

PUNCH & DIE



Revo

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AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.,
from their factory at
TREForest TRADING ESTATE,
PONTYPRIDD,
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PUNCH & DIE

MARCH ISSUE, 1947

THIRD YEAR No. 14

THE 44-HOUR WEEK

IF by means of some
Wellsian machine

our ancestors could have peered into the future, and foreseen the shape of things to come, loud indeed would have been their exclamations of surprise, incredulous indeed their gaze, for their own lot in comparison to our own was wretched to the extreme.



Factories, springing up like mushrooms in the towns during the Industrial Revolution, were gloomy, unsanitary and unhygienic places. In them labour-ed employees for fourteen to seventeen hours each day for wages of ten shillings a week.

The quantity and quality of their food was not much above starvation level, and children of six years and upwards were set to work to earn a few shillings in the struggle for existence. Safety devices to guard life and limb were unknown in the factories, whilst in the mines were only those of the most rudimentary kind.

Over 200 years ago the first of the Trade Unions was born, and through the efforts of these Trade Unions, through the gradual enlightenment of the Employers, through the Reforms of high minded men, the social and working life of the work-people has advanced, slowly, but steadily.

Today we have the forty-four hour, five-day week. A mass of Factory Acts protect us against long, unhealthy hours, against unhygienic and dangerous working conditions. Wages are paid at recognised and agreed trade rates, at a level which guarantees at the minimum a decent existence. We have social activities

of every possible description. Who could blame our ancestors for their amazement at such a transformation?

Today, parallel to the improvements in our working conditions, the Trade Unions have grown into firmly established and powerful organisations. A Labour Government guides the destiny of the country. Nationalisation of various industries has started great industrial and economic experiments upon the success of which depend the nation's future and prosperity.

As to the future? We take leave to quote George Gibson, ex-president of the Trades Union Congress and Chairman of the North West Regional Board of Industry who stated, in a recent "Sunday Express" leading article:

"Even a Socialist Government can only provide legislation for the purpose of ensuring a more equal distribution of wealth. It cannot create wealth.

"It is providing legislation for the purpose of ensuring a more equal distribution. It is organising to secure a higher and better production.

"But in the last resort that production depends upon the men and women in the workshops.

"If they don't support the Government by honest labour, then they will be responsible for destroying it.

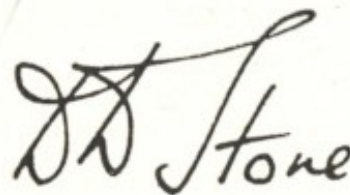
... "Then, of course, the additional consequence of the war and the emergence of the Labour Government is the added responsibility that falls on the Trade Unions.

"Once they are admitted to virtual partnership in industry they have to assure a degree of responsibility. . . a responsibility for the successful functioning of the industry and for producing in adequate quantity the goods that can be sold in the world's markets at competitive prices."

W. Milne-Bailley once wrote, "Trade Unions are born, not made. Their growth has been a spontaneous, healthy process arising out of the needs of the common people." . . .

The forty-four hour, five-day week, the nationalisation of industries, the tremendous advancements in our working and social conditions, the emergence of the Labour Government, all herald, for the "common people," a new era in industrial relations, the success of which calls for the conscientious co-operation and utmost exertions of the men and women in the shops, the managements, the Trade Unions and the Government.

Each one of us looks forward eagerly to a future of security and happiness. There is, however, no substitute for the honest labour needed to bring this about. How soon and how sure this happy state of affairs is achieved rests entirely in our own hands.



J. D. Stone

THE LIFE OF A ZIPP

asks
Lapis.

“ How long does a Zipp live ? ”

Well . . . I did hear of a fellow some time ago who was fined for tossing a brick through a shop window because he wasn't satisfied with a pair of trousers he'd bought there twenty-five years before. Maybe they were beginning to glaze or fray round the edges, or something.

Zipps won't last till the Day of Judgment, either, but like your car, your fountain pen, your new suit, your shoes, and everything you possess, they have a certain expectation of life, and that life is as long as you make it. They need looking after if their lives are to be prolonged.

If young Tommy with a squeal of delight and a clatter of hob-nailed boots on the mudguards, scrambles over your new car (deposit paid 1938, delivered 1947), and gets a thwack on the ear for his trouble ; if you catch him scoring a double six on the dart board with your new fountain pen, and he gets another thwack on the ear, and then, just to change the anatomical monotony, he gets a resounding kick in the pants for using your new suede shoes and genuine pig-skin gloves as part of his goal-keeping outfit on a pelting day, then the days of these valuable articles have been shortened, as you know well enough.

It is the same with your zipp. The stops on both ends and the slider that goes up and down are there, firmly tested to withstand more than the normal pressure of daily, weekly, yearly usage. What they will not stand is young Tommy wedging the stops open to see what's underneath, neatly taking the slider to pieces to see what makes the blessed thing lock, or testing out the sharpness of Dad's new cut-throat razor on the zipp fastener fabric.

And it isn't only Tommy who has to behave. You must, too.



Take care of the zipp when you wash Tommy's jacket. You don't have to take it off, but don't wring the jacket into a tight wet bundle and leave it like that for a few days. You'll find that most probably the zipp will still work, but its shape will be the same as the path traced by Tommy's father on the way home after a heavy night at the "Goose and Feathers."



Remember the care taken by the manufacturer who had the zipp sewn into Tommy's jacket, and take a leaf out of his book. He has had to know what type of zipp to use—and there are dozens of different types of zipp, each specially made for a specific purpose. He has to know that a zipp doing a "vertical" job (a dress, skirt, golf bag, airman's jacket and trousers, etc.) has to be a "locking zipp"—one that won't come down unless the gripper is pulled to release automatically the locking device. He has to know that zipp doing

a "horizontal job" (on handbags, tobacco pouches, brief cases, travelling cases, etc.) need not necessarily be locking. Guided by the Zipp Manufacturer he learns how the zipp should be sewn into the article and what type of zipp should be used. Don't waste all his good work by ill-treating the zipp when it comes to you.

Now I'll let you into a secret. There's one thing the manufacturer hasn't done for you, and which you have to do for yourself. Surprisingly enough *all* zipp have one fault which has never been fully overcome (and there's a fortune around the corner for the person who solves the problem!). If your zipp is used quickly and unevenly, it *may* jam on your silken undergarment or run foul of any soft material underlying the zipp. Tommy, no doubt would lose his patience and pull like the dickens—and the more he pulls, of course, the tighter the jam. With reasonable care your zipp will never jam; but if it does happen, a little easing, gently does it, and Bob's your uncle Charlie!

Remember these points and you'll find that your zipp will remain in perfect health, and live to a ripe old age. Take heed of the latest fashion which declares, "Though there will be little change in men's pockets this year, get zipp conscious, for you'll be meeting them more and more in your every day life—not as a luxury, but as a necessity—from the tiniest zipp on that wedding dress, to the heaviest zipp on the tent for the honeymoon."

Take care of it and you'll find that, though the watchword of this age seems to be "stoppage"—that will never happen to your zipp. So be fair to your zipp and it will live as long as the commodity of which it is a part.



*My neighbour has a cockatoo,
In whom my doom I recognise,
Who has a mighty voice, and who,
Rejoices in its exercise.*

*And ever in the dewy morn,
Before the early worm has stirred,
The fabric of my dreams is torn,
By anthems of that odious bird.*

*I quarrelled with my neighbour through
His flowers—my dog destroyed the lot ;
And so he bought this cockatoo,
Lest I forgot, lest I forgot.*

*I never shall forget those flowers,
For when that bird begins to sing,
In mute despair I sit for hours,
Remembering them like anything.*

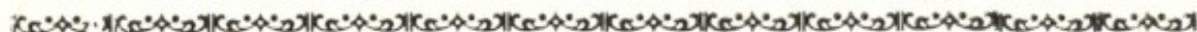
*Age cannot wither her—the years
Increase her power to screech and howl ;
Mine is a grief too deep for tears ;
Lord ! how I hate that blasted fowl.*

*My end draws nigh, and when I go,
Comrades, engrave upon my tomb,
These gloomy details of my woe,
These woeful details of my gloom.*

*“ Equalled with *Aeschylus in fate,
Here lies our friend’s lamented dust.
Robbed by a bird of life’s estate,
His soul is feline now, we trust.”*

—ANON.

* Aeschylus.—A brother poet, who was killed some years ago by a bird dropping a rock upon his tragic dome.



EACH STEP

LEADS TO

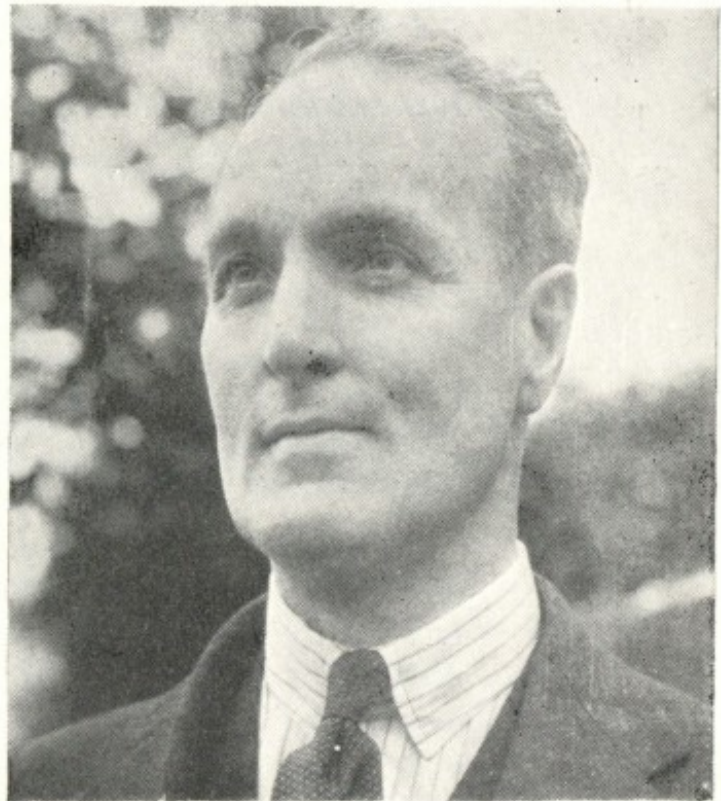
ANOTHER

By

ARTHUR PEARSON

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR PONTYPRIDD

For more than ten years I have been intimately interested in the development and success of the Treforest Trading Estate. It was from the human misery of high unemployment that the Trading Estate movement grew. The one we know at Treforest compels admiration of the vigour, energy and success which have attended the efforts expended by those persons contributing to its development. Here we have a significant contribution towards well designed factory units forming models of good environment for the industrial life of thousands of work-people. Thus from the first step taken to establish the Estate, pride can fill our hearts that the number of men and women employed at present pass the total of 9,000. A splendid achievement. These jobs are, I believe, of stability and permanence. Yet we must build up our numbers to a



ARTHUR PEARSON, Esq., M.P.

bigger total. How I would like, by one step leading to another, to see the 14,000 mark achieved and passed during 1947.

Aero Zipp Fasteners, Ltd.'s own fine extensions will surely play an outstanding part in helping to find employment for the many

still seeking work locally. In addition, aid will be forthcoming from the sixteen other extensions upon the Estate. Thus have come to Treforest new industries that have offered life, light and happiness to the people of the Valleys. The future depends upon everyone pulling his or her full weight. Treforest must win outstanding fame for the quality of its goods. This will demand the best that is in Management and workpeople. I am confident it will be forthcoming.

We are fortunate that the production on the Estate is so diverse in character. The eggs so to speak are not all in the same basket. Yet the solidity of each enterprise appears to be proved. The coming days will be keen in rivalry. To meet it can I urge that our Technical schools should have a portion of your spare time? Why do I ask this? Because I feel it is an ingredient in the Estate's success for the future. The better equipped individually each person working in an Estate factory is, surer is the victory over any difficulties that might confront us.

The foregoing will make the Estate structure sound in its essentials. Many attainments will be won which in turn will increase each man's just pride. Leisure hours and working hours will run parallel in developing each personality to its fullest stature. Social activities, outdoor sport, studies, travel, friendships, understanding and tolerance will make out of the opportunities of each a glorious future for the Treforest Trading Estate.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

On Monday, 20th January, 1947, an important and most enlightening address was given by Arthur Pearson, Esq., M.P., to the employees of A. Z. F., the subject of which was "Britain in 1947." A full report of the address will be published in the next issue of "Punch and Die."

*"All that is human must retrograde if it does not advance."
John Gay.*



You know our target. It is not an easy one, but I believe that everyone in the factory will do his or her best to achieve it.

Just as we, by our teamwork, will work to secure a better and happier future, so will all the workpeople of Great Britain.

If you share the responsibility now you will in the end share in the success.

*E. ENGEL,
Works Manager.*



FOR IMPORT ONLY



By **SAM BROWN**

[An outspoken, sincere writer, Sam Brown is now back in the U.S.A., having served with the American Armed Forces in Great Britain and Europe. A freelance journalist, he is travelling throughout the U.S.A., reporting upon events and giving his views, as he sees things, of every aspect of American Social, Economic and Industrial life. Below is his first despatch to the readers of "Punch & Die."]

HOW WE MET.

During my three-year stay in your country, it was my good fortune to have what is comparatively called a "soft berth" in the U.S. Army: that of a correspondent for the American Army paper. My meanderings were many, and at all times I attempted to view conditions not through the eyes of an American visitor, but rather through the thoughts of a native. Wales was especially kind to me in the many hospitable contacts that I made, and my spare moments were generally spent going down the collieries of Pontypridd or attending the Eisteddfod, listening to learned judges in the law courts (and don't let anyone tell you different—but your civic centre is a miniature Washington D.C.), wandering through Queen and St. Mary Streets, Cardiff, viewing and speaking to people just like yourself, and noticing the many females in front of the Capitol Theatre.

It was by sheer accident that I was invited to the home of your editor one night, for the hotels and hostels being crowded to capacity, and the only lodging available being the jail, that evening through his good grace and love for us Yanks I was a guest at his home . . . so Don Stone and I became the closest of friends, mentally and spiritually, a friendship that will withstand any war.

I do hope that this column will have general appeal and, should there be any topic that you deem important, please forward suggestions to your editor and I will be more than happy to attempt to satisfy.

G. I. BRIDES.

First, allow me to disprove any sensational stories that may have cropped up in your press in regard to G. I. British brides. . . I have just returned from a 3,000 mile trip across these disunited States, and I can safely say from interviewing more than 300 in various towns, cities and hamlets, that they are for the most part a very, very happy group . . . there is very little anti-British feeling towards them . . . Primarily there is awe at the avalanche of foodstuffs and clothing . . . gratitude for the opportunities, and

as one girl from Oxford explained "It's a marvellous feeling of being on equal terms with everyone and it's good to think that no-one has a title, that sons have to make their way in the world, that Americans ask rather what you are instead of who you are."

Yes, there are the usual difficulties of apartment hunting, and as a result of the housing shortage, in-law trouble, which is international, has cropped up. . . . From all the statistics that I have been able to gather less than 5 per cent. of the total have gone on the rocks . . . which is an excellent record.

DEPRESSION OR PROSPERITY?

To-day the average person whether in New York or California feels hazy about conditions in general. He or she is uncertain of the future. Leading economists tell him that a depression is in the wind, and looking back at 1929 he fears a return to the conditions that brought breadlines and general unemployment. . . . To-day, skyrocketing prices as a result of the removal of controls, have decreased the purchasing power of his earnings considerably . . . while the average earnings of the American worker to-day are 11 pounds weekly, the minimum budget for a family of four is 12-13 pounds, butter which in 1939 sold for 3 shillings a pound is to-day 5 shillings for the same amount. A white shirt that was 10 shillings in 1939 is selling for 1 pound to-day, and so on down the line. As a result, strikes have been taking place with the basic demand being higher wages . . . the loss of Roosevelt is mourned especially by workers, for under his administration they thrived as in no other decade from the economic, political and social standpoints . . . to-day with a Republican Congress at the helm and a President who lacks the foresight and leadership of his predecessor, the future looks gloomy for the average wage earner.

THE MINERS AND JOHN L. LEWIS.

John L. Lewis, I can safely say, is held in disrepute by the greater majority of workers and the miners feel that he sold them out at the last strike . . . yet, his influence in Union affairs here is not to be disregarded.

RANK GOOD NEWS?

Your British made films have finally hit the spot here and a recent poll of New York Newspaper critics gave the honours to seven out of the ten best pictures of 1946 to your studios . . . but James Mason, who is in New York with his wife and his cats is forgetting you blokes . . . In a recent interview with the Press he didn't have many kind words to say about his birthplace.

U. N. O.

I watched your Sir Hartley Shawcross at the United Nations and will one of you tell him to stop biting his pencil when disturbed . . . when the delegate from India spoke, he almost swallowed it. Cheerio, or so long, or what have you till next time. . . .

The *CUSTOMER* is always right —

With the growth in popularity of zipp fasteners, and an ever increasing demand for their usage on every possible type of article,



Mr. FRANK HARDING

it becomes more and more important that our customers should get all the help and advice they need to enable them to use our zipp fasteners to the best advantage of their products. With the appointment of Mr. Harding to our London Sales Organisation, as an expert on technical matters, we are happy to know that this essential link has been established.

Mr. Harding's practical industrial experience as our Production Manager, and his seven years' close study of every department of our factory, will be an invaluable asset to our Sales Organisation.

In extending to him our sincerest congratulations and best wishes, may we add our personal note that our Sales Organisation's gain is indeed our loss, both technically and socially. We do find, however, some consolation in the fact that Mr. Harding's territory will be South Wales and Monmouthshire, thus ensuring us of his frequent visits to the factory.

We feel sure that he will make as great a success of his new position, as he did of his seven years spent at the Aero Zipp.

SHOP TALK



By DON STONE

The Best Christmas Ever!

. . . . was the unanimous decision of Aero Zippers, young and old. While many of the festivity details have now vanished before the March of Time, here are some of the highlights that still linger in my memory of Christmas week at Aero Zipp. **Arthur Evans's** brilliant "heckling" of yours truly during the concert (remarkable folk, our amateur dramatists—I strongly deprecate discussions whether the bullet in the gun should have been a real one or not; the wide eyes, open mouths, and incredulous gaze of young **Robert** and **Barbara Engel** when Santa Claus came trundling on to the stage and threw them Christmas Crackers, the terrific performance of every artiste, each of whom rose to the occasion as though born stage troupers; the tremendous applause (no less than an ovation) that greeted the Works Manager; the short, but "just right" speech of **Sir Thomas G. Jones**.

At the dance . . . all the V. I. P.'s plus paper hats having one "helluva" good time; the prevailing happy spirit that transformed the affair from an A. Z. F. Christmas Dance to an A. Z. F. Christmas Party; **Mr. Harding** letting himself go (didn't we all) and showing us how a clarinet *should* be played; joint-organiser **Joe Backer's** transformation from the depths of despair to the height of ecstasy as the success of the dance became a foregone conclusion; the "just couldn't believe it" expression on **Clarice Jones's** face when she heard she'd won that tremendous "Lucky Questionnaire" goose (hope you enjoyed your Christmas dinner, Clarice); **Olwen Love** (sorry, Mrs. T. Lloyd) trying to sort out the unfortunate cloakroom muddle at 1.0 a.m.; the Whitchurch-Cardiff bound bus that made three circuits of Penarth and a general tour of South Wales and Monmouthshire before finally depositing its undaunted passengers at their homes at 3.0 a.m.

RECORD BUSTING.

Smiling faces in the Machine Room were the forerunners of **Doreen Jones's** news that they're record busting again. This time the **Joan Roberts—Sally Davies** team have gone over the top, establishing a type "D" record which will take some beating. . .

. . . Good Goin' . . . "Record Busting?" Asks **Mona Williams**, "listen to this!" telling me how the Slider Department celebrated their arrival at new headquarters and the new 44-hr.—5-day week—by setting a new high in slider production for a week—with *no* extra staff. . . . Events certainly tend to prove that we'll be needing an "Eniac" wonder calculating machine to keep check on these astronomical amounts of sliders pouring forth weekly.

Len Morgan informs me that the gentlemen of the Teeth Press Department—first in the new extension—have duly inspected the lay-out, lighting equipment, space, etc., and professed themselves satisfied, while much satisfaction has been caused in the sacred precincts of the Tooth Press Inspection Department, by a confession (extracted by violent third-degree methods) on the part of **Messrs. Nossek & Lesser**, that the teeth in the machine room *are* on the upgrade. It seems as if the recent determined quality charge, led by **Messrs. Ron Howell, Jim Cartwright**, and **Charlie Wilkie**, fortified with those new gauges and other mysterious implements of their trade, is certainly showing good results.

NEW FACES.

Mr. W. Clarke, who is temporarily domiciled in the Machine Room, informs me that having been away from factory life for some time (five years in the R.E.M.E., four of which were overseas), how pleased he was on his return to see such a happy spirit existing at the Aero Zipp. . . . We are glad to see how quickly **Mr. CLARKE**, who hopes to make his home in Cardiff, has settled down at the A. Z. F. **Mr. Maelgwyn Morgan** (six years in the Royal Signals) has joined the Wage Office Staff, and as an accomplished pianist will, no doubt, be a valuable addition to A. Z. F. Social Life.

Mr. David Payne is welcomed home again to rejoin the Teeth Press Inspection Department after three and a half years in the Royal Navy, seeing service in the Mediterranean, and the Russian Convoys.

Mr. T. Powell, of Liverpool, joins our back-room boys of the planning and development department and has made his home in the Jig and Tool Department. . . .

To all our new arrivals may I say "good luck ; glad to see you with us, and hope your stay at Aero Zipp will be long and pleasant !"

RECENT ENGAGEMENTS.

May I, on behalf of myself and Aero Zippers, congratulate the **Misses Myra Dare** (Machine Room), **Millie Davies**, **Glennys White** and **Laura Morris** (Slider Department) on their recent engagements.

. . . AND MARRIAGES.

Sincerest wishes for your future happiness to **Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Williams** (GWEN DAVIES of the Slider Department), whose marriage took place in Pontypridd on December 28th, 1946 ; to **Mr. and Mrs. John McCarey** (EILEEN LLOYD of the Plastic Department), whose marriage took place on February the 3rd, 1947 ; to **Mr. Tom Lloyd** (Managing Director of the Royalmaine Catering Co.), and **Mrs. Lloyd** (OLWEN LOVE of the Wage Office), whose wedding took place on Monday, 20th January, at St. Mary's Church, Whitchurch, Cardiff.



Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nilsen,

whose marriage took place at Leckwith Gospel Hall (Cardiff) on November 23rd, 1946.

Walter, Maintenance Engineer on Baby Teeth Production, and six years at the Aero Zipp, and Mrs. Nilsen (née Olive Johnson) have made their home in Cardiff.

AU REVOIR.

You may be wondering what has happened to **Mr. Parker** of "Our Column" fame, to those quaint characters of "Maintenance Mixture," and to **Morris Solvet**, the famous detective and **Stewe-Pitt**, his assistant, famed for their exploits in "The Mystery of the Surplus Grinding Machine" . . . I can reveal that, after giving stalwart service to the cause of "Punch and Die" they are at present taking a well-earned rest. They all await with interest your reception of this new type "P. & D." and are ready at all times to "fill the breach" should they be needed. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. LESSER for the U.S.A.

Mr. Lesser, foreman of the Machine Room Dept., and Mrs. Lesser, are leaving in March to take up permanent residence in the United States of America.

Mr. H. M. Lesser joined the Aero Zipp in March, 1939 (in which year the factory was built), and has spent the last eight years with us. Twenty-nine years of age, Mr. Lesser, by his work in and experience of almost every department—Tool Room, Power Press, Capstan Dept. (where he worked on various War Con-



Mr. H. M. LESSER.

tracts), Drawing Office, Planning and Development Dept.—has gathered for himself not only a veritable host of friends but also a deep knowledge of every branch of zipp-making, and his departure will be keenly felt both socially and in his technical capacity.

Mrs. Hanse Lesser, whose home is in the U.S.A., arrived in this country from the States in February, 1946, and her marriage to Hans in the April of that year was a “happy story ending” to



Mrs. H. M. LESSER.

their childhood friendship. Those who have had the pleasure of meeting Hanse were impressed immediately by her quiet mannerisms and charming personality.

On behalf of their many personal friends and everyone at Aero Zipp Fasteners Ltd., we take this opportunity of conveying to Mr. and Mrs. Lesser our most sincere good wishes for their future happiness, the best of luck on their journey, and every success and prosperity in the New World.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST

By
DON
STONE

“It’s the little things that count,” runs an old saying. How true it is was ruefully discovered by Mr. Jones when he had his evening at the “pictures” ruined because he had left his favourite briar and tobacco pouch at home. The ladder that aggravatingly appeared in Mrs. Jones’s stocking at the “Ball of the Year” ruined her evening, and in one moment laid waste that permanent wave, that manicure, those hours of careful preparation, and the thrill of wearing that glorious new dress.

How would *you* have felt if Mr. and Mrs. Jones were some very old friends of yours, if Mr. Jones hadn’t forgotten his pipe and tobacco, but found, just before the “big film” that the zipp on his tobacco pouch had jammed and he couldn’t open it? How would *you* have felt if Mrs. Jones had found, just before the dance, that the zipp on her new model dress wouldn’t close? A little uncomfortable, I’m sure; for you know that you’re working in a factory that may have produced these zipp fasteners bought by your friends. But do you also know that upon the shoulders of *each* one of you (and may I emphasise the *each*—highly skilled, skilled or unskilled) rests a responsibility to Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

A little doubtful? Then come with me for a brief while, on a tour of the factory. See for yourselves how your friends in other departments are working, and how they, in their own little jobs form a link which interlocks with yours, and yours, and yours, to form the Aero Zipp Chain. As we stroll around, remember please that there is another saying, “A chain is as strong as its weakest link.” But enough said, let’s be on our way.

Our tour opens in a certain room we call our Drawing Office. It is this room that receives the ideas of the Planning and Development Engineers, and transforms those ideas from descriptive word pictures and sketches into permanent blueprints of the shape of machines to come. Let’s follow those blueprints as they are issued to the Tool Room and see skilled toolmakers, with many years of practical experience behind them fashioning the tools



that make the zipp fastener parts. Let's watch them as they hand over their almost finished tools to the precision grinders for completion. These are the men whose skill and ability to work to the closest limits in engineering enabled us to fulfil so successfully our wartime contracts. Men who enabled us to maintain a steady flow of master gauges, jigs and tools to Royal Ordnance Factories and others engaged in the production of every type of war supplies, men whose work succeeded in passing the closest check of Inspectors of the National Physical Laboratory. Men who can work to *one hundredth part of a thousandth parts of an inch*—which is about one three-hundredth part of the thickness of a sheet of your daily newspaper.

Hardly credible?—but true, I assure you. Now let's follow the tools, and see them checked by the Precision Inspector, using his Electro Comparator, Slip Gauges, Light Projector and many other mysterious instruments. Please note this man, for he is the first link in a system of Quality Control which watches constantly over Mr. and Mrs. Jones's zipp fasteners at every stage. I'll show you now the Punch and Die makers (from here you'll note, incidentally, we take the name of our magazine), fitting their small punches into the tools, and assembling them ready for the Teeth Press Maintenance Engineers.

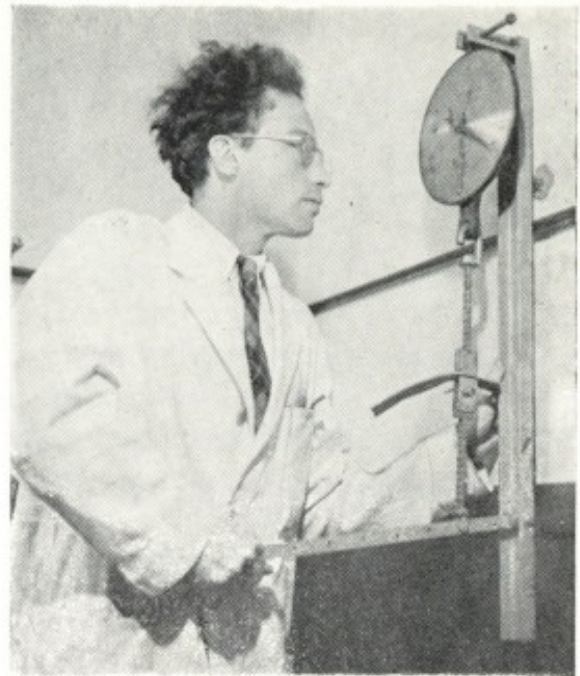
Watch now the wheels of these presses begin to turn and gain momentum ; see the small punches cut the brass coils to ribbons



as they stamp those small brass objects of peculiar form flowing like a golden rivulet into containers beneath the presses. These objects, my friends, when nickel plated, are the teeth, which, positioned at exact intervals, form the sides of the zipp fastener. All these teeth, every one of the millions produced weekly, have to be correct in size to a few thousandth parts of an inch, and it is

here again you will see the Inspectors once more in prominence, equipped with their various precision measuring instruments, microscopic magnification lenses, master gauges, test strips, and such like.

Let's stroll now to our Machine Room and see the teeth meet the fabric or tape and become the two halves of your zipp. Note the Inspectors again continually checking the firmness of the teeth on the tape, watching that the tape is not faulty, or the teeth damaged, watching that the two halves or strips as we call them, zipp together perfectly ; watching that the lengths are correct. Glance for a moment at the Chargehands training and helping new girls to overcome the initial intricacies of the strip making machines.



Not bored yet? Interested? Good! for the zippers are now almost completed, and we find ourselves in the Finishing Room. Here you see the girls deftly assembling the two strips and the sliders, clipping on the stops, and "running the zippers in," just as you would a new motor car engine.

Where to, now? To the final stage—to the Testers; those girls who with confident eye examine the completed product—the zipp fastener. You are wondering for what they are looking with that almost cruel efficiency? I'll tell you. Here are a few of the questions they ask themselves as they test the zipp fastener. "Is the zipp running as smoothly as it should? Is the tape frayed or soiled? Are the teeth end-stops and half-loops fixed firmly on the tape? Is the slider perfect? Is the gripper firm? Is the nickel plating perfect? Is the lacquer good? Is there enough tape on both ends to enable the zipp to be sewn into a garment correctly? Is the length absolutely correct? If it's a 'locking zipp' (maybe for Mrs. Jones's dress) does the slider lock perfectly into the teeth?" Enough? I thought so! The questions go on, but I'll conclude by saying that each zipp individually, has to pass the scrutiny of these trained inspectors before it is finally released for packing and despatch, and then, maybe, to Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Before we complete the tour, let's go behind the scenes for a brief while and I'll introduce you to our Back Room Boys (yes, we have them, too). These are the men who designed those presses, those tools, those intricate punch forms, those fully automatic machines. These are the men who daily, hourly, are engaged in a relentless struggle to improve on present methods, to develop new ideas, to plan for the future. You have no doubt

smiled at some Heath Robinson contraption fixed to your assembly machine one day, and then have been surprised a few months later to find it transformed into an efficient gadget to make zipp fasteners more speedily, more efficiently, easier, and better. It is the work of these men, about a dozen of them all told, each with a wealth of theoretical and practical knowledge to stand him in good stead.

Behind that zipp on Mr. Jones's tobacco pouch; behind that zipp on Mrs. Jones's new dress, is all that you have just seen and heard! I hope you enjoyed the experience, and now, tell me, how do you feel about it? A little surprised? No doubt, no doubt, but then, little things do count, don't they?



A SECTION OF OUR TOOL ROOM.

*It is not fair Anon should wear
The laurels for his comic verse,
So I shall try in "Punch and Die,"
My talent to rehearse.
This measure's neater, you will note,
Than anything my rival wrote.*

*My wealth of rhyme will show that I'm
No novice hand devoid of skill ;
Behold the way the verses sway
Beneath a master's will !
Behold (that's twice I've said behold)
The wisdom that the words enfold.*

*I shall assume a nom-de-plume,
For you will act unforced and free,
If I am standing close at hand
In anonymity.
Thus on your actions I shall spy,
And publish them in "Punch and Die."*

*Oh, girls beware, for I'll be there
If something happens out of place ;
A broken strap which shows, mayhap,
A something edged with lace ;
A wicked blush or stolen look,
They'll all be entered in my book.*

*I will not fail to build a tale
From slightest hint that you supply ;
I'll read romance in one soft glance,
A scandal in a sigh.
Full many a secret I'll surprise,
By chance, deduction and surmise.*

*The gentlemen, my pungent pen
Will most unmercifully lash,
Unless they choose to bribe the Muse
By means of ready cash.
You'd pay to print your names, no doubt,
But they will pay to leave them out.*

*I'll intersperse satiric verse
With wit and banter à la Shaw,
With which I calculate I shall
Provoke the loud guffaw.
For I am Laughter's advocate,
And work for him on the Estate.*

PASQUIN.

Socialism as I see it

I had an old teacher who used to say to us: "I don't like politics. It's always the same old game—how to get more, and that's all there is behind it. And it's the root of all evil, because all they are out for is to grab from the others. It has always seemed so much easier to conquer and dominate instead of working together to make life easier for everybody, and it always caused a lot of unhappiness. I don't like it."

If he were alive today, I'm certain he would be very much concerned with what is going on. He would tell his pupils over and over again: "Don't look for more, you will never be satisfied and you will certainly find no happiness this way. Make more of what you already have—and you have only one thing that is worth living for—that is your soul or your mind, or whatever you like to call it. Get it clean and tidy. Burn the rubbish, and you will find the real values."

His pupils of today would be just as ignorant of his meaning as we were then. I was an ardent socialist, full of ideas of how the income of the country should be distributed, my head chock full of the serious literature of capitalism and socialism which I think now only a real specialist would find readable, and I called my old teacher an amateur reformer. To me it seemed ridiculous for some to be righteous so that others could make profit out of them. I respected him, to be sure, but for me—I wanted action. I saw red when I thought of the dole, of poverty. I was going to fight these evils.

But now, I am older. I always hated to be told when I was young: "You wait, when you are older you will think differently." Now I haven't got more brain, and I don't learn as quickly as I did twenty years ago, but I have learnt to understand. It is funny, you know, to realise that there is a difference between knowing something and understanding it. So now I understand what my old teacher meant when he talked to us boys all those years ago. I understand it; I should like to make you understand it, too, but I don't know how to make it understood.

Of course, I could use words such as "spiritual re-birth." I could quote the Bible. But by these means I should only be shelving the responsibility of saying what I mean on to others, and then you might think I was referring you to some belief, or some well-known set of ideas.

Some people believe in this, some in that, and my old teacher's idea is not even a belief. It is just a state of mind you have to acquire, a mind free of rubbish, free of ideas which you have accepted without really being convinced about them.

In these times, it is more than ever necessary, even urgent—for us to free our minds of rubbish, to know what we think, to think for ourselves, and to give up the policy of grab.

After years of toil and sweat and sacrifices and hard struggling, a Socialist Government is now trying to fulfil the hopes and dreams of its pioneers. Do you, who voted it into power; you, Harry and John, you, Jean and Mary, do you know what you have undertaken to do? You voted for a fair distribution of the nation's wealth; but please don't think you will be any better off if you only grab for yourself what others have got in excess. You would make a mess of everything.

We are facing a world full of uncertainties; we are poor now and in debt, and the first job is to get the country on its feet again. Don't you think we should get together, rid our mind of all the distrust of each other, and start, for the first time in history with "fair play to everybody."

E.

To the Departments

No one could say that A. Z. F. ignored Christmas. Sometime before the holiday the decorations started to appear and things reached a climax on the Monday before Christmas Day. We didn't make many zipps—but it was a good day. In fact at 3.30 p.m. we gave up trying and decided to concentrate on enjoying ourselves.

After the holiday it took us sometime to get into our stride again and New Year's Day resulted in a crop of unofficial holidays. However, we have steadied up since. During the first week of the year the chief topic of conversation was the 44-hour week. It soon became obvious that it would be impossible to please everyone. The Management knew what routine it wanted, and it soon became aware of the various wishes of the workers by means of the questionnaire, the Joint Production Committee, and others, who went out of their way to broadcast their opinions.

A large body of opinion favoured the 5-day week, working until 5.30 p.m. each day, but without any afternoon break. The Management could not agree to this working all the afternoon without a break. The result was the routine which we have now ; that is, with an eight-minute afternoon break.

The hours of work was the least problem connected with the 44-hour week. The important issue is whether we can produce in 44 hours what we did produce in 47. Many people lightly asserted that they were sure that we would. It is by no means so certain, and in any case one can not judge by the first few weeks. The writer's opinion is that we can achieve it quite simply by observing a few simple economics.

At times we all have private business to attend to, so if we arrange for this business to be done on Saturdays instead of during the week that will help. If we are all careful to be ready to start work on the stroke of 8.0 a.m. and immediately break-time finishes ; if we refrain from going to the cloakrooms arm-in-arm with our friends ; if we refrain from making surreptitious preparations for going home, even before the five minutes allowed, it would all help to achieve the aim of doing in 44 what we used to do in 47. A. Z. F. is going to concentrate a lot on the apparently trivial bits of time wastage.

Many departments are now setting a target for each worker. This target is not meant as an ultimate aim but merely as a minimum which a worker should achieve in a normal week. Special attention is being paid to those who fail to achieve the target, and it will be interesting to see whether this assists departments to make certain of its weaker links.

Since our last magazine a lot of reorganisation and moving has taken place. Thanks chiefly to the Maintenance Department, these moves have taken place with surprisingly little disturbance of production. Each move is rather like the old business of "if we had some eggs we could have eggs and bacon if we had some bacon." We say, that if the electricians and builders are finished we shall move this department next week-end providing that the painters and heating engineers are finished. Then we proceed to do all we can to see that they do finish.

Most of this article is in a rather serious vein. That is intentional because one can rely on the editor to find others to lighten the reading of "Punch and Die." I should like to make the last word one of sympathy for the many who have tried to carry on with watery eyes and running noses before finally succumbing to our old enemy the "'flu" bug.

G. S. H.

"Be yourself. Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good penny is better than a bad sovereign."—S. Coley.

THE EDITOR —————

————— TAKES A PIN

Continuing the series of "Interviews" whereby the Editor chooses an Aero Zipper from a list of factory employees by the "blind-fold and pin method." The pin this time rested on an anonymous female and the first question was :—

"Were you at the Christmas Concert and Dance, and what did you think of them?"

I was at both of these affairs and enjoyed them both very much indeed. All my friends and everybody I spoke to had a wonderful time.

"What do you think of our social activities and the general social and working 'feeling' in the factory?"

Well, the feeling is hard to explain but it's a fine one. Somehow everyone seems friendly to each other and I wouldn't like to work anywhere else. I don't personally take any part in amateur dramatics, the concerts, etc. That's because I am rather shy and self-conscious, and 'don't like people staring at me.' but I wouldn't miss any of them for the world. I'll be going along to see the amateur dramatic play in a few days, and I think the Social and Welfare Club is doing a good job. The factory would be pretty dead without our social activities.

"What do you think of the 44-hour week, and how do the new arrangements suit you?"

As far as I am concerned the new hours are just perfect. You see, at home my mother isn't too well, and the full two days we now have enables me to see to many things at home. My week-end usually runs like this: Saturday morning I do household duties at home which leaves me Saturday afternoon for the films, and Saturday evening for dancing. I usually spend Sunday taking it easy and then finish up the week-end by going to one of the concerts which are generally on where I live. I don't think that the new hours should make any difference at all as regards production. My own personal experience is that whereas previously I *had* to take a day off occasionally to see to personal and household duties, now I have Saturday and Sunday off clear I can generally fit them in—and there are probably lots more like me.

"What do you think of Arthur Pearson, M.P.'s speech?"

To tell you the truth there was such a blinkin' crowd in the canteen that I couldn't get in to listen to him, so I went back and

got on with my work—believe it or not! It was a pity he wasn't speaking in the open air. All my friends however thought it was excellent, and well worth the half hour off work.

“What do you think of the Joint Production Committee, and do you know the idea of it?”

Yes. I think I have a pretty good idea. It's to get more production, to decrease waste and help things generally. I don't know, however, what has been achieved by it, what is being done except in a very hazy sort of a way, and I certainly think that we should have more information as to the meetings and what it is doing by means of notices on the boards, which would enable us to take more interest.

“What do you think of the new extension?”

The new extension won't affect me—I won't be moving into it, but I've had a look at it and think it looks O.K. When it's finished and we've got one compact little factory I think everything will be O.K. Talking about the new extension, what about the canteen? It's so small nowadays with new people starting, that I can never seem to get in to have my dinner, and what with the new extension bringing more people in again things will be pretty well impossible. I think that a decent sized canteen, together with the new extension would just about settle matters perfectly.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*May I take this opportunity of thanking the person interviewed (whose identity will remain anonymous), for the grand way in which she entered into the spirit of "The Editor takes a Pin."*

“Let us not pray for a light burden, but a strong back.”
Theodore Roosevelt.

A Report on the Welsh Industries Fair, London



JANUARY 1st—7th incl., 1947.

By **G. N. CARY**, *Regional Export Officer (Wales)*.

The success of the first Welsh Industries Fair to be held in London astonished even the organisers (the Industrial Development Council of Wales and Monmouthshire). The slogan was "Wales can make it and sell it." It scored grand publicity and focussed the limelight on the light industries established in the principality. Wales, in fact, hit the fashion headlines and became the social rendezvous of Welshmen from far and wide. The fair demonstrated not only the wide variety of production, but the enterprise of the industrialists of Treforest and Bridgend Trading Estates and of others established in the special Development Areas. These firms are the spearhead of the export drive in South Wales.

Of the total 83 exhibitors, 70 were manufacturers. 54 of these had been established in Wales within the last ten years—41 being entirely new firms. The remainder represented branch factories new to Wales, but with parent undertakings in England. 80 per cent. of the exhibits comprised personal or domestic consumer goods. Gloves, shoes, sequins, plastic goods, frocks, luggage, belts, blouses and scarves were noted and admired by buyers from five continents. Model gowns, nylon multi-coloured evening shoes, elastic novelties for bathroom and beach, as well as ladies' belts in continental style and evening gowns made by firms on the Treforest Trading Estate and around Cardiff were quickly snapped up by the first buyers. Ladies' handbags and artificial flowers also found a ready market. Pots and pans, artistic metal furniture, lamp shades, soft and metal toys were a few of the other items which attracted the attention of foreign buyers and representatives of London shippers.

Undoubtedly two features specially appealed to the public and to trade buyers, viz. :—(a) processes and products new to Britain were shown, and (b) orders could be placed for early delivery in respect of goods exhibited.

Complete results cannot yet be assessed, but the organisers, however, report an approximate aggregate of orders to a value of £5,000,000 and a gate of 40,000 visitors, including many from overseas. This compares with £3,000,000 and 20,000 visitors

respectively for the preceding Welsh Fair held at Cardiff in September, 1946. Whether manufacturers accept all these orders or not, the ultimate development value will be of immense help to South Wales industrialists. It is tangible evidence of the patient spade-work of headquarter departments and regional officers, as well as of the manufacturers themselves, which has been going on in the special Development Areas since the close of hostilities.

An illuminating survey (published in "The Times," January 2nd, 1947) of the post-War economic developments in the principality came as a timely reminder of the rapidity with which the industrial revolution is progressing in Wales to-day, and of the growing importance of the Principality's contribution to the national production and to the export drive.

The Industrial Development Council is already organising a special Hall for Regional exhibitors at the British Industries Fair, London and Birmingham, May 5th to 16th, 1947. In addition to this, the Industries Association of Wales and Monmouthshire has been organising for some time a comprehensive exhibition styled "Industrial Wales" to be held at the Empire Hall, Olympia, London, August 28th to September 13th, 1947.

BEAUTY • INDUSTRY • THRIFT

The theme "Beauty," "Industry," "Thrift" was used for the National Savings Stand at The Welsh Industries Fair held in London the first week in January.

An illuminated diorama of the ruggedly beautiful Elan Valley Reservoirs was used for "Beauty" and an excellent map keyed to show the location of Welsh Industry was used for "Industry" "Thrift" was demonstrated by panels showing that Wales, asked to subscribe £22,000,000 in Small Savings in twelve months, has subscribed £19,000,000 in nine months. Others showed the growth in number of Savings Groups and Savings Group Membership.

Welsh workers were pleased that the world was being told of their contribution. Treforest was well on show, of course, and the organisers of the Industrial Drive were delighted with the number of works on our Estate proudly displaying the National Savings badge.

The Regional Commissioner for National Savings in South Wales, Major G. Ronald Latham, is not a Welshman, but we congratulate him and his staff in ensuring that due publicity was given to Welsh contribution to the Savings Movement.

48 to 44 . . . AND WHAT YOU THOUGHT ABOUT IT

The Christmas issue Questionnaire, devised to gain your opinion upon what was then the burning question "what new hours shall we be working?" brought a response of 70 per cent. of the total employed at A. Z. F.

To the questionnaire, which listed five alternative routines, you replied thus:—

- 65 per cent. To work the same hours as were then in force (i.e., 8.0 a.m.—5.0 p.m. Monday, Thursday, Friday; 5.30 p.m. Tuesday and Wednesday; 8.0—12.30 Saturday)—but with alternate Saturday mornings off. Average, 44 hours.
- 12½ per cent. To finish at 4.30 p.m. with no afternoon break and work Saturday morning.
- 5 per cent. To finish at 6.0 p.m. and a five-day week.
- 4 per cent. To finish at 5.50 p.m., and a five-day week.
- 13½ per cent. Either did not reply or suggested different working hours by reducing, extending breaks, etc.

With your replies in mind, the bus companies were approached, only to find that in every case they could not comply with the different finishing times. By this time it was learned that the majority of factories on the Estate had decided on a five-day week—with the starting and finishing times and breaks varied to suit the different working conditions of each factory. The bus companies could not guarantee buses at 12 a.m. on Saturday morning or at 4.30 p.m. at night, and taking into consideration your general opinion that it would be better to follow the rest of the Estate, the Management decided on a five-day week for Aero Zipp.

More interesting still were your replies to the general questions "Could output be maintained and efficiency increased?"

The main theme of the replies—and there were several short but obviously well considered ones—was co-operation. With co-operation, you stated, both between management and employee, and employee and employee, not only could output be maintained, but *increased*, with a corresponding increase in efficiency. There were criticisms of wastage of materials, light, those who would or could not "pull their weight," and suggestions re the improvement of materials and tools with which to work in various departments.

At the time of writing a month has passed since the Aero Zipp switched over to the 44-hour week, and it certainly seems as if your observations re the maintenance of production were indeed correct.

As to an increased production and efficiency—the next few months will show that also.

The writer will not dwell upon the importance of the success of the 44-hour week to the country—much has been said about that already—but he does hope to have the pleasure of stating in the next “Punch and Die”——

“Aero Zippers said it could be done——
and we’ve done it!”

JOINT PRODUCTION COMMITTEE

Since the last report in “Punch and Die,” and up to the time of writing, four meetings have been held. Two of these were “extra-ordinary” ones to discuss the change over to the 44-hour week. This brought forth many discussions, but as you all know the hours were eventually settled to the satisfaction of a large majority. I must confess, however, that the Joint Production Committee did not play as large a part in these discussions as I would have liked to have seen.

Although very little business was brought up at the December-January meetings, two outstanding items, viz., the Canteen and the First Aid and Nursing arrangements, were thoroughly dealt with.

Up to the present very little has been presented in the way of suggestions for increased production, and more of these are needed in the efforts to maintain a high output.

Finally, as Chairman, I should like to wish on behalf of my Committee, a speedy recovery to Mrs. K. Unsworth, whose absence from our meetings is caused through serious illness.

R. MORRIS,

Chairman, Joint Production Committee.

20th January, 1947.



THE SOCIAL AND WELFARE CLUB.

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT.

By the time this article appears in print we expect that our Social and Welfare programme will be in full swing. The drama "Hawk Island" will be produced this week by our Amateur Dramatic Society, and in a few weeks we hope to "lay the Canteen bogey" with a Cabaret and Dance. This is a step in a new direction and although at present we are handicapped by canteen space, we hope to make this "Dance Cabaret" into a smash hit.

We intend to keep going a regular flow of social activities and entertainments throughout 1947.

G. THOMAS.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

I am glad to state that our financial position is now on a very sound basis, this being due to the 100 per cent. factory membership subscriptions, donations and the excellent result of the Christmas Draw.

Here is our financial position to date (17th January, 1947):

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
To Cash Account	200	11	5	Expenses ..	7	17	11
				Balance in Hand	192	13	6
	<hr/>				<hr/>		
	£200	11	5		£200	11	5
	<hr/>				<hr/>		

A detailed Balance Sheet will appear on the Notice Boards.

R. E. DAVEY,

Treasurer.

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS' AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

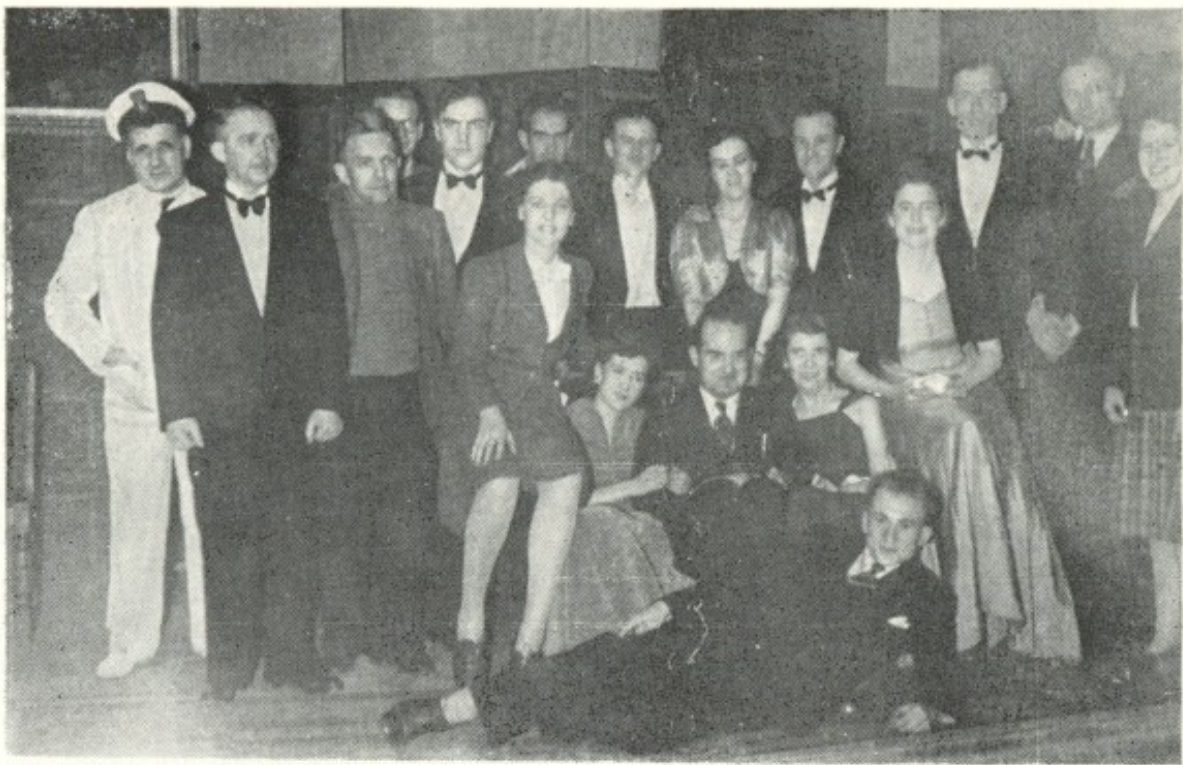
On Thursday evening, January 23rd, our Amateur Dramatic Society produced its first play in the Canteen—"Hawk Island," by Howard Irving Young, to an audience of almost 200 people. It was perhaps unfortunate that the following morning, material and this article had to be presented at the printers for the March issue of "Punch and Die," for it left the writer little time to prepare this report in full. And how much there was indeed of which to write! How that Thursday night, the culmination of three months rehearsals, and of the hopes and fears of the producers, the actors and actresses and all concerned, proved to be a night of glorious success.

I could have written of the thousand and one comi-tragic events before and during the play; the tragedy of the unobtainable French window curtains (and how Mr. Conway once again came to the rescue); the forgotten cushions for the armchairs and settee; the light that wouldn't go out; of stalwart Mr. Church, who although ill the previous two days, appeared a few hours before the show started, to be in his place before the curtains rose—stomach trouble and all; of the word and action perfect performance of plucky Pam Lewis, deputising at extremely short notice for Mrs. K. Unsworth; of the coolness and calmness of our honorary producer, Mr. Bill Roberts; of the cruel efficiency of Messrs. Ron Davey and Glyn Thomas, who supervised the "takings and refreshments" but enough, for there will be more performances—and in the next issue of the Magazine I will give you an overall view.

Outstanding of course were the individual performances of each actor and actress, and full praise indeed and our sincerest thanks to Mr. Bill Roberts for his perfect producing. But every person mentioned below shares equally the success of "Hawk Island." They all gave of their best to give an evening's enjoyment to their fellow employees at Aero Zipp—and the attentiveness, appreciation, and applause with which the play was received showed indeed, how brilliant was that best of theirs.



SCENES FROM HAWK ISLAND.
PRESENTED IN THE A.Z.F. CANTEEN
by
THE AERO ZIPP FASTENERS' AMATEUR
DRAMATIC SOCIETY.



DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Tom Austen	-	-	-	Mr. Dan Davies
Louise Hollister	-	-	-	Miss D. Wood
Anthony Bryce	-	-	-	Mr. C. Church
Paul Cooper	-	-	-	Mr. W. Hughes
Stella Wayne	-	-	-	Miss P. Lewis
Harriet Cooper	-	-	-	Miss B. Toghill
Barker	-	-	-	Mr. H. Salmon
Gregory Sloane	-	-	-	Mr. A. Evans
Madeline Austen	-	-	-	Mrs. M. Monks
Donald Parrish	-	-	-	Mr. Donald Davies
Sally Rogers	-	-	-	Miss L. Roberts
Captain Westover	-	-	-	Mr. W. Haines
Lynn Roberts	-	-	-	Mr. G. Phillips
Honorary Advisory Producer and Stage Manager	-	-	-	Mr. Bill Roberts
Honorary Assistant Co-Producers	-	-	-	{ Mr. A. Evans
Technical and Stage Advice	-	-	-	{ Mr. F. Henson
Hon. Secretary	-	-	-	- Mr. E. Engel
Prompters	-	-	-	- Mr. D. D. Stone
Effects and Lighting	-	-	-	{ Mr. G. Conway
Stage Equipment	-	-	-	{ Mrs. M. Williams
Gift of Suite of Furniture	-	-	-	- Mr. R. Randall
Gift of Stage Flats	-	-	-	Mr. G. Conway, Snr.
				- Mr. F. Henson

St. Gwynno Amateur Dramatic Society,
Ynysybwll.

Our thanks are due to the Management for their support, help and gift of Curtains, to the whole of the A.Z.F. Social and Welfare Committee and all helpers, and to Mr. Ken Walters and the Maintenance Department, for their co-operation.

Total proceeds in aid of the A.Z.F. Social and Welfare Fund.
D. D. S.

Christmas at Aero Zipp, 1946



Thank you

To Messrs. F. Harding, J. Backer, B. Weinberger, and D. D. Stone, organisers of the Dance, held at the Marina Ballroom, Penarth, and the concert, held in the Canteen for two highly successful and most enjoyable efforts.

Thank you

To all the artistes of the Christmas Concert.

To the Band :

Alto Sax and Leader	-	-	Bernard Weinberger
Alto Sax and Tenor	-	-	Nona Roberts
Clarinet	-	-	Bill Goody
Trumpet	-	L. Jones (of Messrs. Steinbergs)	
Violin	-	-	Dan Bryant
Drums	-	-	Tom Sheppard
Pianists	-	-	{ Gloria Thomas Chris Bird

To the Vocalists :

Joan Roberts, Evelyn Randall, Ron Bunney.

To Fred Henson for his piano solos.

To Miss Valerie Edwards, Star of the Pontypridd Amateur Operatic Society, for her kindness in coming along and singing for us.

To Young Tommy Hester (Santa Claus).

To Messrs. Reg. Randall (Stage and Lighting effects); George Conway (for building the stage); Ken Walters and the Maintenance Department (for their help and co-operation),

Each and every one of you gave a grand performance.

Nor Forgetting

The National Council of Social Service for their kind loan of the curtains (*we have our own now!*),
and

The Management for their support, help and co-operation.

AERO ZIPP MODEL AND EXPERIMENTAL ENGINEERING CLUB.

The general moving of departments to the new extension has rather upset our arrangements for the present, but as soon as things settle down again we shall continue our activities in full force. By the time this issue reaches you, meetings will have been held and our future plans decided.

If any member of the Club or people who are interested, wish to obtain instructional books, I have many available which I can lend to them.

There will be further news of our activities in the next issue of the magazine.

R. RANDALL,
Organiser.

TABLE TENNIS.

Since my last report, I am pleased to state that we have won every match played, and our present position is second in the Estate League "A"—Helliwells at present top the league table.

We are now about to play in the Estate Championship, the teams concerned being Helliwells and the Aero Zipp of League "A," and the top two teams of League "B." We have every hope of either the Championship or being runners-up, and here's wishing the best of luck to our Table Tennis Players.

IVOR J. GRIFFITHS,
Hon. Secretary, Table Tennis Section.

It is with deep regret that we have to write of the passing away of Miss Marion Edwards, aged 19, on Saturday, 11th January, 1947. The funeral took place on Wednesday, 15th January, at Beachgrove Cemetery, Edwardsville, Quakers Yard, and those present to pay their last respects were:—

Beryl Jones, Doreen Keepings, Thelma Jenkins
and Joyce Mortimer.

Among the many wreaths were those from the Management of Aero Zipp Fasteners; The Social and Welfare Club; the employees of A. Z. F., and Miss Beryl Jones.

Our deepest sympathy is extended to her parents, sister and relatives.

Letters to the Editor



SOUTH WALES AND MONMOUTHSHIRE INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.

GM/VGG.
THE EDITOR,
"PUNCH AND DIE,"
Messrs. AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.,
TREForest TRADING ESTATE,
PONTYPRIDD, GLAM.

Dear Sir,

Your house magazine Christmas Number has been received at this office and everybody has read it.

We would like to say how much interest and amusement we found in its pages, and to congratulate you and your colleagues on the excellence of its presentation.

To be able to issue such an entertaining and obviously well-supported journal is a tribute to the keenness of your social relationship between management and staff.

We send our best wishes for the future success of "Punch and Die" and look forward to receiving each copy as it appears.

Yours sincerely,

per pro SOUTH WALES & MONMOUTHSHIRE INDUSTRIES
ASSOCIATION,

GEORGE MOIR, *Publicity Manager.*

1832920 L.A.C. PARSLow,
R.I. SECTION,
R.A.F. STATION,
MAURIPUR SIND,
INDIA COMMAND.

To the EDITOR,
"PUNCH AND DIE."

I have received the Christmas Issue of "Punch and Die" and I must say it is very good indeed. May I join the many people who have written about this magazine, and say that this is the best I have read. My mates like to read it as well, and they are very interested in it.

Well Christmas is over. I have had a very good time indeed. We had our billet done up and seven of us had a three-day session. We *didn't* get one over the eight, although we got through some liquid refreshment. Between us we had twelve chickens and four dozen cakes. Believe me it was grand.

The best news I have had lately is that I have promulgated for release in March. I expect I shall start on my way the end of January or the beginning of February.

I am looking forward to seeing you all soon.

Sincerely, L. PARSLow.

NATIONAL SAVINGS MOVEMENT.

Patron : His Majesty The King.
Her Majesty The Queen.

NATIONAL SAVINGS COMMITTEE.

OLD COUNTY HALL,
WESTGATE STREET,
CARDIFF.

THE EDITOR,
"PUNCH AND DIE,"
MESSRS. AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.,
TREForest TRADING ESTATE,
TREForest, GLAM.

Gentlemen,

My Assistant Commissioner for Treforest has lent me a copy of your Christmas Number, and I would like to congratulate you on the very high standard you have achieved. Such a publication is indeed evidence of the interest the staff of the Company have in their firm, not only as a place of work but also as a centre of social life. I understand that Mr. D. J. Williams, Chairman of Treforest Trading Estate Savings Committee, has already thanked you for the space you gave to them in connection with the Industrial Savings Drive, and I would like to add my personal thanks to you for your kindness in bringing our nation-wide efforts to the notice of your readers.

May I offer you my best wishes for the success of your magazine in 1947 and add that I should be interested to receive a monthly copy if you could possibly spare one for me.

With kindest regards and good wishes for 1947,

Yours sincerely,

G. RONALD LATHAM,
Commissioner.

LATE POST.

Many letters have been received from individuals, from Personnel Officers, and Social Committees of Factories on the Estate, praising our Amateur Dramatic Society's first production. Here is a selection :

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.

Dear Mr. Stone,

Thank you for your letter and for sending me the "Pontypridd Observer" with that excellent notice of our Dramatic Society's first effort.

I am quite sure that every member of the cast deserved the praise they received, and please convey to the A.Z.F. Dramatic Society my congratulations on their success and my best wishes for the coming production.

Yours truly,

K. B. KOPPEL,

Managing Director.

CARDIFF ROYAL INFIRMARY.

13th February, 1947.

Dear Sir,

. . . . On behalf of the Infirmary Appeals Committee, I would like to extend to you and all those who took part in the Play, my sincere thanks for the effort made for the Hospital.

As you will appreciate, we still have to rely entirely on voluntary contributions to keep our doors open and to carry on our great work of healing, and we are, therefore, most grateful to the friends who help us in this vital and sacred trust.

Thanking you all.

I am,

Yours truly,

VICTOR R. LEWIS,

Appeals Organiser.

AERO ZIPP FASTENERS LTD.,
per D. D. STONE, Esq.

PONTYPRIDD AND DISTRICT HOSPITAL.

13th February, 1947.

Dear Sir,

. . . . On behalf of the Board of Management, I tender to you very sincere thanks for your interest and this help for the Hospital.

I am sure you must have put in a great deal of work in preparation for your performance and it must have been very disappointing for you to have had such bad luck with the weather, and more especially as it was your first production. I do hope that you will find circumstances much more favourable for your future efforts.

Yours faithfully,

H. H. JONES,

Secretary.

D. D. STONE, Esq.

TREFOREST TRADING ESTATE,
CARDIFF.

11th February, 1947.

Mr. D. D. STONE.

Dear Sir,

Those of us who were able to attend your performance of "Hawk Island," wish to thank you for a most enjoyable evening. We wish you every success in your venture and look forward to seeing your next production.

Yours faithfully,

p.p. STEINBERG & SONS, LTD.,

M. LORD,

Personnel Officer.

LATE NEWS FLASH.

. . . . from I. J. GRIFFITHS, Hon. Secretary, Table Tennis Section :

The A.Z.F. Table Tennis Team has qualified for the "Play Off" for the Estate Championship, the other three teams being Helliwells "A," Helliwells "B," and B.O.A.C. Our record to the present is one game won, one game lost, and we have every confidence of being Runners-up in the Championship

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

The Social and Welfare Committee intend to introduce a factory library in the very near future. This is an appeal for all those books you have read, which are now cluttering up the house, and are still in fair condition.

We need every type of book: Fiction, thrillers, novels, biographies, travelogues, educational, "Penguins" of every description, etc., etc., etc. There is no need to tie or parcel them up, just

BRING 'EM IN!

to Nurse FEIBUSCH, Miss E. RANDALL of the Main Office, and to all members of the Social and Welfare Committee. Just hand them over and we'll do the rest. In anticipation, we

THANK YOU!



Mr. and Mrs. T. Lloyd

*leaving St. Mary's Church, Whitchurch, Cardiff, after their marriage
on January 20th, 1947.*

