

# PUNCH & DIE

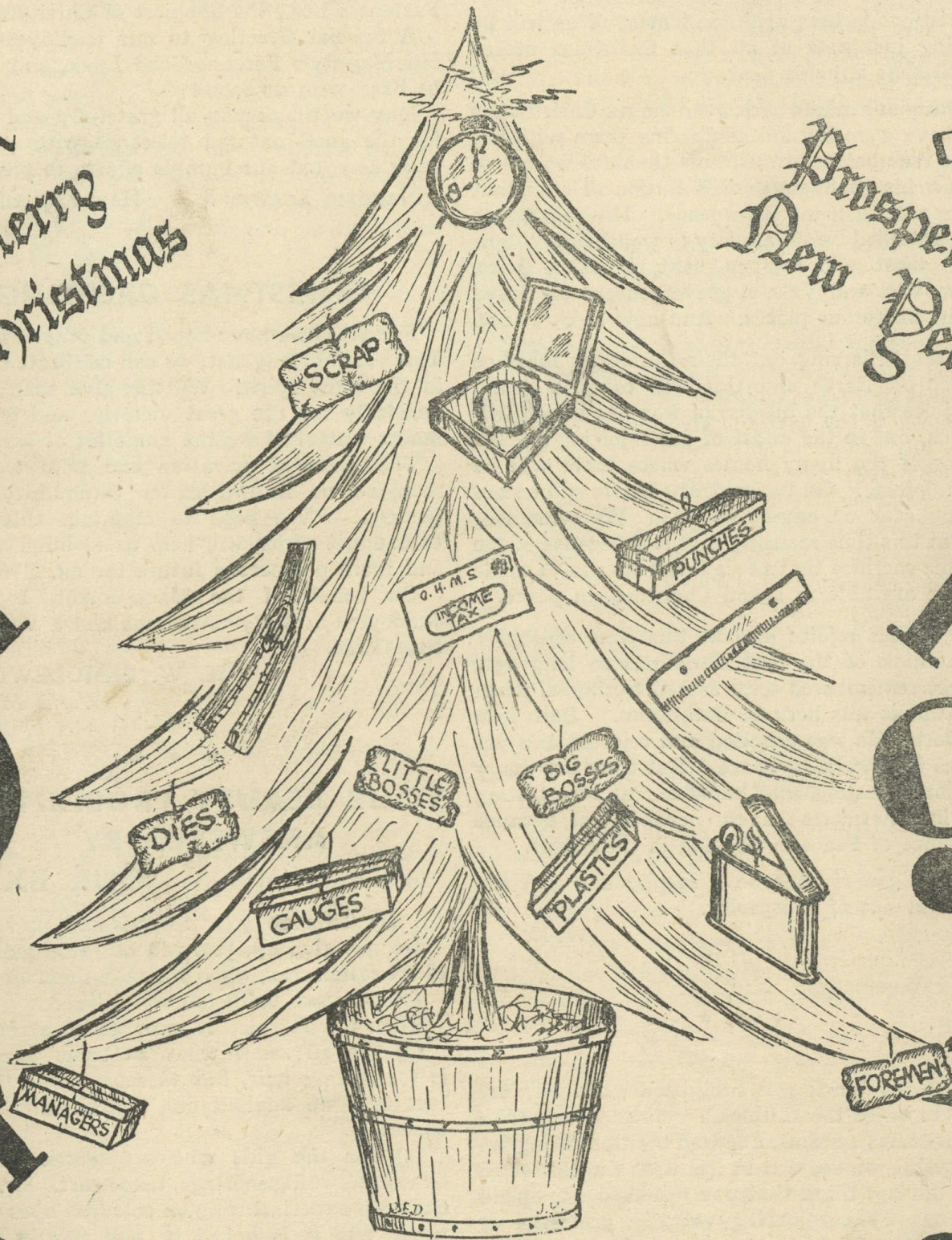
CHRISTMAS]

Aero Zipp Fasteners Limited Magazine

[1945

*A Merry Christmas*

*& Prosperous  
New Year*



IN THE PAST FEW MONTHS  
THESE HAVE GIVEN YOU THE PIP,  
SO HAVE A GOOD TIME,  
AND FORGET AERO ZIPP.



## EDITORIAL

### Christmas

Christmas is here again and most of us will be thinking just now of all that Christmas means and all that it holds dear.

Casting our minds back over the six Christmases that have gone by and comparing them with the season that lies before us, how thankful we are to God for his goodness to this Nation of ours that we are able to spend it in peace. The years gone by were filled with anxiety; wondering "how long," what will happen next, invasion fears, blitzes, VI's and Vz's, a grave concern for loved ones in dangerous places. And now . . . Peace.

As the bells ring out their Christmas message "Peace on Earth and Goodwill towards men," we rejoice that the burden of war has been lifted from us, but in the midst of our rejoicing we will not forget the many homes where there will be little rejoicing. On the contrary hearts will be sad as they gaze on empty chairs. We remember them at this time realising that it is because of the supreme sacrifice that those loved ones have made that we are able to spend Christmas in peace.

Our hearts rejoice also at this time especially as we think of the first Christmas so long ago, and yet remembered with sacred freshness, when Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem. Born into this world, He was despised and rejected and yet He was the Prince of Peace. But there are many this Christmastide who know a true and lasting peace in their hearts that can never be lost, because the Prince of Peace is reigning in their lives.

May this Christmas be a Happy one and the New Year one of Prosperity.

W. N.

\* \* \*

The above article was submitted while we were trying to write the Editorial. Since it expresses the Christmas sentiment better than anything we could write, we decided to use it as the Editorial. As we did not think that you would like to spend Christmas by considering weighty problems or grudges, the rest of this number is just fun. We hope you like it.

A. BLOOMER

J. BACKER

(Editors).

## NADOLIG LLAWEN !

The Editors of the Magazine wish the Management, co-workers and friends of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., the happiest of Christmases.

A Special Greeting to our employees now in His Majesty's Forces—Good Luck, and may you be back with us soon!

May we thank you all gratefully and sincerely for the good natured tolerance with which you have accepted our humble efforts to please.

NADOLIG LLAWEN !

HAPPY CHRISTMAS !

\* \* \*

## CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

For years we have hoped and prayed for peace. This year, at long last, we can celebrate Christmas in the right spirit. We can give thanks wholeheartedly for the great victories and we are no longer disturbed by the anxieties of war time.

The years of privation and hard work have moulded us into a closer community in this factory. We hope to maintain this friendly team-spirit which will help us to build a happier and more prosperous future for all.

On behalf of the Management, I wish all employees a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.

H. W. SAMOLEWITZ

(Works Manager.)

\* \* \*

## YOUR BEAUTY PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY

### OUR EXPERTS

(1) Girls do your roll-ons roll up?

Do not give up, you will be rewarded. Think of the satisfaction when you take them off at night.

(2) Do your teeth tell white lies?

Then use Harpic, it removes all stains.

(3) We all know what an asset "cold tea" is for setting hair, but there is no truth in the fact that we advised one "piccaninny" to try cocoa.

(4) For the girls who are worried over the Gravy Browning shortage, take heart. Mr. Randell has been experimenting on coloured dyes for some time, and it is hoped he will shortly find one which will substitute leg make-up.

(5) Do you suffer from blackheads?

Ask for a transfer to the lacquer department and if after one week they still are noticeable you are lucky.



## OUR COLUMN—III

*Mr. PARKER INVESTIGATES.*

At this time of cheer and goodwill to all men, we thought our readers would like to reminisce a little, and dwell on the times when men were men and came in late, bearing in mind of course that with the recent new hours, all and sundry are now in bright and early to pull their weight. Here we are then—Mr. Parker's report on his candid question "Why did you arrive after 8.0 a.m. in the morning?"

## ANSWER VERBATIM.

*Mr. H. Lesser*: "All night I dreamed of my fully automatic—in the morning I awoke in such a tangle that it took my landlady an hour to unravel me."

*Mr. H. Lewinsohn*: "With the great shortage of oats my horse insisted on half an hour's grazing just past Whitchurch Hospital."

*Mr. Engle*: "I am busy proving the theorem that 'the shortest distance between two points is a straight line' is all wrong—up to the present I have come to work in 5,645 different directions."

*Mr. Bloomer*: "I was just plumb too tired in the mornings." (How the heck did this get in? I censored this once.—*Ed.*)

*Mr. Webber*: "Please refer all questions to the Draughtmen's Union."

*Mr. A. Winter*: "Does your nose bleed?—because it soon will!"

(*Mr. Parker beats hasty retreat.*)

*Mr. Eric Smith*: "My job made me so absent-minded that I always kissed the door goodbye and slammed the wife—this caused arguments with the neighbours."

*Mr. W. G. Morris*: "Each night I stayed up late washing the stain off my white coat after my usual back-breaking day's work."

*Mr. M. Salamon*: "I have invented burglar-proof locks for all the doors of my house. It took me half an hour each morning to climb out of the bedroom window."

*Mr. D. D. Stone*: "Mr. Parker admits defeat, reporting that exactly one second after the question, he found the conversation inexplicably turned to a discussion on the best food for ageing vegetarians and found himself debating whether good propaganda could sell bad Zipp's."

## CONVERSATION PIECE.

*First Out of Work*: "And why did you leave Aero Zipp Fasteners, Fred?"

*Second Out of Work*: "Ill-health, Tom—Mr. Samo got sick of me."

## RIPLEY.

At a recent Victory Dance held at the Cardiff City Hall our old friend Mr. Glazier won a prize in the "Lucky Dip"—Yes it *was* a Benlow Utility. The expression on his face is reported as being one of rage, mortification and disappointment.

## DENIALS.

The editors of the Magazine deny that the publication of this issue is a week early due to the indisposition a few weeks ago of Mr. Church.

Ziggy Salamon wishes to state that the redness on his face was not due to the announcement of a certain young lady winning the beauty competition, but due to over exertion at the shaper.

## FINALE.

At this, the first Christmas of Peace for so many years, may we sincerely wish you, friends, colleagues and co-workers, of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., the happiest of Christmases. May the New Year ring in for you all Health, Happiness and all that is Good in this world.

*Au Revoir.*

LAPIS.

\* \* \*

## OUR BILL

Our Bill stood in the burning stores,  
Whence all but he had fled.  
The flames crept up 'midst thunderous roars,  
But William kept his head.

Was it to save the precious drills  
That he delayed his flight?  
The girders burnt away like spills  
But William showed no fright.

He crept into the flaming hell,  
Onlookers stood aghast,  
The stores were but a red-hot shell;  
A cry went up "At last."

There was our hero smiling bright  
Amidst the cheering calls,  
His face was charred, his hands held tight  
His only golfing ball.

PRUNETIUS.

\* \* \*

Calling Mr. Harding! Will you please go to Mr. Tegwyn Thomas' Department.



## THE EPISTLE OF THOMAS THE SON OF HARRY, TO THE GAUGIANS

And on the banks of the Taff there stood the Land of Zipp. And they that dwelt therein were the Teethites, the Gaugites and divers others.

And among the Gaugites there dwelt one, Thomas, the son of Harry. But the Gaugites forsook the god of their masters which was called Zipp, and did worship false gods of rare metals, which were Lita, the aluminium god, and Plas Tic, and many others.

And it came to pass that a new ruler came amongst them and he was by name Temple. And he cast away their false gods, and lo there were great murmurings among the young men of the tribe. And Thomas the son of Harry was foremost amongst them that murmured.

And it came to pass that there was war in the land. And the scribes and the elders gathered them together, and did decide that the young men should leave the land of Zipp and go and be warriors. And Thomas the son of Harry was amongst them.

But after he had sojourned awhile under his new rulers he wrote to his brethren saying: Dear brethren, yea verily I am sore and heavy of heart, and the Army and the sergeant thereof are mine enemies, verily, verily, I say unto you, that even Temple was not as bad as our Sarge.

I beseech ye therefore, to mourn no more for your false gods, but to worship the true god Zipp, for ever. Amen.

THOMAS, "THE SON OF HARRY."

\* \* \*

Thus spoke the lady named Matty,  
As she shook off the rain of confetti,  
Though my name may be Dyke,  
Lead me back to my mike,  
But I'm sure all these tools drive me batty.

\* \* \*

## DID YOU KNOW ?

The last census at Aero Zipp revealed that there were 299 Sheppards and 1 Smith.

—  
Mr. SAMO IS NOW OPEN TO CALLERS.

\* \* \*

The Planning Department are reported to have given up trying to design a Lighter. Instead, they are consulting a Forestry Expert with a view to Growing Trees to make Matches from.

## A—ZIPP

A is for Adams, pontoon is his craze.  
B is for Bloomer, not that used with stays.  
C is for Cyril, nothing he lacks,  
D is for Donny—please no more cracks.  
E is for Emlyn who soon proud will be,  
F is for Frank, dressed up to the T.  
G is for Gwyneth who wants to get married,  
H is for Harry who should be parried.  
I is for Ignatz, of engraving fame.  
J is for Jack, he Yates the name.  
K is for Koppel, quite a good chap,  
L is for Lewinson—takes all the rap.  
M is for Meitner, who gets more than his share,  
N is for Nancy—she doesn't care.  
O is for Olwen, some think she bounces,  
P is for Pound, though not 16 ounces.  
Q is for Queenie, can't make up her mind,  
R is for Rose, only one of its kind.  
S is for Samo who n'ere lights his briar,  
T is for Thomas, he's Union's crier.  
U is for Una—useless as well,  
V is for Vera, she's booked for —.  
W is for William, but not quite so sweet  
X is the spot I begin to complete  
Y do I ponder and worry my head,  
With a word like Zipp for the letter Z,  
I'm almost ashamed, it is rather crude,  
I hope they'll forgive me for being so rude.

W. E. JENKINS.

\* \* \*

In view of the recent increase in the calling-up of our personnel, Farewell Collections are no longer permissible. Instead, a collecting box will be hung at the Main Entrance. All workers on leaving to join His Majesty's Forces, will be expected to contribute. The proceeds will be used to inaugurate a Fund for Needy Toolmakers.

\* \* \*

## CHRISTMAS CAROL

A "Zipper" stood at the pearly gates,  
His face was worn and old.  
"What have you done?" Saint Peter said,  
"To seek admission to the fold."  
"I have worked in the Aero Zipp," he said,  
"For many and many a year."  
The gates opened quickly then,  
As Peter touched the bell.  
"Come in," he said, "and take a harp,  
You've had enough of —."



## “AEROFERNO”

### A Christmas Fantasy.

The high-pitched, weird sound cut through the senses like a searing flash of lightning through the night sky, and with its cessation THEY appeared. They loomed out of the mists, shrouded grey shadows gradually assuming the shapes of men and women.

From all sides, from all four corners, they came, and as they approached, I could discern the glint of madness in their eyes. I shuddered, my breath came faster, the hairs slowly rose on end on the nape of my neck and from there an inexplicable cold feeling ran down my spine.

Who were they, these creatures of human form, yet of another world?

Yet nearer they came, with lopeing gait, hands, thrust forth groping the air as though for invisible enemies, matted hair dishevelled and lips drawn back tightly, aping the grinning snarl of a mad dog.

My hand, trembling as with ague, rose to cover my eyes, to wipe away the evil apparition. Beads of sweat trickled slowly down my forehead, though the day was icy-cold. I opened my eyes—No! Lord, No!—they were almost upon me! I turned to flee, my knees were as water, my legs rooted to the ground. I screamed, but all that came forth was a harsh, short note of horror as my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth.

Like jetsam on the crest of a wave I was swept forward. I found myself yelling unashamedly with fear, fighting in wild desperation to break out of that crushing mass of flesh. Now did I realise only too well how terrible were the sufferings of those afflicted with claustrophobia.

Long hands, clawing like the talons of birds of prey, tore my clothing to shreds. Time was growing short, the air grew thick and my senses reeled. A blanket of deep red alternating with black swept over my vision. Their faces appeared as a thousand distant pin-points, approaching swiftly and growing larger as they came, until they assumed giant proportions, then receding, as others came forward.

I staggered, flung forward my hands appealingly in a last gesture for mercy. I felt a strange rubber-like object thrust into my hands, and as if by the wave of a magician's wand they disappeared back to the bowels of the cave that had spewed them forth.

Cold refreshing air, beautiful air, streamed into my face. I lifted my weary head upwards in thankfulness. Slowly, bleeding from a dozen

wounds, I limped to a little alcove, and sat down to examine my precious possession with its wonderful powers. I looked closely—and the hysterical laughter of my own conflicting emotions pealed through the air.

Was *this* the prize for which I had undergone a thousand torments, an age in a few minutes? Surely it could not be—but it was! It was!! It was!!!

*Postscript.*—It certainly *was* an experience getting caught up in the rush at lunch-break for one of Mr. Bright's special Jam-tarts.

LAPIS.

\* \* \*

### POEM

There were three girls in the Lacquer Room,  
Margaret, Midge and Menna.  
They used to spray all day long  
But never got a tenner.

Their foreman is old Harold Cole  
He also works in the same hole.  
All day in front of Mag and Midge  
He eats his beastly sandwiches.

And now kind folks, another kick  
At poor unfortunate Eric Smith.  
When we go down for dungarees,  
We have to go on bended knees.

Last but not least comes Reggie Randall,  
We find him rather hard to handle.  
He's quite a lad amongst the ladies,  
And we're quite sure he'll go to Hades.

\* \* \*

Sir Bernard Bolt and his Capstan Companions  
will now play the "Teeth Dance."

—

A teeth checker often called Jean  
Was known for her very odd spleen  
When the teeth were all wrong,  
She just burst into song,  
And said "Never mind the machine."

—

There was a young fellow called Yates,  
Who's drawings amazed all his mates.  
The one he did mean  
To depict a machine,  
Looked more like a sink full of plates.



## JUST SCRAP

Whizz! A shower of sparks, a grating noise and—I'd done it again! A feeling of despair and shame swept across my usually cheerful countenance as the dreadful truth gradually seeped into my numbed brain. Scrap—my beautiful precision job scrap for a few b—y tenths of a thou—the little quiver of the needle of my clock that said, as clearly as if it had spoken—Scrap. I fought against the gradual feeling of panic which began to creep over me—what should I do—what could I say? I'd used the wrong micrometer?—poor excuse. Somebody knocked my elbow? No use. Ah!—I would use the old old last standby, known so well to engineering apprentices as the Grinder Brand Registered No. 1. I'd pop it into the Inspection Department; hope his eagle eye would not see it, and if it did then bring to bear the Grinder Brand No. 2, viz., An air of innocent surprise bordering on the flabbergasted.

As my mind wandered wildly over these avenues of escape a little voice piped up from my side, "Ahhh" Lord! the worst had happened! Could nothing be kept from this little man? I turned slowly and speechlessly shrugged my shoulders at the precision job that was no longer precise. Yes, "Scrap," I said, now a little defiantly.

No words could describe my astonishment as the foreman suddenly burst into roars of laughter. Tears streamed from his eyes as he rolled helplessly on the floor. "Ha! Ha! Ha!" he yelled as he bent double, clutching his middle that ached with merriment! "Oh, Dear," he gasped, wiping the tears from his face, "I've not laughed so much in years. I've been waiting for you to scrap this job for a week—and now," and once again he bent double in a paroxysm of mirth.

He eventually recovered to tell me not to worry, and pat me on the back. "Let me tell you," he continued, "the history of my success. Way back in the depths of time I was once a tea-boy, an apprentice earning very little. Long were my hours and my sufferings. But I was not content. Ambition stirred itself in my little chest, and I devised the PLAN—SCRAP. Yes, my boy, S.C.R.A.P.—that's the word. I scrapped from morning to night. Solidly, obstinately, I scrapped every job given me as I slowly rose from apprentice to toolmaker. To the despair of my chargehands and foremen (four of whom committed suicide), I made a thorough mess of every job. Raise after

raise I was given—still I scrapped. I scrapped on the Grinder, the Miller, the Shaper, the Bench, until a Salvage Department was built just to hold my rejects. I scrapped my way solidly through top rate, chargehand, until my final success after 20 years. Along came the Manager. 'My boy,' he said, putting his arm around my shoulder, 'Will you please promise me not to Scrap anything else if we make you foreman? Please,' he begged, as he dropped on his knees.

"There, lad," said the foreman, "is the history of my life, and that is why I laughed so heartily at your brilliantly executed piece of precision scrap. Keep it up, lad, who knows, one day you may even become my chargehand."

D.C. (Adapted by LAPIS.

\* \* \*

An editor named simply Backer,  
Was known as an expert tool-wrecker.  
The scrap-merchant Tess,  
Took a look at the mess  
And came back with a large double-decker.

—  
There was a young fellow named Ray,  
Who was called by the Army away.  
But the boss shouted please,  
As he fell on his knees,  
Oh, Mr. Sheppard please stay.

—  
The Management wishes it to be known that  
they take a most serious view of habitual late  
coming, and anyone caught, will be immediately  
put on the Staff.

—  
A young fellow, Bernard by name,  
Thought tool making was very tame,  
But with Jeanie and Mat,  
To keep things all pat,  
Found jaunting a very good game.

—  
A foreman named Mr. R. Randall,  
Played around with a Roman Candle.  
It went off in a whirl,  
And de-skirted a girl,  
Oh, Mr. Randall! what a scandal.



## AROUND THE DEPARTMENTS

We all remember Mr. Kurt Koppel, our late Manager, quite well. How many of you were aware that he was a Member of the Royal Academy of Music, and how Aero Zipp played a big part in gaining him that great honour? The facts here have only just come to light. It appears that while he was Manager, a drawing was given to one of our toolmakers to make a new tool for the fully automatic. After three days all he could understand was its number, so after going the usual rounds it eventually arrived in Mr. Koppel's Office, who not being able to understand it either, played it on the piano. Success was instantaneous, and the symphony was applauded by music critics everywhere.

Everyone concerned was quite surprised when a large number of new tools being made were found to be in the shape of hearts. If you want to keep a secret, Mr. Samo, please don't start doodling on the new drawings. But joking apart, we would like to tender hearty Congratulations to you and your fiancée from us all, on your engagement.

Mr. Bryant is in the news again. There is a strong rumour floating around that he will shortly be making his appearance in a white coat.

We would like to wish Tom and Marge All the Best that the future can bring and let us hope that whatever else Aero Zipp may have done for you, you will never regret the fact that it was the means of bringing you both together.

Mr. Weinberger decided to form a new band, and those wishing to join were invited to complete a form giving name, department, and instrument preferred.

In due course Mr. Weinberger collected the forms, and after classifying them went to interview the Turner.

"I see you would like to join the band and want to play the cornet; have you any qualifications?"

"No," said the Turner, "But I'd like to learn and I could put in a good bit of practice."

"That's all right," said Bernard. "Now I wonder who to see next, you see I've another forty names here and they all want to play the big drum; you were the only one who wanted to play the cornet."

"In that case," said the Turner, "Don't spoil the band for me; give me a drum as well."

What has Mr. B. Weinberger got that the other boys haven't got?

Ans. : A Violin.

A certain couple from the Main Factory were seen carrying bedding and other household goods through Pontypridd. We smell another wedding.

We can find no confirmation for the rumours circulating around the works that some of the foremen here are included in the list of war criminals.

The Management asks us to tender their apologies for the exceptionally thick lines on all drawings. For the sake of Mr. Weber and Mr. Lewinsohn, all sharp instruments have been removed from the Planning Department.

\* \* \*

## TOOLMAKING FOR BEGINNERS

From the outset it must be made clear that Toolmaking is not a trade, it is a profession, viz., one professes to Toolmaking, even if one has not the capabilities.

The first essential point, therefore, is to cultivate a superiority complex usually associated with professional men. This particular complex, however, seems to come quite naturally to most toolmakers, and is therefore not a difficult trait to achieve.

Let us now go on to equipment. A long khaki or white overall is first needed, white being preferable, as one does not intend to dirty it in any way. A nice tool-chest follows, filled with small files, taps, drills, etc., picked up at random or filched from the stores in the usual way.

A mirror is a great asset. A compact, for example, stood at the back of the bench enables the toolmaker to keep one eye on the foreman and one eye on the lighter which he is making. Last but not least, a vice upon which to lean.

And so to work. Approach the foreman for a job; *not* too eagerly, for he may take one seriously. Having obtained the necessary material, one places a piece of steel in the vice, picks up a file, and leans gently upon the vice. With the assistance of the mirror one can spend many pleasant hours in this position; the effort being negligible. If the foreman shows any immediate inclination to approach, a walk to the reading room is strongly advised.

At the end of the first day, one feels more confident, and a request for top rate should be put forward. The job itself should be sent for completion to "The Other Side." VULCAN.



## SALES, WANTS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Wanted young boy, good at mathematics, preferable age 14-16 years, to keep betting accounts. Apply Mr. J. Schlachter, Toolroom.

Alarm clock wanted urgently, good condition, will pay reasonable price. Apply Mr. A. Winter, Toolroom.

Mr. B. Weinberger requires High Powered Microscope for teeth inspection. Must be in perfect condition.

Mr. R. Davey, Toolroom Grinder, wishes to make the following announcement: When more than three persons are waiting to use the grinder would they please form a queue in an orderly manner; expectant fathers having priority.

Owing to certain increases in the families of our employees the Social Club has decided to hold a Baby Show for the over nineties.

Wanted, any old Iron, any Scrap Steel, must be reasonable sizes. New machine in making. Apply, M. Salamon, Toolroom.

### FOR DISPOSAL.

A worried look, also a Bald Patch to fit on the head; cheap to a good home. Apply K. Walters.

### FOR SALE.

First class Shaving Kit. Have forgotten how to use the darned thing.—R. Randall.

A supply of Knitting Needles will shortly be available to all employees at cost price. Without points, 4d. each; with points, 4/6d. each. Please apply Harry D. Rowlands (Gauge Department).

### CALLING ALL CARS.

Wanted urgently, car, any make, preferably Rolls Royce, Daimler, or Ford T.1920. Must be in perfect condition with at least four wheels. Price not exceeding £5. Replies to A.E. or J.B. (Toolroom).

A supply of various thickness Shimsteel wanted immediately for correcting tools after manufacture. Please notify A. Winter, "The Compact King."

Wanted, Large Bag suitable for carrying tales in. Please write (you all know who), Aero Zipp.

Toolmakers wanted, must be able to play trumpet. Slight knowledge of toolmaking an asset.

Second-hand "Lightning" Zipp needed by advertiser in urgent need. Please reply, Miss R. Hurcombe (Finishing Department).

Advertiser wishes to state periscope has been obtained, now needed set of 24-ins. stilts in good condition. Apply, Mr. Church (Gauge Department)

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT SEEMS TO HAVE AFFECTED:

*Mr. Church* who has been observed to join in a conversation during working hours.

*Mr. Bloomer* who has been seen grinding a ten-minute job without asking two months' delivery time.

*Mr. Stone* who has been heard to say, ".003in. out? Well, what's .003in. among friends?"

*Miss Davies* who has been noticed to supply a 5m/m. drill after having been asked for a 5m/m. drill.

*Mr. I. Schlachter* who has been observed ignoring a bookie.

*Mr. Lesser* who has been seen at the factory at 8.0 a.m. one morning.

*Mr. Lewinsohn* who was seen running through the factory.

*Mr. Winter* who has been heard to remark: "No thanks, I'm not hungry."

*Miss L. Roberts* who has been observed to refuse a seat on a committee.

*Mr. Backer* who has asked several people not to submit any further articles for the Magazine as the ones now in stock will last till 1948.

\* \* \*

---

Calling Mr. Samo! Will you please go to Mr. White in the Spraying Department.

---

\* \* \*

We regret that owing to a gastronomical hitch, Mr. Albert Winter's report on British Restaurants has unavoidably been held over.

\* \* \*

## SNOOP'S CORNER

Come one come all  
To our next big dance:  
Special attraction,  
"The Singing Bunny."

**REWARD** for return of Signpiece engraved "Abandon Hope All Ye Who Enter Here," stolen from door of Inspection Department. Any information, please forward, Mr. D. D. Stone.