

Church & Home



1946

Greetings

1947



Christmas Number.

“PUNCH & DIE”

No. XII

CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

WORKS MAGAZINE

OF

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.

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EDITORIAL, 1946—1947.

Standing on the threshold of a new year, let us look down, for a brief while, on to the panorama of 1946 and examine the events and accomplishments of the old year, now fast disappearing into oblivion. As we do so, the daily tribulations, big and small, of our working days seem to pale into insignificance in comparison with our overall achievements.

We have trebled our production; our working conditions have improved and we can be proud of the fact that A.Z.F. has done its share to ease the unemployment in this area.

Just as important is the incredible leap forward of our Social activities during the last six months and your interest in A.Z.F. Social life that has risen to the highest level. The Amateur Dramatic Society is in full swing, with new members coming forward steadily; the Lunch Time Concerts play to a Canteen packed to capacity; the Table Tennis Club takes its place in the Trading Estate League; the Shorthand Classes have started for those who wish to possess that desirable asset; a Model Engineering Club is in existence.

It is good that this is so. The success of any factory depends on its going forward hand in hand with happy workpeople, and bearing in mind the old, but true, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," we have striven mightily and persistently through the columns of "Punch & Die," and in other directions, to achieve what is now an accepted fact. Indeed, might we not claim that A.Z.F. is now the foremost on the Estate as regards social activities?

As to "Punch & Die" it has grown from strength to strength into a magazine worth the effort. At last we can state that its foundation is firm, that we have no fear for future issues due to lack of material. We are happy inasmuch as we feel that "Punch & Die" is now looked forward to eagerly by each one of you.

The new extension will be completed shortly, and the New Year will see once more the moving of machines and departments. It is all a preliminary to greater and more secure days. We face the future with the confidence that better things are to come.

We extend to our Managing Director, Directors, the Management, our fellow workers both at home and in His Majesty's Forces, and our many friends outside the factory, our sincerest wishes for a joyous Christmas and a successful New Year.

NADOLIG LLAWEN I PAWB A BLWYDDYN NEWYDD DDA

Christmas, 1946.

The weeks and months have flown by and once again the festive season is here.

The very thought of Christmas always thrills us, as it brings to our minds those pictures of happy family gatherings, of homes gaily decorated, the carving of the now "almost forgotten" turkey and all the other things that are associated with this glad occasion.

Just for the few moments that it takes to read this article may we pause to consider the great reason for this happy Day.

PEACE ON EARTH, GOODWILL TO MEN.

That was the message of the angels that first Christmas when Jesus Christ was born in the Bethlehem cattle shed. But where today is the peace and goodwill they heralded? Surely never before has there been such a world shortage of both peace and goodwill. What has happened to the anthem of the angelic choir? Was it just a pretty song? Or have God's plans gone astray?

Oh NO! Jesus Christ, the Babe of Bethlehem, was the Almighty God, and he *did* bring peace, and *it is* in the world today. It exists in the hearts and minds of those who believe in Him and who follow in His footsteps. Peace with God means something of infinite and eternal value, and there are millions in all the countries of the world this Christmastide to whom this peace is a priceless and very real treasure.

That is the real reason for CHRISTMAS and may we each know something of it for ourselves.

WISHING YOU A REALLY HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

W.N.

MESSAGE FROM THE MANAGING DIRECTOR.

For various reasons I have been unable to come to Treforest—much as I would have liked to. So I have had to direct the affairs of the Company by “remote control,” from that somewhat mysterious and slightly unreal institution, The Head Office. But I hope that this will soon be remedied and I shall re-establish personal contact with the people of the factory.

I think that the most outstanding feature of our work this year has been the fact that the cessation of such strong pressure as the necessities of War has not resulted in a general slacking off. In commercial terms this means, of course, that the output achieved and the general results are very satisfactory. But it also means that we are well on the way to achieving that unity of purpose which is so necessary a foundation not only for a comparatively small unit as a factory, but also for a happy and contented life in a larger community. The Company and its members have done and are doing their best to further this cause.

Now Christmas is approaching and I hope you will enjoy the holiday and the festivities and that you will resume your work strengthened and refreshed.

A Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year to you all.

K. B. KOPPEL.

There's a song in the air!
 There's a star in the sky!
 There's a mother's deep prayer
 And a Baby's low cry!
 And the star rains its fire where the Beautiful sing
 For the Manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

J. G. Holland, A Christmas Carol.

Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Swift, Polite Conversation.

EIGHT MONTHS WITH A WORKS MANAGER.

The other day, Mr. Stone rushed into my office and said :—
“ Mr. Engel, I want an article from you for our Christmas number. Something personal you know. Something about yourself. How would it be if you write “ A day with a Works Manager ? ” . . . And out he went.

Now, in my usual way, I looked at it from every angle, and I came to the conclusion that all he wanted me to do was to convey to you what I am here for. Perhaps he wanted to take advantage of the Christmas spirit to give me a chance to explain to you how it comes about that I sometimes flummox you without intending to do so. I could describe to you how the telephone rings all day, how conferences follow one another and problems present themselves one after the other with headaching persistence, and, in short, to impress you with the idea that I am a busy man indeed.

“ Bother him,” I thought. “ It’s all eye-wash.” “ To be busy means nothing ; to achieve results means everything.”

You see, every night I think about what I have done, and it all seems so little. It’s always so much less than I should have done.

I began to think about these eight months during which I have been your Works’ Manager ; these eight months in which we all worked hard, in which you managed to treble our output under very trying conditions. I congratulate you on your achievement, and I envy you.

Yes, I do. When I was working on the bench and made a tool, I could see the result. It was my own work. Now all I can do is to provide *you* with all that is necessary to do the work, but *you* achieve it. My headaches now are how to get the raw material, better machinery, working space, better working conditions, better organisation, and better administration ; all of which means a lot of paper work and sitting behind the desk till I get sore.

We have done well, and you are reaping the reward: a bigger output means better wages. We can now spend more on your entertainment. We have a dramatic society, our concerts and dances, a bigger and better "Punch and Die." We can do something for your education and hobbies with our new courses. It's all a good beginning.

Now when I am thanked for helping you, I always say, "Don't thank me. It's you who make it possible. You got on with the job, and it's only fair that you should get the reward." I do my duty and I hope to be rewarded one day when you say: "I am happy to work here."

That's how I feel about things, and I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

E. ENGEL,

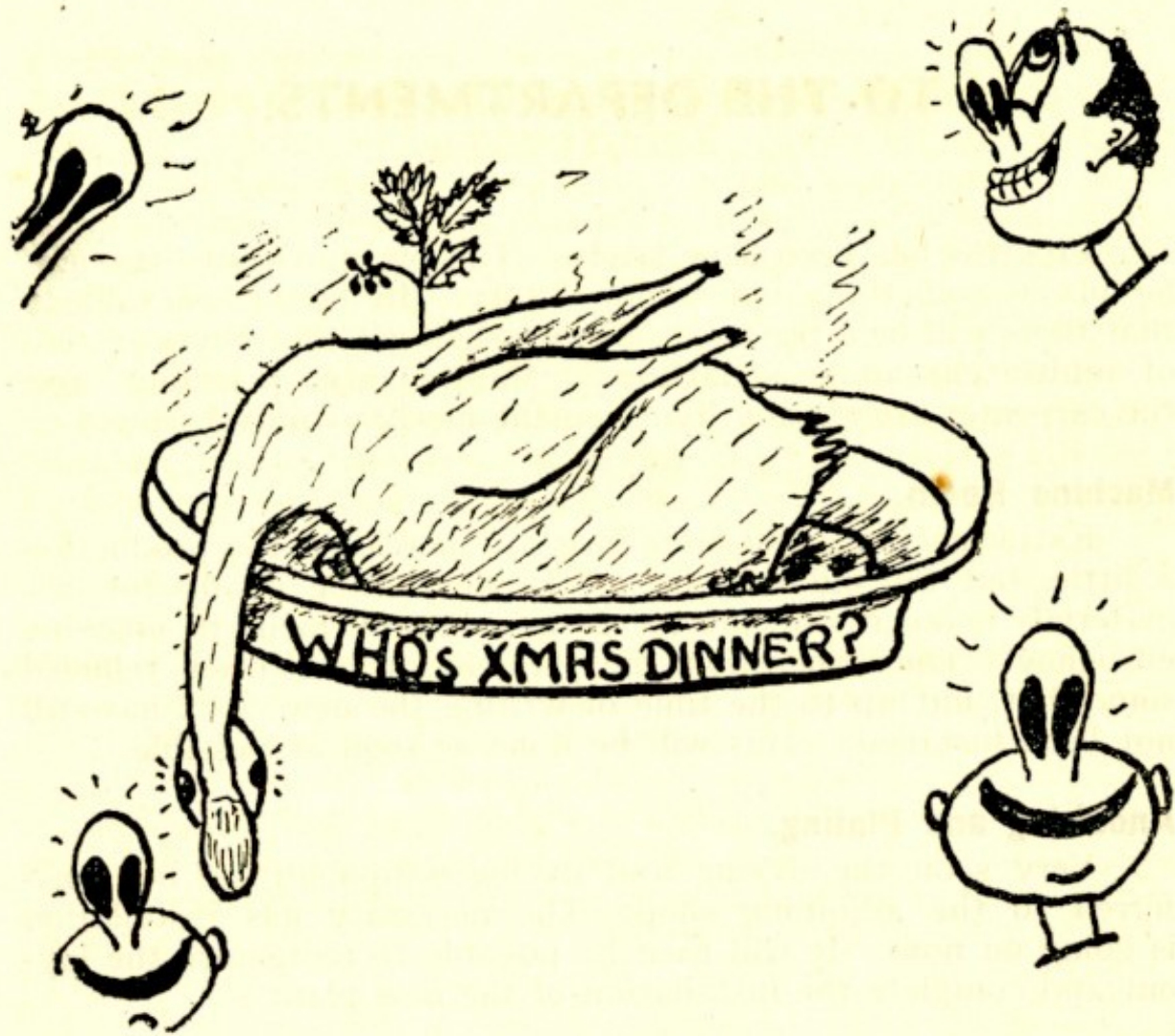
Works Manager.

While rich men sigh and poor men fret,
Dear me! We can't spare Christmas yet!

Edward S. Martin, Christmas 1898.

I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens well that Christmas should fall in the middle of the winter.

Addison, The Spectator, No. 269.



Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!
ANNOUNCING

Grand Free "Lucky Questionnaire" Draw

For those who will be at our Christmas Dance

After completing other questions :

Print your name, address and Clock No. in BLOCK LETTERS in the space provided in this month's "LUCKY QUESTIONNAIRE" and post as usual in the posting boxes available.

The Questionnaires will then be collected, folded and placed "in the hat."

At the Christmas Dance the person whose name is on the first Lucky Questionnaire drawn from the hat.....

GET'S THE GOOSE !!

TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

Progress has been slow lately. The big move into the new factory is something like a fairy story. In fact it isn't likely that there will be a big move, but we shall get there by a system of infiltration and "squatting." Maintenance, polishing, and the carpenter are already living on the newly acquired ground.

Machine Room.

Extra machines and more girls are increasing the production a little, but the old troubles of the fluctuating quality of raw materials make it difficult to see any improvement in machine efficiency. The congestion on the clocks has been relieved somewhat, but up to the time of writing the new clock has still not been installed. This will be done as soon as possible.

Anodising and Plating.

Very soon the dyeing and drying equipment will be transferred to the adjoining shop. The necessary gas installation is going on now. It will then be possible to reorganise the layout and complete the installation of the new plant.

With the increase of tooth and slider production, a considerably increased load of work has been thrown on the Plating Department who are managing very well without any increase of staff. A production bonus scheme has been instituted for this department.

Slider Casting.

This is another department where the machine operators have been placed on production bonus. By the time this is printed we shall probably have learned whether or not the scheme is a success.

Some members of this department have recently visited firms which specialise in this process, as it is often helpful to see how others deal with the same problems, and if possible gain by their experience.

Maintenance.

When this department moved to the garage it was thought that they would have plenty of room, but the only solution seems to be to move the zipp production into the garage, and give the factory to "Maintenance."

Teeth Department.

This job will always be difficult and when they have to contend with inferior or insufficient brass it just becomes harder.

The bonus system proved to be a success and pepped-up the production. It was a pity that other considerations offset this. The overcrowding of the presses is quite a handicap and this department will be the first big one to move.

It is not the intention of this article to always say something about every department, but the writer would like to make a general remark to everyone of every department. To those whom he has had to disappoint, refuse requests, etc. and to those whom he has managed to help he sends his very best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

G.S.H.

At Christmas play and make good cheere,
For Christmas comes but once a yeare.

Thomas Tusser, 1557

Many merry Christmases, friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and Heaven at last for all of us.

Charles Dickens, Christmas Message to John Foster 1846.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Scott, Marmion.

FROM THE DEPARTMENTS.

A New Series by Departmental Representatives.

Machine Room.

Speaking on behalf of the girls of this department, we're certainly happy to have this space in "Punch and Die" to let you all know "what's what" around here. With all the "girl voice power" of the Machine Room condensed into these few lines, I can promise you all plenty of "fireworks" now and in the future.

A big thanks to the Combmakers from the girls for the good job they're doing, and a little message from us to the Teeth Press Department, which goes "Keep 'em rolling and keep 'em good."

So many of our girls are showing their talents (singing, I mean!) these days in the Lunch Time Concerts that we're wondering if all the talent is in the M.R.! At present we claim the lead. What about it, other departments?

We're all very happy to have Myra Dare back at work among us and looking so well after her long illness and finally, congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Trew (our Muriel Gould) whose marriage took place at Glyntaff Church on Saturday 23rd November. We send you both our best wishes and know the future will be full of happiness for you both.

See you all at the Marina!

DOREEN JONES.

Finishing Room.

The F.R. girls wish everyone a Very Happy Christmas and New Year.

These last few months have seen the zipps flying out of here in ever increasing quantities, and we'll certainly be hitting the gong next year.

Here's a hint for Mr. Weinberger—look around the F.R. for talent sometime! We've got at least one pianist and some vocalists who need a little coaxing.

Being an "all girl" department, there's naturally a flood

of happy events, and our sincerest congratulations are extended to Mrs. Watkins (Ray Hurcombe), Mrs. Pearce (Ceinwen Davies) and Mrs. Powell (Peggy Payne), all on their first wedding anniversaries. Congratulations also to Maude Richards and Betty Real on their recent engagements.

Cheerioh ! and we're all looking forward to a grand Christmas Dance (not forgetting the mistletoe !)

DOREEN KEEPINGS

Teeth Press Room.

Message to the organisers of the Christmas Dance
 "Christmas comes but once a year so when it comes we hope there's beer"

There's an argument going on around here whether the recent boom in production was due to all these social events making Aero Zippers happy at their work, or the new incentive bonus scheme !! but a sure sign of a happy day in the T.P.R. with no breakdowns is Ervin Hornung doing the Blue Danube ballet dance around his favourite press !

Last month we had pleasure in welcoming back to the fold Matty Dyke and we all hope that Mr. Dyke will be home again soon from Forces Overseas, and this time for good.

We've got a soft spot also for our former Tooth Inspectress—the former Jean Herbert—so congratulations from us all to Mr. and Mrs. Masson (married October 19th, 1946 in Pontypridd) and the best of luck !

The marriage took place at Leckwith (Cardiff) Gospel Hall on Saturday, 23rd November, of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nilsen. We wish you both every happiness for your future together. (We hope to include a wedding photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Nilsen in our next issue).

LEN MORGAN.

Jig and Tool Room.

First may I say that the J.T.R. is very pleased over the recent election of four of its members to the Social and Welfare Committee, and in assuring them of its support, looks forward

to a very successful year of social events. The Jig and Tool has always been lucky in some ways and lucky indeed we were to escape annihilation when Mr. R. Morris (of the Model Engineering Club) recently demonstrated his model petrol engine—it nearly shook the place to pieces (and that *before* 8 a.m. in the morning).

To start the ball rolling we hereby challenge any department to an inter-department contest in table tennis, general knowledge quiz, a spelling bee or what have you. Any department interested?

Our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Jessop—a baby daughter—Lesley, 19th November, 1946, and the whole of the Jig and Tool extend their best wishes to Mr. W. Gough who joined the R.A.F. on the 21st November, 1946. The Editor has told me that he'll be sending "P & D" to Winston, so "remember to write us and all the very best in your new career!"

The seasons greetings to all other departments and we're looking forward to an enjoyable Christmas Dance which promises to be one of the best ever organised on the Estate.

DAVID ROWLANDS.

Slider Department.

The girls of the Slider Department hereby warn all departments that they will be in "full force" at the Xmas Dance (and that goes especially for the male species!)

Although we aren't represented at the Lunch Time Concerts as much as the other departments, we find consolation in the fact that our new discovery is doing well in the A.Z.F. Amateur Dramatic Society rehearsals (steady, Barker!)

That's all for the present from the Slider Department, but I promise more news next time (now the ice has been broken!)

MONA WILLIAMS.

Plastic Department.

The Plastic Department take this opportunity of wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Brighter New Year.

This space in "P & D" is certainly going to be useful to us to remind folks that we're still around, even if we are on the far away borders of Aerozipperland!

We offer our congratulations to our Miss May Jones on the occasion of a happy "double" event—her 21st birthday on November 14th and engagement on the 16th. "May all her troubles be little ones."

EILEEN RIVERS.

Lacquer Room.

At present the Lacquer Room ladies are feeling a little disappointed that a photograph of the department wasn't taken for "P & D" Even if we aren't very big we do like to feel important!

The social event of the month from here is the engagement of Miss L. Baker to Mr. D. Williams (who works near at hand in the Power Station), and we wish them every happiness.

We're all looking forward eagerly to the Christmas dance and hoping it will be a big success. The Lacquer Room wishes everyone at A.Z.F. a very, very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

G. TERRETT.

AROUND THE OFFICES.

"Happy Christmas folks, lots of crackers and Christmas pud.," that's what we are wishing you all and ourselves this year, and a "merry" one in every way.

The Office Staff personnel has increased in the last year, and to those who have joined us recently we say "welcome" and we hope you will enjoy your Christmas and your whole stay at A.Z.F. as much as we "old stagers" have. To those who have left us we send Greetings and best wishes wherever you may be. Special greetings to Dilys—"Get better quickly, we're hoping to see you soon!"

We are all proud of our little "Songster" Evelyn, who has made such a "hit" in the Lunch Time Concerts. Keep it up, kid!!!

Betty (of the Wage Office) has now succeeded Loma as Secretary of the Social and Welfare Committee. Here let us thank Loma for all the work she has put into this job since its commencement, and now, Good Luck to Betty—you've lots of work in front of you.

A great interest is taken in the Dramatic Society by three of our girls: Olwen, Betty (Toghill) and Loma, and we are looking forward to seeing their antics on the stage.

Now for the Xmas Dance! These have always been heaps of fun and we hope this year will not be an exception.

So, we'll be seeing you——!

F.E.

OUR COLUMN.

Recently as the festive season drew near, I sat pensive and sad in my luxurious office, and chatted to my ace reporter, Mr. N. Parker. "Nosy," I exclaimed, "*what* are we going to give the customers for Christmas? I just can't prey again upon those too good to be true idiosyncrasies and appearances of my favourite victims. I must give a well deserved respite to the owner of what our American friends would call a "beautiful head of skin and the chap with the profuse chin fungus. No, I must look elsewhere—what'll it be?"

Then came Mr. Parker's flash of inspiration. "Lapis," he said, "I've got it!—I'll get Santa Claus to visit the factory and give appropriate Christmas presents to those good people who you *haven't* mentioned in *Our Column*!"

Thus it came about that on the cold, crisp and bright morning of Monday, December 23rd, great excitement was apparent at A.Z.F. The jingle of bells and the clatter of reindeer's hoofs announced the arrival of Santa Claus. Chubby, red-cheeked face beaming, and eyes twinkling mischievously, he clambered from his sleigh and slinging his bulging sack of presents over his shoulder, trundled through the Main Factory entrance. The sound of a typewriter clacking away, which seemed to come from beneath Santa's huge white beard, denoted instantly the hiding place of our Mr. Parker, renowned for his ability to secret himself in the most advantageous places.

Meeting young Garfield Roberts he presented him with a six inch R.A.F. moustache and asked kindly "How d'you find it here, m'lad?" Cutting short Garfield's directions of "Straight down the corridor and it faces you," Santa exclaimed, "No, No, No! I mean your working conditions" and hastened on his way.

Popping into the Main Office, Miss Joyce Vickery was the blushing acceptor of a gold initalled Winchester Repeater to keep at bay all the factory wolves howling around the Main Office door, and with no more ado the old gentleman hastened to the Machine Room.

Amidst great excitement he presented Mary Thomas, Olive Hughes and Beryl Morris with the original meat-ball used in the composition of their favourite song "One Meat Ball" personally autographed by the composers Hy. Zaret and Lou Singer, and the arranger, Fud Livingston. "Ah, Mr. Ray Roberts,"

said Santa, putting his hand once more into his sack, "I hear you've been having fun conducting the choir outside the Mason's Arms recently." Ray's face, which had grown dismal indeed at his gift of a Salvation Army Banner, brightened considerably as he discovered a bottle of Johnny Walker wrapped in its folds. Two original Tarzan leopard skins were left with Queenie Satterley and Haulwen Randall, in preparation for the day when "those two men, big and strong" come along, and a midget intercommunication telephone set fixed up between the machines of those two bosom pals Audrey Williams and Sally Davies.

Arriving a few moments later at the Finishing Room, Beryl Jones accepted happily five thousand packets of Wrigleys Spearmint. "This," said Santa, addressing Joyce Love, "will prevent you worrying about wax on the tapes in the New Year," as he presented her with a gold plated ultra-modern electronic portable degreaser. A small step ladder went to Violet Hillman, adjustable in height to suit the assembly of long length zipps. A ten shilling bag of coppers was received by Eunice Williams, with Santa whispering into her ear "That will save you running up and down to Betty Wilmot for your tea money." Pearl Owen became the proud possessor of a one coat wardrobe—no more would people spill wax over her coat as it lay neatly folded over the back of her chair.

In the Tape Room, a chromium plated automatic tape-cutter, with a ten year guarantee never to go wrong, was left for Doris Thick, and Clarice Young jumped for joy as she received the original mike used when she sang at the Caerphilly Y.M.C.A.

Swiftly passing through the Lacquer Department (leaving Linfa Williams ten tins of Australian tomatoes and Vera Magni a pair of dancing shoes) our genial friend arrived at the Plating Department. Here the Gold Medal of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to A.I.D. (Anodising Division) was pinned on Bill Watkins' manly chest, and a free one year's course at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts (Hawk Island Section) was accepted by Gwilym Phillips. Ten pounds of best shag tobacco went to Bill Williams.

Hastening on his way, Santa Claus dodged in and out of the Tooth Presses giving Cyril and George Conway (sons of the famous Maintenance Mixture character), distinctive silk red and blue ties respectively "to prevent your foreman giving the wrong job to the wrong man." Eleven football outfits two goal posts and a football was the load carried away by Charlie Wilkey for his budding football team, whilst Cyril Cook smilingly opened his parcel to find two lbs. of beefsteak "in case of any more black eyes."

MR. PARKER DOES IT AGAIN !!
Intimate Photographs "Behind the Scenes" of "PUNCH AND DIE."



EDITORIAL CONFERENCE.

Taken with a keyhole-shaped Zeica Camera at Three Miles Range.



SELECTION COMMITTEE.

To obtain this exclusive photograph Mr. Parker spent three days suspended upside down by means of a rope tied to his left leg outside a certain office window.



PRUNETIUS PRUMUS.

Scoop of the year !! The notorious author of the "Mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine" snapped in his lair.

A journey across the road to the Jig and Tool Department, and three boxes of throat tablets were placed on Arnold Jessop's machine "guaranteed to prevent loss of voice." "How to write Romantic Poetry in 1000 easy lessons" was a booklet gratefully grabbed by Jim Wheeler, and three psychologically unsound toolmakers were given to Reg Probert, for experimental purposes.

Cries of surprise and delight denoted Santa Claus' arrival at the Slider Department, a gold-embossed photograph album going to Elsie Breakingway, and a one seater autogiro to Olive Griffiths, for swift conveyance on her journeys in search of cigarettes and ice-cream.

At the Plastic Department Nancy Marshall thrilled with excitement as she opened a box and found an original Frank Sinatra bow tie. Phyllis Webber danced with delight upon receiving an album of Gene Krupa records, and an "Eniac" lightning "bonus into beer" calculator was fixed on David Newbury's bench.

With stars beginning to freckle the darkening sky, Santa Claus, his sack now empty, chuckling with delight at the success of his mission, climbed back again into his sleigh, cracked his whip, and set course for home. Surrounded by his escort of leprechauns (a la Walt Disney) he just cleared the new extension, circled the factory, and waving his hand cheerily to the crowds of happy Aero Zippers below, disappeared into the blue.

On Wednesday, October 16th, a dance was held in the Canteen. Only approx. forty people turned up, and my sympathy is extended to Reg Randall, who had the distressing experience of seeing his energy and conscientious hard work go to waste. I won't go fully into the reasons why this dance "flopped" so badly, for they are many, but I feel sure that the new Social and Welfare Committee, taking heed of the difficulties experienced by its predecessor, will find some way of assuring the success of future A.Z.F. dances.

On Tuesday, 22nd October, a lecture was given in the Canteen on the Export Campaign by Mr. Seddon of the Central Office of Information for the Board of Trade. Mr. Seddon was accompanied by Capt. G. N. Carey of the Board of Trade, Cardiff, and both gentlemen in question kept their audience interested with many enlightening facts and figures of the country's export drive. The interest of the Aero Zippers present was apparent by the number of pointed questions asked of Mr. Seddon at "question time" and they certainly kept him "on his toes." An enraptured audience listened to Mr. Johnson giving a superb

display of passionate rhetoric in support of his "Back to the Land" plea. One almost expected Lord Beaverbrook to pop his head around the Canteen Door and say "Hear, hear, Mr. Johnson, Hear, hear!" To visualize various Aero Zipp person-ages suddenly transported to a farmyard, and wonder to what daily chores they would be most suited, is certainly an idea to work on in a future *Our Column*. I wonder what would happen if Mr. Meitner was let loose on the farm to improve poultry production by means of some of his ingenious gadgets.....Yes, my friends, I've thought of that one too !.....

Another Lunch Time concert was held in the Canteen on Tuesday, November 12th. Once again Bernard and his Aeronomes played to a Canteen packed with enthusiastic Aero Zippers. The high Standard of entertainment was fully upheld by two more newcomer vocalists, Owen Greenway and Glenys Sheppard. Little Evelyn Randall proved that her first success was no "flash in-the-pan" by the reception she received for "Sioux City Sue" and a word of praise also to Joan Roberts and Chris Bird for their excellent rendering of "Sentimental Journey."

It was unfortunate that the mike chose to be difficult, but Reg Randall assures me we have his personal guarantee that no more trouble of this nature will present itself in the future.

Recently the B.B.C. sent Mr John May and a Mobile Recording Unit of the B.B.C. to the Treforest Trading Estate, to obtain material for a News Reel Overseas Service Programme—"South Wales Industries for Export." Mr May called at A.Z.F. and was apparently most interested in "Punch and Die" with the unfortunate result that yours truly became a bit of his material—rather a frayed bit. To have the roving mike thrust suddenly under one's nose is a nightmarish experience indeed, and whilst I desperately gabbled a few words about "Punch and Die" into the mike I visualized all about me rubbing their hands in fiendish glee. The sequel came with an invitation to Broadcasting House, Cardiff, on November 14th, to hear a pre-view of the recorded programme. Sitting on the edge of a chair, and feeling very much like the little man in a Bateman Cartoon, I heard my alleged voice telling the Dominions all about "Punch and Die"....."Here is the . . . a m News, and this is "P & D" making it.....

We all have our favourite Christmas experiences and seasonal stories to relate at the nuts, oranges and beer period, after a button-bursting Christmas dinner. My favourite story tells of two companions walking along the shadow-shrouded corridor of an ancient mansion on Christmas Eve.....“ Do you believe in ghosts ? ” asked one man of the other. “ No ! ” said his companion with a slight shiver, “ Do you ? ”—“ Yes ! ” replied the first chap.....and vanished !.....

Always at Christmas I remember an Irishman—I never knew his name. Four years ago, one black morning in the Midlands, fate thought otherwise of my plans to be home for Christmas, two weeks ahead, and I awoke to find myself in hospital, held rigid by a Torquemadish contraption of plaster, bandages, splints, wires, pulleys and weights.

Feeling very sorry for myself, I lay there, until one evening the hushed quiet of the ward was broken by the noise of a veritable giant of a man being carried in by two male orderlies. “ To be sure and I’m passing away. My leg’s gone and I’m going ” he cried, with a thick Irish brogue, as they laid him gently in the next bed to mine. Up rushed the Doctor, around went the screens, whilst his groans were terrible to hear !

How deeply I and my comrades felt for him ! and later cigarettes and chocolates were offered in abundance, and accepted with his profuse thanks, while he blessed us and sang Irish lullabies (deliriously as we thought) to the night nurse until the early hours of the morning.

Morning came with a rustle of nurses, a clinking of wash basins and shaving mugs ; and with the morning, our Irish pal awoke, yawned, stretched himself, got out of bed, took off a splint, *put on his clothes which were still in his locker, walked to the middle of the ward*, signed the “ Hospital Responsibility Disclaimer ” which a flurried Sister thrust into his hand, walked to the door, turned around, cried “ Thank you Boys, God Bless you and a Merry Christmas to you all,” and vanished through the swing doors. We never saw him again.

We were told later how the previous night he had proceeded to get eight over the eight, slipped, and immediately presumed his leg was broken . . . Yes, indeed, how sorry we were for our Irish friend and it was with a tinge of regret we saw him leave. He would have been good company for the next eleven months my friends and I were in that ward ! Since

which time I have every Christmas tried to find the moral to the story, but never could do so.....Can You?.....

Preview and warning *re* the Christmas Dance to which we're all looking forward with the firm intention of having one helluva time.....If a rather shadowy figure approaches you and says in sepulchral tones, "I'd have missed this dance if I hadn't fallen in front of the Pontypridd-Cardiff train," then lay off, for you've had enough!

As a reward for his most successful year as my trusted right hand man, I'll be taking Mr. Parker along to the Marina with me—strictly "off duty" of course.....so we'll be seeing you!
 did I hear you mutter "Not if we see them first?"

With deep sincerity I wish you all, Management, friends, colleagues and co-workers of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., the happiest of Christmases.

"*Our Column*" has appeared in every issue of "Punch and Die" since this time last year, and thus I should like to end as ended *Our Column* of Christmas 1945 "May the New Year ring in for you all, Health, Happiness, and all that is Good in this World."

Don't let your New Year resolutions "go in one year and out the other!"

Au revoir,

LAPIS.

I heard the Bells on Christmas Day

Their old, familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Longfellow, Christmas Bells,

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

When good King Wenceslaus looked out,
And saw the snow lay round about,
He called upon his trusty squire,
To heap the coal upon the fire.
I even think we can assume,
He had a fire in every room.
Oh! lucky king, he had no doubt,
No victory to boast about.
While we, who won a fearful fight,
Have neither coal nor anthracite.

Oh hark the herald angels sing,
They are not short of anything.
These happy people do not dress,
And feathers still are couponless.
They do not have to queue like us,
To get a seat on train or bus.
While nectar and ambrosia give
Unrationed wherewithal to live.
Oh! could I be with them enrolled,
And live so free and uncontrolled.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
The time of gifts is here again,
When we must make our friends believe
We give far more than we receive.
Our pockets are with famine cursed,
For Dalton got his hand in first,
And took our cash to subsidize
Some Governmental enterprize,
Perhaps to pay some fiscal wizard
To stuff more taxes down my gizzard.

ANON.



GREETINGS !

CHRISTMAS AND US.

By Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E.

Time marches on, much too quickly for some ; Christmas by the very meaning of the word, is a distinctive and memorable mile-stone in our lives. It gives the materialist an opportunity to relent and be in the seasonable atmosphere of goodwill. It enables the real " Good " sort of person to revel in his goodness all round.

Joining the Board of Aero Zipp Fasteners at the beginning, war work and the preparation for war, unfortunately made it impossible for me to see as much of you as I would have liked. However, since my release at the end of the war, I have been seeing quite a lot more of the administration of A.Z.F. and of your work ; which, I feel, warrants me to write with sincerity and well meaning.

On behalf of the Directors and Shareholders, I thank each and everyone of you for a good year's work, and wish you all a Happy Christmas and New Year—For ourselves, we are optimistic about the future. Our new extension to the present factory embodies our confidence in you, and our products. Our slogan will be " QUALITY." As the " memory of Quality remains long after Prices are forgotten," so will our goodwill towards each other remain memorable and helpful, at all times and at all seasons.

—Thomas G. Jones.

From Col. Sir Gerald Bruce, K.C.B.

At this Christmas of 1946, I should like to extend to the Management and every employee of Aero Zipp Fasteners, Ltd., my best wishes for a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year. The Best of Luck to you all.

—Gerald Bruce.

FROM OUR BOYS IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES.

" A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all the Staff and Employees."

—T. Bond,
M.E.L.F.

" Wishing the Management and employees a Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year. Here's hoping you all enjoy yourselves over the Xmas festivities.

L. Parslow,
R.A.F. India Command.

" I should like to wish everyone in A.Z.F. a Very Happy Christmas and a most prosperous New Year (Foremen as well !)"

Roy Hartnell,
Royal Armoured Corps.

" Let me take this occasion to wish you all a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year (not excluding Mr. Church's much abused gold braided children.)"

—Herbert Lewis
S.E.A.C.

" To all my pals and to all the rest of the boys I know who are now in the forces, and the girls of the Lacquer Room with whom I worked while at A.Z.F., I'd like to wish you one and all a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year."

—Tecwyn Thomas,
C.M.F.

" I sincerely hope that these few lines arrive in time, but anyway to Zippers in the services I say : May the cooks boil the water for your Christmas morning tea without burning it, and cheer up ! it can't last for ever !

To the Zippers at home I say : For H——'s sake stay where you are !

And to you all I say " A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Yours,

—John B. Luke,
B.C.O.F.

" May I wish you all at home a very merry Xmas—have a good time, you lucky people !

—R. H. Osborne,
M.E.F.

" The compliments of the Season to you all and I wish the firm a prosperous and successful New Year."

—R. Arundell,
R.A.

FROM LONDON OFFICE.

Greetings to our friends at Treforest ! London Office have followed with great interest the activities at Treforest and cannot but admire the initiative and success of their endeavours and the energy which goes into the production of " Punch and Die." It is no exaggeration to say that when " our " magazine arrives, there is a wholesale rush to be the first one to read it and then cries of " lucky people " echo from one office to another.

We should all like to join in one or the other of the projects of which we read, but will have to wait until there is an hourly plane service, so all we can do now is to say " go ahead and the best of luck." Even if we can't join in the flesh we are more than interested in what is happening, and perhaps, a little envious too.

We are in constant contact with Cardiff office and we would like to tell them now, how much we appreciate their assistance. We know from various other firms that factory staff and main office staff do not always work in harmony and we can tell you how much pride and pleasure we take in telling other firms how different we are.

We understand that a social is being planned for Christmas celebrations but in view of the amount of work at this end, we humble members may not be in a position to join you. We hope that it will be a very great success and trust that in the coming years it will be possible for at least one or two of us to be present.

Best wishes to all members of our great family for a happy Christmas and a healthy and prosperous New Year.

FROM THE U.S.A.

H. W. Samo,
230, Riverside Drive,
New York 25, N.Y.

The speed with which news travels round the world and especially round Aero Zipp is famous and notorious. So, I have no doubt that by now you all know of my resignation. I feel, however, that after these many years of close collaboration I want to say goodbye to you as directly and as personally as possible.

It was very hard for me to come to the decision to leave A.Z.F. I joined the firm when there existed nothing but the idea of a factory, and I lived through all stages of the development, from the feeble and unstable early days through the often rather tough crisis of war-time to the promising post-war days.

Obviously, I am very much attached to this factory and look at it with almost fatherly love (as everybody else, who was with the firm right from the start, I kidded myself into believing that I had built it up with my own hands). My attachment to A.Z.F. was based on the people I worked with. Our little community was more real than the factory building and the machinery. A.Z.F. meant much more to me than just a job—it gave me the great experience of finding a community of decent people who earnestly strove to work together in a fair and friendly fashion.

You will thus appreciate that it was not easy for my wife to make up my mind to stay in the U.S.A. But since her family is here and my family lives in Palestine, we decided to settle down near one home and not to live in a third country.

My resignation does not mean good-bye forever. I have every intention of keeping in touch with you, and I feel certain that we shall come visiting the "old country" very soon. In the meantime, I am relying on the written word! I hope to get some letters from my old friends telling me about their new experiences and keeping me posted on all the current gossip. "Punch and Die" is a great help; I now appreciate the existence of this magazine more than ever. But, of course, there is nothing like a personal letter, and I definitely promise to answer promptly.

You may also know that I am still working for A.Z.F., although now only in an advisory capacity. I have studied the zipper industry in the States and reported on their methods, machines and developments. I shall write in "Punch and Die"

about my experiences and impressions in U.S.A. in the near future. Should any of you like to have information on any special subject, please let me know through "The Editor," or preferably in a nice letter directly to me.

The Editor told me that this note will appear in the Xmas edition. So, here are my very best wishes for all of you. Have a wonderful Xmas time and a splendid, happy, and successful New Year!

—H. W. Samo.

Dear Aero Zippers,

It seems hardly possible that almost a whole year has passed since that memorable Xmas dance at the Connaught Rooms, which ended so tragically with rain and no buses!

We did not know then that this year we would be far away from Cardiff—somewhere in the busy, brilliantly lit New York. Still, we feel very close to you all, and I do hope you will have lovely Holidays.

When you lift your glasses (be they filled with beer, wine, or pop) to toast the New Year—think of us, for we'll be thinking of you!

Yours,

—Eve Samo.

May I take this happy time as my opportunity to contribute my first writings for "Punch and Die," and wish you all most cordially, a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

—L. B. Koppel,
London.
28-11-46.

I should like, at this time of Good Cheer, to wish everyone at Aero Zipp a very Happy Christmas and successful New Year.

We can all be proud of the effort that A.Z.F. has made in 1946, which enables us to face the future with the greatest of confidence.

M. M. Wagner.

Here are my very best wishes to everyone for the merriest of Christmases and a Brighter and Prosperous New Year.

—J. Backer.

I wish to convey to all at Aero Zipp my sincerest desire that this Christmas will be your best ever, and the New Year bring to you all every happiness and success.

—F. Harding.

On behalf of the Drawing Office Staff and myself I send our Greetings to our fellow employees in all departments.

—V. Weber.

Having started with Aero Zipp at the very beginning of our factory, and as one of the oldest in seniority amongst the staff, may I wish you all on behalf of the foremen of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd. and myself, a most enjoyable Christmas and a Successful New Year.

—M. Salamon.

FROM MR. E. GREENSTEIN.

27th November, 1946.

Dear Editors,

I am glad to avail myself of your invitation to "say a few words" through the medium of "Punch and Die" since it affords me a threefold opportunity. First, to congratulate all who are responsible for the excellence of this popular and ever-growing publication. Second, to thank you for so regularly sending me each copy all of which I have read with interest, with pleasure and—in the appropriate places—with amusement. Third, to do that which in former years it was my privilege to do through the medium of the Works' microphone—to wish all "Aerozippers," old friends and new, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Even though I am no longer directly connected with the firm, its progress and the welfare of its employees will ever remain of interest to me. I am glad to learn that the Annual Christmas Dance is to be held as usual. Those of us who organised and took part in the First Annual Dance held in 1939 at the Treforest Trading Estate Restaurant will remember that very enjoyable

occasion. It "went off" with a bang in more than one sense of the term. With each succeeding year and despite the cumbersome but doubtless necessary restrictions and regulations necessitated by the War, this function grew in popularity with the growth of the numbers employed. It was looked upon as the high-light of the firm's social activities and was keenly anticipated by all. From my knowledge of the keenness and enthusiasm of the organisers of this year's "Annual" I am sure that an outstanding success will be achieved. I am indebted to the firm for an invitation to be present and am looking forward to spending a most enjoyable—even a hilarious evening.

Just one thing more on a subject which, too often is apt to be forgotten. The Directors and Management of A.Z.F. have always been most generous in their support of the employees' social functions and I have been amongst the first to acknowledge this. I learn that their contribution this year is even more generous than heretofore. This is a gesture which I do hope will find due appreciation from all. So to them, to you dear Editors and all "Aerozippers"—once more, A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Yours very sincerely,

Eddie Greenstein.



Mr. Greenstein, familiarly known as "Eddie" was manager of Aero Zipp Fasteners from August 1939 until October 1944, when he assumed his present position as Director of Messrs. Labin & Co., Ltd., Treforest Trading Estate.

While with us, Mr. E. Greenstein founded all our social activities, including the Christmas Dance, and his name will always be associated with these activities.

In thanking him for the kind words conveyed to us in his letter, we would like to reciprocate fully the Seasons' Greetings.

—The Editor,



A RHONDDA IDYLL.

My heart is full, I must confide
In any person handy ;
My joy I can no longer hide,
For I have found my future bride ;
She lives in Tonypandy.

To me she's sweet as sugar cane,
And sweeter far than candy ;
Although they say you'd seek in vain
For anybody half as plain,
Throughout all Tonypandy.

She is not fair, I must admit,
Her hair perhaps is sandy,
Her left eye seems to squint a bit,
And in her ears you see the grit
From mines in Tonypandy.

She does not walk as others do,
Because her legs are bandy ;
She stutters just a trifle too,
But such afflictions are not new
To those in Tonypandy.

Of course, she's had affairs galore,
There's Herbert, Tom and Andy,
And Bill and Jack, and many more,
Besides the men she loved before
She lived in Tonypandy.

The night when she admitted this,
I drank a quart of brandy ;
But then I thought, a seasoned Miss,
Will better know the way to kiss,
Than all in Tonypandy.

In wedding suit, with gloves and hat,
I look a perfect dandy ;
And we have hired a lovely flat—
One room with use of kitchen, at
Her Ma's in Tonypandy.

ANON.

AND SO I DREAM.

A Christmas Fantasy.

And still they came! Manuscript after Manuscript! Sheaves of neatly written, closely worded foolscap. In they had poured all morning, a ceaseless flood of delight. The top of my desk, hastily cleared of its possessions, had long since been covered, and was now piled high with untidily stacked papers. The shelves were packed to suffocation, and the overflow from the protruding desk drawers had fallen lightly to the floor, covering it with a crispy white mantle.

There were short stories; long stories, humorous, serious technical and industrial articles, histories and prophecies, facts and figures, poems of every description. To the departments and From the departments, neat concise reports from the secretaries of the Amateur Dramatic Society, the Social and Lunch Time Concert Committees, the Model Engineering, Table Tennis, Typewriting, Shorthand, Dancing, Swimming, Boating, Fishing, Golfing, and Yachting Clubs. There were Cartoons, Sketches and Photographs.

And the letters! Mailbag after mailbag of them; from the employees in the factory and those in His Majesty's Forces; letters from external friends; letters of praise and letters of constructive and destructive criticism; genial, abusive, encouraging and discouraging letters; O.H.M.S. letters from the Board of Trade; from the Ministries of Labour, Supply, Health, Aircraft Production, National Insurance and National Savings; letters from every Industrial Society in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

What have we here?....." Lord.....has pleasure in submitting the following article for your consideration....."
 "The Rt. Hon. instructs me to enquire as to whether he could write....."
 "Would you please send a copy of your magazine to Viscount... c/o House of Lords....."
 "The President of the.....would be grateful if space could be spared for....."

I glance around me and am transported to the heights on wings of bliss and excitement. *Now* I could *edit*. *Now* I could produce a magazine that would blaze through the literary world like a rocket through the night sky. No more flogging the weary

backs of two or three faithful contributors. Here in my hands, to pick and choose, were the products of young, imaginative, and fresh brains. *At last* I have sufficient material, *more* than sufficient!

My feelings are hard to explain, I am like a general, smiling with grim pleasure as he looks down from the hillside, watching his victorious warriors, banners thrilling in the wind, pursue their fleeing enemy; like a farmer standing stoutly in his fields, breathing the sweet smelling air and watching May foam in his orchards; like an Agate, reviewing a literary treasure

“ Like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He star'd at the Pacific
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.”

I settle down to read the articles; masterpieces of prose, poems of perfect metre and rhyme. No word mis-spelt, no grammatical errors, no sentences to delete, no paragraphs to change. I must pick the best, if that is possible. I must harden my heart and discard those I cannot use in the next issue. But how can I besmirch such good writing with the wastepaper basket? Yes, I must be firm, and with determined hand pick only the choicest gems of my treasure trove

What is this? An inexplicable feeling creeps over me. My precious MSS, they are m-o-v-i-n-g. The loose papers are whirling aimlessly and crazily as Autumn leaves in the breeze; they are joining together. They are pouring like a white flood into the black void that has appeared before my eyes, gaining momentum every second, elusively slipping through my grasping, trembling fingers,.....No! No!! my office is bare . . .
My table is.....

I awake. The room is cold. A solitary log in the dying fire is singing gently to itself. I shiver slightly and look at my watch—it is 1 a.m. I am tired and must go to bed. What was that I had to do in the morning?—Yes..... I hope those two chaps have finished their articles or we'll never get the Xmas issue out..... maybe if I reduce it to sixteen pages . . .

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

As I sit, warm and comfortable, in the quiet of my lonely room watching the firelight shadows chase softly across the restful colouring of walls and ceilings, my thoughts turn to Xmas and of what it means to us, of its pleasures and heartaches, of the snow and the ice, of the parties and the gay carefree laughter of children. Children! A Xmas without children is no Xmas at all.

What presents to give them sets a problem; something good and strong that won't break in the first day's use is required. Something bright and colourful, something with novelty which will appeal to the lively imagination of a young boy or girl. This applies to their father's present too!!!

Then, as I sat, vainly trying to open the zipp on my tobacco pouch, the "great idea" was born. Zipp Fasteners are the answer to the gift problem. They are colourful, in reds, blues, greens and pastel shades, with bright, shiny teeth that sparkle and jump in the light as the slider moves up and down. Then there are plastic ones, no doubt these could be made in various flavours, raspberry, strawberry, chocolate and vanilla—and very nice too! What fun a child could have opening and shutting this new toy; and the pleasure that tearing them apart when the slider sticks would give them, is beyond imagination.

If your child is musically inclined, or if you want him to be (which is generally the case!!) a set of small silver bells could be fitted to one side, so that as the slider opened the zipp the bells would give soft, mellow chiming sounds down through the scale—in any of six keys!!! As the zipp is closed, so the notes will rise higher, and with a little practice the child will soon be playing "Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," or, "Havoc with your Nerves," in all of the six keys.

With a little ingenuity Father can fix the zipp to the electric lights on the Xmas tree, so that opening and closing the zipp will change the colour of the little bulb. A warning must be inserted here—of using a Plastic zipp with chocolate flavour, don't lick it while the electric current is on.

And now, as I sit in this quiet comfortable room, a slight chill is felt, as the door opens and two attendants in white coats come in. "Napoleon"—that's me—"Napoleon" they say, "here is your supper and then you must go straight to bed"! Good night folks!!!

P.S.—Anyone wishing to buy the above mentioned toys should write to The Flying Zipp Co., quoting this number 111111 for the plain type, number 222222 for Raspberry, strawberry, chocolate and vanilla, and XXXXXX for the musical type. These will help me with my football pools. All orders must include CASH!!—if cash is not available, a small quantity of food would be appreciated—my Army is starving!!! AN.SA.

A VISIT TO BELGIUM.

My visit to Belgium for a short holiday co-incided with the preparations for the Feast of St. Nicholas. This is the Childrens' Christmas time in Holland and Belgium. On December 6th, they all receive their toys. For weeks beforehand the big stores have displays of toys where once a week St. Nicholas, complete with page-boy and donkey, sits in state in a high chair on a dias. He is dressed something like a bishop with Crozier, and very much like Santa Claus. At any rate, he looks very impressive to the children as they tell him confidentially what they would like.

In Brussels I saw a most wonderful profusion of toys in the big shops, such as is not yet equalled in London. Many of them however, are of U.K. manufacture "for export." In fact I spotted some clockwork aeroplanes and vehicles made in Wales. Belgium, of course, has a good toy industry also. The variety and new designs were fascinating even for grown-ups. What particularly took my fancy were the miniature crockery tea and dinner sets, and the kitchen ranges with batteries of aluminium hollowware, done perfectly to scale.

Belgium is a surprising country in more ways than one just now. There is an abundance of everything—necessities, clothing, foodstuffs, luxuries, wines and spirits of all kinds. Unfortunately, everything is very dear, particularly for people who have only sterling to exchange into Belgian francs at 175 to the pound. Over here everybody gets an equal share of what is going at well controlled prices. Foodstuff prices have been pegged over the past six years as a result of heavy Government subsidies. Over there, many things are not rationed for instance bananas, oranges, clothing, nylon and silk stockings, and other necessities. "Legal" prices are advertised, but you cannot always get the goods at such prices. Unless the buyer is prepared to pay black market prices, he or she must go without, where stocks are short in the shops. That is the great difference. It is a startling, change to be able to buy bottles of wine and liqueurs without limit and not too expensively either, compared with prices of such beverages in U.K. swollen with heavy excise duties.

The Shops.

The Englishman, hardened by austerity, finds Belgium a land flowing with milk and honey. The shops are full of luxury goods displayed with taste and profusion. Window dressings excel the tableaux in the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. Artistic groupings of furs, silks, lace and lingerie, leather handbags, artificial jewellery set with precious stones, hats and ribbons, nylon and silk stockings, indicate that some of the women at least are lucky; and some of the men must have fat wallets.

The housewife can choose from varied ranges of beautiful glassware, crockery, linens, furniture and interior furnishings, and the school children from varied assortments of writing papers, pencils, fountain pens, crayons, paints and books. The hungry wayfarer is fascinated by the slabs of poultry, game, oysters and lobsters. The connoisseur surveys with mounting emotion the serried ranks of bottles of wine, cognac, champagne, surrounded by piles of nuts and hothouse fruits and flowers. The patisseries and bon-bon layouts are visions of pre-war artistry. Perfumes and pommades, lipsticks and lotions, scent the scene with Hollywood glamour.

Original exterior and interior decoration of shops, cafes, restaurants, reflect lavish expenditure of war-profits and a 1912 standard of comfort, and night clubs, resplendent in neon rainbows, glow in the night.

The Poor Pound.

Twenty pounds are easily spent in 20 minutes on a pair of nylons (35 shillings to 2 pounds), a French poplin shirt (2 pounds), a silk tie (30 shillings), a three piece silk, Swiss hand embroidered lingerie set (5 to 10 pounds) and a bottle of Eau de Cologne (ten shillings) for the wife. Another ten pounds on cigars (a shilling a piece), a bottle of Cognac (one pound), a leather wallet (2 pounds) and a few drinks at the Metropole. Dodging the stream of brilliant American cars, the already impoverished Englishman hurries into Cooks to change the rest of his Travellers Cheques, wondering how he will pay his hotel bill and how soon he will have to catch his aeroplane home. A potage, steak and chips, omelette, ice-cream and cafe extra to follow with a cognac to wash down the Burgundy, at a modest eating house, restores confidence until the bill for two or three pounds gives the complacent visitor a nasty left-hook. The waiter politely explains that Monsieur has eaten "off the ration of the ordinary at eight shillings ;; with trimmings into the bargain. The Englishman now a bit shaky, staggers off to the Races to try and make up his losses. After a few lucky bets at Groenendaal, Boisfort, or Stockel, the evening programme with artists and music at the Palace Taverne, can be faced. A mushroom omelette, with a modest Bock, will still leave a few francs with which to sample one of the hundred and one inviting Night Clubs. These are set as snares for the unwary in a spiders' web radius of the Place de Broukere and the Porte de Namur. In the small hours, the bag is packed and a rush booking arranged. And so to London, merrier and wiser than 48 hours previously.

But make no mistake the Belgians are putting their backs into reconstruction. Belgium, like U.K., must pay great attention to Exports. They too must export to live because practically their sole indigenous raw material is coal. Here, output is still 20% short of requirements. But a year ago, they were

50% short. Coal production, with the aid of German prisoners of war, has been stepped up very considerably this year. The heavy basic industries, e.g. iron and steel, chemicals, glass, paper, textiles etc., after satisfying a part of home requirements, are busily exporting at bumper prices. Overall industrial production is about 75% of pre-war level.

Early October, 1946, a delegation of South Wales Industrialists went over to see how Belgium is getting on with reconstruction, and I had the privilege of accompanying them. The Delegation was indeed surprised and impressed at the great advance towards normal conditions that has been made since the cessation of hostilities. What struck us all very forcibly was the extreme goodwill and friendliness of everyone with whom we came in touch. We were given civic receptions at Antwerp and Ghent and conducted round the Port Installations at both places. The Ports, like those in South Wales, are working very much under capacity at present.

The demand for British manufactured goods is enormous, particularly such things as high grade textiles, dinner and tea services, cutlery, sanitary earthenware and a hundred and one things that U.K. cannot yet supply in sufficient quantities. The country is still short in many categories of consumer goods. The population is prosperous and willing to pay for best quality goods. The demand for replacements of worn out rolling stock, re-equipment of industrial and mining machinery plant is enormous. Every effort is being made to place such orders with British manufacturers who can promise early deliveries.

The Belgians are profoundly pro-British. Wherever you go you find pictures of Mr. Winston Churchill in a place of honour in public places and private houses. Everywhere you hear words of admiration of U.K.'s great achievement in the war, and of the wonderful staying power of the population of these islands in this austerity period whilst the country is switching over to peacetime production.

There is unbounded astonishment at the discipline of all classes and the comparative absence of blackmarket ramps. There is more than a tinge of jealousy at our well pegged prices, and controlled distribution which ensures for all a fair share, often on the short side as it may be. They say "We will have to look out in a year or two's time. When U.K. has once got on an even keel again, and the full weight of the export drive is felt, Belgium will be up against formidable competition."

Well, we must keep it up, and be worthy of our great reputation abroad.

Au revoir. May I, in this Christmas number wish you all a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

G. N. Carey,
Regional Export Officer.
Wales.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE ?

In the days of yore when men were men and women stayed at home ! there was no haste in dressing, or any need for speedy travel, so the ordinary people tied their clothes up with string, or, as it was called then, "ye olde twine !" and walked to and from the local—known in the vernacular as "Ye Olde Booze"—each night between the hours of sunset and sunrise!—hence the saying: "the good old days." They were alert and quick these people, they had to be in case the string snapped!! The members of Parliament wore tin suits and had valets! known as "Ye Olde Blacksmiths" to aid them in dressing. The fasteners on these suits were called rivets! What the women of this class and period used as fasteners, remains a mystery, owing no doubt, to the number of petticoats they wore. I suspect however that a bit of ye olde elastic was used! These people went "visiting" on horseback.

Times changed however, man became lazy, he didn't want to walk or even ride a horse—you can't blame him can you? that was too energetic, nor did he want to dress with the aid of the "blacksmith"! it gave him a ringing sound in his ears!! His wife began to wear less clothes—perhaps it was hot??—so; man wore clothes with buttons on and his wife used hooks and eyes to—shall we say—pull her figure together. By now, motor cars had begun to appear on the streets and people risked their lives daily by travelling on a steam driven vehicle called a "train"?—But only birds flew, and not even they flew at night.

The urge for easy living, dressing and travelling began to pass but the craze for speed was taking its place. Motor cars travelled at 20, 40, 60 miles per hour and people could be seen in the mornings actually running to work, and soon aeroplanes could be seen in the sky everyday. It was about this time that a man—a bright type no doubt!—who spent hours, each night, waiting for his wife to dress, decided he must speed up the process. He couldn't make her wear less clothes, nor could he stop her painting maidenly blushes on her cheeks, so obviously it was the fastening which had to be changed. He thought about this for days, then, one day, the "gen" came and the ZIPP was born.

So here we are, it is the year 1946. We have aeroplanes which can fly night and day and at speeds which you and I can't imagine, and we have ZIPPS on our clothes so that we can dress in the least possible time, and if all this doesn't satisfy our mania for speed,

Where do we go from here?

AN.SA

INTERVIEWS.

In this issue of "Punch and Die" we are starting a new type of article which should be both interesting and amusing. In "Interviews" any employee of the factory is chosen by the "blind-fold or pin" method (just as a number of people pick their football teams for the pools, and horses). The person is then interviewed by the editor who asks candid questions on every type of interesting subject. Readers are invited to send in to the editors any questions which they would like answered by the next "pin-chosen" victim.

Here to start the ball rolling in our first interview. The pin rested on a female employee. The first question was:—

What do you think of the lunch-time concerts? Do you like them as they are or do you think there should be more classical music?

Answer. I think that we should certainly have more light classical music in our concerts, and that many of the girls would enjoy such items as pieces from "Light Cavalry," "Poet and Peasant" and film music such as "Voice in the Night." An introduction of some of these popular classical types would go down very well.

Question 2. After working hours and you have spare time what do you like doing mostly, and what is your favourite hobby?

Answer. Most of my time is taken up by my main hobby which is wool rug making, the material for which is couponless, and the rugs help to furnish the house. I also do needle-work and embroidery. Minor details—I go to the films occasionally and do a little dancing.

Question 3. Do you ever find time to spare to have a few hours "lounging about?" A few hours when you can generally "laze" away the time?

Answer. No. I find that I have always got something to keep me on the go. If it is not one of my hobbies, dancing or films there is always something to do around the house.

Question 4. Although we get quite a fair return of completed questionnaires there are still many workpeople who do not bother to return them completed. Why in your opinion is this so?

Answer. Well frankly there are many questions in which the girls are not interested. In my opinion I think that the girls have the general feeling that lay-out and improvements for example should be left to the "bosses" and they should carry these things out without being advised by the workpeople. The girls do not grasp fully that the idea is a guide to the Management in what they want. That is why you always get a better response to "personal" questions such as "Do you want lunch time concerts and are you willing to help?"

Question 5. What strikes you as being most urgent to improve your working and social conditions? For example, if you could wave a magic wand what would you wish for in the factory to make life easier for you?

Answer. The first thing which I think I would like is a nice comfortable chair on which to sit while working! Generally speaking I find things O.K. but I do "get my hair off" when a machine breaks down.

Question 6. What do you think of the general atmosphere in the factory between Management and employees?

Answer. During the war I worked in a factory for nearly five years on munitions, and I must say I find the feeling here generally good, especially when compared with my previous job. I settled down here quickly when I started, and I feel that if you get on with your job the Management do not interfere with you, which is quite fair enough.

(b). What do you think of your Foreman?

Answer. I feel that if I get on with my work my foreman will not interfere or bother me and when I need him he is generally very helpful. In other words he is O.K.

(c). What do you think of your Charge Hand?

Answer. My charge hand is about the best that could possibly be. I think she is very good indeed.

(d). What do you think of the Works Manager?

Answer. Well, I started here last Easter and it was three weeks before it was pointed out to me that "the chap" popping in and out like the other fellows *was* the works manager! I have never spoken to him, but the girls around me and myself feel that he is out to help us.

Question 7. Do you think the wages you get here are fair and are you satisfied with them?

It is funny you should ask me that question because only last week the Wage Office slipped up on Friday in my money leaving me 36/- "light," but after a frantic dash around to the Wage Office they soon put it right on the Saturday morning!

Considering that it is now peace-time I have nothing to grumble about. Of course we certainly have to work to earn our money? If things run smoothly and we manage a good day's work every day we certainly know that our wages will be O.K. at the end of the week.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In congratulating myself upon my luck at the "pin finding" of a really splendid subject for interview, I should like to thank the anonymous person for her co-operation and general help in entering into the spirit of the interview, and affirm that all the persons interviewed have my definite word that no indication as to the identity of the person interviewed, or his/her name and department will at any time be disclosed to any person.

The Editor,

25th November, 1946.

PREFABRICATION.

By Adrian S. Mason.

"Get out and get the low-down on this 'production for peace' set-up," the editor had said in the unfeeling way that editors have, and looking up at the belching chimneys and the long buildings of the Diogenes Manufacturing Co, I decided that this looked like a hopeful start.

"Reporter, hey!" snapped the managing-director, glancing from his desk. "Haven't much time for reporters Got a big, vital job on here Reconstruction, that's the word. No time to waste. However, he looked at his watch, the public must have the facts, of course. That's Democracy. I can spare a few minutes to show the works, I suppose. Come on."

He was a big, vital job himself, with a set of ferocious moustaches that would have turned any R.A.F. pilot green with envy. This, I felt, was real red meat.

"Thanks very much," I said, producing the notebook. "Now, first of all . . ." The managing-director was out of the room and half way down the corridor.

"When I think of our brave lads coming back from the jungles and deserts and remember the great Fleets homeward bound, I realise that there isn't a moment to lose." The M.D. looked at me sternly as we hurried along.

"Just so," I agreed, "but . . ."

"First process," screamed the M.D. We had emerged on to a catwalk above a line of huge conveyors, which every few moments spewed out showers of sparks and molten metal with a disgruntled roar. Beyond them, dimly visible through the smoke and fumes, white hot ingots were popping in and out of a battery of diabolical machines.

The M.D. was yelling in my ear above the din.

"Here the crude metal is melted, alloyed, moulded, scaled, rolled, guillotined, hammered and pressed."

"Amazing," I shrieked, nimbly dodging a burst from one of the flame-throwers and diving for my pencil. But the M.D.

was already striding off through the murk.

The next place was quieter, but not much. Lines of machines, looking like secret weapons of the worst type, clattered, chattered and banged. Conveyor belts whirred.

"These machines can handle ten thousand units an hour," shouted the M.D. His moustaches quivered; his eyes gleamed like those of a young mother presenting her first born for approval. Ten thousand units an hour, think of that."

, I thought of it. It seemed a lot of units.

"Here the product is cut, stamped, welded, milled, burnished, clopped, pringed and graffled."

"Clopped, pringed and graffled?" I echoed incredulously.

"Trade terms," snapped the M.D. regarding me severely. I felt I had been caught redhanded trying to steal the plans for the secret process.

Abashed, I trailed after him as he strode through the laboratories filled with earnest white coated men peering into test tubes, and through the design section where men sat, bent almost double, over drawing boards. We did the testing section at a brisk trot; the assembly shops and packing rooms at a sharp canter, and the export department, the costing office and the administrative buildings at a stretched gallop.

Back in the M.D.'s office, he consulted his watch again.

"Good," he said briskly. "Just time for a final word. You can quote me as saying that the change-over from tanks and guns has been a colossal job, needing the willing co-operation of all our employees. What would have happened if we hadn't been ready for the return of our fighting men I shudder to think." He shuddered now visibly. I found myself shuddering in sympathy. It was a harrowing experience.

"But now, as you have just seen for yourself, we are doing it. This time we won't fail. Good morning."

He wrung my hand in a vice like grip and was behind his desk signing letters all in one movement.

It was outside in the corridor that I got the bit between my teeth at last. I was determined that I wouldn't be beaten.

After all, dammit, I HAD to know.

I poked my head back round the door.

"Hey," I yelled. "What the devil do you make here, anyway?"

"Collar studs," said the managing director. "Back and front."

Putting it that way, somehow seemed to make a difference.

Editor's Note.—"Prefabrication" is reprinted from "*London Opinion*" (July 1946 edition) with the kind permission of and with due acknowledgements to The Editor, "*London Opinion*" and Adrian S. Mayson, Esq.

EXIT THE BUILDER.

Should the scientist or engineer
 Conceive a brilliant idea,
 He's bound to get as his reward,
 The most the market can afford.
 Even a fortune has been known
 To come from one idea alone;
 Witness the wave in hair-pins, which
 Made the inventor wondrous rich.
 Alas! this rule does not apply
 To writers in the "Punch and Die,"
 And from the scheme described below,
 I'm well aware no cash will flow;
 But I am hopeful it will cause
 Abundant cheers and loud applause.

The lack of energy displayed
 By people in the building trade,
 Is evident to those who wait
 For houses close to the Estate.
 The men of mortar, trowel and hod,
 Have chosen Morpheus as their god.
 They dedicate the scaffolding
 As altars to their drowsy king,
 Where they observe religiously,
 His tribute rites of lethargy.
 The votive yawn, the vacant stare,
 Proclaim the builder is at prayer,
 And he is loth to move about,
 When occupied with thoughts devout,
 Let him beware! the time is near,
 When he must find a new career,
 For his replacement is the theme
 Discussed in my amazing scheme.

The other day in some antique
 Translation from the early Greek,
 I read of wonders they impute
 To Mr. Orpheus and his lute.
 Of how great boulders sprouted wings
 Under the impulse of his strings ;
 How stones responded to his call,
 And ranged themselves into a wall.
 I thought we might adopt the plan
 Of this old-fashioned gentleman.
 The method we must modify,
 As lutes are now in short supply,
 And I suggest that we for choice
 Should utilize the human voice.

For instance, we should need a bass
 To lift the girders into place :
 The vocal strength of baritones
 Could be employed for heaving stones :
 While tenors and contraltos mix
 Their roundelays to lay the bricks :
 Sopranos with united song,
 Could put the roofs where they belong :
 (This ought to be an easy thing—
 They raise the roof each time they sing)
 A mixed quartette is competent
 To mix the mortar and cement :
 A coloratura's chorus may
 Complete the painting in a day.
 To supervise the skill of our
 Polyphony of building power,
 As Clerk of Works we ought to hire,
 The Merthyr Tydfil Male Voice Choir.
 You'll note there is no work designed
 For crooners, but I do not mind ;
 It suits me best if they would stay
 Over the hills and far away.

Please think about my plan a bit,
 And tell me what you think of it.
 I really think it should be sent
 To benefit the Government,
 And then I'll claim as my reward,
 My elevation to a lord,
 And of my workmates, nearly half,
 Will be appointed to my staff.

ANON.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES.

SOCIAL AND WELFARE COMMITTEE.

President	—	Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E.
Vice President	—	K. B. Koppel, Esq.
Chairman	—	Mr. G. Thomas.
Vice Chairman	—	Mr. F. Henson.
Hon. Treasurer	—	Mr. R. Davey.
Hon. Secretary	—	Miss B. Kelly.

Members of the Committee :

Miss B. Jones, Miss D. Jones, Messrs. W. Hughes, R. Randall,
D. D. Stone, K. Walters, R. Bunney, D. Rowlands.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT.

In thanking you all for placing your confidence in me and electing me to the Chairmanship of the New Social and Welfare Committee, may I take this opportunity of expressing my determination to make this year an outstanding one in the social life of A.Z.F. Under the auspicious presidency of Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E., director, and K. B. Koppel, Esq., our Managing Director, and with a strong and enthusiastic committee, I thus feel that I have every opportunity of carrying out this promise to the full. I am pleased to tell you that our very first step—the full membership drive resulted in a raising of membership of our club from approximate 33% to 100%.

My Committee and I are now engaged in discussing every aspect of social activity in the factory, and shortly I hope that an amalgamation of all other committees, e.g. The Dramatic Society Lunch-Time Concert Committee, etc., will take place.

Full details of our activities will be published in the Social News Columns of every issue of "Punch and Die."

May I take this opportunity, on behalf of myself and my committee, of wishing everyone a very merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—G. Thomas,

Chairman.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

I am pleased to state that the results of the full membership drive were extremely encouraging in regards to our financial position. We have, however, great plans for the future, and to carry out these plans we need financial strength. The J. Koppel Memorial Welfare Fund of which you will read full details in another part of this issue, will give you an idea of our plans to obtain monies which will be devoted to the well-being in every interest of the employees of A.Z.F. A balance sheet and statement of financial position will be published in every future issue of the magazine.

—R. Davey,
Hon. Treasurer.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The Committee was elected on Wednesday, November 13th, 1946. Since that date we have had two meetings. (This report was written 27/11/46).

The main results of these were The J. Koppel Memorial Welfare Fund, The Full Membership Drive, the Christmas Draw, plans for the amalgamation of all committees, and discussions in connection with A.Z.F. Dances, entertainments and all other activities.

I will report a precis of future meetings in following issues of the magazine.

—Miss B. Kelly,
Hon. Secretary.

THE J. KOPPEL MEMORIAL WELFARE FUND.

The firm of Aero Zipp Fasteners Limited was founded by the late Joachim Koppel. From humble beginnings, he, by means of keen business acumen, wisdom and foresight, built up the Aero Zipp, step by step to the firmly established and respected position it holds today. But Joachim Koppel was not only a keen business man. To him his workpeople were not just people there to make the wheels go round. He liked to think of "his people" as his personal friends, and no one was ever refused who, in need of help, practically or otherwise, turned to J.K. Those of us whose privilege it was to have known him, realised to the full those high qualities which made him respected and admired, not only by his employees, but by his business associates and friends in all quarters of the world.

The Chairman of the New Social and Welfare Committee, with the committee's unanimous support, have decided that the most fitting and practical was to perpetuate the memory of our late Managing Director, in a way he would have most desired, and in a cause he held most dear—a fund for the well-being, welfare and education of the community.

“THE J. KOPPEL MEMORIAL WELFARE FUND.”

This fund, the trusteeship, direction and execution of which are being arranged at the time of writing, will be devoted to the support and help in every direction of the community, these including :—

- (1) Relief for cases of need (marriage, births, sickness, death, etc.)
- (2) Financial support for social and educatory activities beneficial to our community.
- (3) Grants for the purpose of improving technical education.

A booklet containing rules and full details will be drawn up and distributed to every employee.

The Social and Welfare Committee have commenced the drive for funds by a Christmas Draw and a Club Membership drive which resulted in a one hundred per cent. response. On top of which we can count on the wholehearted support of the Company.

THIS IS **YOUR** FUND—BY **YOU** FOR **YOU**

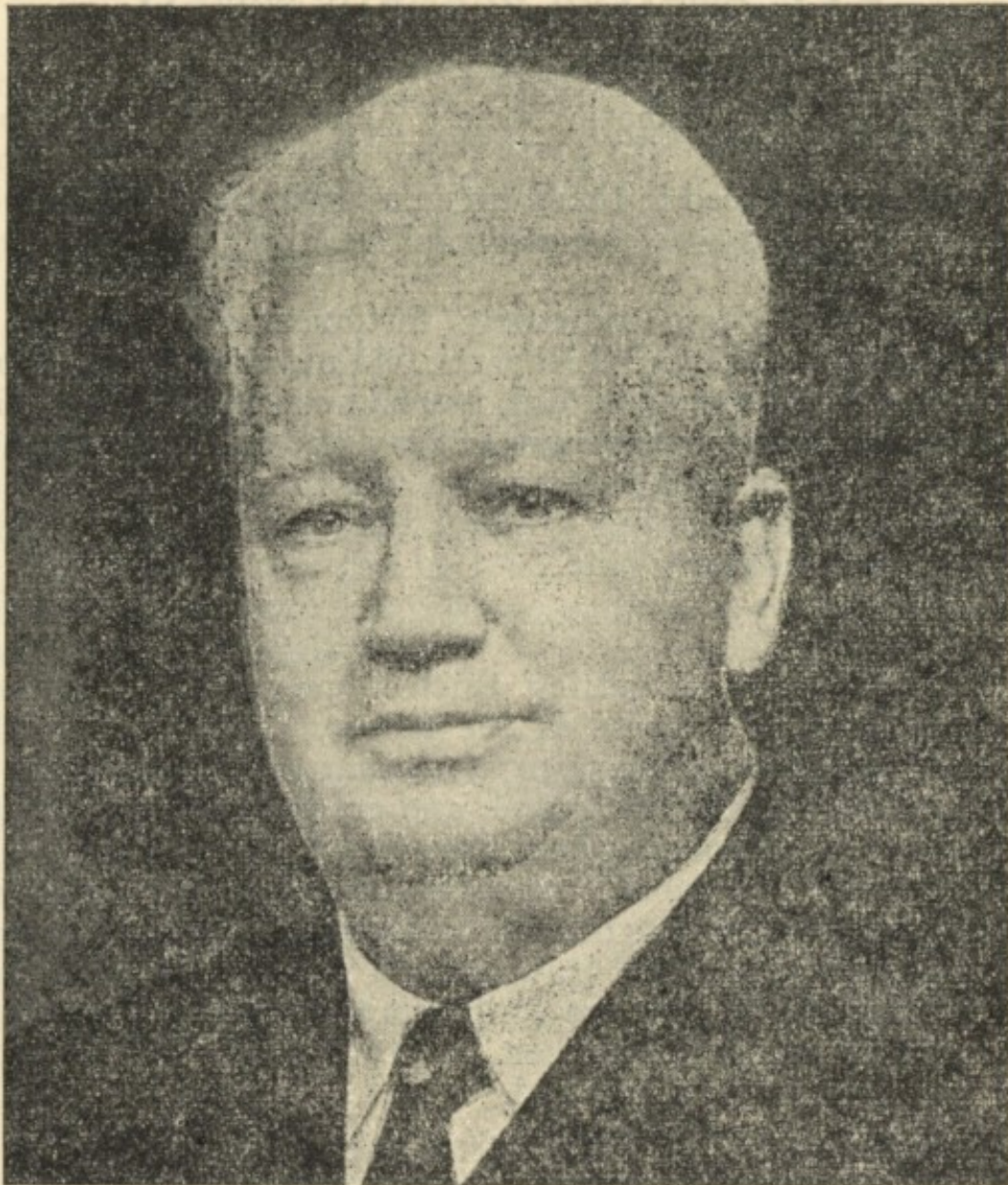
Let us show that we of Aero Zipp can help ourselves. A full detailed financial account of our progress will be made known every week.

We are determined that 1947 will be a highlight in the history of A.Z.F. Social Life. The Social and Welfare Committee, in conjunction with all other sub-committees, with the realisation that they have the confidence and support of every employee in the factory say to **YOU**

GIVE TO YOURSELVES

THROUGH THE

J. KOPPEL MEMORIAL WELFARE FUND.



**SIR THOMAS G. JONES, K.B.E.
PRESIDENT OF THE A.Z.F. SOCIAL & WELFARE CLUB.**

Sir Thomas, appointed Chairman of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., at its inception, was created a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1921, at the age of Forty, for services rendered to the Ministry of Food in the first Great War, and was retained by the Board of Trade Food Department from the first war until 1936 when he became actively engaged in the Board of Trade (Food Defence Plans Department), assisting in creating the Organisation of the present Ministry of Food.

When war broke out in 1939, he was appointed Divisional Food Officer for the South Wales and Mon. Divisional Food Area. He saw the organisation through its difficult preliminary stages until February, 1941, when he was appointed Chief Divisional Food Officer for the North West, Midlands, North Wales, South Wales and Monmouthshire areas, until his retirement at the end of the war in Europe and Japan in 1945, having served the Ministry of Food in both wars.

His book "The Unbroken Front," (now out of print), dealing with food administration 1914/1945 was published in 1945. For many years Sir Thomas had been actively engaged in the creation of light industries in the depressed areas, and still takes an active interest as Chairman and Director of several of these industries at Treforest, Bridgend and elsewhere.

A.Z.F. AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Amateur Dramatic Society announces the title of its first play—"HAWK ISLAND," by Howard Irving Young, which will be produced in the Canteen early in the New Year.

We recently were extremely fortunate in obtaining the honorary services of Mr. Bill Roberts, of Ynysybwl. Mr. Roberts, who is an Arts Master at Cardiff, has had considerable experience in the production of every type of play and his enthusiasm and help have been invaluable to us in our progress to date. We extend to Mr. Roberts our grateful thanks and appreciation of his efforts and advice.

The difficulties of getting thirteen people all together on the same night to practise in the factory canteen can well be imagined, but we are happy to state that at all rehearsals (and sometimes these are twice a week and go on until 7.30 p.m.) the absenteeism of members has been negligible. This, in our minds, denotes the conscientiousness which every member of the Dramatic Society puts into his or her work, and to all members of the cast and helpers of "Hawk Island" we say "Well Done" and "Thank You." We are confident that the results will be a production of which we all can be proud. We welcome at all times new members to the fold.

In conclusion, we wish to thank the Management for their full co-operation, without which we could not carry on as successfully as we are doing.

A. EVANS. }
F. HENSON. } Co-Producers.

AERO ZIPP MODEL AND EXPERIMENTAL ENGINEERING CLUB.

The interest with which our magazine is received could not be better illustrated than by the number of enquiries and replies I received to my article re the founding of a Model Engineering Club at A.Z.F.--up to date I have received no less than over fifty

replies and I am pleased to state that our Model Engineering Club is now a flourishing concern.

May I extend my sincere thanks to the Management who have been most helpful to us in every possible way.

Owing to the excellent response, we have had to split up the Club into various sections, and up-to-date we have Aircraft, I.C. Engine, Steam Engine, Locomotive and Power Boat Sections.

For those of you who may be interested and have as yet not joined our club, may I say that you will be assured of a hearty welcome at any time.

At present we are formulating plans to organise the various sections into working groups, arranging suitable times, machines, etc., etc., and full details will be forthcoming in "Punch and Die" and on Notice Boards.

Here are the Club Rules:—

(1) Scope of Activities. Models of Steam Engines, I.C. Engines 25 c.c. limit, Steam Loco's, Electric Loco's, Power Boats, Race Cars, Aircraft, Handicrafts in wood, plastic and leather.

(2) Models made by members of the above club shall be the property of the makers, but repetition in quantity will not be permitted.

(3) Model making shall be exclusively confined to outside working hours.

(4) All machinery sanctioned for use of members shall be properly used and left clean for future use.

(5) Model makers can work as a team on any particular model.

(6) Any member, if he so wishes, may take his part or model home to work on if he has facilities for same.

(7) Evenings will be allocated for members to work in the factory and the work to be done must be ascertained beforehand and submitted to the person in charge so that he can obtain permission for the material, machines, etc.

(8) This is essentially a model making club and under no circumstances will any work outside the scope of rule one (1) be allowed.

(9) Any member who does not comply at all times with the above rules will at the discretion of the section leader be expelled from any further club activities.

—R. Randall,

Organiser.

SHORTHAND CLASSES.

As was announced over the inter-comm. and with notices on the boards, the Shorthand Class commenced its term on Tuesday, 12th November, with eight members present.

It was decided to hold these classes every Tuesday night from 5.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m. in the Main Office, and although only two evening classes have taken place, we are already beginning to "feel our feet" as it were. The eight persons already mentioned consist of 7 girls and one man and I am pleased to say that they all seem very keen and enthusiastic.

I am very sorry to have to state that we cannot accept more pupils during this term, as the time we have to devote to this class is very limited and constant attendance is essential for its success. Also, now we have started, we cannot go back again to train new pupils, for the specific reason I have just mentioned. I am indeed sorry about this as I understand that quite a number of people would like to join us. However, maybe something can be done for you in the future.

At such an early stage there is not very much to tell you, but I will gladly report again on this subject in the following editions of "Punch and Die."

—Miss L. Roberts.

TABLE TENNIS.

We did not have a very good start to our season, as we lost our first two games to Helliwells. The third match we drew with Creeds and in the return match, we won an exciting game. The players are beginning to settle down now, so here's hoping for more wins in the future. In fact, we now have every hope of finishing the season very near the top of the League Table.

The following have represented Aero Zipp in the first four matches :—

Messrs. Ron Davey, Morris, Stephens, V. Weber, B. Weinberger, L. Morgan, B. Morris and myself.

I promised you our fixture list, so here it is :—

DATE	FIXTURE	
Wednesday, Oct. 30th	Helliwells " A "	Lost 2-8
Wednesday, Nov. 6th	Helliwells "A " home	Lost 1-9
Tuesday, Nov. 12th	Creeds home	Drew 5-5
Tuesday, Nov. 19th	Creeds away	Won 6-4
Thursday, Nov. 28th	Simmonds "A" home	Won 8-2
Tuesday, Dec. 3rd	Simmonds "A " away.	
Thursday, Dec. 12th	South Wales Switchgear away	
Tuesday, Dec. 17th	South Wales Switchgear home	
Thursday, Jan. 19th	Hawks home	
Tuesday, Jan. 14th	Hawks away.	

—Ivor J. Griffiths.

Hon. Sec.

PRODUCTION COMMITTEE.

On Monday, 25th November, I had the pleasure of being Chairman at a provisional meeting of the nominees of last month's questionnaire, and I am pleased to say good progress was made to form a properly elected and permanent committee. By the time this is published in "Punch and Die" the first meeting will have been held.

Closer contact between workers and management is needed for the efficient running of a factory, and such a committee affords this contact when many wrinkles which deter progress can be smoothed out in a sensible manner.

After a few meetings the advantages of this method of negotiation will I am sure become apparent. I am assured by the management of its desire that such a committee should exist, and when this committee comes into existence, it is up to us to take full advantage of it, and give our departmental representatives every support.

—R. Morris.

FISHY FROLICS !

"Friends! Romans! Countrymen! lend me your ears," thus spoke Bachgen Lossin on the eve of Friday which was bath night in Old Wales, for someone had done him dirty then used his hot water and cried "Madam! your Bachgen Lossin won't be bathing tonight," and so the Great One made his appeal for a clean pair. Thus, proving, by all the spirits of Pythagorus—who were watching—that history repeats itself if you drink beer and eat onions whilst studying! Halt here friends!! read no farther! for I am about to give you a full account of what Bachgen Lossin was talking about that night. It is not a true story, but then, who tells the truth anyhow?—especially in a speech!! If perchance you recognise the people or the places that I write about, then dismiss it as a figment of imagination, for I have never heard of Aero Zipp or the Treforest Trading Estate!

It all began on a Saturday morning—a fine one, so you must remember it!! perhaps it was the wonderment of the occasion that led to my allowing myself to be cudgeled, beaten, threatened, tortured and finally dragged—I was asked—into going to watch some people work. I like *watching* people work, it makes me feel good! But the fact that they were women workers had escaped me until I arrived at the factory, or perhaps I would not have been so easily led!! women! save me—Ow-oooo!! I didn't notice anything wrong at first, until a flicker of bright colour attracted my attention. It was a girl wearing a bright head band, peering at me. One minute she was there and then she was gone, only to be replaced by two more, a smile, a giggle and off they went to tell their friends. Then there were faces

peering at me from all directions. I got a bit embarrassed, I wondered if I'd put my trousers on that morning—you never can tell—so I felt, at causing so much mirth from my audience! Bang!! a little window upon which I had previously knocked flew open, a voice said "Ha! Ha! giggle, I know you" and was gone, shutting the window behind it. More waiting; getting more hot around the collar, pulled out my thermometer—always carry one—I'm stone cold!! put it away hurriedly. Refilled my hot water bottle from the hot water tap—That's the one in the left hand pocket! and played "Three Blind Mice" on my piano—which I had forgotten to leave at home. I thought I had better go now and then a voice said "This way please." My goose was cooked! I was being led towards that room filled with girls! Taking my bold face from under the piano lid, I put it on and followed my escort. Ah! blessed relief! they were all fenced in, the wilder ones were in cages!! Then I saw their keepers, those brave and adventurous men who try to control these girls for hours a day. I'll admit that they were all carrying long black whips!! And there was a man in a white coat—what is he?—he didn't seem to be doing anything!!

Then I was through it all and I was in an office—where I received the greatest hospitality!! and I was just recovering from my harrassing experience when a voice from the Gods bellowed at me—"Will Mr.—!!!??? please come to the Main Office. Hardly had the echo died away—which is politer than saying "half a minute later!" than a panel in the wall slid open "well oiled!"—*don't mind if I do Sir!* Rollers and a pair of horn rimmed spectatcles, surrounded by a smile breezed in and I was introduced to someone. I thought he said he was Stone cold too, so I popped my thermometer in his mouth and played him a lively jig on my piano and I could see him warm up, then he vanished in a cloud of steam leaving a magazine in my hand. I wonder where he went? He took my thermometer with him.

Then everyone started moving at once, draws were banged shut, keys turned in locks, girls rushed up and down with trays of odds and ends, and I stood on my hands in the corner and recited "Mary had a little lamb" until everyone had gone. Outside once more I dived into the river and was swimming peacefully home when I was hooked—it was that man again, he popped my thermometer into my mouth and said: "How about a little article?" an article from a fish would be something new!! I said it would seem fishy! so he threw me back. And as I ponder on the thought of writing my experiences, I realise that people would't believe a fish who said he played the piano—now would they?

GIVE US THE TOOLS.

Government Action in Wales and Monmouthshire.

The various measures which have been taken or planned by the Board of Trade, in co-operation with the Ministry of Labour and National Service and other departments concerned to increase the volume of employment and bring new industries to Wales include :—

(a) The extension of the Treforest Industrial Estate and the construction of a new Estate at Swansea.

(b) The conversion into Industrial estates of the large Royal Ordnance factories at Bridgend and Hirwaun.

(c) The conversion to peace time use of the Wrexham Royal Ordnance Factory at Marchwiell.

(d) The allocation to industry of surplus munitions factories built during or immediately preceding the war.

(e) The construction with Government Finance of new factories in many districts for lease to specific tenants.

(f) The provision of 9 special factories intended mainly to employ ex-miners suffering from silicosis.

(g) The building of 40 factories in advance of specific tenants.

(h) The encouragement of private factory building and extensions.

(i) The sponsoring in appropriate cases of the building of houses to accommodate key workers and managers and higher executives so as to facilitate the establishment of incoming firms.

(j) The clearance of derelict sites.

(k) The release from requisition of factory space taken over for war-time purposes.

It is estimated that the schemes which have so far been approved under these plans will, when they are in full operation, provide additional employment for 40,000 men and 45,000 women.

(From the White Paper entitled "Wales and Monmouthshire A summary of Government Action 1st August, 1945—31st July, 1936.")

Issued by H. M. Stationery Office,

REFLECTIONS, 1946.

Three years ago on this same path I stood
 That night the low September moon was full,
 And listened to an owl hunting the wood.
 But Engines throbbing with the heavy pull
 of Death loads, smothered sound
 Other than unuttered prayers
 For things that I held dear and loved. The pound
 of guns and parachuting flares
 Lit the garden blood red, where I thought
 Of words I should have left unsaid, and some
 Of many things, I had not done and ought ;
 And now tomorrow might not come.

The moon is full again now as I stand,
 But shadows fall no longer on the lawn
 All overgrown with weeds, and near my hand
 Not roses pruned with care, but crawling thorn
 That covers ugly rubble spaces,
 Black stones that once were red brick hearth ;
 Window ledges and familiar places
 Where friendly books were laid, are under earth
 That's cold and damp with musty smell.
 Here was a door and stairs led up to bed
 But one can hardly tell.
 They lead now to the sky instead.

So all is gone for which I cared so much,
 Blue plates and oak and shining brass,
 Old tapestry I used to touch
 With admiration, and a mass
 of earthly things. Clematis that was trained
 to climb ; green painted barrel that would fill
 With soft dark water when it rained ;
 Things that still, and always will,
 My memory enrich and charm, but they
 Are gone, and though I grieve for these things done
 Am here in thankfulness today,
 For I still live to feel the sun.

AERO ZIPPER

(Main Factory).

IT JUST GOES TO SHOW.

From general remarks heard from various sources and from my own personal experiences from times when I wasn't an office Wallah, I think I may safely state that the general opinion of offices is that they are places where lots of unnecessary forms are filled in, filed away into some cupboard or other, then, for the sake of convenience, forgotten. This may be the general impression on the face of things but if we look a little more deeply into the matter we find that every figure that is put on a form and studied or compared with other figures really means something. This is of course much easier if you are as interested in figures as I am. Please don't get me wrong, I'm still talking about the sort of figures that go on paper and not down the promenade in a bathing costume.

I am unable for obvious reasons to give figures of actual production costs, waste figures and so on, but I can make an attempt to give you some idea of how present figures compare with those of a few months ago, and by them we can see how much more efficiently the factory is working.

To make an attempt at illustrating my point, take as an example any ordinary Butcher's Shop in any ordinary town. If you go behind the scenes and watch the back room boys making the sausages, you will see a man with a machine putting in some sausage meat (mostly sausage bread nowadays) and winding a handle. Out of the other end lo and behold come forth sausages. Here in a little way we have a unit of production which produces both sausages and with them a certain amount of waste.

I am not trying to be funny or anything like that, but it is fairly easy to compare our factory with that sausage machine. For the raw material we have tape and brass strip instead of sausage meat; the number of people that come to work each day are the same as the man winding the handle of the machine; and of course, the finished products emerge as Zipp Fasteners and the inevitable waste.

From this we may presume that for a certain number of workers put into a factory together with a certain amount of raw materials, we should produce a certain amount of Zipp Fasteners and a certain amount of waste. Now those two figures can vary considerably and without reasonable organisation, the amount of waste can grow to such a proportion that the factory wouldn't be economical to run.

This is where those forms that every one thought were just filed away come into the limelight. They can show us how much waste is necessary and how much is sheer negligence on the part

of the people who operate the factory. They can show us how much raw material we put in, how much labour, and how much finished product and waste comes out.

Then we pass on to the factors that influence the amount of waste. These factors are many and varied and lots of them can be rectified by the workers themselves by airing their views on the matter and trying to get the thing rectified. For instance, one department may be very uncomfortable to work in during the summer time owing to the heat. Therefore the people that work in it are not working in a good atmosphere and of course they aren't able to work as well as they could do in better circumstances. If the fact is made known it can be rectified and the cost of operating that particular department is minimised, i.e. by providing better ventilation and therefore increasing the output of the department and consequently decreasing the cost of processing the articles that pass through there.

You may think that all this is very easy to put on paper and that it all seems a little bit too good to be true. But it is not the business of a factory operator or manager to imagine such things. He sees these things on paper. He wants to know the reason why a certain department isn't working as well as it should, and then he does his best to rectify it. That's where those forms come in again. They show in the first place, that something is wrong, then the wheels start to turn and the trouble is eventually rectified.

I won't put many figures to you in this particular article and you may still think that they don't mean a thing, or that you in particular don't influence them a great deal. It is possible, however, to illustrate in figures just how much that extra five minutes in bed in the mornings can influence production. Five minutes late in work may only mean about one tenth of an inch of zipp less, but don't forget what the old lady said one day at Barry Island "every little helps" or something like that, wasn't it?

That fellow with a red coat, whiskers and a sleigh isn't very far away, and I know that the majority of us are more concerned at present with the increase in our own personal capacity for having a good time than increasing production, or anything like that. So for the time being all I'll tell you is that since last Xmas the number of personnel employed here has increased by 25% and the corresponding increase in production is a little more than 200%. More interesting still is the fact that the average wage over the whole factory has increased by 7% since the last time we were looking forward to the joys of the festive season.

—R. Williams.

MAINTENANCE MIXTURE, III.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR.....

To the East a glimmer of light appears, gradually increasing until clouds are discerned scurrying along, chased by a wintry wind. Now the surroundings are taking shape, trees, hedges, houses all wrapped in a hoar frost, frozen tracks are cast in roads and paths, roofs are glinting as though studded with minute gems.

In the homes, kids scuffle about bedrooms, excited, laughing, quarrelling—"That's my stocking" says the high-pitched voice of Sonny aged three. "No, it's not," says a more matured voice of six or seven, "*this* is yours with a hole and orange sticking out." Back in bed they commence to make a deep hollow in the bedclothes where each may tip their find. Yes folks, Xmas has joined us once more.

The door of the Junk shop slammed hard into place, a draught of cold air swept in. "Brrrr," chorused the gang, "shut that ruddy door!" The cause of the draught, one Ed Curtis, appeared on the threshold all muffled up, blue nose prominent; chaffing his hands, he answered the mob with a "Cor! it ain't arf cold."

Robin and his boys were huddled round a home made stove. Thick clouds belched from an ill-fitting, improvised lid. Upon the stove's flat top rested happily a dirty unwashed jug filled to overflowing with a brown-black liquid, bubbling over unheeded with a "s psst," "s psst."

As usual the floor is littered, worse than usual. Some of the lads must have waffled a few oranges, and bits of coal had been crushed to a black powder, and scuffed about the place like French chalk to make the place seem more homely. The gang, on the whole, look very smoky about the eyes and as though unwashed for ages. Some were sitting on boxes, others more fortunate had a stool, one or two half-crouched upon their haunches. Around the circle near to hand were sported a few grimy looking cracked cups, some still with tea leaves, others whose owners had cleaner habits had been swilled around and contents splattered over the floor.

Ed, having removed his jacket and having obtained by this time a well-mauled mug, reached over to the char-pot. Tommy,

jumping about like a cracker-jack knocked Ed's elbow and was brought to earth with a resounding "thwack" from Ed's mit. Friar Tuck chortled aloud then jumped into the air with a terrific yell. "My neck" yammered Gwyn "My neck, you've scalded my ruddy neck."

Paddy, looking on woefully, managed a side grin. Bill, Joe and Robin rocked with mirth. Gwyn, rubbing the affected part, re-seated himself. Ed squeezed into the circle and Robin commenced a discussion (football of course).

Hours later, placing the time around 8 p.m. on this Xmas Day, the boys had a party. The Junk shop, by putting this, whipping that, and generally scrounging, as only Robin and Co. can do, now resembled one of the Marble Halls.

A large table had been borrowed plus the office chairs. Mrs. "Maid Marion" Walters missed her best white tablecloth. Irons and china ware had been systematically whipped from the Canteen weeks previously for the occasion.

To cut the story short, all the Bods were dressed up, with shining faces (even Tommy had washed the back of his neck), and were now seated around the table. Robin, as host, is seated at the top, and is about to make a speech. Trimmings hung everywhere. Tinsel and bags of cotton wool here and there heightened the festive air.

Mine Host Robin: "Well boys, it's not very often we have a do like this, so let's have a good time. That's all, thank you." Paddy screams "whoopee!" Ed, of course, just grunts. The gang got busy talking, jabbering, pulling legs, and getting into the mood to make merry.

After an hour of Xmas fare, came the crackers and buckshee fags. Tommy's first notion was to whip as many as possible, then sell them, but Ed's eagle eye had him transfixed. Then came the comic hats and hooters etc. In a trice all sorts of whoops and toots filled the air. Tommy with Xmas pud caked around his gnomely features, applied a horrible beep! into Ed's ear, and promptly received a second crunch for his trouble.

The supreme moment came when Robin with the pomp of a local mayor tapped the barrel marked XXX.

Liquor began flowing into mugs, and much later when hands became unsteady on to the floor. Songs were sung, jigs were danced well into the early hours.

The aftermath came as it usually does. The party in the junk shop died out gradually, peace and quiet reigned.

The fine table now was a sorry sight, with a jumble of crocks, half eaten cakes; glasses had spilled their contents soaking into the cloth in ugly criminal stains. Some chairs were overturned and the whole show disordered. Robin lay asleep on a bench, out to the wide. Paddy lay as though dead, a grotesque figure, one leg across Bill Hughes, who was giving a fine performance in B major with his mouth open. Gwyn was propped against the wall, head slumped on chest. Joe and Sid were at the table, arms outstretched, heads down, appearing still to argue even in sleep. Bunny's face was smiling, two inches from Bigabonga's, both flat on their backs. But before we leave the gang, may I, on its behalf, wish all at A.Z.F. (including our Editors), a very merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

So long for now,

Robin Walters and the Merry Maintenance Men.



THE QUESTIONNAIRE.

Here is the summarised report on the November questionnaire.

The majority thought everything that the firm provided "O.K." (without comments), but here are some of the suggestions and comments which we received:—

1. What do you think of "Punch and Die" which is produced and published entirely at the firm's expense?

The overwhelming majority were entirely satisfied with the magazine.

2. The majority thought the Holiday Savings Scheme and the interest of 1/- on every £1 saved up to £10 a grand idea, and that it certainly encouraged and paid people to save. (Some suggested 1/- on *every pound* saved).

3. The question on "Gratuities to Sick Employees" was appreciated by all, but the majority were surprised when this was mentioned, and replied that they knew nothing of the system before, and suggested having the rules and regulations brought to their attention.

4. Everyone was satisfied with the idea of paying Trainees and Apprentices lost time in order that they may attend classes and Technical Colleges.

5. It was thought a good idea by all to provide free meals for persons in needy circumstances under confidential arrangement, and everyone seemed well acquainted with the scheme.

6. A number of people were satisfied with payment for afternoon breaks. A few people suggested payment for *morning breaks* as well.

7. Many of the departments expressed dissatisfaction with the standard of first aid and nursing arrangements in the factory.

(Note.—The Management reply that it will go into the complaints and rectify same).

8. The majority were satisfied with Canteen food but many complaints were made on the scarcity of tables, chairs, other essential equipment and the space, which was not sufficient for a factory of our size.

9. There were many suggestions that Social life in the factory could be improved by a Recreation Room in which employees could spend their lunch time.

Other Questions and Comments.

"We would like to have a Works Hairdresser."

Note.—The idea is being taken up and investigations made into the possibility of a works Hairdresser.

“ Still waiting patiently for our clock and tea-trolley.”
—Finishing Room.

Note.—The clock will now be installed in the new factory. The tea-trolley is available and by the time you read this, no doubt the trolley will be in service.

“ Would it be possible to have a wireless in the lacquer room ? ”

“ Could the new Social and Welfare Committee be persuaded to form a Literary and Debating Society with meetings held weekly ? ”—Jig and Tool.

Note.—This will be considered by the Social and Welfare Committee.

“ Could it be arranged for us to clock out at the main entrance as we are last out of the factory every night ? ”—Lacquering Department.

Note.—It is now impracticable to make further arrangements re clocks, clocking out, wireless etc. as the time is drawing near when a general moving to the new factory will take place. The above mentioned items have all been allowed for in the new layout.

May we thank those of you who took the opportunity of forwarding us in the questionnaire neatly written and constructive suggestions, all of which have been well noted.

Questionnaire summarised and reported by

G. ROBERTS.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SURPLUS GRINDING MACHINE.

(Conclusion)

New Readers (if any) :—We have followed the amazing adventures of Maurice Solvet, the ace detective, and his friend Stewe-Pitte (who relates this tale), in their quest to solve the horrifying mystery of the surplus grinding machine at I Sackem-Hall's Factory at Treewood. We left them last about to cross-examine Whacker, the Works' Progress and Retard Engineer. As our friends jumped into the room, Whacker shouted without turning round "Get out, it won't do you any good, coming in here for die plates every two minutes"

"Die-plates, shmie plates," shouted Solvet triumphantly, pointing his revolver at Whacker, "Confess you Villain, Confess!!" Incredulity and anger spread over Whacker's face—"How dare you threaten me?" he shouted, "Don't you realise that I could end your existence literally by a stroke of my pen? Great detective, are you? Ha! Ha! Don't you know you fool, that I'm the author who's writing this story? One more threat out of you and I finish it right here and now!!"

As Whacker was speaking, Solvet paled visibly, and I too felt most uncomfortable when I realised with whom Solvet had crossed swords.

Crestfallen, we made our way out of the office, but hardly had we closed the door when Solvet regained his presence of mind. "All is not lost yet. Let us go back to Sackem-Hall's Office."

We started on our way. Suddenly my friend stumbled. When he had regained his equilibrium, he pulled a six-inch telescopic pocket magnifying glass out of his pocket, pressed a button which automatically opened it out to a length of four feet, and examined the ground closely. "Ha! Ha!" Solvet shouted triumphantly, "the clue for which I have been searching." He held up a curling blonde hair. "At last this case is breaking, we must go immediately to apartment X.2., Tiger Bay, Cardiff." Sackem-Hall, who had been rather subdued since we left Whacker's office, now brightened up considerably. "Anything to help you, Mr. Solvet," he said, "my Rolls-Royce is at your disposal."

On the way back to Cardiff, in the luxurious automobile my friend seemed a changed man. Muttering un-intelligibly under his breath, he tried many times to hang himself by his braces from the roof of our limousine. I, however, managed to cut him loose every time and finally, when his braces were too short, he gave up his attempt with a blood-chilling curse. Although I had known my friend to do many strange things

during our association, I must admit I was slightly mystified. Carefully phrasing my question I asked why was it that after his discovery of the clue of the blonde hair, he was so depressed. "Clue!" retorted Solvet, with a hollow laugh, "Stewe-Pitte, old man, I am a failure! That hair I found was no clue at all, but after the dressing down I had from that unspeakable cad, Whacker, I had to save face somehow in front of Sackem-Hall. In fact I'm at my wits' end. As soon as we get to Cardiff I shall hand in my resignation to the National Union of Fictitious Detectives."

Half a mile from our front door our driver switched off the car engine and allowed the Rolls to glide by its own inertia until it slowly drew to rest in front of our house, the driver explaining that he always had to do this ever since the Factory Maintenance Department had repaired the brakes.

Entering our flat we found a letter with a familiar Treewood postmark. My friend ripped it open impatiently and glanced at the writing. Suddenly his face lit up. His features assumed their former strong lines, and eventually he chuckled contentedly. He grabbed my hand emotionally, and shook it in his usual exuberant manner. (My Doctors assure me that the plaster cast can be removed in three weeks). Handing me the letter, he half-shouted, half-sang: "Stewe-Pitte, 'I've done it again! Am I not wonderful? Am I not terrific?" Wonderingly I read the letter:—

Our Ref: I.S.H./J.T.

Dear Mr. Solvet,

Enclosed please find our check for £x£3000. Alow us to congratulate you upon the amazingsxx way inwhich you have solved our baffling mystery. I dont no how you maniged it but I agree that yor solution has cleared the hole situation The surplus machine has vanished again and we cannoxt xxxx tell yor how grateful we aRe.

Yours faithfully,

I. Sackem-Hall,
Works' Manager.

p.s. The last person who tried to cash the enclosed check will be released from Tonypandy penitentiary just before Xmas.

"Indeed you *are* wonderful, you *are* terrific," I exclaimed, putting down the memorable letter. "But If I may venture a question, how did you make the surplus grinding machine vanish again?" "Details!" said my friend Solvet, "that's why you'll never make a good detective, Stewe-Pitte, you bother too much about details."

THE END.

SAVINGS NEWS.

With Christmas a week or two away, thoughts are turning to festivity and spending.

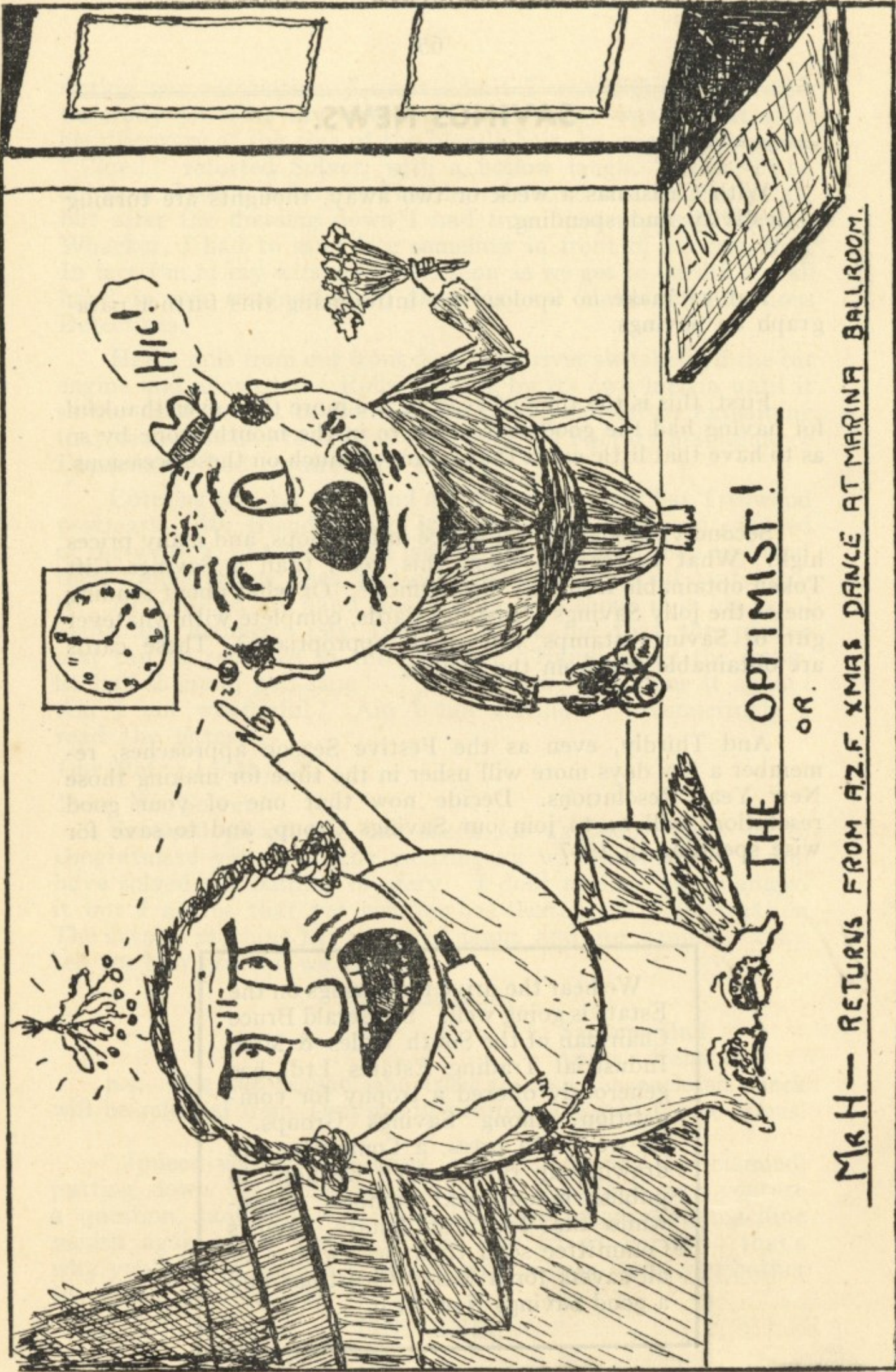
But we make no apology for introducing this further paragraph on Savings.

First, this is the time of year we are more than ever thankful for having had the good sense to save in the months gone by so as to have that little extra that means so much on these occasions.

Secondly, goods are still scarce in the shops, and many prices high. What better gift then, this year, than a Savings Gift Token obtainable from any Post Office? Or what about sending one of the jolly Savings Christmas Cards, complete with whatever gift of Savings stamps you think appropriate? These cards are obtainable *free* from the Editor.

And Thirdly, even as the Festive Season approaches, remember a few days more will usher in the time for making those New Year Resolutions. Decide now that one of your good resolutions will be to join our Savings Group, and to save for wise spending in 1947.

We hear the drive for Savings on the Estate is going well. Sir Gerald Bruce Chairman of the South Wales & Mon. Industrial Trading Estates Ltd., has generously offered a trophy for competition among Savings Groups. As we go to press, a Committee are drawing up rules, which we hope to publish in our next number. Meanwhile the Treforest Estate Savings Committee send their best wishes to all savers for a Merry Christmas and a good Savings New Year.



THE OPTIMIST!

OR.

MR H— RETURNS FROM A.Z.F. X.MAS DANCE AT MARINA BALLROOM.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

J. Schlacter, 26711
Group E. CCD.
A.P.O. 172
U.S. Army.

Dear Editor,

It's rather a long time since I received the "Punch and Die" in which we were all asked to write in and say "hello," for the Christmas issue, but here I am at last.

I had actually intended giving you whatever I had to say while I was in the factory, but I forgot all about it. I WAS there you know, although I saw no one who in any way looked as a successful editor of a successful paper should look. Just a lot of grimy workers. (Always excepting Robin Walters and the other people belonging to the White Coat Battalion).

From what the workers (always excepting Robin Walters, etc.) tell me, Aero Zipp now seems to be a veritable paradise to those who are lucky enough to be employed there. Of course, everyone told me that once the new factory was opened things would improve to an almost unbelievable degree. And here I must admit that my first impression on entering the factory was one of an immense amount of machinery in an incredibly small space

Nor was my second impression any better. Having fought my way through a multitude of "Any gum, Chums," I reached the (in my time) Toolroom. This once spacious department seems to be entirely composed of teeth presses nowadays. One has to wriggle oneself between them in order to get anywhere. Well known faces appeared and opened their mouths. What they said I do not know to this day. The addition of umpteen, no, umpTY new presses (of which, as far as I can remember I helped to make the first) has made conversation a thing of the past. I soon found out, however, where one goes to talk nowadays There's an answer to everything

Here I learned that we are now producing ;
thousand feet of zippa a day, and expect to produce
thousand feet of zippa by Christmas. Happy punching, Walter,
Heinz, etc !!

Leaving the la . . . sorry, discussion room, I had a look at the rest of this side of the factory. Everywhere more people appeared to be working (always excepting) in less space than there was before. Still, everyone seemed to be quite happy, even well, let's not get personal.

So I went to the other side to see some of the fugitives from the Press-gang. Winston, as usual, was sitting down eating cakes and drinking tea out of the same old lid. Ah, memories.

But this is getting far too reminiscent. Let's jump to the present. I am still stationed in Karlsruhe, Germany. It's a place just like any other and I don't know what to say about it, except that I'm quite as happy here as I've ever been anywhere else. The food is good, the conditions are good, and the work is very good. I've lost all the muscles I gained while sitting and straining at the shaper. I am sure the guys in Africa and the Middle East will have more interesting things to say about their places, so I'll finish off now, by wishing everyong (including Robin Walters etc.) a Very Merry Christmas.

All the best,

Joe Schlacter.

Tpr. Jenkins 14134351
London.

Dear friends and ex-workmates.

Many attempts have I made to write to you through the medium of the magazine, but as you know nothing has appeared.

I have tried so hard, first on one subject, and then another and being unable to complete the article in time it has consequently lost its point, and interest. As a matter of fact, my article for the mag., has been a subject for leg-pulling by my companions.

I have no excuse however for failing to write, if only to thank those who made it possible for myself and others like me to receive a copy of the mag. It has been a source of entertainment and interest, and makes a close contact with the old firm, which I appreciate very much. My companions have been surprisingly interested in the mag., remarking upon the progressive system of the firm in comparison with the firms that they themselves once worked for.

Many times when working for the firm, I would ask newly-employed toolmakers as to how the general standard of work turned out in the Zipp compared with that of outside firms. Their replies would never fully satisfy my curiosity. Since then, I have worked with men from widely dispersed parts of the country and I have formed the impression, that it ranks among the very highest of standards.

Now that I am on my basic testing as a Gun Fitter, and filing and scraping are the main operations, I feel that I owe a great deal to the expert guidance and patience of Mr. Church for ability in this work. Tolerance is only .001 and the only measuring instruments allowed are rulers, calipers and set-squares. The jobs devised for this course, are most intricate and we are not helped by the poor quality tools we have to use. The theory taught is most elementary, but serves to break the monotony of the continuous filing. Gun Fitting is not my choice of trade, but has been given to me as the nearest approach to that of toolmaking. In the Army my over-riding ambition at present is to become an ex-serviceman.

As you can see above, my present address is in the great metropolis itself and you all know that there need never be a dull moment in one's leisure time. Money is the great drawback as you may imagine and never has the £1 been stretched to such great limits.

To conclude, I would like to make the most daring promise to write to you again in the future. In the meantime, I would very much like to see you all at Xmas, but if this is not possible, I would like to extend to you my best wishes for a merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,

W. E. Jenkins.

(ex-Jig and Tool Dept.)

Butter Candies
(Treforest) Ltd.

Managing Directors Office.

8th November, 1946.

The Editors,
"Punch and Die,"
Messrs. Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.,
Treforest Trading Estate.

Dear Editors,

I received your November issue of your very bright publication this morning.

This is indeed a credit to every member of your Company, who must be very proud having such a staff who are prepared to devote so much time to its presentation.

I must also take this opportunity of thanking you for the space you have given to the Estate Savings Committee in connection with the Industrial Savings Drive.

With my good wishes for the continuance of your efforts, and hoping that I am permanently included on your mailing list so that I can look forward each month to reading your "live" journal.

Yours faithfully,

D. John Williams.

2272540 A/C Harvey J.
18 M.I.R.U.
R.A.F.
Hong Kong
S.E.A.A.F.

Dear Mr. Stone,

Just a few lines from one of the old boys in the R.A.F. out here in Hong-Kong, writing to let you know that I met Mervyn Jones a few days ago in Singapore, just before I left for Hong-Kong. He had just arrived out here and was looking well.

I have been in India with No. 10 Squadron for ten months and now I have arrived here. Before that I was in Malaya, so you see I have seen quite a bit of the world.

I occasionally hear from Ron Osborne, who is stationed

in Egypt, but the mail is very bad out here and I would be very pleased to hear from some of my old workmates.

Give my regards to Mr. Bill Watkins of the Anodising Dept., and I hope that the new Anodising quarters are finished by now, as they were just starting it when I left.

If any of the girls in the factory would like to drop me a few lines I would be very pleased to hear from them, as the only thing we look for out here is mail.

I will close now wishing the Office Staff and all at Aero Zipp a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

All the best from one of the boys in the Forces.

Joe Harvey.

Editor's Note.

Here's one of our boys out in Hong-Kong who wants mail from home.

SHOW WHAT YOU CAN DO GIRLS !!!

END NOTES.

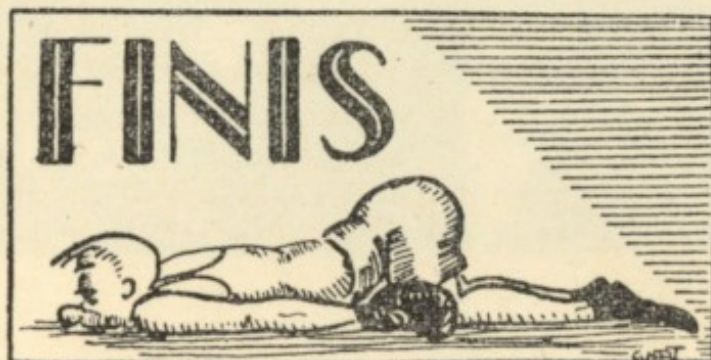
The last instalment of "History Repeats itself in the Industrial Evolution of South Wales and Monmouthshire," by G. N. Carey, Esq., M.A., will appear in the next issue.

All articles submitted to the Editor and accepted for publication which do not appear in this issue will be published in future editions.

Full postal addresses of our employees in His Majesty's Forces can be obtained from the Editor.

This Christmas issue went to Press on November 28th.

The Editor.



in Egypt, but the mail is very bad out here and I would be very pleased to hear from you again my old workmate.

Give my regards to Mr. Bill Watkins of the Advertising Dept and I hope that the new Arabian quarters are finished by now as they were just starting it when I left.

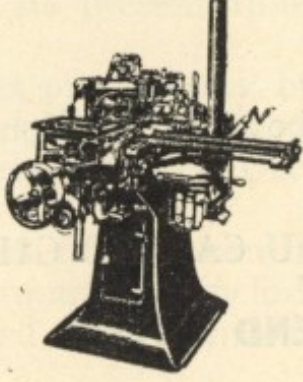
If any of the girls in the factory would like to drop me a few lines I would be very pleased to hear from them as the only thing we look for out here is mail.

I will be now wishing the Queen and all others a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

With the best wishes of the boys in the factory.

Yours truly,

W. J. Jones



Phillips Brothers (Printers), Ltd.,
17 Cardiff Street,
Aberdare

The last instalment of 'The Revolution' is in the issue of 17th Nov. All articles published in this issue will be published in future editions.

Full postal address of our employees in His Majesty's Forces can be obtained from the Editor.

This Christmas issue went to press on November 28th.

The Editor





A VIEW OF OUR FINISHING ROOM.