

The
AEROZIPPER



THE WORKS MAGAZINE
of
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The Aerozipper

CHRISTMAS, 1950

No. 24

FOREWORD

CHRISTMAS time, apart from the usual Aero festivities which have become so integral a part of our lives as Aerozippers, is also a good moment for me to cast my eye over the preceding years and to try and assess the results of our efforts.

This is not difficult if one simply looks at figures, output schedules and the like, which it is part of my job to keep an eye on—and, I am happy to say, they make quite good reading. What is perhaps a little harder is to look upon the road we have travelled in human terms.

It is, much to my regret, unavoidable that when I am staying at the factory nearly the whole of my time is taken up with conferences, and that I can only spend an appreciable period with one or two departments at a time, before my duties call me back to London. Nevertheless, I want to tell you how gratifying it is to see so large a community working together harmoniously and efficiently. Many of your jobs require a very high grade of precision—and the quality of our goods is something of which we can really be proud. But I feel that this has been achieved not by machine-like robots, but by what I like to think of as the happy family of Aerozippers. This is, I am sure, the result of the co-operation between all who work in this firm, not forgetting the Administrative and Sales Department.

It is, therefore, with very great pleasure that I thank you, on behalf of my Board and myself, for the good work you have done during the last year. The next year will bring more hard work for all of us. Meanwhile, however, I trust that you will enjoy your well-earned rest.

So, in conclusion, I would like to wish a MERRY CHRISTMAS and a very HAPPY NEW YEAR to all Aerozippers.

K. B. KOPPEL,
Managing Director.

Wishing you
a very
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New
Year



Christmas Messages

I am delighted that through the medium of *The Aerozipper*, I am given the opportunity to send my very best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the Management and all employees of Aero Zipp Fasteners.

As we are about to bid farewell to the Old Year and welcome the New, we wonder what the year 1951 will have in store for us. The distant rumblings of the cannon remind us that victory did not bring us the final peace for which we had all so ardently hoped. May the New Year not only see us safely through the acute international crisis, but also bring with it some real progress in the establishment of permanent peace.

The past year has been one of considerable achievement for our factory. In quantity and quality our production has steadily advanced, and it now almost seems as if the globe were somehow linked together by the Aero Zipp chains produced in the valley of the Taff. Let us carry on with this successful but peaceful conquest of the world.

E. FRANKEL, *Director.*

It has been a very successful year indeed. We could have done even better, but for unforeseen changes in the economic situation of the world.

At the commencement of 1950 we had hoped to be left in peace in order to produce new types of fasteners, improve quality, and above all install better and more efficient machinery. In brief, we thought real peace-time conditions had come to stay.

Now everything has changed. Raw material has become scarcer than ever. It is the old post-war story all over again—how to get the material in order to meet customers' requirements? Fortunately we saw some time ago that things were going to deteriorate and we quite successfully provided for difficult times.

Even if our good intentions and plans cannot materialise as quickly as we would like, this does not mean curtailing our programme. On the contrary, we shall work and plan in spite of all difficulties and, I am convinced, with great success.

Enough about business. You have all deserved a good Christmas and I hope you will have it. May I wish you, your families and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

M. M. WAGNER, *General Manager.*

AERO ROUNDABOUT

The Christmas Roundabout begins on a very regal note. For the 1st November brought Princess Margaret to our doorstep. It was the first day of her South Wales Tour and although she didn't visit our factory she passed along the Tonteg Road in her car on her way to lunch at the Trading Estate Restaurant. We were all able to see and cheer her and afterwards, at work, enthuse upon her beauty and the richness of her sea-blue velvet coat with its beaver collar.

★ ★ ★

The trophies and treasures which have been hidden for so long by our Machine Room "Night Owls" have at last been brought forward so that we can all appreciate the skill which has gone into the winning of such awards.

William Evans, whose home is Cilfynydd, has since 1918 been conducting choirs and glee clubs in traditional Welsh folk songs. He is the winner outright of three silver cups, seven silver mounted batons, six medals and two silver candlesticks. When in 1932 the Handel Glee Party was formed at his home with 24 members, William was chosen as their conductor and he has worked with them for concerts and competitions of all types. The first competition they entered was at Pentre and out of seventeen choirs they came second. They entered for their second competition in 1933 at Cardiff, competing against 26 choirs and this time they came first. Since when they have been the winners of fifty First Prizes.



I am sure we all wish him even greater success if this is possible in his new venture as conductor of Cilfynydd Philharmonic Society, with whom he intends to specialise in sacred chants.

He has two sons of whom he is very proud. One, Gerant, at 28, is the principal bass with the Covent Garden Opera Company; the other son, John, is in our Accounts Department, and he, too, is having his voice trained.



Another winner of cups is Lewin Owen, who joined the Blaenclydach Sports Club in 1923, running in the six-mile Marathon race which is held every Bank Holiday Monday.

He has entered with ten other competitors for this race seven times and four times he has brought home the First Prize.

★ ★ ★

Billiards, Snooker and Collecting Gramophone Records are the main hobbies of Tom Landeg, and consequently he is the holder of First Prizes, Diplomas and several treasures.

As a boy of 19, Tom won his first prize at Billiards, which was the "John Robert Billiard Cue." This was presented to him by Tom Millward who was then Welsh Professional Snooker and Billiard player.

After this great achievement, his enthusiasm grew and he now can say that for the past 30 years he has been a champion billiard player, winning four cues, clocks of all sizes, biscuit barrels, fruit dishes, cake stands and a much-prized tea set. He is now playing for the Mountain Ash Working Men's Club, who are still unbeaten in the Aberdare and District League.

Gramophone records also fill a large portion of Tom's leisure hours. He is particularly fond of any Richard Crooks recording and he usually chooses "Star of Bethlehem" and "The Holy City." He has a library of over 400 records, and he has given to his club over 100 at various times.



★ ★ ★

A specialist in flower cultivation is our Machine Room Night Shift Charge Hand, Len Dean, who has now been with the firm five years. He has been five times the holder of the Bale Cup, three times the Porth Hospital Cup has been his, and he holds many diplomas and medals for flowers of all descriptions and flower

display work. When our present King was crowned, Len entered the Rhondda Transport Flower Exhibition and had to cover an area of 4ft. x 3ft. with flowers of red, white, and blue colouring. He carried out his design in stripes and came home the victorious winner of the First Prize.

He has many tips and much advice for all would-be gardeners, for this has now been his hobby for over 16 years. He raises all his flowers from seed, which he grows on his two ten-perch allotments.



His only great disappointment is that he has never won the Montague Burton Cup. He has taken Seconds and Thirds at these shows, but Messrs. Treseder, Nurserymen, of Cardiff, have always taken First. This, I am sure, shows us how great are Len's successes in the exhibition world. We sincerely hope that next year he will have a photograph of this much-coveted cup for our Magazine.

★ ★ ★

Shirley Jones and Helen Rees of Finishing Room are members of the Llantwit Fardre County Youth Club. Since it opened in October, 1949, they have been attending cookery classes and have turned out meat pies, coconut cakes, scotch eggs and fancy cakes, with very few failures, or so they say.

Leather work has now been added to their hobbies and every Thursday evening they attend classes where they make purses, make-up bags and comb cases in pink, blue, green or orange crinoline. They have also made brooches and ornaments in perspex and their success can be seen in the photograph.



★ ★ ★

Shirley Briffett, of Sliders, has for many years been making her own clothes, cutting out most difficult patterns and using a treadal sewing machine.



This year Shirley joined the Taffs Well Youth Club where she is learning embroidery. The material and silks are provided but before she was allowed to tackle this work which is shown in the photograph she had to practise all the stitches she would be using on a sampler. Shirley is enjoying this new venture very much and will soon be drawing her own designs for embroidery.

Record breaking has been Margaret Hyslop's consuming interest lately. Four days running she broke her own record output and now stands the unbeaten record holder of Machine Room on No. 5 Production.

★ ★ ★

Keeping a motor-cycle upright on the road has proved too tricky for Steven Phillips (Tool Room) and Lenard Charley (A.17), who have both had severe motor cycle accidents, necessitating weeks in hospital. We sincerely hope they will both be well enough to enjoy Christmas and to be back at the factory in the New Year.



EDITORIAL

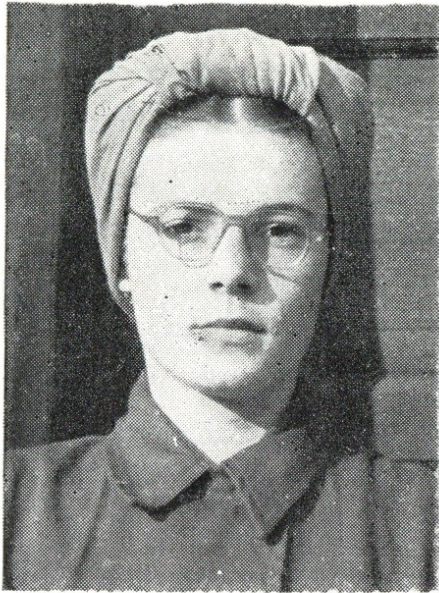
This is a special message of thanks to everybody, both inside and outside the factory, who has helped directly and indirectly towards making this Christmas issue just a little like the excellent magazines which my wise and learned predecessors have given to you in the past.

Our Anonymous Bard has again been busy, this time with a very special Christmassy poem. We are, I know, sorry that our appreciations of all his writings for our Magazines have to be expressed to him so formally. They are, however, none the less sincere.

We now can read of the sufferings inflicted upon our play producer, Bill Roberts, for after a very long spell of silence to all but the privileged few, i.e., Amateur Dramatic Society, Bill has been persuaded to bring his sufferings for us all to share.

For the article on Pontypridd we have to thank Mr. Thomas, Deputy Clerk to the Pontypridd Urban District Council, who very kindly allowed the fullest use to be made of his valuable notes.

Again she does it! Yes, Barbara King has again, as she says, been in a trance, and with her two poems "News" and "Reminiscence," she brings to the Magazine the necessary touch of sparkle which is all the more valuable because it comes from the factory



bench. Long country walks, where there are flowers to pick and hills to climb, and plenty of books to read, especially biographies, go to make up Barbara's pleasures, but she believes she has been able to cultivate the art of poetry-making more keenly since the noise in Slider Department makes it impossible for her to talk so much. So, Foreman Salmon, please stoke up the noise during February, in order that we can have some more of the results of Barbara's repressed tongue.

"Workmen overhead" have played on the nerves of our Cartoonist, Zyggy Frankle, as you will later discover.

This time we welcome an article by a new contributor, Ken Evans of Grinding Department, who with his reminiscences of his 1948 holiday in Switzerland, adds colour and a very seasonable touch to the Magazine. We certainly hope there will be many more contributions from Ken for future editions.

George Conway, Wynne Price and Pamela Hale are known to us all, because with regularity they produce the photographs and news which we have come to expect. They have turned up again with a full quota for us to enjoy. Their constant support, together with all your kind words of encouragement and help during this, the first twelve months of my teething troubles, has made my job as Editor a pleasure rather than a task.

May I wish you all much merry making and fun with your families and friends during the Christmas Holidays.

MARY MITCHELL.

PONTYPRIDD

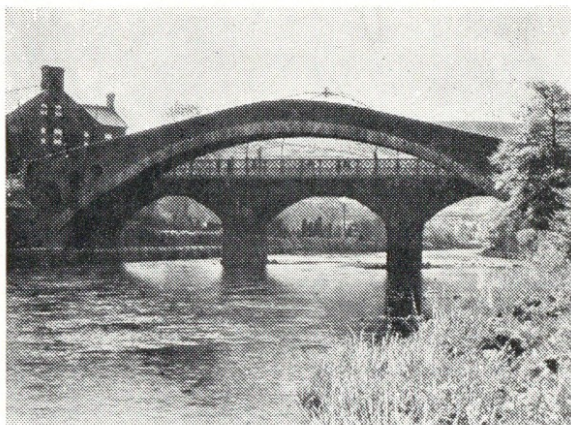
We thank Mr. W. T. Thomas, deputy clerk to the Urban District Council of Pontypridd, who has provided us with the material for this article.—Ed.

SITUATED at the junction of the Taff and Rhondda Valleys with the imposing battlements of scarred and rugged mountains for background, yet in the midst of much natural beauty, lies the town of Pontypridd, with its 40,000 inhabitants. True, there is ugliness, too, for years of unbridled industrial development have left their mark on the hills and valleys.

Proof of the comparatively modern origin of the town may be found in the famous "Bridge of Beauty," a single-span bridge across the Taff, from which the name Ponty-pridd ("The Bridge near the Earthen Cottage") is derived. In 1750, William Edwards, a self-taught mason, contracted to build a bridge here for the sum of £50 and to maintain it in good condition for seven years.

Edwards's first bridge was one of three arches, but two-and-a-half years after its erection it was destroyed by a great flood, which piled up debris against the buttresses until the bridge was unable to withstand the weight of the accumulating water and was swept away.

Faithful to his contract, Edwards designed and erected a second bridge, with a single span of 140 feet, which he hoped would offer no obstruction to the river flood. This design proved faulty, for the great weight of masonry in the abutments, pressing inwards towards the centre, caused the arch to spring, and the whole structure collapsed.

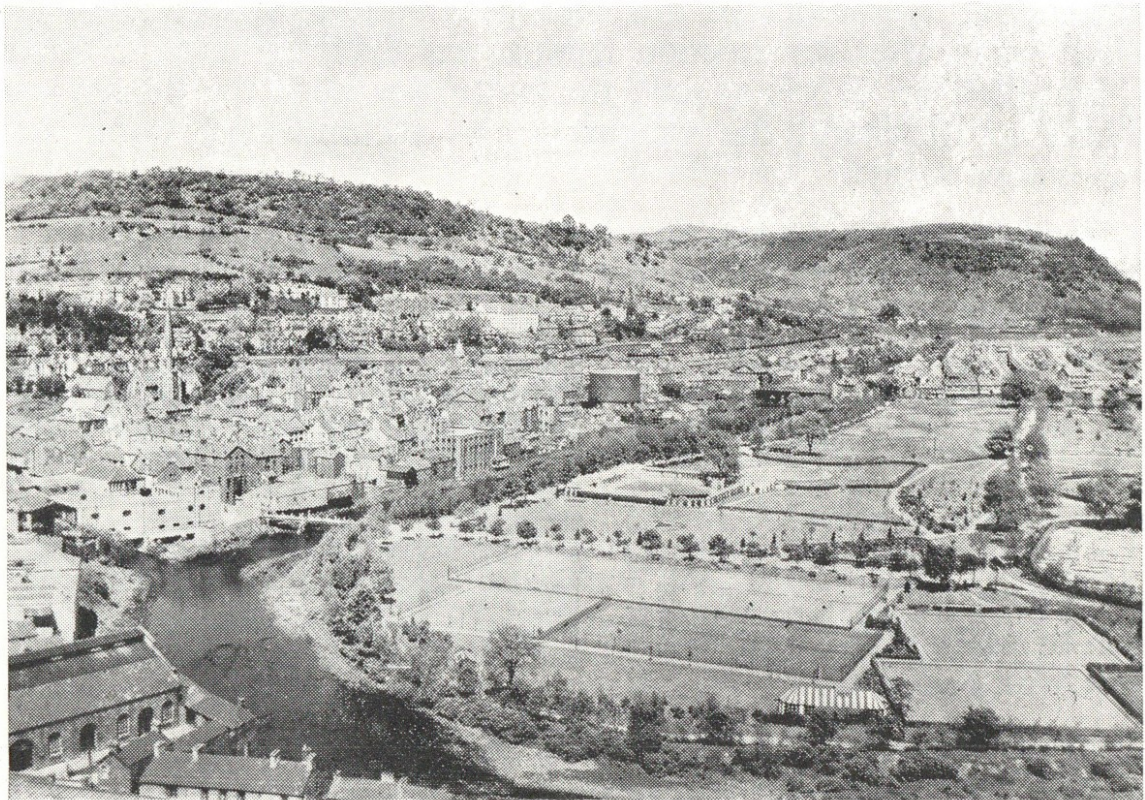


With commendable determination, Edwards set to work to modify his second design, and in 1755 completed the present bridge. The structure possesses great architectural distinction. It is a perfect segment of a circle, with a height, at low water, of 36 feet. Beneath the arch may be heard an extraordinary nine-fold echo. The gradient of the bridge was finally found to be too steep for vehicular traffic, and a three-arch bridge was erected beside it, by public subscription, in 1857, but for many years Edwards's elegant single span bridge was the longest of its kind in the world.

With the discovery of coal in the area, Pontypridd and its sister towns progressed rapidly to a remarkable prosperity. The town was fortunately placed, for the coal destined for Barry, Cardiff, Newport and Penarth Docks had all to pass through Pontypridd on its journey by rail to the coast.

In 1790, Dr. R. Griffiths opened a colliery at Gyfeillon. For the transport of the coal from this colliery he constructed a private tramroad along the street now known as Broadway leading to a privately-constructed canal connecting with the Glamorganshire Canal. Although it has long since fallen into disuse, it is still locally known as "the Doctor's Canal."

The introduction of coal mining led inevitably to the growth of other industries in the district, and in 1794 important tin works were opened at Pontypridd by Mr. Crawshay, and soon became the largest in the country. Fourteen years later Brown, Lennox and Co. transferred to a site bordering on the Glamorganshire Canal a part of their chain-making business at Millwall, having bought a small works at Ynysangharad, which they considerably extended. In these works were made the gigantic anchor chains for the "Queen Elizabeth" and the "Queen Mary."



YNYSANGHARAD PARK

It is interesting to recall that in Pontypridd lived Evan James and his son James, who are jointly responsible for the words and music of the Welsh National Anthem "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." A commemorative tablet marks the site of their Cloth Mill in Mill Street, and in Ynysangharad Park is a fine memorial. Erected

in 1930, it is the work of Sir Goscombe John, R.A., the design symbolising Poetry and Music.

In its Memorial Park at Ynysangharad, Pontypridd has an asset of which it may well be proud. It was acquired by public subscription and grants from the Miners' Welfare Fund, and is beautifully laid out, with extensive provision for recreation. It includes facilities for cricket, tennis, bowls, football, putting, etc., and an excellent open-air swimming bath, with a large enclosure for children. Due to its comparatively recent development the town possesses no buildings of great historic interest, but St. Catherine's Church, though of fairly modern origin, is worthy of note. Erected in 1867, it is an edifice of native stone, with Bath stone dressings, in the Early Decorated style, and with its 162 feet high spire and clock tower, forms a prominent landmark. A magnificent west window of four panels was inserted in 1921, as a memorial to the men who died in the 1914-18 war.

Pontypridd has grown industrially and commercially and about one-quarter of a million people living in the surrounding valleys go to attend its markets.

Most of us at least have to pass through the town on our way back and fore to work and even if we don't live there we feel that we somehow belong to it.

We have now told the story of Llantrisant and Pontypridd and in our next issue we will deal with another of the towns where Aerozippers live.

NEWS !

*The day dawned dark and cloudy,
But the air was busy still.
All morn the tension mounted,
And work was done like drill.
Vague rumours floated wildly,
And whispers filled the air.
Not many raised their voices,
While some could only stare.
What could be the matter ?
All eyes were on the " mike."
Was it really something serious ?
What could this news be like ?
By noon the news was broadcast,
The factory was struck dumb.
Twelve months of weary waiting,
And the overalls had come !*

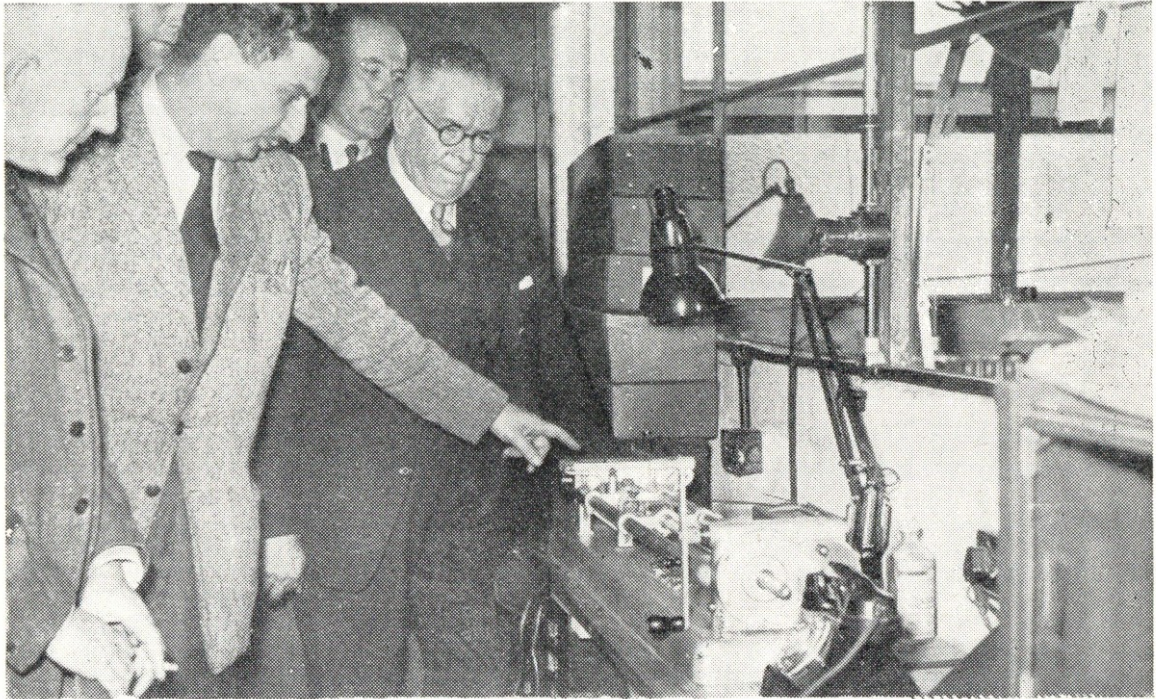
BARBARA KING (*Slider Department*).

A few weeks ago our London Agent made up a party of some of our most important customers

OUR VISITORS

from the London area. The party consisted of representatives of a famous firm of wholesalers and buyers of some of the well-known London stores. He invited them to be our guests for a day and they were most enthusiastic to come to the factory and see something of the mysteries of Zipp Fastener making. Between them for many years past they have bought many millions of our fasteners and they were very much impressed with the precautions we take to ensure that only goods of high quality leave our factory.

We hope they enjoyed their day and have gone back to London to order many millions more of our Zipp's.



MR. J. BACKER SHOWING THE PARTY ONE OF OUR LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.



IRIS LOCK IS DEMONSTRATING TO THE PARTY SLIDER ASSEMBLY.

AN ALPINE EXCURSION

By KEN EVANS (*Grinding Department*).

WE stepped out of the hotel that morning and the snow crunched under our boots ; it had frozen hard during the night, and our breath hung on the cold air. The mountains stood out in the early morning sunshine like a highly coloured backdrop in some colossal theatre, and the mist had just started to disperse as our little party moved off towards the funicular station. For some days we had been looking forward to tackling the Trubsee ski-run, and now, at last, we were on our way, leaving the "nursery" slopes far behind.

We were by no means the first to arrive at the foot of the rack railway. Scores of brightly clothed sportsmen and girls were already milling around the model booking office, and as we approached one of the funicular cars started its laborious climb to Gerschnialp, a thousand feet above. Our turn soon came round, and in a few minutes we were being hauled up the almost vertical track. Once at the top, Josef, our ski instructor, looked at the mountain—sniffed the air, and proclaimed that all was well—we would proceed. The next stage of the journey was made by Luftseibahn, or Air-Cable-Railway, a most impressive experience. Intending passengers passed through a turnstile into a gloomy building, where a small aluminium car hung, bobbing up and down against the pier. Skis and other equipment were stacked on the roof, and in outside racks, and the human element cheerfully packed inside until the conductor found it necessary to lever himself into the car by the simple expedient of placing his boots on the hand rail, and heaving.

A bell clanged in the control cabin, there was a sudden tautening of inch-thick cables, and we rumbled out into the sunlight. Almost immediately we found ourselves gliding high over snow-covered fir forests, Gerschnialp receding rapidly behind us, and our destination a mere speck far in front and above, at the end of an immense arc of humming steel ropes.

The interior of the car was a Bedlam of singing, yodelling and cheerful conversation in half a dozen languages. Some of the brighter sparks had to be deterred by the conductor from an attempt to swing the vehicle from side to side, and another car, passing on its return journey, drew a fusillade of snowballs from those of our company nearest the window.

There was no sign of life in the broad valley over which we were passing so effortlessly, and it was difficult to imagine the scene there in high summer, with the trees in leaf and Alpine flowers making a technicolor cameraman's dream. A gradual decrease in our speed indicated that we were approaching the steepest part of our aerial highway, and some twenty minutes after leaving Gerschnialp we slid to a halt against the landing stage at Trubsee, some six thousand feet above sea level. A helter-skelter rush for skis and sticks left us a little dazed, and when we eventually sorted our equipment and gathered outside, some of our fellow passengers were already fast disappearing in flurries of snow.

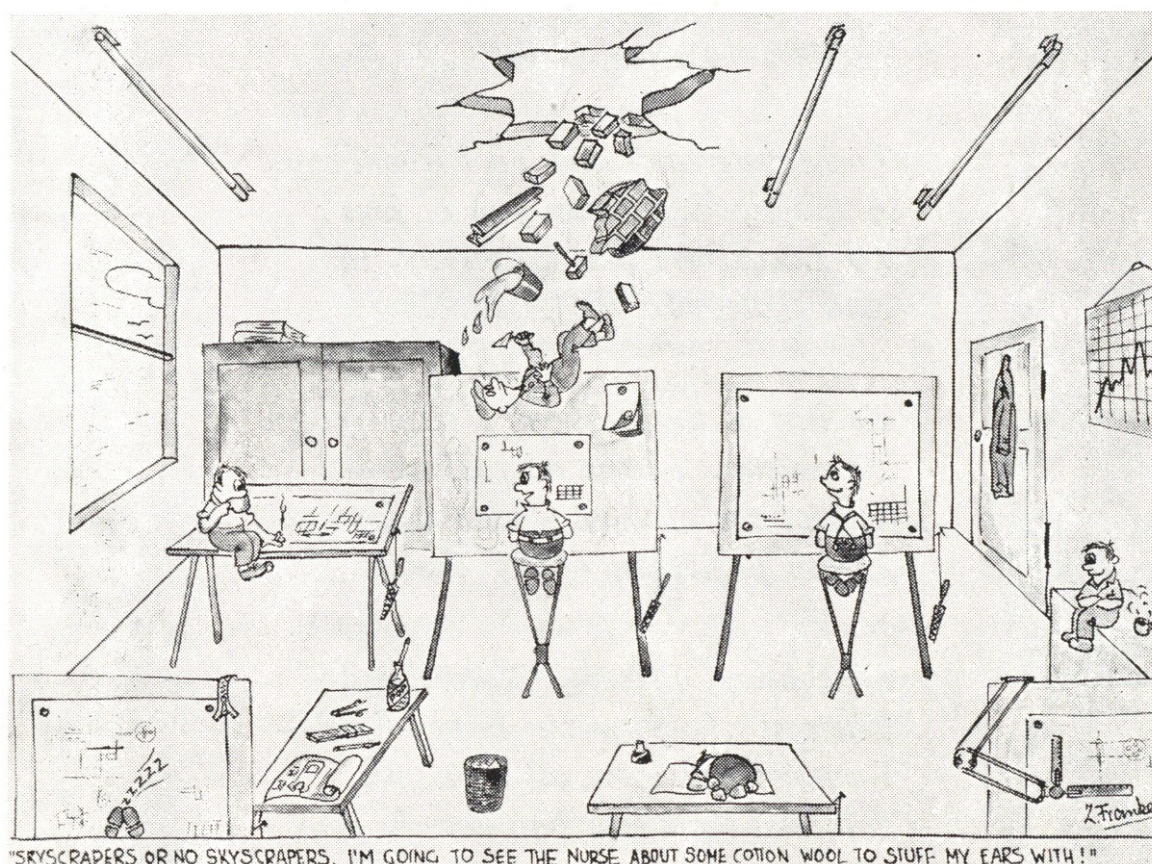
After one look at the first slopes, we decided that we were in no such great hurry, and, in fact, decided that a stiffener was indicated! My friend John, in his capacity of medical student, prescribed Café Kirsch all round, and we all spent a very pleasant half-hour on the balcony of the Hotel Trubsée really getting to know each other. For the descent we decided to waive the tradition of "ladies first," so that Josef, who knew the run, could lead. John was elected to take off next, then Anna and Val, and lastly myself.

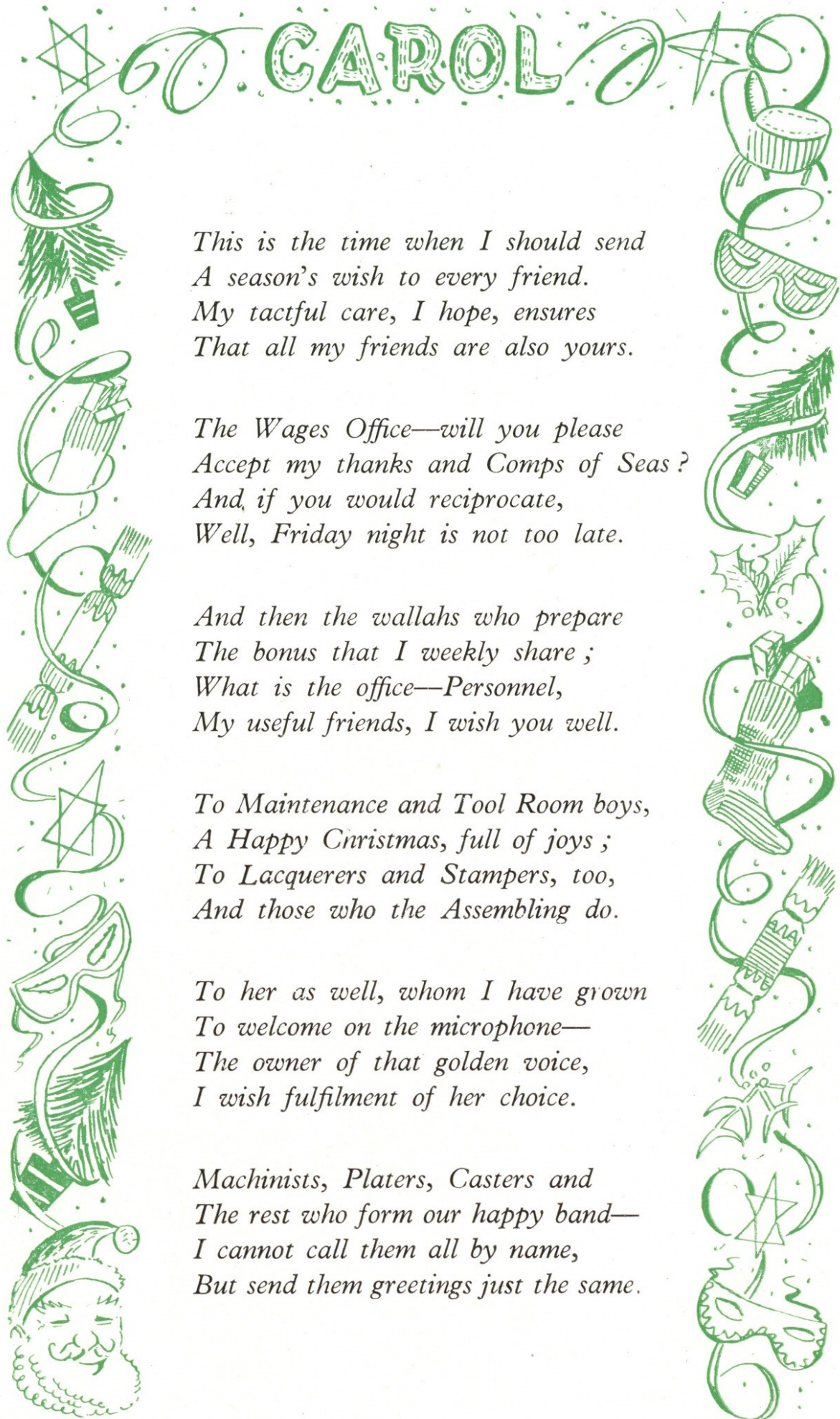
Our first traverse was entirely without incident, and the trail did not seem half as steep as we had thought from our first survey—this may, or may not, have been due to the Kirsch. Ten minutes after leaving the Hotel Trubsée we were gliding easily over the frozen lake from which the hotel takes its name. The sunlight reflected from the snow-covered ice was intense. The only sounds were those made by our skis as we followed the red guiding flags, and the only other visible evidence of the handiwork of man was a tiny round chapel set on a hill overlooking the lake.

We lunched at a mountain hut about a mile from the lake on huge ham and chicken sandwiches, eggs and Swiss cheeses, and fruit, then set off again. The terrain was now becoming considerably steeper and conversation, beyond an occasional shout, became impracticable. Past empty summer chalets, through deserted pastureland and pine forests, over mountain torrents, we swept in the wake of our guide and instructor. An occasional tumble added even more excitement to our hectic progress, but a few bruises and abrasions seemed to us a very small price to pay for the exhilaration of our headlong flight towards the village of Engelberg, hidden in a blue haze still far below. I found it hard to keep up with Val, who was tearing along twenty yards in front. Crouching low to fly over bump, or stemming violently at some sharp bend, she was putting up a magnificent show, and whenever I think of that grand day, her flying white-clad figure comes first to mind, with scarlet tassel swinging wildly from her cap and trailing ski-sticks kicking up puffs of fine snow at every turn.

At length we arrived at Gerschnialp again, and, by-passing the funicular, took to the maze of trails leading down to the village. These were quite narrow and had become badly rutted by the passing of hundreds of skiers since the last fall of snow. Although by now somewhat tired, we negotiated these in quite good style, and it was not until we had reached the last traverse before the village that my phenomenal luck gave out. Here my skis took charge and dug their toes in, with the result that I was flung high in a graceful arc and plastered most untidily over the trail, at the expense of a pre-National Health Scheme pair of spectacles.

Once in the village, we headed by common accord towards Matter's Tearoom—a favourite evening resort, stacked our skis in the rack and collapsed, thankfully, into deep armchairs. Cups of steaming chocolate, with floating islands of cream, in the Swiss manner, were enthusiastically received, and we fell to discussing plans for the evening.





*This is the time when I should send
A season's wish to every friend.
My tactful care, I hope, ensures
That all my friends are also yours.*

*The Wages Office—will you please
Accept my thanks and Comps of Seas?
And, if you would reciprocate,
Well, Friday night is not too late.*

*And then the wallahs who prepare
The bonus that I weekly share;
What is the office—Personnel,
My useful friends, I wish you well.*

*To Maintenance and Tool Room boys,
A Happy Christmas, full of joys;
To Lacquerers and Stampers, too,
And those who the Assembling do.*

*To her as well, whom I have grown
To welcome on the microphone—
The owner of that golden voice,
I wish fulfilment of her choice.*

*Machinists, Platers, Casters and
The rest who form our happy band—
I cannot call them all by name,
But send them greetings just the same.*

*But Ah! my friends, what shall we give
Those lonely troglodytes who live
Like hermits in A.17?
Let's drink a toast to friends unseen.*

*And may good fortune ne'er forsake
The purchasers of what we make.
(Our customers I daren't neglect,
In case they happen to object.)*

*You'd hardly wish to disregard
Your modest, self-effacing bard,
So any tributes to my art
Could be conveyed through Mr. Hart.*

*I wonder if you'd remonstrate
If I should dare congratulate
The transport people who provide
The vehicles on which we ride?*

*And would you blame my attitude
If I should venture to include
The Chancellor and just a few
Officials of the Revenue?*

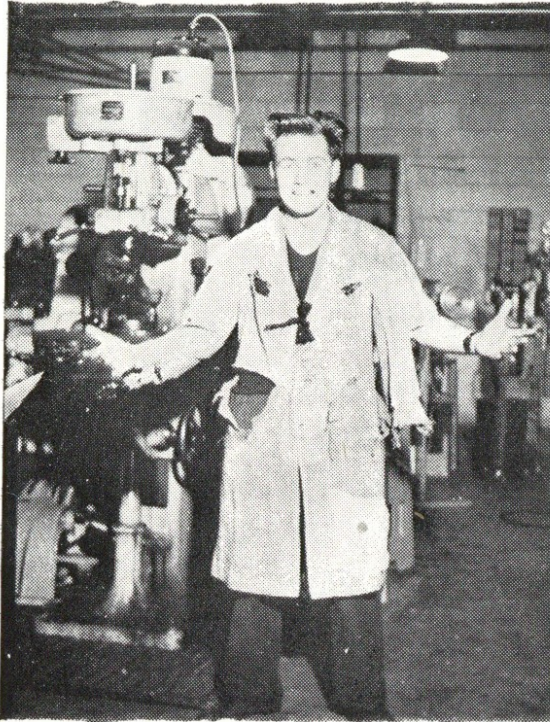
*Well, let's forget them. Let's forget
All things that make us fume and fret.
Our cares are past, our troubles done—
At least till 1951.*

Anon.

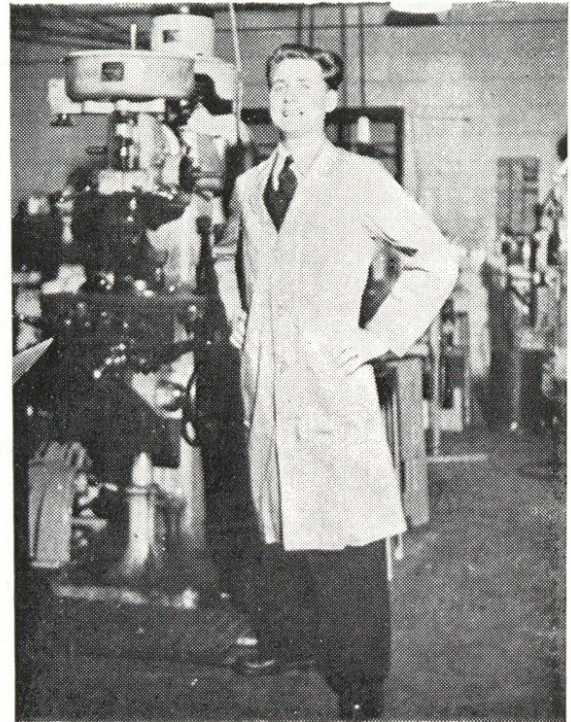


THE OVERALL SCHEME

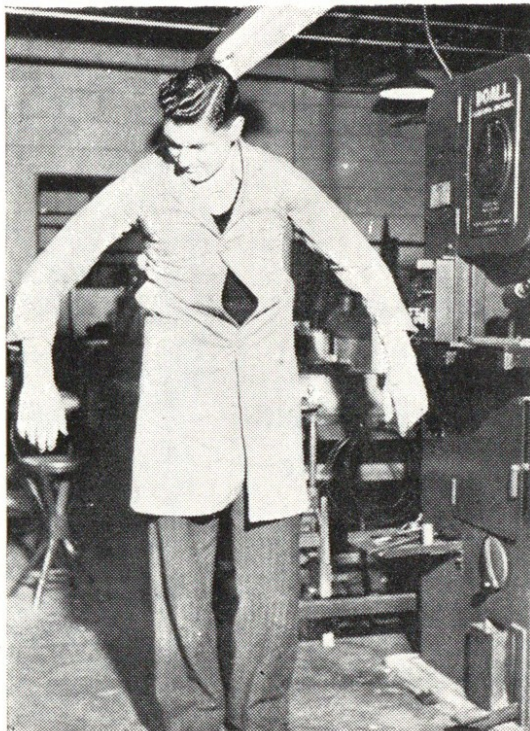
After many years of trial and tribulation the new overall scheme has at last been introduced.



AFTER THIS



WE HAVE THIS



SOME SAY THE SCHEME IS
ALRIGHT FOR A FEW



OTHERS SEE NOTHING WRONG
WITH IT

AZF DRAMATIC SOCIETY



THE PLAY PRODUCED

by BILL ROBERTS.

WHEN it was suggested that I might contribute an article to this magazine my first reaction was to say, "What about?" The Editor not in the least perturbed, replied, "What about a few hundred words on 'The Stage, The Audience, and The Producer'?"

Faced with such a formidable undertaking I have decided to confine myself to a few words on the Producer only.

In a book on Stagecraft, I recently came across this statement: "Producing a play is largely a matter of common sense, observation and a good working knowledge of the Theatre." How simple that sounds! A good working knowledge of the theatre is of course essential and one can hardly suppose that someone unfamiliar with the great tradition of the British Theatre could be likely to make a success of the production of any play, be it a classic of Shakespeare, an eighteenth-century play of Goldsmith, or a modern comedy of Rattigan. But how much complexity is hidden behind the other two qualities; and how many, many difficulties and problems that loom up over the amateur producer are briefly dismissed under the heading of observation and common sense.

What then is the function of the Producer? To my mind there springs an immediate parallel—the producer is to the author's script what the conductor is to the composer's score. He is the interpreter of the written word into terms of the spoken word, movement and emotional colour—the actors being the orchestra that he uses to this end. It is then essential that these actors should be a closely knit group, ready to submerge their own personalities for the sake of the work to be performed. Before a play is performed, on the other side of the footlights the producer must have an audience—a group of people who are prepared to look, listen and respond.

Here then we come to the first great practical problem facing the producer. He has to choose a play which in his opinion will have some interest for the type of audience likely to view it and at

the same time be within the histrionic ability of the members of the society of which he is the leader, and of course have sufficient dramatic value to justify its being staged at all. This is really the greatest difficulty facing the producer for apart from appropriate choice for audience and cast he frequently has to limit his choice to plays which are possible on small stages with few or no changes of scenery and which do not demand expensive costuming—this is where the “common sense” is needed, I presume. However, the play is chosen and the cast given their parts. Tact is a most vital necessity just at this stage, as the producer’s ideas of the casting of characters almost certainly will not agree with that of his cast.

Now comes the most delightful part of the job: one sees the characters gradually coming to life as the play takes form and colour before one’s eyes. This is where “observation” comes into the picture. The producer watches everything that happens on the stage—each move, each gesture. He listens to each line and inflection. Anything that jars against the smooth development of both play and characters must be examined and resolved away. He has to watch each character as it develops in the actor—give guidance wherever necessary as to the correctness of the characterisation and plot carefully where characters are to stand, sit or move at each moment of the play. At the same time he must always be aware of the correct atmosphere and tempo of the scene, speeding up or slowing down as becomes necessary. He must also keep an eye on the effects—the noises off, the lighting cues, the entrance cues, the curtain cues, the music cues. And in the midst of all his concern with intricate detail he must also be able to go back into the empty auditorium and put himself in the place of a member of the audience and see whether all this detail knits together unobtrusively to form one satisfying whole. Perhaps, in case this seems too easy, I had better mention the usual complications that arise at this stage; he finds two or more of the cast missing from a rehearsal and has to leap into the parts himself; he finds that some very urgent and noisy repair work is necessary in the immediate vicinity or someone in the middle of a difficult scene insists on discussing with him the layout of the programme or the colour of the cushions for Act II.

After weeks of steady effort comes the nightmare of the Dress Rehearsal, where everything traditionally goes wrong and someone always tells him that a bad dress rehearsal means a good show! It requires all his tact to keep the peace between actors, stagehands, electricians and all the other people who go to make up a stage production. Then comes the first night and the producer has nothing more to do but wander around his cast, drop an encouraging word here and check up on a last-minute alteration there. Then as the curtain goes up he gets into a corner and hopes that nothing unexpected will happen and that the audience will enjoy the show.

Our Christmas Programme



SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1950.—The Children's Party to be held at the Drill Hall, Pontypridd, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Father Christmas will be there with presents for all.

P.M., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1950.—The Factory closes for the Christmas holidays which start with a GRAND CHRISTMAS DANCE at "Bundles," Barry, Dancing from 8.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. Buffet Supper at 10 p.m. Exhibition Dancers at 11.10 p.m. Transport to all districts arranged.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21st, 1950.—The Christmas Prize Drawing. Winning tickets will be drawn from the drum at the Christmas Dance.

A.M., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1950.—Work will start again at the factory, after what we hope will have been a very happy holiday for all.

Reminiscence

*Where now this factory rears its head,
There once were fields and trees instead.
And where the road curves out of sight,
A tiny brook flowed clear and bright,*

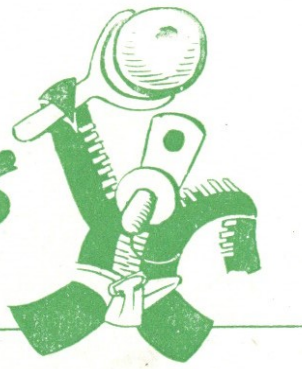
*While from the river every morn,
Pale mists rose up to greet the dawn.
But now before the dawn has broke
The air is filled with dust and smoke.*

*The hum of bees has given way,
To factory wheels that turn all day.
Where once the sweet birds used to sing.
The workers yell the latest "swing."*

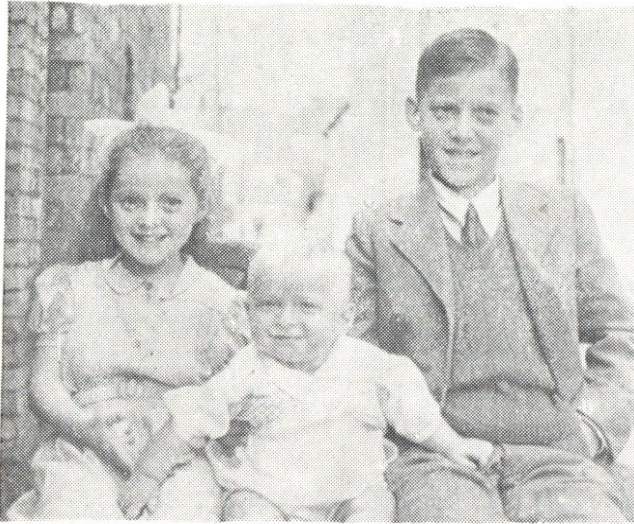
*Yet nature still retains her sway,
The same warm sun shines down each day.
And through the smoke-filled sky at night,
The moon and stars still shine as bright.*

BARBARA KING (Sliders Department).

Aero Nippies



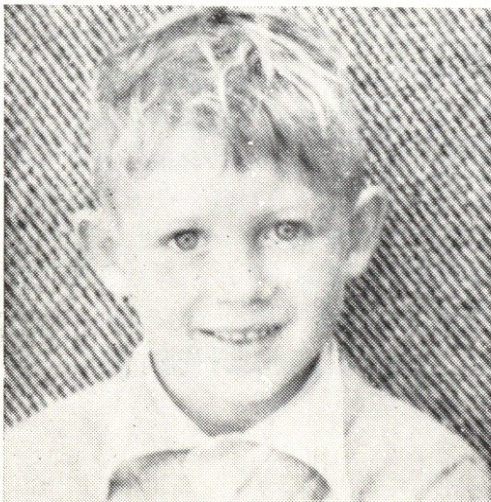
ARRANGED BY WYNNE PRICE



Here's a smiling family of mischief. Eric, age 13, Roslyn aged 10, and baby David aged 2 are the children of Cliff Jenkins (Maintenance)



Phillip John loves the flowers in Gran's garden; he is the four-year old son of Mervyn Rule (A.17).



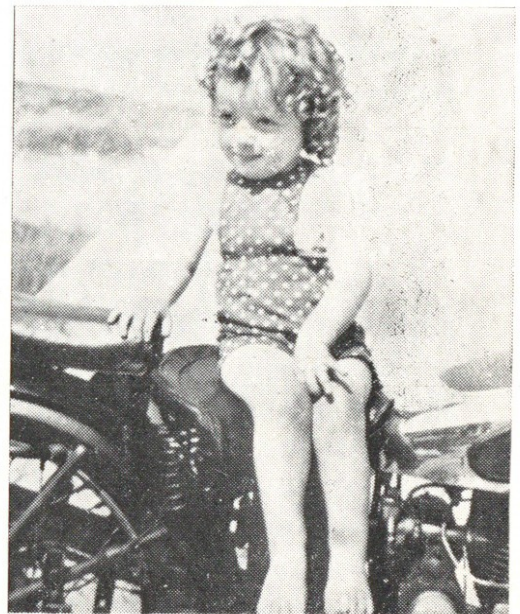
Here's a little imp. Trevor is six years old and the son of Reg Randal (Maintenance).



"As long as I can see me Mum and Dad, I don't mind staying," says Nigel Wynford, eight-month old son of Eddie Ball (Inspection)



"Just look at me now, standing all by myself," says chubby little Wendy, the 16-month-old daughter of Ron Parry (Tool Room).



"I like the driver's seat of Dad's motor cycle when I am having my photograph taken, is what Keith is thinking; he is the son of Derrick Parry (Die Casting).



These "Lost Children" really belong to George Coles (Inspection). Their names are Ann, Bertha, Lynda, and Morfydd.

It's obvious that John Michael, son of Trevor Jones (Inspection) wants to smile for us, but his big balloon takes rather a lot of his attention.



"What's all this terrible fuss over," says Julie, 17-month-old daughter of Walter Blake (Tool Room).



Christine already enjoys showing a chubby knee. She is the four-year-old grand-daughter of Fred Williams (Die Casting).



Christine is extremely interested in Father Christmas and his walking dolls, she is the two-year-old daughter of Tom Withers.

"I like Merthyr Vale Infant School very much, but I like playing cowboys much better," says five-year-old Gwyn, son of Bryn Davies (Inspection).





This year the Miniature Golf Cup has been won by Les Parslow of Machine Room, who also gets the Nylon Stockings. Les went round in 62. Bill Morris (Stores) was the runner-up, being one stroke above Les, so this year he has to be content with the medal and roo cigarettes. The cup and medal, which have been inscribed, will be presented at the Christmas Dance at "Bindles."

★ ★ ★

The formation of a dancing class was suggested by several of the club members, so the Committee got busy making the necessary arrangements. Mrs. Gloria Thorne who knows a lot of people in the "dancing world," was able to introduce Mr. Rees to the Committee, and he was prepared to act as instructor.

Every third week when Mr. Rees cannot attend, our stalwart, Sid Levene, acts as M.C., and a little social evening is organised amongst the dancing class. These occasions are socially a great success, for we are now in the seventh week of instruction and the numbers attending are still over twenty. The Committee wish that a few more men from the factory would attend to partner the many girls who are just aching to find out how men dance—
SO MEN, FORWARD PLEASE!

★ ★ ★

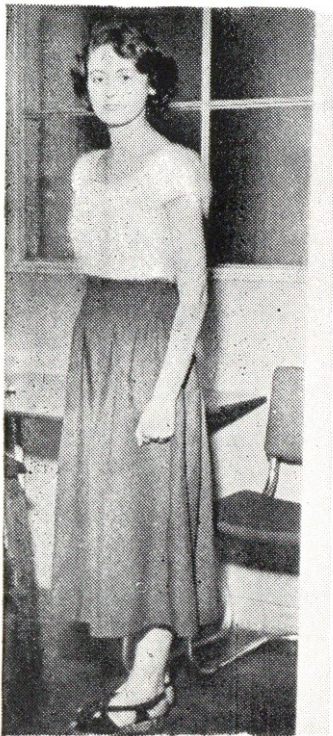
It is certainly very encouraging to the Committee to know that at last they have been able to organise something that at least attracts a fraction of the hundreds. There is still plenty of room in the Canteen and Mr. Rees will welcome a full house.

★ ★ ★

Special thanks go to Mr. Rosser, Music Dealer, Pontypridd, who so kindly provides the gramophone records for these occasions.

Planning and arranging all the many items for the Christmas festivities, has taken up a great deal of the Committee's time, but when a "Friday Night" dance was mentioned, their Christmas planning was at a stage when it could be left and attention was paid to every detail of this new proposal. It was near Guy Fawkes day—so it could be called Guy Fawkes Dance. Tickets could be sold at 1/6d. each, and dancing from 7.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. would suit everyone. Yes! But where? Then one of the Committee suggested the Catholic Hall, Treforest. The use of the hall was obtained for Friday evening, 3rd November, and everything was set for the occasion. Music was provided by Bill Manders and his Band and David Gough acted as our M.C.

Spot Prizes were won by Esme Tucker's (Despatch Office) sister Betty and her partner, and by Evelyn Carter (A.17) and her partner.



The "Pontypridd Observer" reporter came to the dance, and she so much enjoyed the dancing that she stayed the whole evening and chose the Aerozipper Personality Girl from amongst the dancers. Alvine Harris of General Office was the winner, partly because she was wearing the same sea blue colour in her skirt as that worn by Princess Margaret, when she visited the Estate on 1st November.

With Emlyn Davies, Gwilym Phillips, Wynston Gough, and Ray Roberts as door-men, the sale of tickets at the door was well looked after. The group of voluntary church workers who attended to refreshments and cloaks, not forgetting the great assistance given by Mr. Lynch, the Church Caretaker, also helped the Committee greatly in making this the best yet "Aerozipper" Dance.

* * *

As soon as the New Year is with us, the Gramophone Recitals during the lunch hours on Wednesdays and Fridays will begin again. You swing fans can be prepared for masses of hot rhythm this session, for the Committee have discovered an inexhaustible well of "Swing," so the prospects for the New Year will not be all Highbrow.

* * *

The Table Tennis Section report: It was a big disappointment to the players of Aero Zipp when the Trading Estate League disbanded this year. Nevertheless we have kept the flag flying by arranging friendly matches amongst other interested clubs

on the Estate. To date we have played five games and have been the proud winners each time.

Home	..	Standard Telephones	..	Won 18-9
Away	..	Standard Telephones	..	Won 14-10
Away	..	K.L.G.	..	Won 14-10
Away	..	Creeds	..	Won 14-10
Home	..	Creeds	..	Won 11-10

We have several new players in our team this year and if the league does reform next year we should have quite a good team to represent Aero Zip.

* * *

Here are some photographs of Aerozipppers and their families. The Committee felt that a portrait gallery should be included in this issue of Social Spotlight. We hope you agree.

* * *



Pamela Hale (Personnel Office) and her husband, Geoffrey, taken on their honeymoon at Minehead



Joan Davies (Sliders) enjoying a few hours' sunshine she found in a field near Barry this year.



Alec Mason (Machine Room) and his wife, enjoying the sea breezes.



Harold Salmon (Sliders Foreman), his wife and Phillip, not in the Zip world, but in a Welsh garden.



*Lina Davies (Sliders)
in a gay holiday mood
at Paignton.*



*Up in a tree, perches "Tuts,"
Margaret Walters (F.R.).*



*Mr. Frank Menis and
baby son, Michael.*



*Connie Davies (F.R.) with her
sisters at home.*



*Ted Harrison (Grinding), his wife
and son Gwyn, amongst the grassy
hills of Wales.*

The Committee regret that a delay in distributing the Prize Draw Tickets occurred. They are however delighted in the quick sales and consequential financial support to the Children's Party.



GEORGE takes a walk

George heard that we had some new arrivals in Finishing Room, so he dashed along to find a large party of A.17 girls hard at work ; even the Charge Hand, Queenie Chidgey, looks very determined.

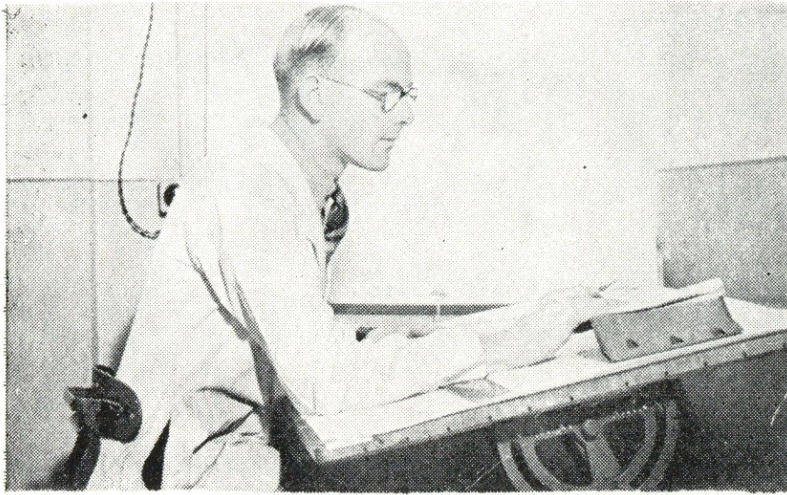


Finishing Room, Progress Stores next drew George's attention, where he found Gloria Thorne, Elsie Baul and Doreen Cook with no time to spare, but they all seem to be enjoying life.

Olive Jenkins and Ann Thomas were enjoying a few minutes' gossip at breaktime, when George nipped up and took this.

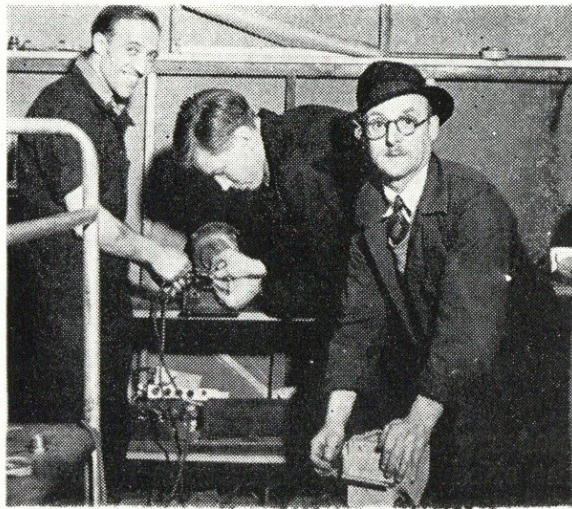


In Metal Stores, George found Bertram Shea checking over the stock.



This is Mr. Geoffrey Warburton (Development Engineer) who was in a very serious mood when George called.

When George visited the electricians, Ron Bunny and Cliff Jenkins had a welcoming smile for him but Peter Madsen was too interested with the job in hand.



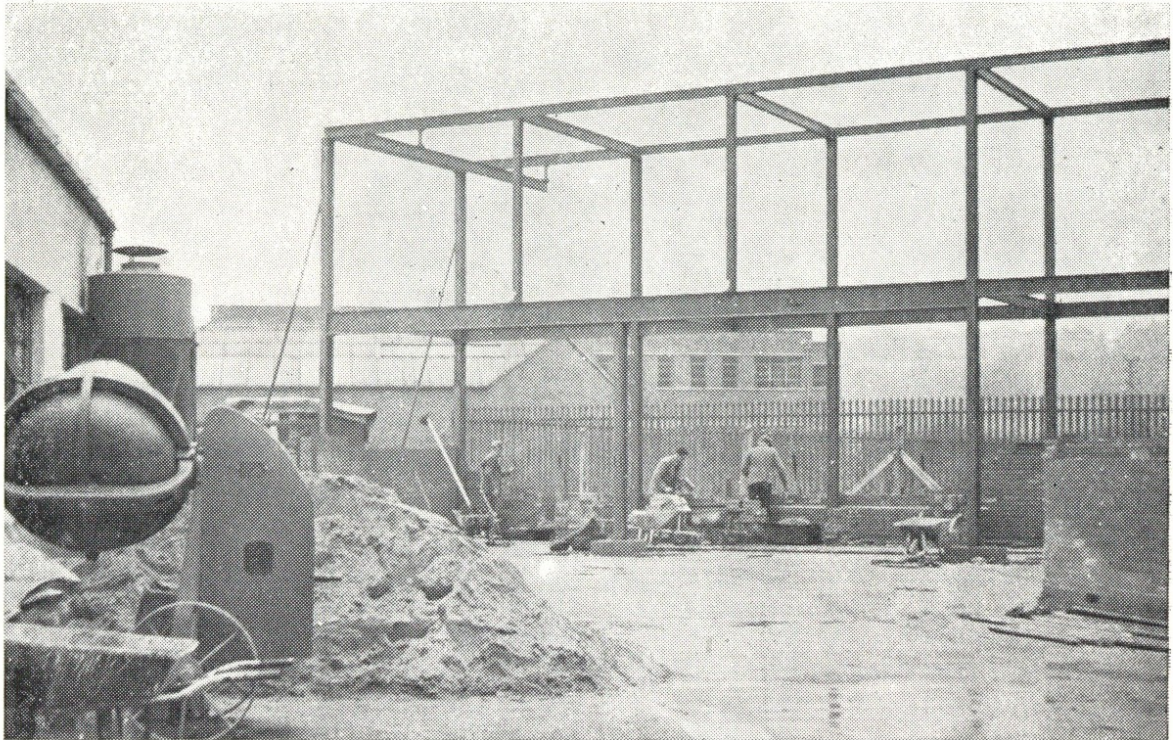
George caught Christine Bird and her team of girls on "open ends" enjoying their new job.

And to finish off his film George caught George Wyles who is still being chased by the electric truck.

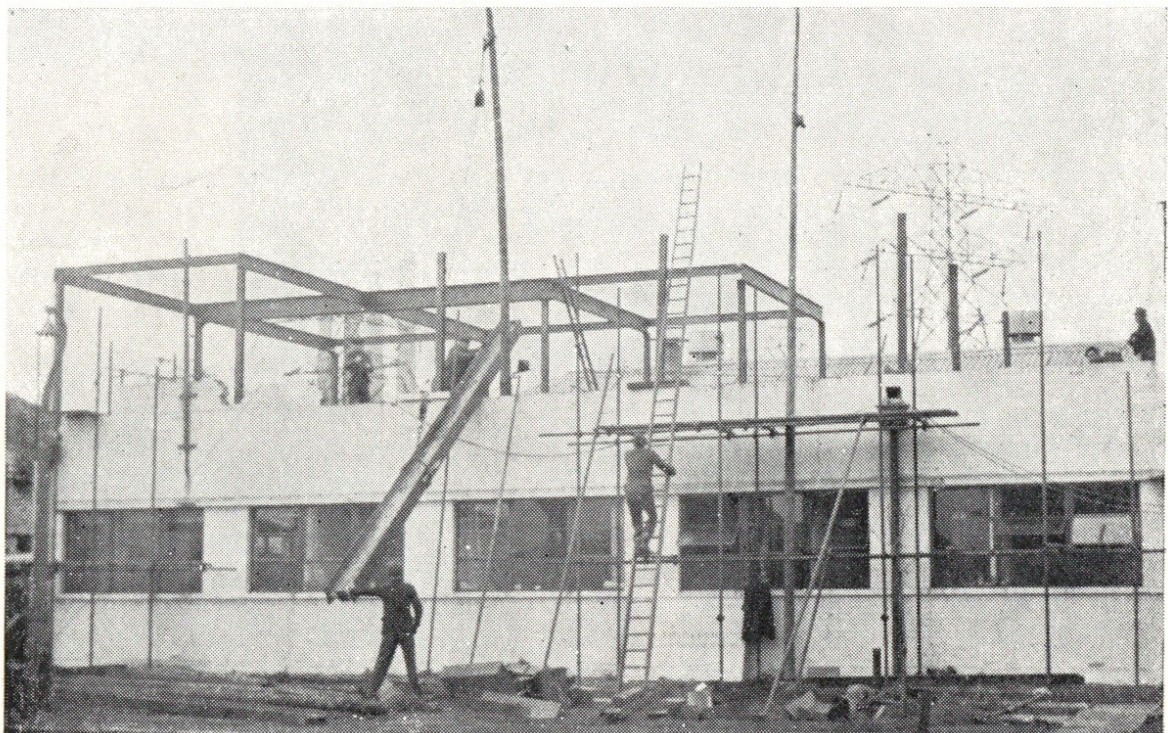


Going UP!

The last possible extensions to our main factory are now well under way and as the photographs show we are in several



places going skywards. These latest extensions will not be finished before the spring but we shall then have still more factory space, more office space and a really super canteen. These two photographs show only the skeleton of the new Carpenter's shop and Swarf Stores and some of the steel going into position for the new office block. The question is where will Aero Zipp expand next.



SHOP TALK



Overheard by PAMELA HALE.

MARRIAGES

Our most sincere wishes for the future happiness of those Aerozipperers who have married recently.



Mr. and Mrs. KEN GEORGE

Miss Barbara Evans (Despatch) to Mr. Ken George, 9th September, at Eglwys Ilan. Honeymoon : Ilfracombe.

Miss Audrey Lewis to Mr. Percy Owens, 16th September at Christ Church, Ynysybwl. Honeymoon : Derby.

Miss Corinne Griffiths (Finishing Room) to Mr. Ron Holland, 30th September at Pontypridd.

Mrs. Gwyneira Evans (Finishing Room) to Mr. Teddy Skupinski, 30th September, at Merthyr Tydfil.

Miss Betty Woods (Finishing Room) to Mr. Tom Richards, 11th October, at Pontypridd. Honeymoon : Cheltenham.

Miss Mary Dobbs (Finishing Room), to Mr. Walter Zielinski, 28th October at Pontypridd.



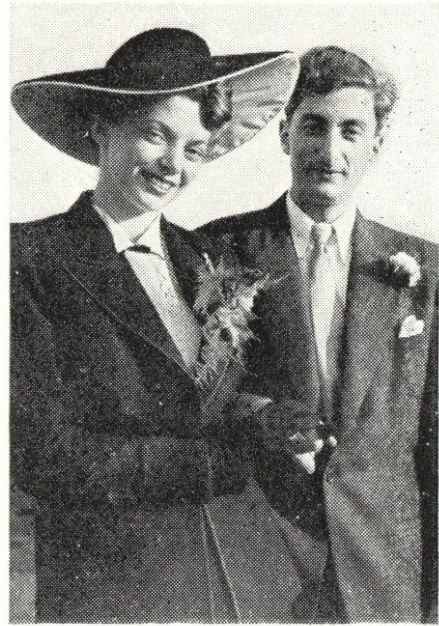
Mr. and Mrs. PERCY OWENS



Mr. and Mrs. FRANK HOWELLS

Mr. Frank Howells(Toolroom) to Miss Nora Gibbon, 14th October, at Hephzibah Welsh Baptist Chapel, Bedwas. Honeymoon : Exeter.

Miss Beryl Jones (Despatch) to Mr. Sid Toghill, 4th December, at Llanfabon Church, Nelson. Honeymoon : Bournemouth.



Here we have the wedding photograph of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. PINKUS, whose wedding on 5th Oct. was announced in our last issue.

Mr. Frank Jones (Accountant) to Miss Vera Beynon, 2nd December, at Mount Pleasant Baptist Chapel, Swansea. Honeymoon : London.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Congratulations to :

Miss E. Tucker (Despatch) to Mr. Len Greeson.

Miss Jean Sims (Despatch Office) to Mr. Tudor Jones.

Miss Margaret Pain (Finishing Room) to Mr. Bernard Evans.

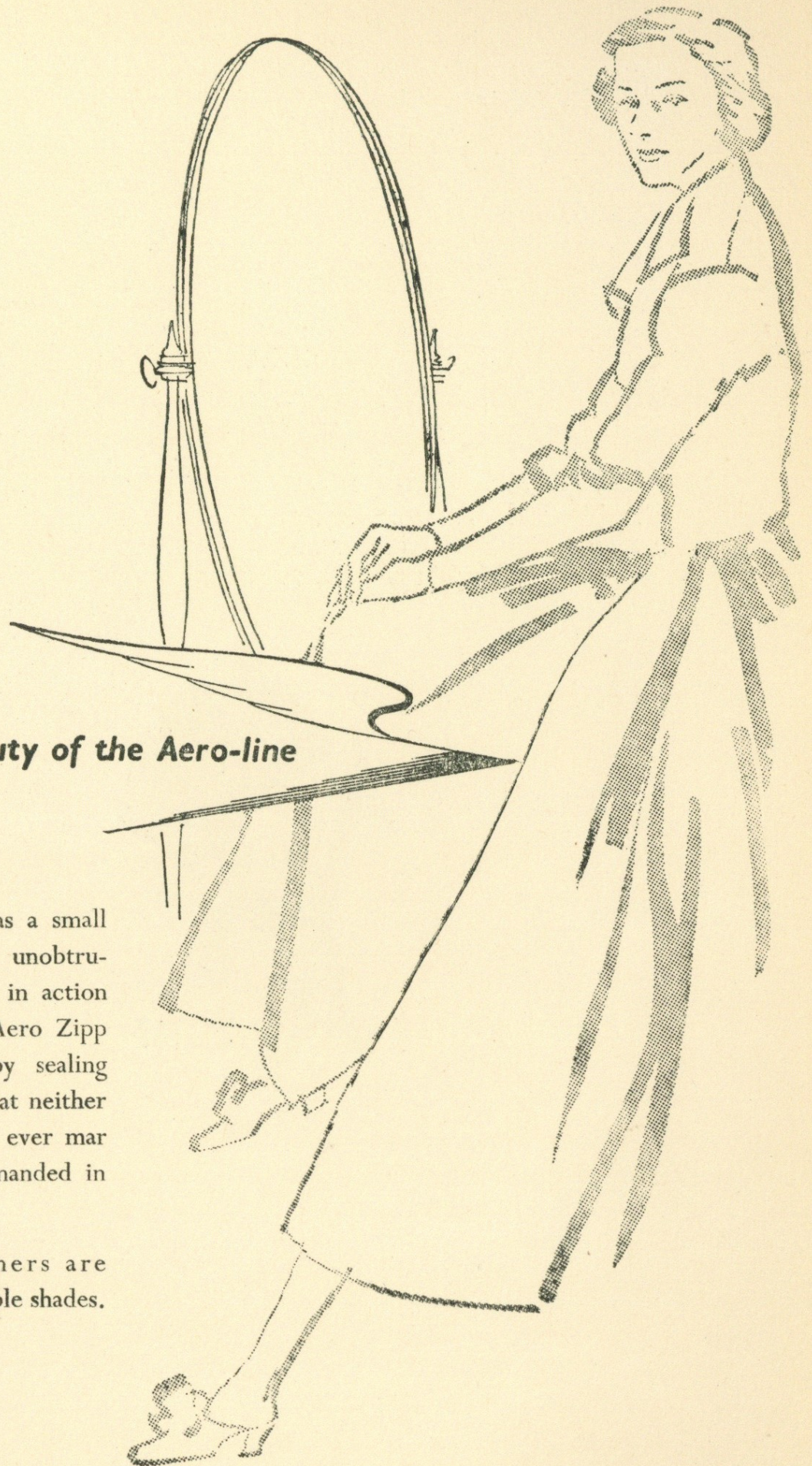
Miss Enid Rees (Sliders) to Mr. Derek Stuart.

BIRTHS

Congratulations to :

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Arundel, 25th October, a son, Alan.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Menis, 7th October, a son, Michael.



the flowing beauty of the Aero-line

As stylish and dainty as a small diamond clasp . . . yet unobtrusive and satin-smooth in action . . . the lightweight Aero Zipp aids perfect fitting by sealing openings so *precisely* that neither gaps nor wrinkles can ever mar the sleek elegance demanded in today's fashions.

AERO Zipp Fasteners are supplied in 32 fashionable shades.





QUESTIONNAIRE.

The Joint Production Committee request you to answer the questions below.

In order to make the switch-over to the 44 hour week as smooth as possible, we wish to plan our arrangements well before hand, especially in regard to your own wishes, plus arrangements, and so forth. We enquired in May in the Questionnaire whether you preferred to work on Saturday or to work longer hours during the rest of the week, to which your reply was: "to work shorter hours during the week and Saturday morning," by a two-third majority. The coming 44 hour week gives us two alternatives:—

- 1.
- (A) To work 5 days Monday—Thursday to 6.0. p.m. and Friday to 5.0. p.m., with two 15 minutes breaks and a 30 minutes Lunch Break per day
- or
- To work until 5.50 p.m. with two 10 minutes breaks and a 30 minutes Lunch Break per day
- or
- To work to 6.0. p.m. with two 10 minutes breaks and a 40 minutes Lunch Break per day.
- (B) To work each day to 4.30 p.m. with a 10 minutes break in the morning without an afternoon break, a 30 minutes Lunch Break, and Saturday morning till 12.30, with a 10 minutes break.
- or
- (C) To work the same routine as now from Monday to Friday; but to have alternate Saturdays off. This means 41 hours 50 minutes one week, and 46 hours 10 minutes, the next. Average equals 44 hours.

Answer.

2. Do you think we shall maintain in 44 hours the output as we have at present?

The enquiry in questions 1 and 2 is made to investigate the various possibilities, and the Management will consider your decisions very carefully, together with the circumstances as they might arise.

3. The increase in costs due to the shorter hours will necessitate that the efficiency of the Factory should increase. This means more care has to be taken to avoid unnecessary waste in every respect. We welcome your suggestions on the subject either on the back of the Questionnaire or by forwarding your suggestions to your member of the Joint Production Committee who are:—

Miss D. Keeping	Finishing Room
Mrs. M. Williams	Slider Cleaning.
Mr. Brown	Jig & Tool.
Mr. B. Sheppard	Flapjacks.
Miss S. Davies	Machine Room.
Miss E. Thomas	Plastic.
Mr. H. Cook	Maintenance & Misc.
Mr. O. Adams	Toolroom.
Mr. J. Yates	Drawing Office.
Mr. Howard	Plating Department.