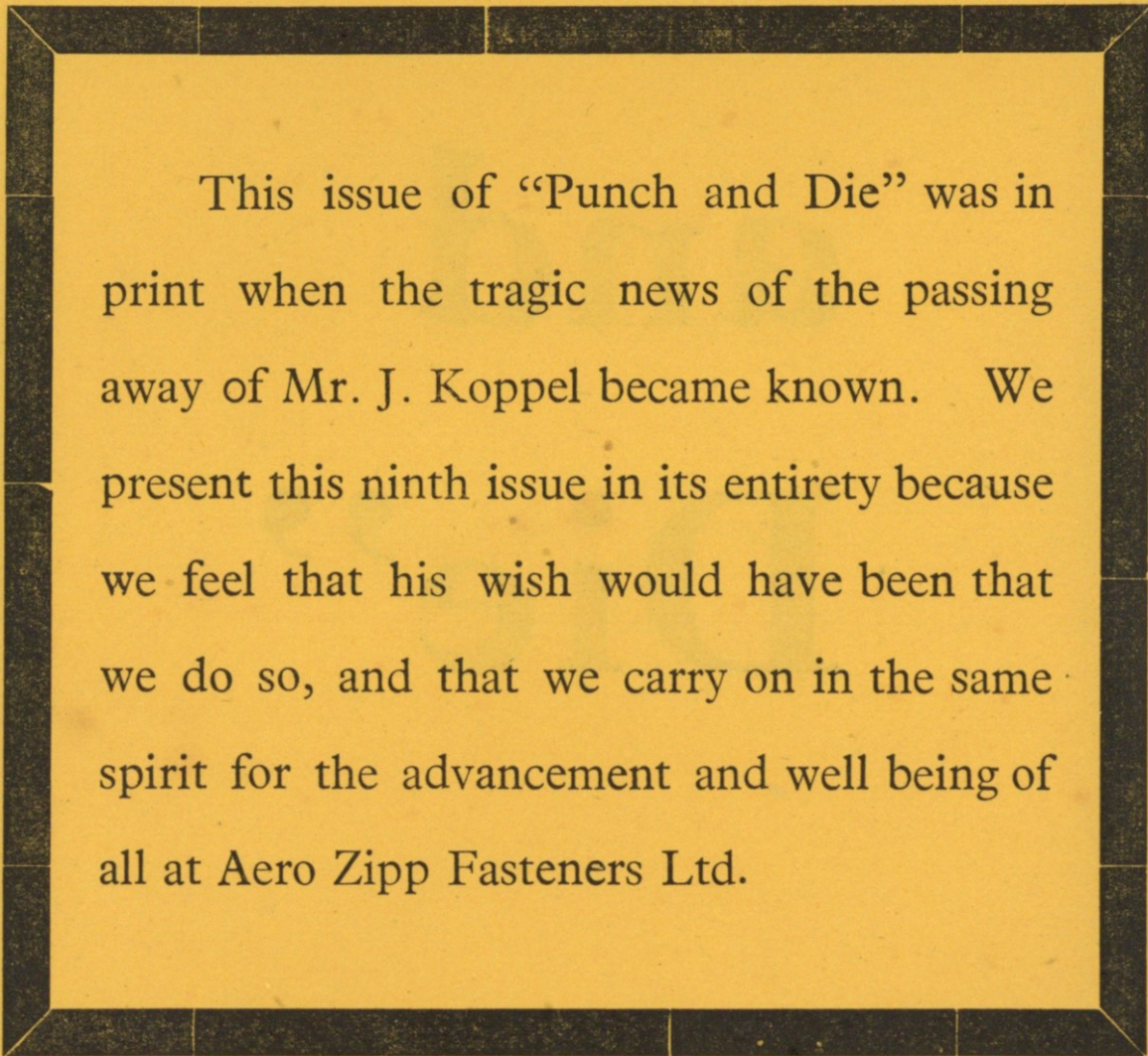


**“Punch  
and  
Die”**

**Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.**



This issue of "Punch and Die" was in print when the tragic news of the passing away of Mr. J. Koppel became known. We present this ninth issue in its entirety because we feel that his wish would have been that we do so, and that we carry on in the same spirit for the advancement and well being of all at Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.

August

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.

1946

## EDITORIAL.

Unheralded and unsung the first birthday of “Punch and Die” has just gone by. Yes, “Punch and Die” has now been in existence one whole year, and as no baskets of flowers, no telegrams of congratulation, no bouquets, greeted this happy event, there is but left for us to solemnly wish ourselves a very happy birthday !

With your indulgence we should like to glance back over our shoulder at the road we have covered in our year’s journey. “Punch and Die” was the “baby” of Mr. H. W. Samolewitz, now in the U.S.A. With his help, understanding and support, “Punch and Die” came into existence. This existence was indeed a tremulous one, for contributions were few and far between, with successive editors wearing out the knees of their trousers to keep “Punch and Die” going.

Slowly but steadily we gained and are gaining in experience and understanding as to the needs and requirements of a works magazine ; slowly but steadily we proved how wrong were those inevitable pessimists who predicted an early demise of such a foolhardy venture !

There is something that we have as yet not found or discovered on our journey, and that is the anaesthetic which would enable us to extract contributions from you painlessly and easily as a dentist does teeth ! That anaesthetic we hope will be your birthday present to us for the next and future issues.

In our year’s journey we have discovered a small but loyal band of stout-hearted folk, who have become the back-bone of “Punch and Die” and though we know that at times they rue the day when editors and “Punch and Die” were born ! they time and time again good naturedly bring forth their contributions.

The planning of a human being is indeed a wondrous thing. The structure of the human body, it will be seen, makes it impossible for anyone to pat oneself well and truly on the back.

Thus with “Punch and Die” No. 1 and the prototype of No. IX before us as we write, we should simply like to say :—We have

done our best, we feel satisfied with the progress we have made up to the present and we shall do our best in the future.

In a few days Aero Zippers will be scattered from Land's End to John O' Groats enjoying the August Holidays. Wherever you find yourselves we sincerely wish you all a grand time, a veritable heat wave of good weather and GWYLIAU HAPUS ! HAPPY HOLIDAY !

D. D. STONE.  
W. F. HENSON.

With this short note I wish to convey my personal and sincere wishes to each one of you for a very happy August Holiday. I should also like to thank everyone for their splendid co-operation and conscientious efforts, which have proved themselves so conclusively these last few months by the practical results we have gained for the betterment of our factory.

E. ENGEL,  
*Works Manager.*

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### EFFICIENCY.

None of us have much time to spare for reading the newspapers as fully as perhaps we ought, or for listening to the more serious items of interest broadcast for us on the wireless ; so it would not be surprising if some of you have failed to notice the items I want to draw your attention to just now.

It may not have come to your notice, for instance, that the Board of Trade has instituted an efficiency department, the object of which is of course to assist the various industries to secure the maximum output. This is one sign we have of the government's determination to assist in a drive for greater production.

Recently, the engineering union laid a proposal before the Minister of Supply, which, whether it is accepted or not, shows us the outline of things to come. The union proposed the setting up of an advisory board for industry. It might be worth while to quote the proposed principal functions this board would have :—

- 1.—To assist the ministry to lay down priorities.
- 2.—To suggest ways of assisting the national economic policy.
- 3.—To advise the Minister on the means of **improving technical efficiency and lowering costs of production.**

Now it is from items like these that we can see on what our

future depends. Clearly, efficiency is the order of the day. Goods have to be produced for home consumption and for export as well, as quickly, and in as large a quantity as is humanly possible. That way we can shorten the road to national prosperity—and that means our own personal prosperity as well.

Now this is all very nice indeed : what a pleasant picture it gives us of a nation working like a hive of bees, and filling the comb with golden honey ! It is kind indeed of the Board of Trade to give us that helpful efficiency department and it is awfully thoughtful of the engineering union to plan that board which will make everything easy for the Ministry of Supply and do so much to smooth the industrial highway.

So far, so good. But let us pause a moment to see why it is that the government departments and the unions are taking all this trouble. You will realise at once if you think for a moment that they are taking it because it is necessary, not because they want to fix up something that will look pleasant when you read about it in your daily paper. It is necessary for the future of Great Britain.

Perhaps it is a little difficult for us to make a picture to ourselves of the whole of British Industry, but what we **can** see of it is the part that immediately concerns us, the Aero-Zipp. We, for our part, have been busy improving technical efficiency and lowering costs of production. Our improvements have been necessary to enable us to keep pace with the developments of other manufacturers, the lowering of our costs of production have enabled us to pay you a fair rate of wages. And with both these essential activities we are still going on—still improving, still lowering our costs.

Now this too is very nice. Anyone would rather work in a factory where improvements are being made, and prospects of a fair wage held out than in one which made little or no progress and seemed to have not much to offer.

The only point that must not escape your notice is this : that the whole drive for efficiency and increased production, for lowered costs and as a result of that, better wages—the drive that the firm is making and the nation wide drive sponsored by the government itself—would be so much drivel and nonsense, without the active co-operation of the workers themselves.

E. ENGEL,

*Works Manager.*

## TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

**Personnel Management** has been taken over by Mr. Hart, and all employees are requested to contact him on personal matters as they arise.

**Machine Room.** In order to cope with the constantly growing demands of the Machine Room and to achieve a more constant output, Mr. Hans Lesser has been put in charge of the department. We hope that everyone concerned will co-operate to the utmost.

**Development.** Mr. Johnson has taken over the development and tooling up of the open-end to comply with the growing demand of our customers for this type of fastener.

Mr. Randall has started on the covered zipp fasteners.

Mr. Bullock has started on the Aluminium fastener development.

Mr. Harding is investigating the new plastic fastener.

Mr. Meitner will re-design the testing equipment and also improve on the technical equipment in the Finishing Room.

While up to now the immediate necessities for an increase in production have compelled us to concentrate on new buildings, the question of development has had to be rather neglected, but it will now be taken up more and more.

I take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ritschel for his valuable services he rendered to Aero Zipp. He started with us in the early days of our firm and whatever duty was assigned to him was carried out conscientiously and with expert skill. However, Mr. Ritschel made up his mind to start on his own and to leave the firm. I wish him every luck and success in his new enterprise.

E. ENGEL,

*Works Manager.*

## ZIPP FASTENERS.

When a historian has to write about the past he first of all collects the evidence of all that has happened. He compiles every little piece of information forthcoming from any source, and then writes his history. Now I am not a historian ; I can

only put two and two together and make a story out of it.

My story tells of a little article, one of the thousands of articles which make life a little easier and give us a little more comfort. I told you of the beginnings of the Zipp Fastener in the last issue of "Punch and Die." : how, like ants our inventors worked for thirty years, independently from each other ; how little by little they piled up ideas ; how one of them, Sundback, succeeded in starting to manufacture.

Sundback's firm, the Hookless Fastener Corporation, later became the Talon Fastener Corporation. It prospered, protected by patent rights, and we can see from the patent files how they endeavoured to develop their methods still further. The principle was theirs, but the methods of manufacture had to be improved upon. They tried every possible way : Blanking the fastener members out of strip, bending a wire like a staple and clamping it on to the tape, and so on, until they reached what seemed to them a satisfactory solution. They rolled or extruded a U-section, from which they sliced their fastener members one by one and clamped them on to the tape. They had to design dozens of machines before they had one really working. The business flourished ; the fasteners sold like hot cakes.

However, patents protect the inventor only for a certain time, which varies according to the country—in Great Britain for sixteen years—and surely enough, , at the end of the twenties we see a few other firms already starting up to join in the race for the market. Hookless was of course at an advantage : they had their experience in manufacture ; they had their established market. But the demand for fasteners was rapidly growing, the price was high, and in consequence more and more inventors and designers tried to find methods of manufacture different from those patented, and more and more firms started on zipp.

It would be going too far to tell you in detail the next developments, because it would fill volumes. There are now quite a few hundred firms in the world producing zipp fasteners. Their methods vary : there are zipp fasteners produced by blanking, by rolling, by die-casting, by injection moulding, formed from wire, from strip, from sections and so on. Many different materials are used ; brass, nickel-silver, aluminium, steel, copper, and all kinds of plastics. There are plated-,lacquered-,anodised-covered-fasteners serving many different purposes ; there are fasteners for the finest evening dress, and fasteners for canvas tents. The zipp fastener has conquered the world, and has become an article which is not any longer considered as a luxury but as a necessity for many industries. People take it more and

more for granted that certain garments, leather goods and so on should be furnished with a zipp fastener.

The Talon Fastener Corporation is still the biggest firm producing zipp, but the field has closed in. The competitive strength of the other firms has increased ; they have gained experience and advanced their methods. Another thirty years have passed since the principle of the zipp fastener came to light ; and that is a long time in the technical world.

I am sure you are wondering how the Aero Zipp went on in the race. We all feel the need for our factory to be in the forefront ; after all, we want to see that we are not left behind in the development. We all want to have a future prospect.

Next time, then, let me tell you about the Aero Zipp.

We have pleasure in publishing the following letter from Mr. M. M. Wagner.

17/7/46.

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

Having travelled around the country, I have had the experience of visiting a few factories where the workpeople have organised concerts on similar lines to the one held in our Canteen today. I thus feel I am in a position to state that in my opinion the concert in question was the best that I have attended.

I wish to personally congratulate the artistes and everyone concerned for their splendid and most enjoyable performance.

Yours & etc.,

M. M. Wagner.

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### THE QUESTIONNAIRE.

Once more we thank you for your good response to the July Questionnaire, and below are your summarised replies, together with more detailed information and the Management's reply to subjects of interest.

1.—Your choice of the place for the outing this year was



Weston-Super-Mare with 90 votes. Ilfracombe came next with 62 votes, Wye Valley with 11 and Porthcawl with 3.

2.—Family Outing for Employees : 86 were interested, and six otherwise.

3.—The Canteen enquiry brought these replies.

(a) More green vegetables	....	32
(b) More potatoes	....	43
(c) More gravy....	....	26
(d) More cold dishes	....	63

Mr. Robinson, the Canteen Manager, replies thus :—

(a) We hope to serve a better variety now that green vegetables are more plentiful : viz., carrots, turnips, beans, etc.

(b) Now that potatoes are also getting more plentiful I intend to try out a system in common practise in the North viz. : a large dish of potatoes on a table on the 'help yourself' idea (this would be in addition, of course, to potatoes already served with the dinner).

(c) A plentiful supply of gravy is always available on request at the serving-counter.

(d) Now that summer is here and salads easier to obtain, I am going to try one cold dish a week—this could always be increased if necessary. Finally, please remember that 'more of anything' always depends upon the supply position. As long as I can get plentiful supplies of vegetables, etc. that I know you want, I shall make it my business to see that you get them.

4.—Is the noise in your department interfering with the efficiency of your Work ? YES, 56. NO, 48.

The Management say : In the new factory layout, the Finishing Room is well separated from the Machine Room, which should eliminate most of the noise in this Department. As regards the Machine Room, methods are being studied whereby the vibration and noise of the assembly machines, etc. can be controlled and reduced.

5.—The Breaks.

105 were satisfied. 39 were not satisfied.

An interesting point here was that most of the Slider Dept. requested a change of dinner break to 1 p.m.—1.30 p.m.

The Management reply :—It may be necessary when the time comes to move into the new factory that the dinner break be split into two, e.g., 12-30 to 1-0 p.m. and 1-0 p.m. to 1-30 p.m. More detailed information will be given if and when this position arises.

6.—Do you agree with 'What are we working for?'  
Yes, 76. No, 2.

Here one of our girls replied 'short and sweetly' to 'What are we working for,' giving the answer "FRIDAY NIGHT!"

7.—The reduction of wastage by  
(a) better supervision .... 27.  
(b) Explaining to employees how careless work reduces earnings .... 46.

The Management say : We shall do all we can to comply with the majority request.

Further questions and comments :

All questions and replies under the social category, i.e., Works Outing, Family Outing, Date of the next Dance, Date of Outing, etc. have been passed on to the Secretary of the Social and Welfare Committee. 'The Social Club Reports' gives you further information on these subjects.

The lacquering department wanted to know if a Time-clock could be installed there.

The Management reply : This is allowed for in the plans of the new factory and the clock will be installed then when the new factory is taken over and general arrangements made. The same reply can be taken for the request for a bicycle shed--provision is also made for this in the new factory.

One person asked for more detailed information as regards the future layout of the factory, and the management say :—All suggestions and enquiries are welcome **now** by Mr. R. Kinnersley-Haddock, who will be pleased to receive any suggestions or give detailed information at any time.

As a tailpiece it was noticed that the Finishing Room girls asked 'en masse' for more of everything in the way of Canteen Dinners !—we're still wondering why !

Inside this issue of 'Punch and Die' is another Questionnaire—please give us your help by filling them out and posting them **before** the August Holidays.

THE EDITORS.

## OUR COLUMN IX.

Hello Everyone,

The Summer Annual Holidays are once again on our doorstep, and no doubt once again the usual announcement will go out over the inter-com.—“Have a good time you lucky people, and don't forget to be back on the dot a week Tuesday, or else.....”

Which reminds me of the old story “What are you doing tonight, Miss Lovejoy,” said the Works Manager to his secretary, “Nothing at all, Sir,” said she with that demure ‘this is so sudden’ look—“then go to bed early and be in at eight o'clock in the morning for a change,” thundered the W.M.

The most outstanding technical achievement since Whitsun, I understand, is the scrap-cutter developed by that old maestro, Maximilian (what's a drawing ?) Salamon. Working on an old farming principle the Maxi-cutter, as it has been nicknamed, chops off the brass neatly into small lengths as it exudes from the press, and ties them into neat sheave-like bundles ready for collection. Mr. Salamon, ingenious as ever, is at present working on a follow-up idea. The brass bundles will drop into a greased shute and thence into a Heath-Robinson contraption, the details of which being still on the official secrets list, I am as yet not at liberty to publish. Here the brass will be smelted, cold drawn into strips and re-fed back into the press. The process, when completely developed, Mr. Salamon informs me, will eliminate scrap entirely.....once again Aero Zipp will be in the forefront with the nearest approach to perpetual motion yet attained in the twentieth century.....

All sorts of fantastic stories have been floating around concerning the super equipment to be lavished on the Inspection Dept. of the new Factory. An epidiascope or magnifying machine is said to have been ordered that will magnify a baby tooth to the size of a baby elephant. 'Tis said that the operators of the tooth press department will be holding a mass protest meeting against what they call “unfair and unsportsmanlike tactics of the opposition.” In an interview with our reporter, Mr. Walter Nilsen, chairman of the ‘Toothpressers’ Union’ stated “We shall do everything in our power to put a stop to these new fangled ideas ; our nerves will not stand Inspection giving tolerances of plus or minus two molecules on our teeth”.....I also hear that sample teeth will be delivered from the presses to the Inspection Dept. in jet-propelled overhead rockets. The Management have been fortunate in obtaining a quantity of second-hand Wall's Ice-Cream Barrows, and Inspectors wearing white coats will ride

round the works on specified routes, with the familiar cry of "Stop me and Check one" .....

The Social and Welfare Committee held its last meeting on June 20th, 1946. Mr. R. Kinnersley-Haddock and Mr. G. Hart were present as co-opted members, and an invitation was extended to the editors of "Punch and Die" to be present, with the creditable idea that liason be kept between all branches of Aero Zipp Social life. Lunch time concerts, as requested by so many of you in the "Punch and Die" questionnaire, were discussed. An invitation was extended to Mr. D. D. Stone and Mr. W. F. Henson representing the magazine, and Mr. B. Weinberger representing the Social and Welfare Committee, to get these concerts going. At present these three people are busy arranging the first concert, to be held on Wednesday, July 17th. By the time this copy reaches you the concert will have of course taken place.

Sincerest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Karl Nossek on their marriage, June 8th, 1946.....and in June also came the pleasant news of the marriage of Mr. Roy Hartnell, of the Jig and Tool Dept. now in the R.A.S.C.

You will all be pleased to hear that Miss Myra Dare of the Machine Room, who has unfortunately been seriously ill these last few months, is well on the way to full recovery.

Well ! Well ! Well ! .....who was the lady attached to the office staff who was seen to leave the factory one Friday afternoon in a luxurious limousine ? As the car glided away it was seen that the lady in question was wearing a big smile and her smartest 'turnout' .....Ain't Love Grand !.....

Here's another one for your note book; definition of repartee.... what you think of as you slowly close the door of Mr. Engel's office and walk down the corridor.....

The B.B.C. has offered a substantial sum for the copyright of "The Mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine." It is believed that it is wanted for inclusion in the 'Appointment with Fear' series. The offer is being considered by the notorious author of the mystery, Prunetius Prumus. It can now be revealed that the mysterious bloodcurdling screams and groans coming from the direction of a certain office 'across the road' are indications that another instalment is in preparation. Many have been the whisperings about the mysterious author. It has been rumoured that he stalks through the factory dressed in a black sombrero and long flowing black cloak. This I cannot affirm or deny, but I have the author's emphatic and personal denial to the rumour that he is a relation of Pierrepoint.

My next trick will be the impossible !

I hear that a foreman of one department is busy writing 'good,' 'creditable,' 'not so good' and 'lousy' at the bottom of the toolmakers' work sheets.....another holds classes for the instruction of employees as regards assembly machine maintenance ..... "Now boys," said the instructor, "on the blackboard I have written a problem dealing with assembly machine maintenance. Watch the board carefully while I go through it."

The Reclaiming Department hereby warns all offenders that it will take severe measures against anyone heard referring to the aforesaid department as 'The Rag and Bone Department.' A notice posted in the factory, no doubt by people with a distorted sense of humour, to the effect that a Jumble Sale will be held each Saturday at 12-30, is unofficial and without the sanction of the Management.

Congratulations to Mr. Bill Price, the popular Jig and Tool Room turner, on being chosen as a delegate to the 'Workingman's Clubs of Great Britain' Congress held in Cardiff, 6/7/46. I'm wondering if there's any connection between the fact that Bill is an expert on 'eccentric' turning jobs and that the main topic of discussion at the meeting was "Beer—the supply and/or lack thereof !"

The affairs of the new factory having been passed over to Mr. R. Kinnersley-Haddock, he is now busy taking inventories of timber, etc. available in the old factory for the new. An inventory of the office now occupied by his good self has come my way, and here it is :—"One steel cupboard, containing sample zipps, and commonly known as the 'Chamber of Horrors ; ' one steel filing cabinet ; one comfortable (very) armchair ; one stout oak desk ; one bottle of scotch in the drawer of desk; one half-bottle of scotch in drawer of desk ; one revolving Turkish Rug."

Two answers to enquiries.....No ! Percy (Gauge Dept.) a buttress is not a female goat. It is a projecting support to a wall. This can be more clearly illustrated by noting the positions of the staff when busy discussing affairs of the day in the Main Office Corridor.

"Workshy" of the Drawing Office wishes to know if there is a remedy for swollen feet.....What ! feet swelled too ?.....

The imminent introduction of bread rationing adds another supply worry to Mr. Robinson, our Canteen Manager, who, it is generally agreed, has done and is doing so well in his efforts to supply us with excellent meals. In an exclusive interview with

a "Punch and Die" reporter he revealed that he may be forced to put meat back into the sausage rolls.....forestalling the hollow laughter of those of you who may have heard that what is by now a rather hoary story, is the one about the canteen girl who rushed into the shop crying "I've just seen a mouse in the Canteen" —"Shut the door" said the toolmaker, heartlessly, and let it starve to death" .....

From the Canteen to the Stores.....Mr. Les Pearce, I hear, has been having considerable trouble with our Cleaners. The mislaying and mixing of coats, overalls and other apparel is causing consternation among certain members of the staff, who, indignant at the feared loss of their prized corduroys, are thinking of suing for promise of breeches.'

Late News : That cleanliness is next to godliness seems to be the motto of many Aero Zipp veterans these days. Mr. Ken Walters, pocket-sized head of the Maintenance Dept., seemed to have conferred upon himself the G.O.W.O.S.W.C. (Grand Order of the Wearing of the Spotless White Coat) and has been seen floating proudly round the factory in an eye-dazzling display of purity.

'Tis rumoured that Mr. Randall and Mr. Walters will shortly be giving us a 'Flagg and Quirt' turn in the 'Music while you Munch' programme under the sponsorship of Messrs. Persil & Co.

Would the definition of a super pessimist be the gentleman who keeps his umbrella up whilst being driven home in Mr. Harding's limousine ?

And so as another 'Our Column' ends, may I wish everyone a very happy holiday indeed.....a ten days full of sunshine, rest and happiness, and all the luck needed to get a seat on the train !

Au revoir,

LAPIS.

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### JOINING IN.

As far as I know we are not allowed to have much of a say in things if we are in prison ; if we are not satisfied with something it is just too bad for us. In the ordinary life at home, where each member of the family counts for something and is generally listened to with sympathy, he can alter things for his own or everyone's convenience.

I have got the factory in mind of course, as I write these words, and I should like to ask you which way of things do you prefer to find there, the prison way or the way you are used to at home.

I am rather glad this is an article and not a speech, because I have no cotton wool handy to plug my ears against your unanimous shout.

Well, then, we are all agreed that we would rather work in a factory that is run like a home than in one that has something like a prison organisation. Can I do it for you? The answer is, I can't do it at all: but you can do it for yourself.

Here is the simple way of it:

At the Aero Zipp consider yourself at home. Do you want to change something? Do you want to improve something? Are you in doubt about the value of something that is being done? Have you a bright idea—that is, an idea that is far better than the one put forward by me? Do as you would at home: open your mouth and speak up. The factory is your working place: it actually is your home, in a manner of speaking, for several hours a day. So it is only just and right that you should take your part in saying what should be done there, just as you do at home; what is more, it is the only way to make the best arrangements for good work and good conditions of work.

Now as we can't all talk at once, and shouldn't be heard at all if we did, we have to find some means of arranging that everyone's voice can be heard in turn, and as speedily as possible. A comparatively easy matter. We are going to have a Committee, known as the Joint Production Committee, which will serve as your voice. You tell the members of the committee and they will tell each other and the management, so that what you want can be made known, and speedily arranged for.

All that is required is for you to make yourself at home. Get clear in your own mind what is needed, speak up, and so take your part in the running of the factory, and see that what concerns you is properly attended to.

It is of course rather important, that matter of getting it clear in your own mind first. It means neither more nor less than this: that the detailed running of the factory depends in the end on each individual member of it. So if you know your own mind about what is needed for your work, we shall be that much more successful as a whole.

E.

## THE UNCEASING QUEST FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Like every other worth while occupation the organisation of a factory is a job which has no end. It is better to travel than to arrive, and with problems of organisation one has never arrived. But it is, nevertheless, highly important that we should keep on travelling ; indeed the greatest essential in a factory organisation is that however good it may be, an attitude of mind should prevail which is always seeking for some new and better way of doing things.

In the well organised factory, provision is made for this process of improvement. Improved methods and improved organisation are not the job of the management alone ; a busy factory manager, in fact, has often more than a full time job in dealing with the immediate problems of setting and maintaining his schedule on the present methods. Every brain in the factory should be mobilised to tackle difficulties, and workers should be encouraged, by some sort of rewarded suggestion scheme, to put forward their ideas for improvements. Very often the man who works at his job, day in, day out, sees some opportunity for improvement which would never be noticed by anyone not actively engaged in the work. It is extraordinary how many really useful ideas are actually forthcoming from a keen and efficient staff, if their co-operation is fully secured, and if they feel that their ideas are really welcomed.

W. F. Henson.

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My fellow-workers daily praise  
 The coming summer holidays,  
 And talk about them quite a lot  
 With eager joy—but I do not  
 I feel too deeply what I term  
 A sense of duty to the firm.  
 Through all the seasons, bright and bleak,  
 They give me wages once a week ;  
 In winter they provide the fire,  
 And food and clothing I require ;  
 And when the weeping skies complain,  
 Their roof protects me from the rain ;  
 Whene'er the northern tempest calls,  
 I find a refuge in their walls.  
 They've proved consistent friends to me—  
 Foul weather friend I'll never be,  
 And I most strenuously condemn  
 This movement to abandon them  
 Merely because the winter's past,  
 And summer has arrived at last.



Oh friends be loyal, and let no one  
 Transfer allegiance to the sun.  
 That fickle Phoebus mostly showers  
 His wealth on other climes than ours,  
 But Aero-Zipp are always true  
 And shower their gold alone on you.  
 So my proposal is, in brief,  
 That we should supplicate the chief,  
 For leave to work this holiday,  
 Without, of course, accepting pay.

But if, by chance, you don't approve  
 Of this suggestion, then I move  
 That we conspire with wind and sun,  
 To make our week a perfect one  
 Of sunburnt mirth and high delight,  
 And dances through the summer night.  
 A week of laughter, birds and flowers,  
 A rainbow week, without the showers.

ANON.

## THE PURPOSE AND AIMS OF INSPECTION.

Just as the factories of Great Britain have had to switch over from War to Peacetime requirements, so the Inspection Departments of these factories have had to re-adjust themselves to peacetime conditions, and adapt themselves to the entirely different kinds of Inspection needed for peacetime products of all descriptions.

In wartime, the utmost importance was attached to the quality of the various tools of war, from the smallest nut to the completed aero-engine, for example, with expense being no object.

Now factories once again are producing goods for the home market and export, and there enters an important new factor—Price or Cost.

For the survival of any industrial concern it is necessary that its product be not only of a high quality but also at a price competitive to or better than that of other factories manufacturing the same product.

“What is the purpose of Inspection ? ” “How does the Inspection Department of A.Z.F. intend to work ? ” are some of the questions heard often at our factory.

The policy of the Inspection Department is guided by two words—Price and Quality.

“Price” and “Quality”—these two words are the foundation stone upon which Inspection bases its purpose and aims, for like the famed Siamese twins, they are so closely intertwined that one cannot be taken without the other.

It would be possible to obtain quality by inspecting strictly, and to a high degree of standard, the finally produced zipp fasteners, sending out to the customers only the best and throwing away those failing to reach the set standard, irrespective of scrap. Meanwhile the material wasted and cost of labour used in producing the scrap zipp fasteners would so increase the cost of the good ones that they would be at a price out of reach of the working man's pocket.

It is the purpose of Inspection to see that the zipp fasteners made here are made well, by seeing to it that the components out of which they are made are also made well, from start to finish, on the principle that good work is as easy, if not easier, to make than bad work.

The best illustration of the preceding paragraphs can be given by taking, for example, a “perfect” zipp fastener, made in a “perfect” factory. Let us follow its course from birth to despatch. The brass raw material is received and accepted. The teeth are punched out, using punches, dies and tools accurately made and checked by skilled Inspectors who know exactly what and what not to let go through. The teeth being stamped are checked by continual Inspection at set times, ensuring that they are of the best possible quality. The teeth are barrelled and plated and proceed to the Machine room. Here also is found tape of high quality, combs checked for accuracy, machines kept at a high degree of accuracy and efficiency by skilled maintenance engineers advised and directed by Inspection. What happens? The machine room girl given a good machine with which to work and good quality teeth and tape, turns out good zipp fastener strips in greater quantities, thereby earning more bonus for herself and reducing the cost to the firm by increased quantity and decreased scrap. The strips go to the Finishing room, which is supplied with sliders made from accurate diecast machines, giving accurate and clean sliders. These girls in turn, given good strips and sliders work speedily and easily, again increasing, by quantity of output, the profit to the firm who reciprocate with higher wages and bonus.

It will be noticed that at every point **good tools** with which

to work, bring greater output and higher wages, and thus we have the final result :—**Good Zipp Fasteners, Reduced Selling Price,** through increased quantity and decreased scrap, and **Higher Wages** in the form of bonus returned out of the extra profits made by the firm.

Here may be heard the exclamation “What pipe dream is this? What Utopian factory is being described?”—Impossible? May the writer quote that admirable saying: “What is possible can be done immediately, what is impossible only takes a little longer.”

Inspection in the true sense of the word was started here about six months ago, in the Machine Room, in the Press Teeth Dept., etc. The difficulties of placing inspection on a product that for years existed without on the basis of quantity first, can well be imagined. Inspection has but touched the fringe of its true work. We have but started on the slight gradient that leads to the sheer sides of the mountain. To reach the summit is indeed an arduous task. There are a thousand and one difficulties to be reached and overcome one by one. We have at least started the journey.

When the Inspection Department has gained the confidence of the work people to the full, when A.Z.F. turn out a zipp fastener competitive to any other for price, and of a quality of which we can be proud, when our work people take a pride in turning out good work, when the standard of wages, and consequently standard of living, is on a far higher level, then the summit will have been reached and the Purpose and Aims of Inspection fulfilled.

Inspection is an irrevocable part of factory life. It is there to help, to guide, to advise and not to hinder. It is its duty to guide the workpeople along the road of good workmanship and consequently higher wages. Good workmanship and higher wages are two of the roots of the tree of Social Security. The Inspection Department of any factory that does not achieve these two objectives has failed in its duty.

D. D. STONE.

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### WHAT I THINK.

It wasn't raining—at least, not so very much, so I set out for a short walk, and the old bitch followed me. Behind her trotted one of her pups. The old bitch glanced round out of the corner

of her eye at the tiresome youngster, and disappeared through a hedge. The pup halted dubiously, hesitated, and turned back. I must say I felt rather disappointed that I should have to lose my companion, who seemed so obviously set on a romp of her own, after rabbits, perhaps, or some other game. I turned the bend of the lane. Well ! well ! There she was, the sly old creature, trotting quietly along in front of me, secure, by her simple trick, from the frisking and teasing of her young one for half an hour.

I thought : that was thinking, wasn't it ? That old bitch knew what she wanted, she knew it, and what was far more important, she could use her brain to achieve it. Did she bother what I thought about her treatment of her pup ? Did she bother even what the pup himself thought about it ? Not a whit.

I thought : it is better to be a dog, and use your brain than to be some humans who only know how to repeat what others say, to copy what others do. If a dog could have opinions—and perhaps they have, for aught I know—what opinions they would be ! How clear and decided, and how utterly their own.

I thought : if a dog, why not us ? Because it is no good telling me the majority of us humans think things out for ourselves. We don't. We like to keep what we call an open mind—which means only an empty mind—waiting to hear what somebody else thinks so that we know what we can think ourselves. So that we can be nice and safe, so that nobody will laugh at us. Even if it is only a question of what the weather may be like later on today, we feel so much more at ease when we find someone else besides ourselves thinks it is going to rain. At our next encounter, we can announce more loudly our fears of a wet afternoon.

And so it goes on all day, all week, all through our lives if we don't prod or jerk or kick ourselves out of it.

What do you think of the situation in India, Palestine, Egypt, Germany ? On the land ? In the mines ? Here in the Aero-Zipp ?

Just a minute. Before I answer that I must ask Phyllis, Mr. Jones-Smithson, glance at the newspaper and then I'll 'ave to ask me dad.

In the end, nobody will think at all, I thought, and then it will be time for the dogs to rule the world: this old bitch, here, and all her kind. Why not, if she can think for herself, and we have all forgotten how, just because we were so afraid we might not think quite the same as the fellow next door, or the girl on the

the next bench.

So I kicked a stone along, and I wondered, while the old bitch trotted in front to warn me if she heard a lorry coming round the bend of a narrow lane. I wondered if perhaps that wasn't what was mainly wrong with the world today, just that fear we all have of doing a bit of thinking, real thinking, for ourselves. It's not much good if one of us, here and there, bothers himself to get his own opinion of the facts he reads and hears about, while all the rest, you and I and Phyllis, and Mr. Jones-Smithson, and even dad, and the fellow next door, keep our minds empty, like pitchers waiting to be filled by whatever opinion we happen to light upon all ready made. Because, it's just ourselves, the small fry, the little men and women all over the world, who can shape the things to come. If we remain those empty vessels, we shall be filled speedily enough, but with what? Perhaps with nonsense, dangerous nonsense, perhaps even, as the German people were, with villainy.

But if we cannot be filled from outside, because we are already filled with our own thoughts, then we are strong, and we shall by our sheer numbers, sway the future of the world.

I am ready to wager my last half-penny, I thought, I am even ready to wager my last few clothing coupons, that there is in the very least of us, after all, rather more thinking ability than in that old bitch, and even she has enough for her needs. Well, then, we ought to use it, and give others a piece of our minds when we open our mouths, and not a hotch-potch of pieces of other peoples' who are perhaps after all, not one whit wiser than ourselves.

MARIE.

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### THE HOLIDAYS.

The holidays are drawing near,  
 And as I thought I'd like to hear  
 The way in which my friends this year  
 Will spend this long vacation ;  
 I took last Friday morning free,  
 And wandered round the factory,  
 And asked them to confide in me  
 Their plans—for publication.

"With rod and line" said Mr. Church,  
 "The kingdom's rivers I shall search  
 For stickleback and pike and perch,  
 For kipper and for whiting ;

The bloater I shall not despise,  
 And for the trout I've bought some flies,  
 All guaranteed to hypnotise  
 The fishes into biting."

Said Mr. Wagner : " I shall play  
 At Bridge throughout the night and day—  
 I very seldom have to pay,  
 The rest are far behind me ;  
 I may spend half a day afloat,  
 If someone trusts me with a boat,  
 But you can bet your bottom groat,  
 Upon the Bridge you'll find me."

And Mr. Engel said he'd spend  
 His time in seeking to attend  
 The wants of each four-footed friend  
 Which he is fond of keeping ;  
 Up with the lark each dewy morn,  
 To milk the cow with the crumpled horn,  
 And shear the sheep and thresh the corn,  
 While I shall still be sleeping.

Said Mr. Bryant : "Well, I plan  
 To buy some music, if I can,  
 Of Kreisler, Busch and Hubermann,  
 And try to emulate it ;  
 I know I'm not as good as they,  
 But still I practise every day,  
 And quite enjoy the way I play,  
 Although my neighbours hate it.

And Mr. Johnson will be found  
 Upon his plot of garden ground,  
 Squirting the D.D.T. around  
 To make his turnips fatter ;  
 The staff will sleep till evening comes ;  
 While our two editorial chums  
 Will edit script and twiddle thumbs—  
 But mostly just the latter.

And thus I find that all of you  
 Visit fresh woods and pastures new.  
 But I alas, have work to do,  
 And deeply I resent it ;  
 But Mr. Stone has said that I  
 Must write a bit for "Punch and Die."  
 Or he would know the reason why—  
 And I am sure he meant it.

## THE SOCIAL CLUB REPORTS.

Firstly, on behalf of the Social & Welfare Committee which includes Mr. Randall, Mr. Evans, Mr. Morris, Mr. Martin, Mrs. M. Williams, Mr. Haddock, Mr. Hart, Mr. Weinberger and myself, I would like to wish you all a very happy holiday with glorious weather.

**Re Outing.** As you know, the result of the questionnaires decided that we should go to Weston for our Works outing this year. We are now working along these lines and hope to fix up for lunch and tea with a dance if possible. Nothing definite can be said yet, but as soon as everything is fixed and final, we shall not fail to let you know.

**Re Dance.** A number of employees requested a further dance to be held before the annual holiday. However, with the weather being so warm and various people already on holiday which would mean even fewer men, we have decided to leave the dance until afterwards, let's say, beginning of September or sometime during the month. For those who wanted the dance, I am sorry, but you will understand the circumstances.

**Family Outing.** A meeting of the Social Club Committee will be called to fully discuss this matter and as soon as a definite date is fixed we shall let you know.

**Re Works Concert.** The result of the first, you already know. Future ones are in the hands of Mr. B. Weinberger, Mr. D. Stone and Mr. W. F. Henson and it is hoped that we shall find enough talent amongst you to keep these concerts going. If you think you can do anything at all in the way of entertaining, please come forward in good numbers.

L. Roberts, Secretary.

EXTRACT FROM "BRITAIN GETS GOING AGAIN"  
by the Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P.

### THE KEY TO MADNESS OR SANITY.

I think we in Britain, more than any other people, hold the key to the question whether the world in future is going to be mad or sane. Other peoples have learned to respect our common-sense and fairness and our capacity to find practical compromises. The whole world is facing the dilemma between order without freedom and liberty with chaos. If we can show how to combine order with liberty, we will have invented something as revolu-

tionary as some of the previous social inventions which we have given the world, such as our parliamentary system, trade unionism and the Commonwealth of self-governing peoples. We alone of the major Powers are launched on an experiment of far-reaching planning with full individual freedom. Logically, you can easily prove that it cannot be done, but we in this country have never been deterred by logical objections. The questions we ask are : Is it fair, and will it work ? It will work if we keep our heads, think out our problems and look ahead, all understand what we are doing and how our individual effort fits into the big national effort, and then all pull together. Sometimes we may be defeated in our efforts just as we had to face defeats early in the war or more lately in fighting world famine. As before, we shall learn our lesson and turn defeat into victory in the next round.

If from one standpoint you are the people who decide the requirements, from another you are equally the people who fulfil them. Don't be taken in by labels such as 'the state' and 'industry' and 'nationalisation.' In themselves and of themselves they mean little. Whether these things work, whether they give us what we all so firmly desire and do well deserve, all depends on the sum of what each one of us does. Let us increase our national income—or, in other words, the goods and services which make it up—as fast as we can. Let us expand exports so that we can bring more good things in as imports from overseas. But let us remember all the time that the key to these things is not kept in some safe in Whitehall. The key is just people doing things together—things that are fair and decent and make common-sense. If we look after it everything else will follow ; if we do not, all the other efforts we can make will, in the long run, be futile. So let us produce all we can, confident that the fruits of our labour will be ours, and that extra effort now means better living sooner.

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### **"ALICE IN THE FACTORY."—Continued.**

Alice ran along to the cloakroom to fetch a jig-saw puzzle that she remembered to have seen lying in a corner while she was hanging up her hat and coat. She hurried along as fast as she could because she did not want to offend the chargehand still more than she had done already.

When she came back with the puzzle safely tucked under her arm, she found the charge-hand standing in the middle of the department waving a large handkerchief in one hand.

"Come along, come along ! What a time you have been !" she exclaimed. "Here, put this on."



She twirled Alice round so swiftly that she wondered if they were going to start some sort of country dance ; "But if we are, it will be awfully difficult for me to follow the steps," Alice thought, for the charge-hand had bound the handkerchief round Alice's eyes and tied it behind her head. "No," she corrected herself, "it is going to be blind-man's buff. What queer things they do here ! Well, I'm not going to worry **this** time," she added aloud. "I've done this heaps of times at Christmas, so I know just what I have to do."

"Then you must forget it as quickly as you can," snapped the charge-hand, pulling the handkerchief very tight. "Everything in the department you are going to is done differently every time, so the less you think you know about it, the better. Then you can't make any mistakes. **See** ?

The last word was hissed so loudly in Alice's ear that she was glad of the handkerchief. She took hold of the charge-hand's arm and found herself immediately being dragged along at a terrifying speed.

"Stop, stop, please," she begged. "I shall fall in a minute."

The charge-hand took no notice. In fact it seemed to Alice that she tugged even harder.

"Can't stop till we get there ! " she yelled. "We're going through the maze now, and if I stop for a single instant, I might forget which turning to take.

"Maze ! " said Alice, "Are we going through a maze ? Oh, how I should love to see it ! "

"Well, you can't, you know."

"If you please," said Alice, as politely as she could, which was difficult at the speed they were going, "I should like to know why not ? "

"Because then you might know the way back," said the hand in a gruff voice. "Now, no more questions, or I shan't take you there at all."

"Take me where—? " Alice began. She clapped her free hand hastily over her mouth, but it was too late. The charge-hand let go of her at once, and Alice fell to the ground with a painful flop. She could hear the charge-hand's voice fading away rapidly as she called out "Goodbye" in a mournful voice.

Alice rubbed herself till she felt better, and then set about trying to take the bandage from her eyes. While she was doing this she heard shuffling footsteps approaching.

"Oh dear," she said. "I wonder who this is ? I hope it's somebody kind and nice, who will tell me how to get there."

But even as she spoke she realised with dismay that she still did not know where the charge-hand had been taking her.

She had no time to wonder any more, however, for a voice remarked, suddenly, "Ah, my dear little lady, I see you are on your way to the plastics department. Pray take my arm."

"But, if you please, sir, I can't see where you are, so how can I do that?"

"Dear, dear, of course you can't—of course you can't. Allow me."

Alice felt a tug behind her head, and the handkerchief fell off. She found herself in a narrow corridor which appeared to end a few yards further on in a sort of tiny box. Beside her stood the tallest man.

"Oh, it's you again," said Alice, relieved to see that it was someone she knew. "How did you know I was going to the plastics department, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Because of the jig-saw puzzle under your arm," he explained with a very kind smile. Alice was quite surprised to find that it was still there.

"How are you getting along?" enquired the tallest man very kindly, taking her arm. "Do you think the factory is improving?"

"Very nicely thank you, said Alice, trying hard to say what she thought would please the tallest man best. "And the factory is getting along very well, I think."

The tallest man looked dejected.

"I knew you would say that," he said gloomily. "Nobody ever tells me the truth, you know. Nobody."

"Don't they?" said Alice, surprised. "Why not?"

"Because they think it might upset me, you know," he explained. He took a clean white handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped away a tear. "Never mind," he said bravely.

"Let's get on, or you will be too late to get started. We don't do anything in this department after sunset, you know."

"It's nearly that] now," said Alice, taking an anxious glance out of a window as they passed along. "Why don't you?"

"Because we should never be able to see to match the colours, you know, and that would never do. The zip and the tape have to demi-harmonise, you know."

"Demi—demi—**what**?" said Alice, puzzled at the new word.

"Do you learn music?" said the tallest man, leaning over Alice and whispering confidentially.

"I used to have piano lessons, before I left school;" she said eagerly. "I learned to play quite a lot of things, you know, such as Blue Bells of Scotland, and the Blue Danube and the Rhapsody in Blue, and—"

"Then you must play them all in our band some day," he said with an air of finality.

They walked along in silence for a while, and then the tallest man said suddenly, "Here you are. And it means as nearly as possible, you know, as nearly as possible."

Alice was just working out what he meant, when a very

large person in a full black skirt and a blouse of many colours came towards her.

"What do you want ? " she demanded. "We're full up here, you know."

"If you please," said Alice, "I've been sent on from the machine room."

"Start right away, then," bellowed the charge-hand, "And mind you mind your 'p's' and 'q's'—all of them. Brought your jig-saw ? "

"Yes," said Alice eagerly. "At least, I brought it so far, but I'm afraid I must have lost it on the way." The puzzle was nowhere to be seen.

"It doesn't matter," said the charge-hand. "You can do some sticking instead."

She led the way to an enormous bench on which was a pile of bright-coloured strips of plastic all jumbled together. Alice thought how pretty they looked with the sun shining on them.

"You'd better sort them out first, I suppose," said the charge-hand, wearily. "Blue here, green there, and so on. Get along with it, now."

Alice wondered when the sticking would come into it ; but as she could see that it would take her till long after sunset to get everything sorted out, she thought she would ask her question the next day : so she took hold of one of the strips and pulled it. To her astonishment the whole heap slipped to the ground, and disclosed a smaller heap underneath it.

"Whatever is that ? " she thought. But she had no time to wonder, for the smaller heap moved, sat up, rubbed his eyes, and in a deep voice, announced, "I am the first night-watchman, and I have been here since 1939. Thank you, my dear, for delivering me at last."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

### **WORKERS' LAUGHTIME.**

Calling the foreman into his office, the Works Manager handed him a blue-print, saying :—"I want 10,000 off, its a rush job." He studied the specification intently then replied "There's no man living can make a thing like that. We'll have to send out and buy 'em."

The Manager would like to know who put the noosed rope in the suggestion box.

Foreman to Toolmaker : "Look here this won't do, your mate is doing twice as much work as you are."

"Well, don't blame me," said Albert, "I've told him about it three times already."

Is it true that Mr. Coles is so tired these days that instead of making himself coffee, he puts the powder on his moustache and drinks hot water.

Toolmaker :—"What's a minimum wage ? "

Shop Steward :—"What you get for going to work. If you want to make a bit more you do a bit of work."

One Friday, George counted his wages and found he'd been paid ten shillings too much, and complimented himself on his good fortune.

The next week, on finding his pay 10/- too little he immediately went to the wage office.

"Why didn't you come back last week, when you were paid too much," he was asked.

"Well," replied George, "I didn't mind you making a mistake once, but when it happened twice its about time you were told off about it."

Manager (looking at new Factory)—

"I don't see the sense in putting up statues around my new building."

Contractor :—

"Statues ! Those aren't statues, they're bricklayers ! "

"Roll and Roll."

## ON BECOMING A CIVILIAN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

A couple of months ago I was 'demobbed' after 15 years in the R.A.F. As I have never previously worked in a civilian job, several people have asked me to relate my impressions and compare the two types of life from the point of view of work.

Firstly there are great basic similarities. In both cases the tradesman is always being pressed for more production and more speed. Also in both cases the tradesmen have a lot of pride in their craft ; especially the fully skilled men. The big differences lie in the methods used to obtain the production, the atmosphere in which people work, and the incentive which urges them.

Some of the differences are very obvious. The airman cannot be "sacked" but he can suffer all sorts of other impositions. Fortunately the works manager cannot sentence an unpunctual toolmaker to scrubbing the machine room floor ; nor can he make

a clerk run round a factory six times for flirting with a draughtsman. The airman's works manager could do all those things.

The incentive to work is very different. The civilian gets overtime pay and possibly a bonus. These may prompt him to work very long hours ; yet without them he may decline to work an extra five minutes. The airman gets none of this, although by achieving a good reputation and waiting a long time he may earn promotion. To a large extent the results are obtained from the airman through discipline and morale, which are very real and powerful things. As proof of this consider the infantryman who will walk into machine gun fire without any bonus. Even in peacetime the service craftsman may be called upon to work long hours, night and day, and not gain a penny for it. The answer is not that he no option, because thousands of men voluntarily accept such a career. To his advantage the airman has the fact that his work is less monotonous ; he moves about quite frequently, and the daily round is much more varied than in a factory.

To a large extent the factors which have been mentioned cancel each other out ; but without doubt the lot of the civilian is much more natural and congenial. It is pleasant to know what leisure one can expect, to be sure of it and to be able to use it as one wishes. If you don't like the foreman, you know that you only continue to accept his ruling for as long as you choose to remain in the same employment. That is why it is civilised ; you have the freedom to choose at any time.

Now, by what mysterious means can so much be got from, say the R.A.F. fitter without paying overtime or a bonus ? Before the war especially, and during it, there was a terrific code of professional pride and a fitter would often go back to the hangar in his own time to work on what he cackled "his" aeroplane. The big thing which influences him is the feeling of being important and belonging to something important. He thinks a lot of the squadron he belongs to and realise that he is an essential part of it. In fact he looks upon it in very much the same way as a footballer regards the club for which he plays. The whole atmosphere in which the service-man works is entirely different from that of the civilian. His outlook is different and he feels that he has responsibility.

Well, the advantages are still with the civilian. His lot is more normal, more free and it is the right that his work should be adequately paid for. The more he contributes to the firm, the more he should share in the prosperity of the firm. There is just one thing lacking in many civilians and that is this feeling of "belonging to something." So many work to obtain the maxi-

imum money for the minimum output ; they don't care two hoots for the firm for which they work and they in no way feel responsible for the success of the firm.

Consider a firm in which the management has truly honest and high principles, and every employee is vitally interested in the firm and devotes all his initiative and effort to his work. That firm would become so prosperous that it would be very hard to compete with it. Providing that the employees continue to receive an appropriate share in the prosperity the initiative and effort would remain. Work would be less boring and it would be a much happier state of affairs.

All this is not Utopian ! There are many signs of this "industrial revolution" occurring. Management today is much more reasonable than twenty years ago and in many cases it realises that success depends upon collective effort. Generally speaking, employers take a far greater interest in employees than they used to. Where there are such employers the next step is for the employees to reciprocate and assist them to do more. "Esprit de corps" is an over-used expression, but a little more of it would be a wonderful tonic to industry providing that the benefits are shared by the "corps."

But it is very enjoyable being a "civvy." and it is a big relief to not to have to polish one's buttons before catching the bus in the mornings.

CERVUS.

### **SOUTH WALES NIGHT SCENE.**

Who walks at night finds no man's land,  
 Silently rounding corners he discerns  
 Bits of living, bits of loving,  
 The world of he and her, of four or five  
 Back from a country pub,  
 The girl who at the dusk is more alive :  
 He sees the owl wheel from his path  
 On half closed wing,  
 He hears the nightjar sing  
 His aery song of a scythe  
 Rushing on, curvetting,  
 In his mad earthward dive.  
 Dusk and the colours of dusk  
 Spread on the neighbouring hill  
 Mist and the night starting coot  
 Haunt the Glamorgan canal,  
 Night, the blue partner of love  
 Softens its outlines again  
 And the buzzard glides to his rest  
 Unknown and unwanted of men.

D. G. Fry.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SURPLUS GRINDING MACHINE. Part III.

**New Reader :** Maurice Solvet the famous detective, and his friend Stewe-Pitte, who is relating this tale, have been employed by Mr. I Sackem-Hall, Works Manager of a factory in the vale of Treewood, to solve the mystery of a surplus Grinding Machine found in the factory, from whence it came no-one being able to discover. Solvet, Stewe-Pitte and Sackem-Hall have just gained admittance to the heavily-guarded factory :—

After our unnerving encounter with the giant works' guard, we hurried on down a dismal corridor and thence to Sackem-Hall's office. We had hardly seated ourselves when the door opened and a dainty looking girl entered carrying a tray with tea and cups and saucers. She filled a cup for each of us, courtesied and noiselessly left the room. Here upon Solvet sprang to his feet and with lightning movement opened the door, glancing both ways down the corridor. "Just a precaution, gentlemen" he murmured, as he settled himself in the most comfortable armchair, and placed his feet on the desk. I was just raising my cup when there was a choked cry and Sackem-Hall collapsed in his chair frantically clawing his collar. His cup clattered to the floor. "Poison," shouted Solvet and I simultaneously. But by now our client had regained his breath and coughing and choking cried : "No, gentlemen, nothing as simple and as understandable as that. Another mystery has occurred. There is SUGAR in this tea." Solvet and I stared at him incredulously. "Look Mr. Sackem-Hall," said Solvet sharply, you have asked me here to solve the mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine. I shall do that, but I refuse to be drawn into anything as inexplicable as the discovery of sugar in the factory tea. I strongly advise you to consult a spiritualistic medium. The thing just isn't natural. However, being an excellent detective I can see the significance of this incident and I will therefore start my investigation by examining your Canteen Manager." Gulping down the remaining tea, he strolled out of the office. Sackem-Hall and I stared at each other amazed at the vigour with which my friend had started the investigation. Two minutes later the door opened again. Solvet's head appeared and he asked : "Where on earth do you keep your blessed Canteen ? I have been all through the Factory and although a lesser intelligence than mine might have mistaken the interchangeability Department or the Finishing Room for a place of rest it did not escape my brilliant brain that they were indeed not the Canteen." Sackem-Hall was shaken. "I sincerely apologise," he cried, "I forgot to tell you. You see, our previous planners thought that a little exercise might be advantageous for our workers and when the new Canteen was

built it was placed half a mile from the Main Factory, to give our people a little walk to and from lunch. However they miscalculated slightly, as planners will do, and the way to lunch is more or less the fastest half mile sprint run in this country whereas the way back reminds one of the early pilgrimage to Mecca. Incidentally two of our Tool-makers trained daily over this half mile have been entered for the next Olympic games and we are just discussing a contract offered by '18th Century Films Inc.' who want to include a picture of our people returning from lunch in their documentary film "The Snail and Allied Animals." "Irrelevant, totally irrelevant," shouted Solvet, "I am here to solve the mystery and not to listen to your seemingly inexhaustible supply of drivel. Lead on! Once again I had to admire the delicate tact with which my friend had managed to change the subject. Without further delay Sackem-Hall started to lead us to the Canteen. We walked through seemingly endless corridors, through large halls reverberating with the sound of running machinery and through spacious rooms where busy girls were assembling Zipp Fasteners. Suddenly my friend stopped dead in his tracks. He pulled Sackem-Hall close to his side and whispered, pointing to a certain girl sitting at one of the benches: "Who is that?" The girl to whom he pointed wore a blue gown and had lovely long blonde curls. Before the Manager could reply a charge-hand bore down on him and said complainingly: "Mr. Sackem-Hall, Sir, that girl there," to our astonishment he pointed to the very same girl that had drawn Solvet's attention. "Oh," said the Manager, "You mean Alice. Well what about her?" "Well, you see Sir, said the charge-hand, "This here girl Alice arrived here about three issues ago and ever since the first moment all she's done is to ask a lot of silly questions. On the one hand you demand efficiency of my department, and on the other you fill up the place with nit-wits like her. It is indeed most annoying. "Well," said Sackem-Hall shrugging his shoulders, "There isn't a thing I can do about it, you see, she's a friend of my wife's." Hastily he motioned us on. Leaving the factory we could see the Canteen looming in the distance.

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What perils await Solvet and Stewe-Pitte in their quest for the solution of the mystery? What is the dread secret held behind the four walls of the Factory Canteen? Read next month's super instalment of "The Mystery of the Missing Grinding Machine."

PRUNETIUS PRIMUS.



## GENERAL INSPECTION POLICY.

In order to avoid confusion, and also to maintain the goodwill that should exist at all times between the Inspection Department and other Departments, it is essential that the Inspection procedure should be more or less stereotyped, and easily understood by operators and others concerned. Inspectors and Inspectresses should use every endeavour to win and retain the confidence and co-operation of all with whom they are in contact. Every member of the Inspection department would do well to bear in mind the following points, and govern their decisions and actions accordingly.

1.—The status and good name of any company is controlled by the quality of its products—thus we should see to it that quality workmanship goes into every operation.

2.—The true measure of an Inspector's or Inspectress's worth is the contribution he or she makes towards effective quality output—thus one should arrange his or her routine that production flow is not interrupted, and should not hesitate to adopt "panic" measures when a "bottle neck" is threatened.

3.—The co-operation of operators can only be won by a readiness to understand, and if possible eliminate **their** difficulties—thus Planning should be notified of ALL cases where drawing instructions are ambiguous or create difficulty for the operator.

4.—The confidence of operators can only be retained if they can **rely** on the decisions made from time to time by the Inspectors or Inspectresses, being absolutely fair and unbiased ; nothing is more likely to shatter confidence than the after effects of a decision given by one Inspector being later reversed by another—thus in all cases where this is possible, full and suitable consultation should take place before such decision is made and a written record kept as to the nature and extent of the concession.

5.—The efficiency of each individual member of the Inspection department would be assessed solely upon the manner in which he or she interprets the above broad principles.

Tool Room Inspector.

**SANDCASTLE DREAM ?**

I see in my dreams a vision of the setting sun in the west  
 And the soothing green of the hillside with the beasts of toil at rest.  
 Then I see in the distant shadows, so real, that the dreams come  
 true.

A hundred million workers, who are building the world anew,  
 Where a better understanding, twixt man and man will come,  
 Where men will never tolerate the warriors rolling drum.  
 And in a world where lies freedom, with hope ! and joy ! and rest !  
 With things divided even, and not for some the best.

J.B.

**LETTERS OF INTEREST.**

To the Editors.

Sirs,

I would like to bring to your notice of a factory in London, which is provided with cold showers for their staff during the hot spell. This, I think, would be quite an achievement for the Aero Zipp Fastener Co. to be the first in S. Wales to follow this example for the comfort of the employees. I would like to suggest that one shower in the morning and one in the afternoon be allowed with a time limit for each shower. Considering the time wasted during the hot weather for what is termed a 'breather,' I think the time spent on a shower would easily compensate for this. The shower could also be used in the cold weather for employees wishing to partake of a hot shower before leaving the factory. This of course would be in their own time.

LIFEBUOY.

To the Editors.

Whilst understanding the work which is entailed in producing the magazine, I feel compelled to express criticism on one point which I consider is something that the Editors should have thought of—viz. : the sending of copies of the magazine to persons on sick list and those in the forces. I have previously mentioned the latter and I suggest that if this was done there is a possibility of articles being obtained from our members in the forces which could be very interesting, some being in foreign parts. As regards the people sick this became obvious to me having been away for some considerable time and I know I should have appreciated had you sent me a copy of the last issue. I hope you will consider this matter and I am convinced that if you adopt it you will greatly further the useful service being done by means of the "Punch and Die."

Yours faithfully,

R. A. Pound.

Editors' Note :

As you will have heard announced this suggestion has been adopted and a mailing list has been formed. Paper restrictions unfortunately curtail the quantity of "Punch and Dies" available but we have decided that copies will be issued first to the mailing list before "Punch and Die" is distributed generally.

To the Editors.

### **A SUGGESTION ON THE HISTORY OF THE ZIPP.**

In the last issue of "Punch and Die" we had an article on the history of the zipp fastener.

This, in my opinion, was the most interesting article that has appeared in our magazine.

I think I can safely say that there must have been a very small percentage of people at our factory who knew anything about the history of the zipp. It was a surprise to me when I read that the first steps towards the invention of the zipp were made as far back as 1884. I am sure the data that has been obtained must have been hard to find, and I should like to suggest to the management, that when the complete data has been collected, that a separate booklet could be printed and called the 'History of the Zipp,' in which there could be given the complete history, including the history of our own factory.

These booklets could then be given to new employees and would help them to know what type of work they would be called upon to do. It could also be used for advertising purposes, i.e., if we should happen to show our products at an industrial exhibition. I think the public would find such a booklet interesting reading, and it would make them more AERO minded which is what we shall need for more competitive days.

R.E.D.

The passing away of our Managing Director, Mr. Joachim Koppel, on the 25th July, 1946, has been a grievous loss to us all. Those of us who have had personal contact with Mr. Koppel have known his sterling qualities as a man of kindness, wisdom and generosity. A man, who, when in time of need, was ever ready to help each and every one of us, not as a Managing Director but as a personal friend.

Knowing how we ourselves feel at this time, we realise how much greater is the loss to Mrs. J. Koppel and family and to them we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

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It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death after a serious illness of our Director, Mr. Bruno Rauman, on the 12th July, 1946.

On behalf of all at Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., we extend our deep and sincere sympathy to Mrs. Rauman.

## QUESTIONNAIRE.

	Answer.
1.—Do you regularly read the whole of 'Punch and Die' or only parts of it ?	1
2.—Would you be interested to attend a course (once a week) on :— a.—Methods of producing zipp fasteners. b.—Technical Drawings. c.—Shorthand and Typewriting.	2 A. B. C.
3.—Which other subject would interest you ? (Give your name to Mr. Stone).	3
4.—Are you interested in amateur Theatricals ? Would you like to join an A.Z.F. Dramatic Society ? (Give your name to Mr. Evans).	4 YES. NO.
5.—Are you willing to help us with the dinner-time concerts ? (Give your name to Mr. Weinberger)	5 YES. NO.
6.—Would you like to elect in your Department somebody to forward your personal views or wishes of the department, regarding improvements or working arrangements, to the management ?	6 YES. NO.
7.—Do you have a personal interest in the works and its progress ?	7
8.—Do you want more time for your dinner-break (40 mins. instead of 30) and rather do without the afternoon break ? (being paid for the extra 10 mins as at present)	8 YES NO.
9.—Please give your question for the next issue here.	9

**Please fill in and drop in Posting Box in your Department.**