

world of the 20th Century at the present,  
but harmonious, contrapuntal yet harmonious.

Had a swim, Russ and I, watched  
swarms of ants moving from one house to  
another or doing something, long strings of  
marching ants, going in both directions along  
narrowly defined routes, apparently varying  
things in both directions...very curious.  
They were sensitive to the heat of Russ's  
cigarette laid in their path, they went just  
so near then sheered off.

Back to get the bus after a hurried  
visit to town and brief discussions with  
the last refugees those left till the end,  
hurried and hurt were Teichtal, Silberusch,  
Stricker (tho the latter not much).  
If an interpreter is necessary, Papai  
will probably be a good one, seemed trsute,  
speaks good French.

Russ and I had a very good talk  
on the way in on the Passmore Elkintons,  
quick Service Committee world junkets,  
the limitations and advantages of SC work,  
the terrible responsibility on those working  
in such relief as we have at our disposal.  
Home by 2 in pouring rain. Bus had to  
stop to awaken gate keeper at r.r. crossing,  
gates down for the night. ...woman chasing  
a child, losing the chase because of the water  
jug on her head... all the men together  
in every town, in the streets, few women and  
those visible either at windows or in ground  
of four or five in the streets.

Monday, June 8

Received 25 Drot Ingholm passengers,  
gave them sandwiches and coffee and beer at