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When Breaks the Dawn?

The trouble with recorded history is that—rather like the modern newspaper—it tends to highlight the sensational. Bloodthirsty battles, massacres, revolutions, or a period of upheaval and pain such as is tersely described as the "100-year war," are the sort of happenings which "make the headlines" in the story of mankind, as it is unfolded, for us, in the books which come our way.

But just as it is unwise today to judge the conduct of the youth of any nation by the flaring misdeeds of a handful of juvenile delinquents, so should we keep in mind that for every scar inflicted, for every drop of blood shed, in the conflicts by which history marks the successive civilisations of the past 5,000 years or so, a myriad other pictures could have been painted of simple, happy family life, unspoiled by cruelty or war, as Man climbed painfully from his primitive beginnings to what we now describe as the civilisation of the twentieth century.

That is, until some 40 years ago. With the outbreak of war, once more, in 1914, battlefronts moved far from the national boundaries of the original protagonists. The era of "World War" had come. And since that day—with all the old-time threats of sabre rattling magnified a thousandfold by the drone of the bombing aeroplane and, more recently, by the ominous "mushroom" of the atomic bomb—scarcely a country in the world has been able to live, free from the strangling fingers of power politics.

The pressures of propaganda and economic policies have borne down heavily upon the shoulders of the ordinary man and woman, no matter the flag beneath which they dwell. By and large, the world has been slipping into the shadows.

The international air has vibrated to the passage of harsh words as they hurtle from one capital to another, accompanied by much ideological fist shaking. The ordinary man and woman has known great apprehension of the morrow.

Could it be, however, that there are signs of an easing of all this tension? Has the nuclear bomb which seemed to hold promise of THE END, created a position of such acute stalemate that, in the alchemy of international diplomacy, it may yet be transformed into the instrument of a BEGINNING? The herald of a new dawn?

On this day in late August, our eyes scan the headlines of a single issue of a Melbourne newspaper. The contrasts are extraordinary. Prominent, are three captions, typical of the "pressures" we have mentioned:

FORMOSA THREAT TO BOMB CHINA
ALGERIANS BLOW UP PETROL TANKS
ARCHBISHOP: "WILL FIGHT CYPRUS PLAN"

But as if to counteract these alarms, we read on:

U.S. PRESIDENT VAGUE ON DEFENCE OF CHINESE ISLES

and

COMMUNIST STATES INVITED TO SEE BRITAIN'S AIR SHOW.

Moving to a more national level, the journalist tells us:

LAST DITCH MOVES BY SEGREGATIONISTS

in his report of the attitudes of the Arkansas Legislature towards the Little Rock incident.

But, on another page, across two columns, run these words:

FUND FOR NAMBUCCA HEADS ABORIGINES.

Back to the first page, and we are told:

FIRST PART OF MOON ROCKET SUCCESSFUL

as a view of a recent Cape Canaveral missile launching. Page 4, however, contains a report on a gathering.
of scientists from 26 nations in Amsterdam which is headed:—

"ROCKETS FOR PEACE" TALKS CALLED FOR

Moving from rockets to retailing, we read:—

GOVERNMENT URGED TO TAKE H.P. OUT OF "USURERS' HANDS"

an expression of the views of a meeting of the A.C.T.U. in Adelaide, a thought which lends added interest to a cable from London, published on another page, announcing the decision of an English bank to make substantial loans at 5 per cent., without security. This latter paragraph is headed:—

THREE "BIG 5" BANKS JOIN CREDIT BATTLE

and, to round off the "hopeful" observations, these:—

NEW PROJECTS FOR CARE OF AGED PEOPLE

£1M. PRINCE HENRY'S PROJECT NEAR END

the last, of course, relating to the completion this month of the new wing of Prince Henry's Hospital, Melbourne.

Could be that, before long, we could raise our voice, as one, with Robert Browning, and sing:—

GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN, ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD!

"... AND AMONG THE RETAIL GIANTS"

The words above are not ours. We merely quote from a phrase used by "The Observer," the thoughtful, new Australian fortnightly, when referring to Cox Brothers, in a recent review of retail trading in Australia.

But the term is not inapt, for the constant progress of our organisation is again manifest in the opening of another four stores since the last issue of this journal was printed.

In the June issue (when reporting the opening of three other stores) we made a facetious reference to the demands we make upon our printers, in requesting, so frequently, a resetting of the type on Page 2. With the addition of this latest quartet of retail units, the printers' headache has become really serious. The last straw has been added to the compositor's back. The addition of one more name to Page 2 will involve a complete new layout, using smaller type.

Who will ever forget the opening day of Snows in Blacktown? Here is just one section of the huge and enthusiastic crowd of shoppers.

So, if we say "Hoorah for printers' headaches!" it will not be because we lack sympathy for our good friends in Jeffcott street. That one extra line of type will simply mean that another new store has been launched—another milestone passed by Cox Brothers and its associated companies along the road of progress.

These new stores where, today, still more groups of Australians are buying across our counters are to be found in Bairnsdale and Warragul in Victoria, and at Blacktown and Manly, both suburbs of Sydney. The last two stores are operated by Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.

Floreat Coxonia!

THE FRONT COVER

Were it not for the slight suggestion of "modernity" (contained in the railing to be seen to the left of the horsemen) the delightful photograph on Page 1 of this issue could well be a portrayal of life in mediaeval England. Apart from that railing, and the knowledge that this picture was made by a modern camera, today's viewer might well be gazing upon a scene in rural England, exactly as it looked a few hundred years ago.

But we are afraid that the movement of this patrol of horsemen along a leafy lane had quite a prosaic purpose—although it must be admitted that those responsible showed a nice appreciation of public relations. For this group of Life Guards was out recruiting!

Men of this famous regiment—which is based on London, where its headquarters are—had been taking part in the Shropshire and West Midland Agricultural Show. As the wearing of that plumed helmet and steel cuirass calls for men of sturdy frame, advantage was taken of this country visit to send these Life Guards among the villages of North Shropshire to seek new wearers of the Queen's uniform.

This fine picture was taken by a photographer of the London "Times."
Snow Scenes
at Sydney Central

Described by MICKI JOLSON
(Training Officer, Sydney Snow Pty. Ltd.)

WE GROW AND GROW

It is only twelve short months since Snows began to build its ring of branch stores. The first suburban store, in Padstow, was opened in August, 1957. When its doors first swung wide, Padstow greeted a milling, excited crowd so large that the little store almost burst at the seams! This scene, however, was almost peaceful compared with the uproar when the new Blacktown store was opened for business, almost one year later. The Blacktown branch is many times larger than Padstow. Even so, the excited shoppers came in such force that those who couldn’t get inside rapidly formed a queue up on the pavement—and whilst there, still fought for position. It was certainly a sight for a retailer’s—sometimes—sore eyes!

Interest and enthusiasm had steadily mounted over the months, as local people had watched the store being built. Their shopping appetites were further whetted by a grand, eight-page supplement in the local Blacktown newspaper. This supplement, which was largely the work of Ron Murphy of our Advertising staff, gave Blacktown residents a full coverage of all merchandise which would be available. It also contained photos and personal jottings about the store’s manager, Jack Mulligan, and of a number of our outside salesmen who will be working in the area.

Mr. Mulligan has had an interesting and swift rise up the ladder of success. Eighteen months ago he was a salesman in the Men’s Shoe department in the main Sydney store. His first move was promotion to manager of the first branch at Padstow. Six months later, he moved on to the bigger branch at Fairfield. Now, he has been given his biggest chance, to date, at the helm of the Blacktown store.

THAT MASTER TOUCH!

The final of the store’s table tennis championship between Staff Manager Jack Wilson and Controller Viv. Cleary was tense and exciting. Judging was on a “best-of-three” basis. At the end of the second game, the score was level. Each man had one win to his credit. It was still “anybody’s match.” As to both skill and stamina, there seemed little to separate the two men. As the third game was drawing to its close, however, the old master, Jack Wilson (winner of so many table tennis competitions), forged ahead—and carried off the title for 1958.

WEDDINGS—PAST AND FUTURE

Recently-promoted branch manager, Earl Carr, was best man at the wedding of his good friend Brian Hall of our Display department. According to Earl’s own “partner-to-be,” Fay Sloane of our Staff Office, everything went off without a hitch.
The bride was on time, the groom wasn’t over-nervous—and the best man didn’t forget the ring! Two more intra-store romances have culminated in engagement announcements. They are those of Jan Noedl (Buying Office) to Mr. John Merrill- lees (Buyer of Towels and Napery) and Betty Clifton (Staff Office) to Mr. Fred Littlewood (Manchester).

The name “Littlewood” has cropped up quite often in Snows despatches, in the past. Fred is the most recent addition to our staff, from the Littlewood family. His mother, Mrs. Anne Littlewood, is Buyer of the Babywear section, and his lovely sister, Marlene, is a member of our Millinery staff.

Marlene also acts as a mannequin in the fashion parades featured from time to time on our fashion floor. Last year, Snows sponsored Marlene’s entry in the “Miss Australia” Quest—an experience she enjoyed immensely.

A TRUE CHEQUE MATE!

Mrs. Elizabeth Cridland, a saleswoman in the Hosiery Department, was judged the winner for July of a contest run each month to discover the “Sales Assistant of the Month.” When she was called to the Administrative Director’s office to receive her award, a cheque for five guineas, she requested that it be handed over, to help this year’s “Miss Australia” nominee (see photograph) in the raising of her £50 for the Spastic Centre, which is a condition of entry. All here thought it a wonderful gesture!

HE COUNTS HIS BLESSINGS

Les Beggs of the Despatch has returned to the fold after nearly six months’ absence following a disastrous car accident. He fractured his skull, jaw, one leg and a thumb. But Les isn’t complaining. He realises how lucky he is to be alive.

ADELAIDE REUNION

When Mr. Ray Rogers, Display Manager of Cox-Foys in Adelaide, was in Sydney recently, he naturally spent much of his time with our own Display Manager, Doug. Jones. But they were able to cover more ground than all the fascinating details of the ever-changing techniques of display business. Much of their discussion harked back to the city of Adelaide, past and present. For Adelaide is not only Doug. Jones’ birthplace. He spent the greater part of his life there.

THE TOP O’ BOURKE

(Headquarters of the Victoria and Riverina Division of Cox Brothers)

Everything is really cock-a-hoop, thisaway, for, as is reported elsewhere in this issue, we are literally bursting at the seams. Within the span of only a few weeks, four new stores have been opened. Following most successful launchings at Stawell and Morwell (as announced in the last issue), we now see our flag strongly raised and proudly flying in Bairnsdale and Warragul. All four stores are located in the State of Victoria.

These latest ventures in themselves have brought about certain managerial changes, but there have been other executive moves. The full list of these recent appointments, to date, is as follows:

- Mr. Hector Brittain, to Country Branch Controller;
- Mr. Tom Ahearn, to Field Sales Manager;
- Mr. E. Lennon, to Assistant Field Sales Manager;
- Mr. Allan Birch, to Buyer, Furniture and Carpets; and
- Mr. H. Roach, to Credit Manager.

New Branch appointments are:

- Mr. Bill O’Smotherly, from Manager, Mildura, to Manager, Box Hill;
- Mr. T. Foster, from Manager, Ararat, to Manager, Mildura;
- Mr. N. Mumford, from Assistant Manager, Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., to Manager, Ararat;
- Mr. Jack Evans, from Assistant Manager, Horsham, to Manager, Warragul; and
- Mr. R. Kewish, from Assistant Manager, Box Hill, to Manager, Bairnsdale.
THE GAY FOY BALL WAS FUN FOR ALL!

Basically, a Ball means music and rhythm. Where there is, as well, a floor show, thrills and laughter are added to the general variety. Dances may vary from the "hop-skip-and-jump" type of novelty number to the slow-motion movements of a dreamy waltz, with entertainment making a wide appeal, from acrobatic tumbling to pop singing.

But at the Foy Ball of 1958, held at the Palais de Danse, St. Kilda, on Wednesday, August 6, it was the voice and personality of pop singer Bill McCormack which seemed to impress most the majority of the guests. Possibly Melbourne's favourite vocal artist these days, Bill McCormack is heard on radio, in hotel and ballroom floor shows, in theatres like the Tivoli, and before the greatest audiences of all, on television. For some months now he has been regularly starred by Melbourne Station GTV9.

Many of Bill McCormack's songs are built around an Irish theme. Often these have a compelling lilt. Everyone at Foys Ball seemed to clamour for "Macnamara's Band." The staccato beat of this old favourite almost drove the listening audience into an additional dance number.

As soon as Bill McCormack stepped on to the band platform, hundreds of people left the tables and formed a solid "horseshoe" around the stage. The "Oohs" and "Aahs" of the 'teenagers were a reminder of what went on a few years ago in the United States during the early phase of the "ripening Sinatra."

Besides the call of his voice, Bill McCormack has the advantage of a rugged physique, dark Irish good looks and a very good stage presence. Much of his success as an artist is due to the manner in which he delivers his songs. But Bill McCormack did not appear until after midnight and the Ball had long since swung into its exhilarating run. Quite a crowd had taken the floor with the orchestra's opening number.

For the first time since the amalgamation of Foy & Gibson with Cox Brothers, the Chairman of the two companies, Sir Frank Richardson, was unable to attend the Foy Ball. His infectious smile and the gracious presence of Lady Richardson were missed by the many who have become accustomed to the Chief's friendly wave of greeting or his passing quip. Host of the Ball this year was Mr. L. E. Williams, General Manager of Foy & Gibson Limited, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Combined Social Club.

As Mr. and Mrs. Williams entered the foyer, they were greeted by Mr. L. J. McEwan, Secretary of the Combined Social Club. Mrs. Williams was presented with a sheaf of lovely flowers by Mr. McEwan's daughter, Mrs. Alan Craig.

With Mr. Williams at the "top table" were Mr. J. N. Watt, Deputy General Manager, and Mrs. Watt; Mr. A. J. Thomas, Merchandise Director, and Mrs. Thomas; Mr. Neil Neville, Merchandise Manager, and Mrs. Neville. Representing the suburban stores were Mr. Ivor Jolliffe, Manager at Prahran, and Mrs. Jolliffe, and Mr. Arch Griffiths, Manager at Collingwood, and Mrs. Griffiths. Each of the last two named executives was attending the Ball in a new role. Last year, Mr. Jolliffe held office in Cox Brothers as Personnel Manager of the Victoria and Riverina Division. In January this year, Mr. Jolliffe was transferred to Foy's.
with appointment as Store Manager, Collingwood. His move to manag ership in Chapel street dates from just two days before the night of the Ball.

For several years, Mr. Griffiths was Controller of all the Men’s and Boys' wear sections on the Lower Ground Floor, City Store. On July 21 he took charge of the Collingwood store, and so, like Mr. Jolliffe, he attended the Annual Ball, for the first time, as a Store Manager.

Cox Brothers also was well represented at the Ball. In addition to Mr. B. R. Richardson, who was accompanied by Mrs. Richardson, the official party included Mr. G. A. Bitcon, General Manager; Mr. A. E. Brown, Merchandising Director, and Mrs. Brown; Mr. V. T. Tilley, Secretary, and Mrs. Tilley; Mr. Ken James, Chief Accountant, and Mrs. James; and Mr. Geoff Hall, Methods Manager, and Mrs. Hall.

Among the visitors who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the happy scenes in the lovely Palais Ballroom were Mr. Bob Bilson (Colac) and his daughter, Miss Eril Bilson; Mr. Charles Langley, Secretary Retail Traders' Association, with Mrs. Langley; and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reid. Mr. Reid has been Foys Auditor for many years.

Numerically alone, the Ball was markedly successful. More than 800 guests danced the night away—indeed, the morning hours too. At 2 a.m. when George Miller's music gave out its last sweet note, there were still so many enthusiastic dancers on the floor that one hardly noticed the odd departures during the previous hour.

And the music was good. From romantic waltzes to the vigorous can-can, from the tom-tom beat of the conga “crocodiles” to the novelty numbers, George Miller and his men set tempo and rhythm which brought the crowd in full strength from the cabaret tables as soon as his baton moved.

As well, the orchestra provided all the incidental music for performers in the floor show. The variety and top-flight standards of this part of the night’s entertainment call for one more choice bloom to be added to the verbal bouquet tendered to the Committee. In addition to the five songs sung by Bill McCormack, guests warmly applauded Australian champion ballroom dancers, Amalda Rowe and Charles Smitheram, in a suite of exhibition numbers. This polished pair was followed by the breathless tumbling and balancing act of The Maxwells, a trio which also has been featured frequently on Victorian television programmes. These two girls and their male partner share an unusual endowment of Nature—indiarubber limbs! To those who earn a living less strenuously, it is somewhat staggering to discover how much strength can be packed into a petite female body.

Incidentally, there was one nice “home touch” about The Maxwell act in that the smallest—but oh! so compact and nimble—member of the trio was, a few years ago, a member of the staff of the Head Office of Cox Brothers. She is Miss Maureen Trickey, who will be remembered as secretary to Mr. A. S. G. (“Bert”) Stevens of the Buying Office.

The Palais de Danse, St. Kilda, is one of the finest ballrooms in Australia. Of magnificent size and proportions, it is most pleasingly decorated in soft pastel shades. The lighting is particularly attractive. As the management of the Palais present the famous Ballroom to its patrons, it offers pleasure and service of first class standard. This year, however, Foys own display staff added
their own skilled touch. Across the front of the stage, already upholstered in a quilted fabric of soft green, the name "FOYS" stood out, in large, cut-out letters, cream tinted. This alone made it definitely "our" ballroom for the night.

New in store managership, at the Foy Ball, were Mr. Arch Griffiths (left) and Mr. Ivor Jolliffe, recently appointed to lead, respectively, the Foy stores in Collingwood and Prahran.

But this "individual" note rang even louder in the decor which dominated the far end of the Palais. There, against backdrops which carried sketches of buildings and items of merchandise of the long ago, stood three models, constructed by Foys Display men, in conjunction with the Maintenance Section. Pride of place was given to a magnificent scale rendering, in three dimensions, of the Bourke street store, itself. Flanking this were two smaller models. One, in "plan" form, showed the layout of the new "Rooftop Cafe," looking "down," as though through a peephole in the ceiling. The model itself had no roof—just the floor area and the four walls. But seating, service counters, lighting and details of colour schemes, etc., were faithfully reproduced, in fine detail.

It was the remaining model, however, which fascinated most. Here, in amazing miniature, was a three-dimensional representation of the buildings comprising the Foy Store, in Smith street, Collingwood, as Melbourne's public knew them around the 1880 period. For fuller details and pictures, the reader is referred to the article "The Bandman Boys in Lilliput" on page 37.

All told, the Foy Ball of 1958 was the happiest of nights. The hard-working Committee which plans with such care this annual get-together that is so enjoyed by their colleagues, is a modest lot. Invariably, they just "take their bow" when the thanks of management and the staff as a whole are tendered officially, during the evening—this year, felicitously expressed by Mr. Neil Neville—and then they "go into retreat" and we seem to lose sight of them until the next Ball comes around. We certainly don't hear them crowning about their self-sacrificing efforts for others.

In the days following the 1958 Ball, however, people who meet Les McEwan, the indefatigable secretary of the Committee, have found him almost bouncing with glee, not only because he and his fellow members know that they ran, to perfection, a really wonderful staff party, but because this year more people than ever before have been telling the Committee what a magnificent job they did.

Seated close to the happy couples who swirled by, to the music of the Foy Ball, Mr. L. E. Williams and Mr. B. R. Richardson began reminiscing about their own earlier dancing years. As the camera flashed unexpectedly for this picture, Mr. Richardson was asking Mr. Williams: "What WAS the name of that night club in Paris?"
Here are six members of the Committee of the Gibsonia Social Club. Like their colleagues, they deserve the highest praise. Reading from the right, Mr. L. Holland (Despatch), Mr. L. J. McEwan (Secretary), Mrs. Betty Gall (Collingwood Office), Mr. L. Marshall (Chairman), Mrs. P. Walters (Prahran) and Mrs. Alice McIntyre (Collingwood Store). Impressive figure at left is Melbourne's top vocalist, Bill McCormack, who had just entertained guests at the 1958 Foy Ball.

To echo such an opinion here is not, therefore, "news," but we risk being boring by reaffirming with all the sincerity we can display that everyone present at the Foy Ball of 1958 is grateful to the Committee which organised it. With a happy grin, we bow low from the waist to Misses L. Noli and Y. Dolphin (City Store), Mesdames M. McCurdy and M. Walters, and Mr. G. Kirkham (Prahran), Mrs. B. Gall (Collingwood Office), Mrs. A. McIntyre (Collingwood Store), Mr. L. Holland (Collingwood Despatch), Miss D. Matheson (Cox Brothers, Head Office), Mr. J. Osborne (Cox Brothers, Bourke street), Mr. L. A. Marshall, Chairman of Committees, and Mr. L. J. McEwan, Secretary and Treasurer.

TO NEW FIELDS IN FOYS

Just as the sales assistant is trained to gain knowledge of systems which are applied throughout his store—perhaps a group of stores—and well beyond the functions of his or her own department, so are opportunities created for those in higher positions to gain further experience. For no matter how responsible the executive duty, it is extraordinary how much more can be learnt, each new day almost, about customer-store relationships, in a large retailing organisation.

During recent weeks the following new appointments in Foys have been announced:—

Mr. A. Griffiths, to Manager, Collingwood Store.

Mr. I. C. Jolliffe, to Manager, Prahran Store.

Mr. R. S. Crow, to Controller, Men's Store Departments.

Mr. J. P. Byrne, to Assistant Controller, Men's Store Departments.

Mr. D. Devenport, to Assistant to the Merchandise Manager.

The following managerial appointments have also been made:—

Miss R. Brennan, appointed Buyer of Blouses, City Store. Miss Brennan came from the Collingwood Store.

Miss E. A. Young has commenced duty with the company as Manageress, Skirts and Sportswear.

A FAMILY LINK IS BROKEN

DEATH OF MR. JAMES MACLELLAN

Thrown from his car when it ran off the road near San Remo, Victoria, on July 15, Mr. James Maclellan was killed instantly. He was only 27.

James Maclellan was the second son of the late Mr. Roy Maclellan, a Director of Foys for many years until the time of the amalgamation with Cox Brothers in 1955. Mr. Roy's father, John Maclellan, a nephew of William Gibson, co-founder of Foy & Gibson, was a member of the family partnership which administered the Foy stores in the early days. He took a prominent part in the development of the business from the original store in Smith street, Collingwood, to the Australia-wide organisation it became.

In expressing our deep sympathy to James Maclellan's mother, Mrs. Catherine Maclellan, and to his brothers, John-Peter and Robert, we speak for many people.
From HUGH LIMB
London Manager, Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited

MISGIVINGS

This, I should, perhaps, remind readers in Australia, is the height of the holiday season—in England. In rostering a small staff for leave, it is not so easy to “fill the gaps.” Each more or less “doubles up” for the other. But the net result is that we are usually “one short” over the holiday season.

All of which, of course, leads up to my urge to make one comment: that, being busier than usual, I fear that this “London Letter” may fall a little short in content, that is, of the coverage we have managed on other occasions.

PROUD IS HE—PROUD ARE WE

At the end of June we said farewell to Mr. Harold Norman. It was a sad day for all—for Harold Norman himself; for us, his colleagues. Sad, of course, only in that a fine man’s impressive period of service had run its course. Continuing with Cox Brothers after the amalgamation with Foy & Gibson Ltd. in 1955, Harold Norman had served the two companies, continuously, for just on 50 years. He joined the staff of the former London Buying Office of Foy in August, 1909.

But aside from the wrench of parting, Harold Marston Norman takes with him into his retirement, many happy memories and an unquenchable pride in the knowledge that throughout half a century of service, he played an important part in maintaining the reputation of a company whose name has been as honoured among English and Continental manufacturers as it has ever been at all levels, in Australia. That name, of course, is Foy & Gibson. For the past three years, of course, the skills and the wisdom of Mr. Norman have been of equal benefit to Cox Brothers.

The stores operated by our companies in Australia know Harold Norman as a buyer. But how extensive was his knowledge and capacity, for his field was a wide one, covering such departments as floor coverings, men’s and boys’ wear (raincoats, suits, knitwear, underwear, half hose, gloves, shoes, slippers, ties, scarves, etc.), bedding (wool, travelling rugs, blankets, mattress tickings and tufts).

We hope that when Harold Norman has settled down in complete enjoyment of his leisure years, he may feel like writing the story of his career, a history which we honestly believe would be of interest to readers everywhere.

Meanwhile we wish Mr. Norman and his wife many years of happiness and good health.

ENDLESS TOPIC

So far, little can be said in favour of our weather this summer as, no doubt, many visitors from overseas will agree. Strangely, it did not rain on St. Swithin’s Day—in London anyway—an omen which, to the superstitious at least, meant that we might not suffer the misfortune of a threatened “40 days rain,” which the future is supposed to provide if rain falls on that day. But who cares about superstition—after the weather we have had since? Floods here. Storms there. Cricket matches washed out. People putting on brave faces when asked: “What was your holiday weather like?”—as if their lack of sun tan didn’t already provide the answer! We except, of course, those fortunate people who can afford to take their summer holidays in the sunnier climes—like the South of France, Italy or Majorca.
These two random shots at the Foy Ball are pointers to the diversity of styles favoured by today's dancers. There was special floor space for jive enthusiasts. But, however they chose to move, all quests were very happy.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN IS GETTING A BIG GIRL NOW!

But, enough of the miseries! In other fields, faces grow brighter, particularly in those sections of the financial world which deal with hire purchase. There have been a succession of reductions in the bank rate, relaxations of the credit "squeeze" and an easing of hire purchase control.

One of the results of these relaxations has been a big upward surge in purchases "on tick" by the people of these islands. On January 1, 1958, the figure was £350,000,000. By the end of July business may increase still further are to be found in announcements in the newspapers during the last few weeks that several of the "Big Five" banks in this country who, up to the present, have not shown any marked interest in hire purchase and finance companies, are now investing considerable amounts.

IT'S WAR ON THE UNTIDY!

For many years, letters have appeared in the press from both our own people and overseas visitors, concerning the litter that has been spoiling

the total had leapt to £500,000,000. Most of this steep rise has been registered within the last few months.

It seems that the biggest item in this "buying-on-the-Never-Never" spree is motor cars. And not necessarily, new vehicles. There is tremendous interest in the secondhand car market. Next in the list of H.P. sales come household goods; radio sets, television receivers and musical instruments. Formidable though this latest total of "never never" buying may appear at first glance, however, the picture is not quite so bad when the amount is "broken down" on a household basis. On an average, each household in Britain has about £30 of goods being paid for on H.P. Despite the popularity of hire purchase business, there are still many households where there is always the hidden fear that indulging in hire purchase might be followed by a period of unemployment. With the breadwinner out of work, the entire family budget could collapse, for after deposits have been paid, there are seldom any savings. Hence, many people will not partake of the additional luxuries that hire purchase can bring.

Indications that this tremendous hire purchase

our beaches and countryside. Correspondents have pointed in particular to the dangers from broken glass and the like.

We are now hoping that a new anti-litter law which came into force on August 8 will assist in deterring those louts who, when they go for a picnic, leave behind them, strewn all over the place, wrapping paper, bottles, empty cans and the like. Such rubbish could easily be put back in the carrying bags which brought it and taken home for deposit in the household dustbin. On the other hand, proper receptacles are now being provided in greater number in the parks and streets throughout this country. Incidentally, the maximum fine for leaving litter around is now £10. It has yet to be seen whether this will be sufficient penalty.

ST. GEORGE ISN'T LICKED!

Those interested in philately (your correspondent himself hasn't got round to it—but his daughter, please note, is an avid collector!) are acutely interested in an announcement which appeared in the press the other day from Her
Majesty’s Post Office. This intimated that, later this month, postage stamps, of 3d. denomination only, are to be issued in differing designs which will identify them, respectively, with Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland, Guernsey, Jersey and the Isle of Man. This is a new departure indeed. In the past, our postal authorities have always been very conservative.

Mrs. L. E. Williams, wife of the General Manager, conscientiously looks away from the barrel as she draws winning marbles for the lucky programme prizes at the Foy Ball. Waiting to read out the numbers is Mr. L. J. McEwan, Secretary of the Social Club.

Already, however, there is an outcry! For it will be noticed that in the list of new stamps there is no mention of an English stamp! This is, of course, not altogether out of line with the pattern of life, in these parts, in other directions. The Welsh celebrate St. David’s Day. There is always great jubilation among the Irish community on St. Patrick’s Day. In Scotland, St. Andrew’s Day is traditionally honoured. But the Day of St. George of Merry England usually passes with only small comment—and very little celebration. Now the Royal Society of St. George Day is flooding the press with the question “Why no English stamp?”

Maybe we shall be able to give an answer in our next “London Letter.”

A HELPING HAND—IN DUPLICATE!

And that “Letter,” like this, will be typed, I hope, by Mrs. G. Payne, who has taken the place of Mrs. Doyle, as my secretary. Mrs. Payne came to England from Austria in 1947. Her English alone is perfect; in ways and outlook she is as English as the rest of us.

Already “settled in,” Mrs. Payne is, I am sure, feeling quite at home, but following the practice adopted with newcomers to the organisation in Australia, I hereby bid her “Welcome!”

MRS. WILLIAM JOHNSTON

Among those whose association with Foys goes back a little further than the past decade, a sad thought is now added to the memories of other years. With regret do we record the death, on July 21, of Catherine Fulton, wife of Mr. William Johnston.

Until he retired in February, 1949, “Bill” Johnston was known throughout the Foy organisation as Chief Accountant in the Head Office of Foys in Smith street, Collingwood. So closely was his name linked with that position in the minds of the staff, that it is difficult to think of Mr. Johnston in any other capacity. Memories would, in fact, have to span many years indeed, to name Mr. Johnston’s predecessor, for our former colleague joined Foys on January 8, 1909, and he was associated with the accounts side of the office throughout his 40 years of service.

Fellow workers in Smith street came to know Mrs. Johnston, and later their son, “Young Bill”—as his father always described him—almost as well as her husband. Mrs. Johnston was a frequent visitor to Collingwood Office in other days, and always had a smiling greeting for everyone. As for “Young Bill,” the office staff had ample opportunity to watch him grow up, for, although the Johnston home is in Brighton, Dad used to bring “Young Bill” all the way to Smith street about every two weeks to a quaint little shop in Webb street, Fitzroy—to get his hair cut!

Now William Johnston junior is married, with two children of his own. To him, to all other members of the related families, and to well-loved “Bill” Johnston himself, we convey here the deep sympathy which, we know, is felt in many directions.

AFTER SALES SERVICE!

In Glen Iris the other day a woman noticed a package lying on the roadway. Investigating, she found a bare a Foy label with an Elwood address. Presuming that it must have fallen from one of our delivery vans—and being a loyal Foy customer herself—the finder returned the parcel to Foys for re-direction.

The Despatch boys, though grateful, were puzzled. There had been nothing due to go to the Elwood house. Then someone had a closer look at the date on the label. It read: “27.10.36” and that’s when Foys had delivered it! Our Elwood customer had kept that box for nearly 22 years, and then, putting it to use a second time, for private purposes, had had the misfortune to drop it whilst travelling.

But aren’t some people thoughtful?
This year, the occasion took the form of a Dinner Dance and Fashion Parade at Tasmania's hardly less famous hotel. Over 400 sat down to dinner at 7.30 p.m.

At half past nine, the Fashion Parade, wholly conducted by Cox Brothers, commenced. This was a Parade of next Season's "After five" garments. Forty-eight glamorous gowns were modelled by eight mannequins, including Beverley Stewart (a former "Miss Victoria"), Julie McFarlane (runner-up to "Miss Australia"), Janet Barnett ("Miss Tasmania") and Bettye Jackson (former Victorian model, now established in Tasmania) with girls from her School of Charm.

This is the third year that Cox Brothers have conducted a Mannequin Parade for the same object, and it was unanimously agreed that this year was the best ever. A happy climax to the evening was a brief display of furs presented by Mr. Stephen Dattner who, by lucky chance, happened to be in Hobart for our Winter Fur promotion.

Our Showroom Buyer, Miss Beatrice Hall, was mainly responsible for the success of the Parade. The selection of garments, accessories and arranging the fittings for the wardrobe of each girl is no mean task, and Miss Hall was ably supported "behind the scenes" (in the dressing rooms) by Mesdames Denholm and Thompson.

Manager, Mr. Harry James, and Miss Hall were vastly rewarded and encouraged by the many congratulations showered upon them, after the show, for an outstanding presentation and entertainment.
With "curtain up," once more, a scene of brisk movement is revealed. On the wide stage we see not only a busy store and a busy city—but a busy man. The programme tells us that Mt. Gambier, in South Australia, is the setting. This is the story of one who, in all views, could well be described as the "leading man."

There has been a Cox Brothers store in Mt. Gambier since May, 1932. It is managed today by Mr. Stan Elliott. He has held that position since August, 1936, which is in itself a fine record. Twenty-two years in management.

Our representation in Mt. Gambier is, of course, different from the scene which greeted Mr. Elliott when he arrived there, in 1936. Incidentally, he had moved north to take this appointment after one month's training in Adelaide, where he had made his first start with Cox Brothers in July of that year. The Mt. Gambier store which Mr.

The Mayor and Mayoress of Mt. Gambier, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Elliott.

(Photograph by courtesy of the "Border Watch")

Elliott took over had a staff of one—a girl. Today, his staff numbers eleven, and this energetic group is now housed in a newer and larger building, the original store being vacated in August, 1949. Further additions to the present store were completed early in 1957.

From 1936 until 1941, the perimeter of Mt. Gambier's trade ran far beyond the city's limits. The "territory" of those days included Bordertown and Naracoorte, which meant that every month Mr. Elliott made a trip, northwards, of some 116 miles.

In all these activities, Stan Elliott was, so to speak, sniffing familiar air, for he was born at Mannum, and thus has a completely South Australian background. In his mind, in boyhood, was the idea of learning a trade. Side by side with this leaning, however, was a stronger ambition to become a commercial traveller. As he was, eventually, to move around the countryside quite a bit following his appointment to Mt. Gambier, it could be that Destiny herself had shaped the path which led Stan Elliott to Cox Brothers.

His first association with commerce was in an indent and wholesale warehouse. But this business folded up during the depression years, when Mr. Elliott was just 21. He then became a window dresser, and after some helpful years' experience in this important part of retail store work, he took over a small stationery and fancy goods store. It was from that first step in management that he began his administrative career with Cox Brothers.

The calls of work alone, therefore, have made of Stan Elliott a fairly busy man, although some might say, no busier than the average. But many men in comparable positions manage to drop the cares of office when the working period ends, each day, and find relaxation in a variety of ways. This man of Mt. Gambier, however, has for a long time interposed a sort of third personality between his "working self" and his "private self." As well as the calls of store and home, he heard another—the call of community service. Heeding this, he thus developed, to a marked degree, what might be described as his "civic self." Admittedly the management of a modern store in a
city like Mt. Gambier would tend to bring the
holder of that office into frequent contact with
many phases of municipal affairs. But some men
would have found it possible to meet obligations
in that direction and still leave civic matters, in
their own sphere, to take care of themselves.

Such an attitude, however, would run counter
to the outlook of Mr. Elliott. Having been a
resident in Mt. Gambier for more than a score
of years, his own livelihood being closely allied
with the general prosperity of the municipality,
he has long acknowledged the obligations of full
citizenship. In June, 1946, the Mt. Gambier
Council welcomed a new member. He was Cr.
S. H. Elliott.

But the road to the Town Hall had led through
other fields of community activity. From 1937 to
1941, Stan Elliott was Secretary of the Mt. Gambier
Traders' Association. Later, he became President.
Later still, this body acquired new status as the
Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Elliott served as
President of the Chamber for three years, in
1955-57. He is still an executive of the Chamber.

In this car Mr. Stan Elliott drove more than 100,000 miles, covering
the territory he used to visit from Mt. Gambier in the early days.
The picture was taken about 1937.

Whilst Secretary of the Traders' Association,
Mr. Elliott organised two Queen Competitions and
carnivals to aid wartime appeals. From both of
these, large sums of money were raised. He also
served on the Primary School Committee for
several years, and was President for three. A
further three years' service was given to the
Council of the High School. The Council of the
Technical School knows him also.

Under the municipal laws of South Australia,
the office of Alderman is still retained. After
three years as a Councillor, Mr. Elliott was elected
as an Alderman, and served in that capacity for
four years. He then withdrew from Council
affairs for two years, but stood, and was elected—
again as an Alderman—for three years, in 1955,
a term of office which ended in June of this year,
when he was again elected—unopposed—for a
further three years. During the past two years,
he has been the Senior Alderman, and on occa-
sions when the Mayor has been absent, Mr. Stan
Elliott has acted in the Mayoral capacity.

A few weeks ago Mr. J. H. Marks, O.B.E., the
Mayor of Mt. Gambier, had to resign from this
office, because of ill health. The vacancy thus
created was the first of its kind to occur in the
history of local government in Mt. Gambier where,
as in other South Australian cities, the Mayor is
elected by the people and not by his fellow coun-
cillors. Incidentally, he is also elected as an
individual, and must resign from the Council upon
nomination for the Mayoral office. A week or
two ago, Alderman Elliott tendered his resignation,
and on Friday, August 8, Mr. Stan Elliott was
elected, unopposed, as the Mayor of Mt. Gambier.

The circumstances of this election being some-
what in the nature of an emergency, Mr. Elliott
has not taken office with quite the same degree of
freedom, in planning his movements, as might a
candidate who had stood for that office at a normal
election. In consequence, Mr. Elliott has had to
warn the Council that, because of his business
ties, he may not be able to devote the same
amount of time to the duties of Mayor which
the City had enjoyed during the terms of office
of his two predecessors in the Mayoral chair. But,
remembering his impressive record of tireless
interest in the affairs of the municipality, one
can be sure that Mr. Elliott will not let Mt.
Gambier down. Anyway, the local citizens have
already expressed their full confidence in him.

As Mayor—and he is the 27th holder of this dis-
tinguished office, continuing a long line of civic
leadership in Mt. Gambier which dates from 1876
—our good colleague will have by his side as
Mayoress, his wife. Mrs. Elliott, too, has led a
busy life—apart from her normal duties as house-
wife and mother. In fact, her own record is
hardly less self-sacrificing, where public spirited-
ness is concerned, than that of her husband. For
four years she was the Secretary of the Infant
School Mothers' Club—their son attended this
school—and later served on the Parents' Associa-
tion of the High School. In 1955 she was elected President of the local branch of the Country Women’s Association, holding that office for two years. There followed a term with the Building Committee of the Association, which has just enjoyed the great satisfaction of completing very modern and attractive club rooms in Mt. Gambier which, by the way, has a population of some 13,500.

And as if this record of an unusually energetic man-and-wife team were not already varied and exciting to a point well above the average, it is worth recording that the interests of the Elliots in life in Mt. Gambier have not been entirely surveyed. For example, Mr. Elliott has been a keen cricketer and footballer. In 1938 he became Captain of South Gambier. Even when he left the field as a player, he was soon back as an umpire and he was giving decisions until as recently as 1950.

In 1946 he became the first Secretary of the Mt. Gambier and District Football League. When he relinquished this position, three years later, he was made one of the first two Life Members of the League to be created. Even amateur theatricals have made claim upon the unquenchable Stan Elliott. The first public money raised for the Mt. Gambier turf cricket wicket was obtained from the performance of a play which Mr. Elliott produced. He was also responsible for several variety shows put on in Mt. Gambier before the war.

Finally, there’s a further bouquet—to Mrs. Elliott who, among all her own individual contributions to the betterment of community life in Mt. Gambier, found time to manage the Mt. Gambier store during that period 1942-46 when Mr. Elliott was away on service in the R.A.A.F.

In its bright and prominent setting in Commercial street, the Cox Brothers store in Mt. Gambier has long been a focal point in the business life of the city. From now on, it could be that it will have to function, as well, as a sort of “auxiliary Town Hall.”

On behalf of all in the organisation, we hail—and congratulate—the new Mayor and Mayoress of Mt. Gambier, Mr. and Mrs. Stan Elliott.

Miss Winifred (“Biddy”) Billett with the handsome tablegram presented by management of Cox Brothers-Economic Stores, in appreciation of her 44 years’ service. With her on the day of her retirement, August 7, is Mr. Peter Warren, who succeeds Miss Billett as Buyer of Haberdashery.

This fine record has just been completed by a woman for whom we have the greatest respect and whose ability in her particular field, we can safely say, would be unsurpassed. We speak fondly of Miss Winifred Billett, known to all affectionately as “Biddy,” who began her long service leave on May 1 last, prior to retiring from business life on July 31. The utter devotion involved in 44 years’ work in one department can be more fully appreciated when it is also known that the particular section concerned is—Haberdashery. Because of the immense number of small articles which has to be handled under
This is the team of Rooftop Cafeteria staff which did much to ensure the success of the Cox-Eco farewell party for Miss Winifred Billett. L to r: Agnes Reeks, Kathleen Page, partly hidden behind Beatrice Hammond, Norma Vardi, Bonny Campbell, and Beth Cox, with Cafeteria Manager, Mr. Tom Lawler. Behind Miss Vardi, almost obscured, is Gladys Spence.

Now it remains only for us, the members of the Social Club, to echo Mr. Garvey's good wishes for Miss Billett and to extend the fond hope that she will enjoy to the full a long and very happy retirement.

MARRIAGE

Miss Sonia Cleva (Office) was married to Mr. Ted Morgan at St. Joseph's Church, Subiaco, on Saturday, August 9. Sonia made a dazzling picture in a white delustred satin frock with guipure lace bolero. This lovely gown was made for the bride by Lyn Cant (Office), who also attended her friend as bridesmaid.

Among the other friends from Cox-Eco who attended the reception at the R.S.L. Hall, Subiaco, we noticed Pauline Woods and Beryl Galliott.

To Sonia and Ted, our best wishes for a rosy future.

A DAY OF GRAND MEMORIES

Mrs. Marie Blackburn has been a member of our staff for nearly six years. Diligently, she has served in several departments on the Fashion Floor, and is at present 2/i/c to the Millinery Buyer, Mrs. R. Rothery. Always pleasant and
obliging, she has the happy knack of anticipating customers' requirements, invariably with resultant success.

Mrs. Marie Blackburn and her husband.

In July, 1933, Mrs. Blackburn was married at St. Andrew's Church, Subiaco. Nowadays she resides at Wanneroo, and has two grown-up sons. Proud, therefore, were Mrs. Blackburn's memories on July 29 last when she and her husband celebrated the 25th anniversary of their marriage.

To Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn we now extend our own congratulations upon this happy occasion.

ENGAGEMENT

On July 12 Miss Penny Hare (Office) announced her engagement to Mr. Barry Biddle.

To Penny and her man, we of the Social Club at Cox-Eco offer sincere good wishes for a very happy future.

Recently engaged are Miss Penny Hare (Office, Cox-Eco) and Mr. Barry Biddle.

EAVESDROPPING ON THE ESCALATOR

It was a day of heavy rain. Two damp-looking customers began their upward journey, in Foys, Bourke street. Said one to the other: "I'm telling you, it'll be no good going to that Rooftop Cafe. On a day like this the place will be washed out!"

FOOTNOTE—for the uninitiated. The Rooftop certainly stands on Foys roof, but it has a roof of its own—and completely watertight.

WRITTEN IN RUNDLE STREET

By WARREN BOTTOMLEY

THE GREAT WINTER SALE

The scene was set. The excitement mounted. The time of opening approached. The leading players were in their place. The entire cast was ready. The doors opened.

AND THE GREAT WINTER SALE WAS ON!

This year's event was not only particularly successful, but it brought back to the store several personalities who added to the spirit of comradeship and service. Noticed among the many familiar faces were Mrs. Beryl Hull and Mrs. Brenda Polden (Spotswear Dept.), Mrs. Kelly (ex-Foys) in the Mercery, and Mr. Cranwell (Men's Clothing). These "old hands," roped-in for the emergency, did a great job, as did the staff at large. Everywhere, it was a case of all shoulders pressed enthusiastically against the wheel, in floor supervising, guidance of customers, as well as in actual selling. There's a special congratulation to Mr. Rex, for sterling work on the First Floor.

THE ANNUAL BALL

The Cox-Foys Annual Ball was held on Friday, June 6. As before, it was staged at Pope Products Canteen and, again, was a most successful party. The good fun and companionship which mark
these gatherings go a long way to strengthen the ties between all members of the staff, thereby brightening the daily task within the Store.

Dancing was from 8 p.m. until 1 o'clock in the morning. There was an excellent floor show and supper, refreshments being continuously served at the tables. Once more, our congratulations go to Mr. Wilson for the big part he played in ensuring the success of this happy night. Let’s hope Pope’s has been booked for the next Ball!

This fair sex-tette comprises the staff of the Sports-wear section, Cox-Foys. They are, 1 to r, Peg Arnold, Junette Rowett, Phyl Churchill (“The Chief”), Lorraine Kraft, Joan Marsh and Amy Bartells. Picture taken at the recent Adelaide Ball.

But as we think of plans for 1959, we do want to register this thought. **There’s room for a lot more staff than we saw, this year.** And make no mistake, everyone is welcome. It’s not only good for us all, as a group, to get together in the free and easy atmosphere of a staff party, but each guest individually is assured of a right royal night. Remember, it costs nothing. The Social Club and other staff do the work. To get there, simply travel to stop 18, on the Port road, turn left—and follow the crowd!

**PERSONAL**

There was a bright luncheon party to mark our farewell to Mrs. Brenda Polden who, as Secretary to Mr. Joe Benson, Merchandising Manager, has resigned, after 18 months’ service. In her full-time devotion to home duties nowadays, she has the best wishes of one and all.

New Secretary to Mr. Benson is Mrs. Griffiths. A newcomer to the store, Mrs. Griffiths is also but recently arrived from England. She has been resident in Adelaide for little more than three months.

Our welcome, therefore, is twofold.

Mr. Kevin Foster has transferred from second in charge Mercery Department, to the Credit Office. We wish him well.

Our warmest congratulations and good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gilbert, our resident caretakers. On August 30 they will be celebrating the 31st anniversary of their wedding.

Miss Margaret Davies of Cox Bros., Pt. Augusta, S.A., who was recently married to Mr. Colin Dighton. Miss Davies was with the company for 11 years.

Miss Lorraine Kraft (Ladies’ Sportswear) celebrated her 21st birthday on June 24. Girl friends raised a glass to her on the occasion, and took her to luncheon the following day. From her husband there was a beautiful marcasite watch.

A personality of this store has been seen wearing diamonds on the third finger of her left hand. Our sincere congratulations to “La Tebella,” the Under N’ Slumber Wear Buyer, and to lucky Mr. George Tweddle, who hails from Western Australia.

[Those of us without French ancestors usually “dips our lid” to Miss Jean Tebble.—Ed. “S.”]

And, finally, there are congratulations, too, for Miss Dorothy Stewart (Hosiery) following the an-
nouncement of her engagement on July 9 to Mr. Eric Sauser.
Margaret Davies, who had eleven years' service with our company in the Port Augusta store, has left, for marriage to Mr. Colin Dighton, whose parents conduct the Western Hotel. We wish them all the happiness for the future.

BEHIND THE SCENES SERVICE
BY RAY ROGERS
Display Manager

During the 1957 Branch Managers’ Conference, discussions turned to Homes Exhibitions, and someone asked the question: "Why didn't we, as a company, hold our own exhibition?" This idea must have etched itself deeply on the mind of one Branch Manager. In no time, he had furnished Adelaide with particulars which were the preliminary foundations for a most successful exhibition.

At 10 a.m. on Monday, May 26, the Whyalla Homes Exhibition proudly opened its doors, and Mr. Max Luck, our Whyalla Branch Manager, saw his scribbled notes translated to impressive realities. Admission was free.

Early planning involves a lot of work on a promotion of this nature. Success or failure can hinge upon it. Mr. Luck is to be commended on the way he worked on all stages of detail. Through his co-operation, staff from Adelaide, who journeyed to Whyalla for the Exhibition, was able to arrive, with a clear picture of what they had to do and how to go about the setting up.

The Exhibition contained 16 displays of furniture and floor coverings, each dressed exactly as one would see such goods in the rooms of actual homes. This will give some idea of what transpired, prior to the opening day. Furniture for each room chosen; floor coverings selected and the soft furnishings arranged, to complete and enhance the overall effect, thus achieving co-ordinated display.

Two pantechnicons and a trailer left the Adelaide Bulk Store with all stock and other equipment on Saturday, to arrive at Whyalla on the Sunday at 7 a.m., when the Adelaide staff met Mr. Luck and, jointly, swung into action. It was an early hour for Sunday and there was a busy day ahead. But, by 11.30 that night, we could see a nearly completed Exhibition!

The Exhibition remained open until Friday, May 30, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. daily. Measured simply by the clock, these were long sessions, but such was the friendly nature of the people who came to view our display that time simply flew. This was due, to a great extent, to the high level of hospitality we enjoyed.

As the hall had been booked for a local dance on the Saturday, the day after the Exhibition closed, we performed some neat staff work. The first delivery left the hall at 6 a.m! All removal and packing was completed in ample time to permit the dance organisers to commence preparations.

This job done and the hall empty once more, all concerned knew a feeling of quite personal disappointment. A week of "something different" was over. Yet we knew the pride of achievement in a job well done. One member of the party was heard to say, "I'd like to come back on Monday." I think this reflected the feelings of one and all.

On the Sunday morning, after an enjoyable meal at the hotel, we began the 250 miles journey back to Adelaide. The party consisted of Mr. C. Berry, Furniture Buyer, Mr. F. Summerfield, Floor Coverings Buyer, Mr. B. Harford, Soft Furnishings Adviser, Mr. B. Boxer, National Venetian Blinds, and myself.

So that it may be prominently seen, I devote the closing lines to a tribute which we pay, with deep gratitude. We were and we remain tremendously indebted to Miss Aileen Ring of Whyalla. Miss Ring conducts a specialty store in the town, and from her stock she readily and gladly loaned to our company, for this Exhibition, specimens of lovely glass, crystal and pottery; in fact, any items we needed. It is not easy to express adequately in mere words our appreciation of Miss Ring's generosity and utter co-operation.
Broken Hill makes merry for a good cause. The Official Party arrives at the recent “Miss Australia” Cabaret to aid Spastic Children. L to r, Mr. A. Gainer (Spastic Council), Miss E. Williams (Younger Set), Mrs. C. Sisson, Mr. Clarrie Sisson (Manager, Cox Bros., Broken Hill), Mrs. Gainer (Spastic Council), Mr. Lloyd Winter (rep. Hickory S.A.), Miss Helen Wood (“Miss Australia” 1957), Mrs. Ron James (Spastic Council), Mr. W. Skeggs (President Spastic Council), Mrs. Sheila Gough (in charge of Cox Bros. Showroom), Mr. Gerald Gough and Miss Jessica Sutherland (chaperon of Miss Wood).

MINED IN BROKEN HILL

“MISS AUSTRALIA” AT COX BROTHERS

As Cox Brothers in Broken Hill are franchise holders for Hickory from Dowd Associates Pty. Ltd., Manager Clarrie Sisson and his staff recently had the privilege and pleasure of meeting and getting to know Miss Helen Wood, winner of the last “Miss Australia” Quest. Miss Wood visited Broken Hill to publicise the “Miss Australia” Quest, for Hickory, and to assist the Spastic Council in South Australia to obtain entrants for this year’s contest.

In a paradette of fashions, Helen Wood wore three lovely outfits which she wore overseas. Later, she was interviewed by Don Vincent, Manager of Century Theatres, and chatted gaily about her experiences on her tour abroad, to the obvious delight and interest of the large crowds which came to see her each time she paraded. Helen was accompanied by Jessica Sutherland, who spoke on behalf of the sponsors and of the advantages to be gained by entering the Quest.

Incidentally, this paradette was held in the long centre window of the Broken Hill store. It was set up as a lounge, complete with microphone, loud speaker, occasional tables, etc.—giving a good boost to our furniture and carpets!

PEOPLE WE KNOW

One of our popular lasses, Miss Vilma Mills of the Office staff, was married to Mr. David Satterthwaite at the Oxide Street Methodist Church on March 1. Vilma was attended by Miss Norma Harvey of the Showroom, as bridesmaid, and her sister (who came from Adelaide for the occasion) as matron of honour. Vilma had been given many gift evenings, one of them a “kitchen party” arranged by her bridesmaid, Norma Harvey. As Mrs. Satterthwaite, Vilma is still working with us.

There was more than the usual pleasure, as we gazed at the scene at the Oxide Street Methodist Church on March 29 when Margaret Flowers was married to Clem O’Brien—because they had met and decided their fate in Cox Brothers store. Margaret was, and still is, in charge of our Material Department. Clem, now with the Zinc Corporation, was until a year or two ago in our Furniture Dept. Margaret was a pretty bride. The church was beautifully decorated by her bridesmaids, one of whom, Beverley Reynolds of our Office Staff, was a dainty figure in blue.

Naturally, the staff was there in full force, and at the reception at the Masonic Hall where a sumptuous repast was enjoyed between dances.

Mr. and Mrs. David Satterthwaite. The bride is the former Vilma Mills, of the Office staff of Cox Bros., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Even happier than when writing out a docket is the former Margaret Flowers, of the Materials Dept., Cox Bros., Broken Hill, as she signs the register after her marriage to Mr. Clem O’Brien. The bridegroom once worked in the Furniture Dept. of the same store.
"MEET MT. GAMBIER!"

By S. H. ELLIOTT

We’re more than a bit sentimental about our fine store, and each year we like to celebrate the date of the opening of the present building in August, 1949. Instead of running up a flag or hanging up a circlet of laurel, we raise our glasses. Sitting down, of course, at what we now recognise as the Annual Staff Dinner. The whole eleven of our happy team enjoyed this year’s party held at the Mt. Gambier Hotel, on Wednesday, August 20. There was a visit to the King’s Theatre, afterwards.

To any store which has not arranged a get-together of this sort, we thoroughly recommend such a move, as a morale-builder.

On August 22, Janet Jarrad, of our number, celebrated her 21st birthday. To be sure that she “got off on the right foot,” the gift from her workmates was presented to her at a little ceremony before work for the day commenced. Janet has been with the company for just two years.

Western Whispers

Recorded by SYD WRIGHT

(Staff Manager, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Limited)

[In this issue, news from Perth is a team effort. Mr. Wright (who began the report—as is customary) was among the first to be able to take advantage of the long service leave provisions, recently enacted in Western Australia. When the time came to begin a six weeks motoring holiday, his predecessor, Mr. Jim Brisbane, seized the correspondent’s pen and finished the job, for his friend.—Ed. “S.”]

EMPIRE GAMES FOR PERTH IN 1962

On July 7 last Western Australians were, metaphorically speaking, on the receiving end of a tremendous kick!

Radios blared. The East-West telephone line buzzed. Local papers carried big headlines. History was in the making. The Australian, British and Commonwealth Games Association had chosen Perth as “host city” for the 1962 Empire Games!

The announcement led to the usual controversies, but—for Western Australia at any rate—it’s a case of “All’s well that ends well.” With the green light from the British Empire Games Federation in London on July 20, we have set our teeth and, already, are thinking hard about this venture which will involve a tremendous amount of self-sacrifice—and hard cash.

It is estimated that between 1,200 and 2,000 athletes from 35 British Empire countries and States, with teams up to a dozen or more, from the smaller possessions, like Fiji, Uganda and North Borneo, will compete in the Games. In addition, it is calculated that some 300,000 spectators, from home and abroad, will crowd our small city for the ten days the Games are held.

Naturally, this huge influx will give us a great sporting, cultural and economic boost, with the possibility of a spending potential of something like £2,000,000. In addition will be the large capital outlay for an Olympic Pool, a Velodrome, the Games Village, and all those general necessities, to ensure the complete success of a grand event.

We of the retail trade cannot but anticipate a busy and prosperous time, preparatory to and during the period of the 1962 Empire Games.
THE REEL (AND YARN!) SPINNERS!

Should have mentioned earlier that Perth Central Controllers, Ted Stanford, John Barker and Bill Caporn, spent an enjoyable week at Nornalup, in the south-west of the State, in March.

Although the number which made this year's pilgrimage was smaller than in 1957, the fish were, allegedly, bigger. Stories of "the one that got away" commanded spellbound listeners, back home at the store.

Bill Caporn claims as a record, a "one-and-a-half-minute-fish-to-pan" effort, an entirely new approach to the usual "fish story" racket.

This is how the record—if there ever was one!—was broken. Ted Stanford caught the fish at the water's edge, threw it to Bill (standing a few yards behind, inshore), who cleaned it. The morsel was then thrown to John Barker, who popped it into the pan—1½ minutes, flat! This assembly line procedure continued until the pan was full!

Just the sort of efficient service one would expect from three astute Controllers!

"DEARER IS LOVE THAN LIFE..."

As Time, with its passing hours, gently brushes, like healing fingers, the heart that is scarred, that which caused the wound is perhaps best left imprisoned in the locked caskets of memory.

So often, however, from tragedy, springs heroism, and it is largely because interstate readers may have had no other opportunity to learn of such an occasion, of recent happening in Perth, that we record the following story, condensed from reports in the "Sunday Times" and the "Week End Mail."

On a Saturday afternoon in mid-June, two girls were alone in a suburban house. They were sisters, Jacqueline aged 17, and Roslyn only 13. Their father and mother and two brothers being away from the home, the two girls decided to scrape the paint off an old cupboard. After a time, Ros. felt cold, and the older sister sent her inside to get a jacket.

What happened thereafter is uncertain, but it is assumed that the younger girl stood in front of a wood stove, with her back to the stove doors, to warm up. A moment later, her dress was on fire, and she ran, screaming, from the house. Jacqueline ran after her. Unable to catch her sister and throw her down, Jacqueline frantically tried to tear the clothes from her young sister's body as she ran. In doing so, the older girl suffered extensive burns to her hands.

Jacqueline Hills

Before neighbours caught her and swathed her in a blanket, the terrified Roslyn had most of her clothing burnt off her. She was rushed to hospital, with over 85 per cent. of her body burnt. Unhappily, she died after an amazing and courageous fight. As a rule, victims with such extensive burns rarely live more than an hour. To save her life, doctors at the Royal Perth Hospital fought for more than a month—but in vain.

Jacqueline, her own burnt hands having healed and the shock from a dreadful experience having lessened, has gone back to her job. Which is one other reason why we are moved to print this story, for this brave and resourceful girl is Jacqueline Hills, a sales assistant in the Camera Department of Foys, Perth.

Her attempt to save her sister, without thought for herself, was a revelation of devotion and love which will long remain in the hearts of those who have worked beside her.

ENGAGEMENT

Miss Grace Smith (Biscuit Counter) announced her engagement to Mr. Lloyd Denney on July 18. As always, our best wishes for the future.

MARRIAGES

There's a "happier-than-ever" note about this record, in that the bride, in each of the two weddings we have to report, bears the same name—because they are sisters. Miss Shirley Conduit (Hosiery Department) was married to Mr. Donald
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Jones after their wedding in May. Foys Perth knew the bride as Miss Shirley Conduit of the Hosiery.

Jones at St. Peter's Church, Victoria Park, on May 24. The reception was held at a flat in Terrace Drive.

On June 21, the marriage of Miss Maureen Conduit (Toy Department) and Mr. Frank Coulson was celebrated at St. Peter's, Victoria Park. St. Peter's Hall was the scene of the reception.

**KATANNING KAPERS**

*By ARTHUR KNIGHT*

Miss Lillian McFarland, Showroom Buyer, will long remember July 21. Not only was it her birthday, but the day she became engaged.

Lillian has been with the Foy Family for over 13 years, both in city and country stores. We wish her all happiness for the future.

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. G. ("Chick") Melvin, whose son Noel was born on July 12. "Chick" is part of the "Happy Hardware" group, specialising in the Paint Section.

Some people seem to have their photograph taken time and again—and whether they like it or not. Such is the fate of the two sons of our Accountant, Mr. Maurice Fratel. Maurice has such a liking for his own Christian name that he has bestowed it, as the second name, on each of his sons. He says that any other sons will bear it too.

The Social Committee is organising a picnic, to take place during the warmer months, at our nearest seaside resort, Albany. Although 106 miles away, it could be a combined effort between Foys Albany and ourselves. Imagine the "shop talk" there will be!

Many are the remedies recommended for curing
a cold. Here's one more—an unusual one. Recently Eric McFarland (Manchester) was selected to play in the Great Southern Hockey Carnival. On the Friday before the game, Eric was suffering with a heavy cold, and lamented that he probably would not be able to play. We've yet to discover, however, what could keep Eric away from a hockey field. Like a true sportsman, he was in the line-up on Saturday, still suffering.

It rained continually throughout the Carnival, with three inches of water covering the field! But believe it or not, when Monday morning came, there was Eric, sparking on all four—minus one cold.

MANJIMUP MEMOS

By ROBERT JOHNS

We could not begin otherwise than to devote this opening line to the introduction to readers everywhere of our very own candidate in the "Miss Australia" Quest. She is beautiful honey blonde, Rossi Pugh. Her charm and personality are such that we are confident that she will go a long way in the contest.

On July 18 we held a Cabaret to assist our Miss Pugh's entry. The night was a great success. Not until three o'clock in the morning did the party end! All who went from the store had a very enjoyable time—although we are still wondering a little about one guest who was seen the next morning wearing shoes that were definitely odd. One was black—the other brown!

Congratulations to Doug Major (Office) and his wife upon the arrival of a daughter.

Damaged dial sported by Len Edwards (Footwear) worried us, for a while. This gentle game of football! (Never did hear how the other bloke fared.)

We are about to lose two of our staff who have decided to follow Florence Nightingale's profession. Jackie Blackwell (Office) and Jan Sutherland are both leaving soon to begin hospital training.

Good luck—and noble nursing!

The Buyers' annual trip to the "Big Smoke" has begun. First departures were Mr. P. Bourne (Furniture), Mr. G. Major (Grocery), Mr. L. Edwards (Footwear) and Mrs. R. Connelly (Manchester). Apart from everything else, let's hope they bring some fine weather back with them.

NEWS FROM NARROGIN

By STAN NORRISH

[As contributors to "Service," there's no more enthusiastic band than the staff of Foys in Narrogin, W.A. They keep us posted with news, pretty regularly. The following report differs from the last, however. Notice? Hitherto, the Narrogin dispatches have been contributed under the nom de plume "Myobb." Over in the West, this disguise was easily penetrated. Elsewhere, we wondered. Now, we know. Our long-faithful scribe is Store Manager, Mr. Stan Norrish. Make your bow, S.N.! —Ed. "S."]

SOCIAL CLUB

At the social and dance held in the C.W.A. Hall on Wednesday, July 9, everyone had a grand time. Unfortunately the weather was almost freezing. This kept a few people away. For those who "made it," however, the night went with the usual swing of these gatherings.

The thanks of all go to Bill Hiller, Nell Blight and their band of workers for a most able and enjoyable effort.

APPOINTMENT

Mr. Ron Foreman (D.P.M. Furniture) has been appointed as Assistant Manager, with effect August 1.

He's already heard our congratulations. Now he can read them.

NEW STAFF MEMBERS

New face in the Manchester is that of Mark Higgins—a t'othersider. Unfortunately Mark has had a spell in hospital, but we trust that he will soon be well enough to resume duty.

Bill Hall has rejoined the staff. He was with us three or four years ago, in the Men's and Boys' wear.

Good luck to them both!

FOR NEW FIELDS

Ray Pearce of the Furniture has forsaken us, to take a position with a firm of builders. He feels he will be better off in the wide open spaces. He took with him the good wishes of all.
HEAVEN'S ABOVE!

That's not an unreasonable appraisal as one contemplates the new cafe at Foys, Bourke street. For between this delightful room on the roof of the City Store and the blue sky above, there's nothing but lashings of good, clean, Victorian air. Hence Foy's choice of "The Rooftop Cafe" as the name of Melbourne's latest public rendezvous.

This name offers the added advantage of being its own directional aid. It was felt that after glimpsing one of the many signs now to be seen throughout the store, indicating that the cafe is to be found at roof-top level, the seeker of the succulent steak or other fine food would automatically make for the elevators or escalators.

REFRESHMENT ON THE ROOF

A passing reference to this Mecca for Melbourne gourmets was made in the "Foaming Tankards" article in our last issue when we referred to the removal of the dining room and its kitchen from the 4th floor to that built on portion of the roof which is generally described as the "fifth floor." It was on this higher level that the Advertising, House Stationery and Display were located, prior to the removal of administration to "Gibsonia House," in Swanston street. The fifth floor structure also housed the staff cafeteria, which is now an integral part of the "Rooftop Cafe."

Today, only a very few weeks since the changeover was made, it is already not easy to recall just where these various sections stood. The fine, spacious lines of the new cafe have completely obliterated the former "landmarks." The change reminds one of those transformation scenes in the old-time Christmas pantomime when, by deft movements of scenery and changes of lighting, the peasant's kitchen dissolved into the palace of the princess. In place of those long stretches of masonite partitionings and festoons of flex and chain where fluorescent light fittings hung from high ceilings, the visitor to the Rooftop Cafe—occupying the same space—is entranced by wide...

The seated customers and those forming the long queue to the counter are typical of the crowds which have thronged the new Rooftop Cafe at Foys Bourke street since the opening day on July 22.
vistas, pastel toned walls and ceiling, and soft lights.

If there is one other surprise awaiting each newcomer to the Rooftop Cafe, it would surely be that there is not a single window to be seen. Not one chink of daylight penetrates the gay decor of this large but completely enclosed cafe. The absence of windows, however, is no handicap. The soft air which blows down from Melbourne's hills or is carried inland across the waters of the nearby Bay is trapped—on Foy's roof. Drawn into

of the most delightful restaurants in Melbourne.

When Foy's City Store was opened to the public, in its completed form, in 1936, the entire 4th floor, with the exception of a relatively small office area, was planned for relaxed dining. Those with longer memories will recall that the tables of the original Dining Room extended right across the floor to the Swanston street windows. And where this seating accommodation ended, only just short of the Bourke street frontage, there stood a fine stage, complete with scenic effects and controlled

The very attractive staff section of the Rooftop Cafe at Foys, Melbourne Central. On the wall, at left, are some of the murals executed by Mr. Ken Bandman, Foys Display Controller.

an air conditioning plant, it is washed and filtered and piped into the Rooftop Cafe, sweeter than ever. Even Dame Nature herself could not “manipulate” her element as readily as do Foys, for temperature controls provide a pleasant warmth in mid-winter, just as the summer days will be made delightfully but artificially cool.

PERPETUATING A FINE TRADITION

It is fitting that this new cafe at Foys Melbourne Central should be a place of restful beauty, for the “Rooftop” replaces what was, at one time, one lighting. Like the larger stages of the professional theatre, there was a tasselled curtain of rich, red velvet. The Foy stage also had a deep apron, large enough to hold a grand piano and the orchestras which entertained guests at afternoon tea or provided the incidental music for those outstanding fashion parades which were often held at night.

In those days, there extended from the stage almost to the elevators on the north wall, one of the longest catwalks ever seen in Melbourne. It was quite an elaborate structure. Softly carpeted, it had its own in-built lighting behind angled
panels of frosted glass at floor level. Like stage footlights, these floor lamps threw a soft glow on to the rich fabrics of the gowns modelled by the parading mannequins. This catwalk was so long that it was quite possible for at least four girls to be moving at once.

Worth recalling, too, is that as part of the Christmas attraction for the children who visited Foy's City Store, just twenty years ago, there was presented in this former dining room, for the first time in Australia, a stage adaptation of Walt Disney's still-famous film creation, "Snow White." Who could ever forget the sight of Grumpy, with Sleepy, Sneezy and Happy, Droopy, Dopey and Doc, as the Seven Dwarfs—brought to "life," for the first time, in Foy's—swung along Foy's catwalk to the compelling rhythm of "Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! It's off to work we go."

Such recollections are indicative of that degree of service which Foys has long rendered to the Melbourne public. Unfortunately, the fine facilities of the earlier dining room had to be slashed unmercifully during the years of World War II when it was so difficult, on the one hand, to obtain staff. On the other, Foys was compelled to find space for the furnishing stocks which had to be removed from the Foy-Ackman store in Flinders street (opened only in 1938) when the Government commandeered that building for service purposes. The dining room shrank to about a quarter of its former size and was never again able to expand to its original inspiring dimensions.

IN COLOURFUL SPLENDOUR

Now has come the renaissance. Like the top-most jewel in a regal crown, the new cafe surmounts the roof of Foys, glowing with light and warmth. The first impression is one of spaciousness, for the rows of gleaming tables and coloured chairs extend over a distance of 92 ft. The width of the cafe is 74 ft. The area available to the general public is roughly 70 ft. by 50 ft., with a seating capacity of 244. Beyond it, the staff area has a depth of 22 ft. by the full width of the building. The kitchen and serving counter cover the remaining corner area. All told, the "Rooftop" will accommodate some 390 visitors at a single sitting.

The long, flush ceiling has been painted in a deep sage green. There is an indefinable mist green shade in the floor covering, and almost three-quarters of the wall surfaces are covered by a series of murals, executed in a basic tint of blue-green which, under electric lighting, has the effect of a soft grey.

Yet, the colour which dominates the whole room is a warm red. Officially described as "Fiesta," it is virtually a blend of burgundy and claret. This rich shade covers the canopy which overhangs the full length—some 40 ft.—of the serving counter. Beneath this canopy is fluorescent tube lighting which bathes the pale blue, white-pointed tiles on the wall that divides the serving counter from the kitchen, and is finally reflected back from the various bright-finished fixtures on the serving counter. The well-proportioned roof columns are also treated in this Fiesta red, with black bases. Adding to the gayness of this scene is the mosaic of colour, in profusion, provided by the vinyl-covered, foam rubber upholstered chairs and the tops of the tables.

As has been mentioned, the Foy "Rooftop Cafe" is windowless. In place of glazings in this unusual dining room are 38 hand-painted panels in designs which remind one of an Oriental screen. On a background of blue-green, the designs have been painted in fine lines of black. The motifs, in the main, are tree branches and flower stems, in somewhat symbolic form. Where the picture is suggestive of a tree, there is to be found an occasional bird, with wing feathers picked out in strokes of gay colour. Where blossom is portrayed, the petals gleam even brighter than Nature's own magic.

These murals are the work of Ken Bandman, Foys Display Controller. Although permanent
fixtures on the walls, each panel is exhibited with the same care as the works of other artists which are displayed in a public gallery. The hooded lamps, inclined towards the walls, highlight the lines and colours of the murals, and also provide, in their long rows, indirect lighting for the cafe itself.

The full illumination of this windowless room comes from additional lighting. Recessed into the ceiling and frequently spaced are filament lamps which burn behind grilles, throwing soft beams on to the tables below, and between these apertures are rows of other lights, pendant in shades of unusual design. As the accompanying photographs show, some are long and slender, rather like an elongated Indian club. Others remind one of large—but slightly flattened—tangerines. The colouring of all these shades is a natural parchment, piped with black. Viewed in conjunction with the murals, these light fixtures have added to the general decor a slightly Oriental touch.

This effect is heightened by the splashes of Fiesta day, July 22, the new dining room was fully equipped and ready for a “trial run” the previous day. Guided only by signs on the various floors, customers flocked to the roof, and large crowds have visited the cafe—every dinner is in cafeteria style, but with a wide variety of fine foods. As well, there is a special grill bar where the juiciest steaks are produced in three minutes by infra-red heat. Prices, in all directions, are most attractive.

This really delightful restaurant is a “dream-come-true” for its Manager, Mark Wilson. When Mr. Wilson joined Foy’s after the Manton store in Bourke street closed down in 1955, he left another famous eating place—for the Manton Dining Room was another wonderfully equipped floor—to manage the very modest cafe which space limitations had imposed upon Foy’s City Store. Now, there may be a few larger restaurants in Melbourne, but none more attractive—and certainly none more solidly supported by the public—than Foy’s “Rooftop Cafe.”

red which is not unlike the colour frequently used in good Chinese lacquer work.

Incidentally, the result is not inappropriate when it is remembered that the new arcade entrance at the rear of the building links Foy’s with Little Bourke street, that narrow and fascinating thoroughfare which has been, throughout the city’s history, the heart of Melbourne’s “China-town.”

PUBLIC RESPONSE IS IMMEDIATE

All in all, therefore, Foy’s has provided the city with a very fine public amenity. And the public has been quick to appreciate this. Although the “Rooftop Cafe” was not officially opened—as the result of advertisements in the press—until Tues-

The spacious area of the new Rooftop Cafe in Foys Bourke street will find uses other than catering. On Tuesday, August 12, the new restaurant was the scene of a preview of new season’s foundation garments by Berlei, at a special presentation for Foy’s staff. Here, two of the six models demonstrate the new hi-waister Sarong girdle with matching bra and a delightful new corselette. All these garments are made of nylon. The parade was presented and compered by Miss Patricia Watson, Sales Supervisor of Berlei.

STAFF NEEDS STUDIED

Management is most happy about this new venture and its reception by customers. There is particular satisfaction in the knowledge that Foy personnel have for their own exclusive use one of the nicest dining rooms that any organisation could provide for its staff. They fully deserve it.

The staff enjoys exactly the same facilities, bright atmosphere and food as the general public, the two areas being only lightly divided by a low line of flower boxes, with a kind of horizontal lattice, in polished wood, rising above the floral decorations to a height of about 6 ft. This is quite open, so that every guest using the room enjoys a full and clear view of the entire cafe.
ALL WORKERS DID A MAGNIFICENT JOB

The creation of a new dining room, with all the latest kitchen and related equipment such as the "Rooftop Cafe" possesses, is not achieved by any one brain or pair of hands. Specialists in many fields have to get together to work out all the complicated details of seating accommodation, cooking and service facilities, food movement and even food storage. From the architects Howden and McLean down to the smallest sub-contractor, all those associated with Foys in the creation of the "Rooftop Cafe" deserve—and are now offered—our highest praise. The construction work, held to a tight schedule, was often done under difficult conditions, for unlike a new building in course of erection, where one phase of work can follow another, the transformation of the former roof structure to its present "jewel box" appearance, frequently meant that workers of half a dozen or more types had to work simultaneously and almost shoulder to shoulder. In the midst of all the din and dust which attends any job of this kind, there was in addition the very complicated job of raising the lifting machinery of two elevators to an equivalent of three floors higher up. Now customers who, hitherto, have never been able to travel higher than the 4th floor of the City Store, can be carried, in express elevators, from the Ground Floor to the "Rooftop Cafe."

The building of this cafe also threw a great deal of heavy work upon Foy's own Maintenance staff, and tended also to dislocate the normal habits of all other staff for a week or two. There was great teamwork, great loyalty and great understanding, however, and to these good people in its own ranks Foys now say, "Thank you."

PRESS, RADIO AND TV VISIT ROOFTOP CAFE

Delighted by the happy atmosphere of the highly successful—though "unofficial"—opening day, Mr. L. E. Williams, General Manager of Foys, seized the opportunity of the late afternoon lull to invite representatives of Melbourne's newspapers and radio and television stations to "come and see for themselves." In outlining the interesting details of the construction and equipping of the Rooftop Cafe, Mr. Williams paid public tribute to all the workers—including our own—whose wonderful co-operation had enabled the Dining Room to be opened—and to function so smoothly—that very day. Mr. Williams invited his guests to raise their glasses and speed the new venture on its way.

A FINAL TRIBUTE

Mr. J. N. Watt, Deputy General Manager, who supported Mr. Williams with technical details of the project, spoke also of the company's gratitude to Mr. A. W. Keown. Here is a heartwarming story indeed. During the war years, the services of Mark Wilson and other Melbourne catering experts were utilised by the Commonwealth Government in the organisation of canteens for munitions and other essential workers on war projects. In charge of this large-scale workers' welfare planning was Mr. Albert William Keown, for long associated with the food services of the Victorian Railways. Mr. Keown and his team achieved prodigious results, and he developed a very warm and deep personal regard for these men who shared his responsibility. It was to prove a very lasting affection.

In the middle of all the complicated construction work which preceded the opening of the Rooftop Cafe, Mr. Mark Wilson became ill and had to undergo a serious operation. There was no one in our own ranks to take his place. Our predicament became known to Mr. A. W. Keown. Now in retirement, Mr. Keown acted immediately. With remembrance of the loyal service which he, himself, had enjoyed from Mark Wilson ever warm in his mind, Mr. Keown approached Foys and offered his services as "stand in" until Mr. Wilson could resume duty.

Happily, Mark Wilson has made a remarkably quick recovery. He was actually well enough to attend this gathering of pressmen and was thus able to stand beside his former leader and hear the tributes paid to his devotion. Mr. Keown's self-sacrificing action was not only a moving testimonial to his friend, Mark Wilson, but an extraordinarily nice—and how valued!—compliment to Foys.

This happy picture—which came our way a little late—shows Miss Grace Olten in the act of blowing out the major candle at her 21st Birthday Party on May 11. Unfortunately, Miss Olten, a member of the Dining Room staff, Foys, Melbourne Central, had to relinquish work, owing to illness, a week or two ago. Her many friends wish her a speedy recovery.

(Photograph by courtesy of Tower Studio.)

Judge: "I'm going to sentence you to twenty years hard labour."
Prisoner: "But, your Honour, I won't live that long."
Judge: "Well, just do your best."
Duncan Bissett (Manchester Buyer). The latter pair won after a most exciting struggle. So much interest was displayed in this Tournament that there are plans afoot for another contest in September.

ACCIDENT

On his way to work at midnight on June 20, one of our night cleaners, Rowley Wardley, had an argument with a new Holden. As Mr. Wardley was on foot, he came off second best and was taken to Wallsend Hospital where he was admitted. Fortunately, no bones were broken, but Rowley received severe injuries. A particularly painful knee injury has caused both suffering and concern. Latest reports are that he is making steady progress, but it will be some considerable time before he is able to resume his duties.

We were all deeply concerned by Rowley Wardley’s accident, and the entire staff wishes him a speedy and complete recovery.

THAT LAD WITH HIS ARROWS

Cupid has been busy again! Two of the Newcastle staff are proudly displaying shining rings. Sylvia Millard (Footwear) announced her engagement to Mr. Colin Wild, and Ruth Twoomey (Accessories) is now betrothed to Mr. Laurie Lorenz.

We extend congratulations and best wishes to both happy couples.

NEWCASTLE NEWSLETTER

From ENID DAVEY
(Cox Brothers (Australia) Limited, Newcastle)

ALL QUIET ON THE SOCIAL FRONT

Socially, things have been a bit humdrum since the Cabaret, and the ending of the “Queen Competition.” It seems quite strange to walk into the lunch room and not find boxes of delicious home made sweets, cakes, etc., for sale. But perhaps it’s just as well. Waistlines must be considered—despite the “Sack”!

SPORTING ACTIVITIES

Compensating for the lack of social whirl, however, has been a round of sporting activities. A group of boys in the store has formed a basket ball team and are playing in the Winter Night competition. As they are new to it, they have not had any spectacular successes, but have acquitted themselves quite creditably by winning a few matches. That’s no mean feat, for the game is taken quite seriously in Newcastle—so seriously in fact that during a recent practice match Geoff Power of the Despatch nearly had his hand broken! Nice, gentle game!

A few girls of the staff play in the Women’s Basket Ball Association Saturday Afternoon Competition. They are in the “A” Reserve, and, to date, are leading their grade. This has inspired them to inquire about the night competition for girls, played under men’s rules. Efforts are being made to build a staff team. The boys will have to look to their laurels. We can see a challenge match in the offing!

One of the latest addicts to golf is Del Smith, Mr. Tonks’ Secretary. She travels to Raymond Terrace, a distance of approximately 18 miles, each week end and practises with keen enthusiasm. Keep it up, Del!

Whilst on the subject of sport, the Tennis Tournament held in connection with the Queen Competition deserves mention. It was keenly contested, and the hard fought finals were between Joan Petrie (Accessories Buyer) with Reg Lee (Display Manager) and Joyce Smith (Visitor) with Duncan Bissett (Manchester Buyer). The latter pair won after a most exciting struggle. So much interest was displayed in this Tournament that there are plans afoot for another contest in September.

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Cupid has been busy again! Two of the Newcastle staff are proudly displaying shining rings. Sylvia Millard (Footwear) announced her engagement to Mr. Colin Wild, and Ruth Twoomey (Accessories) is now betrothed to Mr. Laurie Lorenz.

We extend congratulations and best wishes to both happy couples.
the mercurichrome all over her from eyebrows to shoes. Her face looked like an Indian in full war paint. Staff going to the lunch room for morning tea took fright at the horrible sight. Someone was overheard to express fears for the sanity of the decorated one, as he saw her later, vigorously scrubbing her legs with Bon Ami!

In all the resultant confusion, the poor lass with the damaged knee was completely overlooked, and had to minister to herself, after all.

THE BUGLE SOUNDS!
The long arm of the Army has caught up with John Williams of the Display Department. He will be departing for regions in Queensland on August 13, for approximately three months. As John is tall and rangy, we anticipate he will need new clothes on his return, for the boys usually gain weight after a spell in the Army. Must be the good food!

CESSNOCK STOP PRESS
A newflash from Cessnock tells of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. Clem Moore on July 29. The boy has been named Raymond. Clem is Cessnock's outdoor representative. Congratulations to the happy parents.

AROUND THE CORNER
By JOHN L. CREMEAN
(Assistant Staff Controller, Foy & Gibson Limited, Melbourne.)

Bill Jenner, Shirts, who has had a rough time over the past twelve months with health anxieties, is back "on the job" again. Friends—and they are many—hope that his worries are over for good.

The many friends of George Trevillian, Supervisor, Third Floor, were much concerned by the recent serious illness of his mother. Latest reports, however, are indicative of good progress.

Mr. Tom Bennett (Electricians) Foys Bourke street, receives lucky programme prize from Mr. Cyril Baxter (Furniture Controller) at the Foy Ball.

Mr. Len Hocking, Supervisor, Ground Floor, is busy these weekends plying an energetic paint brush to his local bowling green headquarters. He scatches the widespread rumour that he has been seeking advice in colour selection from Display Controller Ken Bandman. Apparently if the finished job is dazzling, he's ready to take the blame—or the credit!

Miss Mollie Headland (Coats) and Miss Sheila Roche (Suits and Costumes) will be off to Queensland's Gold Coast on a holiday in September.

Among any large group of workers, it's unlikely that a week can go by without someone being laid aside as the result of an accident. In our own ranks the graph seems to have risen more steeply than usual, of late.

Some weeks ago, Miss Lois Foster, Tube Room, had a fall on the escalator, bruising and skimming her legs to an extent which kept her away for a fortnight. It's good to see her back.

Festive foursome at Foy Ball. Cyril Tarrant, Men's Store, Bourke street, Mrs. Tarrant, Miss Jane Edwards and Geoff Blackney, also Men's Store.

A hurt back—again from a fall—has claimed Mrs. Cracknell, Corset Salon. If the thoughts of friends were as potent as medical aid, she'd soon be on her feet again.

Colleen Byrne, daughter of Assistant Maintenance Controller Pat Byrne, is another member of the Corset staff to meet with mishap. Result: a painful ankle.

A broken leg put Miss Edna Bernhard out of action for a while. Now this popular Supervisor of the Fashion Floor is back on deck.

And as if this list were not saddening enough, we have Noreen Phillips of the Coats also nursing a broken leg.

Two "milestone" birthdays. The ripe majority of a "21st" came for Patricia Bernaldo, Frocks, on August 21.

Eileen Bridgeman, Accounts Office, celebrated her 21st birthday on June 21. A keen tennis player, Miss Bridgeman has collected a trophy or two.

On August 14, there were greetings, too, for Eileen Smith, known throughout the store as the "Mail Girl." That was her 18th birthday.

On the "family front," there's a mention in
despatches for Mrs. Barbara Barratt, Ladies' Shoes, who has resigned in infanticipation—her first.

The “stork semaphore” read: “To Esme and Max Harrington—a son.” Max is on the Tailoring staff. Seems he’s trying to revive that former pop number, “Walking the Floor Over You”!

Hands still wave in farewell to three popular colleagues.

Miss Jessie While, Ladies' Shoes, has resigned for health reasons.

Lorraine Spitzer, Corset Salon, has plans for marriage next March. An opportunity to enjoy, meantime, an extended holiday tour with her parents has led to her parting company with us a little sooner. Says she'll fill in the rest of the time learning to cook!

Gone, too, is Sister Cochran, of Staff Welfare. To her place, in this all-important first aid post, has moved Sister Muirhead, who hitherto has served us, as a special fitter, in the Corset Salon.

In today's colour conscious world, we tend to take for granted our fresh looking buildings and their brightly painted interiors—without giving a second thought, maybe, to the men who achieve and maintain these happy effects that create the cheerful surroundings in which the rest of us work.

Yet, every big store has its maintenance squad which includes a team of painters. It would be interesting to try to compute how many gallons of paint, lacquer and the like Mr. E. W. Kimpton applied to Foy walls during his 15½ years' service with the company. Known to all in Bourke street—by his cheery smile especially—Ted Kimpton retired on July 6, his 65th birthday.

We wish him well in his retirement. Maybe he, in turn, will never lose his feelings of pride that he has, literally, “left his mark” upon the place he served so long.

Mrs. M. Fletcher, Glove Buyer at Bourke street, resigned on August 15. To her new work she takes with her the good wishes of all her former colleagues in the City store.

Around this time of the year, there's plenty doing, in this neck of the woods. The telephone rings a little more frequently; typewriters seem to tap at a higher tempo. Heads are well down over desks. The reporting notebook and pencil are best left aside.

But some happenings “speak for themselves.” For example, Miss Val Molyneux, Share Department, brought new brightness into the office, with
smile and precious stone. On July 25, she announced her engagement to Mr. Dayrl Jenkins. It was a time for celebration anyway, as the day was, as well, her 20th birthday.

On August 25, Miss Val Macdonald of the Buying Office notched her 21st birthday. As secretary to Mr. Vic Warne, Miss Macdonald—a blonde wisp, with mercurial movements—is well known to interstate buyers.

The maturity of twenty-one years now rests also upon the straight shoulders of Miss Sandra Russell, secretary to Mr. V. T. Tilley. Congratulations showered upon her at a very early hour on the all-important day, August 7, for she was those who attend a Foy Ball, seeking editorial copy, can meet unexpected situations. The moment after midnight on August 6 was the first minute of the 21st birthday of Sandra Russell, secretary to Mr. V. T. Tilley. Reluctant to acknowledge the loud speaker greetings, Miss Russell had to be coaxed from her chair by John Gorbutt, who was thus "caught in the act," as the camera flashed.

Those who attend a Foy Ball, seeking editorial copy, can meet unexpected situations. The moment after midnight on August 6 was the first minute of the 21st birthday of Sandra Russell, secretary to Mr. V. T. Tilley. Reluctant to acknowledge the loud speaker greetings, Miss Russell had to be coaxed from her chair by John Gorbutt, who was thus "caught in the act," as the camera flashed.

a guest at the Foy Ball on the night of August 6. What better time than the minute after midnight for her friends to sing: "Happy birthday to you!"

Although he has been kept busy in Melbourne during the past year or two, Store Planning Manager, B. A. Hummerstone, has "moved around" more than many executives, in the course of his long association with Cox Brothers. And it is a long period of service. Just how long was precisely acknowledged on July 31 when the company's "25 years" certificate was presented to Mr. "Bert" Hummerstone. By so many is he known affectionately by his nickname, that his full Christian names are seldom used. His parents named him "Bertram Albert"—which makes him an "each-way Bert."

If our reporting gets a little ragged round the edges, at times, it's usually unavoidable. We have to depend so much upon the efforts of others. Just the same, we like to keep our own mind tidy, and for the sake of accurate record we make this correction.

In the April issue, we named the daughter born to Mrs. Ron Clarke, the former Nancy Briggs of the Share Office, as "Lee-Anne." When she's old enough to respond to a greeting, she will answer to the even more distinctive name of "Leearn."

Chapel Street Chatter

By MARY McCURDY

(Foys, Prahran)

The retail merry-go-round seems to make more stops at Chapel street than most places. We're continually greeting new faces.

There was a warm welcome for new Store Manager, Mr. Ivar Jolliffe, who has come to us from the same executive level, in Collingwood. One thing we share with Smith street—both thoroughfares run north and south! Correspondingly, we said "Au revoir" to former Store Manager, Mr. Ray Crow, who has returned to the City Store to take over the important job of Controller of the Men's Store sections. We wish him great success.

On behalf of the entire staff, all of whom held him in great affection, Mr. Les Jones presented Mr. Crow with a farewell gift, as novel as it will be useful—a Sunbeam frypan.

How good it is to have Beryl Rowley back with us, after her spell in hospital. The Wools and Laces sections look their old self again—like their brisk leader.

Illness of shorter duration kept Keith Elliott, Manager, Hardware and Electrical, away from us for longer than we liked. But he, too, is back among his beloved pots, pans and mowers.

Sickness has been an anxiety, too, for Mrs. L. Chirnside, Hosiery—but the patient was her son, Roger. After a serious illness in hospital, however, it's good news that he has been able to return home.

Nor does this exhaust the strains we humans know because of the body's ailments. Miss Jean Innes, Grocery, knew concern because of an eye operation needed by her mother, for whom, once again, there's a fervent "Get well, soon," call, from us all.

Some familiar faces are missing. We have farewell Mrs. Myra Carr (Cash Office) and Mrs.
No camera shyness in Maree Ann Kerr, granddaughter of Mrs. Margaret Carroll, Cafe, Foys Prahran. Maree Ann was judged "Champion Baby" at the "La Verna" Carnival, last February.

Barbara Greenwood (Haby.). Both have resigned to give full time to home duties.

We miss, as well, Mrs. Olive Lambert (Maids-wear), who has left to take a similar position in another store. Parting gifts of a coffee percolator and wall mirror were presented by Staff supervisor, J. Glen Doig.

Now we have a working grandmother. On August 17, Pauline, daughter of Mrs. Ann Birch (Sportswear), gave birth to a son, Mark. And off to Adelaide by air, pops Mrs. Birch, the following weekend, to see her brood.

Newcomers are Mrs. Florence Wood and Mrs. Maureen Pratt, both of the Laces, etc., section. Actually it's a "re-welcome" to Mrs. Wood, for she worked here some four years ago.

**A Woman on the Wing**

Already well advanced on a world wide tour which she began early this month is Miss Sylvia Gillard, Knitwear Buyer at Foys, Melbourne Central. Travelling first to Japan, Miss Gillard heads for London, via the United States. Then will follow visits to various centres of particular interest on the Continent. She is expected back in Melbourne towards the end of October.

**An Appeal with a Sharp Edge!**

The maintenance blokes whose job it is to remove stuck-on posters from windows, mirrors and other similar surfaces, find old "Gem" razor blades most helpful for this work. This is the blade with a single cutting edge. The other side is held in a metal "sleeve."

The average man using a safety razor usually gets a headache, now and then, about getting rid of old blades. Here's the opportunity. Send them to Mr. Jack Goldie, Foys City Store. Any quantity taken.

This appeal is directed, of course, to Melbourne staff or friends.

**The Quiet Corner**

By what standard should we measure the length of Life's roadway? Today, we celebrate the achievement of the centenarian. Tomorrow, we mourn the death of a tiny baby.

Yet each fulfils its purpose as a human unit. No matter what the span of life, our very existence is important—not to ourselves but to others. If by the simple actions of breathing or opening our eyes, to gaze, with love, upon those around us, we create but a moment of happiness for someone else, then we have not lived in vain.

It is the mystery of parting; the memories of other days which cloud the mind and create sadness. With full understanding, we think of—

Mrs. Gadean, Wool Department, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., Perth, in the loss of her daughter.

Miss Jacqueline Hills, Camera Bar, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., Perth, whose sister Roslyn died in July.

Mr. William Hocking, Manchester, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., Perth, in the loss of his wife.

Mr. James ("Ernie") Howlett, Tobacco Counter, Foy & Gibson (W.A.) Ltd., Perth. His mother has died.

Mr. Col. Tobin, Cox Brothers, Mt. Gambier, S.A., in the death, in May last, of his youngest child, Bronwyn, as the result of an accident.

"Thy Will be Done"
Highlight of Foys Bourke Street windows, in the Christmas displays of 1957, was a presentation of the story of Gulliver's Travels. Occupying the whole of the large window to the right of the great doorway, this tableau, which contained many moving figures and fittings, combined in one scene various characters and incidents related in Dean Swift's beloved story. The "Retail Merchandiser," official journal of the Retail Traders' Association of Victoria, in its November issue of last year, selected this ingenious creation as the "Window of the Month."

This Lilliputian venture must have got into the blood of Display Controller Ken Bandman and his nimble-fingered team, although to free this enterprising band of even an implied suggestion that they could have suffered from a sort of "artistic hangover," it is only fair to point out that most men remain little boys at heart—to the extent, of course, that nothing seems to appeal more to the male mind than "playing with trains." How often has Junior been stopped from running his model railway because Dad had got at it first?

The department store of the last century looked and functioned.

Such a comparison could have been well achieved—as in some directions it was—by working on simple reproductions, in the form of enlarged photographs and drawings. Yet, though the flat, two-dimensional representation may be sufficiently revealing as to historical detail and novelty, it is not as substantial or, perhaps, so fascinating as a creation in three dimensions.

And so, the talents of the display artists which might have been committed solely to paper or canvas were switched to wood, glass, plastics and a dozen other materials helpful to the model maker. Added to this basic equipment was the amazing skill of the Foy team, plus the undoubted enthusiasm of these boys for a project which was not, perhaps, so very different from Dad's urge to monopolise his son's miniature train set.

For purely internal use—largely for the guidance of Foys own Maintenance team—the Bandman men had made only a short time before a model, in plan form, showing the seating and lighting layouts and other details of the recently constructed Rooftop Cafe. Here, perhaps, the itch began. Instead of a single department, why not an entire store building? Painstakingly, this idea was developed. How intricate was the detail which had to be studied and then fashioned, is revealed in the accompanying photograph of the model of the Foys City Store which dominated the end wall of St. Kilda's Palais on the night of the Foy Ball. It is now on public display in the City Store.
The Swanston street frontage of the model of Foys, Melbourne Central. Pavement newspaper kiosk (centre) is known to all city pedestrians. Note the TV set mounted on pillar, behind glass doors of the main entrance, at right.

Due to the limitations of our page size, it is not possible, unfortunately, to reveal in greater detail the marvellous effects achieved in these miniature window displays. The utmost praise is due, of course, to the ingenuity of these artists in constructing the model, as a whole, for it is made accurately to scale and contains faithful reproductions of almost every architectural detail. The amount of work involved will be better appreciated, no doubt, when the dimensions of this model are quoted. Height 3 ft. 6in. from pavement to parapet. The longer wall, on Swanston street, has been reduced to 6 ft., whilst the Bourke street frontage has been condensed to a mere 4 ft. 6 in.

Keen eyes will notice the last-minute addition (ensuring that the model was absolutely representative) of the “penthouse” structure on the far eastern wall. The building and purpose of the actual tower were described in the “Foaming Tankards” article in our last issue. Heightening the realism of the reproduction of this building at the intersection of Bourke and Swanston streets—so familiar to the million and more people of Melbourne—are the illuminated signs which, in the model, too, were electrically lit; the street lighting standard, burning brightly; the traffic lights on the corner, also wired for current; and the very familiar newspaper kiosk on the Swanston street pavement. Practically all of Foys staff buys its evening paper from this vendor.

Even the television set which is put in position each night behind the glass doors of the great entrance for the entertainment of passers by was faithfully included in the model. This tiny TV receiver was not much larger than a caramel!

But it was in the planning, the fashioning and the fitting of the window displays that the Foy display team really excelled itself. There are 15 individual displays to be seen, all reproduced in most recognisable detail as to colourings, design, etc. Reading from left to right as the windows run around the complete corner, these displays contained tiny replicas of merchandise from the following departments: Hardware, Linos, Carpets, Furniture (2), Soft Furnishings, Manchester,
Menswear (2), Fashions, Ladies' Shoes, Fashions again (and this window contained a tiny, revolving turntable, electrically driven!), more Fashions, Fabrics, Fashions once more, and finally, Millinery. And each window was lit with individual electric spotlights!

In years to come—and with any luck this model should be available to a generation or two in the future—the people of Melbourne will be able to refresh their memories (or become informed) as to what the city's favourite store looked like in 1958. For, it should not be forgotten, that retailing plays an important part in the life of any community. In the history books of the future, the department store will undoubtedly be mentioned, much as reference is made by historians of today to the cottage weaver or the village potter of the past. A future generation of Melburnians may look upon a model like this City Store masterpiece as a treasured relic.

There should be an even more intense interest in a third model constructed by Foy's display team, since this perpetuates a form of retail activity which Melbourne of today already recalls, with memories which go back over 70-odd years. Working only from the two-dimensional lines of a very old and faded photograph, Ken Bandman's men have produced virtually a scale model of the old Mark Foy store buildings, as they stood in Smith street in the years between 1870 and 1880. Although it is smaller in every way, both as to size of the original building and the scale of reduction, the construction of this model is possibly an even greater artistic triumph than the rendering of the "big brother" store in Bourke street. To start with, there was far, far less detail available for guidance. In "duplicating" the many items of merchandise displayed in the windows of

this model of the old Collingwood store, the very movement of the wheels of Fashion made the task more difficult. In making, say, a model of a TV receiver, the artist has the full size article to copy. But for these tiny Smith street windows, a young man, still in his 20's today, could only make a guess as to the size and shape of, say, a "stovepipe" linen collar, as worn by his great-grandfather. Yet, under a magnifying glass, such collars and many other goods in common use more than half a century ago can be clearly seen and recognised in this fantastic "doll's house" of commerce.

Attention is drawn, particularly, to the Manchester and Furniture windows to be seen in the close-up picture of this model. In the former are piles of single bed and double bed blankets, with bolts of flannel, linen and other materials, all carrying individual price tickets showing sizes and widths. In the Furniture window is a wardrobe, a settee, an upholstered armchair, a dressing table and a wall bracket.

The actual dimensions of the model of the Smith street store are revealed in this comparison with a large packet of cigarettes and a pint bottle of milk.

Even this close-up of the Manchester and Furniture windows in the model of the Smith street store does not reveal adequately the minute detail of the model maker's art in fashioning the many lines of merchandise, in miniature, on display. Appreciation of all this minutiæ will be sharpened by a study of the following photograph.
Yet, as demonstrated in a further photograph, either of these windows could be almost completely obscured by a packet of 20 of today's cigarettes and not king-size either! Although there has been no opportunity to make the test, we have a feeling that the tall wardrobe in this window could easily be slipped inside such a cigarette box! The sheer vision and inventiveness, the unbelievably keen eyes and steady hands which combined to bring these models into being, are almost stunning to the lay mind.

Ask any member of Foy's display team, including Mr. Bandman himself, "Who was responsible for what?" in the making of these three absorbingly interesting miniatures, and you will get a deferential reply, "Oh, it was just a team effort." Maybe it was; in fact, it could hardly be otherwise. But how and where do you pin a medal on a team? So, to bestow the individual recognition which is rightfully due, without in any way endeavouring to apportion the unbelievable skill—and pleasure—which went into the construction of these models, we'll name the Foy display team concerned as a whole. And to spare anyone a blush, we print them simply in alphabetical order, with the exception of Mr. Ken Bandman himself (most people know him, anyway) and Aubrey Brooks, the clever carpenter who carried out much of the joinery work which is, literally, built into these three models.

Our skilled model makers are: Graham Bakker, Clem Clarke, Ron Cook, Jennifer Field, Ernie Freeman, Rudolf George, Michael Hanly, Graeme Jackson, William Kirkham, George Ross, Owen Smith, Len Teese, Allan Wearn and Dana Woolsey.

Auld acquaintance is renewed at the Foy Ball. At back Mrs. Dudley Crump (sister of Mr. L. E. Williams), Mr. A. E. Brown (Director and Merchandising Manager, Cox Bros.) and Mr. Geoff Hall (Methods Manager, Cox Bros.). In front, Mrs. A. J. Thomas, wife of Merchandise Director, Foy's, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hall.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Many of the fine photographs reproduced in this issue—at the Foy Ball, of the "Lilliput" models, and in the new Rooftop Cafe, in Foy's, Melbourne—were taken by Dennis Russell.

We compliment Mr. Russell upon the clarity, composition and—now and then—the split-second timing of his photography.

The Next issue of "SERVICE" will be Published in October. Please send all copy before 30th September

WE LOSE A DEVOTED AIDE

Widely known throughout Foy's city store, and certainly not unknown in the suburban stores, Miss Gladys Pierce resigned on July 4. She joined Foy's in April, 1951, with appointment in the Merchandise Office. Six months later she became secretary to Mr. A. J. Thomas, who in those days (in the direct administration of Foy & Gibson Limited) combined the office of Store Manager at Bourke street with Merchandise Manager of the three Melbourne stores, as well as Adelaide. Later that year he became a full director of Foy & Gibson (Stores) Pty. Ltd. In December, 1955, Mr. Thomas was appointed a director of Foy & Gibson Limited, and more recently, his "working office" has been designated "Merchandise Director" of Foy's.

From these indications alone, it can be gathered that whoever assisted Mr. Thomas had a busy job, carrying proportionate responsibilities. Gladys Pierce not only met all these obligations with quiet efficiency, but with great amiability. There was always a warm and sincere smile for all who knocked at Mr. Thomas' door.

We wish her well.
Library Digitised Collections

Author/s:
Foy & Gibson

Title:
Foy & Gibson newsletters

Date:
1947-1967 (incomplete)

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File Description:
Service no.57 August 1958