has succeeded him as Manager. Our congratulations! Mr. Cornford is, comparatively, a newcomer, having joined our ranks when we acquired McDermott's store in Lismore in 1955.

Duncan Bissett (Manchester) with partner won the mixed relay event. As he is now classed as "aged," this was a good effort. Paul Marr (Floor-coverings) and partner were hot favourite in the gents' relay. They won—but only after a tense struggle.

Warm thanks to the organising committee con-

Remember the old saying: "They leave off work to carry bricks"? It's illustrated in this picture at the Cox Bros. Newcastle picnic. Taking the strain in the tug-o-war are Mr. W. J. Matthews (General Manager), Mr. A. Craigie (Deputy Manager), Mr. A. Revett (Despatch) and Mr. W. G. Tonks (Merchandising Manager). Identity of "anchor" is not known.

THE ANNUAL PICNIC

One of the most popular social events of the year is the staff Annual Picnic which was held on Sunday, March 16, at Budgewoi. The sun shone brightly and, as usual, a very pleasant time was had by all, particularly the children.

Mr. W. J. Matthews (Manager) as official judge at the finishing line seemed to relish his duties and—apart from giving a couple of "photo finish" decisions which brought heckles from the crowndid a fine job.

Tug-o'-war for both men and women was introduced to our programme this year and was a huge success. Everybody participated and really "pulled their weight."

The main event of the afternoon was a "Step the Distance" 100 yards for staff members only. Mr. Craigie (Deputy Manager) stepped to within "one foot" of the distance. Typical comment: "Trust Andrew to be so exact!" Miss Musgrave (Showroom) stepped to within "one yard" to take out Ladies' Prize. A fine effort indeed for both parties.

Geoff Power (Despatch) and partner in the final of the wheelbarrow race just coasted home when the opposition fell on the return journey. In the three-legged race Mauveen McElhinney (Hosiery) and Delma Smith (Mr. Tonks' Secretary) left their opponents for dead. Arthur Revett (Despatch) once again took the honours in the sack race. Doing this for two years out of three is not bad going!

Consisting of Norma Walker (Office), Phyllis Musgrave (Showroom), Jean Eason (Lunch Room), Reg. Lee (Display), Kevin Gates (Clothing) and Duncan Bissett (Manchester) for a very successful and most enjoyable day.

The dark horse "turns it on." Duncan Bissett, Manchester (centre), winning a heat of the 100 yards from Geoff Power, Despatch (right), Mr. L. Wilson, a visitor (left), and Greg Britton (Boyswear), at rear. Scene was the Cox Bros. Newcastle picnic.
ANNUAL CABARET PLANS

The Social Club Committee has decided to run a Queen Competition in conjunction with the Annual Cabaret. The competition is open to members of the staff, and four girls have been nominated, Miss Mauveen McElhinney (Ground Floor), Miss Loretta O’Connor (Showroom), Miss Loretta Johnson (Office), Miss Aileen Wrightson (Display). Enthusiastic candidate in Cox Bros., Newcastle, Queen Competition is Aileen Wrightson (Display). This picture was taken in March when Miss Wrightson was bridesmaid at the marriage of her brother, Barry, to Miss June Banfield, at Mere-wether.

Although this announcement is so recent, there are already undercurrents of excitement and much activity. One suggestion for raising funds was to charge staff members 2/- per week to ride in the lift! From now on there’s likely to be much congestion on the stairs—as staff avoid the lift like the plague!

THE FLESH IS WEAK!

Mrs. Gibbs, Sportswear Buyer, has been giving us the “cold shoulder” for some months. This is no laughing matter because Mrs. Gibbs is suffering from a complaint known as “Frozen Shoulder” which has caused her considerable pain. We are pleased to report the ailment is responding to treatment, and we hope our good friend will soon be 100 per cent. again.

THE HIGHER CALL

Mr. D. Howard of our Tamworth staff left us recently to enter the Salvation Army Training College. Our best wishes go with him.

SYDNEY BECKONS

We are sorry to say farewell to two of our staff who, for personal reasons, have had to move to Sydney. They are Mr. W. Bruce, Despatch, and Mr. K. Warwick, Outside Representative.

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. R. Halsey, one of our outside representatives, has been strutting around with a noticeable expansion of the chest. Good reason too! His son, Reginald Halsey, who is a Metallurgist at the Commonwealth Steel Works, one of Newcastle’s largest, has just received his Bachelor of Science Degree. Heartiest congratulations!

BUZZ, BUZZ!

Newcastle citizens have become slap-happy, due to the plague of vicious mosquitoes now invading the district. This is a very trying addition to a long summer of heatwaves, drought, bush fires and high humidity. Even keen advocates of summer are fed up and looking forward to cooler days.

FLASH

We have just received news of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Allan Middleton. Our congratulations! Both Dawn and Allan hail from the Lismore district and have been living in Newcastle since their marriage 41 years ago. Dawn was employed with us for over three years, during which time she was Mr. Craigie’s secretary.

They’re lithe and nimble at Cox Bros., Newcastle. Final of the wheelbarrow race at the recent picnic was won by Tony Smith (Office) and Greg Britton (Boyswear). Cheering audience, one notes, is almost all-female.

RED CHEEKS DEPT.

The head of the customer at the counter was turned aside to inspect a display stand. It was a head covered with a mass of wavy hair, thick and long. This was the picture which met the assistant’s eye as she approached from the “blind” side, with a bright “Can I help you, madam?” Beneath those luxuriant tresses, as the customers’ head turned towards the girl, was a pair of frigid looking eyes, and a quite unfeminine voice announced: “I am NOT a woman!”

Beneath those luxuriant tresses, as the customers’ head turned towards the girl, was a pair of frigid looking eyes, and a quite unfeminine voice announced: “I am NOT a woman!” The facts of the situation dawned on the assistant in a flash. She gave a faltering smile and stammered, “I’m so sorry. I didn’t notice you were wearing trousers.” (Where did this happen? We ain’t tellin’ no one except that it was in one of our stores.)
THE VALUE OF VIGILANCE!

Great excitement on the night of Monday, February 24, when what might have developed into a major catastrophe from fire was averted by a fortunate coincidence—and the vigilance of store executive and Social Club President, Mr. Vic. Barnett.

On their way home from a private social event, Mr. Barnett and his wife happened to be passing along the William street side of the store when they noticed sparks coming from one of the windows. In his modestly brief account of his subsequent actions Mr. Barnett states:

"The store was filled with smoke. Suddenly the flames burst through the window ceiling. I rushed to the side door and called the night watchman while my wife ran across the road to phone the store manager, Mr. A. W. Garvey."

Hardly had Mr. Barnett gained entry to the store when the sprinkler system began to operate. Within minutes two brigades from Perth Fire Headquarters had arrived and the fire was quickly under control. Doors and windows were opened to clear the smoke which brought us much free "publicity," for the billowing smoke attracted hundreds of people to the store. Happily we suffered little more than the destruction of a trap-door and ceiling with fire damage to floor coverings. Water on the ground and basement floors was responsible for damage to stocks to the value of several hundreds of pounds.

Those with long memories recalled January 13, 1921, when the old Economic Stores was gutted by fire causing damage estimated at £113,500, a huge figure in those days. We of the new Cox-Eco are thankful that this latest outbreak was noticed in time to avert the possibility of a similar calamity.

ENGAGEMENT

We have much pleasure in recording the engagement of Miss Barbara Sparrowhawk (Sportswear) to John Creighton on February 1 last.

Barbara recently returned to our ranks after a six months working holiday in Melbourne, where she joined the staff of Foy's City Store in the skirt department.

During her stay in Melbourne the Mike Todd epic "Round the World in 80 Days" had its premiere at the Esquire Theatre, almost next door to the Foy store, in Bourke street. This opening night was a very social affair. To aid a local charity, tickets were sold at £20 each, which included an invitation to that amazing supper at Menzies Hotel which has been described as Mike Todd's "fabulous party."

To ensure the greater comfort of the many distinguished guests who attended the film premiere—the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks were among them—the
Mike Todd organisation in Melbourne made an appeal to Foys for a team of pretty girls to act as usherettes at the film screening and as hostesses at the party which followed.

Barbara Sparrowhawk was among those selected. As she now relates: “It was quite an experience.”

Our best wishes for their future happiness to Barbara and her fiancé.

Barbara Sparrowhawk was among those selected. As she now relates: “It was quite an experience.”

Newly engaged couples always wear that certain look. Here it is on the faces of Barbara Sparrowhawk, Sportswear, Cox-Eco., with her fiancé, John Creighton.

"OWZZAT?" OR, RATHER, "HOW'S THIS?"

The realisation of a great ambition by a member of our staff gives us the opportunity to write this story. Had this “dream-come-true” not been a matter of public knowledge, we might not have known this opportunity, for it is well known that the young lady concerned has a general reluctance to “enter the limelight.”

We introduce to readers Miss Norma Connell, who has been with the company for nearly 12 years. A conscientious and efficient colleague, Norma Connell is also a thoroughly likeable person. She has been through almost every section of the office, from Mail Order to Ledgers, from Dissection to Cash Desk. Today she occupies the position of Head Cashier—a very trying job at times.

Throughout her life Miss Connell has been a keen sportswoman, with horses and horse riding perhaps her first loves. At tennis she wields no mean racquet, as many males discovered when the store Tennis Club was functioning. She has also been a great help to our Basketball and Softball teams in the past. Now we come to that sport to which is applied the words with which we commenced the story, “the realisation of an ambition.” That sport is cricket—women’s cricket. Norma Connell was chosen as a member of the W.A. State team which met the English Women’s Test Team in a one-day match at the W.A.C.A. Ground on March 17.

Miss Connell commenced playing cricket some three years ago with the Willows Cricket Club, and literally threw herself into learning all the finer points of the game. At the same time she played her part in the administrative field. Today she holds the position of Treasurer of the W.A. Women’s Cricket Association, and only those who have been close to her during recent years know the amount of time and energy she has devoted to fulfilling this job to the letter.

Miss Norma Connell

The visit of the English girls, as well as the arrival of the Australian side to meet them in the Fourth Test which commenced on March 22 set off a busy round of social activities. The English team was entertained by the W.A. girls at a barbecue; there was a Civic Reception in the Lord Mayor’s Chambers; there were cocktails at Government House with Sir Charles and Lady Gairdner, the State Governor and his wife. Norma attended all these functions.

All at Cox-Eco are proud of Norma Connell. We have congratulated her upon attaining of State colours in international competition, a truly well-merited achievement. We wish her continued success in the future.

PAT ON THE BACK DEPARTMENT

Cox Bros.-Economic Stores literally walked off with the main prizes at the magnificent Perth Homes Exhibition and Industrial Fair held recently at the Royal Agricultural Showgrounds at Claremont.

A feather in the cap of Display Manager Harold
Walsh and his team was the winning of a large silver cup as First Prize for the best general display in the Exhibition. This was followed by the award of First Prize, a shield plaque, for the best Display Stand in the show. Our exhibit contained lounge and dining room furniture. A lot of preparation had been put into the Company’s stand, both by Harold’s team and Mr. Bob Perry (Furniture Buyer) and his staff, but all are agreed that the results obtained were well worth the effort. Our congratulations to all concerned for a really splendid job of work.
POTS AND PANS ARE HER PRIDE!

Recently we opened a new Domestic Hardware section on the basement floor, and the creation of this still greater service to the shopping public by the Cox Bros.-Economic Stores calls for the introduction to readers of "Service" elsewhere of a woman who has built up a reputation of high standard in business circles for her knowledge and ability in a particular sphere. She is Mrs. Eunice Taplin, recently appointed Buyer of Domestic Hardware in Cox-Eco., W.A.

Eunice Taplin, who has the new section "under her wing."

Mrs. Taplin has had considerable experience in this field, having spent a number of years with a well known cutlery and hardware house in Perth. The way she has "gone at it" since joining our ranks gives every indication that she will be as successful here as elsewhere. We extend hearty welcome to Mrs. Taplin and wish her well in her capacity as Buyer for the new department. May her association with the Company be a long and happy one.

STORE WEDDING

The "big plunge" was taken again, recently, when Carpet and Lino salesman Colin Williams was married to Miss Pamela Ashman at St. Hilda's Church, North Perth, on March 1.

Colin has been with the Company for four years, beginning his service at the Bunbury store. He was transferred to the City Store some six months ago, and now renders good service with the other members of the floor covering team. Friends and relatives joined in wishing the young couple well at a reception held in the R.S.L. Hall, Leederville. To these good wishes we now add those of Social Club members.

NEW BUYER AT FOYS

Mr. Garth Manton has joined Foys in Melbourne, as Buyer of Toddlers' merchandise, both boys' and girls'.

With the arrival of a newcomer in any organisation, the question may run through the minds of some colleagues: "I suppose it won't be long before his presence is felt?" Were such a remark made in our hearing, our comment would probably be: "Well, if Garth Manton never did a tap of work, one would still be distinctly aware of his presence." For this latest addition to the Foy team soars so far over six feet in height that we just have to guess the rest—and he has a frame to match.

We hope Mr. Manton will find his new niche a happy one, in every way.

NO COURT CASE OVER THIS!

Section 92 of the Constitution stipulates that commerce, as between the States of the Commonwealth, shall be absolutely free. Which is a very good thing, because recently Foys in Melbourne has been on the receiving end of a nice bit of export business from the West.

On a working holiday in Melbourne are Diane Hall, Mae Brown and Margaret Matthews, of Cox Bros.-Economic Stores, Perth. What fairer than that the Yarra-side village should offer the holiday facilities—and Foys the work? These enterprising girls are to be found in General Office Collingwood, Accounts Office City, and the Layby Smith Street, respectively.

May their visit be rewarding, in every way.
MISS ISOBEL WOODWARD RETIRES

Miss Isobel Woodward, who has been the Glove Buyer at Snows for many, many years, retired on Friday, March 28, after 37 years' service in the Glove Department.

As a tribute to Miss Woodward's popularity amongst the trade generally, a group of Glove Buyers in other stores in Sydney entertained her at dinner recently and a much larger group of glove manufacturers and agents were her hosts at a luncheon.

1000 YEARS OF SERVICE!

On the eve of her departure, Management at Snows arranged a cocktail party which was held in the Managing Director's Office. To this party Miss Woodward invited many of her old friends at Snows, most of whom had been with the company for over 25 years. Between them the 29 people present had rendered no less than 1000 years of service to Snows. Six of them had had over 40 years' service and 13 between 30 and 40 years' service. From this it can be seen that there is still a very solid core of original Snows' people still happily engaged under the new banner of Cox Brothers. Loyalty and long service are not a thing of the past—even in Sydney.

After this function, Miss Woodward was presented with a magnificent watch and a very large and beautiful crystal vase from her many friends on the staff. From Management Miss Woodward received a portable radio, with a clock attachment, to enable her to set the time for music to wake her in the morning. Nowadays, when she is enjoying the luxury of lying in bed in the mornings, she can do so to the accompaniment of some sweet melody, and so be not too unhappy that she no longer treads the familiar path to Snow's Glove Department, as she did for the past 37 years.

Store life reminds one, at times, of the mechanism of a watch. A wheel moves; a spindle turns; a spring tightens—and lo! the hands on the watch face tell a new story. Lately the departmental cog wheels here have notched their way round and various sections tell us that time has changed.

For example, there is a new buyer for gloves—Mrs. Madelaine Greig. A nice example of the success saga. At one time Mrs. Greig was a member of the casual staff. Then she became second-in-charge. Now she leads the section.

Miss Shirley Wilmot has retired from business life, and her place as buyer of ladies' underwear has been taken by Miss E. Harvey.

China and Glassware has a new buyer in Mr. Greg Laurance.

There was promotion for Mrs. P. O'Neill to buyer of handkerchiefs and gifts.

To them all, full success and all the fun of new work.

Handbag buyer, Miss Esme Banks, endeavouring to make herself understood to a very new New Australian, tried her own brand of "pidgin English." But the customer still looked bewildered. She said, "Do you speak German?" "No," replied Miss Banks. "And you no speak English either?" queried our visitor. You can't win!

Some time back we reported that "The Chief" had carried off the Retailers' Club Golf Day honours. Well, he's done it again! At the store's recent Golf Day he just pipped Staff Manager Jack Wilson's net score of 65 by one stroke.

Marlene Littlewood (Millinery), Dorothy Jones (Mr. Carthew's Secretary) and Ivija Niderbergers (Electrical) model the "sack line" at a recent parade in Snows, Sydney.
Foy Message Reaches Vast Audience

As in radio, indeed as in the theatre, the cinema or the concert hall, 8 o'clock in the evening is a vital spot in the programme of most television stations. For, in Australia anyway, this is the time when the top feature of the night's entertainment is announced.

Around 8 p.m., with the evening meal over and the washing up done, Mum and Dad settle down in easy chairs to watch this newest—and let's admit it, most compelling—medium of entertainment. Actually it is much more than an entertainment form. Interspersed between the advertising matter, which is, of course, the life blood of the purely commercial TV station, are the news sessions, interviews with interesting people, commentaries by well informed speakers, and many other features which, rather than "entertainment," are educational, or at least enlightening, to the average viewer. This aspect is more marked in the programmes of the stations of the A.B.C., since these are divested of all "commercials."

At 8 o'clock, too, many parents are still prepared to indulge the children in a little more "sitting up" before bed-time. Grandma is willing to sneak a little more fun, for an hour or so before hitting the pillow, and even the daughter of the house—with her current boy friend—may be found in a more distant corner of the room. In other words, at 8 o'clock each night, in the average Victorian home, family units are gathered around the TV set, in a mood which, paradoxically, is a combination of relaxation and concentration. In short, in very receptive mood.

There's likely to be a bit of dial twiddling just prior to 8 o'clock, as viewers prepare for the feature which they favour at this stage of the night's programme. Consequently, that brief period between 7.55 p.m. and 8 o'clock is, virtually, as "precious" (to a sponsor) as the minutes which follow the hourly time-signal. In fact, expectancy reaches a high pitch during those preceding five minutes, just as the aroma of fine cooking, when a dish is placed before a diner, can be more tantalising than the actual impact of that food upon the palate, seconds later.

How fortunate was it, therefore, that on January 1 the programming schedule of station GTV9 in Melbourne left "vacant" this coveted span of five minutes from 7.55-8 p.m. Said quickly, "five minutes" doesn't sound very long. It is in fact a chain of just 300 brief seconds. Yet, with a briskly-spoken, crisply-conceived script, a surprising amount of ground can be covered in this short time. There are even opportunities to display up to a dozen supporting photographs or other illustrations, plus the introductory theme song of the sponsor, the station announcer's own announcement, and the music on which the tiny session is "faded out."

This highly-prized TV "time," offered to Foys, was accepted with alacrity.

As was mentioned in an article on TV in general, which appeared in these columns in the June-July issue of last year, Foys made an early entry into the field of television. Among department stores, Foys had practically led the field with the purchase of its own camera and other equipment, for the televising on a closed circuit, within the Foy stores, of events like mannequin parades. The Foy camera carried these parades held on the Fashion Floor to screens on all other floors. But as well, Foys launched a series of short commercials on Melbourne Station GTV9. These talks, compered by well known radio per-

Completely unposed, this shot shows Patricia Isles and John Gorbutt a few seconds before going "on camera" for one of Foys TV sessions on Melbourne station GTV9. This was the actual setting used for the series. Operating the camera is Dick Everett. This picture was printed from a colour film photograph taken by John Partridge of GTV9.
sonality "Elizabeth," were devoted almost exclusively to the highlighting of one particular item of merchandise each week. If the subject was, say, watches and clocks, the Manager of the Farren Price section would be on the air with "Elizabeth" and interesting information about various timepieces would be conveyed to viewers, largely on the "question and answer" basis. These interesting "fireside chats" were made almost continually between May and December of 1957. This was a very forward move when it is recalled that commercial television has been operating in Victoria for only little more than a year.

Foy's latest "entry" into the homes of so many of its customers has been made more subtly; the method of approach was in fact different from anything which had been attempted before in Victorian TV. What hitherto had been a straight out emphasis upon the advertising of goods was reduced to an absolute minimum. Where previously merchandise had dominated the session, the speakers in the new series told stories of the business itself. In other words, attention was drawn to the quality of the picture, as it were, by making impressive references to the frame which encloses it.

The first of these new sessions went on the air on January 1. This date was important for two reasons. A new activity was launched on the most appropriate day of a new year. But of equal purpose was the commencement of Foy's Summer Fair on January 2. Thus, this first of Foy's new contacts through TV could aptly dwell upon telling the story of these famous Fairs. Directly "descended" as these are from similar events dating from the Middle Ages in Europe, any reference to Foy's Fair can quickly lead to a wealth of historic detail sufficient to hold the interest of viewers of all ages. In this way the thoughts of thousands of people were concentrated upon Foy's as a store, supplementing the lure of, say, a keenly priced night-dress advertised in the evening newspaper which was possibly resting on the customer's knee as she listened to the Foy message on TV.

This session of January 1 last was designed with this one objective—to give publicity to the Fair. There were no firm plans for an extension of the series; not even a second talk in mind. Indeed, any idea of renewing contact with the public in this way hinged entirely upon the ability of the TV station to provide a similar time spot at a later date.

But luck was with Foy's. The session was apparently well received by viewers. The station itself was interested because of the entertainment value of this Foy feature. Even members of the station personnel commented upon the educational aspect of the Foy story. Hardly had the Foy speakers gone off the air than news came that this precious five-minute programme from 7.55 p.m. until 8 o'clock would be available to Foy's for two more weeks, if the company desired to make use of it. Naturally, Foy's did not hesitate. And when the third talk had been completed, the gate opened wider still. The station happy and Foy's willing, this new TV link between Foy's and the public went on the air each Wednesday night for three months.

It could be said, without exaggeration, that these weekly stories of Foy's supplemented, in many directions, the history of the State of Victoria itself, for it is not generally realised that the retailer of goods plays a very important part in the development and progress of a community. No matter what the work undertaken in the early or pioneering days, those who laboured with a plough or a pick, or who held in their hands a carpenter's saw or the reins of a team of horses, had to be clothed, fed and otherwise succoured, as mere human units, apart from whatever additional comfort they sought, as time went on.

Like others among the early merchants of this country, Mark Foy and his son began their business of providing the basic needs of ordinary people, in the goldfields of Victoria. Thus, in the course of these TV talks, many people saw for the first time, the outlines of the first little store which Mark Foy and Francis Foy, his son, operated on the Bendigo goldfields in 1862. From here it was easy to continue the story to the opening of the first Melbourne store in Collingwood, in 1868. Actually, it was the same building, for Mark Foy pulled down his Bendigo store and carried it by bullock waggon to Melbourne, there to re-erect it in Smith Street. This thrilling epic was continued to the opening of Foy's famous store in Bourke Street, in the present building, in 1936.

Between times, viewers learnt of the amazing expansion of the business to other States, to South Australia, Western Australia and Queensland. There were the fascinating details of the creation of the famous knitting and woollen mills at the turn of the century, followed by the erection of factories for the production of furniture, food-stuffs and such things as saddles and harness.

On the screens of thousands of TV sets came pictures of the numerous bridges, still standing...
today, which William Gibson built over a public thoroughfare in Collingwood to provide quicker and more convenient access from one store building to another. Unique in Australia possibly is the three-deck bridge which straddles Little Oxford Street, Collingwood, today.

Conversely, viewers were reminded of the feat of William Gibson unequalled by any other man in this country, it is believed— in linking two cities, by an underground tunnel. This was achieved in 1911 when Gibson constructed a subway under Smith Street, Collingwood, to provide customer-access between his stores on either side of this historic old thoroughfare. When customers entered the subway at the eastern end, they walked out of the City of Collingwood. When they emerged on the western side, they stepped into the City of Fitzroy, for Smith Street itself is the boundary between these two municipalities.

Those with long memories saw again, in televised photographs, the fleet of some 30 Albion trucks, with which Foys operated an extensive suburban home delivery service before 1914. This was the first milestone in standardisation. Prior to that, there had been a limited parcel delivery by car, as Foys experimented with this newfangled contraption, the petrol engine, in the form of odd vehicles purchased as they came on the market.

But Foys had not waited for the internal combustion engine to serve its customers. On the TV screens was projected a wonderful photograph, taken about 1880, of 18 of the gleaming horse-drawn carts which used to cover remarkable distances—Williamstown and Templestowe to quote only two widely-separated destinations in delivering the purchases made by Foys customers. Remember, that was nearly 80 years ago.

The more sentimental of viewers undoubtedly revelled in the photographs of old Smith Street, with cable trams, jinkers and sulkies filling the roadway. There was one rare picture of the first electric lights under a shop verandah—Foys.

As the TV cameras scanned the pages of old Foy catalogues, there were chuckles as viewers saw the illustrations of the wasp-waisted women of 1905; of 1908 millinery which carried more “foliage” than the Garden of Eden; of the “horrors” of fashions for small boys, in 1911; of the striped blazers favoured by dashing young tennis-playing beaux, in 1913; of the women’s frocks and coats which Foys offered for wear on the lawns at Flemington, in 1914.

There were the slinky suits of 1927, and the monstrous ruched and beribboned capes of 1906. Foys even produced a picture of the first “sack line” coat, of 1928. At the turn of the century, children’s perambulators defied description. These high wheeled, ornately decorated chariots, often with a Surrey-like fringe on top, looked like a cross between a Moomba float and the howdah on a rajah’s elephant. No wonder any ill-effects were suffered by the infant “passengers” of those far-off days, who spent so many formative hours in such surroundings!

And, as a final tit-bit, among the many other novel features which were introduced into these Foy “Peeps at the Past,” we instance the extraordinary home washing machine which Foys were selling at least as far back as 1905—a quaint machine, illustrated here, sold for 45/-.

There’s no doubt that in thousands of Victorian homes today are people who now know a great deal more about Foys than they ever dreamed they could learn, prior to the commencement of these “fireside chats” on January 1 last.

Apart from two sessions, in one of which the TV audience was introduced to Mr. Terry Fogarty of Frath fabric fame, and another, in which Chris Christensen entertained viewers with songs sung to his own guitar accompaniments, these weekly messages from Foys to the people were given by Miss Patricia Isles of Richardson-Cox Pty. Ltd. and a still somewhat stunned—

JOHN GORBUTT.

Foys are often “first with the latest.” Here, they must have been “first with”—for this ingenious washing machine (advertised as such) was selling freely at Foys, in 1905! The price, 45/-.

Interstate Buyers are seen so often in these parts that we rather “take them for granted,” like meeting a brother or sister. And apart from Store Managers and the like, these good friends really represent the sum total of our visitors. Consequently, the arrival of a non-selling executive is quite an event, and when the door opens to admit a visitor looking like an illustration from Vogue with a personality-plus smile, the mere males are likely to be seen furtively straightening their ties or slicking down their hair.

That—but shorn of a little reporting licence—was more or less the reaction to the advent of Miss Jolson, who paid a week-long visit here at the end of March. Miss Jolson also saw the illustrations of the wasp-waisted women of 1905; of 1908 millinery which carried more “foliage” than the Garden of Eden; of the “horrors” of fashions for small boys, in 1911; of the striped blazers favoured by dashing young tennis-playing beaux, in 1913; of the women’s frocks and coats which Foys offered for wear on the lawns at Flemington, in 1914.

There were the slinky suits of 1927, and the monstrous ruched and beribboned capes of 1906. Foys even produced a picture of the first “sack line” coat, of 1928. At the turn of the century, children’s perambulators defied description. These high wheeled, ornately decorated chariots, often with a Surrey-like fringe on top, looked like a cross between a Moomba float and the howdah on a rajah’s elephant. No wonder any ill-effects were suffered by the infant “passengers” of those far-off days, who spent so many formative hours in such surroundings!

And, as a final tit-bit, among the many other novel features which were introduced into these Foy “Peeps at the Past,” we instance the extraordinary home washing machine which Foys were selling at least as far back as 1905—a quaint machine, illustrated here, sold for 45/-.

There’s no doubt that in thousands of Victorian homes today are people who now know a great deal more about Foys than they ever dreamed they could learn, prior to the commencement of these “fireside chats” on January 1 last.

Apart from two sessions, in one of which the TV audience was introduced to Mr. Terry Fogarty of Frath fabric fame, and another, in which Chris Christensen entertained viewers with songs sung to his own guitar accompaniments, these weekly messages from Foys to the people were given by Miss Patricia Isles of Richardson-Cox Pty. Ltd. and a still somewhat stunned—

JOHN GORBUTT.

Foys are often “first with the latest.” Here, they must have been “first with”—for this ingenious washing machine (advertised as such) was selling freely at Foys, in 1905! The price, 45/-.

Interstate Buyers are seen so often in these parts that we rather “take them for granted,” like meeting a brother or sister. And apart from Store Managers and the like, these good friends really represent the sum total of our visitors. Consequently, the arrival of a non-selling executive is quite an event, and when the door opens to admit a visitor looking like an illustration from Vogue with a personality-plus smile, the mere males are likely to be seen furtively straightening their ties or slicking down their hair.

That—but shorn of a little reporting licence—was more or less the reaction to the advent of Miss Jolson, who paid a week-long visit here at the end of March. Miss Jolson also saw the illustrations of the wasp-waisted women of 1905; of 1908 millinery which carried more "foliage" than the Garden of Eden; of the "horrors" of fashions for small boys, in 1911; of the striped blazers favoured by dashing young tennis-playing beaux, in 1913; of the women's frocks and coats which Foys offered for wear on the lawns at Flemington, in 1914.

There were the slinky suits of 1927, and the monstrous ruched and beribboned capes of 1906. Foys even produced a picture of the first "sack line" coat, of 1928. At the turn of the century, children's perambulators defied description. These high wheeled, ornately decorated chariots, often with a Surrey-like fringe on top, looked like a cross between a Moomba float and the howdah on a rajah's elephant. No wonder any ill-effects were suffered by the infant "passengers" of those far-off days, who spent so many formative hours in such surroundings!

And, as a final tit-bit, among the many other novel features which were introduced into these Foy "Peeps at the Past," we instance the extraordinary home washing machine which Foys were selling at least as far back as 1905—a quaint machine, illustrated here, sold for 45/-.

There's no doubt that in thousands of Victorian homes today are people who now know a great deal more about Foys than they ever dreamed they could learn, prior to the commencement of these "fireside chats" on January 1 last.

Apart from two sessions, in one of which the TV audience was introduced to Mr. Terry Fogarty of Frath fabric fame, and another, in which Chris Christensen entertained viewers with songs sung to his own guitar accompaniments, these weekly messages from Foys to the people were given by Miss Patricia Isles of Richardson-Cox Pty. Ltd. and a still somewhat stunned—

JOHN GORBUTT.

"75"

Miss Jolson—also seeing Melbourne itself for the first time—came for a look-see at the training methods followed in Batman’s "village." Not only Foys, but their neighbours in Bourke street, opened their hearts as well as the Training Centre doors to Miss Jolson, who re-
turned to Sydney, we imagine, with a mind keener than ever.

She whom we knew best, perhaps, as Nancy Briggs, when she left the Share Office staff last November, was already Mrs. Ron Clarke in private life. Now, her home life is enriched—and will undoubtedly be a little busier, if not noisier—by the arrival of little Lee-Anne Therese, on March 18. Our joy to witness a happy home made happier still.

Never an idle fellow, Geoff Hall, Methods Manager, has had to tackle added work of late. This indicated a full-time secretary. Hitherto Lorraine Banfield has “doubled up” for both Messrs. Hall and James. Miss Banfield now gives full-time service to Mr. Ken James, following the appointment of Miss Deirdre Matheson as secretary to Mr. Hall.

Miss Margaret Holmes, who has been the editorial memory-jogger, work-slogger and general “girl Friday” to “Service” ever since she joined the company in August, 1955, (for the first 12 months she was, like the Editor, on the Foy payroll) was married to Mr. Andrew Fabiny at St. Andrew’s Presbyterian Church, Caulfield, on Saturday, April 19.

Standing before the porch of the church after the ceremony, when she greeted her friends for the first time as Mrs. Fabiny, our devoted aide made a picture which would have softened the toughest heart. All brides look beautiful. Often, the gossip reporters describe them as “radiant.” But if ever loveliness, born of an inner happiness, could be said to “illuminate” the face of a girl, we saw it in the eyes and the smile of Margaret Fabiny at this moment.

The mere male is apt to flounder over details of woman’s dress. With faltering voice, we recall the bridal frock as a dream creation of embossed white satin, cut on princess lines. The square neck line was fashioned by filets of white lace matched by a similar trimming on the hems of the short sleeves. A short white veil hung like a mist over the bride’s dark hair.

The bridegroom looked good, too!

At the end of this month we shall be saying “Auf wiedersehen!” to our switchboard operator, Mrs. Margot Wurzinger. Fortunate circumstances have made it possible for her to accompany her parents on a nine months’ holiday in Germany. Mrs. Wurzinger, who was born in Hamburg, is looking forward to meeting her husband’s people for the first time. She sails on the “Orion” on May 5.

Glücklichen urlaub!

Deftly absorbing the niceties of our busy switchboard, in readiness for taking over when Margot Wurzinger departs, is petite, brunette newcomer, Jeanette Wiffen.

Would our welcome be the more emphasised if we said, simply, “Hullo”?

AROUND THE CORNER

By JOHN L. CREMEAN

(Staff Training Officer, Foys, Melbourne)

As preparations begin for the transfer of various administrative activities to the former Cosmopolitan Hotel Building at the corner of Little Bourke Street and Swanston Street, which was recently purchased by the Company, those of us who labour on the 5th floor are more or less soothed, in our tasks, by a symphony of sound provided by jack-hammers, creaking winches and falling masonry. But, like any other appreciative audience, we say “It’s all in a very good cause.”

Sydney visitor, Miss Micki Jolson, Staff Training Officer at Snows, who recently paid a flying visit to gain first-hand knowledge of Foys staff training programme, was the more welcome because we gained advantage of her own constructive thoughts upon this important phase of store activity.

Widespread is the concern for the health of Mrs. Dan Goldie, mother of John Goldie, well known leader of the cleaning squad in the maintenance team. Mrs. Goldie’s husband, Dan, was equally well known to an earlier generation at Foys as Manager of the Despatch, at Collingwood.

THE ANTI-CANCER COUNCIL OF VICTORIA urgently needs £500,000 to further its work of co-ordinating cancer research and helping to improve the treatment of people suffering from cancer.

This is not “another charity appeal” — one of those opportunities which seems designed more to help the “other fellow”.

WHO SUPPORTS THIS APPEAL, COULD WELL BE SAFEGUARDING HIS — OR HER — OWN FUTURE!

GIVE FREELY!
News of Mrs. Goldie's recovery is awaited by Jack Goldie's many friends.

Back again in the Manchester is she whom we greeted, until recently, as Miss Beryl Chandler. We now know her as Mrs. Mercer.

Laurels are frequently handed around to members of the Display team. We now acclaim unaccustomed achievements.

Recently, Michael Hanily won a N.S.W. “Rock-n-Roll” Championship. In the near future he'll be a contender for the State title. As the prize is an impressive one, Michael's friends hope to see him roll to victory.

Ernie Freeman, on the other hand, has long been hammering at a different sort of rock—a well known consultation. Looks as if he has struck a pay streak. Lately, two successive drawings have yielded him £30 and a fiver. “Hope springs eternal . . .” is the message from Ernie’s pals.

A widow for five years, Mrs. Olive Northey, Babywear, remarried on March 22. She is now Mrs. Strippe, and her many friends wish her every happiness.

For a brief period in the Prahran Store, as an able Ground Floor Supervisor, Bryce Pullen has returned to Bourke Street to become manager of the Boys’ Clothing section. All wish him well.

Whether he likes it or not, Roy Morrison, Men's Store Supervisor, is likely to be hailed as "Grandpa" from now on, following the birth of a son to his daughter Mrs. Patricia Leigh. Already blessed with a hefty physique, Roy's bearing these days suggests that his chest is out another inch or two. Both Mrs. Leigh and the baby are very well.

There is no truth in the rumour that two well-known members of the Men's Store staff, viz. Ken Weaver and Vern Craig, are intending to turn their future summer activities from cricket to some more placid sport! Ken, Captain of Coburg Cricket Club, and Vern, a member of the Ormond Cricket Club, are confident that this moment of temporary eclipse will almost certainly be followed by a glorious period of cricket regeneration. Needless to say, we hope so too!

Whilst on the subject of cricket, it’s interesting to report that there were no casualties arising from the comparatively recent Gentlemen (Jack Baker's team) versus Players (Ken Weaver's team) match at a beachside oval. Perhaps the statement should be amended. Although there were no casualties, certain Gentlemen who took part in this memorable game were noticed to walk and move with great deliberation during the week that followed this titanic struggle!

No more popular identity at Foys Central than Len Francisco, who is the “man in grey” (although it's black and white during the summer months) on the ground floor. In working hours, Len is usually to be found alongside the elevators answering thousands of questions with a friendly smile. But that’s not the end of Len’s versatility. Among other skills, he's a first-class clown. As "Biff the Clown" he has delighted scores of kids at Store Christmas parties and on other occasions. An acknowledgment of his art in this field was made recently by his appearance in the Puppet Show programme on TV Station GTV9. An excellent performance, as viewers agree.

Talking of TV, likeable John D'Arcy is to be found these days in the Record Bar on the Ground Floor. John is a member of the famous “Hit Parade” team which has for long delighted the army of youth viewers who tune in to this popular TV session on HSV7 each Thursday night.

The prolonged success of the Mike Todd film "Around the World in 80 Days," now in its sixth month at the Esquire Theatre, which almost ad-

Happy guests at the Foys (W.A.) “Alfresco” night were Mr. Eversden, Mrs. Rhoda Eversden (Haby and Wools), Mr. Irons, Mrs. Irene Irons (Haby and Wools), Pat Duffy (Haby and Wools), Bert Quaife (Man. H. & W.), Pat Godridge (H. & W.), Mrs. Quaife and an unidentified visitor, at extreme right.
joins the City Store, is a reminder that a batch of our own girls were well "on deck" on that famous opening night on October 30 last. The Mike Todd organisation had appealed to Foys for some pretty girls to act as usherettes at the Hollywood-type premiere of the film (the proceeds of the first screening were donated to a local charity and the gala opening was attended by a distinguished audience, which included the Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks) and as hostesses at the fabulous party at Menzies Hotel which followed the show. Selected were: Rowena Cochran, Betty Butterworth, Marlene Chester, Beryl Urquhart, Elaine Ellis, Barbara Sparrowhawk (now back at Cox-Eco, Perth), Anita Blitva, Janet Watt, Jan Hyland, Pat Elliott, Maija Malkus, Evelyn Billane, Pat Colgan and Carol Ankers.

Naturally, the hearts of all these girls went out in sympathy for Elizabeth Taylor, wife of Mr. Todd, when the news came of his tragic death in an aircraft disaster.

Congratulations are renewed to Miss Patricia Bernaldo, Frocks, upon her engagement to Mr. John Barrington Hansen, of Heidelberg.

Similar good wishes to Joan Booth, Corset Salon. Her engagement to Mr. Malcolm Meikle was announced recently.

Miss Thelma Malee, Children's Furniture, was married on March 8. May happiness a-plenty fill the new life of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson.

Miss Jessie McFee, Bedding, has left. She goes to England. There was a farewell gift of a nice travelling rug from many friends. Bon voyage!

It's good to see Mr. Len Hitchens, Hardware and China Controller, back after a period of indisposition. But the human see-saw in those sections has tilted down again in the absence through illness of ruddy-cheeked Les Wigg of the Hardware department. Both men are in our thoughts.

As one might guess, Henrietta ("Ettie") Compte has French blood in her veins, but this petite little redhead, firm favourite among the Tube Room staff—indeed in the store, at large—nearly ran out of vivacity on Monday, April 21. She wasn't far from tears, the tears of joy of course, when Paymaster Bob Alexander presented her with an array of gifts from friends throughout Foys, to mark her marriage to Mr. Sydney Smith at Holy Trinity Church, Coburg, on April 26.

And to ensure that last touch of Gallic chic, there among the many presents was an intriguing garter of blue satin, trimmed with frothy nylon lace. Just to keep the record steady, this dainty little furbelow was on a table, at our viewing.

Mr. L. Hocking has been transferred from the Men's Shoe Department to the Supervisors' Group, and Mr. A. Greenwood has been appointed Buyer of the Men's and Boys' Shoe Departments.

Both appointments date from April 22.

A versatile artist—in every sense of that sometimes abused term—is Mr. Ken Bandman, Display Controller. As he worked for some time with the J. Arthur Rank film organisation in England, he is well acquainted with the technicalities of stage craft. His highly individual treatment of the windows of this store is often suggestive of the theatrical tableau, in miniature.

Now, the theatre itself carries his creative urge, in full scale. In "Bells are Ringing," the highly successful musical now playing at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, there are some 21 scenes. This entire decor was designed by Ken Bandman.

Could be that there's a tendency to be "nice" to the Salaries Office staff at any old time. But the hands extended to Val Paton recently were not held out for a pay packet. These were the clasps of friends who shared Val's happiness following the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Harry Ratcliffe.

FOOTNOTE: Re that Rock'n'Roll Championship. Michael Hanily was successful—bless his heart!

Doris: "I'm scared. I can see that look in your eye again."
Boris: "Well, what d'you want me to do? Go home?"
Doris: "Er . . . no. Just turn the light out."

Rosie: "Is Maudie fitted for the Battle of Life?"
Posie: "She should be. She's been in four engagements already."
The opening of the Self Service Grocery was a thrilling event. We're immensely proud of the new section. Customers too seem very happy in their enjoyment of the facilities of this modern form of retailing. Apart from all the simplifications of selection and handling of goods, the very lines and storage arrangements of the department are a colourful attraction.

But this is an occasion when we can hand over our trumpet—to let someone else blow it! Our local newspaper, the “Colac Herald,” recently ran to two columns in an appreciation of our Self Service Grocery under the heading: “FROM WHEELBARROW TO JEEP”

The “Herald” recalled that the actual beginning of our present organisation was the small grocery shop opened and owned by the late C. R. Tulloh about 1886. It was an immediate success. Before long, Tulloh’s Grocery was making delivery by horse and cart. But there are those who recall that if a large order for urgent delivery was placed when the cart was out on a distant round, Tulloh’s would send the goods around to some nearby house in a wheelbarrow. Hence, the reference to this ancient vehicle in the title of the review. Inclusion also of “jeep” arises from the provision of shopping jeeps in the latest Self Service Grocery for those customers who desire to get bulky orders to their own cars in the Foy-Bilson parking area, adjoining the store.

Continuing with its appreciation of the new foodstuffs section, the “Herald” reminds its readers of the never ending progress of Bilson’s. Around the turn of the century, Tulloh’s Store (which by this time had grown to include drapery and ironmongery as well as a wine and spirit licence) was acquired by the late Mr. F. O. Bilson, father of Mr. Alan Bilson, and Colac’s oldest store traded as “Bilson’s” until the business was amalgamated with Foy & Gibson in 1952.

The “wheelbarrow delivery” was abandoned in favour of more carts; the horse gave way to the motor car. Then came the war, resulting in the severe curtailment of home deliveries. Conversely the post-war period saw the phenomenal increase in the private ownership of cars, which led to many customers being able—and willing—to take home numerous purchases. To a degree, self-service in retailing is a development from these changing conditions.

But, as the “Herald” with some pride, evidently, emphasises to its readers, despite the many changes witnessed within the store, and notwithstanding the fact that ownership today rests with many shareholders, where once there was a single family in control, Foy-Bilsons remains essentially a Colac establishment, under local management. With over 100 employees, some £80,000 is distributed each year in salaries and wages.

OVER THE THRESHOLD

Again we say “Welcome!” to:
Mr. Eric Allen, in charge of the Self Service Grocery.
Mr. Percy Babb as Manager of Soft Furnishings. He replaces Mr. Bill Giles, who has transferred to Manchester.
Mr. Rae Lewis, Grocery.

DEPARTURE

Mr. Joe Brown, Despatch, has left. May his future be bright.

MARRIAGE

All happiness to the former Claudette Tucker, Drapery, who, as Mrs. Orm. Doak, goes to a new home in Belgrave.

Mention “Alfresco” and our friends in Foy’s, Perth, smile broadly. Here are Mr. Frank Luke (Associate Director and Merchandise Manager), Mr. Syd. Wright (Staff Manager) and Mrs. Wright with Mr. Bill Caporn, Group Controller and Social Club President (standing), at a recent evening’s relaxation.

The Quiet Corner

As the light of a new dawn will pierce the shadows of night, so may it be that tomorrow’s hours will lighten the strains of those who know the burden of sadness.

We think of:
Mr. Fred Henderson, Shoe Department, Foy’s, Prahran, whose mother died on March 8.
Mrs. H. Horrocks, Invoice Office, Foy’s, Collingwood, following the recent death of her mother.
Mrs. Clarice Kermode, her daughter Mrs. Wessel and her son Alan. A beloved husband and father, Henry Francis Kermode, Dress Materials, Foy’s, Prahran, died on April 17.

“Thy Will be Done”
Phew! Busy place, this Prahran Store. Comings and goings, on all sides. Let’s see if we can sort things out.

Well, to begin, there’s a welcome to the newcomers. We think of Miss Jean Neville, Manageress of the Corset Salon; Miss Mary Torbet, Group Manageress of Ladies’ Fashions; and Mr. Fred Henderson (from Bourke Street), who has taken charge of the new combined (men’s and women’s) shoe section. Good luck to them all!

On the “other side of the swing door” are Mr. Bob Chubb, gone to City Store to manage Soft Furnishings; Mr. Dick Rhodes, also to Bourke Street to join the Shoe Salon; and Mr. Bryce Pullen, one more for “Melbourne Central,” as Buyer, Boys’ Clothing.

Mr. Fred Perry transferred from Collingwood to take charge of Soft Furnishings here, in succession to Mr. Chubb, whilst Mr. Pullen’s move to Bourke Street has brought Mrs. Iris Telfer to managership of Maids’ Wear.

Full success to each!

Basil Green, Soft Furnishings, announced his engagement to Miss Janet Millsom on April 2. He should be a great help when home planning begins in earnest!

Storewide sympathy for Reg Ellis, Floor Coverings, who is a patient in Sacred Heart Hospital. He’ll have something new to look forward to when he’s back on his feet again, for he’s scheduled for transfer to the Soft Furnishings, Bourke Street.

Brighter news from the Floor Coverings was the arrival of a son for “Sammy” Gold on March 24. Young Edward Isador may not glisten, but he’s gold all right. We rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. G.

We’ve said “goodbye!” to Maree Spetch of the Sportswear Department. Maree is taking a two-year holiday from work—lucky girl! She also took away stockings and a handbag as farewell gifts from a host of friends.

Things are liable to happen on April 1, but this year there must have been “something in the air” on the second of the month, for another of our eligible bachelors chose this day to announce his engagement. He is Ken Ninnis of the Paint Section. Ken unfortunately has had an attack of glandular fever since this happy “milestone.” How lucky can a man be! His fiancee, Miss Isabella Macdonell, of Wonthaggi, is a sister at the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

And, with romance running its full course, we have had an “all Foy” wedding in the marriage of Miss Barbara McKay (Laces) to Mr. Ron Greenwood (Self Service Grocery) at the Presbyterian Church, Prahran, on April 12.

Showered with the good wishes of friends throughout the store, the popular pair had to find a place in their new domestic scene for a water set and an Irish linen luncheon set, the gifts of the Prahran staff.

AN OLD FRIEND PASSES

It just isn’t easy to write that Mr. Harry Kermode is dead. Our well-loved colleague passed away suddenly on April 17. He had been amongst us, in his old accustomed place, until literally only a matter of hours before his death.

Henry Francis Kermode joined Foys on July 1, 1921, so that he had completed nearly 37 years’ service. We of this generation knew him in association with the Dress Materials, of which department he was Manager some years ago. Latterly, he has been more the “elder statesman” of that section, giving freely of his wide experience to all who had need of it. Yet he was far from being a veteran. He would have been 59 next September.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to Mrs. Clarice Kermode, and to his daughter and son.
HIS STAR SHINES

Among TV audiences in Victoria, there's a big following of the story of a famous Marshal of the "Westward Ho! the Wagons" days in the United States of America. His name was Wyatt Earp.

But there's a Marshall in Foys with a pretty good record too—and one that is colourful enough for public viewing. He's Mr. Laurie Marshall of the Collingwood store. In the main, possibly his name will be associated most readily with display, both window and internal, an activity upon which he will probably always cast his professional eye.

But he has, as well, been a buyer for various ground floor departments.

Staff throughout Foys, of course, know Mr. Marshall equally well for his tireless work for the Social Club. For years he has been Chairman of the Committee which always ensures the impressive success of the Annual Foy Ball.

Now, personnel everywhere—but particularly in Smith Street, Collingwood—greet him in a new role. Mr. Laurie Marshall has been appointed Assistant Store Manager, thus making him the close right hand of Mr. Ivor Jolliffe.

It's an appropriate coronation of a fine and long

In Melbourne's 1958 Moomba, the magnificent float entered by the Retail Traders' Association of Victoria was awarded the Premier's Trophy. Highly decorative on this float were these girls from the well known "Tivoli Lovelies."

(Block by courtesy of R.T.A.)
period of service to Foys, for Mr. Marshall has been with the company since January, 1928. Well worth mention here too—for it could easily bring others with like interests into contact with him—are his hobbies. Here again, he fills in his leisure hours with the same versatility that has marked his work-a-day efforts. One is vintage cars. His pride is a 1931 Crossley which was awarded the Prix d'Elegance in a recent rally at Kalorama, Victoria. Then, leaping from the sublime to the what-have-you, he collects ancient musical boxes. So, if anyone has one of these contraptions which plays “Annie Laurie” in B flat minor, just ring Laurie Marshall at JA 4151.

"PEARLY, THE PIN-UP PICCANINNY OF THE WEST"

So ran a three-column headline in a recent issue of the Melbourne "Herald." It was a delightful story of a 20 months old aboriginal child, who had travelled 3000 miles from Nullagine in Western Australia in the company of her foster parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens.

Thanks to the agile mind of Mrs. Mary McCurdy, our correspondent at Foys, Prahran, we learn of a "story-behind-the-story," for Pearly's "guardian angel," Mrs. Stevens, is the daughter of Mrs. Ruth Lucas of the Cafeteria in the Prahran store. With this visit to Melbourne, Mrs. Lucas not only knew the joys of reunion with her daughter and son-in-law for the first time in nine years, but she met Pearly—and fell in love with this adorable child as did Mr. and Mrs. Stevens.

It is good indeed to learn of these occasions when the hearts of Australians open wide to receive and cherish the aboriginal child. Recently, many of us were shocked by the discovery that Ruth Daylight, who made that so dignified curtsey to the Queen Mother during the Royal Visit to Canberra early this year, had returned to the depressing surroundings of a native humpy. The story of Pearly Moss could have been even more heartrending.

More than a year ago, Pearly's mother was killed in a car accident. Pearly herself was lucky to escape death in the same accident. As it was, she suffered a fractured skull and a broken thigh. Natives in the camp to which she belonged allegedly threatened to kill her because she was "too small and weak."

Luckily, two bright stars rose in the sky of Pearly's destiny. They were Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens, of the Apostolic Church aboriginal rescue mission at Nullagine. Despite her injuries, notwithstanding her tender age of less than two years, it could almost be said that Pearly "adopted" Mrs. Stevens and her husband. Now, we understand, the Stevens are taking steps to adopt Pearly. Having reared a family of their own—now grown up—Mr. and Mrs. Stevens are well equipped, parentwise, to guide Pearly to and through a way of life which should ensure, at least, a measure of enlightenment and creature comfort that would hardly be her lot were she left motherless in an impersonal and perhaps unloving world of her own people.

As the accompanying photograph indicates, Pearly is a most lovable baby. Her growth was retarded by the car accident and she is still receiving medical treatment. "But," says Mrs. Stevens, "she's really very healthy and intelligent. She can amuse herself for hours, her favourite toys being spoons and saucepan lids!"

There are many who will envy Mrs. Lucas her fascinating grandchild-to-be.
You might guess that Barbara Downing, Jackie Hill (Photographic Section) and Rose Wilkes (Pharmacy) are having fun at Foys (WA) "Al-fresco" night.

FAMILIAR FACES IN NEW PLACES

The individual customer at the counter, whom sales staff can greet with a ready smile, is not the only potential buyer of goods. Merchandise of every variety is sought by Government departments, institutions and many other interested groups. Where personal shopping is largely a matter of cash changing hands for a wrapped parcel—or the simple charging of the cost to the customer's account—Government bodies, as an example, will often put this procedure into reverse. Instead of a representative visiting the store, the retailer is invited to tender for the supply of goods.

This latest move has thus given a new outlook to many people who are tackling their fresh assignments with great zest. For every reason, we wish them a proud year.

THOSE PICTURES OF THE QUEEN MOTHER

"Wherever did you get them?" was the question which came to us, from many directions, as readers turned the pages of the last issue and their eyes alighted upon the various photographs of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother. That delightful picture of Her Majesty, at the age of two, won feminine hearts, in particular.

An adequate—if brief—reply to these enquiries would be to refer readers to the acknowledgment made beneath each picture, to the various photographers or press agencies in the United Kingdom who hold the copyright of these photographs. It was from these sources that our prints were secured. But not directly. Which gives us the opportunity not only to answer this question of origin completely, but to pay tribute to those good people who made the actual London contacts for us.

Exceptionally enterprising, loyal and constant among the many contributors to and supporters of "Service" is Mr. Hugh Limb, the London Manager of Cox Brothers. It was he who took up the search, on our behalf, for photographs of the Queen Mother which would be a little "different" from the pictorial records which appeared in other publications, during the recent Royal Visit. In seeking these pictures, many places had to be visited, many other photographs examined, before the final selections were made. All this involved much concentration and time. Both were freely given. And in his searchings, we happen to know that Mr. Limb was most energetically assisted by his able private secretary, Mrs. B. J. Doyle.

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

Hitherto this submission of quotations, samples and the like, has been largely a matter of individual departmental effort. Now, this work has been put on a co-ordinated basis by the creation of a Contract Department with Mr. Matt Craft, formerly of the Furniture Department City, in charge. Assisting him on the technical side is Mr. Garnet Smith, who has relinquished the managerialship of the Soft Furnishings, to give full time to this contracting work.

To take Mr. Garnet Smith's place as leader of the Bourke Street Soft Furnishing sections, Mr. Bob Chubb, Manager of the Soft Furnishings at Prahran, has moved to the City Store. Mr. Chubb has been replaced in Chapel Street by Mr. Fred Perry, who had charge of the same department in Smith Street.

Supervision of the Soft Furnishings in Collingwood is now given by Mrs. Lilian Whittaker, who was Mr. Perry's right hand before his transfer to Prahran.

"SERVICE"

is Published bi-monthly

by

COX BROTHERS (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED
75 Flinders Lane,
Melbourne.

Editor: JOHN GORBUTT

Art Panel: NORMAN SMITH, TERRY WAITS

Editorial Office:

Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited,
75 Flinders Lane,
Melbourne.

Printed by Wilke & Co. Ltd., 19-47 Jeffcott Street, Melbourne.
Library Digitised Collections

Author/s:
Foy & Gibson

Title:
Foy & Gibson newsletters

Date:
1947-1967 (incomplete)

Persistent Link:
http://hdl.handle.net/11343/21262

File Description:
Service no.55 April 1958