

# PUNCH & DIE

FEBRUARY]

Aero Zipp Fasteners Limited Magazine

[1946

## EDITORIAL

Herewith we present for your approval this fourth issue of *Punch & Die*, with the earnest hope that inside will be found something to please everyone. Since the last issue of our magazine, we have lost the services of Mr. A. Bloomer and Mr. J. Backer. To both these gentlemen we hereby record our thanks for the undaunted spirit they showed in pioneering the first three issues of *Punch & Die*. Mr. Bloomer, as you all know, has left A.Z.F., and we wish him every success in his new venture.

For this publication, as with previous issues, we have sadly lacked material and articles of what can be termed, for the lack of a better expression the "serious and interesting" type. We had hoped to publish Technical articles which would have been both interesting and instructive in all branches of engineering, but, alas, although promised, these articles were not forthcoming. However, we have tried to swing the balance, which so far has weighed heavily towards humour, to an equal scale, by the introduction of articles such as "Canteen Corner" and "The Mirror and the Bench," which we hope, will meet with the approval of the feminine element.

Our sincerest thanks are due to Miss Dilys Rees and Miss Betty Toghill, who have given stalwart service in typing in their spare time, this and previous issues. Theirs has been a voluntary and ever-smiling help that makes editing worth while!

It has once again fallen upon the broad shoulders of a handful of good people to write this magazine—the same few who have written eighty per cent. of the total four issues of *Punch & Die*—it is indeed, incredible that in a factory such as ours of well over three hundred people, the total result of our and previous appeals by word and notice should be almost nil!—and we cannot believe that the writing power or talent of you all is as stagnant as the results tend to show. We have produced *Punch & Die* to prove it can be done now and in the future with only the help of these same few folk, but we are unwilling, and think it unfair, to "flog a willing horse" continually. Once more, we, therefore, state that the next issue of *Punch & Die* depends entirely upon you. When Edition No. V comes along depends entirely upon how long it takes us to receive articles. If these articles do not come forth, then we are afraid *Punch & Die* will emulate its name and die an honourable death.

This is the first edition of 1946. Though a little belated, we sincerely wish all our readers the Happiest and Most Successful of New Years. This year will no doubt be one of intense activity and competitiveness in the industrial world, as factories get into their stride for civilian output. We are confident that Management and our fellow workers who have been welded together by the war years into a compact unit, will all pull their weight to keep A.Z.F. in the forefront to the benefit of each one of us.

D. D. STONE

H. J. GROGAN

(Editors).

## AERO ZIPP FASTENERS—Present and Future (continued)

Zipp fastener production at the present moment is dependent on the amount of tape available. Our productive capacity, i.e., machines and raw materials, other than tape, is considerably larger than our actual production. Although we have full support of the Board of Trade, it is still rather difficult to get sufficient quantities of tape. The

reason is, not a shortage of raw cotton, but a shortage of labour in the Spinning Industry. It will be easier to obtain tape without a cord woven in. We have reason to believe that in six-eight weeks, we shall be able to increase our tape supplies by buying plain tape and cord separately, and sewing same in our factory.

At the moment, we are only producing three types, i.e., Baby, Medium, and S.M. (heavy type). We have the equipment to lacquer any of these zippers.

We are building tools for open-end fasteners. The installation of other types, as for instance, covered and aluminium coloured fasteners will not be taken in hand at present. We are concentrating on improving the production of the present types. It is our intention that we shall manufacture all parts ourselves and thus reduce dependency on outside suppliers.

We are already producing our own diecast bodies for S.M. sliders and have completed a tool for "Baby" non-locking sliders. We plan to make all sliders in our works. We shall build more tools and also acquire more and better diecasting machines for this purpose.

It was pointed out in the first series of these articles, that part of our programme is to build complete plants for the manufacture of zipp fasteners. We have made considerable progress in this direction. The power presses for teeth production have been designed and the castings are expected shortly. We shall machine and finish the presses in our own shop. The production of press tools, feeds, etc., is progressing well. The development on the tools and feeds can be considered finalised for the time being. We have gone a long way from the original designs. The teeth tools have been completely re-designed in the course of the last few years. The new design reduces the brass scrap from 60 per cent. to approximately 20 per cent. The parts of these tools have been standardised and can be "mass produced." One of the principal features of these tools is the interchangeability of all parts. This will reduce repair time considerably as it permits us to keep spare parts in stock. The production of these tools is cheaper and easier than the old type, the maintenance requires much less skill. This development was only possible after we had learned to work to very close tolerances. Whenever we shall supply these tools to customers abroad, we shall be able to give a continuous service for spare parts. This fact is not only a very strong sales argument, but also a further source of income.

The half automatic assembly machine has been re-designed and the prototypes have proved satisfactory. A first series is being built at present.

These machines, too, have been standardised. We expect to be able to interchange parts in the same manner as on our tools.

A full automatic machine is being designed, taking advantage of all the experience gained of various experiments during the past years and the building of the prototype will be commenced soon.

It is of utmost importance that our plant will be competitive if not superior to plants of other manufacturers all over the world. The writer will therefore, go to the United States and Canada for two or three months in order to study the developments made during the past years in these countries. At the same time, he will be able to negotiate licence agreements, exchange of patents, production methods, etc., etc.

We have already received enquiries from all over the world for plant and machinery for the manufacture of zipp fasteners and also for half finished products, i.e., teeth, sliders, half-loops, end stops. The first order we were able to accept has been delivered to Norway. Another order to Ireland will be executed in the near future.

There seems to be no doubt that we have every chance to build up a big and prosperous factory, if our present effort is adequate.

H. W. SAMOLEWITZ,

*Works Manager.*

*(To be continued).*

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It was with a sense of shock that we all heard the grievous news of the death of Mr. E. Morris on 4th December, 1945. For many years Mr. Morris had suffered from a painful illness, but by his cheerful attitude to life, his fortitude in the face of constant ill-health, and his gentle and quiet mannerism, he had endeared himself to us all here at A.Z.F.

In paying their last respects, the Management and friends and co-workers of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., were represented by Mr. F. Harding, Mr. E. Pring, Mr. R. Randall, Mr. W. Watkins, and Mr. K. Walters.

We extend to Mrs. Morris and family our deepest sympathy in their tragic bereavement.

## THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Aneurin Bevan,  
Promised us Heaven,  
A little house built for two  
On a plot of ground  
With a nice surround—  
Will this fairy tale come true?

“If you marry this year,  
You’ll have nothing to fear,”  
Said he, with gusto and vigour,  
“For I’m setting in motion  
A wonderful notion  
The stroke of a genius, I figure.”

“You can marry tomorrow  
Without the least sorrow  
For I’ll soon have a roof o’er your head,  
With room for a table,  
A suite and a cradle,  
And a couple of rooms for a bed.

And electric light,  
To banish the night  
And a frig., and a bath and a hall,  
A stove and a range  
By way of a change,  
And tiles on the kitchen wall.

And buttons to press  
To make work less  
And a hatch for the dining room  
And a special shed  
With a roof overhead,  
For your sticks and your coal and your broom.

Then what? Oh, a garage,  
Yes, that we can manage  
For there’ll soon be a car for you all;  
Still, that’s not my project  
Housing’s my object,  
Tiles, floors, doors, windows, and wall.

There’s nothing you’ll find  
Escaping my mind;  
I’ve got the whole business off pat  
I know how to build,  
For my mind has been filled  
With the technical details for that.

Any questions to ask?  
They’ll help in my task.  
What’s that? Oh, yes, I forgot,  
Don’t worry you’ll have  
A well equipped lav.,  
Tiles, marble, press button the lot.

And lastly I vow,  
You’ll all have a cow.  
You can keep outside on a lawn,  
To milk for your pleasure  
And view at your leisure,  
And the cow, when you’re broke you can pawn.”

We’ve had Churchill tanks,  
Yes, let us give thanks,  
We’ve had Anderson shelters, too.  
I had Morrison’s shack  
In the house at the back,  
And now Bevan’s Bungalowoo.

So I’m waiting the day,  
When I’ll proudly say,  
We live in a Bevan Fort,  
Or even a flat,  
I don’t mind that.  
If not—then you’ve lost my vote.

\* \* \*

## OUR SOCIAL CLUB

There is very little one can write about under this heading for during the past three months only two functions, of any significance, have taken place, i.e.: The combined Social evening with Messrs. Hawks, and our Annual Christmas Dance.

The former, I understand, was quite well attended and enjoyed, although the majority of the people present were employees of Messrs. Hawks. What do you think of combined Social Evenings? I would be very grateful if you would voice your opinion in the next edition of this Magazine.

Next is our Christmas Dance. Unfortunately, I was not able to be present and participate in the fun, which I understand was far more limited this year than it has been in previous years when the dance was held at the Restaurant. This leads on to the fact that as the fellows had to go out for a drink, the “party spirit” was rather lacking.

An elementary thing like mistletoe should never have been forgotten.

May I make a suggestion for the coming months, i.e., a Rambling Club? There are many places we could go if only we are a good crowd, and I’m sure everyone interested would enjoy themselves. Already I have approximately ten enthusiasts. Our programme could begin at the end of March and be continued through the Summer months until the end of October. What do you think about this?

L. ROBERTS,  
S.C. Secretary.

## THE MIRROR AND THE BENCH

For many years now you have had too much of the latter—and far too little time for the former. For almost seven years you have been getting up early in the morning, perhaps travelling a long way to work; an equally exhausting journey after a tiring day's work to get home. Then you are faced with the problem of how to extract from what is left of life in wartime sufficient pleasure to make it, at least apparently, worth living. And if you have been on shifts, involving as they do, even more irregular hours with night and evening work, the problem is far more acute.

I am going, in this short article, to try to pass on to you some of the experience I have gained in trying to help W.A.A.F. (who were faced with the same problems), to maintain their good looks.

When time for work leaves time for leisure so short, two things are usually the first to go. Sleep is cut down, in an attempt to make a few more hours for pleasure. Make-up, complexion, and figure-care are skipped because they take time. And time should be found for certain beauty routines.

The first consideration is exercise. Circumstances may prevent the practice of out-door sport, but most people can and should find time for these exercises, but my experience in the service has shown me that that is not always desirable.

The second important approach to beauty culture is the upkeep of the hair. It should be given a thoroughly good brushing at least twice per day and washed, if possible, once a week; certainly not less than once a fortnight. Soft green soap (obtainable from any chemist) is suitable for every type of hair. Excessive bleaching is very harmful, no matter what the label may say. And do not forget to consider the shape of your face and the bone structure of your head when deciding on a hair style.

### *The Face.*

A very important thing to remember when choosing your make-up is the quality and texture of your skin. Greasy skins require a dry foundation, whereas dry skins demand one of the creamy type. It is desirable when buying make-up to purchase only well-known makes which have been scientifically tested and approved.

Before applying make-up, cleanse the face thoroughly. For greasy skins, a good cleansing milk is the best. A dry skin requires far more

nourishment which can be derived from the application of a good cold cream under the powder foundation.

Lipstick should be chosen to blend with your general colouring, and rouge should always match lipstick in tone. Mascara is, in my opinion, inclined to give most faces a hard and artificial appearance. A touch of vaseline on the eyelids and lashes gives the required effect, and also tends to make eyes look larger.

These are a few of the most elementary hints; but I offer them to you because I have come to realise how few people really appreciate their importance. In Shakespeare's day it was safe to say:

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily . . .  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess”;

but the strain of the past few years has left few of us in that happy state which needs no refinement. Just remember, please, that just as painting would kill the lily, so will badly chosen make-up and neglect kill your complexion.

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## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

### *HOLIDAY FUND.*

Now that Christmas is over and the New Year well in its stride, the next big holiday we have to look forward to is the summer holiday.

I think it would be a good idea if the Management and Works Welfare Committee could get together and start some kind of a holiday fund. This fund could be run on the same lines as the National Savings, whereby members would have the amount they wish to save taken from their wages each week, and put to their credit.

This money could be payed out the week before the holidays, and it is surprising how a few shillings a week mount up.

This scheme is in operation in many big works throughout the country, and workers find it a big help to save that extra few shillings needed to make a holiday a real success.

So, how about it, Mr. Samo? I am sure that if such a fund was started at our works it would be greatly appreciated by everybody.

“RED.”

\* \* \*

Mr. Johnson is much relieved over the false alarm that his lumbago had returned. He found that his stoop had been caused by fastening his trousers to the top button of his waistcoat.

## INSPECTION FOR BEGINNERS

One sees many advertisements in newspapers and magazines extolling the various trades and professions, and giving advice to beginners as to how to place their foot on the first rung of the ladder to fame. Whole columns are taken over to praise, extensively and expensively, "Mr. Catchem's system of French, German, and Esperanto in Two Easy Lessons." Mr. Bennett beams benignly upon all and sundry pleading to become one's father. Phonograph records have been adapted to teach the victim verbally the pronunciation of foreign languages. Even our own little Magazine has printed articles giving advice to beginners in toolmaking and the various branches of engineering, with the difference, of course, that the advice is given gratis. It thus came to the writer, sprawling comfortably in his armchair one evening, as is his way, this sudden thought: Why not an article giving advice to the unwary, to those poor wretches who do not realise what is in store for them, to the beginners of that select band of Warriors (but *Not* of Hope)—the Inspectors and Inspectresses of the future.

The use of the rather hoary "Irishism" cannot be brought better to bear than in the expression—"If you want to become an Inspector, the best advice is—DON'T," and if the writer may quote an expression to support this well-founded advice from hard experience, "Once I was a sane, normal-living, upright and proud member of these Isles of ours—now I am an Inspector."

The Inspector's job is, simply, of course—to inspect. He must see that components presented to him are dimensionally correct to drawing, even if the drawings are wrong and the knowledge that the jobs he is inspecting won't be used anyway. Alternately, if it is a closely tolerated piece of precision, even if he does find errors, it *will* be used anyway. Like the proverbial dog positioned between two trees at a point centrally "spot on" to the finest tolerance, so is the Inspector in a state of constant dilemma. Should he dare to pass the job with an error, even if it be of the slightest, then as sure as the drawing is incorrect, so sure will he be found out and dragged off trembling and shaking in despair to face the cutting edge of his master's voice. Should he dare reject the selfsame job, even though it be well outside the tolerance allowed, then is he immediately made the target of a mass attack by foremen, with their reinforcements of machine operators and tool-makers. If their initial assault does not break through the wavering bastions of his obstinacy and self-respect, then the final charge is made,

headed by the same Manager enquiring gently if the Inspector would like a special Salvage Department, in which to collect his rejects. (*N.B.*—*HIS* rejects as though the poor chap had made them himself.)

Diplomacy, acting capabilities and foresight are essentials in the make-up of a good Inspector. He must be able to reject a component with tears streaming freely from his eyes, as if it hurts him more than the foreman. Furthermore, diplomacy is of the utmost value in ascertaining the perfect times for rejections. Woe to the foolish Inspector who rejects work when the foreman is worried or busy, the most preferable way being to sneak the week's rejects into the foreman's office on Friday evening as the respected gentleman is paying out.

Never attempt to become too friendly with the common or garden working man. This effort is taken as an attempt to ingratiate oneself into the confidence of the workers to find out the amount of faking going on in the machine shop. On the other hand, to remain aloof is taken as a sign of enmity, and one is looked upon as a man not to be trusted, a man who hates and despises his fellow workers, a man to be spurned. It is an established fact that Inspectors have been taken home suffering from serious wounds inflicted by the explosion of some workers' pent-up emotions.

Never complain of physical incapacities. To be discovered as one who is short-sighted, is to attract faked and scrapped components as a magnet does iron filings. To be weak of constitution inevitably brings forth all the bluster and bullying of the fiercer type of worker, in an effort to, what is commonly called "Bash it past him."

To summarise briefly, the qualifications and essentials needed to be the Perfect Inspector are given below, viz.:

- (a) Never be polite—A sign of weakness.  
Never be impolite—A sign of enmity.
- (b) Never be friendly—A sign of prying.  
Never be unfriendly—A sign of aloofness.
- (c) Diplomatic capabilities to not less a standard than that of Molotov.
- (d) Acting capabilities to not less a standard than that of Robert Donat.
- (e) A standard of fitness approaching that of Joe Louis and/or Johnny Weismuller.

Thus does end the Saga of Inspection. To you, my dear beginners, may the writer add his last word of warning. 'Twas in a Midsummer-Night's Dream that Shakespeare made Puck say, "Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

"LAPIS."

## OUR COLUMN—IV.

### Mr. PARKER INVESTIGATES.

Mr. N. Parker has been clearing up several mysteries outstanding in 1945, which have no doubt puzzled many of our readers. In just a few he has failed, but herewith we give you his reports on several interesting cases.

(1) The book that Mr. Harold Cole carries under his arm since his new appointment is NOT Einstein's "Theory of Relativity," but the new Manual, "Teach Yourself Arithmetic," Vol. I, starting from  $1 + 1 = 2$ , issued recently by the Ministry of Mis-information.

(2) The gentleman in full evening dress regalia at our recent Christmas Dance was not a member of the Tonypandy Diplomatic Corps or the Viscount Treforest. Mr. Parker has the proud and successful privilege of announcing it was a member of our very own staff working in the Main Factory.

(3) The Mystery of the Missing Factory Cat has been solved. The culprit has been traced in Mr. Irving Hornung, who, on being confronted by our sleuth, broke down and confessed he had had it skinned to make a cap befitting his astrakhan-collared coat.

(4) The distorted sounds coming from Mr. Frankel's office, when of course, he is "At Home," have been found to be a European rendering of "I Fly Through the Air with the Greatest of Ease." Mr. Parker through a cleverly executed piece of snooping in Cooks and the Ministry for Exports, has discovered that Mr. Frankel's next mission will be a flight to Africa, namely, to obtain from the King of Ubanga, a contract of five million Zipp Fasteners for Utility Loin-cloths.

(5) The "Mystery Man" seen outside the Gauge Department windows with eyes fixed on Mr. Winter and Mr. Lewinsohn working on the new lighter, has been Mr. Parker's most difficult case. The mystery was enhanced by the gentleman in question leaving the words "Wot! No Lighter!" chalked on the window panes. After months of following red-herrings and dead-end trails, Mr. Parker reports that the stranger was not a member of M.I.5. or the Russian O.G.P.U., but an agent employed by Mr. Meitner to watch rival developments.

### ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES.

"Horace."—No! a Vacuum is not a place situated in Rome. Our definition would be that it is the volume of space enclosed by the four walls of our esteemed Planning and Development Department—if you get the idea.

"Mr. Randall."—We are sorry, Sir, we are still unable to trace the persons responsible for leaving a scythe and lawn-mower outside the Plating Department as a Christmas Present. We agree that the people responsible are no doubt suffering from a distorted sense of humour.

### CONVERSATION PIECE.

Visitor to Paradise to Keeper of the Gates: "Who are those men chained to their benches over there?"

Keeper of the Gates to Visitor to Paradise: "Oh, they are some toolmakers from Aero Zipp Fasteners. If we don't keep them chained they'll try and get back."

### REMINDER.

There are now  $324\frac{1}{2}$  working days to Christmas.

### QUIZ.

Answers next issue. Those correctly answering give themselves Ten Points, or Pints, as the urge takes them.

To whom or what do the following quotations apply:

(1) "I dote on his very absence" (Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice").

- (a) Mr. Evans;
- (b) Mr. Ritchell;
- or (c) Mr. Wagner.

Note.—Answers according to Department in which one works.

(2) "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy for Ever" (Keat's "Endymion").

- (a) Mr. Weber's design of a tool for baby-sliders;
- (b) Mr. Harding's latest tie.
- or (c) Mr. Cole's latest tie.

(3) "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, And obtaineth favour of the Lord." (Proverbs of Solomon).

- (a) Mr. Samo;
- (b) Mr. Church;
- or (c) Mr. W. Nilsen.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The Management regret that due to a hitch in negotiations with the B.B.C., they have been unable to obtain the services of Mr. Stuart Hibbard and Mr. Howard Marshall as Intercomm. Announcers, as part of the Management's "Brighter 1946" Campaign.

## KARL NOSSEK'S LAMENT.

Why they don't call me Maestro 'tis hard to see,  
For my Zippies they run easy, like A.B.C.,  
Instead, all day long they drive me silly  
To keep my Babies at One Point Nine Milli.

## FINALE.

This is the first "Our Column" of 1946. We wish you all a Very Happy New Year. May we all be together for the first "Our Column" of 1947.

*Au Revoir.*

"LAPIS."

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## CANTEEN CORNER

Herewith our new Canteen Manager, Mr. Robinson, takes a bow. We feel that we are speaking for all at A.Z.F. when we say that he has already introduced himself to us in the best possible manner, viz., through the greatly improved quality of the canteen dinners, and the tastiness of the pastries and sandwiches at the lunch and dinner-breaks. We wish Mr. Robinson every success in his new position and below present his first article for our magazine.

"Variety is the spice of life"—and so in food, variety adds to its attractiveness and novelty. If your reception of the following recipe warrants it, I should like to give you in each issue a different and simple recipe which will be of some help in solving the question "What shall we have today?" Here then is the first:

## VEGETABLE CASSEROLE.

½ lb. Scrag of Mutton	Introduction of the
2 Onions.	Mutton is to add
1 Head Celery.	flavour.
1 tin Peas.	
Pepper, Salt and Mixed Herbs.	

Fry the mutton lightly. Put into bottom of casserole. Add the sliced onion and celery. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Put in the bunch of herbs. Add a very little stock or water. Cook *slowly* in the oven for about one hour until the vegetables are tender. Stir gently once or twice during the time. Remove the mutton and stir in the strained contents of the tin of peas. Allow the peas to become thoroughly hot. Serve immediately.

*N.B.*—If anyone has a favourite recipe—send it along, and it will have a place in "Canteen Corner."

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Mr. M. Rose wishes to state that anyone again attempting to sell Gilt Sliders to him as Old Gold will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

## THE PRIDE OF THE BEAVERS

It was a cold December afternoon; a bitter wind was blowing through Silver Plate Creek. "Ran Dal," the chief of the few remaining Beaver Indians, had been summoned to the office of the Little White Chief. What is more he had been instructed to appear clean shaven, and the more he thought about it the angrier he became. Longingly he looked at the row of white men's scalps on a nearby pole, and ran his finger along the keen edge of his tomahawk; then with a muttered curse he flung it from him and bade his squaw, "Laughing Water," fetch him a razor.

Two days later "Laughing Water" reached Deadwood Gulch where "Big Chief Sitting Bill" and his squaw "Con" kept a general store. "Sitting Bill" was the last of the Stawkeep Indians, and upon hearing "Laughing Water's" request, ejaculated: "Beaver! him no good, no give razor, give poison." Now "Laughing Water" dare not return without fulfilling her errand, so she returned via the ancient prairie town of Prestule. There in the shade of the old Lava Trees stood the local Honky Tonk, the "Tulefakir's Saloon," run by a suspicious looking character known as "Maxi."

Inside, a white-haired old man, once known as "Desperate Dan," was playing "Danny Boy" on an old violin, whilst Jean and Matty, the dancing girls, moved no doubt by the music, were weeping unrestrainedly and wishing they had kept to the straight and narrow path.

Now "Desperate" and "Ran Dal" were old friends, but not having a spare razor, "Desperate" decided a singe would do the trick. He thus handed a lighter to "Laughing Water," bade her goodbye, picked up his violin and began where he had left off, half way through the last line of "Danny Boy."

It was the day of the Pow-wow. "Ran Dal" looking very clean but a little sore round the chin, and not wishing to be seen minus his famous beard, was making his way through the jungle towards the city of the Little White Chief. Creeping along, with the furtive air of a shop steward collecting subs in his master's time, he eventually arrived and was shown into the office by a beautiful pale-face squaw, who forgot to knock and so surprised Little White Chief, who was busy with an Electric Razor.

We will draw a veil over the end of this story; suffice it to say, that the Mounties are out looking for "Ran Dal" and another scalp is dangling from the pole in Silver Creek.

VULCAN.

## EQUAL PAY FOR EQUAL WORK

The large numbers of women employed in this and other countries during the war and the possibility that use must be made in the future of this labour brings to the fore a problem forming part of the larger question of wages—Why women earn lower wages than men. Both in and out of Parliament this lesser question has been the subject of much discussion and study. In order to discover why women do not obtain equal rates of pay as men for equal work, it is necessary for us to study the larger question of wages in general, and to try to discover why it is that the bricklayer, the engineer, and the carpenter, for instance, receive different wages. It is undoubtedly true to say that human labour ought not to be treated as a commodity to be bought and sold in the open market. We must realise that the employer looks upon labour, male and female, in the same way as he considers other sources of production, i.e., in an impersonal manner—simply as a means to an end. Economists have advanced a number of systems of computing wages, i.e., the amount to be paid a person for a certain job or class of work. Considerations of space do not permit us to examine these systems; let us rather examine some arguments against equal wages for equal work:—

Women labour under special disabilities which render them, on the average, less efficient than men.

In the first place, Woman is the Mother of Mankind, and this function must normally shorten the time during which she can be at work, at a time, too, when she is in the full vigour of her life: her children will demand a certain minimum of care and attention which cannot prudently be delegated. Hence her working day is shorter than a man's. The provision of creches in factories and elsewhere has gone some way to prevent absenteeism due to this cause, but it has not entirely solved the problem. Moreover, these creches cost money to install and to staff, a cost which must be met out of the productivity of labour in general, for employers that used men only would be in a favoured position and would attract the best workers.

It is obvious for certain occupations, notably in the heavy industries, women have not the physical strength to do the work required. Present-day technical improvements tend to replace strength by skill, nevertheless, we expect to find these industries in the hands of men, if only from the fact that the skill is acquired over years of practice.

Another important factor is that for a man, commerce or industry is a permanent vocation. In normal times most women leave their work when they marry; they have, in fact, no intention of making a success of their job and their efficiency suffers; any skill a woman might have acquired is thus lost to society.

Now these are good and sufficient reasons why women are paid less than men for similar work. There are other reasons which are thoroughly bad and unjust. One of them is the force of custom. If a woman can, over a long period, do a job as efficiently as a man, justice demands that she be paid the same wage no matter what custom and practice have held in the past. Unfortunately, women themselves are willing to accept considerably less than a man in order to obtain employment, especially when they are not dependent upon their wages for their livelihood.

What is your opinion? Write a short article expressing your views and let us publish it.

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## SALES, WANTS, AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

To complete experiment of new Patent—Wanted urgently,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Gorgonzola Cheese and two Intelligent White Mice. Apply Mr. Engel's Office.

Experienced Electrician wanted to install alarm system giving ten minutes' warning of approach of Inspection Department.—Miss Chidgey, Machine Room.

Tricycle or bath chair wanted immediately for nervous gentleman who cannot ride a byke.—Apply Mr. H. Lesser.

High price will be paid for American Colt Rifle or Browning Sub-Machine Gun. Interview with Editors imminent.—Mr. Meitner.

Wanted—Second-hand Flapjack for advertiser's wife, any make except Benlow.—H. Salmon, Press Room.

Testing of New Lighter. The Management require good conditioned asbestos suit. Good price offered.

Second-hand pair of Dancing Pumps needed by hard-up grinder. No coupons. With or without soles.—Ron Davey, Gauge Department.

Chestnut Barrow and Organ-Grinder complete with Monkey needed by foremen returning to old professions. Offers?—Box 1234X, Main Factory.

Mr. Danny Davies (Plating Department), announces with pride that the first meeting of the A.Z.F. Temperance League, will be held in the Air Raid Shelter at 6 p.m. next Tuesday. Will members please bring own lemonade.