

NATIONAL PRESS STRIKE ENDS.

Fleet Street came back to life to face a loss of four million pounds and the job of getting us all to date again. Soon the pages are being set up and the machines are starting off.

And now the presses roar into action. The rush and bustle of producing millions of newspapers is on again.

Particularly for Londoners it will be like coming out of hermitage when the reports of the world's events are at hand once more.

What had been happening to those four weeks without the papers - did Churchill really resign, did Cambridge really win the boat race? But enough of the past - what's happening now. What's showing at the cinema this week? Can't they get those papers out quicker!

At last, they're back! The papers - how on earth did we do without them for nearly four weeks, while 700 maintenance men stayed out on strike.

For 26 days Fleet Street was a ghost street. In the buildings of the great national dailies the presses were silent, and out on the billboards the news was no news!

For some of us it meant hardship, for others no more than having to eat our fish and chips barehanded. But for everyone it suddenly became important to find something to read.

What did we read on the bus? Anything!

Then, just when he had a good excuse to read comics again, it was all over and the strikers were meeting at Holborn Hall to decide to go back. After all the unpleasantness of a strike they accepted wage increases offered at the outset.

Well, here they come - you pays your three-halfpence (twopence for an evening) and you takes your choice! Its a matter of taste as the dog said. Bad enough to have lost a living said the news vendor, let alone your voice.

Adult delinquency seems on the increase and rattles are going up - what a life!

Oh well - we're all glad to have 'em back, really, aren't we old boy? As long as they up to scratch!