

offered their premises and printing machinery. I am just off to the T.U.C. to see if we can get a rival out at once. All is ready. We've the plans in our heads.

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*Midnight.*—Well, it's settled. To-morrow we shall produce a newspaper, the *British Worker*, an evening paper, about the size of the *London Star*, eight pages, one penny.

In the afternoon, Robert Williams, the *Herald's* General Manager, William Mellor, my very able Night Editor, and I discussed with the General Council's Press and Publicity Committee (a) the necessity for such a publication, (b) the possibility of it.

We put suggestions before them; they communicated these to the full Council; we were told that (a) was settled and we were to submit complete plans at seven o'clock.

We now called in Barrow, the resourceful chief of our printing works and a splendid fellow, and, by seven, we had the whole business arranged. We could have brought out a paper this evening if we had been told to do that.

The plans were approved by nine o'clock; we were told to go ahead next day and thought we had plain sailing in front of us. Then we struck the snag of Trade Union complications.

I was called back to the office while I was getting something to eat, just after leaving Ecclestone Square (T.U.C. Headquarters). I found a tangle of difficulties, all resulting from the inability of some people to realise that there is "a war on."

These people want everything to be done as it is done in normal times. They would ask during an earthquake whether the letters were being taken to the four o'clock post; on the day when the Last Trump sounds they will complain that their shaving water hasn't been heated for them as usual.

Care to see that all is safe at night is prudent and necessary, but no sane person would go round locking doors and raking out fires if floods threatened inunda-