

**PERSONALS**

Home for the Personal Column are always welcome, particularly in the summer-time. They may be phoned, mailed or brought in to the Free Press office.

Miss Marcella Bailey of Dundas is visiting with her cousin, Miss Janet Rogstadson this week.

Mr and Mrs W. J. Wood and Steven of St. Catharines are visiting in Acton this week.

Mr Jerry Henry and son Bill were home for the weekend. Both are employed at Elliott Lake.

Mr. Governor Allan of Ottawa visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Allan, over the weekend.

Mrs R. M. Macdonald and Mr. Laird Macdonald of Detroit spent last week with Mrs. W. T. Hill of Toronto.

Misses Heather and Janice Layland leave this Friday for a month's holiday at Long Island, New York.

Mr. J. A. Mackenzie, Margie and Jack and Mr. and Mrs. John Mann are holidaying at Colpoys Bay, Bruce Peninsula.

Mr and Mrs C. O. Burns, Mary Ann and Gary of Toronto, spent the weekend at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hinton, Lake Ave.

Mr and Mrs. Clint Taylor and family spent their holidays at Honey Harbour last week with Mr. and Mrs. Art Hutchins and family of Rockwood.

Marilyn Cripps has returned home after spending the past two weeks with her aunt and uncle, Mr and Mrs J. A. Morton, St. Catharines.

Sunday guests at the home of their son, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Seynne of Redwood, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seynne of Toronto also visited.

Mr and Mrs W. D. Roberts, David Robertson and Miss Paula Cherry of Toronto, were visitors with Mr and Mrs F. Arden, St. Catharines on Sunday.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

Mr and Mrs. Fred Anderson have been holidaying in Port Colborne, Richmond Hill and Bond Head, and enjoyed a motor trip to Stratford and Goderich with Mrs. George Campbell and Miss J. Campbell of Georgetown last week.

Guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Rogstadson on Sunday were Mr and Mrs. J. Bailey of Toronto, Rev. and Mrs. H. Bailey and family of Dundas, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan and family of Saratoga, Mr. and Mrs. E. Rogstadson of Hespeler, Mr and Mrs G. Rogstadson and family, Mr and Mrs J. Taiton and family of Acton.

On their way home from visiting their nephew, Dr. Ian Gregory and family, holidaying at Long Point Lake Erie, Dr. and Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. Helen Buckner called to see Rev. and Mrs. R. Costerus, Ruthie and Pauline in their new home on Wellington St., and the friends in Acton will be very sorry to learn that Rev. Costerus has been confined to his bed for two months with rheumatic fever. He is improving now, however, and is allowed to get up for short periods each day.

# Villagers, Animals Surround Car Bells Peal to Greet Mrs. K. Knox

Mrs. Kenneth Knox, national secretary of the Canadian Save the Children Fund, is an extended visitor. Since her many friends here are interested in her work, her family have agreed to share parts of her last two letters.

Mrs. Knox is presently in Brussels, attending a conference. The first letter was written from Greece and the second from London. Explanations are in parentheses.

Patras, Greece (Thursday, June 26)

I am looking across the balcony of my room at the sea and Greek mountains two miles away. In the harbor are lovely privately owned yachts a glorious sight.

Yesterday morning we motored from Athens had late lunch in Corinth and came here about six o'clock. We were out till midnight.

Today we went to the villages high up in the Peloponnese, another 150 miles. We left at 7:30 and went first to see the mobile Medical Clinic which was in full swing. Infants, toddlers and school children all attend and it is doing a tremendous work in six villages. The charming young Greek doctor spoke English well.

Halla Peal

Then on to another desperately poor place. We drove through dusty roads and cart tracks, passing little but donkeys and goats. Then all of a sudden we reached the village. There was nobody about but the church bells started ringing full peal in my honor and children came running from every house followed by mothers, fathers, donkeys, hens, dogs, cats and everything that could walk. They surrounded the car, scrambling all over it, and I understood how the Queen felt when she sometimes looks mostly-eyed.

The President's (mayor's) daughter read a speech and presented me with a bouquet the head girl at the school followed suit and a mother brought me a basket of fresh figs, apricots and plums. The priest of the village, the Patriarch of the Greek church knelt and asked a blessing and then my distribution of clothing began. I handed out 200 bundles of clothing and toys and had my hand kissed by every child. All the parents came and shook hands and half way through we were served Greek wine which is horrible and tastes of pines, and good local cheese with cucumber and tomatoes. No bread.

About 1:30 we feasted on roast chicken and salad and more wine on the President's house with the doctor and nurse who had moved on to hold their clinic there in the late morning. The Patriarch, the President and schoolmaster.

As we drove away the bells clanged and the whole village lined the streets. They are wonderful people, so grateful for all that is given. I wished Canadians could have seen it. They would have gone out and filled the depot.

Eggs in Oil

Then on to another village we have helped a lot and which has a particularly co-operative President. He wished to entertain me and as within an hour and a half I had to eat two fried eggs swimming in oil, some revolting bread, roast chicken again with salad, fruit, cheese and lots more horrible wine. It took me all my time not to look ungrateful as although I had only nibbled at the first place, I was the best bit hungry. We drove back here about 8 o'clock.

We go to Ionnina in the north west near the Yugoslav border tomorrow. Shall stay in Turkey if possible and go direct to Jordan, cutting out Beirut on the way there.

(Encountering a variety of difficulties in Jordan, Mrs. Knox was forced to make phone calls to America rather than travel there. She then flew to Rome.)

London, July 16

I flew to Bari down in southern Italy en route to Tricarico a week today. Arrived there to find a galaxy of photographers, a radio and a film man, plus half the population of Bari. The mayor, the president of the Children's Hospital, the Bishop, everybody. When I had coped with the press, radio, TV and films, I was whisked off to dinner. This was about 9 pm with an 80 mile journey back to Matera to find a dentist who can sterilize his instruments and (b) had a mechanic who could make a tooth.

We drove 160 miles to Bari and back to get the job done and I spent from 11 to 12 am and from 5 to 8:30 pm in a dentist's chair.

"D-Day"

Friday was "D-Day" (Mrs. Knox had come to officiate at the opening of a nursery demonstration unit at Tricarico, sponsored by the Canadian Save the Children Fund). Only it wasn't the opening—it was the laying of the cornerstone! Apparently our administrator went to London for a meeting and for annual leave and when she came back nothing had been done because they had had an earthquake and the rock which had been exposed ready for the foundation had gone completely and they had to find a new site.

However at noon we set off on another 80 mile drive to Tricarico where before the ceremony I inspected the hospital, then had lunch with the medical officer and staff, and then at 6 o'clock went in stately procession to the site. First up first, then the premier (the mayor), then me, all in separate cars with police escort.

Placards, Flags

You would never believe it. The town was plastered with "Thank you, Mrs. Knox," "Thanks to the Canadian people," "Thank you, Mrs. Thompson" (Mrs. Thompson is the permanent administrator in Ontario) in placards and flags across the road.

The nursery is in a new part of the town where the very poor are being transferred from condemned houses to council houses. We wended our way through two miles of villagers and children on hay carts, donkeys, horses, mules, oxen and on foot. You never saw anything like it. You couldn't move for people and animals. When we met men bringing goats and sheep in the other direction, the whole procession had to stop.

There were masses of people grouped around a lovely erected dais which was approached by a very flimsy ladder with wooden slats every third. I went up it praying hard, as if the premier had got on with me, I'm sure it would have collapsed!

The mayor read a speech of thanks and I replied. The people cheered. Two darling little girls presented me and Mrs. Thompson with huge bouquets of red carnations and then we descended and made our way to the medieval erection where the stone was held aloft.

Smears Cement

The Bishop blessed it and I smeared it with cement and the premier tidied up the ends afterwards.

Then we went in procession followed by the entire population to inspect an orphanage, an Old People's Home and the new Roman Catholic chapel. Then after about three hours of "inspecting" we went back to the hospital for dinner with the official bodies and at 11 pm we set off on the journey home.

Some of the photos are lovely and the CBC filmed the whole lot. There were radio reports for the whole day and the Italian TV filmed the ceremony. It was in all the Italian papers. So much for Friday.

Carload of Flowers

Saturday we inspected a TB hospital in Matera before we left. The children's hospital at Bari on the way and then drove a seven hour journey back to Ostuna with again a carload of flowers—red carnations at the TB hospital and flame colored orchids (exquisite things about three dozen of them) and about three dozen of them) at Bari.

Back from Palera

I have just come back from the Palace, and am leaving in half an hour for Brussels.

I was sorry not to see the Queen but I got on the front row of Prince Philip's line and then rushed over and believe me nearly fell into the Queen's Mother. The line had broken up and I thought the had gone to the marquee, only to find myself stopping short about one and a half yards away!

She looked lovely in thinner, I think, but still with a lovely face and beautiful complexion. She wore the finest of white lace dresses, with a dipping hem not quite ankle length and a white ostrich feather hat with royal blue feathers in the middle. The Earl of Clarendon carried a white parasol over her.

Phillip wore no hat—the only one without!

Mass and Gold

The palace itself is beautiful. Lovely paintings in the reception hall. In the round room looking out on the back garden, there were corner cupboards exhibiting beautiful china, built into the walls like Rutil's (Leatherland) behind glass. All rose and gilt furniture and carpets and the walls tinted pale rose. I could live here quite happily!

A good tea! Thin bread and butter rolls, cakes of every sort with creamy butter and fillings and glass jugs of ice cream, tea, lovely food coffee fruit juices, but as much as you like. White china with a gold line.

Am anything to finish this, as I have only a quarter of an hour to pack.

# Villagers, Animals Surround Car Bells Peal to Greet Mrs. K. Knox

Mrs. Kenneth Knox, national secretary of the Canadian Save the Children Fund, is an extended visitor. Since her many friends here are interested in her work, her family have agreed to share parts of her last two letters.

Mrs. Knox is presently in Brussels, attending a conference. The first letter was written from Greece and the second from London. Explanations are in parentheses.

Patras, Greece (Thursday, June 26)

I am looking across the balcony of my room at the sea and Greek mountains two miles away. In the harbor are lovely privately owned yachts a glorious sight.

Yesterday morning we motored from Athens had late lunch in Corinth and came here about six o'clock. We were out till midnight.

Today we went to the villages high up in the Peloponnese, another 150 miles. We left at 7:30 and went first to see the mobile Medical Clinic which was in full swing. Infants, toddlers and school children all attend and it is doing a tremendous work in six villages. The charming young Greek doctor spoke English well.

Halla Peal

Then on to another desperately poor place. We drove through dusty roads and cart tracks, passing little but donkeys and goats. Then all of a sudden we reached the village. There was nobody about but the church bells started ringing full peal in my honor and children came running from every house followed by mothers, fathers, donkeys, hens, dogs, cats and everything that could walk. They surrounded the car, scrambling all over it, and I understood how the Queen felt when she sometimes looks mostly-eyed.

The President's (mayor's) daughter read a speech and presented me with a bouquet the head girl at the school followed suit and a mother brought me a basket of fresh figs, apricots and plums. The priest of the village, the Patriarch of the Greek church knelt and asked a blessing and then my distribution of clothing began. I handed out 200 bundles of clothing and toys and had my hand kissed by every child. All the parents came and shook hands and half way through we were served Greek wine which is horrible and tastes of pines, and good local cheese with cucumber and tomatoes. No bread.

About 1:30 we feasted on roast chicken and salad and more wine on the President's house with the doctor and nurse who had moved on to hold their clinic there in the late morning. The Patriarch, the President and schoolmaster.

As we drove away the bells clanged and the whole village lined the streets. They are wonderful people, so grateful for all that is given. I wished Canadians could have seen it. They would have gone out and filled the depot.

Eggs in Oil

Then on to another village we have helped a lot and which has a particularly co-operative President. He wished to entertain me and as within an hour and a half I had to eat two fried eggs swimming in oil, some revolting bread, roast chicken again with salad, fruit, cheese and lots more horrible wine. It took me all my time not to look ungrateful as although I had only nibbled at the first place, I was the best bit hungry. We drove back here about 8 o'clock.

We go to Ionnina in the north west near the Yugoslav border tomorrow. Shall stay in Turkey if possible and go direct to Jordan, cutting out Beirut on the way there.

(Encountering a variety of difficulties in Jordan, Mrs. Knox was forced to make phone calls to America rather than travel there. She then flew to Rome.)

London, July 16

I flew to Bari down in southern Italy en route to Tricarico a week today. Arrived there to find a galaxy of photographers, a radio and a film man, plus half the population of Bari. The mayor, the president of the Children's Hospital, the Bishop, everybody. When I had coped with the press, radio, TV and films, I was whisked off to dinner. This was about 9 pm with an 80 mile journey back to Matera to find a dentist who can sterilize his instruments and (b) had a mechanic who could make a tooth.

We drove 160 miles to Bari and back to get the job done and I spent from 11 to 12 am and from 5 to 8:30 pm in a dentist's chair.

"D-Day"

Friday was "D-Day" (Mrs. Knox had come to officiate at the opening of a nursery demonstration unit at Tricarico, sponsored by the Canadian Save the Children Fund). Only it wasn't the opening—it was the laying of the cornerstone! Apparently our administrator went to London for a meeting and for annual leave and when she came back nothing had been done because they had had an earthquake and the rock which had been exposed ready for the foundation had gone completely and they had to find a new site.

However at noon we set off on another 80 mile drive to Tricarico where before the ceremony I inspected the hospital, then had lunch with the medical officer and staff, and then at 6 o'clock went in stately procession to the site. First up first, then the premier (the mayor), then me, all in separate cars with police escort.

Placards, Flags

You would never believe it. The town was plastered with "Thank you, Mrs. Knox," "Thanks to the Canadian people," "Thank you, Mrs. Thompson" (Mrs. Thompson is the permanent administrator in Ontario) in placards and flags across the road.

The nursery is in a new part of the town where the very poor are being transferred from condemned houses to council houses. We wended our way through two miles of villagers and children on hay carts, donkeys, horses, mules, oxen and on foot. You never saw anything like it. You couldn't move for people and animals. When we met men bringing goats and sheep in the other direction, the whole procession had to stop.

There were masses of people grouped around a lovely erected dais which was approached by a very flimsy ladder with wooden slats every third. I went up it praying hard, as if the premier had got on with me, I'm sure it would have collapsed!

The mayor read a speech of thanks and I replied. The people cheered. Two darling little girls presented me and Mrs. Thompson with huge bouquets of red carnations and then we descended and made our way to the medieval erection where the stone was held aloft.

Smears Cement

The Bishop blessed it and I smeared it with cement and the premier tidied up the ends afterwards.

Then we went in procession followed by the entire population to inspect an orphanage, an Old People's Home and the new Roman Catholic chapel. Then after about three hours of "inspecting" we went back to the hospital for dinner with the official bodies and at 11 pm we set off on the journey home.

Some of the photos are lovely and the CBC filmed the whole lot. There were radio reports for the whole day and the Italian TV filmed the ceremony. It was in all the Italian papers. So much for Friday.

Carload of Flowers

Saturday we inspected a TB hospital in Matera before we left. The children's hospital at Bari on the way and then drove a seven hour journey back to Ostuna with again a carload of flowers—red carnations at the TB hospital and flame colored orchids (exquisite things about three dozen of them) and about three dozen of them) at Bari.

Back from Palera

I have just come back from the Palace, and am leaving in half an hour for Brussels.

I was sorry not to see the Queen but I got on the front row of Prince Philip's line and then rushed over and believe me nearly fell into the Queen's Mother. The line had broken up and I thought the had gone to the marquee, only to find myself stopping short about one and a half yards away!

She looked lovely in thinner, I think, but still with a lovely face and beautiful complexion. She wore the finest of white lace dresses, with a dipping hem not quite ankle length and a white ostrich feather hat with royal blue feathers in the middle. The Earl of Clarendon carried a white parasol over her.

Phillip wore no hat—the only one without!

Mass and Gold

The palace itself is beautiful. Lovely paintings in the reception hall. In the round room looking out on the back garden, there were corner cupboards exhibiting beautiful china, built into the walls like Rutil's (Leatherland) behind glass. All rose and gilt furniture and carpets and the walls tinted pale rose. I could live here quite happily!

A good tea! Thin bread and butter rolls, cakes of every sort with creamy butter and fillings and glass jugs of ice cream, tea, lovely food coffee fruit juices, but as much as you like. White china with a gold line.

Am anything to finish this, as I have only a quarter of an hour to pack.

# Villagers, Animals Surround Car Bells Peal to Greet Mrs. K. Knox

Mrs. Kenneth Knox, national secretary of the Canadian Save the Children Fund, is an extended visitor. Since her many friends here are interested in her work, her family have agreed to share parts of her last two letters.

Mrs. Knox is presently in Brussels, attending a conference. The first letter was written from Greece and the second from London. Explanations are in parentheses.

Patras, Greece (Thursday, June 26)

I am looking across the balcony of my room at the sea and Greek mountains two miles away. In the harbor are lovely privately owned yachts a glorious sight.

Yesterday morning we motored from Athens had late lunch in Corinth and came here about six o'clock. We were out till midnight.

Today we went to the villages high up in the Peloponnese, another 150 miles. We left at 7:30 and went first to see the mobile Medical Clinic which was in full swing. Infants, toddlers and school children all attend and it is doing a tremendous work in six villages. The charming young Greek doctor spoke English well.

Halla Peal

Then on to another desperately poor place. We drove through dusty roads and cart tracks, passing little but donkeys and goats. Then all of a sudden we reached the village. There was nobody about but the church bells started ringing full peal in my honor and children came running from every house followed by mothers, fathers, donkeys, hens, dogs, cats and everything that could walk. They surrounded the car, scrambling all over it, and I understood how the Queen felt when she sometimes looks mostly-eyed.

The President's (mayor's) daughter read a speech and presented me with a bouquet the head girl at the school followed suit and a mother brought me a basket of fresh figs, apricots and plums. The priest of the village, the Patriarch of the Greek church knelt and asked a blessing and then my distribution of clothing began. I handed out 200 bundles of clothing and toys and had my hand kissed by every child. All the parents came and shook hands and half way through we were served Greek wine which is horrible and tastes of pines, and good local cheese with cucumber and tomatoes. No bread.

About 1:30 we feasted on roast chicken and salad and more wine on the President's house with the doctor and nurse who had moved on to hold their clinic there in the late morning. The Patriarch, the President and schoolmaster.

As we drove away the bells clanged and the whole village lined the streets. They are wonderful people, so grateful for all that is given. I wished Canadians could have seen it. They would have gone out and filled the depot.

Eggs in Oil

Then on to another village we have helped a lot and which has a particularly co-operative President. He wished to entertain me and as within an hour and a half I had to eat two fried eggs swimming in oil, some revolting bread, roast chicken again with salad, fruit, cheese and lots more horrible wine. It took me all my time not to look ungrateful as although I had only nibbled at the first place, I was the best bit hungry. We drove back here about 8 o'clock.

We go to Ionnina in the north west near the Yugoslav border tomorrow. Shall stay in Turkey if possible and go direct to Jordan, cutting out Beirut on the way there.

(Encountering a variety of difficulties in Jordan, Mrs. Knox was forced to make phone calls to America rather than travel there. She then flew to Rome.)

London, July 16

I flew to Bari down in southern Italy en route to Tricarico a week