

# PUNCH & DIE

APRIL]

Aero Zipp Fasteners Limited Magazine

[1946

## EDITORIAL

A pertinent question was asked of us some time ago: "Why do we need a magazine?" Inside this issue you will find an article, "What I Think," in which the writer expresses his concern at the lack of a policy or definite programme in the editing of *Punch & Die*.

We take this opportunity of answering both the question and the writer of "What I Think," although we must of needs be as brief as possible.

We do not know what policy was held by previous editors, if indeed there was a fixed programme. We do know, however, our own experiences in editing *Punch & Die*. A policy is almost an impossibility when we must clutch at any article that comes along, as a drowning man does a straw. However, we should like to present a précis of the three main categories which comprise our programme:

- (a). To Impart Information. Into this category falls information from Management to employee and vice-versa. News from the social and sports clubs. Articles such as "A.Z.F. Past, Present and Future," "The Social Club Reports," and the postbag containing letters to the editors, with suggestions, complaints, etc.
- (b). To Interest and Educate. Into this category falls articles such as "The 44-Hour Week." We hope later to obtain articles from qualified persons in the care of machines and tools, etc., and advice leading to better workmanship.
- (c). To Interest and Amuse. Into this category falls articles such as "Our Column," "Sales and Wants," Poems, Limericks, and doggerels.

We have been criticised for publishing poems which in verse and metre do no justice to the great English poets. We defend vigorously the right to publish these efforts by some of you. They are not written as masterpieces of English Literature, but solely to make you smile, and we believe that in the past they have achieved that object. If we are to await the discovery of a budding Keats or Shelley hiding his light in the Main Factory, we

should indeed grow old in the service of *Punch & Die*.

We offer no apologies for seizing upon the idiosyncrasies of personalities and publishing them in "Our Column." No wisecrack or sentence is published if we suspect a double meaning or trace of vindictiveness, and we have evidence that the strong sense of humour of you all prevails, insomuch as seeing yourselves and your friends parodied in *Punch & Die*.

We hope to see *Punch & Die* grow hand in hand with our factory from strength to strength. As paper restrictions are lifted we hope it will become bigger and better until *Punch & Die* is a polished magazine of which we all may be proud.

Lack of space forces us to dwell briefly upon the Mystery of our Social and Welfare Committee. This Committee, comprising of 10 members, was formed in September, 1945. It came forth in a blaze of glory with the promise of *great things to be done*. Communiques were published of every meeting. What has happened to these Communiques? Why only one dance (which we understand was a dismal social and financial failure) since last Christmas? Into these questions and their answers we hope to go more fully in *Punch & Die* VI. In conclusion may we state that we welcome the flood of criticism, praise and controversy upon the crest of which rides this sixth issue. It shows your interest has been aroused, your writing instincts stimulated. We are satisfied.

D. D. STONE.

H. J. GROGAN.

\* \* \*

## AU REVOIR.

On behalf of all at A.Z.F. may we extend to Mr. Samo, and Miss Krieger, who leaves for the U.S.A. at the same time, our sincerest wishes for a pleasant and safe journey, and a most successful mission.

To them both—GOOD LUCK—GOD SPEED—AND . . . AU REVOIR.

THE EDITORS.

## AERO ZIPP FASTENERS.

My object in writing these lines is to give everybody the opportunity to know what I expect of him, and what he can expect of me.

I started my job here on the bench, and have risen from that position to the one I am holding now, and I have found that my position advanced according as my work progressed, and everyone will have this opportunity of advancement.

The Board of Directors has placed confidence in me, but I am aware of the fact that in order to lead a factory to success, it is still more important for me to gain the confidence of the workers and collaborators. I feel, first and foremost, my responsibility to secure for every single person in this factory who is doing his best, a working place for the future.

I am convinced that we can make a team which will guarantee our success. Still more do I hope that the spirit of friendly co-operation will increase as we see the results of our efforts. I appreciate the value of the suggestions of everyone, and intend to give everyone the opportunity he deserves.

My ambition for the future is that everyone working here should be proud of the Aero Zipp and satisfied in every respect.

As to what I am expecting from you in the near future :

The first target is 3,000 yards of zipp fasteners by the end of April, and 5,000 yards by the end of July.

Apart from this we are developing a line of fancy goods ; and we are building our own presses, tools and assembling machines for our own use and for factories in other countries.

We have every reason to believe that our method will be able to meet competition throughout the world. We are constantly improving our machinery and advancing our methods.

The standard of living in Great Britain depends to a great extent on the export of goods to other countries ; or, in other words, on the efficiency of her factories and the quality of the goods. I feel it is my duty to run this factory on efficient lines, and I hope that the measures to be taken will meet with the understanding and co-operation of my fellow workers.

E. ENGEL,

*Works Manager.*

## AERO ZIPP FASTENERS— Past, Present and Future.

In the last issue, I mentioned that I have to go to the U.S.A. and Canada. Civilisation has advanced at a tremendous speed, and it is now possible to fly from this country to the U.S.A. in 17 hours. To make up for this wonderful achievement, it takes about 17 weeks to get all the documents, permits, papers, etc., to be permitted to get into the queue of people waiting to get a seat on the plane. Thus, I have been rather pre-occupied with travelling preparations during the past month. It also requires a good amount of work to get all things together which one might need over there. It would be just too bad if I found out in the States that I needed samples and drawings or other information, and had not thought of taking them along. All this I tell you, not because I ask for sympathy—I am rather looking forward to the trip, and do not mind the work of preparing for it—but just to explain why I have hardly shewn myself in the factory lately.

Mr. Engel is taking over the Works Management in my absence. It is not necessary for me to introduce him to you. I am sure that everybody will gladly co-operate with him and assist him in making this factory efficient and prosperous.

Our production programme has been slightly amended in view of the fact that we have been able to obtain larger supplies of tape for zipp fasteners. It is therefore our first object to concentrate on the further improvement and the increase of zipp fastener production. At the same time we shall build sufficient machines, beyond our own requirements, so as to be able to supply zipp fastener manufacturing plant to branch factories abroad.

For the time being we shall continue the flapjack production, but shall not tool up any other new lines, as for instance—lighters. This can only be considered after we have filled up our zipp fastener programme and find surplus capacity.

I expect to leave the second week of April, and will have to stay for approximately four months. Although I propose to keep in close touch with the factory, I shall miss the daily contact. I do not want to give a definite promise, but shall try not to forget to send a letter to the editor for your next issue, telling him all about my experiences on the other Continent.

H. W. SAMOLEWITZ.

## HAIL AND FAREWELL.

That Editor of yours has been after me for the longest time. Mind you, he *only* wanted an article for *Punch & Die*, and, of course, he could not appreciate anybody objecting to such a request, because writing comes easy to him. He said: "Just write about anything at all!" How I love those generalizations, those vague suggestions! In school my greatest horror was always an essay with a free choice topic.

But to be quite frank, I had felt like talking to you even before the Editor started his campaign. There are a few little things I wanted to tell you, and *P. & D.* is such a convenient means of communication.

Over four months have passed since I came to England, Wales, Aero Zipp. The jump from New York, the busiest city in the world, to the green valleys of Wales was a tremendous one. Ever since I arrived I have been asked at least five hundred times: "How do you like England? How do you like Wales?" And my reply has been five hundred times: "I like it very much"—one of those answers which don't really mean much, but which are satisfactory for the moment. The truth of the matter is that I sincerely meant what I have been saying, but since the reasons for my answer are the important part, I would like to put them down in writing.

The feeling which has gradually crystallized within me from among the heap of impressions of the past few months is one of great admiration for the people of this country, especially of Wales. This is not one of those phrases which you can read in every newspaper ten times a day. It is a truth. The patience and good humour with which you continue to live under conditions which resemble those of the war-days; the cheerfulness which you usually manage to muster when waiting in long queues in the familiar drizzling rain, the ingenuity with which you make old things over to look like new, and above all, the decency, common sense, and modesty which can be found everywhere—all these are qualities which deserve admiration.

Then there is something else, perhaps even more important: The great warmth and friendliness of the Welsh! You have no idea what a lovely feel-

ing I had when two little Welsh cakes and a big cup of tea were offered to me by a complete stranger just because I was waiting in front of her door for a friend of mine. If you come from a large city with all its impersonal hustle and bustle to a lonely valley with its shining doorknobs and black mountains, you suddenly grasp the meaning of the word "neighbour." Mind you, I am not saying that life in a city like New York does not have many attractions. During the first few weeks I was quite upset that all my clothes were so damp in the morning that steam came out of them when I held them up in front of the fire. And up to the present day I insist that these houses with only one fire going in the living room are most disheartening (at least in the winter). And I dare say, you would not mind having a snack after the pictures and taking a bus home later than 10 p.m., which does not seem to be possible anywhere except in London.

On the other hand, it is not often that you find a factory in America which serves tea twice a day to everybody while the radio plays sweet music. What a lovely arrangement—just when you are beginning to be thoroughly fed-up with your work, along comes a cup of hot tea to give you new energy. How I have grown to love those cups of tea! In connection with this "luxury," I must tell you that the atmosphere in an American factory is more hurried than it is here. This is probably in keeping with the generally quicker pace in the U.S., although I feel that the difference is not as large as it is usually painted.

If there are any G.I. brides among you (I personally know one who might become one), I would like to assure them that they will not feel very strange or lost in America. England and the States have a great many things in common, and if you love your man, you have nothing to be afraid of!

When I am standing in a New York subway again, squeezed like a sardine in a tin, I shall close my eyes and think of—Castell Goch, the valleys with the names which I still can't pronounce (despite the patient efforts of several experts), the fireplaces, the rain, the queues, the warming tea, the Welsh choirs, the garden-like countryside, and a melodic voice coming over the loudspeaker at Aero Zipp: "Calling Mr. Davies, will you please come to the main office."

Good luck to you all!

I am so glad to have met you.

EVE KRIEGER.

## A NORTHERNER COMES TO AERO ZIPP.

It would be interesting and of some value if a recently arrived employee such as myself expressed his views, opinions and criticisms of this firm as compared to other factories in the Industrial North of England.

After the first few confused days of work, certain discrepancies became very obvious. It is significant and puzzling that for a newly-born and growing concern the plant layout should be so haphazard and badly planned. Surely the teeth presses would be much better if grouped together, and similarly the lathes, drills, grinding machines, and grindstones; although with the latter it is much better on occasions to place them in convenient spots to be easily and quickly accessible. The advantage of grouping machines together are obvious—for example, with the sensitive drills, all the accessories—chucks, coolant, oil, vices, sleeves, blocks, etc.—can all be kept on one bench. The same thing applies to the fitting benches, which could all with advantage be grouped in one shop instead of at the two extreme ends of the building. It seems a pity that such good machinery should be allowed to become in such bad condition. The lathes and grinders are in dire need of complete overhaul, it being difficult and nigh impossible to turn out work of the high degree of accuracy preferred. Toolmaking, being the cream of the engineering trade, surely requires the corresponding tools.

A most unfortunate discomfiture is the nerve-racking vibrating noise due to the automatic machines. This, of course, cannot at present be altered, but its elimination should certainly be something to be desired.

There is one fact which strikes me very forcibly, being the quantity of food for the midday meal. Whereas the cooking is perfect, the amount given seemed to me inadequate, having been used to extra potatoes free by request, free slices of bread, etc.

Perhaps the first thing that favourably attracted my attention as comparing with other firms, not only in the North, but elsewhere, was the Telematic system. This, with its inherent advantages, permits the hearing of the radio programme which, unfortunately, is almost nullified, due to the chatter of the vibrators.

That important issue of comfort—warmth—has been well tackled, the atmosphere being maintained at a good temperature, making it seem in comparison to Northern works a luxury. Here again, though, a large percentage of the efficiency is lost by placing the heating pipes overhead.

There seems in the North a tendency to regard with abhorrence the idea of buying small tools such

as counter bores, vee blocks, surface plates, block gauges, sine bars, and all those small but expensive accessories that make the work so much easier, accurate and interesting. It is common practise in many factories to make all these small tools oneself. Very thankfully the tendency is in the opposite direction here.

Many readers will fail to realise that, in the morning and afternoon breaks, they are enjoying a privilege not too commonly practised in the North. While being a customary occurrence for the staff, it is only due to the war that a great number of firms have extended a break to the shops. In the firm where the writer last worked, this break, only instituted for the benefit of the temporary girl workers, is already now on the verge of being withdrawn.

The issue of the works magazine, *Punch & Die*, came as a great and exceedingly welcome surprise. It should be hardly necessary to say that not only in the North but in all parts of the country the enterprise of a works magazine is only attempted by extra large firms like Mather & Platts, Rolls-Royce, Metro-Vickers, etc. An enterprise such as this, for enterprise it is, can be of tremendous value to a works. Looked at from a social and entertainment point of view it can offer selections of the work's humorists, announcements, criticisms and suggestions from the social club, cartoons, and light articles from the budding journalists. But looked at from an educational and serious viewpoint the magazine rises to inestimable value. The publication of technical articles by individuals, suggestions, hints, difficulties and grouses, but by any means limited to mechanical engineering, would help more than anything else to bind the whole personnel into one happy and efficient production machine. There is no limit to the amount and type of material to write about, "Replies to Queries" being answers to questions on technical subjects, written by qualified persons, "Workshop Notes" being small descriptions and sketches of gadgets as found useful in the shops, "Readers' Views" being opinions of readers on present processes, administration, methods of production, technical puzzles satisfactorily solved, and talks on current topics as connected to the firm's trade itself.

It is a most refreshing fact, and should be a source of great contentment, that the spirit of co-operation, freedom and incentive to progress marks one of Aero Zipp's main attitudes to its employees. As a fundamental aid to efficient functioning surely this undoubted unselfishness cannot be surpassed? There is a tendency on my part, after experiencing Northern employment, to regard this present organisation as a miniature Utopia of perfection!

TREVELYAN H. BEARD.

## ANCIENT TOOL-MAKERS.

Who were the first tool-makers? Some time ago I read a book on Egyptian science, which claimed that the Egyptians were the first people to make metal tools. They also claim to be the inventors of the use of copper and gold.

It is also stated that the Egyptians did iron-smelting about 2500 B.C., this was supposed to have been done by the use of charcoal fires and foot-bellows.

An Egyptian temple was excavated dating back to 2500 B.C., and in it were found metal goods, such as locks, keys, nails, chisels, and some copper tubing about 400 metres long, 4 centimetres in diameter with a 1 millimetre wall. Scientists are worried about the copper tubing, as they cannot find the method used to draw the tubing. I have thought about it, but the only solution I can give is that maybe someone from the gas works had been to the temple before them, and left the tubing behind. I am sure that if there is anyone from Aero Zipp who was around about 2500 B.C., and could give any information to the British Museum, he would be looked after for the rest of his days.

R.E.D.

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## WHY I JOINED THE A.E.U.

The answer is easy. In the shop where I served my apprenticeship all the skilled men were full members of the A.E.U. By the "pressure of example" it was the natural thing to do to follow suit. The vast majority join a Trade Union for exactly the same reason. What follows answers the query, "Why I keep up membership." For a time membership was kept merely by force of habit. Some never find any other reason for retention of membership. Solid reasons only grow as one's personal interest is awakened. Why Trade Unions at all? To protect and further the mutual interests of those working in a particular industry. Trade Unions answer our needs of each other in the industrial field. They do so in three ways:—(1) By development of Friendly Society work, in which Trade Unions are pioneers. The A.E.U. offers full members (a) unemployment pay, (b) sickness, (c) superannuation, (d) legal defence, (e) accident, (f) loss of kit by fire and at sea, and (g) funeral benefits, and for Section 5 members—all those employed in the industry can join this section—unemployment and dispute benefits and legal assistance in case of accident. These are strong reasons for Trade Union membership.

(2) By Trade Protection. Half our working life is spent in the workshops—hooray for the 40-hour 5-day week. This fact alone indicates the importance of this side of Trade Union activity. From the start of the Industrial Revolution the only protection against exploitation has been the strength of the Trade Unions. The Combination Act of 1824—which forbade Unions of work-people—shows the importance of combining for trade protection.

(3) The Trade Unions have meant progress to better conditions. We are still on the way. The future hopes:—look at this table. From:—

(1) Physical exhaustion	to 60 hours per week.
(2)	60 hours per week to 52 " " "
(3)	52 " " " to 48 " " "
(4) Now	47 " " " to 40 " " "

Trade Unionists are full of vision of what ought to be—and they have striven to make ideas actual. The A.E.U. is hot on the trail of the 40-hour week and the New Wages structure. The semi-skilled operators are the basis. Semi is wrong—special is the word. This body, 60% of the engineering workers, are unorganised in the sense of working to controlled, agreed conditions. The basis of the New Wage structure:—Fully skilled a little above, labourers a little below, and the price for the job, whoever does it.

I remain a member to help on the struggle. Join up and lend your weight to the task. It will lead you to better workmanship.

W.G.

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## SUGGESTION.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8TH IS VICTORY DAY.

We understand that many factories are organising parties by bus to London for the Victory Celebrations, leaving say Friday night and returning Saturday night.

We suggest that here is a splendid opportunity for the Social and Welfare Committee to 'get cracking' and see what can be done in this direction for A.Z.F.

We have been approached by several enthusiastic people in this direction, and hope that the Committee will do their utmost to arrange such an outing.

## WHAT I THINK.

“ BEING AN INDEPENDENT VIEWPOINT OF ONE OF A.Z.F. ON MANAGEMENT, EMPLOYEES AND *Punch and Die.*”

This will be the fifth issue of *Punch & Die*. Five issues of this magazine within nine months. A record? I doubt it. I think we should have done better. There should have been at least one issue every month since July, 1945, when this magazine made its first appearance. Why has this feasible object not been achieved? Was it lack of co-operation or inexperience on the editors' part? I fully realise the difficulties of those two editors, who have had the courage and the energy to start this magazine. I do not intend to minimise their achievement, on the contrary, they deserve praise, and I sincerely hope their effort has not been in vain. There is only one complaint I must make—that is to have started this magazine without a defined programme. How essential a defined programme is can be seen if you follow the development of *Punch & Die*. The first issue, in spite of being without a programme, contained a number of articles which gave evidence of real effort being made, and there were signs that a few understood the real meaning. Worth mentioning, for example, were the Social Club reporter, the cultural and entertainment correspondent, the candid comments also suggestions, and above all “ Aero Zipp, present and future ”—interesting to read, but not enough to fill a magazine. Thus *Punch & Die* opened its pages to something which I think should be reduced to a minimum, that is “ Fun ” and “ Poems. ” Let us have a joke by all means, but do not follow bad example and make fun of other people's shortcomings—it is in many cases distasteful. “ Miscellaneous Sales and Wants ” gives the impression that a number of people are more or less suffering from a distorted sense of humour, or have just left the “ kindergarten. ” It will be left to the editor to reduce this sort of fun making, and censor rather severely any attempt to infringe on personal feelings. The editor must insist on impersonal remarks, or else *Punch & Die* will become an inferior copy of the “ Dandy. ” As regards “ Poems, ” this sort of contribution should be stopped altogether. If something ever suffered maltreatment it is the English language in *Punch & Die* Poems. Poem making should be left to gifted people, otherwise the “ Shape of things to come ” will be like the “ Poem ” following “ Aeroferno, a Christmas Fantasy. ” There are a few attempts being made to lead this magazine in a more educational direction, especially through “ Unity is Strength ” and “ Equal Pay for Equal Work, ”

both articles deserve attention, and I sincerely hope once the attempt has been made this kind of contribution will become the dominating feature of *Punch & Die*, therewith encouraging a more widespread interest among the serious-minded members of our firm.

Take “ Unity is Strength ” for instance, an interesting article no doubt, dealing with Trade Unionism in general and proposing the establishment of a committee in this firm. A rather interesting experiment. Such a committee could be very helpful indeed, providing its participants would consist of people sufficiently experienced with our present method of Zipp manufacture. Inexperienced participants would be of very little value, and a meeting consisting of wrongly chosen members might most probably become a “ Tea and Biscuit Party, ” as hinted at in the article. Personally I prefer the present way the management is dealing with production matters. Responsibility is shared equally amongst the various departments, without overburdening one or the other. It certainly would be advisable to arrange weekly meetings of all the responsible departmental chargehands in order to discuss existing difficulties, but I see no necessity for adding another link to the already long chain of inter-communications.

There is another problem I would like to draw to the attention of the A.E.U.—that is the employment and training of young boys in this firm. Here would be an opportunity for A.E.U. to prove the real value and advantage of a Trade Union. We are employing quite a number of young people for whom nobody cares very much. A.E.U. certainly possesses sufficient influence to impress upon the management its point of view, thus achieving the necessary agreement with the management to guarantee a fair and just treatment of these boys. I suggest the formation of a section in this firm consisting of a certain number of young people willing and intelligent enough to learn a trade. If these boys were given proper supervision and an experienced instructor, they would very soon become a helpful source instead of being a source of trouble. I think we should do away with the rather ancient and uneconomical way of so-called “ training. ” Instead of having to serve five years of what is called apprenticeship, a much better result could be achieved in the suggested way in less than half the time. The era when cheap labour was considered as a deciding factor belongs to the past. Skill and efficiency are required NOW. Only short-sighted and unscrupulous employers would throw VALUABLE MANPOWER AWAY. This is my opinion. How about it A.E.U.?

(To be continued).

F.R.

## OUR COLUMN. V.

## MR. PARKER INVESTIGATES.

Once again Mr. Parker has concluded a successful mission for us. This time his candid question has been: "What is your ambition in life, and/or if you had one wish, what would you wish for most?"

## ANSWERS VERBATIM.

MR. SAMO.—At the moment I have one ambition in life—to catch the musical culprits who were singing "I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal, you!" outside my office last Thursday.

MR. HARDING.—One day I hope to see Sir Stafford Cripps walk into my office and say, "Harding, old boy, can't you possibly produce anything but Zipp, you're flooding the world markets, you know . . ."

MR. ENGEL.—Before I fade into oblivion I shall invent a 'Lighter Kolossal.' A Lighter that will be acclaimed by the Industrial World as a masterpiece. An outstanding, unusual, unique Lighter. In short—a lighter that works.

MR. MEITNER.—Ditto as Mr. Engel, but better.

MR. WEBER.—My desire is simple. I wish to make a drawing which will be clearly understood by all and sundry without having to make a dozen amendments. Right?

MR. CHURCH.—Oh! for a stentorian voice at which men and toolmakers will tremble, and to reach the sublime heights of six foot six without standing on a chair.

DISCONTENTED ANONYMOUS.—To get the h . . . out of here!

## NOTE.

We wish to state that lack of space forces us to curtail and omit many of Mr. Parker's interviews, but let those who think they are safe from his prying eyes beware—their turn will come!

## ONE ACT PLAY.

*Curtain rises.*

Loud noise emanates from Plating Dept. Works Manager rushes on to scene.

MR. SAMO: "What's going on here?"

ASSISTANT: "Mr. Davies and Mr. Inder were experimenting with some new colour dyes, and there was a violent explosion."

MR. SAMO: "I see. I suppose those splashes on the floor and walls are the new colours?"

ASSISTANT, smiling: "No, they're Davies and Inder."

*Curtain falls.*

## ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

"Music Lover," Gauge Dept.:—A Fugue is a musical composition in which one voice or part follows or answers another. It is also applicable to the aroma so prevalent in the Canteen on Fridays.

"Percy," Press Room:—No! Lager is not the stuff that flows from erupting volcanoes. For further information a visit to the Upper Boat Inn is advised.

"Mr. Johnson," Plastic Dept. writes:—"I am experimenting to obtain a new type of plastic compound. At present I have a mixture of Sulphuretted Hydrogen, ½-lb. King Edward potatoes, Nitric Acid, three hard-boiled eggs, two sticks of phosphorous, with a liberal helping of Orthophosphoric Acid. If I allow the mixture to stand for six months and then add three teaspoonfuls of Arsenic Oxide, what would I get?"

Answer:—We should say a minimum of six months in Cardiff Gaol.

## WISECRACK.

New name for Planning and Development Department—"Fully Procrastinatic?"

## APOLOGY.

For misprint in article in *Punch & Die IV* referring to Machine Room—for "Beery Wenches" please read "Weary Benches."

## CONVERSATION PIECE.

First New Girl on Handpress to Second New Girl on Handpress. "My foreman must be very religious, Mary. Everytime he watches me operating my Press he covers his face with his hands and keeps on saying, 'Holy Moses!'"

## BOUQUETS.

To Mr. and Mrs. Glyn Thomas. A baby girl—Jennifer Susan.

To Mr. and Mrs. V. Weber. A baby girl—Judith.

To Mr. and Mrs. C. Church. Married March 2nd, 1946.

## BRICKBAT.

To the gentleman of the staff who tore up the last issue of *Punch & Die* without reading same. Confucius, he say, "Man with no sense of humour like disappointed cat—both Sourpuss."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Will my hundreds of satisfied clients please note that due to circumstances beyond my control my Engraving and Etching business has gone into voluntary liquidation. However, I have taken over new premises with enlarged staff and up-to-date machines for my new venture in Transfer and Design. Civility and Prompt Attention Guaranteed. Call or 'phone at your leisure:—

'SALAMON'S STORES FOR SATISFACTORY SERVICE.'

## FINALE.

Much to our regret it has come to our notice that doubt has been expressed as to the veracity of the idiosyncracies and actions attributed to individuals mentioned in 'Our Column.' We therefore wish to state that any resemblance between the characters mentioned herein and living persons is strictly incidental.

*Au revoir.*

"LAPIS."

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## SHORT STORY.

## AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

For weeks now the mighty German Reich had been crumbling to pieces beneath the hammer blows of the Allied armies.

North of the almost encircled Berlin lay the old university town of Rostock, and on this night of May 1st, 1945, a long black sedan roared powerfully through its quiet streets and on to Warnemünde—a little seaside village on the shores of the Baltic. Here the car slid to a standstill and its four occupants hurried out, their drawn faces and furtive air showing clearly the nervous strain that seemed to surround their every movement.

They hurried to the beach, stumbling in the darkness that was only relieved by the pinpoint of light from the torch that one of them carried.

Long coats, high-peaked caps, and jackboots denoted that two of them were high ranking officers of the German army. The third was a woman, huddled up in a fur coat, and she was followed closely by the fourth, a bespectacled civilian, clutching tightly his bulging briefcase.

Halfway down the beach, the party stopped. One of the officers looked at his watch with the aid of the torch. "It is 23.50, Martin, almost time . . . they'll be here . . . they *must* be here . . ."

As if in answer to his sharp, impatient exclamation a light flashed from the blackness that was the

sea . . . and one could almost hear the sighs of relief as they turned smilingly to each other. The torch was pointed to sea, and they answered. Soon a boat loomed out of the darkness, grounded on the beach and its two occupants were stiffening to ramrod attention before the party.

"Captain Moeller at your service . . . will you please enter the boat as swiftly as possible . . ."

Soon the four were clambering aboard the submarine, lying half a mile offshore. The conning-tower hatch closed and in a swirl of foaming water the submarine submerged.

The harsh glare of the electric light served only to heighten the pallor of the travellers' faces, as wearily the moustached senior officer sat down, his head drooping dejectedly.

The relief of the submarine's appearance seemed to have disappeared into the gloom of his thoughts . . . the terrifying plane flight from Berlin . . . the endless bombardment and noise of the Russian guns that had completely shattered his already failing self-control . . . the elaborate precautions and preparations made to ensure his safety and escape . . . He smiled grimly as he thought of the care and attention given to the red-herrings placed prominently for the notice of the Allied Intelligence Officers, the pictures and notes in the bunker, the will left where they'd soon find it, the charred bodies of the man and woman, victims of a recent air-raid, prepared and placed in freshly dug graves outside the bunker . . . The fools! The idiots!—did they think he would stay to be placed in a dock with Goering, Ribbentrop, and the rest—a laughing-stock of the world? To be taken by the Russians?—he shuddered openly as the cold thought passed through his mind—much as he feared to die he would have broken first the poison phial he always carried.

"They will see I am not dead!—that I will come back to fulfil my destiny! My people will gather around me and we will sweep to victory!" Unconsciously he was muttering aloud, and the woman placed a gentle hand on his arm—

"Here is Captain Moeller, he will tell us of the escape plans," she murmured.

The man felt strangely comforted as he looked up at the burly naval officer—a good man, this Moeller, he himself had decorated him with the highest division of the Knights Cross for bravery. He tried to listen to what Moeller was saying, ". . . and when we arrive at the rendezvous off the Argentine coast, you will be landed by boat and hurried inland . . . Our sympathisers have taken care of everything . . . All plans are fool-



proof, and Professor Fraum will be able to obtain all necessary equipment and material to further his research . . ."

At the mention of his name the civilian started, to clutch only more tightly his brief case.

As the travellers settled themselves, trying as best they could to rest themselves after the exhausting journey, the submarine travelled on.

The dull boom of two rapid explosions served to jerk them out of their troubled sleep, and the woman shrieked as they were thrown to the floor. The submarine tipped to a sharp angle and slid swiftly to the ocean bed, coming to rest with the grating and buckling of steel magnified a thousand times in the narrow confined space.

With almost automatic precision the crew sprang to danger positions, slamming watertight doors and sealing off flooding departments. The floor was already covered with six inches of sea water.

"Moeller, what has happened?" the man's harsh voice rose to a screech. Beads of sweat stood out on Moeller's forehead, ". . . two explosions have wrecked all control and vital machinery. I shall do my best, but the air will not last long. Chlorine gas is already being rapidly released by the action of the sea water on the batteries. I am afraid . . ." His words were cut short as he bent double in paroxysms of coughing. Silently, swiftly, the choking gas attacked them in turn, and soon all was silent.

No pomp or circumstance surrounded the bodies of the crew of U258, or those of Adolf Hitler, Fuehrer of the German Reich, Martin Bormann, his Deputy, Eva Hitler (*nee* Braun), and Professor Fraum, head of the Research Dept. into Atomic Energy . . .

Russian Prisoner of War No. 257864 was smiling as they led him to his death in the gas chamber. His crime was sabotage. The Gestapo had discovered much when they had caught him red-handed in the test sheds. It was lucky they had not found those ingenious and foolproof time-bombs, designed to explode in exactly six months, which he had sealed into the prefabricated submarine parts despatched the previous day. "Let me see," he thought, as the door opened, ". . . November, December . . . yes, May . . . somebody will be getting a surprise about that time."

"LAPIS."

## IF WE HAD A PARLIAMENT.

THE AERO-ZIPPERS' "HANSARD."

Occasion:—The second reading of the tea (sweetening) bill.

The Minister of food and canteens (The right hon. M. Wagner, M.P.) opened the debate for the government. He stated that since the last reading the government had found it possible to include the amendment suggested by the M.P. for Press-room (Mr. A. Evans, DRA., MA.) in the original bill. He was, he added, satisfied that this amendment was in the interest of the firm.

The first speaker for the opposition, Mr. C. Nossek (M.P. for Capstan) objected to the passage in the 23rd paragraph, which says: "Sugar, or an equivalent in saccharin." He said that this passage was un-democratic and could be misinterpreted. There was, he said, no clear definition as to when sugar and when saccharin was to be used. This statement was greeted by laughter and cat-calls from the government benches. Miss L. Roberts (M.P. for Office) interjected that if the right hon. member for Capstan could not understand a simple passage, he should go and get himself a cup of tea. If his palate was sufficiently sensitive to notice sweetening matters therein, he might also judge which particular kind thereof was used. The government could not be made responsible for the ignorance of the opposition leaders. (Cries of "Shame" and "Withdraw"). Dr. V. Weber (M.P. for South Deval) then rose, and spoke with considerable pathos. Does the government realise, he asked, that should the bill be passed there will be a considerable increase of stomach troubles like duodenal ulcers, of which there were already too many cases rampant? Here the Minister of Health (the right hon. Sir Kenneth Walters, A.R.P., C.D., F.W., S.P., E.T.C.) interjected that he could not accept these charges if actual cases were not brought to his notice for investigation. (Cries of "Church"). Just then there was an excited interruption by Mr. B. Meitner (M.P. for Invent), who shouted somewhat irrelevantly: "Pitchie, Putchie, Pinkle water very bad girl." This took the wind out of the sails of the next speaker, who, though poised to speak, broke out into hysterical laughter, which echoed hollowly through the hall.

The Speaker (the right hon. Colonel Sambo) then adjourned the debate.

"PRUNETIUS PRUMUS I."

**THE 44-HOUR WEEK.**

A 44-hour week is not beyond the bounds of possibility in this works. How pleasant it would be to go home on Friday evening with an undiminished pay packet and the knowledge that our time is our own until Monday morning. Before that ideal state can be reached there are many things to be considered. The first thing our employers are liable to say is, "Yes, but if you only work 44 hours for the same pay as 48 our product will cost more and we shall be unable to compete with other manufacturers." Few of us realise how costs are arrived at. To mention only a few items entering into costs we have material, labour, rent, rates, lighting, heating, depreciation of plant, and a host of other items all adding their proportion to cost. The biggest item is labour, and we can readily appreciate how fewer hours at the same weekly rate will mean an increase per hour and an added labour cost with a consequent rise in the price of the product. If the 44-hour week were a universal thing the matter would be simplified because all manufacturers would be on an equal basis (within the diversity of wage rates, of course).

For an individual firm to start the system it would mean two things. First, the employee would be expected to guarantee to produce as much in 44 hours as he or she does in 48. Secondly, the management would have to improve methods of production to ensure a speedier output and would have to bring obsolete plant up-to-date.

For the first item, would the employee honestly try to increase his or her output?

For the second, is it possible for methods to be improved and how, and has the firm the requisite capital to lay out on new plant?

This article does not necessarily express the personal opinions of the writer, but it is written with a view of giving you something to think about. Please let us have your views on the question and let us publish them in our next issue.

H. J. GROGAN.

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**LETTER TO THE EDITORS.**

We should like to convey through your columns our sincerest thanks to the Management, co-workers, and all our friends of Aero Zipp Fasteners, Ltd., for their beautiful presents, telegrams and kind wishes received by us on the occasion of our marriage. Most sincerely,

MR. AND MRS. C. CHURCH.

We have received and accepted articles for which space unfortunately cannot be found. They will appear in our next issue.—THE EDITORS.

**MISCELLANEOUS—**

Good price offered for the following items needed in near future :—3 mosquito nets, white umbrella, one set inoculation needles, one sarong, white duck suit, also white suit with black stripes for evening wear.

Offers to Sahib Lesser, Far Eastern Division, Planning and Development Dept.

Messrs. Lewinsohn and Lesser Ltd., have asked us to state that there is absolutely no connection between their opening up of a tailoring business and the fact that one of the new sewing machines has disappeared.

Will exchange toolmaking knowledge and unused tools for pram and cot.

Write :—"Farseeing Foreman," Box 126158X, Gauge Dept.

\* \* \*

**CANTEEN CORNER.**

**BARLEY BROTH.**

- 3 oz. Pearl Barley
- 2 small carrots
- 1 small turnip
- 1 small onion
- 1 quart water
- Teaspoon chopped parsley
- Pepper and salt.

*Method* : Rinse and drain the barley. Put into a saucepan with the water, and bring to the boil. Add the chopped vegetables, cover and simmer for about two hours. Taste and season, and just before serving sprinkle the chopped parsley on top. An Oxo cube may be added to the water if desired.

If you add dumplings to soup you make a very filling dish. Ordinary dumplings are made with roughly one third the weight of suet to flour, mixed to a soft yet firm dough with water. They should be put into the soup or broth when it is boiling. Twenty minutes boiling in the liquor will cook them. A pinch of sweet herbs added to the mixture makes a nice change.

Remember, too, that suet is not an essential. Margarine and dripping mixed will do very nearly as well.

\* \* \*

**TABLE OF HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.**

- 1 tablespoonful of flour (as much above the rim as below) = 1 oz.
- 1 level tablespoon of sugar = 1/2 oz.
- 7 tablespoons water = 1/4 pint.
- 1 breakfast cup flour = approx. 4/5 oz.
- 1 " " sugar = 1/2 lb.
- 1 piece of butter, margarine or lard the size of a small egg = 1 oz.