

**“Punch
and
Die”**

Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.



JOACHIM KOPPEL

'PUNCH & DIE' No. X.

Sept.-Oct. AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD. 1946

CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial	2
Message from Mr. K. B. Köppel	3
History of Aero Zipp (cont.)	3
Letter from Mr. H. W. Samolewitz	5
Letter from Miss S. Auerbach	7
Wales and Monmouthshire's Life Blood by Sir Thomas G. Jones, K.B.E.	8
The Questionnaire Page	9
Our Column	12
A.Z.F. Fauna—Poem by Anon.	18
Letter from G. N. Carey, Esq., M.A., Regional Export Officer (Wales)	19
Cupid v. Clamour—Poem by Anon.	22
History repeats itself in the Industrial Evolution of South Wales & Monmouthshire, by G. N. Carey, Esq., M.A.	23
Hints on Press Tools	25
Maintenance Mixture	27
My Holiday Catastrophe—Poem by Anon	28
Interest	30
Alice in the Factory	31
Through the Looking Glass	34
Artificial Silk	35
The Mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine (cont.)	36
“ Nothing to do with the Factory” Corner	39
Letters of Interest	40
Forthcoming Events, Etc.	51

EDITORIAL.

All hearts were saddened with the grievous news of the passing away of our Managing Director, Mr. J. Koppel. We realise only too well how great is the irreplaceable loss to all at A.Z.F., for to this one man does A.Z.F. owe its beginning, its existence and its progress. In this issue are tributes from many people who had intimate contact with the late Mr. J. Koppel, and from them you will get an insight into the character of a man who rose to the top using a dogged courage and spirit which would never spell the word defeat, yet never lost that warm understanding and feeling for his associates and employees. Mr. K. B. Koppel, is now Managing Director of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., and may we take this opportunity of welcoming him, and assuring him of the same loyalty and whole-hearted support that was given to his father.

Unemployment. There are approximately 60,000 unemployed in Wales today. The big daily morning newspapers have rightly drawn attention to this "dark cloud"—as one journal aptly calls it. However this same journal suggests the remedy in migration of Welsh manpower to other districts where factories are short of labour. We do not agree.

During the war, in the country's hour of need, the men of Wales were directed in great numbers to the Midlands and North of England to supply the huge shadow factories with skilled and unskilled labour. They did their jobs dutifully and to the utmost of their abilities. They have now returned to the homes and valleys they missed so much for six years. It is hardly creditable that no other way can be found than of uprooting them again.

We know that the Government have laid down excellent plans, which when they materialise will reduce and finally obliterate unemployment in Wales. We can but hope that new factories will come into being in as short a time as possible, for by the speedy use of the undoubted skill and capabilities of Welsh manpower, still further momentum will be given to the Government's drive for goods for the home and export markets.

Holiday Savings Scheme. We are pleased to see that this most excellent scheme has started at our factory. We are moreso pleased because this scheme was suggested first by one of you in a letter to "Punch and Die," and we have watched it grow with interest from an idea to reality. We hope that everyone will take advantage of this most advantageous holiday savings scheme, remembering that for every £1 saved up to £10,

the Management will add one shilling. Our thanks are due to the Management for its help and support, and to the Wage Office for its cheerful acceptance of the extra work that the scheme involves.

D. D. STONE.

W. F. HENSON,

Editors.

MESSAGE FROM Mr. K. B. KOPPEL TO THE MEETING OF THE PRODUCTION COMMITTEE. 17/8/46.

Encouraging and hopeful as the position of the Company and the efforts of all its members are, there is no doubt that this meeting is overshadowed by the death of my father.

No one knows better how much his work with you has meant to him, than I, who have been associated with him from the time when the factory was nothing but a blue-print until its present position. Yet the firm was to him not an inhuman mixture of machines and figures, but a community of live and lively people, to whom he never for a moment applied other than human values: The contentment and happiness of his "boys and girls" meant more to him than anything else.

In my last job at Treforest I had the good fortune to come into personal contact with practically every single member of the factory. Ever since I have valued very highly the good fellowship, co-operation and loyalty which was given me so generously. Knowing that I can continue to count on these in my post of Managing Director, I want you to believe that I shall spare no efforts to serve you and the firm untiringly and loyally, and to live up to my father's high standards.

HISTORY OF THE AERO ZIPP (Cont.)

When I promised you in our last issue to tell you about the history of the Aero Zipp, I thought that this story would begin in 1938. But getting down to it I soon realised that in order to give you a clearer idea, I had to start much earlier. In fact it meant telling you something about the life and work of a man and his personality and ideas: You know whom I am talking about, Mr. J. K.

He was born 54 years ago (in Berlin) as the eldest of four children. His parents were very poor and he left school at

fourteen in order to contribute to the family budget. He began as an apprentice in a Melting Works, learning how to make metal for bearings, waggons and machinery. In those days a ball race was almost unknown and the quality of machinery depended on the quality of metal. They bothered him little in those days with metallurgy, microscopes or analytical methods : craftsmen taught him the wisdom and tricks of his trade until he got "the feel" of it and could rely on his own sure touch.

It was a man's job and he was strong enough to hold it down. More so, his spare time was equally divided between evening classes, football and boxing. He has, incidentally, always been fond of games and when he was not young enough any more for soccer he switched to tennis : but all his life the ring remained his main interest.

Well, to resume : It so happened that his boss once treated him unfairly over what was a very trivial matter. Being of an independent nature he threw up his job and decided to face the world on his own terms. Just then the first world war broke out and his time was not his own. When he finished soldiering in a cause which he had hated, he had to start again from scratch. He "went on the road" and here we can see the first fruits of his outstanding talents. He was selling torch batteries—something new at the time, but soon found out the best way (unknown at that time to others) of determining the "life" of a battery. He could, therefore, give a better (and more honest) service to his customers. He was successful and began to save money. Soon he had enough to go back to his first love—metals ; and not many years elapsed before he owned two big factories : a smelting works and a copper mill. He gradually increased the scope of his undertakings, developed new processes, was ever ready to experiment and it is hardly surprising that he soon became one of the main contractors of the State railways. The poor apprentice from the Berlin slums had become an important factor in industry.

What has all this to do with zippers ? Well he became interested in (and later took over) a firm making zippers : it was a new thing and he loved new things. They were made at that time by putting teeth on to the tape by hand. Every single one had to be picked up, put in position and fixed. So J.K. called in one of his engineers (his name was Nagele) and allowed him to design a machine to put the teeth on automatically. Well, it took them two years to design and build such a machine, but in the end the problems were solved. You are, of course, familiar with the machines—we call them half-automatics now.

J.K. took out patents throughout the world and other main

factories were only too glad to use them under licence. All went well, until Hitler arrived and the Nazis drove him from his home and factories. So he went to Czechoslovakia where he went into partnership with a zipp firm and before long they made 6,000 yards every day. His patents, however, enabled him to establish connections with firms all over the world and he began also to establish zipp factories in nearly all European countries. So began for him a time of practically non-stop travelling, and I think there is hardly a zipp factory in Europe he has not visited.

The situation on the Continent, however, grew worse. The Nazis began to engulf one country after another. So he thought it was time to pack up and he sent his machinery, plant, presses and the rest over to Britain.

That's where A.Z.F. comes in and you will read all about it in the next chapter.

To the Editors of "Punch & Die,"
Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.,
Treforest Trading, Estate,
Pontypridd, Glam., England.

SAMO,
230 Riverside Drive,
New York 25. N.Y.
July 26th, 1946.

Dear Sirs,

I am deeply sorry that my first contribution to "Punch and Die" after a long time has to be of such tragic nature. I have tried to put into words a few of the memories of J. K. which were uppermost in my mind. If you feel that the article is too long, please feel free to leave out parts, but I am afraid that the already incomplete picture will then become even less representative.

I want to thank you for sending copies of "P & D" to us. We always enjoy reading it tremendously, and I must say that the difference between the first typewritten issue, which I have just found in the depth of my trunk, and the last copy is something to be proud of.

You will hear from me again soon. In the meantime, please give my very best regards to everybody.

Yours,

H. W. SAMO.

J. K.

There are times when you refuse to look at the present and the future, when you look back and find some consolation in recollecting the happy and even unhappy days of the past.

That is how I felt when I received the cable with the terrible news that J. K. had left us for ever. I could not grasp the full meaning—J. K. was always the personification of vitality and vigour, of untiring activity.

When I met him first—in Prague—he was in hospital shortly after a stomach operation. Everybody around him looked worried and pained, but he was cheerful, made fun of his condition and plans for the future as though he was sitting at his desk in his office. For the next ten years I was in constant close contact with him and learned to like and admire him the more the better I knew him. Everybody who had to deal with him noticed immediately that he was an exceptional personality. He had the rare gift of combining a very keen brain with an unusually big heart. Very often his actions were decided by his heart against better knowledge. As a rule, however, he was a master in finding the right way of combining the personal and business considerations. When he opened the factory in Wales, one of his principle considerations was to save as many people as possible from the Continent. Whoever worked for him was considered one of his family. He felt himself personally responsible for the welfare and happiness of all those people.

When the Xmas bonus was discussed in the early years of the factory, he nearly doubled every sum proposed. One member of the meeting pointed out that these high bonuses would use up the profit made. He answered: "That's what we made the profit for!" I have met many business-men who claim to be interested in the welfare of the workpeople, but J. K. was one of the few who really acted in this sense. He was ready at any time to listen to everybody's troubles and to give real help, not just words of advice. Until he had personally been proven to the contrary, he believed in the good of every person.

His personal approach helped him a great deal in his business success. There was a time when Aero Zipp was in a very bad position and nearly everyone thought the time had come to give up and cut short the losses. J. K. would not consider giving up. His factory was his pride, "and what would happen to all his people?"

He knew the depression was only temporary; his optimism could not be suppressed by an accountant's figures. So he carried on against the advice of all and after a hard struggle

vindicated his optimism and saved the factory.

During all these years I had many a disagreement with J. K., which often turned into a straight fight. Sometimes I even lost my temper; that never happened to him! Moreover, the moment the issue was settled, he had forgotten the fight. He would not bear me a grudge for violently disagreeing with him. As a matter of fact, he appreciated it if someone stood up for himself and his ideas, even though they might be contrary to his own wishes or intentions.

To give a somehow complete picture of such an exceptional personality is not in my power. The loss of this great friend is too recent and the wounds are too fresh as to allow me to express my feelings.

His memory will live in us and in the continuation of his work. We shall honour him by carrying on in the spirit he taught us. We shall always think of him and be grateful to have known him.

New York. N.Y.
July 26th, 1946.

H. W. Samolewitz.

From Miss S. AUERBACH OF LONDON OFFICE.

It is a sad occasion to which my first contribution to our Magazine is devoted and I can hardly express the loss felt by everyone in our office. I had the privilege of working with Mr. J. Koppel only the last 14 months, but this short period is filled with memories of a principal for whom to work was a distinction and whom to serve gave inner satisfaction. The happiness he found in his work and his unfailing optimism, the real source of his success in business, imparted itself to assistants and employees.

He was already an ailing man fighting against the handicap of his illness when I joined the staff as his private secretary, and although he was often laid up in bed or had to stay away from the office, he did not stop working and was never too ill to attend to urgent business.

After his last operation 7 months ago he could not stay out of work longer than two days and I had to call daily at the hospital with correspondence and production sheets and to take letters and instructions from him in spite of his still apparent weakness. Even at a time, when his condition caused anxiety, he would not give in, and he always put all his strength in to the factory which

was to him his very life.

His kindness of heart and his sincerity of purpose has gained him true friends everywhere and his employees have lost not only a humane and generous employer but also a great personal friend whose memory will inspire their efforts to carry on his life work in his tradition.

S. Auerbach.

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

WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE'S LIFE BLOOD.

As a very old Campaigner and Worker for New Industries in South Wales and Monmouthshire during the last twenty-five years, I have pleasure in acceding to your request for a short article. During these years "Blazing the Trail" not only in Great Britain but in Europe, it was plain and there for anyone to see, then as it is now, that to meet the needs of Wales and Monmouthshire *we must have as many New Industries as possible now, and in the future*, to keep our peoples and the coming generation usefully employed. Much has been written on this subject by well meaning writers, much has been done by good intentioned pioneers, and public spirited people. There is *no Target figure* because *Free Peoples have the right to choose their own mode of employment*. Gone are the days, when the boy and girl may find themselves born in a locality where there is perhaps only one Company, Pit or Works giving employment, and by force of circumstances, the adolescents find themselves almost compelled to follow in the footpaths of their fathers. We have had many difficulties to surmount, not to say prejudices, but thanks to the Government, and the Trading Estates, during the last few years, these difficulties have been overcome. At one time, people with Capital, outside the area, were shy to run the risk of investing in a new field, and the lack of new Capital was a handicap. This hardship was handsomely met at the time by "The Nuffield Trust." Then came the scarcity of buildings and accommodation, and again thanks to the Board of Trade and the Trading Estates, there is no excuse to prevent further progress. In order to be secure for the next twenty-five years, and to eliminate the possibility of a repetition of the bad old days of depression, I verily believe that we shall *require more and more factories or works built near the homes of the people*. Some local Authorities themselves, like Newport, are exercising their rights by compulsory purchasing 66 acres of land for the establishment of New Industries. Cardiff is doing the same. Councillor George Williams, C.B.E. and the Cardiff Development Association, have for years, kept Cardiff's end up as best they could. We know that housing, very properly, comes

first, but we can switch to pre-fabricated materials, for factory buildings, that can be constructed so as to give the necessary light, ventilation, heating, as in brick built factories. I am glad to say the Government realise this now, and adopt the alternate method of construction. We can all do our bit in this direction of security for ourselves, and those who follow on. By example, precept and co-operation *at all levels* we can win through. Take our own Aero Zipp Fasteners Factory at Treforest, we are all proud of our United achievements, our increased production, amenities and I hope, fair play and contentment all round. We are all partners in a little commodity, that was practically unknown a few years ago. Our Export Trade, our Home Trade, depends on our joint efforts in quality and economic production. Gone are the days of sweated labour, *a fair days pay and a fair days work*. I would like to think, that the many countless operatives, who handle our zipp fasteners after they leave Treforest have the same conditions that we are aiming at here. What I have written in connection with Aero Zipp Fasteners, apply to other companies that I can speak of, engaged in Plastics, Metals and Buttons, Etc. There is a romance in connection with some of our New Industries in this area, leaving their wonderful war achievements outside, *the factories know what they did in the war, and what they produced, and they are going to continue to do so, in the New War against Unemployment* and the resultant sorrows that accompany and follow depression.

"Punch and Die" in a small way is vigorously making its contribution but we shall not change the name yet to "PUNCH and LIVE. "

THE QUESTIONNAIRE.

The August Questionnaire brought the record response of 199 questionnaires completed and returned via the posting boxes. We wish to thank you all for this very encouraging reply. It certainly shows that the questionnaire is gaining in popularity with you as a means of demonstrating your opinions on the Social and working life of the factory.

1.—Do you regularly read the whole of "Punch and Die" or only parts of it? 172—"all of it" : 17—"parts of it" : and 8 didn't reply to this question.

2 and 3.

29 were interested in attending a once-a week course on "A"—methods of producing zipp fasteners.

28 were interested in "B"—Technical Drawings.

88 were interested in "C"—Shorthand & Typewriting.

There was quite a flood of other subjects suggested, viz. : Sewing Class (3), Arithmetic, Welsh, First-Aid (2) ; Book-keeping, Dancing Class for Learners, Sports (3) ; Languages, Physical Training, Economics, Music (2) ; Cooking and last but not least—HAPPY MOTHERHOOD ! (Could it be that someone is pulling our leg ?)

The idea behind questions 2 and 3 is that in future we hope to start courses for those of you interested in A, B and C. These courses would be held in the Canteen with skilled instructors (not necessarily members of A.Z.F.) They will be free and held after works hours. The organising and running of the whole scheme will be in the hands of Mr. Hart, our Personnel Manager, and further information will be forthcoming about these courses in the near future.

There were many other interesting subjects suggested by you. If sufficient are interested, courses can be arranged, e.g. : First-Aid. We have working among us at least one Officer of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade and many other St. John Members. It should thus be possible to form at A.Z.F. a St. John Ambulance Division (at least 12 men), and the formation of such a Division here would be, in our opinion, an asset of which we could be proud.

4.—57 were interested in Amateur Theatricals.

89 replied they were not interested.

Mr. Evans will shortly be forming an A.Z.F. Dramatic Society and would welcome the names of any of you who wish to help.

5.—41 wish to help us with the dinner-time concerts.

76 do not and 81 did not reply.

As you already know, our dinner-time concerts are now in full swing, and we are glad to note that there are so many desirous of helping. Rehearsals and band practice are now being held frequently in the Canteen. Detailed information about rehearsals, etc. can be obtained from Mr. B. Weinberger.

6.—148 would like to elect someone in their department to forward their personal views to the Management regarding improvements or working arrangements.

18 said "NO" and 34 did not reply.

As you can see from our present question in this month's questionnaire, we are now proceeding by asking you to name the person you would like to elect.

7.—Do you have a personal interest in the works and its progress. YES—132 ; NO—7 ; No reply, 55.

8.—Do you want more time for your dinner-break (40 minutes instead of 30) and rather do without the afternoon break ? NO—162 ; YES—21 ; No reply, 11.

Further questions and comments.

Toolroom Bonus. Many comments were made on what is evidently a subject of much interest. Here are some of them :—

“I have worked in other factories throughout Great Britain and have never known a toolroom to go on production bonus.”

15 years skilled engineer (*Main Factory Toolroom*).

Eds. Note : We should like you to write us further on this subject.

“When is the toolroom going to have bonus.”—

Main Factory Toolroom.

“Please state reason why we workers are not on bonus like Mr. Church's gold braided children. We do our work—and correctly”

Tool Room, Main Factory.

OTHER COMMENTS.

“Could the firm make available a “shop” from which employees could purchase tools, trade books, at trade prices ? ”

Editors Reply :—

Mr. W. G. Morris, of the Tool room Stores has in the past obtained precision tools, etc. for those who want them. Anyone wishing to purchase tools, etc. can obtain the necessary information and help from Mr. Morris.

“How about forming a Library by the Social Club, especially for the Winter ? The books can be Fiction and Non-Fiction.”

“Would it be possible to cut out the half hour from Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons without reduction in Wages ?

“We should like a five-day week.”

There were many comments on the relaying of wireless programmes over the intercom. The building of the extension has necessitated a dis-connection between the two factories, which is the reason why there has been no wireless relay in the Plastic Dept.

Complaints were made by the Machine room girls that through the noise of the machines, they cannot hear the wireless. An increase in the volume would of course 'deafen' other departments and attempts have been made, unfortunately without success, to regulate the relay, for the machine room to receive it louder than other depts. However, we thank you for all the comments, complaints and suggestions *re* the relaying of wireless programmes. All of these comments have been noted for the time when the building extension is ready, and they will help to ensure you a perfect working radio system when we move into the new factory.

Finally may we thank you once again for the evident interest you have taken in the August Questionnaire. If there has been any subject mentioned which is your 'sore point' or 'forte,' we invite you to write to us about it and air your views and give us your suggestions in a letter to

" THE EDITORS."

OUR COLUMN X

"Imagination was given to Man to compensate him for what he is not ; a sense of humour to console him for what he is"
.....quotation.

Hello Everyone !

Happy memories of holidays by the sea or "far from the madding crowd " in the quiet of the countryside, having rapidly disappeared in to the dim and distant past, and with exclamations of "I had a *wonderful* time" turning into sighs of "Oh Lord ! Four Months to Christmas ! " here is another OUR COLUMN to ease the waiting period. So here we go.....

An interesting event took place last Thursday when Mr. V. Weber presented his thesis on "The Science of Motion" at Treforest College, to a distinguished audience of scientists and men of learning, including the Mayor and Mayoress of Treforest and Viscount Upper Boat. With the story of Newton and his famous apple as inspiration, Mr. Weber spent many years gathering material for his thesis, and after intense study of the various positions and movements of his Drawing Office Colleagues, Mr.

Weber was able to arrive at the following outstanding conclusions :

- (a) When a body moves it leaves its point of rest.
- (b) After every action there is a natural desire to rest.

In an exclusive interview with the scientific reporter of "Punch and Die," Mr. Weber stated, "I strongly deprecate the actions of such newspapers as the Taffs Well Times, which published an account of the event under the heading "Treforest Draughtsman Shakes Scientific World!" I hope that your magazine will show an example by presenting to its readers an impartial and dignified account of this important occasion. Right?."

I hear that Mr. A. Winter has been busy these last few months overhauling and experimenting with the Press-Stud machine. This complicated conglomeration of gears, cam-wheels, fly-wheels, punches and other odds and ends, has led to two interesting cases of mistaken identity.

(a) The Toolroom apprentice who asked Mr. Winter for his penny back because the machine wouldn't work. (It appears he had mistaken it for an amusement arcade pin-table).

(b) The Machine Room girl who thought it was a new type of Juke Box.

I understand that, notwithstanding these two most unfortunate occurrences, Mr. Winter, with Flapjack determination and courage, is steadily forging ahead with his experiments.

Will all members please note that there will be a meeting of the "A.Z.F. Leadswingers Society" in the Canteen next Friday at 5 p.m., when members will be addressed by the President, Mr. Dodgin, on "The Advantages of a Doctor's Note".....which reminds me of the story of the toolmaker explaining to his pal why he'd lost his job....."It happened," he said, "that in our factory our foreman used to stand about with his hands in his pockets watching other people do all the work.....well, people began to think I was the foreman".....and while we're on the subject of foreman, who was the member of the staff who recently addressed a Production Meeting for a full five minutes letting off esteem ?

And so we come to the Social Life of A.Z.F.....The first "Music while you Munch" concert was given in the Canteen on Wednesday, July 17th, 1946. After a relatively short period of practise, the band and artistes awaited with no little trepidation the result of their efforts.....they needn't have worried. I

think that the concert was an overwhelming success, and the best held to date. Playing to a Canteen packed to capacity must have been a tough experience for all concerned, but they came through with flying colours.

For giving up so much of their leisure time, sometimes practising until 9-0 p.m., so that their workmates could have a really enjoyable show, this month's Bouquet goes to Bernard Weinberger (who arranged the music for, and led the band) and to the Aeronomes, including Nona Roberts on the Saxophone, Chris. Bird at the piano, Tom Sheppard on the drums, Gloria Thomas who played the accordion, Dan Bryant, violin, and the two vocalists Joan Roberts and Ron Bunney, who sang their numbers like two veterans of the radio (Indeed, I have heard it said that *much* worse has been heard over the air).

Fred Henson's intelligent playing of Paderewski's 'Minuet' and Sinding's 'Rustle of Spring' was received with loud and well deserved applause. A word of praise also to the "back-room Boys" — Jack Yates, who designed the poster. Reg. Randall in charge of the 'mike' and electrical equipment, and Ken Walters and his Merry Maintenance Men who fixed up the stage. Mr. Engel's short speech welcoming the concerts and giving them the Management's wholehearted support, rounded off a pleasant programme indeed. Footnotes to 'Music while you Munch' No. 1.....Some people are never pleased !.....someone was telling me of the discontented toolmaker about to leave A.Z.F., who was heard to mutter "Well, I'm glad I'm leaving now that they're turning the place into a blinkin' Utopia." It was well that Don Stone, who compered the show saw that it ended dead on time. At 1.03 p.m. precisely, the workmen from the people who hired the piano to us were busy bundling it back into the delivery van.....and finally overheard in the shop....."What's Sinatra got that Ron Bunney hasn't ? ".....to which the answer would be, I presume, "A bow-tie and a hell of a lot more money per week.".....

On Saturday, August 3rd, 1946 at Glyntaff Church, Treforest, the marriage took place of Ewen (Ginger) Cameron, of the Jig and Tool Department, now in His Majesty's Forces, to Betty Williams, of the Finishing Room. To both these "young veterans" of A.Z.F. we extend out heartiest congratulations and sincerest wishes for a very happy future together.....

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Davies—a baby daughter, Janet—10th August, 1946, and to Mr. Frank Boyle of the Maintenance Department, and Mrs. Boyle (Nellie Evans, late of the Press Room) a baby daughter—Marilyn—July 16th, 1946.

With so many very happy events taking place, and also the fact that so many very bonny babies have been seen lately in the factory accompanied by their beaming fathers, brings forth the suggestion of a "Proud Daddies Club."

Mr. George Courtney, who has settled down to carve out for himself a much respected reputation as Machine Room Inspector, is joined by a colleague—Mr. Alf Edwards, who incidentally holds a very high position as officer in the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Mr. Courtney tells me his favourite story is that of the bride at the Altar whispering "Now, Herbert, forget you're an A.Z.F. Inspector and say YES for once".....

July 31st, 1946, was indeed a Red Letter Day for the Machine Room. On that day a new high was reached with an all time record production of 5,319 yards zipp fastener, the average Baby per machine being 153 yds. and Type D 219 yds. Well done the Machine Room!.....and incidentally may I wish Granville Davies of that department, who joined H.M.F. on the 25th July, the best of luck. I hope it won't be too long before we hear the familiar cry "Granville! come and put this blinking machine right!"

Time.....Marches On!—my favourite snoop informs me that Reg. Randall was overheard "telling off" a man-about-town member of the staff for being of an unshaven extremely appearance—which leaves me, as it were, speechless.....

From Personal to Personnel..... We all know of the 'diplomatic firmness' with which Mr. Hart carries out his duties as Personnel Manager, but I do feel he was a little hard on the A.Z.F. veteran who asked for a day off to celebrate his Silver Wedding anniversary..... "What!" exclaimed Mr. Hart, "Have we to put up with this every twenty-five years?"

Talking of diplomacy reminds me of the dishonest employee's reference. "I hereby certify" wrote the Works Manager, "that Mr. Pinchitt has been in our employ three weeks, and in that time got more out of his department than any man I ever employed.

Telegram from the Plating Department :—"RE SEARCH FOR PERFECT PLATING SOLUTION-STOP-HAVE DISCOVERED-HIC' FORMULA FOR HIC' FIFTY YEAR OLD HIC' SCOTCH WHISKY -STOP- SIGNED-STOP-DAVIES HIC'-STOP.

A.E.U. Corner. I hear that Mr. Gwyn Phillips' face is red

these days. On behalf of the A.E.U. he rushed over recently to Mr. Engel's office to take up the case of the Jig and Tool Department; turner discharged for doing well, to discover that the turner in question had just left Cardiff Royal Infirmary.

One for your Notebook : Definition of Management :—"The art of getting three men to do three men's work....."

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS QUIZ. (1).

To whom would you attribute the following :—

- (a) Do you want a Metric or an English 'mike'—"I want an inchy-pinchy mike."
- (b) Sorry !.....There's just one thing.....
- (c) O Dear ! Oh Dear ! I caunt do this.
- (d) Fair Enough ! Fair Enough !
- (e) I mean to say.....
- (f) Right ?

CLASSIC QUIZ. (2).

"A harmless flaming meteor shone for hair,
and fell adown his shoulders with loose care."—Cowley.

To whom would this quotation be applicable (a) Mr. Ervin Hornung ; (b) Mr. H. Lewinsohn ; (c) Messrs. M. & I. Salamon.

From the overwhelming mass of letters and correspondence received during the last month I have selected the one which I think will most interest readers of OUR COLUMN. It runs thus :-

"Dear Lapis,

I read with interest a letter published in "Punch and Die" suggesting a mailing list to employees in His Majesty's Forces, and I am pleased to see that this suggestion has been adopted. However I should like to see this scheme developed by sending a copy each month to ex-employees. I suggest a small subscription (say 10 guineas) to defray expenses. We could even form an A.Z.F. ex-employees club with a membership badge, e.g., an ear of corn on a green background to represent all the corny jokes cracked in "OUR COLUMN."

Well, I must end now, so if you will please excuse haste and bad pen, as the pig said when he flew from the sty,

Yours faithfully,

" Broken hearted Toolmaker."

Just a few answers to enquiries.

Inquisitive (Flapjack Department) wants to know what I think of the Interexchangeability Department—Well, its hard to say, Inquisitive.

No ! Winny (Canteen). A cynic is not a place where you wash the dishes, and symbolic is not a disinfectant you put down the drains. As regards your future career we hear that there is an opening for someone as an assistant to Mr. Meitner.

You are mistaken Horace (Plating Department). The strange looking green apparition seen lately lying about outside the Maintenance Dept. is not the hull of a Japanese Midget Submarine, or the warhead of a V2. It is the dismantled chassis (answering to the name of 'Monstro') of a second-hand car recently acquired by two members of the staff.

"Sadsack" (Grinding Section, Jig and Tool Dept.) writes :—
Dear Lapis,

I am courting a young lady of the Machine Room. When I buy her chocolate she says she doesn't eat sweets. When I offer her a cigarette, she says she doesn't smoke. She doesn't like dancing, going to the films, or Grinders. What shall I do ?.....
Send her flowers, she smells, doesn't she ?

News flash ! Trouble in the homeward bound Ponty bus ! My travel correspondent informs me that yesterday a certain Press Teeth Dept. gentleman offered a Finishing room girl his seat. She fainted. On recovering she thanked him. He fainted.

Drawing Office lament : When other people do things they get results. When we do things we get consequences.....

Inspection Department lament : At A.Z.F. people sympathise with you in trouble. If you're not in trouble they soon find you some.

Nothing New under the Sun ?—from an article by Chapman Pincher, top naturalist and scientific reporter of the '*Daily Express*' discussing London birdlife, comes this extract :—"Did you know by the way, that the individual strands of a feather are joined together on the zipp fastener principle ? If you split two of them apart you can reseal them by stroking along the join ".....

With the gradual extension of A.Z.F. and new faces appearing in the factory almost daily, Mr. N. Parker, my favourite snoop, has been kept busy keeping abreast of the many incidents heard and seen in his travels round the factory. Daily he brings me

tit-bits such as of the Maintenance Men who tried for hours to drill a hole in a piece of aluminium, to finally discover the drill was going the wrong way round ; of the collection made in the Jig and Tool Dept. to enable a needy toolmaker to take his girl friend out ; and the mysterious connection between the Despatch Department and the Black Watch.....and many others.

If OUR COLUMN and its accompanying pot-pourri of humour, old and new, has succeeded in making you smile occasionally, then may I say the chief pleasure I derive from it all, is thinking of all the things of which I *could* write, but (for the safety of life and limb) dare not.....

Au revoir,

LAPIS.

A.Z.F FAUNA

Compelled my verses to supply
Without reward to Punch and Die,
I think it would be only fair
If all my colleagues did their share ;
And, judging from the names they've got,
They ought to help us quite a lot ;
So I shall mention one or two,
And indicate what they could do.

A nimble Haddock swimming free
In unmapped acres of the sea,
With ease evades the editor
Who beckons to him from the shore.
But we have got our fish on land,
And he must do what we command,
So let him write a tale about
The love affairs of Carp and Trout,
Or tell us how the pearls are bred,
Upon the oozy oyster bed.

The Bullock, on his native site,
Can seldom be induced to write,
And even may molest the men
Who seek the product of his pen.
But not all Bullocks are the same,
For we have one that's fairly tame,
Who possibly would be a keen
Subscriber to our magazine.
So let's invite him to begin
With annals of his kith and kin,

For literature has little said
 About that passive quadruped,
 Who gives his tail to Heinz, and then
 Is liquified by Bovril's men.

Above the loud machines, I've heard
 The gentle twitter of a bird.
 Her language is beyond the reach
 Of those confined to human speech.
 Oh ! what a triumph it would be,
 If she could learn to write like me,
 And all our readers entertain,
 With lyrics pouring from her brain.
 'Twould be as if a bomb were hurled
 Amid the scientific world.
 Then pedagogues of every land,
 Zoologists and doctors and
 The Biologic Fellowship,
 Would queue before the Aero-Zipp,
 Investigating nature's freak,
 A bird who could both write and speak.

We also have a Bunney, which,
 Infected with the scribbling itch,
 Might be of service to the cause.
 We'll put a pen between his paws,
 And learn the sorrow and the mirth,
 That rodents know beneath the earth.
 But what if his productive speed,
 Is that at which the rabbits breed ?
 What broods of verse he could compose !
 What teeming progenies of prose !
 The lettered litters of his race,
 Would arrogate the total space
 Of Punch and Die, and there would be
 No room for Mr. Stone or me.

ANON.

By G. N. CAREY, M.A.,
Regional Export Officer (Wales),
BOARD OF TRADE, CARDIFF.

Dear Members of "Punch and Die.,"

I have been asked to relieve your Editor's troubles by submitting a small contribution to your most refreshing and interest-

ing Magazine. Here it is, and I crave indulgence for any shortcomings, because I never seem to have a spare moment to sit down and calmly think things out. let alone revise what is once written.

Since coming to Cardiff, six months ago, my life has been a whirl of giddy getting about from one valley to another, visiting factory after factory, dealing with evergrowing piles of letters from the people I have seen the day before, regarding all their complicated production and export difficulties which never cease to crop up ; and running up to London to chase and chivvy all concerned in the industrial prosperity of the South Wales Region who can in any possible way help towards a solution of specific problems relating to the supply of materials, equipment, shipping and overseas sales, etc., affecting factories down here in this Industrial Development Area—not forgetting, of course, by any means, the conundrums which the management of Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., set me from time to time.

Then there is the monthly conference at Headquarters of all the twelve apostles, i.e. the much harassed, ever shot-at Regional Expert Officers, or as one blasphemous infidel called us "Cripplets" assembled from all over the U.K., in a magnificent Council Chamber, to pool ideas, discuss major problems of general interest to the Export Drive, claim priority rulings, allocations, etc., in short, talk all round the clock on everything concerning export—from dummy teats to "Aero Zippes." We are something like the Brains Trust on the Radio. I like to think, however, that we are far less frivolous ; and that we really get something done towards solving current difficulties for our respective regional proteges, by thinking up new lines of action and making contact with appropriate bodies and departments who can be influenced to do something for us.

Now I dare say some of you would like to ask "What are your general impressions ?"—after being in South Wales on this sort of work for the past 8 months. Being well out of reach, I can tell you. Well, first of all, I would say (a) the surprising beauty of the valleys and country-side—particularly in the neighbourhood of Treforest Estate; (b) the universal cheerfulness and keenness of all the girls and women in the factories who sing at their benches and machines, and who have always a charming smile and response for any visitor examining their work ; and (c) the cleverness and ingenuity of Production Staffs and tool-room skilled personnel in getting around their difficulties, e.g.. finding substitute materials or in repairing and making on the spot, tools and plant which sub-contracting firms elsewhere can usually only promise delivery for very many months ahead.

All these things directly help the vital export drive on which your increased daily comforts and pleasures, and the freer supply of necessary foodstuffs, household equipment and spending power, primarily depend. But, tell it not to Gath, I have often heard it whispered that the girls and women do twice as much work as the men and youths. Their brains and fingers operate more quickly, and they have a zest in their fingers which—so these probably mistaken folk tell me—is only noticeable with the sterner sex when they are “lifting-the-elbow” or “laying the-odds” at the proper time and place, in respect of mugs and dogs. I have no doubt this is a gross calumny ; but maybe you would like to give your views on this point to the Editor for publication. I only hope I don't get into hot water for it ; Mind you, I only said : “I've been told.” I am like Uncle James in Galsworthy's “Man of Property,” who was always complaining—“I don't really know ; I can't say—nobody tells me anything.”

Now to close on a less controversial note, let me quote the following glowing tribute from our United States critical friends for your pleasure and encouragement. It is taken from the City Observer (issue dated 16/8/46) who publish it by kind permission of the New York Herald Tribune—European Edition.

“Radios and motor cars might be cited as examples of how rapidly Great Britain, by doing without at home, is fast achieving her premier pre-war export position. Her pre-war export of radios was almost negligible as the American radio industry was firmly entrenched in nearly all overseas markets in which British firms are now seeking entry.

The monthly average export of British wireless sets in 1938 was 7,053. In June, Great Britain exported 27,879 radios and her total for the first six months of 1946 was 106,000 sets, against 42,000 in the like 1938 period.

A British trade authority comments that “the Middle East has already been revealed as one of the most promising markets and there are signs that South Africa is ready to buy British in place of American radio products. ”

Meanwhile, it is reported in American trade circles that our vast domestic demand has precluded any extensive drive in foreign markets.

The daily average of British automobiles exported in June totalled 240, nearly double the 1938 rate, and comparing with a daily rate of 210 in May and 180 in April of this year. British motor car exports in June amounted to 5,537 against a 1938

monthly average of 3,677. In fact, British car exports of 22,238 in the first half of 1946 were not far off American passenger car exports of 37,440 in the same period. While the British were allocating a substantial share of production to overseas markets, American passenger car exports have been running at about 5 per cent of production.

Since writing the above, the July Export Returns have just been published, viz. :—

“The value of U.K.’s exports for July-£91,900,000-was the highest for any month since the end of the war and 120% of the 1938 monthly average.”

Although this progress is very good, the final target is still a very long way off.

“Nuff said,

Yours sincerely,

G. N. CAREY.

CUPID V. GLAMOUR.

A Machine Room Idyll.

I love a little lady
Who works a big machine.
Whenever I must pass her by,
I dedicate a secret sigh
To that same little lady,
The sweetest I have seen.

From her my love is secret,
Because she cannot hear
The words I say throughout the day,
In hopes to steal her heart away.
My love remains a secret,
And cannot reach her ear.

The rattle of her labour
Comes always in between :
Oh ! tell me how affection’s vow
Can be conveyed above the row
And rattle of her labour
Upon the big machine ?

The object of my passion,
 Is to my passion deaf.
 With so much strife to gain a wife
 I'd rather be alone for life.
 So I must lose my passion,
 Or leave the A.Z.F.

Anon.

Editor's Note :

We are privileged in having the permission of G. N. Carey, Esq., M.A., Regional Export Officer (Wales), to reprint in full a booklet written by him and recently published. We therefore present the first instalment of this most interesting history and survey, and extend our thanks to the author for granting our request, and for the interest shown and encouragement given to us in our efforts to make "Punch and Die" a prominent asset to A.Z.F.

**HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF IN THE INDUSTRIAL
 EVOLUTION OF SOUTH WALES & MONMOUTHSHIRE.**

**Refugee Industries and their Contribution to the Industrial
 Development of South Wales & Monmouthshire.**

"Caer-dyf," a small settlement which stood near the ruins of a Roman fortress on the left bank of the river Taff, when Norman Robert Fitzhamon, a follower of William the Conqueror, seized Glamorgan about 1081, owes its rise to the hospitality it has extended from early times, to foreign craftsmen and traders. Before the Conquest, Danes, Saxons and Welshman worked harmoniously together even as British, Czechs, Austrians, Poles, and Germans now do a little higher up on the left bank of the Taff, on the Industrial Trading Estate at Treforest. Foreigners, from time immemorial, attracted to the district (which later came to be known as "Catt Hayes" or Cathays), under succeeding Roman, Norman, Tudor, Georgian, and Victorian regimes, all contributed to the "Burgh's" prosperity. In the earliest times, their specialist services and permanent residence were secured to the garrison, Market Borough, by the Principality's Lord Governors. Under the latter's protection, the grant of "Burgher" status, including exemption from military service, customary labour and other feudal obligations, was guaranteed to these foreigners. They were allotted areas of land for dwellings, workshops, shops, and gardens. For these privileges, under the Burgage tenure system, they each paid the Lord the annual sum of twelve pence. Rents and taxes are somewhat higher at Treforest these days. This was the origin of contacts of South Wales with overseas trade and peoples. The

Burghers' activities in supplying the military and civil equipment, building material, needs, comforts and luxuries of the community, won for Cardiff its independent status as a Royal Borough many centuries ago ; and later, crowned its pre-eminence and prosperity with the dignity and power of a cathedral and capital city. Striking illustrations of how history repeats itself and of the continuity of Great Britain's age-long tradition of tolerance and hospitality are seen in the rooting, in South Wales, in the past decade, of a wide range of light industries, formerly conducted in European territories by masters of their craft and industrial magnates, driven by Nazi persecution to seek refuge in Britain. So it was when Louis XIV, with religious intolerance, drove the French silk workers to Spitalfields,; and when Spanish oppression caused Flemish weavers to set up their industry in the Eastern counties, thus bringing to England new manufacturing techniques.

Surely poetic justice was never more perfectly demonstrated than in the spectacle of German field-m Marshals, in their tattered uniforms, picking flowers in the Vale of Glamorgan ; or peering uneasily through the hedges encircling the Bridgend converted Royal Ordnance Factory, at the activities of these men fortunate enough to have exchanged the vile tyranny of the Nazi Regime, for a new life in Wales.

Once again, in the twentieth century, as in mediaeval times, an enlightened Government guarantees protection and extends exceptional privileges in the shape of the British citizenship, financial aid, and economic support to foreign refugees. Expert in their respective callings, these bring as assets, not only their skill, machinery and scientific knowledge, but also their pre-war world-wide trade connections and goodwill.

To-day, in and around Trading Estates set up under Government auspices, an industrial dynamo is humming. A hive of foreign manager/owners and technicians has developed from zero a cluster of new factory cells producing essential and non-utility goods. This experiment in economic planning has created vortexes of employment where most needed. It has released rivers of purchasing power in wages irrigating parched areas of depression. Like a powerful fountain it spurts goods for export in an unending stream the world over.

The parallel is not quite perfect, for, whereas in feudal times, the Burghers were exempt from Military Service, these refugees either served in the Forces throughout the war, or harnessed their talents to the giant munition production effort which helped this old country to its customary victory.

The investigator, looking for the new, established on the old, will find that, in general, this influx has been highly beneficial. Far from engendering competition, it has proved complementary to Wales' economic life. The basic industries of coal, tinplates, iron, steel, heavy engineering, foundries, ship-building, remain unaffected. Refugee firms have concentrated on the production of light consumer and luxury articles, thus providing a greater volume of cargo for the outward going ships and loads of raw materials inwards. With great inventiveness and resource, these foreign manufacturers have rapidly seized upon the opportunities presented by modern materials without a commercial history, such as perspex, plastics, nylon, crinoline, etc. They have introduced industries, either new, or hitherto little practised in Wales, e.g. gablonz bijouterie, clocks and watches, sequins and tinsel, buttons, trimmings, artificial flowers, zipp fasteners, Continental styles in top-grade gloves, embossed leather, glassware novelties, imitation Jewellery and combs of peculiar materials, Swiss embroideries, secret-formula lacquers, fine art textiles, etc., i.e., things which previously Britain imported. These products are now made in South Wales. Instead of being a drain on sterling, such items now earn foreign currencies for the National trading account.

Many large scale factories, making under mass production methods, garments, musical instruments, radios, toys, yarns, "zips," plastic goods, are either well-established, or well under way in the Welsh Valleys of Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire and Pembrokeshire. Small-scale factories producing specialities in laboratory equipment, fancy goods, haberdashery, ceramics and light electrical appliances, optical goods, shoes, gloves, clothing, foodstuffs, confectionery, bazaar articles, waxes, polishes, pharmaceuticals, machine tools, etc.—are too numerous to mention. There are, also, large-scale raw material processing units, e.g., tanneries, gelatine, glue and artificial fertilizer works, metal alloys, lacquers, varnishes, and so on.

To be continued.

HINTS ON PRESS TOOLS.

In the making of press tools the man on the bench should be considered in every way to make his job as smooth running and as interesting as possible.

In the first place a clear layout drawing of the tool and piece-part drawing should be provided ; secondly, all materials such as dowel pins, screws, punch pad, stripper plate, die plate, guide plates, punch material, should be delivered at the same time.

All plates should be ready machined so as to save waiting. I am sure the man on the bench will agree that the cost of a press tool is often much higher than need be, due to the fact that time is lost waiting for machining.

The die, stripper-plate and punch pad should be ground on both faces also two edges at right angles. Each plate should be stamped 'TOP' on the faces so that the ground edges in each case are left hand and top. These two edges are used for marking out. With the adoption of this method of marking out the die and stripper-plate, you have a double check on your sheet of figures, thus ensuring accuracy. Where dies and stripper-plate are jig bored from these edges, the jig bored holes can also be used for marking out, by fitting a ground pin and working off with the height gauge. The three plates—die, stripper and punch-pad,—should be screwed together—the threaded holes being in the punch pad, and the ground edges checked with the clock for enlignment. The dowel holes should then be drilled with the necessary reamer drill leaving .006 ins. to .008 ins. for reaming. Care should be taken in reaming to make sure that the reamer does not cut over size, which often is the case, causing delay in the making of over size dowel pins :-rather cut undersize and lap dowel holes to suit.

All tapped holes after being drilled with the tapping drill should be cleared both sides with the clearing drill to the full diameter, to prevent distortion to the die face, etc. when tapping. Dowel holes should be countersunk both sides to remove sharp edges which are often distorted when entering a dowel. Dowels should fit as driving a nail into a piece of wood ; oil should be applied before assembling and in no case should a hammer be used only in conjunction with a brass or copper punch. These points on dowels and screws are essential to a well made tool for perfect enlignment and eventually a good production.

On the clearance of punches and dies also depends a successful production. This varies to a great extent on the thickness and nature of material used and much must be left to the discretion of the toolmaker. A tight fitting punch can cause as much delay in production as a loose one, but in *every case* you must have clearance, Regarding the parallel on dies, this also varies according to material thickness, and as I am not conversant with any known formula, I can only comment from my own experience. On material from .020 ins. to .062 ins. thick—.020 to .031 ins. parallel, with one degree of taper, this of course can be increased as material thickens. With regard to punches and inserted bush dies, hardened and tempered backing plates should be used, preventing bush dies and punches embedding into mild steel punch pad or bolster.

Clearance holes for blanks or pellets should be the same size as the bottom of the dies. Circular holes can be taper reamed. All dies and punches should be stamped with material, name, and Brinell or Rockwell tested.

I would like to suggest in conjunction with this method of supplying the man on the bench with everything required to make his press tool, jig or fixtures, that a bonus be paid accordingly, i.e., That a price be given for the tool, if he makes it under the price the balance is paid in bonus, if over, this would dominate any increase in his hourly rate.

In conclusion I hope my hints and remarks will benefit some of my fellow workers, for being a man on the bench myself, I appreciate the snags and headaches of being a tool maker.

G. Bullock.

MAINTENANCE MIXTURE.

Since the commencement of "Punch and Die" I have read many articles on various subjects, i.e., work, war, this, that, and the other, and feel it time a little more was said of the well-known notorious wreckers of machines and factory homes, "Robin Walters and his Merry Maintenance Men." Actually, the person dubbed us such could not have entitled this extraordinary band of *ROBBERS* more aptly, (we even rob each other).

As related to me the other day by 'Trew the welder' (Friar Tuck), "There are three kinds of Robins. Robin Walters, Robin Red Breast, and Robin....." I leave the rest to the reader's discretion, as to whom I resemble most !

Anyway, so much for the introduction. Now let me tell you a trifle of what we have done, are doing, and will have to do in the near future. Last Easter, the Finishing Room was moved lock stock and barrel from the Gauge to its present place and also extended. Vice-Versa, Mr. Evans vanished into the twilight plus harem, with Mr. Lewinsohn passing judgment at the pearly gates of the Gauge. Seriously folks, it doesn't sound much but it was hard graft, when you think that machines had to be uprooted, to make way for one section, then lifted with Block and tackle, and replanted in another. New benches had to be made and tinned, hand presses bolted down, holes put in the floors, and many other things such as "Brewing tea and the drinking thereof."

I don't want to bind you folks, but as Ed. Curtis says, "It's

B.....y hard work, see mun," (as he tries to lift a lathe' up, and Paddy making gesticulating gestures, and muttering guttural oaths, tightens down the bolts).

"Oh well such is life, two more machines to strip and clean, soon be home time," Hey ! Tommy, got those fags yet ? And where's that ruddy change ?"—Tommy of course, as you know, is an apprentice to being a Robin—, and as he just comes in from the cold world outside, says "Sorry, no fags boys, I've only got a hundred for the old man."

In the dim lighted dungeon surrounded by ancient machines, old rags, bottles, bits of this and that, umpteen tools strewn everywhere, derelict machines, dank evil smelling walls, penicillin mould clinging to bits of wood, and toad stools under foot (or as Ianto Jones calls it—green slime), stands "Nancy with the laughing face," (alias A.I.) vainly struggling to make both ends meet, when all of a sudden, a horrible blinding flash causes Sid (the heavy Maintenance gang) to dive under a pile of refuse pushed into one corner.

Ladies and Gents., the binding flash, was nothing really, just Bill Hughes and Shadow, Rest their Souls. I can still hear, echoing round the factory at night the vibrating words, "Wot ho ! you lot, "by the living God that made you, you're a better man than Gunga Pooch !"

Now let me see where I was , Oh yes, "Nancy with the laughing Puss," well he's still trying to make both ends meet.

Ta ta folks until next time.

Robin Walters and his Merry Maintenance Men.

P.S.—What we are doing and will be in the near future, will be related in the near future. R.W.

Editors Note. Feebly stretching out our trembling hand for a glass of nerve restorative we came to the end of the above, and wondering whether a new literary comet had appeared across the horizon, or whether.....we decided to print same.

MY HOLIDAY CATASTROPHE.

You won't be angry I suppose
 If I write verse instead of prose,
 But when I'm rather pressed for time,
 I find it pays to write in rhyme.

Thoughts gain rapidity and strength,
 Compressed in lines of equal length ;
 Thus streams in narrow banks confined,
 Flow quicker than the wider kind.

My summer holidays were spent
 In Lynton, where, on pleasure bent,
 All caution to the winds I tossed,
 Without a thought of what it cost.
 With First-Class ticket on the train,
 I hoped for comfort—hoped in vain ;
 For in each coach they seemed to cram
 Half the inhabitants of Glam. :
 So, full of thought for life and limb,
 I bribed the guard and rode with him.

I'd booked at a superb hotel,
 Where I was told they did you well ;
 But all the folk of Lynton Town,
 Said "well" should be replaced by "down."
 They charged a sum for bed and board,
 Which I could very ill afford,
 And what with several odds and ends,
 Like entertaining lady friends,
 And drowning tedium when alone,
 And posting cards to Mr. Stone,
 I found that when the bill was brought,
 My capital was £8 short.
 I asked the manager if he
 Would cut the bill accordingly,
 But he refused, and oh ! my word,
 I only wish you could have heard
 The things he said. In short, I had
 To wire for money to my dad,
 And if I don't repay the sum
 By Friday week, the bailiffs come.

I thought that some of you could share
 The burden with me if you care ;
 I think subscribers could be found
 If someone passed the hat around ;
 And if the net proceeds are higher
 Than what I borrowed from my sire,
 I know a needy poet who
 Will utilize the residue.

Anon.

INTEREST.

Much has been said in the previous editions of "Punch and Die" of the interest one should take in one's occupation and also of the difficulty that the unskilled person experiences in taking an interest in the well-being of the particular firm that employs him.

During this rather difficult interim period between the winning of the war and the winning of the peace, this disinterest of the unskilled person is more in evidence due to an anti-climax following a war in which everyone was encouraged to take a part and also to take an interest.

Let's take a look at the normal every-day life of a few different people during the war.

The ordinary infantryman, not the skilled tank driver or gunner, was very much interested in the prestige of his particular regiment because he knew he was a small part of it and if it were successful in battle he felt that it was partly due to him. It followed that he knew that he was partly responsible for winning the war.

The ordinary seaman who served in a battleship that had successfully convoyed merchantmen to this country felt that the success was partly due to him, and he again felt a little responsibility for winning the war.

The airman who peeled potatoes in a squadron of the Royal Air Force was very pleased to hear that his squadron had successfully bombed Berlin the previous night and he again knew he was helping his country to win.

The Home Guardsman, the Factory Workers, the Air Raid Wardens, the Fire Watchers, the Nurses and in fact every one in every walk of life was willing to work hard and give up their leisure hours to help win the war. Not because they were particularly keen on firewatching or marching or drilling, but because they knew it affected them personally and if they lost things might be unpleasant with our friend Adolph in command.

Now we come to the time when the war is over and peace and security takes its place, and we are apt to relax and do as little work as possible and get our normal amount of wage every week.

Now let's take a good look at the position we are in. If we fail in our work, the goods we produce won't be as good as they should be and the firm loses prestige in the market. That goes on

and on until a lot of people find themselves out of work because the firm is no longer able to afford to employ them. If we take a real interest in our work the goods we produce will eventually become the best in the market, the firm flourishes, and we are secure in our employment, and we have no fear of becoming unemployed.

So we see that there is still the fight that makes life interesting, only now it isn't a fight to make our country safe, but to make ourselves safe within that country.

That's how I find my interest, and so help me ; I'm so unskilled I need a machine to sharpen a pencil.

R.

ALICE IN THE FACTORY.—*continued.*

The first night-watchman took hold of his beard in one hand, and with the other grasped Alice by the arm.

"Come along with me !" he said in a hoarse voice, dragging her after him. "We shall be wanted in the office."

"Oh, dear, I can't ! I can't !" said Alice desperately. "Whatever will the charge-hand say when she comes back and finds I haven't sorted out all the plastic ? "

"She can't say a thing. Not she. Why," the old man muttered, half to himself, "she won't even remember. They never remember anything, you know. That's why I had to stay there so long. Have you ever been forgotten for seven years yourself, my dear ? "

Alice was growing rather tired of being whisked from one part of the factory to the other, and she had been on the point of putting up a struggle to free herself, but she caught sight of the tears in the old man's eyes and felt very sorry for him.

"Well, no, I can't say that I have," she said kindly "but it must be very—",

"No time to talk about it. We are wanted in the office. Listen !"

He stopped suddenly and held up a warning finger. At that moment, a huge voice boomed through the whole building.

"Mr .Watchman (1939) ! Mr. Watchman (1939) ! Will you come to the office, please. You are wanted immediately."

"There you are," he said triumphantly. "What did I tell you ? That's the loudspeaker system. They would have asked for me before, you know, only—" He hurried forward, still dragging Alice by her arm, and seemed to forget that he had been saying anything.

"Only *what* ? said Alice. " Her voice sounded sharper than she had intended, but she was growing tired of so many unfinished

sentences.

"Was I saying something?" said Mr. Watchman. "Oh, yes, of course. I was about to explain that the system doesn't operate between seven and eight, or is it nine and ten on Tuesdays and Fridays, except in Leap Year, you know. Or did I mean Wednesdays? Yes, yes. Only during frosty weather, you know, or of course, in a heat wave, or something like that. But you ought to know all about it yourself if you've been working here a few weeks"

"I haven't heard it at all," protested Alice. "Not until now, that is."

"Here we are," said Mr. Watchman. "You go in first."

He stopped beside a long line of people who stood two by two along the corridor. Alice had expected to see a door, and felt very puzzled.

"In where, if you please?" she said politely.

As she spoke the line parted for a moment, and Alice saw a door with a frosted glass panel in the top, and a brass tablet labelled "General Office : Walk in : Wipe your feet : Hold your tongue : French and Hindustanee only spoken here."

Rather timidly, she opened the door a fraction, and peeped in ; but at that moment, the old night-watchman gave her a push from behind and slammed the door.

She found herself in a small room crammed with girls, some sitting before typewriters, some delving into drawers, some perching on the edge of desks, smoking cigarettes, some sharpening their pencils very carefully over the waste-paper baskets. They were all talking at once, even those who were operating the typewriters.

The moment they saw Alice, they all stopped at once, and shouted in one voice : "Here you are, at last !"

Alice felt a little surprised to find that she had been expected, but she was so accustomed to surprising things by this time that she wasted no time in asking for explanations, but began at once to give her account of the finding of the old night-watchman. Nobody listened to her ; so she raised her voice slightly and tried to shout above the babble o' the other girls' voices, but there were so many of them, "And after all there is so few of me," added Alice. "Or should I say 'there *are* so few of me' ? That sounds wrong too. I must have forgotten all my grammar, oh, dear ! How very confusing it all is, to be sure."

She decided to give up trying to tell the girls anything at all, and to concentrate on listening instead to what they wanted to say to her. At first she couldn't do this either, because they all spoke at once, and most of them rattled away on their typewriters at the same time.

At last, she managed to persuade one of the girls to go with her into a corner and shout it into her ear.

"We are all so glad you have come," the girl bellowed,

"because we none of us know what we are doing, and we want you to tell us."

"But how can I tell you?" said Alice in dismay. "I have only just come."

"That's right. You are the new girl, aren't you? You are going to put every thing right in the office."

"Well, I should *like* to be some use, certainly," said Alice, carefully, "but I'm afraid I—"

"Come, don't be modest. We know. *We* know." The girl gave her an affectionate dig in the ribs. "Start now. What is the opposite of 'future'?"

"I should think," said Alice, hoping she would do as well with the questions as she used to do at school, "I should think it ought to be 'past.'"

"I told you. I told you," shouted the girl, tossing a paper pellet across the office and hitting the nose of a red-headed girl at the far end very neatly. "He altered it, you know. I said it was 'past.'"

"Yes, but you spelt it wrong, you know," said the red-haired girl, sadly. "You spelt it with an 'x,' I think, or was it a 'j'?"

"Look it up in the file," snapped the first girl, reaching down a huge box from the shelf near by. "Here, you can do it for yourself. She dropped the box on to Alice's right toe.

"I should have apologised for that," she remarked; "only it happens to be the wrong file. Still, you had better use it."

"But will that be any good—if it is the wrong one, I mean?" said Alice, wearily.

"Yes, of course it will," the girl snapped. "It's the only one that has been kept up to date since the end of last year, so if we want anything, and it is in that file we may find it, but if it is in the others we can't possibly, you see."

"I think it's time your office was thoroughly reorganised," Alice said angrily. She had got right to the end of her patience at last. "Where is the manager's office?" She glared round at all the girls at once. "Come on, you'd better tell me."

At last there was complete silence. Everyone looked at Alice, and said nothing. "You, please," she said to the first girl. "Can't you answer the question?"

The girl took a handful of paper clips out of her mouth before she spoke.

"It's no good," she said sadly. "You'll never get in *there*."

"Oh, yes, I will," said Alice firmly. "Even if I have to break the door down."

The girl shook her head from side to side. "Nobody can do that," she admitted. "Because of the queue, you know, because of the queue. It goes twice round the building, and it has been forming since last spring—"

"You are all quite impossible," said Alice, shouting at the top of her voice. "Goodbye !"

She threw open the door, and at that moment, the loud-speaker started again.

"Alice,!" it boomed. "Alice ! ALICE !"

At the same moment the walls of the corridor widened, and a pattern of pink and blue roses appeared all over them.

"Why," said Alice, "it's just like the wall-paper on my bedroom at home. How very *odd*."

She rubbed her eyes. The sunlight poured in through the window suddenly, and she recognised her mother drawing back the curtains.

"Come along, Alice," she was saying. "It's past seven. You don't want to miss the bus, do you ?"

THE END.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

Well fellow workers, our holidays are over. In other words, "We've had it !" such as it was. I was lucky enough to visit two seaside resorts, and one big City, and I have come to the conclusion that we as a nation will put up with anything. It is twelve months and more since the war finished, but we still get the pep talks from people who do the talking, while we as the workers still carry the burden of giving the goods. Surely the working man is entitled to a decent holiday ; when it arrives ;—no cigarettes, no beer ; queue for this, queue for that. The point I am aiming at is staggered holidays, and let them be organised on a Communal basis, e.g., Holiday Camps. I work with Jack Smith all the year round--why can't I play with him, thereby forging a link in our working and Social life. Give us good music, drama and art. Educate us to use life as it should be used ; so that when the advent of the shorter working week comes into being, each and every one of us will fit into the true way of using our leisure hours. We may not be ready for the five day week because our Export Trade is making such demands upon industry, but the sooner life is made easier the sooner the export markets will have reached their target.

Here is a job for the Executive of the trades unions to tackle, because the sooner we become a happy Nation, the quicker we return to Normal Conditions—and speaking of Executive, perhaps it would be common sense to pause, and look back along

the road we have travelled this last twelve months, assess the results, then go back to the days of Dunkirk when we were all responding to the call for arms. How different then and now. We were not looking around for someone to put the blame on such as is being done today at the Peace Conferences. Today we find Ministers of various Government Departments letting the ego of power run away with them, because for some reason or other they don't want to fall in line with someone else. One of the Executives of the Miners, stated "If they won't work, neither must they eat"—we can accept it to a certain point but it must cut both ways. Ministries are being created, Government departmental staffs are being increased every day, most of them passengers in a country which needs every available able-bodied man. Our financial position does not allow us to carry dead weight.

Whether it be a colliery or factory, let us use common sense, and develop that spirit of team work ; and to those who have control of the Helm, tolerance and understanding ; then we can truly call ourselves a Democratic Nation, such as we claim. We are going through the process of a Social Evolution. In the near future the shorter working week will come into being, therefore, all industries should make an effort to meet the change over smoothly, thereby keeping Production on the upgrade, instead of down.

The obvious result of the combined efforts of both worker and management, with *BOTH* using the policy of understanding, and meeting each other half way, will be the successful reaching of economic security, enabling us to maintain our status as a progressive nation.

To bring this about, the workers of the country must be given good homes, within easy reach of their place of work, and also within easy reach must be good, clean healthy recreation for young and old, thereby bringing that contentment of mind which after all is the foundation of good and happy workers.....OBSERVER.

ARTIFICIAL SILK.

The writer of this article, having worked in an artificial silk factory and also having made a study of the technical side of the industry, thinks that a few simple explanations of the processes required, would be interesting to the numerous wearers of this universally known product.

We have all had the experience of stringy cabbage, tough

lettuce, and beetroots and turnips. This trouble is caused through the plants converting sugar and starch into cellulose. The chemist and botanist both know why and what it is made of, but neither of them knows how.

There is no vegetable product more useful to man than cellulose. It is the fibrous part of the plant, the woody tissue, very strong and providing the framework which holds millions of cells containing fluid.

Some 100 years ago a chemist discovered gun-cotton, made by treating cotton with nitric and sulphuric acids. This was the commencement of the explosives based on nitro-cellulose. About 90 years ago somebody from Birmingham mixed oils and camphor with gun-cotton, and celluloid was born.

Experimentors then tried to copy the silk-worm. These animals obtain cellulose and dissolve it into a clear liquid which hardens after being forced through tiny holes in their bodies called spinnerettes.

The resulting filament is very smooth and cylindrical ; unlike the coarse flat fibres of cotton and flax ; and much more desirable for weaving into delicate fabrics.

Science, up to the present, has not copied the silkworms' process, for the simple reason that we have not yet discovered its secret. For this reason it is better to use the commercial name of rayon than to call it "artificial silk." This last name was given to the product by a Mr. Swan, who in 1885 invented a process of making cellulose threads.

In the next article I will endeavour to explain how the enormous quantities of rayon yarn used nowadays are manufactured by the "viscose" process.

W. F. Henson.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SURPLUS GRINDING MACHINE.

Part IV.

Will readers please excuse blood stains on this page.

New readers :—The great detective, Maurice Solvet, and his assistant, Stew-Pitte, who is relating this tale, have undertaken

to solve, on the invitation of Mr. I Sackem-Hall, Works Manager, the mysterious case of a surplus grinding machine found in Sackem-Hall's factory in the Vale of Treewood. After various exciting adventures, the trail leads them to the Works Canteen :—

The Works Canteen was a large single storey building, its walls covered with huge posters advertising various brands of stomach powders, aspirins, antacid tablets, and emetics.

Solvét sniffed the air appreciatively as we approached, his hawk-eyes roving incessantly as he looked for a clue that would enable his brilliant brain to solve the mystery.

"I see that you will be having Tomato Soup, Stewed Steak, Gravy, Chipped Potatoes, Peas, Vegetables, Trifle and Percolated Coffee for dinner today," exclaimed Solvét suddenly, breaking the tense silence that enveloped us. I stood aghast at my friend's further demonstration of his amazing powers of deduction. "However did you know that?" gasped Sackem-Hall, "you are right to the last detail."

"Elementary, my dear Sackem-Hall," said Solvét smiling modestly. "You will have observed that for the last ten minutes I have been examining with my epidiascope, the moustaches, chins and lapels of your employees as they leave the Canteen. The particles of food adhering to their moustaches, etc. denote without doubt your dinnertime fare today. Incidentally, I also saw a copy of the Canteen Menu on your office table."

"Marvellous!" exclaimed the Works Manager, his face becoming more cheerful every minute as the great detective demonstrated his master-mind, "I hope we don't find any red herrings in the Canteen as well!"

Cutting short Sackem-Hall's uproarious laughter at his own joke, Solvét grabbed him by the arm and hissed "Who are those **two** suspicious looking characters hanging about over there, with **note-books** and pencils, and looking through the Canteen dust bins?" "Oh!" said Sackem-Hall, "You mean that tubby, smiling man with spectacles, and the tall mournful-looking one wearing a white coat?—they're just the two editors of the works magazine, no doubt looking for some tripe for the next issue. Please don't bother about them, I can assure you they are quite harmless."

We thereupon entered the Canteen, and its head, Mr. O.X. Taile, received us smilingly. "Mr. O.X. Taile," said Sackem-Hall, "meet Solvét, the great detective, and his assistant, Stewe

Pitte." As the works Manager uttered these words, O. X. Taile glancing fearfully at Solvet's hatchet face and piercing eyes, gradually turned the colour of his alleged white overall and staggering slightly, as his knees began to give way, sat down abruptly in a nearby chair:

Without wasting any time, Solvet came to the point, and here we had the privilege of being present at one of the great detective's relentless cross-examinations. "Can you vouch for the integrity and trust implicitly the canteen girl who served tea in the office at 3.05 this afternoon?—What did the dandelion?—If a chicken and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, why do you put cloves in your apple-tart?—Why did Julius Ceasar?—If you crossed a tomato with a potato, would the result be a totato?—What is the size of a lump of coal, and if so, was Old King Cole the father of the Black Prince?—Why did you do it, answer YES or NO!" were some of the questions Solvet, pencil and paper in hand, shot rapidly at O.X. Taile, who grew paler and paler as the interrogation continued. Finally Solvet came to his ace question. "Has," he snarled at O. X. Taile, "your factory's Inspection Department passed the tea in question?" "Well," stammered and spluttered the Canteen Manager, "in keeping with our regular procedure the tea was sent as usual to the Inspection Department before issue, but no Inspection Report was given, as just after the tasting operation all the Inspection Tea-tasters had to be rushed to hospital.—I have already applied for Police protection," he added rather irrelevently.

At this stage, Solvet, seeing he was making little if any headway, threw off his mask of inscrutability, and the more brutal strain of his character began to show itself. Picking up a wet haddock at random, he proceeded to slap O.X.Taile across the face, accompanying each blow with "Curse it man, confess!" (Editor's note : We have been asked to point out that the wet haddock used by Maurice Solvet in his efforts to break down O.X. Taile's stubbornness, is not to be confused with Mr. R. Kinnersley Haddock).

Continuing these 4th degree tactics, Solvet used his knowledge of psychology to bring forth his trump card. Holding his revolver in his left arm and a salmon sandwich in his right, he shouted "O.X. Taile, this is your last chance. Either you break down and confess, or else you eat this." (Editors note : the salmon sandwich, not the revolver). This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and the Canteen Manager, sobbing bitterly, exclaimed "No ! No ! not that, anything but eat one of those ! I'll confess !".....

"Talk," said my friend drily, glancing triumphantly at Sackem-Hall and myself, and pocketing his revolver, "Talk and talk fast....."

Breathing heavily and wiping beads of sweat from his forehead with a G.W.R. dish-cloth, O.X. Taile began to speak.....

Has Solvet triumphed at last? Is O.X. Taile, the Canteen Manager, the guilty person? Read next month's thrilling and breath-taking instalment of "The Mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine" (Cert. "A").

Prunetius Prumus.

"NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FACTORY" CORNER.

THREE SURPRISES.

The clock in the distant tower struck twelve; the noise made by its solemn strokes echoed over the countryside. A deep silence now reigned, to be broken occasionally by the hooting of an owl. In the shadow of a house, set back from the road, crouched a man. The intense darkness completely hid the look of evil he bore on his features. In his left hand was a torch of expensive make; his right hand maliciously clutched a hammer. He was a killer, a murderer! No living person knew how much he had suffered. Tonight, he would do the deed; he would silence for ever those who has robbed him of almost all he had. Yes! he would make them pay with their lives! His long and silent vigil was suddenly brought to an end—they were coming out. The brutal nature in the man rose uppermost; the hour had come. He dashed towards his tormentors, switched on his torch, and with tireless and unceasing vigour he smote right and left with his hammer, and with the coming of the dawn, the land around the house was strewn with the mangled bodies of SLUGS.

Darkness descended and, with its welcome cloak of gloom, a figure stole across the field to the river. Beneath his coat was a parcel that was obviously heavy. He was 'fed up'! Life had become unbearable of late, and for many nights he had not slept a wink. Tonight he would end all his misery and the river was his goal. Arriving on the bank, he carefully withdrew the bulky parcel. Taking a rope from his pocket, he tied it round the large stone which he took from the parcel. The other end he made

into a noose. Then he paused a second ! Would anyone miss him ? Perhaps someone might, but he was determined this time, The river was deep at this point ; it was impossible for a body to rise. With a half-muttered farewell, he took the noose, adjusted it carefully to the neck, then, bending down, he took the stone and staggered to the water's edge. Heave ! Splash ! A distinct heavy thud !.....It was all over now. No more would his neighbour's TOMCAT provide nocturnal music outside his bedroom window.

So they had been quite right ! He had been warned of this thing, but like a fool he had laughed at their fears ; But now it was upon him. He could feel the great weakness creeping over his body. It was too late to return. Oh ! what a fool he had been. He would have given all he possessed to get rid of that stifling paralysis that was numbing his very soul. He was slowly weakening ! His head was swimming ! It was ridiculous even to imagine that he was built for this type of life. His enemies were now laughing at him. Wherever he looked, he perceived a mocking smile. Death would be a happy release. Oh ! would no-one come to his rescue ? The whole world was falling around him. Help ! he was choking. With a sickening thud, he rolled to the floor, and the steward of the pleasure boat gently laid out another semi-conscious SEA SICK tripper in the saloon.

TRI. 23/8/46.

LETTERS OF INTEREST.

Department of Overseas Trade,
35, Old Queen Street,
London, S.W.1.
19th July, 1946.

Dear Mr. Engel,

I am writing to express my appreciation for the trouble you took in showing me around your works when I visited them on Thursday, 18th July.

I was greatly impressed by the keenness shown by all the staff to increase the production to the benefit of our export trade.

We are very pleased to note that out of your total production Thity-three and a third is directly exported, whilst a further proportion is exported indirectly through other manufacturers.

You have exceeded the target figure which was expected of you in the export drive, and the Board of Trade view this with great satisfaction.

I have read your Staff Magazine "Punch and Die" with great interest and this is certainly a most ambitious production and I wish it every success. It is clear that in your works there exists an *esprit de corps* which is so essential to the smooth running of an efficient concern.

Yours very sincerely,

I. L. Davies.

L. A. C. Parslow, 1832920,
1588 H. F F. (Detachment),
Royal Air Force,
India Command.

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

I have just received the August edition of the factory magazine "Punch and Die." I think it's a good idea sending it to the lads in the forces. I myself find the magazine very interesting indeed. I have read through the whole magazine and each article is quite interesting.

I have wanted something like this to keep me in touch with everything in the factory. I have written to different people in the factory but have received no reply. If anyone in the factory would like to write to me I would certainly appreciate it and would answer immediately.

India, for the first month after you arrive is quite interesting, but after that the novelty wears off. What got me rattled at first was the money exchange. These Indian shopkeepers and so forth would rob you blind if you are not sure of the price of things.

There is great excitement being caused in this station. The Lancastrian 'Aries' is landing here on the 22nd on its flight to Australia. It will be stopping for two hours.

On the Questionnaire in this month's issue there is a question which refers to anyone who wants to take a short course on

different jobs. Well, before I came into the Forces I was working with Mr. Ritschel. When I come back I don't quite know what job I shall be on. I want to get some 'gen' on the different tools and that. I want to learn these things again, for the time when I shall return. If you would help me along these lines I would appreciate it very much.

I thank you once more for sending me this copy of "Punch and Die." Hoping to hear from you soon.

Yours sincerely,

L. Parslow.

Editors' Note :—Here's one of our lads in India who wants someone to write him all the news from 'Y Gwlad au Dadau'..... What about it folks ?

2260806 A. C. Osborne, R.H.,
 No. 2 F. T. L. U.,
 C. Flight,
 R.A.F. Station,
 Blida,
 C.M.F.
 14th July, 1946.

I am writing a short letter to you all to let you know that I am now in French West Africa. It is a very nice place here but the heat is absolutely terrific. The temperature here today is 125 degrees in the shade and as I am writing this letter I am perspiring so much that my hand is sliding off the paper. We start work here at 6 o'clock in the morning and finish at 2 in the afternoon because after mid-day it's useless trying to work, because of the heat. We have been attached to this unit here for one month because they are short of aircraft finishers. We flew from the Middle East four days ago, stopping at Libya and Malta. It was quite a long trip and altogether we've done 13 hours flying, so its just like travelling in the bus now ; only a different scenery of course. Although we have been here only four days we will sure be glad when our month is up because its hotter here than the Middle East. Well, Folks, I can't think of anything else at the moment except, I am looking forward to the day when I will be visiting you all once again, so until then I say

Cheerio, and all the very best,

R. H. Osborne.

TPR. Hartnell, 14134333,
2nd Technical Training Group,
111 Hagley Road,
Birmingham 16.
14th August, 1946.

To the Editors "Punch and Die."

Here at last, is my rather overdue manuscript ! I have just been moved here from Barnard Castle, and am now on a four-month course. I go to Walsall Technical College every day for instruction on workshop theory and practise. The theory is rather boring, but the practise is O.K. We get a certain time to do a job, and if we do it within that time, we are allowed to spend the rest of the time making whatever we wish. We also get taught Mathematics.

There are fifteen Armoured Corps Chaps here on this course. We have a special bus to take us to Walsall and back every day—it is about eleven miles there. We fifteen, and three sergeant-majors, are billeted in a huge three-storey mansion here in Birmingham. The garden is more like a park than a garden ! The food is very good too, so I have not much to grumble at—although I wish I were back in civvy street, and in A.Z.F. again.

How is A.Z.F. getting on ? Any big changes ? Emlyn (Jenkins) was telling me there is quite a difference there now. I had to leave Emlyn back in Barnard Castle—worst luck. We both hope to be back at A.Z.F. some day. Will our jobs be open for us when we come out ?

Before we left Barnard Castle, we had to do a bit of driving—you see, it is a rule that everyone in the R.A.C. has to learn to drive, no matter if they are cooks, clerks or anything. I was O.K in the cars and trucks, but when I got to 15 ton armoured cars, then began the fun. I had a very near escape in a convoy, still, I am still kicking, so that's all that matters.

The first month of this course is all done by hand—we do not machine anything—only drilling, otherwise we file, scrape and stone ! We make all sorts of tools and gauges ! Not press-tools though—we make tap-wrenches, punches, clamps and stuff like that. The gauges are always male and female—we certainly get some stoning in on them ! The time goes fairly fast, thank goodness—but still not fast enough.

Well, I must close now, as I have some "fatigues" to do, so cheerio for now.

All the best to the boys.

Roy Hartnell.

The Editors, Punch and Die.

Dear Sirs,

From time to time steps have been taken in an endeavour to alleviate the difficulties experienced by the employees of Aero Zipp Fasteners who live at Abercynon, Mountain Ash, Aberdare and around those places, served by the Red and White Aberdare Service.

On one occasion names were collected of persons holding permit passes to travel on these buses ; and amounted to enough to fill a bus ; with a view to obtaining the allocation of a bus for Aero Zipp Fasteners employees, similarly to those which other firms on the Estate have. This matter was then taken up with a member of the Management with Ministry of Transport and the Red and White with no success. I never say die ! so am appealing this time through the medium of the magazine for another attempt to be made.

I submit suggestions for your consideration. Could the true facts be obtained by your questionnaire method such as :—

What is your home picking up point ?

What is the average time you wait for a bus in the evening ?

Do you often have to stand ?

Have you a permit ?

Are you often left behind in the morning ?

What time do you arrive at your picking-up point ?

And/or a representative could be appointed to personally observe the position. It will be found that the majority have to wait some considerable time in the evening ; there is no shelter from the rain—and it does rain now and again !

If the facts when obtained justify another attempt to have a bus allocated, don't accept defeat until every possible channel has been explored to gain success and so provide some comfort for

this section of the employees of Aero Zipp.

Yours faithfully,

R. A. Pound.

Editors Note :—We regret that we cannot comply with all the details of the preceding letter, but we have brought it to the attention of the Personnel Manager, who replies in this month's "Letters to the Editors."

27th August, 1946.

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

A few weeks ago I wrote to the head office of the Red and White 'Bus Co. and explained in detail the troubles of those travelling from Aberdare, Mountain Ash, Abercynon, etc. The 'Red and White' realise that the service is overloaded but reply that they have no additional buses to meet the needs at the peak travelling times. They say that they are taking this matter up with the Regional Transport Commissioners with a view to excluding those who live near railway stations.

Since then I have written to the Transport Commissioners and told them the whole story. So far I have not met with much success but I shall make further efforts before I am am strangled with 'red-tape'. For your information the last reply is produced below.

G. S. HART,

Personnel Manager.

Ministry of Transport,
Regional Transport Commissioner,
Graham Buildings,
Newport Road,
Cardiff
22nd August, 1946.

Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 20th August, 1946, I am directed to inform you that your representations regarding the

difficulties being encountered by workpeople employed by firms on the Treforest Trading Estate who have to travel on the bus services through the Aberdare Valely are noted.

I am, however, to point out that the responsibility for initiating any variations or modifications to the existing services as may be needed rests primarily with the bus Operators providing the services; and that the functions of the Area Traffic Commissioners in this respect are limited to examining and approving any applications as they may receive from the 'bus companies for permission to modify the existing arrangements.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

F. I. McCarthy,

For Clerk to the Commissioners.

The Personnel Manager,
Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd.,
Treforest Trading Estate,
Pontypridd, Glam.

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

I think that it is about time that a word of praise was written about the excellence of the meals served in our Canteen by the Canteen Manager, Mr. Robison. Many of my workmates have remarked, and I agree, how much they enjoy these dinners. I myself have eaten in many different Canteens during the war, and can honestly say that the dinners we get here are definitely better, and as reasonably priced as any I have experienced. If the Canteen manages to do so well now with food so tight these days, it certainly augers well for the future, and the time comes when food is in "pre-war" supplies again.

There are a few points, however, I should like to bring to the attention of those concerned :

(1). Could not better and cleaner cutlery be obtained now that there seems to be more knives and forks, etc. in the shops.

(2). Is there no way of overcoming the old-fashioned tea-urns, which for some reason take perfectly good tea-leaves, milk, hot water, sugar (?) and turn out a peculiar liquid known as "Canteen Tea." A.Z.F. tea has this fault in the same way as

other factories. It seems that when it comes to turning out tea in quantity for the workpeople, no way has yet been found to make tea which tastes like *tea*.

(3). Why not a supply of hot water in the Canteen at dinner-time for those who wish to make their own tea in billy-cans, etc. ?

(4). A good spring clean would do our Canteen no harm. Some paint on the walls and a decent stage with curtains, etc. would turn it into comparatively the best Canteen on the Estate.

EPICURE.

27th August, 1946.

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

I should like to suggest that "Punch and Die" would be greatly improved if it had a more attractive cover. To obtain the design we could have a competition with a prize for the winning artist. A block could be made of the design and there would be no further cost. However, if you favour the idea it would be wise to consult the printers about any technical limitations first.

Yours.,

G. S. HART

Editors Note :—We have had several suggestions along the lines of the above. We agree that a standard cover design would indeed be an asset to "Punch and Die" and the printers will be contacted so that further information can be obtained as to the possibility of such a cover.

ORGANISATION ?

To the Editors of "Punch and Die."

Dear Sirs,

I have watched with aching heart what I believe to be the decline and fall of the "esprit de corps" feeling which was prevalent in A.Z.F. during the war years.

It is all very well to say that we never had lunch-time concerts,

a band and some of the social activities that our manager is trying so hard to cultivate, but I don't think there is enough interest shown by those at the top of the ladder to bring us any success in any of these undertakings. Perhaps if I give some practical examples my point will be made much clearer.

Last year we went to Porthcawl for a day's outing and a good time was had by all, this was due to the fact that the organisation was not confined to one or two members of the Social Club Committee, who like to think they are at the head of everything and try to make it look as though they have the weight of the world on their backs, but was taken care of by a capable member of the Management who was not above discussing and taking advice from any worker who cared to show interest. The Social Club Committee has been a Ghost party too long and it is time they made themselves known to those they are supposed to represent instead of trying to do things first and getting support for it afterwards.

This year a trip was arranged for August 31st to Weston. All arrangements were made, announcements given, names collected and a place specified for the collection of money. This day arrives and instead of the money being collected we are politely told that the trip has been cancelled. Being a fairly old member of the firm I was approached by numerous people wanting to know who their representative was on the S.C.C. but alas even I could not tell them. This is surely a sad state of affairs. If the fault lies with the difficulty of travelling why tell the workers we were going in the first place, if the fault lies anywhere outside, the same thing applies, but if someone has taken it into their own hands to make these plans, finding out later that they couldn't be carried through, that someone should be given a book on Social Activities.

The final blow fell the same day, the concert which had been arranged, posters for which had been prominently displayed, has also been cancelled or postponed, whose fault? Again I don't know, probably those mystic "unforeseen circumstances" again. There is a re-election of the S.C.C. members shortly. Make it your business to elect members you *know* and then if anything goes wrong we have no-one to blame but ourselves.

D. H. ROWLAND.

Editors Note :—We have forwarded copies of the above letter to the secretary of the Social and Welfare Committee and to the Lunch Time Concert Committee. Their replies are as follows :—

LUNCH-TIME CONCERTS.

From Mr. B. Weinberger (representing the Social and Welfare Committee) and Mr. W. F. Henson and D. D. Stone (representing "Punch and Die.")

The concert arranged for Friday, 2nd August was postponed until after the holidays for well known reasons. After the holidays a concert was arranged for Friday, 30th August. It must be remembered that before a concert is held the members of the band and artistes have to practise for two or three nights a week from after working hours until 8-30 or 9,0 p.m., for a practise cannot be held in an hour and the evening is completely lost to those who attend. Owing to their previous appointments and commitments, the difficulty will be realised of getting all the band together on the same night. How many, we wonder, of our fellow workers would give up two or three complete evenings a week, as the members of the band have done so splendidly in the past and will do in the future, so that their fellow-workers can enjoy a concert?

Unfortunately, after the posters had been displayed and a date given it was found that personal commitments made it impossible for sufficient practises to be held, and rather than have a poor show, it was decided to postpone the concert for two weeks so that a good standard could be kept.

We apologise for the disappointment caused but hope that the extenuating circumstances have been made quite clear.

SOCIAL AND WELFARE COMMITTEE.

From Mr. B. Weinberger.

In the absence of Miss L. Roberts, our Secretary, I took the liberty of trying to organise the outing to Weston and therefore should like to reply to Mr. Rowlands' letter. A lot has been said about this trip and rightly so. But let me try and explain the situation.

I met with considerable objection in the shop to a boat-trip. The Shipping Company does not reserve seats for anyone and whether or not you get on a boat is always a gamble. This applies particularly to a party of approximately 250 people.

We had planned to provide transport for everyone from and

to their homes and that too failed because no buses were available for that date. We did not like to let our party find their own way to and from the docks because that would have led to enormous difficulties and would have spoiled the feeling of an organised outing.

So we tried to go by train. The cost would have increased to fantastic proportions but we were willing to face even that, helped as we were by the guarantee of a substantial sum from the Management. We had to fix a date then as the G.W.R. had given us reason to believe that we could get accomodation on the day in question at favourable terms. We were eventually offered accomodation in a train leaving Pontypridd at 6-40 a.m and returning at 11-20 p.m. We naturally cancelled that.

So there remained a bus trip. But as I have pointed out no buses were to be had for that day. We had no choice but to cancel the trip for that date. The outing was therefore postponed for the reasons given above ; but we shall do our best to provide an alternate function to take the place of the abandoned trip to Weston.

SOCIAL CLUB ORGANISATION.

From Mr. A. Evans (on behalf of the S.C.C. members).

The Social Club Committee at all time welcomes constructive criticism, but we do not appreciate criticism without foundation.

I would like to answer one or two of the points mentioned in Mr. Rowlands' letter, the rest being answered in a separate article.

First, last year's outing to Porthcawl ; 250 people gave their names in, the buses arrived the morning of the outing, three of the buses had to return to the Depot as only 120 people turned up. This was not lack of organisation on the part of the Committee, but lack of support from the workers of A.Z.F.

I would like also to point out that all firm outings are run in conjunction with the Management as without their co-operation the outings could not be run at such a low figure.

Secondly, it was stated that the writer did not know who the Committee Members are. As he is an old member of the firm he

had the same opportunity as the other old members of voting in last year's election. After the election the names of the Committee Members were posted up on various notice boards. Also, if the trouble had been taken to read last month's "Punch and Die" it would have been seen that the names of the Committee Members were therein.

FORTHCOMING SOCIAL EVENTS.

Social Events that will have taken place by the time this issue of "Punch and Die" reaches you, but will be reported in next month's issue :—

Dance organised by the Social and Welfare Committee to be held in the Canteen on Friday evening, Sept. 6th.

Lunch time concert on Friday, Sept. 13th.

This is the longest, and in our opinion, the most interesting issue of "Punch and Die" to date. Our sincerest thanks are due to every contributor, whether the article be long or short, serious or humorous ; to Miss Betty Toghill and Miss Dilys Rees, who have given up many hours of their own time after the factory has closed for the day, for rectifying and typewriting copies of all articles submitted ; and to those who, not employees or connected with A.Z.F., have expressed their interest in our magazine and proved that interest by sending us articles of exceptional quality.

THE EDITORS.

QUESTIONNAIRE.

	Answer.
<p>1. Name the person whom you would like to elect to forward your personal view or wishes of your department regarding improvements or working arrangements, to the Management and as your representative in the Social and Welfare Committee.</p>	<p>Name of Person</p> <p>Department.</p>
<p>2. If you do not want to elect anyone, please state reason.</p>	
<p>3. As we are aware that the inconvenience through 'bus services causes hardship to a number of employees, we would like you to state your present travelling arrangements, to serve as a guide for us in approaching the 'bus companies concerned.</p>	
<p>4. Are you satisfied with this type of Questionnaire and the results forthcoming</p>	<p>Yes. No.</p>
<p>5. What improvements to the Questionnaire can you suggest for its betterment ?</p>	
<p>6. There are a certain number of books still available for forming an A.Z.F. Library. (a) Are you interested in taking part ? (b) Would you be willing to help as a Librarian?</p>	
<p>7. Prizes of 1st, 30/- ; 2nd, 20/- ; 3rd, 10/-, will be awarded to the person guessing the exact or nearest date that production will be commenced in the new factory as a whole. The opening day will be announced by the Works Manager.</p>	<p>Date.....</p> <p>Please state your name here</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>8. What is your guess regarding the average daily production of the Machine Room, Finishing Room, Plastic Department, Slider Dept., for the week ending the 14th Dec., 1946 ? Return guess for your own department only. Prize for nearest guess—10/- per Dept. How much more will that be than for the average daily production we had in the first three months of this year ? Prize for each nearest guess—10/-.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">Average daily Production</p> <p>Machine Room....</p> <p>Finishing Room....</p> <p>Slider Dept.....</p> <p>Plastic Dept.....</p> <p>.....</p>
<p>9. Any further comments or suggestions for the next Questionnaire ?</p>	

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