

The fire was coming up our street all the time our chaps were working, and after a while we were more or less cut off from the other premises. This was the cause of some worry to Lieutenant Cox, who came down to look for us and was unable to get past the fire. However, we had a clear way out through an archway at the blind end of the alley, along the road skirting the top of the walled cliff facing the sea, down big stone steps, several of which were shattered by a bomb, and along the wharves to the road leading out to Flagstaff Hill.

No help was forthcoming from the Greeks that evening. One of the old men who worked the machine treadle waited around for an hour or so, but left before we were ready to print. The fire, completely unchecked, was lapping steadily through the houses and had come up our street on both sides to within two or three houses by the time the actual printing was started, getting on towards midnight.

The last remaining inhabitants of the street moved out soon after midnight, the last remaining being another "Moma" like Zamaryas's, only even less portable,

who was left sitting on a chair on the pavement a couple of doors up from our place. There were Greek soldiers up on the cliff-top road, and I brought some of them down to the old girl. They tried carrying her, but she made so much fuss that they gave up the idea and went off, whereat she made even more fuss. I suppose they came back with a stretcher or something, because she was gone when we passed the place on our way home.

Being tired, with the candle fast burning out and the fire coming closer and closer, we contented ourselves with the printing of about six or seven hundred copies. We arrived back at Force H.Q. area, bringing the entire edition with us, in the early hours of the morning to find that everybody had moved out to Suda Bay, except Lieutenant Cox and one or two officers. He broke the glad news that we would have to set to and march eight miles forthwith. However, in the long run things turned out not so bad as that. Lieutenant Cox found a ride for us in a truck, and before dawn we were in a camp alongside the Suda Bay waterfront.



PUBLIC TASTE AND PRIVATE OPINION

"We should relate our material objects to everyday life, and raise ourselves in our everyday seeing and thinking." A recent address by Tom Harrison, Director of Mass Observation, England, to the Design and Industries Association.

THE THINGS people like and the things they actually see around them are not necessarily the same. Mass Observation has found a sharp distinction between public opinion and private opinion. Public opinion is, broadly, simply superficial, manifest, respectable presentation of people's views and attitudes. Private opinion is very reticent and discreet. Yet private opinion is of more importance, partly because it is more easily overlooked, and partly because it is from the private

opinion of to-day that comes the public opinion of to-morrow.

Private opinion will not emerge up to the surface as public, openly-expressed opinion unless the public expression of the opinion is sanctioned so as to appear respectable, normal, sayable. Private opinion has to be socially acceptable before ordinary people will make it public.

Such a brief general introduction is necessary if I am to make myself clear in what follows. For design, the pattern