

them and close by a baby was crying plaintively but a mother's soothing voice soon reduced the cry to muffled sobs.

Here and there people were sitting on folding chairs, boxes or hand made wooden chairs in front of the single door to their living units, quietly talking or just sitting and enjoying the cool relief of the evening air.

Dim shafts of light from the open doorways formed an irregular pattern and an occasional "hello" with my name on the end of it came from some of the seated shadows. I was impressed by the tranquillity of the evening and the kindness and warmth I felt in the voices that spoke to me.