

MAN IN THE STREET

broadcast the same — news over the — radio four times in the one — afternoon?"

We reproved Albert.

After all, we suggested, the BBC could not be sure that the whole world was listening just when it suited Albert.

"Well, get to — out of my way!"

Which is what Albert says to everything.

"Scared Stiff"

After lunch we came across a plain sort of bloke doing a sort of professional job. Young, he was, and sort of handsome. "I'm sure," he told us, "that I'd be scared stiff if I had to fight. I'd crack up." With him was a woman friend. "I think," she said, "that we'll get married soon."

A Journalist's View

Then, as we were wandering along, we met a fellow journalist. Ah, we thought — he works on a daily paper — we'll get something right from the fountain head, so to speak. He spoke briefly and pungently:

He said: "This war is going to mean terrible misery of mind for everyone. But war was inevitable, and we cannot turn back. We have no quarrel with the German people themselves; our quarrel with them is that they have allowed themselves to be driven into this conflict by their leaders."

Liftman Takes Us Up

That seemed to be a fairly prevalent idea, but people said it in different ways. We went, for example, into an elevator, and from the ground to third floor, the liftman earnestly assured us that he wouldn't trust himself to speak on the situation. However, he calmed down as we descended for the fourth time, and agreed that the war was a terrible thing.

"Look at that ship torpedoed yesterday," he said. "Germany deliberately broke a treaty agreement when she did that. There's nothing we can do but retaliate."

The Fireman Was Heated

We had a chat with a fireman, too, and he summed up the situation for us, after being continually vocal for about five

And To Women As Well

minutes, in four words, two of which are unprintable.

"It's a — —," he said.



"STOP ASKING ME QUESTIONS!"—General Sir Edmund Ironside, Chief of the Imperial General Staff

Taciturn Barber

Heigh-ho, we yawned, it's time for a cigarette. But the barber who came out from the back of the shop, where he had been shearing someone's locks, to serve us, rather surprised us with his taciturnity. The hairdressing faculty is usually nothing if not loquacious. He glanced speculatively at a poster flaring with "Britain at War With Germany."

"It's a bad business, isn't it?" he ventured. We could not disagree. Then: "Everybody is taking it calmly, don't they . . . aren't they . . . isn't it . . . ?" he said. We understood. "We knew what was coming," he said; "we were prepared."

Printer and Storeman

But everyone did not feel the same. We were talking to a printer in the familiar atmosphere of inks and paper, and he in-

formed us that he had been doing a spot of heavy thinking. Ruminatively he said: "Well, I did not expect war to come." Pause. Then aggressively: "I reckon Germany's action was aimed really against England. This was the chance they have been waiting for ever since they made their first demands for colonies," he theorised.

Somewhat similar views were held by a storeman and packer who stopped working to tell us very emphatically just what he thought of war with Germany. "I think there's a lot of justification for Germany in her action against Poland," he said. "After all, the country is divided in two by the Polish Corridor, and if the people of Danzig want to be under German rule, why shouldn't they be?" He also deplored the idea that anyone should regard the German people as identical with animals that eat out of a trough. "Them's my sentiments," he concluded. "Oh, by the way, don't print my name."

Bad For Hotel Trade

The house manager at a large city hotel gave us a worried look, and told us he didn't know what to think; just knew that war was terrible, anyway. Over a drink he said gloomily: "I think it will last a long time." And when we asked how it affected the hotel business, he said that it would practically kill it.

From a Flat

A friend who works while others sleep, peered blearily over the sheets when we called at his flat, and when he'd finished maligning us for waking him up, he made the sage comment that "Germany had been working for a big war for a long time . . . even before Czechoslovakia confirmed the Fuehrer's megalomania."

Ten Words From A Typiste

"You don't think I am thrilled about it, do you?" said the typiste.