

**“Punch
and
Die”**

Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.

JULY.

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.

1946

EDITORIAL.

With this eighth issue we welcome Mr. W. F. Henson, of the Jig and Tool Dept to the editorial staff of “Punch and Die.” May we take this opportunity of thanking Mr. H. J. Grogan, who has left A.Z.F., for the valuable and conscientious efforts he made whilst Joint Editor. Mr. Grogan took on the position when articles for “Punch and Die” were so few and far between, that many a time, in despair, the white towel of defeat was almost thrown into the ring. He stayed through these hard times, and left A.Z.F. with the gratifying knowledge that “Punch and Die” had reached the milestone of one issue every month, and that somehow the hard surface of your apathy had been pierced. Indeed, these days we even have articles brought to us, which would have been enough to make editors of earlier issues faint on the spot !

It has always been our policy to keep the Editorial as short as possible, with the belief that it is what comes after that is of interest. Inside you will find several complimentary letters in praise of our last issue of “Punch and Die.” We print them not as an act of self-gratification, but as a spur to our efforts to make “Punch and Die” a credit to A.Z.F. We take none of the credit. That credit is yours, for it is around the quantity and quality of YOUR articles that we built up each issue. In YOUR hands lies the power to make or break “Punch and Die.” You are making it. Thank you.

D. D. STONE.

W. F. HENSON.

FROM THE WORKS MANAGER'S SURVEY AT THE PRODUCTION MEETING, JUNE 3rd, 1946.

It is a wise policy at certain times in the middle of the effort for further developments, to look back and assess the progress made. We have been going ahead during the last three months, aiming at a target which, when first outlined, seemed impossible to many of us. Nevertheless, we have been steadily improving our output.

This increase in production is due, and there should be no

doubt about it, to the fact that every individual person filled his or her place in our team and all departments worked to the utmost, very often near to breaking point, to cope with the increased demand. This increase was achieved under rather difficult circumstances, handicapped by space, material, labour, etc. We had to transfer departments, reorganise systems, solve innumerable minor problems every day, prepare for the future build-up and so on and I must say that I have every reason to believe that with the same spirit we will succeed in making "Aero Zipp" the "zipp fastener factory."

To do this, we have to add to our gain of 28% in our efficiency, at least another 72%. The increase in production was and is necessary to make up for loss of turnover coming from war-time requirements, but more and more efficiency is the basis for the future competitive necessities. 100% more efficiency than our March figures show seems again an impossible task, but I hope that by now you realise that I base my tasks on facts and plan accordingly. We have to produce 10,000 yards of fastener by March, 1947, at half the cost for every unit produced in March, 1946. You will follow your own achievements through the monthly cost sheet for your Department which is enclosed herewith.

I am aware that a considerable number of technical improvements will have to be undertaken and that we have to rely on our inventiveness to achieve this result. Inter-exchangeability of punches and dies, full automatic, improved quality of teeth and fasteners, are well on the way, and this, together with the knowledge of all the workers in this factory that they are improving their own standard of living with the increase in efficiency, will guarantee this success.

In the last three months we laid the foundation for our enterprise, and the build-up is now clearly visible. We have now to consolidate and make sure that we are on the right track. Every step we have taken has to prove its merit, everything introduced has now to become a matter of routine and has to be critically observed and improved upon.

In my previous surveys, I only outlined some of the measures I intended. Most of the results are known to you, but you might wonder what has become of some of them. I hope I can put your minds at rest in every instance if you care to ask and I welcome every opportunity to give you all the details you wish to know. I again stress the need to study and criticise our lay-out for the new factory and I want you to realise that you have to help with this task, just as you are helping with the current production.

FOR THE DEPARTMENTS.

The average earnings of our workers has increased during the past three months as follows :—

Male workers by 7/2 per week.

Female workers by 6/5 per week.

Bonus schemes have now been introduced for nearly every department. We are making continued efforts to complete our preparations and to develop these schemes to perfection. We are well aware that any bonus scheme works satisfactorily only if the workers know they are getting a fair compensation for their efforts.

Joint Production Committee. We are inviting everybody who is interested in the question of a joint production committee, to take part in a discussion on this subject. The date and time will be announced in due course.

E. ENGEL,

Works Manager.

Letter from Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E., to the readers of "Punch and Die."

The world is not only hungry for food, but for almost everything else.

A publication like yours can help us all to get ready for the time that must surely come when the appetites will be satisfied and there will be discrimination as to the marketing of products. It will be the survival of the fittest ; but if we all work together, co-ordinate in our ideas, we should be ready to meet competition and satisfy the discriminate buyers.

Sir THOMAS G. JONES.

WHAT ARE WE WORKING FOR ?

If we lived on an island, far away from everybody we should have to work to provide for our daily necessities to eat, to drink, to live. Everything we did would be for our own personal benefit, but it would be a hard life, in fact it would be the life our ancestors lived perhaps thousands of years ago, a life always in danger of starvation, as an accident or a bad harvest would make things very insecure, if not disastrous.

Human progress does make life easier for us. The results of scientific work, as the basis of mechanisation, as the basis of mass-production of goods, have made it possible for us to be in a position now to provide the necessities of life to a greater extent than ever before.

Now mechanisation—or rather, modern civilisation—has developed somewhat suddenly in the last century or so, and it seems that it was easier for the human brain to invent machinery, mass-produce goods, and advance science, than to make proper use of them for the benefit of mankind. I think the reason for this is that everybody was concerned only with his immediate gain and not with the progress and welfare of the community. However, we learn by experience. We have had to acknowledge that civilisation will defeat its own ends if we—the individuals, as well as the community—refuse to alter our attitude completely. The atomic bomb has made it clear that the world has to strive for unity, or it will be destroyed; but this striving for unity is not only applicable to the countries of the world, it is just as important within each country itself. The struggle between the working class and the employers must come to an end, and a solution found. The development in every country in the world shows clearly this trend. The people on the whole are striving for better living conditions and more security. Every Government has to show whether they can do better than their predecessors.

Shall we succeed in this country ?

Let us first see what our success depends on. The war has made this country poor : we have to export more than ever in order to get raw materials in exchange ; we have to produce more goods than ever before to satisfy our needs. To do this everybody in this country is needed. Every worker should know that on his effort depends the success or failure of the Government. Without increased production it will not be possible to realise the programme of the Government. It means that every worker has to be interested in the work, in the output, in the progress of the factory and many of us will have to change their indifferent attitude to the work we are doing.

A few hundred years ago everyone took a pride in doing his job well ; he earned his pay, of course, but he took it as a proof of his work being well done. The industrial revolution changed this attitude completely. Mass production was introduced with the result that many workers lost all pride in their work. One thinks perhaps that this idea of taking a pride in the work for its own sake is easier for a skilled worker—but as far as the unskilled workers—the majority—are concerned, a very different matter. For instance : what do machine operators achieve who press levers all day long ? Are they not merely automatons, are they not mere parts of the machine which the designer could not make fully automatic ? What pride can they take ?

They should take the same pride a soldier took during the war. He used weapons, they were half automatics or automatics, his output was bullets against the enemy, his reward was victory. He was the operator and he had pride in achieving the result—the defeat of enemy. No one was in any doubt as to the vital necessity of the job he was doing ; victory was necessary for our survival.

Our enemies now are starvation and poverty, those are still there to give battle and it is our task now to defeat them. There are craftsmen, designers, inventors who give us the weapons, but what can they do without the worker ? They can give the weapons for the future happiness of mankind ; for better living conditions, better health, for greater security. It is for us to use them, to use them efficiently, to produce the goods the world needs. It is the efficiency of the factories of Great Britain which decides the standard of living for the future, for ourselves, and still more, for our children.

This is what we are working for, and the greatest reward we can have for our work is the knowledge that we are playing our part to the utmost of our capacity ; that our job, however humble it seems, is well done.

E. ENGEL,

Works Manager.

ZIPP FASTENERS.

What a clever idea the zipp fastener is ! “Who was the inventor ? ” is a question I hear frequently from visitors. They expect me to answer, “Mr. So-and-so invented it about so long ago.” and every time they are rather surprised to hear something quite unexpected. As I do not want to spring a sudden surprise upon you, I will explain something about inventions and patents.

If you have an idea about something new, say for example, a zipp fastener, which could be manufactured, and you think that you can make some money out of it, you first of all want it protected so that you can have the benefit of being the first and only producer on the market. Suppose now you were to go to the Patent Office and look up whether you are the first one who really hit upon this idea, no doubt you would get the shock of your life. Do you know that in the U.S.A. alone, about 800 patents relating to zipp fasteners have been granted, and this on the basis that each one must specify a new idea either of how to make zipp fasteners or how to use them, or a new principle of how they work. I should say that roughly 2,000 ideas have been patented all over the world on zipp fasteners alone. Quite a few times I have found out that “a marvellous new idea” was not new at all.

Now what can you learn from all this ? First of all that in our civilised world, thousands of people are constantly trying to improve in every direction on every detail of the work they are doing.

Our progress is based upon the work of multitudes of men trying to make things better and cheaper, and only when you think of inventions as the results of developments done by numerous firms and individuals, do you get the right idea.

Now about zipp. Once upon a time—that is in 1884—there was a cobbler, or maybe he was a shoe manufacturer, in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., who thought that shoe laces gave a lot of bother. His name was Henry H. Rodman. He thought a good deal about this and in the end got an idea. He made little clips which he could slide along the reinforced edge of the shoe opening to serve as a fastening device. You will say now “But that is not a zipp fastener.” No, it is not, but it is a fastening device which you slide up and down. Now this slide fastener, as usual; was only the first of things to come. Dozens of patents followed, and in 1891 we find there was another important step forward. Up to that time fastening members were slideable along the edges, but Mr. Judson, of Chicago, thought he could do better. He fixed a

series of clasps on each edge of the shoe opening. The clasps were arranged opposite to each other and had interlocking projections. Now this was not new: Hooks and eyes are similar. But let me quote the claim in his patent:—

“A device for engaging and disengaging a series of clasps on a shoe or other article, consisting of a guide block, having two guide ways which are separated at one end thereof and converg into a single guide way, **said guide ways being adapted to engage and carry the inter-locking parts of the clasp into or out of engagement with each other..**”

In other words, he invented the “slider” for our zipp. And he did more than that: he founded a company, the Universal Fasteners Ltd., and began to develop his idea a step further. In 1894 he applied for a patent containing the following point:—

“A pair of chains, the links of which are connected for end-vice pivotal locking motion.....”

Here another important principle appears for the first time. You know how a hook and eye works. You have to turn the hook out of the plane of the eye to disengage it. Just imagine that a crazy tailor should sew your hooks and eyes at right angles to the edge of your garment instead of flat on the edge of it, so that by turning every member away from the opposite one, you can engage the other. This would be a very tedious process to do by hand, so Mr. Judson invented the slider and in his second patent he arranged his “hooks” and “eyes” at right angles to the edge with all the hooks on one side and the eyes all opposite. With his slider he turned one link away from the one on the other edge, to be able to engage the hook, turned it back in line, hooked the next link in, and so forth. I hope I have made this clear. Now these chain links would be rather large for our liking; but nevertheless this is the first zipp. Whether it sold or not I do not know.

A series of patents on similar lines followed until, in 1908, a subject of the King of Sweden, Mr. Gideon Sundback, residing in Hoboken, U.S.A. invented a further improvement. He was employed by the Automatic Hook and Eye Company and he made his hooks straighter than his predecessors and prevented their slipping out of engagement by putting a second member adjacent to the eye member.

In 1914, Mr. Sunback invented a fastener whereby every link has a hook and eye. The members fixed on one edge were in alternating arrangement to the members fixed on the opposite

edge of the garment. By this time his Company had become the Hookless Fastener Corporation, which later became the Talon Fastener Corporation. Their turnover now is estimated at approximately 100,000,000 dollars a year.

May I remind you here that it took at least thirty years of hard work by hundreds of men to come to what the layman would call "the principle of the zipp fastener." If you go through the patent files with some imagination you will be surprised at the amount of work put into such a little thing as a zipp fastener. You will be moved when you think how many hopes, and in the end disappointments, appear in these documents.

Now the real race for the zipp fastener starts in 1915. Hookless Fasteners took up production in a bigger scale, and we will see next how it goes on.

Who is the inventor of the zipp fastener? Sundback? Judson? or Rodman? I should say everyone did his share, together with hundreds of unnamed or unknown persons who helped to give them the basis for their improvements: Steel metallurgists, manufacturers, press makers, tool-designers, weavers. The link goes on.

THE QUESTIONNAIRE.

There was a great improvement in your response to the last questionnaire, this being no doubt due to the posting boxes available in the departments. We should like to convey our thanks to the 150 of you who completed the forms and posted them. Here are the results:—

1 & 2. **Recreation.** 138 were for and 12 against an entertainment in the lunch-break in the Canteen. 32 were willing to help.

Reply. Of these 32 willing to help none have as yet forwarded their names, but now we know that you desire this entertainment, the whole matter will be taken up and you will be hearing more about it in the near future.

3. **Which article do you like best in "Punch and Die."?**

Reply. The largest number of votes went to "Alice in the Factory." Close runners up were "The whole magazine," "Management's Survey," and "Our Column."

4. **Is the Factory improving ?**

Reply. 127 votes for, 7 votes against.

5. 67 people stated that they would be interested in taking part in a joint production committee.

Reply. The question of a joint production committee is being taken up and is also dealt with in "Queries to the Management."

6. **Holiday Savings Scheme.** 131 votes for, 13 against.

Reply. We are glad to see that so many of you wish to take part in this advantageous scheme, details of which were published in "Punch and Die" VI. The results have been brought to the notice of the Wage Office and Social Club Committee who will let you have more news in due course. The Holiday Savings Fund will be started in August after the Annual Holiday, so that a clear year's saving will be possible.

7. **What do you suggest should be improved in your department.** The voting went thus :—A 65 ; B 55 ; C 11 ; D 96.

Reply. It is evident that the Bonus System to encourage higher production was uppermost in your minds. Most requests for this system came from the Finishing Room. The whole system of Bonus is gone into the "Queries to the Management" in this issue.

Further Questions and Comments. The Finishing Room wanted to know what has happened to the Tea-Trolley and Time Clock. The tea-trolley has been ordered from the manufacturers. The delivery time given us upon ordering about four weeks ago was six to eight weeks. Thus we are hoping that the trolley will be delivered in the next few weeks. The Time Clock has been ordered also and the electricians of the firm who supply these clocks have been at the factory taking details, etc. It is thus hoped that the clock will soon be installed.

A question has been raised "Why cannot cigarettes be obtained from the Canteen ? " For your information it can be stated that two licences have been applied for on behalf of the Royalmaine Catering Company, who look after our canteen, and these licences have in each case been refused.

There were several other questions dealing with the canteen. These have been forwarded to Mr. Robinson who will let us have an explanatory article in next month's Questionnaire page.

In this issue of "Punch and Die," there is another Questionnaire, dealing mostly with Social Club topics. Please keep up the good work and give us a good response.

The Editors.

OUR COLUMN VIII.

Hello Everyone !

That was the Whitsun break, that was, and whilst you tenderly place your noses to the grindstone once more, here is another OUR COLUMN to help break the rather dullish, existence of factory routine. So here we go with a little story entitled : " Oh ! how they fell."

In 1858 at Burley-in-Wharfedale, was born a certain William Watson. Educated in Liverpool, he turned at an early age to writing and poetry, and when in 1890 he produced his "Wordsworth's Grave" it was generally felt that a new poet had been discovered. The climax of a great career came with his knighthood in 1917. You may wonder why I write of Sir William Watson..... It happens that he wrote a poem all about April of such excellence that it is included in Palgrave's Golden Treasury and the Oxford Book of English Verse. Some time ago the editors of "Punch and Die" received an article in the shape of a poem. Great were the deliberations whether or not it should be included in the following issue.....not bad here.....a little weak there.....Yes ! we'll accept it "pour encourager les autres." And so "Punch and Die" VII printed a poem on its last page, entitled "April." Just too late it was discovered, by coincidence no doubt, that the last four lines of the poem were the same as the first four lines of Sir William Watson's "Song"—I have but one query.....whence came the first four lines ?.....I'd really like to know.....

Machine Room Production Records.....Teeth Press Dept. records.....Slider Production Records.....and news flash ! Another department comes to the forefront ! Mrs Marsh does it again ! ! The popular lady who looks after the cleanliness of our offices has broken her own record of sixty-five door knobs cleaned in nine hours, fifteen minutes by last Thursday's output of seventy-four door knobs in seven hours, ten minutes. Once again Miss Love has had to be carried to the Rest Room, the excitement of all these record breaking achievements proving too much for self control.

I hear that a certain foreman is losing his temper pretty frequently these days.....Tut !.....Tut !.....Mr..... If you keep on flying up in the air like that people will begin to wish you never came down again. Cheerful does it.....

All these discussions going on in "Punch and Die" about apprentices lately, remind me of the tale of the Very Important

Person visiting A.Z.F., who inquired kindly of one of our apprentices, "And what are you going to be when you you pass your apprenticeship, my boy ? " to receive the withering reply, "An Old Man, Sir."

Mr. Bullock, our Cockney friend, who I am glad to see is fast establishing his nook in the working and social life of A.Z.F. makes his entry once again with the present cigarette shortage. 'Tis said that a Press Tooth Dept. toolmaker asked him for some pliers, Mr. Bullock answering, "Sorry, lad, but I can spare you ten Goldflake."

I hear that Mr. Engel will soon be instituting his own Victory Day, in celebration of his universally recognised victory over the "Heavy Sleepers Union." Even the most hardened of the members are now appearing round the factory at 8 a.m. Nor was the soreness of defeat eased by the rumour that the management intended presenting an Austin Sixteen gratis to any member of the staff who found difficulty in getting in by eight a.m.

In connection with the above may I answer just one enquiry :- No ! Horace, a Suffragette is not a Bishop without a diocese, but is a term loosely applied to those latecoming members of A.Z.F. of whom I have just been writing.

The Whitsun and Victory Dance held in the canteen on June 7th was quite a success, and yours truly in the role of the 'Press' nevertheless found time to enjoy himself. The band, once more under the baton of Stephan Grappelly Weinberger, played quite well, and with more practise promises to develop into a fine team. Messrs. David Rowlands and George Bullock as M.C.'s worked hard to keep the ball rolling. I have just one criticism. The breaks between each set of dances were far too long. Cut them down and the crowd will be kept together. Altho' the trek to the Upper Boat Inn was again much in evidence, it did not seem to detract this time from the general enjoyment. The excess of waltzes after the interval was explained by the disappearance of Dick Sheppard, our worthy drummer, known locally as the Jean Krupa of A.Z.F. After much gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair, he was trailed to the Upper Boat enjoying a glass of lemon water. All went well, however after he had been borne back in triumph by the M.C.'s to his seat of honour.....and so ended the dance. I'm still wondering how a few of our boys got home that night after their too frequent visits to the House of Hospitality Overheard at the dance during the interval at the refreshment bar. "I'll have that chocolate eclair, Miss Toghill."—"That's not a chocolate eclair, that's my thumb".....

Wandering into the Plating Dept. the other day, I was most surprised to see Dan Davies, Billy Williams and other Plating Dept. henchmen, doing a ring dance around a revolving plating barrel chanting a song that went like this :—

“ Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of Newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
 Adder’s fork and blind worm’s sting,
 Lizard’s leg and owlet’s wing.
 Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn ; and cauldron bubble.”

After recovering consciousness, I discovered that it was Mr. Davies’s idea of employing some of Shakespeare’s ingredients in his eternal quest for the ‘Perfect Plating Solution.’ Anyway, **something** is giving results, because I hear that some of the plated goods recently delivered to the Finishing Room have been of such brilliance that the Management have decided to issue gratis to each girl one pair of sun-glasses.

As part of the A.Z.F. efficiency drive, Miss Connie Davies has been taking a course from Mr. Bill Morris in defining various engineering equipment quickly, so that the waiting time outside the stores will be reduced to a negligible period. Here is Connie’s latest effort in defining a nut and bolt :—

“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 round the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a small chunk of iron, sawed off short, and wrinkles round the inside of the hole”so now we know. !

I heard the other day from Mr. and Mrs. Samo—a short note written a few days before the happy day. They convey their sincerest regards to all at A.Z.F. and promise a long letter for “Punch and Die” “after the rush is over”

Congratulations to Mr. Maurice Stephens of the Machine Room and to Mrs. Stephens.....A baby daughter—Heather—June 9th, 1936.

Here’s one for your note book. Mr. Dan Bryant’s definition of perpetual motion.....following the foreman around to get a raise.

They tell me that Mr. Hart, now domiciled in the Wage

Office, does not like to be disturbed whilst working, and that he is at present in hot water with the Wage Office Belles. 'Tis said that when one of them asked him what tense is "I am beautiful?" he absent-mindedly replied "Past Tense."

Mr Robinson of the canteen now takes a bow. I hear that he is applying for a change of jobs from Canteen Manager to Precision Toolmaker, giving as a reference his ability to work to tenths of a thou cutting slices of meat.

All this production enthusiasm seems to be catching. A telegram just delivered by special courier informs me that Mr. White of the Insecticide Dept. has increased the output on his hand sprayer by twelve squirts per minute. Next Tuesday at 6 p.m. a Grand Meeting of Protest will be held in the Canteen by the "Bugs, Fleas and White Mice Friendly Society" against Mr. White's increased activities. All Cockroaches and affiliated societies are invited to attend.

A little questionnaire presented to all readers of "OUR COLUMN" :—

- (1). Would you like the Management to be —
 - (a) Hung ?
 - (b) Drawn ?
 - or (c) Quartered ?
- (2) The Management would like to know whether the television sets now on order should be installed—
 - (a) in every department.
 - (b) on every bench.
 - or (c) just in the Reading Room.
- (3) What do you suggest can be done to improve "Punch and Die ? "
 - (a) Shoot the Editors.
 - (b) Blow up the Printing Works,
 - or (c) Both.

In conclusion here is a little note I have received from several Gauge Dept. Toolmakers. I print it without comment and verbatim :—

"We hear a rumour that the staff will not be making enquiries during the official meal breaks. They evidently have begun to realise that the workers are entitled to ten minutes break without technical interference."

And so for the present,

Au Revoir,

" LAPIS."

SMALL TOOL SUGGESTIONS.

Small tools such as drills, taps, reamers, etc. are a very important part of a workshop's equipment. If they are of good quality and in good condition they can improve and speed up work enormously. It therefore pays to buy only first-class tools made from the best materials and to keep them in good condition.

All tools should be kept in the stores and only given out for specific jobs. If they come back to the stores they should be inspected and if necessary reground, sharpened or cleaned. Workers who have obviously been misusing these tools should bear the responsibility and if it turns out that a machine is to blame for a damaged tool, steps should be taken to rectify this. Tools which have become worn or otherwise unserviceable should be replaced immediately. It is cheaper to scrap a tap than to break it in a work piece and then spend hours trying to get it out.

In a properly organised workshop no worker should ever have to wait for tools because the one he wants is in use or has just been broken. There should always be an ample supply of all the necessary tools and accessories in the stores and there should always be a competent person to give them out.

“ J.”

“ And if their action justifies reward,
Shun words, Horatio, give them food and drink.”

I've found a new measure— I happened to strike it
In Byron, and thought you would certainly like it ;
It goes with a swing and has vigour and force,
And seems to resemble a galloping horse.
It's easy to write—I could do it all day
If only I knew something clever to say :
My usual course, though I know it is wrong,
Is letting the rhyme guide the sense of the song.
Thus poets from practical features can learn,
For rudders of vessels are set in the stern.

But now I've a reason for writing ; I heard
That early in June a tea-party occurred ;
An increased production could not be ignored—
The canteen at 5 was the place of reward.
The girls were all gathered ,but no tea was there,
Had Venus forgotten the feast to prepare ?
It seems so, but let us forgive her the crime,

The girls got it ready in ten minutes time.
 The cups were uplifted, their lips touched the brim,
 But stop—who is speaking ? it's old Cherubim.
 Down cups—they must learn what he's speaking about :
 For twenty-five minutes they sat in a drought.
 He said that their zipps were the best in the land :
 The Swiss and the Swedish and I.C.I. brand
 Were rubbish compared with these wonderful zipps.
 At last he was done, and the drought-stricken lips
 Of each of his guests made a dash for the cup,
 But ere they could drink it old Softing got up,
 And thus satisfaction was once again baulked,
 For manners forbade them to drink while he talked.
 So twenty long minutes in anguish went by,
 With moisture but present in cup and in eye.
 And when he had finished they waited no more,
 But rushed in a body to open the door ;
 With speeches repleted , they boarded the bus,
 And all agreed "No more high output for us."

Anon.

ON STARTING AT AERO ZIPP.

Treforest T.E. and factory life of any sort were both something new to me. I started at Aero Zipp thinking that I was entering into a hard-headed and unromantic manufacturing concern. Very soon my head was in a whirl.

I had hardly got inside the factory when I overheard a conversation that went something like this. "How are the babies?" "Not bad, we produced blue ten inch babies yesterday"—"Did they run well ?"—"Oh, yes ; but they were lacquered"—"Personally I prefer our six inch babies with plated teeth"—and so on. It sounded like Huxley's "Brave New World." Feeling very non-plussed I moved away. Most of the employees whom I had seen entering at the front door had looked rather nice. One never can tell.

However it was time to get down to some work ; but before I could a very cheerful looking man bore down on me. Before I could open my mouth he said : "How d'you do ? Pleased to meet you. What do you think of "Punch and Die." ? Grand isn't it ? What about an article ? I'll give you a week. The next will be the seventh. It will be bigger, better ; it's terrific, it's free. I reckon it's worth 7/6d. Well so-long. Don't forget. Let me have it soon. Don't sign it if you don't wish, and off he went.

I swayed a little. What was it all about? The place seemed like a looney-bin. At least that guy was a good-hearted sort even if a trifle "touched." Anyhow that was my first impression. I didn't know then that everywhere I went I should meet 'Cheerful' saying "What about that article". I didn't realise that in the canteen he would be giving me some friendly prods with a fork and saying: "Got that article?" Sometimes I meet him at 7-20 a.m. He says "Good morning. Written something?" At night he creeps behind me in the bus queue and says "Going home?—To write?."

Apart from 'Old Cheerful,' things went quite smoothly. I found out about the "babies" and various other mysteries. I can now understand English in all the dialects from Innsbruck to Ynysybwll. Only "Cheerful" upsets my calm. In the end I could hold out no longer and firmly believing in the old saying that "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me" I wrote this. Now I look to the future hopefully.

"CERVUS."

THE SOCIAL CLUB REPORTS

In the first place, let's see how we stand with regard to the last dance which was held, as you know, on June 7th, in our Canteen. Socially it was a definite success, but financially a definite failure. The position with regard to the latter is as follows:—

| Receipts. | | | Expenditure. | | |
|--------------|------|---------|--------------|------|----------|
| Ticket Money | | £4 0 0 | Cigarettes | | 10 2 |
| Canteen | | £2 11 3 | Canteen | | £4 1 7½ |
| | | | Band | | £2 0 0 |
| | | <hr/> | | | <hr/> |
| | | £6 11 3 | | | £6 11 9½ |

The sale of tickets, unfortunately, was poor when compared with some of our previous dances, but nevertheless, I feel sure that next time we arrange a dance, the financial position as well as the social position will improve tremendously. Anyway, we, as the Social Club Committee, rely entirely upon **YOU**.

I do not want to conclude this short survey without expressing our very sincere thanks to Mr. Jack Yates for spending so much of his own time in preparing the grand posters which you saw displayed over the factory and canteen. He has always been most willing whenever there is a job, such as I have mentioned, to

be done and his assistance does not pass unnoticed. Many thanks again Jack. At this point too I would like to thank the members of the band for their grand performance.

Now last, but not least, I want you to complete the questionnaire as enclosed with this edition of "Punch and Die."

It is most essential that the forms are returned, completed, at the very earliest moment, so that we can go ahead with the arrangements for the Works Annual Outing. This function, as most of our older employees will remember, is always successful, but this year we want to make it an extra special day as it will be our first post-war outing. Be co-operative then and let us know where you would like us to go. We are out to please the majority and with your help, we cannot fail. As soon as we know the result of the questionnaire, we will let you know something further regarding this trip.

L. ROBERTS,

Social Club Secretary.

SOCIAL CLUB AS I SEE IT.

In the last issue of "Punch and Die" there was some severe criticisms paid by the Social Secretary regarding a trip to London.

In a way this was correct because I know that there was a great amount of work done to make the trip a success. Yet on the other hand, from my point of view, although I had no intention of going on the trip myself, I think that some more substantial details should have been given, such as the cost of the trip, etc. Then when everybody knew the cost you could have asked those who were so excited about it to pay a deposit, then you would have a true record of how many really wanted to go on the trip.

Please don't think that I am trying to criticise the running of the Social Club, because I know the odds you have against you, the main thing being that everybody lives so far away from the works. But I think that if everyone knew who the Social Committee were, as I for one have never seen a list of the members who are on the committee. I also believe that there should be a member from each department such as the shop stewards and girls who actually mix with the majority of workers.

Anyhow, don't give up trying, for the Victory Dance was a success, and I hope your future arrangements will prove the same.

R.E.D.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING GRINDING MACHINE-Part II.

New Readers :—

The famous detective Maurice Solvet and his friend Stewe-Pitt, who is relating this tale, have received a letter appealing for help from I. Sackem-Hall, Works Manager of a factory situated in the vale of Tree-Wood, in which he states that a new grinding machine has mysteriously appeared in the factory. Solvet and Stewe-Pitt await the arrival of Sackem-Hall :—

The room in which Solvet and I sat, warmed by the hot air of our conversation, seemed to grow chill as the door opened and a small man carrying a brief case hurried in, glancing furtively over his shoulder. He slammed the door, putting his shoulder to it as he turned the key in the lock and shot home the twenty-five bolts. Terror seemed to ooze from his very being, and his dress, bizarre to say the least, did nothing to ease the tenseness that accompanied his every step. A black sombrero crowned his head. A wide red sash kept his plus-four trousers, Canary yellow stockings, open leatherwork shoes, a blue roll-neck pullover and a briar pipe completed his attire. "Sackem-Hall, I presume?" said Solvet, grabbing the visitor's left leg and laconically examining the sole of his shoe. I stood aghast at my friend's amazing powers of deduction. "However did you guess?" exclaimed Sackem-Hall. "I thought my disguise as an Argentine Seaman was perfect! No more zipps indeed for the Manager of the Old Theatre, Cardiff." "Elementary, my dear Sackem-Hall" said Solvet. "Firstly you have a shine on the back of your trousers, and two holes in the elbows of your pullover, this denoting without doubt a man of executive position. You have several brown stains running anti-clockwise on your chin. These could only have come from a poison dye found in tea prepared in Works Canteens. The leather sole of your shoe contains the impression of a Type D tooth with a tightness burr on the left leg. This could only have come from a species cultivated in the Vale of Treewood. "Finally," said my friend smiling modestly, "your brief case is embossed 'I. Sackem-Hall, Works Manager, Vale of Treewood.'"

Grasping Solvet's hand eagerly, our visitor exclaimed "I'm glad to meet you again Solvet. I haven't forgotten how brilliantly you solved the case of our missing gas pressure, using the ancient Egyptian Formula 'When one put spressure on one end of a cylinder containing gas, the gas will run out of the other end in ratio to the pressure applied, as long as the other end is open.'"

"It was nothing" murmured my friend "although I must

admit I suspected foul play until my brilliant intellect discovered that you had forgotten to put a shilling in the meter. But now let's get down to your new problem....."

Sackem-Hall's face lost its temporary cheerful expression and once again became grave and fear stricken. "Yes," he said, "here is a mystery that will tax even your colossal brain. Mr. Solvet, I speak plainly, the whole thing has us all completely unnerved. Why, only yesterday we found a member of the staff working overtime—it's horrible ! horrible !!" "Ah, Yes" said the famous detective, "Confucius, he say: King How tow shore Ka ling pa te ching gong. You speak Chinese of course ?" "Well, not exactly" replied our visitor, "but I've a friend in the Civil Service ?" Here Solvet, using his admirable tact to keep Sackem-Hall on the right track, interrupted a little sharply "To business, man, otherwise we shall grow as incoherent as a toolmaker explaining how he scrapped his last job. May I say that I have done you the honour of gracefully accepting your case. A few questions before we proceed to your factory. When was the surplus grinding machine discovered ?"

The little man turned pale as Solvet uttered these words, and in a quivering voice replied "The day before yesterday, when our night manager, Mr. Forest, discovered it on his rounds." "Aha," shouted my friend, "make a note of the date, Stew-Pitt ! It may be important ! And now, Mr Hall, were any surplus grinding machines discovered before in your factory ?" Our visitor bristled with indignation. "Never !" he cried, "ours is a factory based on efficiency."

Hereupon Solvet sat back in his chair, put on a little smoking cap, placed a 10mm ball of opium in his hookah, and after a few puffs, sank into a coma. By the idyllic smile on his face I knew he was gaining inspiration from the results of his last successful case. "The Mystery of the Missing Indention." (Readers may remember that in twenty-four hours Solvet cleverly traced the missing indention to Ervinor Nung, the notorious Scandinavian anarchist, who had stolen it from the jewel box of Lady Mattress-Toggle).

Two hours later, my friend awoke, his eyes gleaming. "Our next move is clear" he said, "Sackem-Hall, your Rolls-Bentley will take us immediately to Treewood, I presume ?....." Twenty minutes later we arrived at the factory. It was situated near a picturesque but dark and threatening river. Dank weeds overhung the bank, and a low mist clung to the surface of the treacherous waters. Mountains enclosed the site from all sides

and the atmosphere was damp and depressing. Welsh sunshine covered the scene with one inch of water. Nearby stood a gaunt, discrepant old house. The hanging sign "Ye Olde Mother Hanks Inne" creaked eerily. I glanced at the notice in the window "Tobacco, rum, tea and other poisonous substances served daily to unwitting customers," and I involuntarily shivered. The whole scene reminded me of some evil glade, some hidden stronghold, where captive souls laboured constantly in torment.

Hastily we ran to the factory and made our way to the offices. A harsh shout of anger and dismay stopped us dead in our tracks. "This may be the solution of the mystery" panted Solvet, as we drew our revolvers and ran back to whence the shout had come. Alas, the explanation, simple as it was, dashed our hopes to the ground. Near the entrance we found a veritable giant of a man, complete with menacing look, and grubby moustache. "'Ere You" he growled at us "Yer ain't clocked in yet." Smilingly Solvet explained who we were, but the moustached giant would have none of it. "None of your funny business" he said, drawing a large cosh from his pocket, "If yer comes to this factory, yer gotta clock in." Argument was of no avail and we were just about to do as he ordered when Sackem-Hall approached. "Oho! there you are, gentlemen, and I see you've already met our Mr. Forest." Hastily we explained the situation to him. "Yes, indeed said the Works Manager, "Forest is indeed a devoted soul—leave him to me." He pulled the giant into a corner, and after many deep-throated grumbles, and crackling of pound notes, (I also caught the words....bonus.....efficiency.....) we continued on our way undisturbed.

To be continued.

Maurice Solvet and Stewe-Pitte have now gained entrance to Sackem-Hall's factory. What thrilling adventures await them? What evil traps are set for the intrepid two, in their quest for the solution of the mystery that brings fear to the factory? Do not miss next month's thrilling instalment.

PRUNETIUS PRUMUS.

IS BUSINESS INHUMAN ?

It cannot be denied that there was a time when workers were brutally treated. In the early half of the nineteenth century labour was plentiful and cheap ; if one man failed to stand the pace, another could be speedily obtained. With heavy demands being made on the factories, and with a public that was relentless

if it did not get what it wanted, the result was inevitable. Labour was driven at full pressure, and when worn out, as of course it soon was, it was simply cast aside. All human values were utterly ignored and human life was appallingly cheapened. Those days have passed away, although the traces they left behind have not by any means been effaced.

To-day things are very different. Labour is organised so powerfully that it commands an authoritative control of the situation. Public opinion is more sensitive. Moreover processes of manufacture are more complicated, and skilled labour is proportionately more valuable. The personnel of a business has thus acquired a new and profound importance. It has been realised that the best work is not obtained by sweating a worker ; to ensure his efficiency he must be well and carefully looked after. In short, personnel has attained the position of being regarded as the most valuable asset of a business.

W. F. Henson.

THE REASON WHY.

In every factory, whether employing 10 or 10,000 men, there are the same managerial jobs that must be done. These include planning (designing), progressing, costing, stores, control, buying (of raw materials and tools) and selling (including market research).

In small factories all these jobs are done by Directors and Works Managers. It is obvious however, that in a large factory the Works Manager cannot possibly look after all details of every one of these functions, and therefore he must appoint officers who are personally responsible to him to fill the individual posts.

As our factory is growing, it is therefore absolutely vital that an internal organisation is built up, in which one man is responsible for a function and not, as has been the case, so far, for the progress of an individual job.

Naturally this necessitates a certain amount of inevitable "paper work" and we have heard critics say that weight for weight more paper than steel is being used in our factory. There is at the moment possibly some justification for this criticism, but it must be realised that as we intend to increase our production threefold as well as to take on, at a later stage, other jobs (like press buttons, hook and eye fasteners, etc.), now is the time to lay a foundation for an organisation that will have to look after all these jobs. If we waited until we reached our Production Targets (which would take longer to attain without an organisation) the result might be muddle and disorder.

Naturally paper work for paper work's sake is wasteful and useless. Each sheet of paper that does not represent a record or gives no useful information is harmful and must be done away with. Our intention is to make one piece of paper do the work of five. To show how this is to be done, here is a description of our proposed job card shortly to be introduced in the Jig and Tool Room :— :—

Job Card System for Jig and Tool Room.

This system combines a job order card, progress card, personal record, personal efficiency record, costing card and job reference. This card is issued by the progress department and gives the foremen concerned all information necessary to carry out a certain piece of work. By means of various coloured signals the foreman is able, at a glance, to see either—if the job is in work, where it is—or—if the job is in hand (ie. : has not been started yet or is waiting for the next operation) what type of machine will next be required for it. On the back of this same card the progress department can see, by means of similar signals, how much more time and what type of work will yet have to be spent on the particular job before completion. All time spent on the job is noted down on the same card (which will incidentally do away with the time sheets) on which, too, the inspector makes his remarks as to the quality of the work. When the job is completed it goes together with the card to the progress dept. Once the completed parts have been booked as finished and the parts themselves been issued to the stores or, if needed immediately, to the Dept. concerned, the card goes to the personal and personal-efficiency depts. where the worker's individual record is kept. On hand of this job card further entries are made on the personal record as to the quality of the work done by the individual workers. Here also preliminary work is done to give the wage office the basis on which to work out the bonus. Now the card goes to the wage office which enters the actual bonus in £ s. d. and then, taking into consideration wages, bonus and all materials used, the job is costed. Total costs are entered in the appropriate space and the now completed card goes to the planning dept. where it is filed.

This card now contains a complete history of the job, with all its difficulties and hold-ups (if any) and should similar parts be required again, arrangements can be made to prevent difficulties and a much more reliable time estimate can be forecast.

This is, of course, only one detail of the proposed organisation of our factory and if anybody should be interested to hear more, please tell the Editors of "Punch and Die" and further details will be forthcoming in future editions.

ALICE IN THE FACTORY—*continued.*

"You have been here six weeks now," said the charge-hand to Alice, very severely. "You haven't got on very well with your knitting."

"I'm not kitting," said Alice angrily. "I'm waiting for my machine to be put right."

The charge hand considered a minute. "Let me see," she said, rubbing her chin with her hand; "it was the first day of spring yesterday. Try your machine now."

Alice pressed a switch. Several wheels ran round and a small stream of objects shot out.

"There you are!" said the charge hand triumphantly, as Alice bent down to look at them, "What did I tell you?"

"You didn't tell me anything," said Alice. "You could have told me it was working yesterday."

"It doesn't matter" said the charge hand. "Come on!"

She marched off, with Alice wonderingly following her.

"I should like to know why they are always telling me to 'Come on,' Alice thought to herself. "I do try to **get** on" of course, but that isn't quite the same thing."

The charge hand led her behind some wire netting.

"This is the finishing room," she said, dragging her over to a large table which was quite empty.

"Why, that's where they told me I should start when I first came here," said Alice, delighted.

"Ridiculous!" snapped the charge hand. "How can anybody **start** in a finishing room? It doesn't make sense. Haven't you been to school?"

"Oh, yes, of course I——"

"Don't answer back," said the chargehand. "You're here to do the inspection."

"But I want to do some WORK now" Alice complained. "My machine is going." It seemed such a shame after waiting so long not to be able to use it.

"Keep your eye on the table," snapped the charge hand, "and don't talk so much. Can you recite some poetry?"

"Yes, I think so," said Alice slowly, for she was not at all sure that she could get it all right.

"Say 'The Little Sliders,' then," ordered the charge hand, "and don't forget to keep your eye on the table."

"Let me see," said Alice, "I think it begins with 'I gave her one!'" ;—

'I gave her one, they gave her two,
 You gave us three or more ;
 They all returned from him to you,
 So they were scrapped before.

If I or she should chance to be
 Involved in this affair,
 He trusts to you to let them be
 Exactly as they were.' "

"It isn't **quite** right," said the charge hand, dubiously. She gazed down sadly at the empty table. "They ought to have come by now, you know."

"Who ought to have come ? " said Alice.

"The sliders, you stupid. They ought to have appeared on the table."

She clapped her hands together loudly. "Oh, dear, I had forgotten. The clock is fast in their department. They must have all gone off for the break."

She called out "Bill ! wherever can he have got to ? Are you there, Bill ? "

There was a sudden whirring sound, and a heap of small articles fell on to the table, followed by a huge pile of different coloured tapes.

"Here they are" she said cheerfully, "Now you get along and test them."

"Test them ? " said Alice, "What for ? "

"Because they might not be right of course."

"That wasn't quite what I meant," explained Alice. "I meant, what may I find wrong with them ? "

"Anything that isn't right, you stupid," snapped the charge hand.

Alice hopefully bent her head over the articles. They lay in a confused heap on the table. She first picked up one, and then another, but after a long time she had still not discovered what they were. Still she thought she had better be doing something, so she disentangled them as well as she could and then picked up her knitting.

After she had finished the back of her jumper and one of the sleeves,, she heard a shuffling sound behind her, and turning round, found the foreman at her side.

"Have you done all these ? " he shouted in her ear.

"Not quite, I'm afraid," said Alice, hiding her knitting under a pile of tape. "You see, I couldn't quite make out what they

were.”

“Zipp fasteners, of course,” bellowed the foreman. “What else could they be? Why it’s taken three hundred people six months to make all those. Hurry up and get them tested, and don’t be careless or we may not get enough in the scrap.”

Alice promised to do her best. She felt very relieved now that she knew what the tapes were for; but she was puzzled to know why none of them fitted together.

“You haven’t got a scrap box,” snapped the foreman.

“I’ve got a scrap-**book** at home,” said Alice, trying to be helpful. “I used to cut out all the pictures from the newspapers when I was little, and paste them in.

“It isn’t quite the same thing,” said the foreman, considering. “Here, take this.” He pulled out an enormous wooden box from under the table. “It was here all the time.”

“Oh, I thought that was to rest my feet on,” explained Alice.

“You can keep your knitting in it later on, if you behave yourself properly,” promised the foreman.

Alice set to work, and in less than an hour she had completely filled the box, and there were three very nice zipp fasteners on the table in front of her.

As she had nothing to do, she took out her knitting again, but she had hardly time to complete the first row before the charge-hand appeared.

“Finished already?” she said in a growling voice that made Alice jump. “Let me see your scrap box. Ah! It’s just as I thought. Why at this rate you would get so much bonus that we should be bankrupt in a few weeks. You had better go along to another department, and see if you can do better there.”

“But I thought—” began Alice.

“Then you must think again.” She gave a tug at Alice’s chair, which would have brought her to the floor, if she had not just in time clutched at the charge hand’s skirt. “Come along now and you can leave your knitting behind. In the department you are going to they do jig-saw puzzles.”

“Oh,” said Alice, “That will be nice. I like jig-saw puzzles. Do you mean that is what they make there?”

“Of course not. You didn’t **make** knitting here, did you?”

To be continued.

LUNCH TIME ENTERTAINMENT.

A suggestion has been put forward that a small orchestra be formed for the purpose of playing light music during the mid-day breaks.

Many pleasant hours can be passed in ensemble playing with even such a small combination as a trio or quartette.

The writer has a fairly large orchestral library and will be pleased to give his spare time in training any combination in the art of orchestral playing for their own pleasure, and for the entertainment of those with whom they work.

It is hoped that there will be an early response to this appeal.

The editors will be glad to give information on enquiry.

BATON.

LETTERS OF INTEREST.

BOARD OF TRADE,
Regional Office (Wales)
G.E.C. Buildings,
CARDIFF.

5th June, 1946.

Dear Mr. Engel,

Thank you for your letter of the 3rd instant, and for also enclosing current issue of "Punch and Die."

Your kind remarks regarding the service we are endeavouring to render are much appreciated, and I can assure you, this will continue from time to time so long as help is needed, and in order to ensure that you should obtain more satisfactory results from our joint endeavours.

You have kindly asked me to comment on the matter contained in your magazine. May I state that I consider the spirit of the magazine is characterised by a strong and vigorous tone. The contribution by the Works Manager bears the key-note of service and is imbued with a keen desire to obtain all humanly best results for Aero Zipp Fasteners Company and also a warm human interest in the well-being of the employees.

It may be of advantage to develop an added interest in your undertaking by using the incentive of an "ultimate five day week." This should be achieved by aiming at a balanced production of output, such would provide for the abolition of Saturday Morning attendance, subject to the attainment of a profitable output over a three months period. Why not make this five day week suggestion your personal monthly contribution through the medium of "Punch and Die," hence when all employees have contributed their quota of effort on production over the three months incentive period, then that would be the appropriate time to introduce the five day week incentive. There is no doubt in mind that if this were attained, that an all-round reduction on overhead costs would follow the result of the incentive.

May I also suggest that a member or members of your staff should write articles for "Punch and Die" on the following :—

- (a) Who was the inventor of the Zipp Fastener ?
- (b) Who are the chief users ?
- (c) Which part of society uses the greater quantity—men or women ?
- (d) How many countries are using your product ?
- (e) Is the Zipp Fastener in use for purposes other than clothing and travel wear, such as for e.g. : Ventilating Systems or for small diameter trunking or elbows ?
- (f) How many races make use of the Zipp Fastener ?

Employees may be asked to indicate new uses for Zipp Fasteners and the best suggestion, which will be decided by the management, can be given a reward for such a suggestion, for the avenues of new business. The general idea underlying this would be, to stimulate a wider interest in the use of Zipp Fasteners and to open avenues for suggestion, such being passed to your Sales Department. The above if found successful, would definitely benefit Aero Zipp Company and its employees, and gradually lead the minds of the latter to a type of constructive thinking which would be constantly active from year to year.

I much appreciate your thoughtfulness in sending me the magazine and look forward to my next visit wherein further progress may be made.

Yours sincerely,

H. G. SMITH,

Regional Efficiency Officer.

E. Engel, Esq.,
Aero Zipp Fasteners, Ltd.,
Treforest Trading Estate,
Pontypridd.

Editors' Note.

In connection with the above letter we invite everyone to send us contributions on the topics mentioned. A History of Zipp Fasteners is being prepared and the first article is contained in this issue of "Punch and Die."

We introduce herewith a free for all competition. The writers of the two best articles will be awarded 10/- each.

The topic of our first competition is ZIPP FASTENERS.

A general view can be taken, or you can include technical information, descriptions or suggestions, etc.

On the other hand the subject can be treated humourously or in poem.

Place your entries in an envelope marked "Zipp Fasteners Competition" and give them to either of the two Editors.

L.A.C. Parslow, 1832920,
1588 (H.F.F.), R.A.F.,
Santa Cruz,
India Command.

To the Secretary,
Social, Welfare and Sports Committee.

I am writing to let you know of my latest change of address. This station is about 14 miles outside Bombay. It's quite a diff-

erence from Mauripur which is Transport Command's largest station in India. I flew here from Mauripur, it was a three hour trip and I really enjoyed it. Once you are out of sight of the large towns, India seems to be just a large expanse of desert.

The main topic of discussion out here now is Demob. They seem to be speeding it up a bit now. If they keep it up at this rate, I should be on my way back in September. And I shall be very pleased to get back home and out of India. The temperature here throughout the day is about 100°, and we haven't reached the summer yet. I'm just beginning to realise what it's going to be like.

I'm afraid I've gct stuck for words so I had best close this letter.

Wishing everyone at the factory all the best of luck,

Yours truly,

L. PARSLow.

UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.

This is a farewell note, just a short paragraph. I am returning North to a more advantageous position which is much nearer home. so the time has come (as the Walrus said) to say cheerio.

It is never easy saying good-bye, and in South Wales this is difficult, to me at least, as I have made good friends down here.

Ambition leads me on and when my object has been achieved I beg of you to allow me to return and see you all again. I have thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the brief period I spent here and may I extend my sincere thanks to you all, who showed such friendliness to a "foreigner" from "oop Narth."

Trevelyan H. Beard.

14697947, Pte. Luke, J.B.,
 A. Coy., 2nd Dorsets,
 British Commonwealth Occupation Force.

Dear Friends,

Just a few lines to thank you all for the P.O which I received to-day. It was sent on January 16th to the 10th Glosters, at which date I was in England and in the 2nd Dorsets, which would I think explain the fact that it took four months to reach here.

You'll probably be surprised to hear that I am now in Japan. It's quite a nice country with a climate much the same as England. In about a month's time we are off to do a spell of duty as the first British Battalion to do guard at the Mikado's Imperial Palace at Tokyo.

So you see I am getting around a bit.

Well I'm afraid I must close now, thanking you once again.

Yours truly,

J. B. LUKE.

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

"Beachside,"

Porthcawl,

S. Wales.

7/6/46.

Dear Mr. Engel,

I am delighted with "Punch and Die" and congratulate all concerned with an up-to-date production of great value.

With kindest personal regards,

Yours very sincerely,

Thomas G. Jones,

J. Schlachter, 26711,
 Group "E.,"
 Civil Censorship Division,
 A.P.O. 154, U.S. Army (Local).

I was very pleased to receive your letter and the last issue of "Punch and Die."

I spent last week-end in Baden-Baden in the French zone. On the way back I drove my jeep into a truck coming the other way, and had to have five stitches put in my tongue in hospital. I bit a few large sized holes into it you see. I also knocked the skin off both my knees, and have a few abrasions on my face. I've been given a week's sick leave, but since my tongue prevents me eating any but liquid foods, I'm not enjoying it as much as I might.

Did I tell you I'd been transferred to Karlsruhe? It's quite nice here, although it is rather bombed. We have just a small field station here, 14 of us and all live in one house (two doors, one male, one female).

I'll write again as soon as I have some more news, but I don't seem to have any more right now.

All the best, from JOE.

P.S.—I almost posted this without giving you the "low-down" on the food position here. Well, the people DON'T starve. They are very short of bread and we do quite a bit of 'paying' for services with bread, although, of course, cigarettes are still the best currency. Otherwise they get just enough to keep them going.

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS. Inter-Office Communication.

Our Ref. JK/SA.
 Your Ref.
 Mr. E. Engel,
 Cardiff.

London, 4th June, 1946.

Dear Mr. Engel.

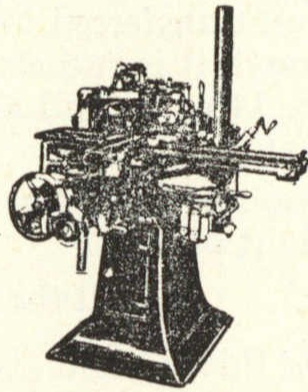
I am pleasantly surprised with the success of our factory. Everything developed much better than I ever dared to hope.

Our Magazine "Punch and Die" has improved considerably and I enjoyed reading the last issue.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

J. Koppel.



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