

PUNCH & DIE



Aero

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Issued by
AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.,
from their factory at
TREForest TRADING ESTATE,
PONTYPRIDD,
South Wales.

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PUNCH & DIE

APRIL, 1948.

THIRD YEAR No. 18

..... EDITORIAL

This number of *Punch & Die* is presented to you at a time when the country looks to us and every other unit of industry to win a "Dunkirk." Our statesmen have impressed upon us the dangers of the situation. Most of us realise the danger now, but few are depressed, and one can detect a growing spirit of endeavour and determination in the community.

We were suffering from an overdose of depressing speeches when one of our leading newspapers started a campaign of "Talking Success." That is the spirit which we in *Punch & Die*, and in the every-day life of the factory intend to follow. Parts of this magazine may appear light-hearted and inconsequential. That is merely the window dressing of our workers, who have made possible a large measure of progress, and will achieve greater results yet. After all, it is characteristic of our countrymen to play bowls as the Armada approaches.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Our efforts during the last year have also been strenuous. We have had our production "drive" which has increased our output yet again and given us the satisfaction of assisting in the nation-wide effort to increase our exports.

We have spoken repeatedly in the columns of *Punch & Die* of our determination to do our utmost, both during the oft-mentioned "crisis" and also during these later months, when, happily, that word "crisis" seems to have been almost abandoned. We have not given voice to pessimistic feelings, and we have never lost our quiet determination. Everywhere one sees signs of the hopeful rebuilding of industry and re-planning of public services. Critical the situation

may still be, but so long as we feel that we are going forward constructively, there can no longer be a crisis in our minds.

The coming of improved methods and more modern machinery to our factory will give us a like stimulus in our daily work. There will be much to learn ; we shall have to adapt ourselves to what may at first seem strange, but we shall know that our efforts are directed to security in the future, and the betterment of ourselves. There are few who do not now realise that it is by no magic power of prestige or financial jugglery that this country stands, falls, or merely lolls against the wall, but by the actual work that is done by its individual citizens—you and me.

* * * * *

This issue of *Punch & Die* is “under new management.” In the last issue we expressed our appreciation of the work which Mr. Don Stone had done in raising our magazine to so high a level, and we are grateful to him for the send-off which he has given this issue by writing an article for us. After his able editorship it will be an achievement even to maintain the standard which he has set.

Treforest Changes,

Our factory is part of an organisation which we call the Treforest Trading Estate. We on the Estate share many common advantages and disadvantages. It is not apparent to everyone that behind the scenes is an organisation which has a great influence upon the conditions under which we work. We refer to the Wales and Monmouthshire Industrial Estates Ltd., of which the Treforest Estate is an important part.

Changes have occurred within the ranks of that organisation. We wish to welcome Mr. L. J. Corbett, who has taken up his duties as General Manager of the Estate Company, and we look forward to his first visit to our factory.

Mr. J. G. C. Oliver is an old friend of ours. On his appointment as Manager of the Treforest Trading Estate we congratulate him, and we are happy to know that we have again a pleasant, understanding and helpful “landlord.”

Our friend, Major Fraser, has retired from the Managership of Treforest, and we should like to thank him for the help and encouragement which he always gave to us, and for the kindly interest which he took in our progress.

LONDON LETTER

By

HERBERT LEWIS.

I have often had the impression that many "Aerozippers" regard that distant and little-known headquarters of our firm, called London Office, with mixed feelings ranging from those sometimes extended to Downing Street right down the scale to those reserved for the Income Tax Collector; others may not even be aware of its existence. A few words on "what's cooking" down our way will therefore not be out of place.

Generally speaking, its functions are two-fold. It is the meeting place of the Board of Directors, where matters of policy are laid down and the broad outlines of "the shape of things to come" are under constant review. On the day-to-day level it is the centre of our Sales Organisation, and here also the main accounts are kept. Above all, it is the focal point for our contact with customers and agents in this country and all over the world.

It is impossible to deal with all branches in one article, and I will restrict myself to one department. No one can fail to realise that our very existence depends on Export, and we can all be proud of the record achieved by our firm during last year. For 1948 the Export Department plan the "biggest ever" show, and is all set for a bumper year.

The work involved in this Department is as varied as it is exacting. Accurate information has to be collected about each country's special circumstances. For example, have they a sufficiently high standard of living to make use of our products? How much of their demand is met by their own producers, and how do we compare for prices, quality and delivery? Do their tariffs favour, say, Argentine zipp exporters over British ones? Do they restrict imports from Britain?

This list is by no means complete, and to be "in the know" we use every available source, from the Board of Trade to statistics, consular officials, chambers of commerce, publications, and even quiet hints at the bar of the "local" around the corner. Just to make it more interesting, our information may be almost out-of-date when we get it, for the scene is ever-changing, especially in these unsettled times.

Our most important work—actual selling—is rather involved for a short description, so let's have a look at shipping. When

you, at Treforest, send out a load of stuff saying, "Good job that lot's finished," we start moving again. It may have to be repacked into seaworthy containers, and marked according to instructions. Then we direct it to the Docks to meet the best and quickest boat we can find; it probably needs insuring as well. Customs formalities and no end of documents are completed, all with different colours, types and numbers, depending on the Regulations the country of destination enforces.

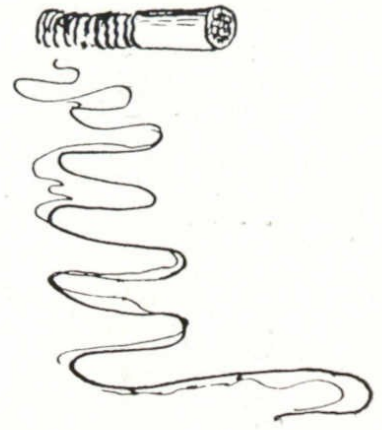
Each consignment needs careful individual attention, and many manufacturers hand over this job to specialised shipping firms. We believe that by tackling it ourselves "double quick," and exactly as desired by the customer we give him just that bit extra which means so much in highly competitive international trade.

In our spare time we tear our our greying hair. I sometimes wish Dick Barton was here to help.

If you want to help, you certainly can. Remember! One faulty zipp can destroy confidence and undo the work of months. Make sure it never happens.



A SMOKER'S FAREWELL



*I've made an endeavour to banish for
ever
My permanent urge for a fag,
For quelling the craving would signify
saving,
And give me some cash in the bag.*

*I knew the denial would be a big trial,
And therefore I stopped by degrees,
For gentle gradation enables cessation
To be undertaken with ease.*



*My girth is increasing, my hunger's
unceasing,
I'm like the proverbial horse ;
I have no occasion to use the persuasion
Of pepper or pickles or sauce.*

*Erstwhile to woo slumber I nightly
would number
Some millions of mythical sheep,
But now as if dead I fall into my bed, I
So rapidly drop off to sleep.*



*My coughs they are fewer, my
vision is truer,
My eyes have a shine like a star's ;
My youth I'm regaining by daily
abstaining
From pipes, cigarettes and cigars.*

*And then in addition, my noble
decision
Has given to Sir Stafford Cripps
The gratification to use for the nation
The dollars I blew from my lips.*



Tail piece

*A week of abstention has brought such
a tension
To nerves of the body and brain,
I feel all in pieces, my courage
decreases,
And now I am smoking again.*

Pasquin.

A DEDUCTION FROM YOUR WAGES

. will take place with effect from 5th July, 1948, to meet the cost of the new National Insurance.

In 1942 while this country was fighting the biggest war of history we found time to be interested in what was called the Beveridge Report. This report outlined a scheme of social security and coined the phrase "Freedom from Want."

Since the war finished the recommendations of the Beveridge Report have been put into practice by passing through Parliament various measures which together make up the pattern of our future Social Security. Eventually five Acts of Parliament will form the basis of this Social Security. They are :—

- (1) The Family Allowances Act—which is known to us all.
- (2) The Industrial Injuries Act—which comes into force on 5th July, 1948.
- (3) The National Insurance Act—which comes into force on 5th July, 1948.
- (4) The National Health Service Act—which also comes into force on 5th July, 1948, and
- (5) The National Assistance Act.

We are all familiar with No. 1 and Children's Allowances are not news any more. No. 5—The National Assistance Act, will cover the need at present met by relieving officers of the Public Assistance Department of local authorities and by the Assistance Board. This work will in future be administered by what will be known as the National Assistance Board. As workers, it is Nos. 2, 3, and 4, in which we are particularly interested—that is "Injuries," "Insurance" and "Health."

THE INDUSTRIAL INJURIES ACT.

This replaces the old "Workman's Compo'." You have to pay something towards this and so does the employer. The main difference will be that if you are unfortunate enough to be injured at work your compensation will depend on your injury; while under the old Act your compensation depended upon the wages which you usually earned. One of the biggest advantages will be that disputed cases will be decided by official tribunals, while long and expensive court cases will not be necessary.

THE NATIONAL INSURANCE.

You have to pay a considerable weekly contribution for this and so does your employer. The benefits which it covers are :—

Unemployment Benefit,	Sickness Benefit,
Maternity Benefit,	Widows' Benefit,
Guardians' Allowance,	Retirement Pensions,
and Death Grant.	

The only employees who need not contribute to this are married women. The married woman has to decide to stay out and merely be covered by her husband's insurance or to come in and be insured in her own right. Even if the married woman stays out of the insurance scheme she will still have to pay her small contribution for "Industrial Injuries."

THE NATIONAL HEALTH SERVICE.

The old Hospital Contribution Scheme will stop and there will be no special contribution. Everyone will be covered by this scheme whether they are workers or not. The hospitals and the various health schemes will be paid for from your National Insurance contributions. At the time of writing the whole position is rather muddled because Mr. Aneurin Bevan and the doctors are still chin-wagging. (It is not quite clear whether the doctors want more bonus or higher piece rates).

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

Both employee and employer have to pay fairly large contributions to this scheme. You will only have one card and pay towards one stamp each week. The employees' and employer's shares are as follows :—

		<i>Employee's Contribution.</i>			<i>Employer's Contribution</i>
		<i>National Insurance</i>	<i>Industrial Injuries</i>	<i>Total</i>	
Men over 18	4/7d.	.. 4d.	.. 4/11d.	.. 4/2d.
Women over 18	3/7d.	.. 3d.	.. 3/10d.	.. 3/3d.
Boys under 18	2/8d.	.. 2½d.	.. 2/10½d.	.. 2/5½d.
Girls under 18	2/2d.	.. 2d.	.. 2/4d.	.. 1/11d.
Married women not in Scheme	—	.. 3d.	.. 3d.	.. 3/3d.

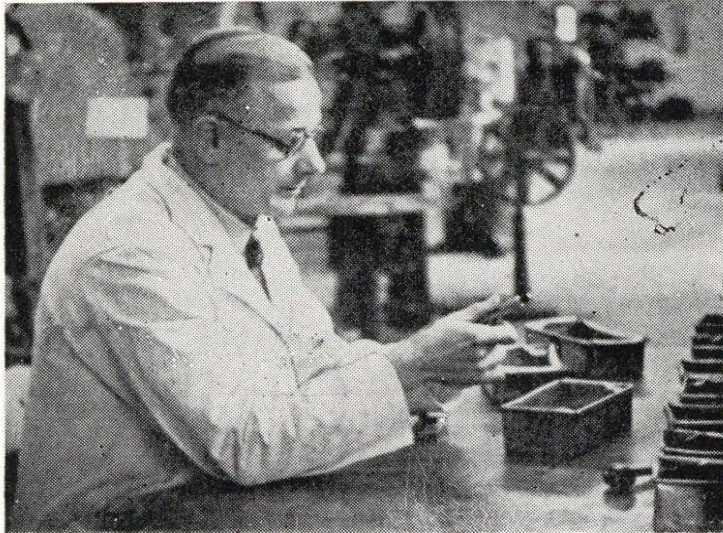
Unemployment benefit will still be paid by the Ministry of Labour and assistance payments will be made by the National Assistance Board. All other benefits will be dealt with by the Ministry of National Insurance which is setting up offices all over the country. Unless you have private arrangements which you wish to continue you will not need your approved Friendly Society any more. This Social Security Scheme can only be described as gigantic. The benefits don't give luxury but they ensure the means to live. If we give it time to settle down it will be second to none in the world. At the same time we have to work to make it possible. The more prosperous our country becomes the better the scheme will become. Obviously if we all have to draw the "dole" at once we should soon break any insurance scheme. One thing is heartening; for all the talk of war and barbarism our country keeps a sense of proportion and institutes these bold measures which are great advances in humanitarianism and civilisation.

G.S.H.

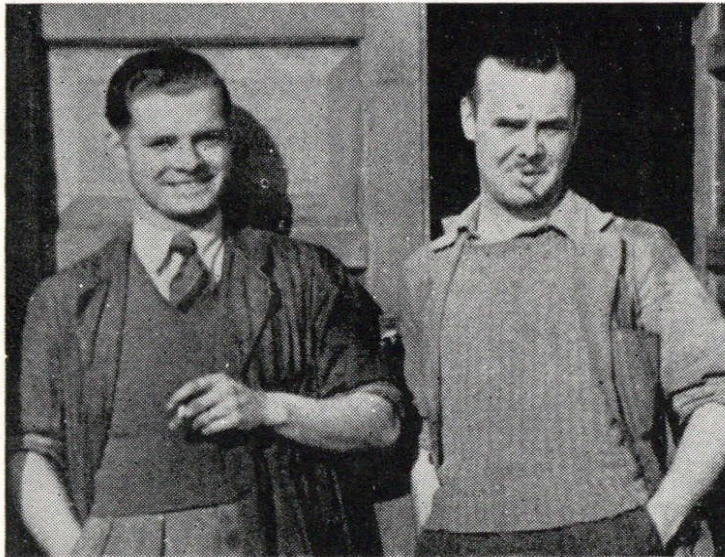


GEORGE takes a walk . . .

Mrs. Keen of the Slider Department, wearing her usual cheerful expression.



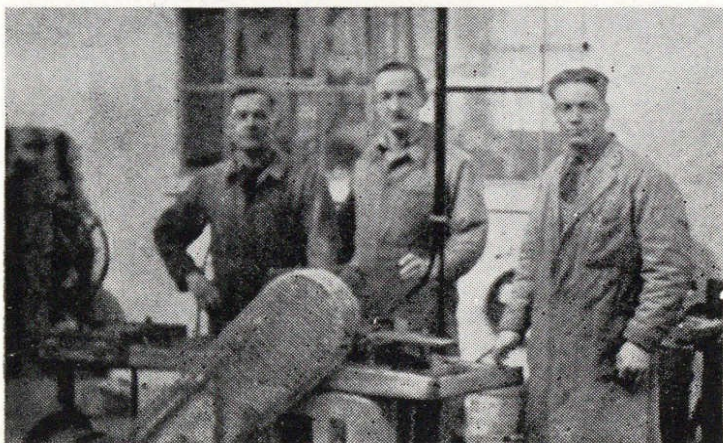
Mr. Alf Edwards, of Inspection Department, honoured with "Croix de Guerre," and "Mentioned in Despatches," in 1914-1918 War. Officer of St. John's Ambulance Brigade and winner of Life Saving Medal for saving a girl from drowning.



Mr. Ray Roberts and Mr. Len Dean, Machine Room Mechanics. Service with a Smile?



Miss Margaret Boucher seems shy about being one of our best fully automatic operators.



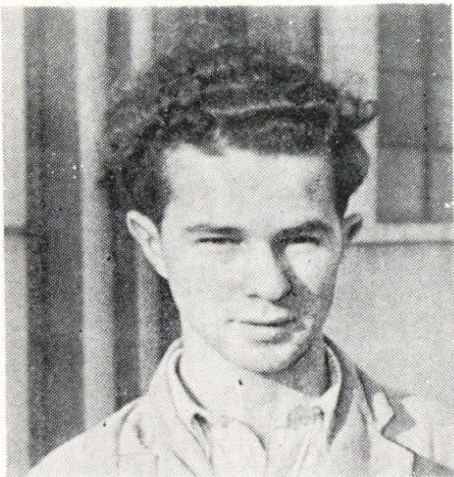
Messrs. "Fireman" Evans, Greenway and Ashton Co. Ltd. Material slit and rolled to customers' orders. Satisfaction guaranteed.



Miss Joyce Stock, old hand of the Despatch Department.



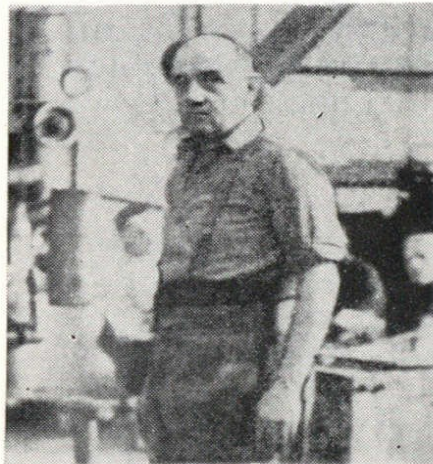
Messrs. Morley Jones and Ron Bunney, Electrical crooners.



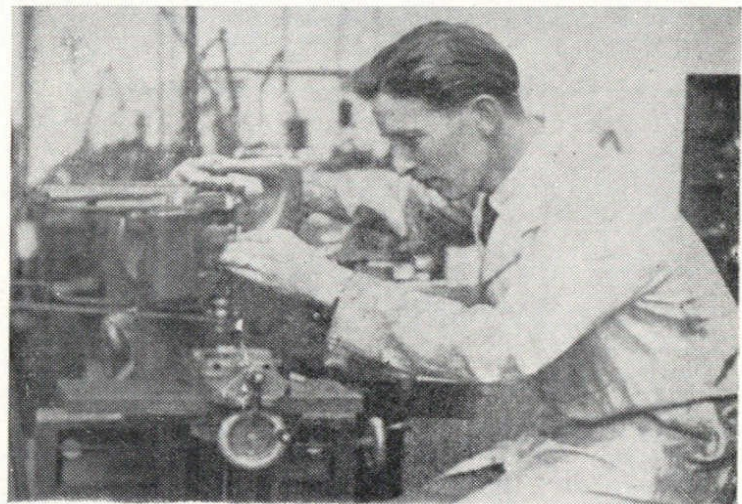
Sigi Salamon, Toolroom apprentice, wonders whether he should "ask his Dad"



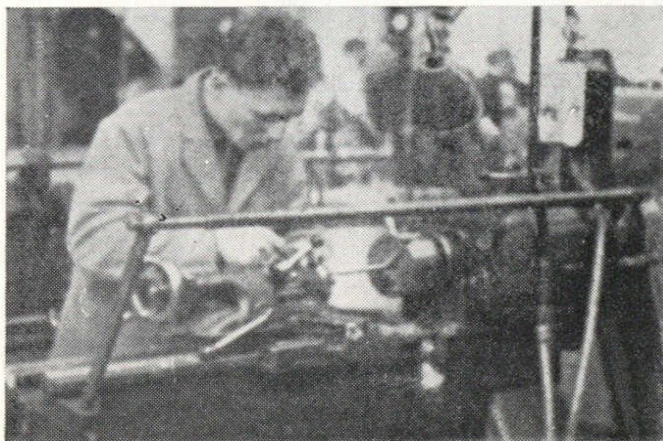
Mrs. Jennie Jones and Miss Sheila Porvell, who are stealing some of the records for Type "D" production.



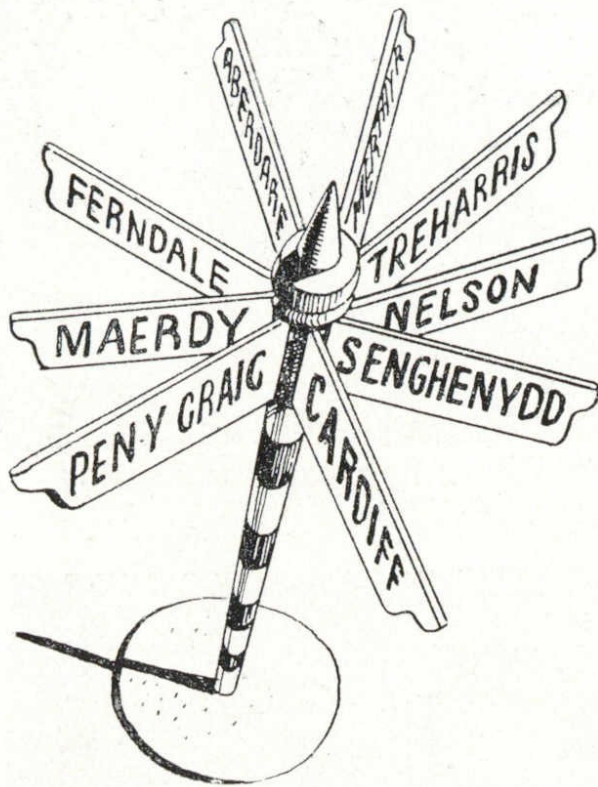
Mr. Bill Watkins, Toolroom Hardener.



Mr. David Rowlands, Toolmaker and Sheik.



Mr. Bill Goody, Press Tool Maintainer.



POURING A QUART INTO A PINT POT

By J. POWELL,

Transport Manager, Pontypridd U.D. Council (who is indebted to the publishers of "What! No 'Buses" for this opportunity to present another point of view).

EDITOR'S NOTE.

In the last issue of "Punch & Die" we published an article entitled "What! No 'Buses." That gave our side of the story. Mr. J. Powell, Transport Manager of the Pontypridd U.D.C., asked if he could write a reply. I think he was really daring me to print it. Actually I am well aware that the local transport managers do their best, and are very co-operative. "What! No 'Buses" was not directed at them. Thinking it fair that the "other feller" should be heard, we publish Mr. Powell's article.

G.S.H.

IT CAN'T BE DONE!

While factories persist in present policy with regard to working hours, it is no more possible to clear Treforest Trading Estate within five to ten minutes than it is to pour a quart into a pint pot!

POST WAR PEAKS!

During the war, Estate employees numbered approximately 15,000. Today, they approximate 11,000. Rarely, during war days, did we fail to clear traffic within five minutes of finishing time. Why the difference today? During the war many large factories worked shifts that obviated buses having to cater for practically all the Estate at the same time.



During the war, too, ordinary services operated at reduced frequency, which gave larger margins of vehicles for workpeople's specials ; and twelve standing passengers were then allowed instead of five—a difference of $12\frac{1}{2}\%$ in vehicle availability—which to the Trading Estate alone represents three extra buses at 5.30 p.m., when every available vehicle is in service. Incidentally, it isn't only the Estate load that has to be met at 5.30 p.m. (see Fig. 1).



Fig. 1.—Typical view at a Town loading point at 5.30 p.m.

NEW BUSES ?

By the war, transport lost production of 40,000 new vehicles. With continuing shortage of essential materials, and the vital need for building exports, this loss is going to take years to recover. National interests therefore demand the best use of existing rolling stock ; but the Estate is extravagant on transport. By suitable variation in working hours, better service could be given with one-third the vehicles.

Even if new vehicles were available, there is yet another factor. With a concentrated 8.0 a.m. start and 5.30 p.m. finish, many vehicles have to be kept—licensed and insured—for just one trip morning and evening ; and the crews guaranteed a 44-hour week. Fig. 2 illustrates the Estate fleet standing idle at “off peak.” Ask your Factory Manager what he would say about employing £50,000 capital for only $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours per day. Sooner or later this uneconomic load factor must be reflected in your bus fares.

STAGGERED HOURS.

When Electricity Undertakings failed to cope with demand, the load had to be staggered. Load spreading is equally necessary in transport. Bus Operators hoped staggered hours to meet electricity conditions would automatically relieve transport. We hoped in vain. Indeed, our Trading Estate peak is heavier now than before

there was any talk of staggered hours—heavier even than it was during the war.

One appreciates certain objections to staggered hours—particularly earlier starting, but advantages outweigh disadvantages. (Transport crews, girls included, have to sign on as early as 4.0 a.m., and some have to walk miles, having no transport at all). Certain difficulties also exist from the transport side, particularly where different bus operators, with journeys of varying length, are involved.

But returns from 89 other towns, including large Midland industrial areas, indicate 29% have staggered-hour schemes for transport, some of them giving up to 25% increase vehicle availability. Is the Treforest Estate lacking initiative that other industrial areas possess? Is it beyond attainment to split starting times between 7.0 and 8.30 a.m., and finishing between 4.30 and 6.0 p.m., or to segregate traffic for certain suitable districts by, say, half-an-hour away from 5.30 p.m.? Other places can do these things with benefit to all concerned!



Fig. 2.—Trading Estate Buses idle at off peak hours

“POWER TO RE-PLAN.”

Reference was made to “hundreds of privately-owned motor coaches.” It is doubtful whether scouring all South Wales would produce such numbers. Even so, is it practicable, is it fair, that these vehicles be held for one Trading Estate trip at 8.0 a.m. and 5.30 p.m., the combined revenue from which might not exceed 10/-?

No, the re-planning that is imperative must aim at spreading the load; closer liaison at a focal point between factories and bus operators; and at dissemination among employees of information which will replace “What! No 'Buses” with an understanding of WHY no buses—the first step in the solution of the Estate Transport problem, which rarely is seen in proper perspective.

SUGGESTIONS SCHEME

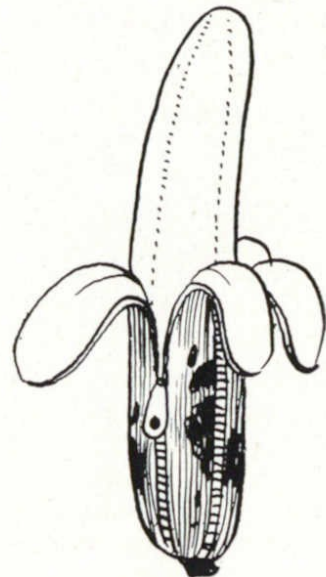
In June, 1947, we started the "Suggestions Scheme." A box was put in the shop and we awaited suggestions.

They came slowly at first, but the first few were encouraging, because they were obviously well thought out efforts to be constructive. The suggestions were carefully considered and to get the scheme going all useful suggestions were awarded, even though in some cases there were considerations which made us decide against using them.

Within a few months the suggestions scheme became better known. More suggestions came in, and among them were some very good ones.

The result in ten months has been :—

No. of Suggestions received	84
No. of Suggestions awarded	45
Total of Awards made	£110 10s. od.



PATENT APPLIED FOR!

The minimum award made is £1. So far the maximum award has been £12. This went to Mr. Salmon, for a very excellent design of an Assembly tool.

If you have an idea, put it in the box. If it cannot be used no harm is done. If it can be used, the firm and yourself will benefit.

In describing a nut and bolt a young lady wrote :

“ A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron, with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawn off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole.”—(*Argosy*).

Aero Nippies



Carol, 5 year old daughter of Mrs. Kathleen Unsworth (Slider Dept.)



Karl, 4½ year old son of Mr. Roy Morris (Tool Room).



Jean, 11 year old daughter of Mrs. Emd Brown (Finishing Room)



Kathleen, 4 year old daughter of Mrs. Nancy Thorn (Machine Room).



Russell, aged fifteen months, son of Mr. Len Dean (Machine Room).



Annette, 12 month old daughter of Mrs. Ivor Griffiths (Tool Room).



Maureen, aged 5, and Andrew, aged 3, daughter and son of Mr. Erwin Hornung (Press Dept.)



Jennifer, aged 2, and Wendy, aged 6, daughters of Mr. Glyn Thomas (Tool Room).



Brian, 3½ year old son of Mr. Len Morgan (Punches and Dies).



Marion, 7 year old daughter of Mrs. Nancy Roberts (Inspection)

THE JOINT PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

Joint consultation at factory level has become an increasingly important feature of factory life during the war and post-war years. As we have seen at Aero Zipp, however, operating this joint venture is not without its difficulties.

The worker often finds it hard to realise that he has now a completely new status in industry, that no longer is he given the privilege of stating a complaint or making a suggestion *although* he is an employee but, rather he has a recognised responsibility for doing so *because* he is an employee, and therefore a joint partner in the enterprise in which he is investing his whole life.

Another problem has been the regular occurrence on successive agendas of minor complaints and petty grievances, whereas we would welcome more constructive criticism and suggestions more in keeping with what is really implied by joint consultation.

Let us not misunderstand this point, however. The ventilation of these complaints and grievances is really quite important, and can be instrumental in the formation of happier industrial relations which is so vital a part of our factory existence.

One feature of the committee's functions which has been very successful has been the Suggestion Scheme. When the workers were given positive proof that ideas did receive serious attention, suggestions started coming in in quite large numbers, and some of them proved very valuable. The committee has emphasised furthermore that any ideas accepted should be put into practice with the least possible delay, and Mr. D. Rowlands, the Vice-Chairman of the Committee, has been given the task of seeing that this is done.

The outcome of one of these suggestions is the production drive which is now in progress. The committee unanimously agreed with the suggestion that in conjunction with the nation-wide drive for increased output, Aero Zipp should make its own humble contribution to the country's recovery. Mr. S. Levene was co-opted on to the Committee to organise the drive, which has proved to be quite a success.

In conclusion, let me just say this. The Joint Production Committee, now growing out of its troublesome infancy, can be quite a decisive factor in the achieving of a progressive, successful, and happy factory. This is our ideal. It is up to us to see that it really materialises.

March, 1948.

WILLIAM JOHN,
Chairman, J.P.C.

Doin' What Comes

Natur'lly

By DON STONE.

The intercomm. looms : " Calling Mr. Stone. 'Phone call." It's Mr. Hart. " I want an article by Monday," says he, " and no backchat. How are you, Don ? Put it in the post for me tomorrow. Cheerio ! " Where have I heard that approach before ? I murmur to myself as I slowly replace the receiver. What could I write for *Punch & Die* ? I could certainly commence by saying how happy I was to say " Hello, Everyone ! " once again.

I could tell them of that touch of " homesickness " I felt on leaving the factory and the friends with whom I had spent so many happy years. How for me it was never a case of " per ardua ad nauseam " ; how I enjoyed those evenings when I finally settled down to write another " Our Column " ; how I shall always treasure the letters received from colleagues with whom I worked, and social organisations with which I was associated.

Maybe I could try and explain how factory life, just like your favourite " flutter," sport or dancing, gets into your blood, how that inexplicable something grips you. Would they understand the sense of exhilaration that possessed me when the Machine Room broke another record, when another successful dance was organised, a lunch-time concert applauded, the latest issue of *Punch & Die* appraised, or when the Dramatic Society presented a new play ? It wasn't egoism. Maybe it was the satisfied feeling of being one of a team pulling together, of going all out to accomplish something, and finding one's efforts crowned with success. No ! Maybe I'd better not tell them that. " Crackers," they'd say to themselves. " A feller who felt like that in a factory *must* be crackers ! "

I'll take another line. I'll tell them the recipe for " Our Column." No doubt they'd like that.

You take, for example, a good measure of humorous stories . . .

Mr. Hart to over-ebullient Aero Zipper : " Perhaps you *do* merit a rise, Clutterbuck. Speak to me again in a few days—if you're still with us."

Mr. Wagner to Canteen waitress : "I feel like a sandwich."

Canteen waitress to Mr. Wagner : "Just give me your order. Can I help it if the place is crowded?"

Here mix well with some event recording and comment. Something always turned up—an opening ceremony, a visit by a film star, or other V.I.P.'s. (If something didn't turn up, you got on the 'phone and made it do so).

Add now two spoonfuls of philosophical quotes . . .

"Happiness? It is an illusion to think that more comfort means more happiness. Happiness comes of the capacity to feel deeply, to enjoy simply, to think freely, to risk life, to be needed."
—STORM JAMESON.

"If there is righteousness in the heart there will be beauty in the character. If there be beauty in the character, there will be harmony in the home. If there is harmony in the home, there will be order in the nation. Where there is order in the nation, there will be peace in the world.—CHINESE PROVERB.

Stir the mixture well, and leaven it with a little advice . . .

"Remember the turtle," says Uncle Lapis, gravely, in replying to Timid Charlie, "He doesn't make progress unless he sticks his neck out."

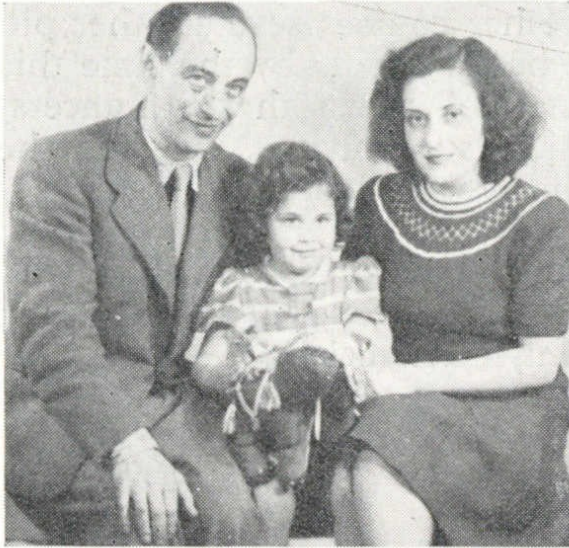
Season with just a sprinkling of Lapis brand craziness, viz., a report on the latest antics of Professor Straighte-Jackitte and his merry madhatters.

Trim and touch up with a few sketches and photographs, and Ho ha! the *pièce-de-résistance* is borne proudly to the Editor's desk by Mr. and Mrs. N. Parker.

. . . The 'phone tinkles again. "How many buses to Aber and Senghenydd d'you need for that Osbro dance tonight?" queries a voice. "One'll be enough," I reply, jerking myself back to the present. I replace the receiver once again, and look down the list . . . "Spot-prizes O.K., band O.K., cloakroom tickets to get, Osbro news-sheet to write, J.P.C. to attend Thursday, personnel records to check, Canteen Committee meeting to attend Friday, absenteeism, National Savings, production records" . . .

Ah, well, here we go again!

AERO ROUNDABOUT

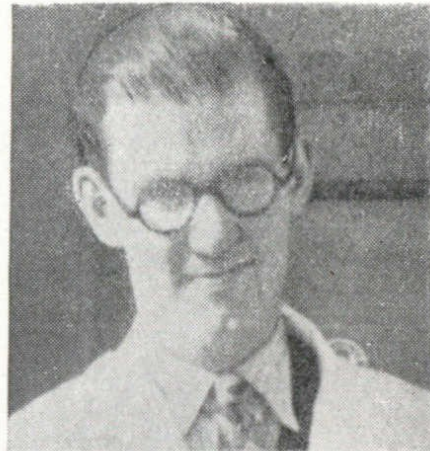


Au Revoir . . . We have to say good-bye and *bon voyage* to Heinz Kirschbaum of the Tool-room. Heinz joined the factory in 1943, and has now left us to travel with his wife and daughter to the U.S.A. Good luck and good fortune. We wish you all that you wish yourselves.

Welcome . . .

To Mr. Ted Thomas as Stores Supervisor. He brings with him many years of experience in industry, which we feel sure will be of great benefit to us.

To Mr. Llewellyn Jones, who comes to us as a development engineer. His flare for tool-making and development is already proving to be a big help. He likes his working conditions, and we hope he will like working with us.



To Mr. Malcolm Hunt, who has joined our Drawing Office staff. Not long ago he was in the Royal Signals, serving in France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. He likes the factory, and is settling down very well indeed.

Welcome also to approximately thirty new girls, who are rather too many to mention. We hope they will all like working with us. Among them is Dilys Williams, ex-Land Army. She says it is a big change from tractor driving to zipp making. She likes swimming, dancing, and good music. Her favourite composer is Chopin.

Back from the Forces . . . we welcome from the Royal Signals, Trevor Bond of the Press Department ; from the Royal Artillery, Reg. Arundell of the Press Department ; from the R.A.F., Winston Gough and Tom Harrison of the Tool Room and Mervyn Jones of the Press Department.

Also we have had back on refresher courses several other old Aerozippers who will probably be back with us by the time this is printed. They are Roy Hartnell of the 16th/5th Lancers, Ieuan Cameron of the Royal Signals, Emlyn Davies of the R.E.M.E., and Ray Sheppard of the Welsh Guards.

Another new member of the Tool Room is Gordon Price who has joined us after leaving the R.A.F. He is rapidly settling down with the assistance of Mr. Emlyn Thomas.

* * * *

The representatives of the employees, who, together with the management, form our Joint Production Committee.



Rear Row (Left to Right)—Messrs. S. LEVENE, L. MORGAN, W. EVANS.

Centre Row—Messrs. E. WHETTER, D. ROWLANDS, W. JOHN, M. JOHN,
and H. SALMON.

Front Row—Miss N. WILLIAMS, Miss D. MORLEY, Mrs. B. JAMES, and
Miss G. HEARN.



A Pot Pourri of Life at Aero Zipp

By **SID LEVENE**

Be pleasant until ten o'clock in the morning and the rest of the day will take care of itself.

—*Elbert Hubbard.*

In the course of a little excursion between Drawing Office and General Office, I was walking deep in thought along the corridor, when suddenly a door clicked open, a hand shot out, the world

turned around, the door again clicked shut, and I found myself in an office, looking into the face of our Personnel Manager.

“I happened to see you pass,” said he. (I made a mental note that in future, whenever I pass along this corridor, to walk at least one inch lower than the office key-holes). “And so,” he went on, “‘Our Column.’ It’s yours. By Tuesday.”

The door clicked twice again, during which the hand, and the world spinning played an important part, and I was once again in the corridor, the possessor of ‘Our Column.’

I went straight to the Stores, and demanded the attention of my colleague, Donald Davies.

“Donald. Quick. Come here.” It was not yet 10.30 a.m., but he hopped to the counter. The conversation went something like this:—

Yours truly : “Don, listen.”

Don : “I suppose it’s absolutely essential. I mean, is it?”

Y.T. : “Of course it is. ‘Our Column,’ where is it? Mr. Hart has just given it to me.”



ROY MORRIS wonders if REG. BASKERVILLE would tell him how to get rid of his drooping feeling.

Don : “ How jolly. I’ve got some awfully nice 2 B.A. Bolts. Wouldn’t they do instead, I mean to say, wouldn’t they ? It would save me an awful lot of bother, you know.”

Y.T. : “ ‘ Our Column.’ Now, and be quick about it.”

Don : “ How about a nice nut to go with the bolt ? ”

Y.T. : “ ‘ OUR COLUMN, PLEASE.’ ”

Tears came gushingly to Donald’s eyes, and taking out a piece of cotton-waste, he sobbed the following :—

“ Nobody, nobody wants my little 2 B.A. nuts and bolts (sob). I ordered four million so that I could give them to people (sob) just to try and please them (sob, sob).”

Y.T. : “ There, there, now dry your eyes, Donald ; I tell you what. You give me the column, and I’ll take one of your little bolts.”

Donald dashed off in a flash, and I could almost swear that I heard him say, “ Another sucker,” but, of course, I cannot be certain.

A half-hour elapsed, during which I heard much chuckling and laughter coming from behind one of the stores compartments. Finally, he came to the hatchway.

Don : “ Here’s the nut and bolt. Now put them in your pocket, and here is your column.”

At this, he handed me a copy of the last issue of the Magazine, opened at a certain page.

“ I rather gather that Mr. Hart has intended that you should write the forthcoming one, now that Don Stone has left the jolly old fold. I should imagine that you have been under a misapprehension. I mean to say, you are, you know. This being the only column that I can find is one which is not materialistic, but propagated from the mind. In this case yours. Ha, ha. It used to be such a good article, too,” he said superciliously. “ Well, there it is. I suppose we shall have to suffer your drivel. We hear enough of you on the speaker system, but this is practically the utter limit. I mean to say, it is, you know. I’m rather busy now, as it’s break-time, so I shall have to go. ’Bye, old thing.”

I recovered myself, and my eyes blazed with anger. “ I’ll show Mr. Hart what’s what. If he thinks he can do this to me, he is very much mistaken.”

Rushing to the corridor, I flung open his office door. “ Er, er . . . ” I said. “ Do stop opening and closing your mouth like an icky-bicky fishy,” said Mr. Hart as he gently oozed me back into the corridor.

Dazedly, I sought solace from the nurse. She said, "Ohah, thards orl right. Av a vidamin to cheer yourself up."

And that, my friends, is how I come to be writing this.

As you know, Don Stone's stooge, Nosey Parker, was very mortified that Don left without him, as he had a few things for him. Here they are :—

Overheard in the Canteen.

David Rowlands to friend (the only one or the one and only) :
"Oh, I don't mind eating here. As a matter of fact, I like to live dangerously."

Just prior to her marriage, Betty, of the Wages Department, was heard to say. "One feels such a fool going on a honeymoon"; to which Joyce, of the General Office, replied, "Yes, Betty, two always go."

We hear that Mr. I. Salamon went to a friend's house in order to learn how to become a magician. His wife soon stopped this however, when he came home one night with a hare on his shoulder.

For information regarding the ceiling of Bindles, where we held the Christmas Dance, please consult Donald Davies. I hear that he spent most of his time looking at it.

At the Dance, Pam Lewis, of the Personnel Department, casually mentioned that she likes listening to dance music, especially from a bus. Her favourite tune is, I understand, "Let's take the Long Way Home."

Jack Yeates of the D.O. was very pleased with himself, but then, he was re-Joyce-ing!

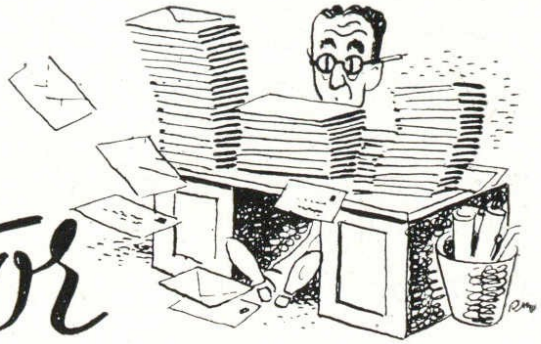
Mentioned to Phyllis Newton, of the Semi-Autos, that I was sorry she couldn't make the Dance. She informed me, tartly, that we had danced together. Sorry, Phyl, I must have had a couple of other things on my mind.

Evelyn Randall, our popular "Hello" girl, is saying "Good-bye" to the Amateur Dramatic Society. She tells me her heart is not in acting, but favours swing music. In fact, "Drumming Man."

During the daily tea breaks, I understand that Cardiff City's most fervent supporter, Erwin Hornung, plays in goal in the yard football scramble. His colleagues tell me that he plays like a man with four hands. With two hands he would tire of retrieving the ball from the net very much more quickly!

If I have perchance offended anyone during the discourse of this article, then I offer no apologies, because you see how I have come to write it all, and so why shouldn't you suffer, too!

Letters to the Editor



From Mr. ARTHUR PEARSON, M.P.

29-1-48.

TO AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.

I enclose the reply of the Transport Ministry to my representation supporting yours upon transport difficulties at the Estate.

You are, of course, one who was present at the Estate Transport Committee, on the 16th December, 1947, when many of the transport difficulties were discussed. Previous to this, in fact, on 11th December, 1947, a Conference of the Transport Operators at the Estate was held. The minutes of these two meetings have been read by me, and they indicate a careful attention to the complaint. The greater use of the trains might prove of some help. Apart from that it is only extra buses that can do the "trick." You know the difficulty of getting these at the moment. However, we must have them if the trains are no solution.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) ARTHUR PEARSON.

From the EDITOR OF TALON "SCOOPS,"

TALON, INC. MEADVILLE,

PENNSYLVANIA.

January 21, 1948.

EDITOR,

Punch and Die,

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LIMITED,

CARDIFF, ENGLAND.

I have read the December issue of your magazine with a great deal of interest. It was a treat to see the picture of our Messrs. Layng, Judd and MacDonald on page 7. It somehow makes it seem that your country and ours aren't so far apart, after all.

Your "Aero Nippies" are little darlings. Perhaps I shouldn't single out one child but I did get a chuckle out of the expression on Leslie Evan's face. Isn't it priceless? I can imagine how proud their parents were when that feature was published. Our employees, too, are always anxious to have their youngsters' pictures appear in "Scoops."

Best wishes for your continued success.

Sincerely yours,

LEONA MITCHELL

Editor, "Scoops."

(Editor's Note.—In return for such a pleasing letter we are sure that all true Welshmen will excuse Mrs. Mitchell's reference to "Cardiff, England.")



SOCIAL AND WELFARE CLUB.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT.

Since writing my report for the last issue of *Punch & Die*, the Club has organised several successful functions.

Children's Party. For the first time a children's party was held, and it was generally acclaimed as a great success. In fact, the parents seemed to enjoy themselves as much as the children.

An excellent tea, a generous Father Christmas, a beautiful Christmas tree, a Punch and Judy show, a ventriloquist, a conjurer, and entertainment provided by some of the older children, left the children in no doubt that Christmas was a very special occasion.

We feel that especial mention should be made of the musical talents of the charming young daughters of Mr. O'Brien, of the "Comb" section. Ann (aged 14) accompanied on the piano her sister Maureen (aged 12). They delighted all present with the singing of pretty carols and a pianoforte medley of Welsh airs.

The Committee would like to thank all who helped to decorate the canteen, pack the presents, and prepare things generally. Especially we thank Mr. Robinson and his canteen staff who made the tea so attractive.

Christmas Dance. The Aero Zipp social affairs of 1947 came to a grand finale with the dance. Each year the dance becomes better and better. The hall at Bindles, Cold Knap, was an excellent setting for a successful evening, and the transport arrangements proved to be successfully arranged. It was very satisfying to find that almost everyone was there, and we were pleased to see so many wives, boy friends and girl friends coming along as guests.

Committee. The Committee which will serve you in 1948 was elected at the end of January. At their first meeting the following Officers were elected :—

<i>President</i>	..	Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E.
<i>Vice-President</i>	..	Mr. K. B. Koppel
<i>Chairman</i>	..	Mr. Glyn Thomas
<i>Vice-Chairman</i>	..	Miss B. Toghill
<i>Hon. Secretary</i>	..	Nurse Feibusch
<i>Hon. Treasurer</i>	..	Mr. Ron Davey

Committee members are : Miss C. Davies (Stores), Miss E. Thomas (Tape Room), Mrs. Dyke (Inspection), Mr. L. Morgan (Press Dept.), Mr. L. Dean (Machine Room), Mr. S. Levene (Drawing Office), Mr. D. Rowlands (Slider Casting), Mr. G. Conway, Jr. (Teeth Dept.), Mr. I. Griffiths (Inspection).

GLYN THOMAS, *Chairman.*

HON. TREASURER'S REPORT.

We are starting this year in a sound financial position, the balance of our fund is almost twice as much as it was in 1947. At that time we had a balance of £198 2s. 4d., this year we have a balance of £362 2s. 5d.

Our Balance Sheet, which was displayed on the Social and Welfare Notice Board, showed that we had a good year financially and socially.

Our Committee are hoping to have another successful year this year, and they are trying to provide entertainment and social benefits second to none on the Treforest Estate.

Here's wishing you a happy social year.

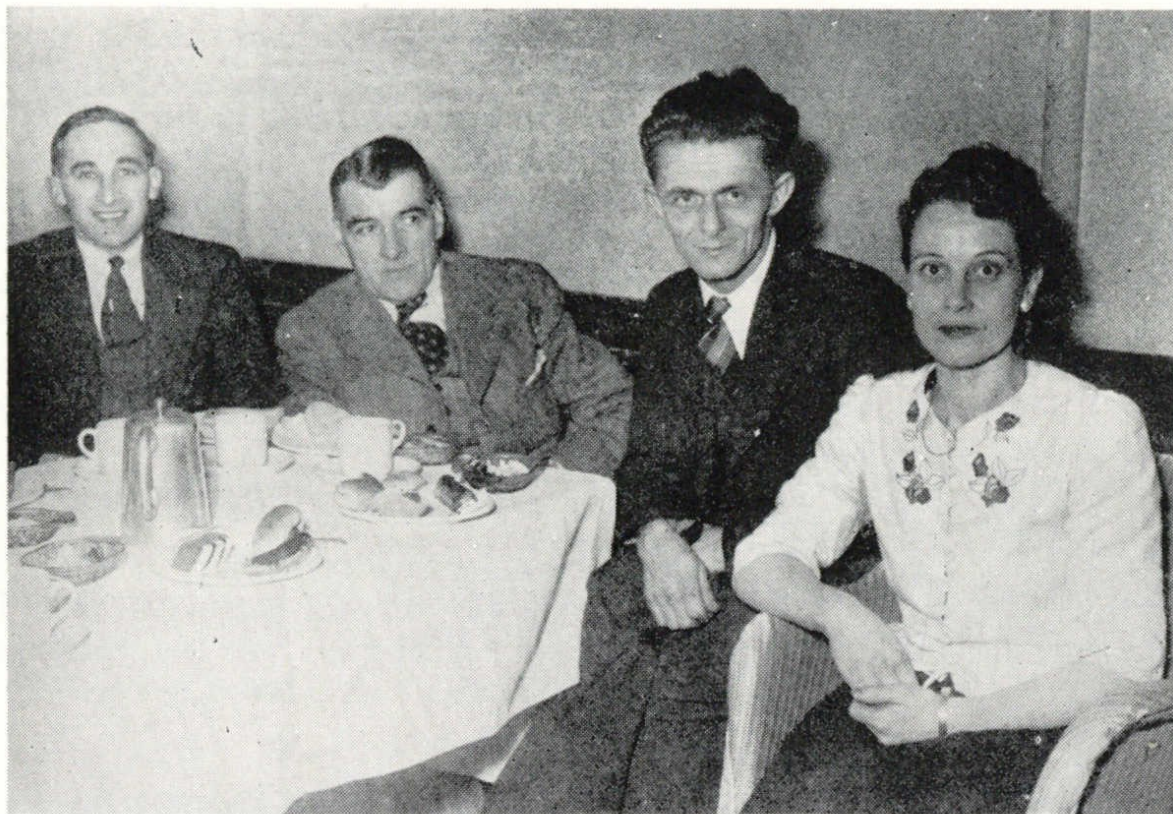
R. E. DAVEY, *Hon. Treasurer.*

HON. SECRETARY'S REPORT.

A new Committee for the Social and Welfare Club was elected in February. Since then, three general committee meetings have been held. Officers for the year 1948 were elected. Two sub-committees were appointed—one committee of three to deal with applications for hardship grants, and one Library committee. A number of books have been bought, and the librarians have since been busy getting the library ready for opening. All books will



FEEDING TIME AT BINDLES'.



Christmas Dance, 1947

be issued free for one week. After that, one penny will have to be paid for each week or part of a week the books are kept. Although we have quite a number of books, we shall be very grateful for any donations of books or money. I hope that by the time this is published, the library will be in full swing. The committee discussed the rules of the club, and re-adopted the rules of 1947 with a few amendments. These rules have been posted on the club's notice-board in the Slider Department.

NURSE FEIBUSCH, *Hon. Secretary.*

A.Z.F. DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

It now seems a very long time since the Aero Zipp Players first took to the boards on an evening in January, 1947, with a performance of "Hawk Island," by Howard Irving Young. I think we all wondered in our hearts if the Thespian muse could flourish in a factory; but judging by the enthusiastic support we have received at every performance, our fears were groundless. Even so, a great debt of gratitude is owed to the Management, who have been most enthusiastic and helpful to us.

Since its debut the Dramatic Society has welcomed many new friends, and has presented "Housemaster," by Ian Hay, in May, and "Ten Little Niggers," by Agatha Christie, in November last. In addition to the Canteen performances on our bijou stage, we have been busy "touring" with these plays—one more engagement at Troedyrhiw remains to be fulfilled before we start work on our next show for the Canteen. This is fixed for the end of August or early September. Several books are being considered, but the play has yet to be chosen.

Readers of the magazine will already be familiar with the Epic of the Troedyrhiw Trail ; it is unfortunate that our Secretary and general " husher," Mr. Don Stone, is not still with us, as he could have given an even more stirring account of our adventures while touring. At a recent production of " Ten Little Niggers," a section of the stage collapsed with a crash that shook every window in the hall—three of the cast disappeared. However, as the audience appeared to take all this as part of the evening's entertainment, the rest of the cast, after swallowing hard, carried grimly on with their lines, peering at each other through a haze of dust. Behind the scenes the stage-hands gallantly hoisted the broken section on to their brawny shoulders and held it in position, murmuring bitterly, " The show *must* go on ! "

The committee of the Dramatic Society welcome new members, and will be pleased to receive any suggestions for plays you would like to see in the Canteen. But when sending in your suggestions, please remember that as our stage is small we can only consider plays which have one scene throughout.

W.R.



Christmas Dance, 1947

TABLE TENNIS.

Since my last report, I am pleased to state that Aero Zipp were Champions of Section II of the Treforest Trading Estate Table Tennis League. Our record was : played nine games, won six, drawn two, lost one. We are now playing for the Estate Championship, together with Helliwells, Creeds, and Mapest. In this competition we hope to emulate last year's achievement of being Runners-up. Although the odds are against, we shall do our best, and time will tell how we will finish up.

The following players have represented our factory this season : Maurice Stephens (Fully Automatics), Len Morgan (Teeth Dept.),

LATE NEWS

A few weeks ago Miss Barbara Hampton, of the Finishing Room, suffered the ordeal of seeing her home burnt to the ground. She watched the possessions of her family, herself and her "bottom-drawer" go up in smoke. However, she was not without friends, and the Aerozippers soon got together to help her. All those who helped her were amply rewarded by the very graciously worded letter which Miss Hampton addressed to her fellow-workers, the management and staff, and which was displayed in the factory.

After their long illnesses we are glad to welcome back Mr. H. Bassman (Despatch) and Miss Peggy Davies (Machine Room). We all wish them good health for the future.

Too late for "Shop Talk" was the arrival of a daughter for Mr. and Mrs. Len Morgan. Best wishes to Susan.

In "Shop Talk" we congratulated Mr. Ron Davey on his marriage to Miss Edwina Jones, and we reproduce here the photograph of the bride and of this untiring member of our Social and Welfare Committee. All Aerozippers will wish them good luck and happiness.



continued from page 28

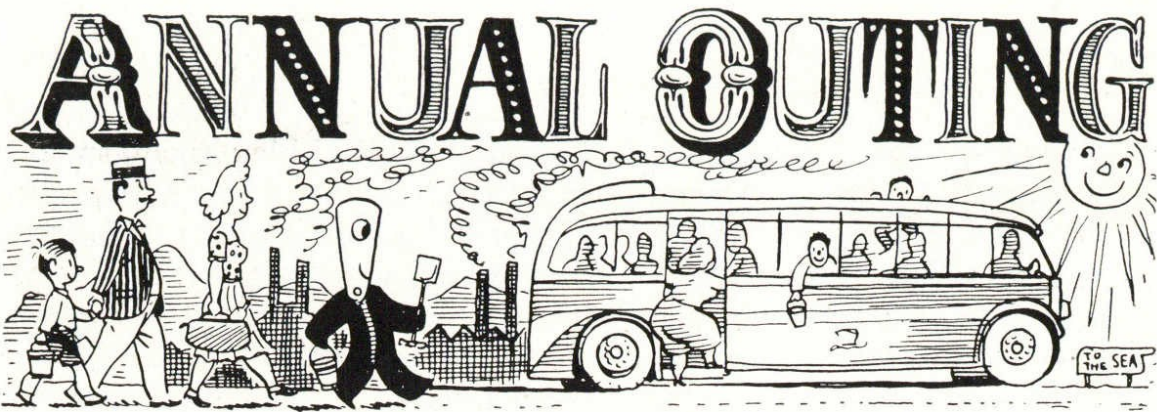
Howard Ford (Teeth Dept.), Charlie Wilkie (Teeth Inspection), Sid Levene (Drawing Office), Ron Davey (Grinding Dept.), and myself.

A "Silver Linings" Table Tennis Tournament was held during the Savings Week. I am glad to state that Aero Zipp was well to the fore. Maurice Stephens and myself reached the final of the Doubles, and lost by the odd game, the scores being 21/19, 20/22, and 19/21. For our effort we were presented with Savings Certificates by Major Fraser.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all the above-mentioned members for their loyal efforts and co-operation.

IVOR JOHN GRIFFITHS,

Table Tennis Secretary.



As you all know, the annual outing this year is to Porthcawl. The Social and Welfare Committee are hoping to repeat the success of last year's outing, which was held at Barry Island.

This year we again intend to hold sports on the sands, which will include the selection of the "Queen of Aero Zipp." Last year's Queen was Miss Peggy Davies, of the M/C. room. The prizes will be the same : First, £1 ; Second, 10/- ; and Third, 5/- ; so go to it girls, don't be so shy this year : don't worry about the New Look, we would rather see some of those fancy bathing costumes parading around.

We are also arranging sports for the children, a " tug-o-war " for ladies and gents, and we are trying to obtain the services of the " Back Alley Lunch-time Internationals " to give us the football match of the season.

So come along with that good old outing spirit, and let us make it the best outing ever.

SOCIAL AND WELFARE COMMITTEE.



SHOP TALK



ENGAGEMENTS.

We offer our very best wishes to the many Aerozippers who have become engaged recently :

Miss Gwladys Davies (Finishing Department) to **Mr. Ken Bryant.**

Miss Catherine Davies (Finishing Department) to **Mr. Geoffrey Marshall.**

Miss Ena Parry (Slider Department) to **Mr. Stan. Jones.**

Miss Barbara Hampton (Slider Department) to **Mr. Pat Devers.**

Miss Margaret Pain (Slider Department) to **Mr. David Skelding.**

Miss Elsie Breakenbury (Slider Department) to **Mr. Vernon Vickery.**

Miss Dilys Thomas (Machine Room) to **Mr. Selwyn Roberts.**

Miss Joyce Love (Despatch Department) to **Mr. Ieuan Jones.**

Miss Joyce Griffiths (Finishing Department) to **Mr. Victor Davies.**

MARRIAGES.

Our best wishes for a happy future to all who have married recently. Of particular interest to us are two marriages where both brides and bridegrooms belong to our factory.

Congratulations to **Mr. R. Parry** (Toolroom) on his marriage to **Miss Doris Jones** (Machine Room), at St. David's Church, Pontypridd, on 21st February.



Wedding of Betty Kelly

Congratulations also to **Mr. Frank Rosser** (Teeth Department) on his marriage to **Miss Nelly Evans** (Finishing Department), at Congregational Chapel, Porth, on 20th December, 1947. The honeymoon was spent at Lampeter.

We congratulate also :

Mr. Bryn Jones (Teeth Department) on his marriage to **Miss Hazel Joyce** at Minster Abbey, Sheerness, on 16th January. The honeymoon was spent at Canterbury.

Mr. Ron Davey (Toolroom), our Social and Welfare Club Treasurer, on his marriage to **Miss Edwina Jones** at Llandaff Cathedral, on 28th February. The honeymoon was spent at Bournemouth.

Best wishes also to :

Miss Martha Davies on the occasion of her marriage to **Mr. J. Thomas.** on 28th February,

and to

Miss Barbara Jones on the occasion of her marriage to **Mr. Desmond Matthews,** on Easter Monday.

She was a lovely young bride, radiantly fair, dewy-eyed and as slender as a wand. She walked down the aisle, a picture of girlish innocence and simplicity on her father's arm.

As she reached the chancel steps her tiny feet brushed a flower-pot, upsetting it. Silently she looked at the dirt, then raised her sweet, child-like face to the old clergyman and opened her beautiful eyes wider. "That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

—(*World Digest*).

BIRTHS.

Congratulations to :

Mr. and Mrs. Les. Pearce on the birth of their son—Keith Esmond.

and to

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Rees on the birth of their daughter—Susan.



