

Foot there was one for me! That
same night a rib of my umbrella
broke and I was somewhat per-
plexed to know how to get another,
especially as it was storming hard
that Saturday morning. Mrs. Tiemann
saw me another and it was
only with great difficulty that I
could get her to take a dollar
for it. She gave me also a little
leaden tag for collars; Mrs. Mejie
gave me a hot water tag and
told five pounds of Tea, ~~teets~~ of which
I have made use every morning
for breakfast. But the greatest
surprise of all came on the
fourth day out. I was sitting
in deck in a Steamer chair

SS Atkirai

Friday Feb. 11, 1910.

Dearest mother and father:

Here it is Friday the 11th
of February and we are not
yet within Sibuayan. That is
due partly to the rough weather
we had at first and partly
to the slowness of the boat. However
there is land in sight now and
before night we shall be in the
Mediannean. I hope you won't
worry about the length of time
that is about to elapse before
you get this letter; I shall get to
Peinacoo here next Thursday, and
of course it will take nearly
three weeks more for you to get
a letter.

We got into a storm immediately upon leaving New York. All the ladies except one other and myself were ill. I was really quite proud to escape for the boat pitched so that one could scarcely walk, and everything that wasn't tied down kept knocking about. Now the weather is fine: the sky has that blue which is peculiar to the Mediterranean, and the air is so fresh and clear that it makes you want to dance.

So much for the all-absorbing subject of the weather; there is only one other of equal importance on ship-board (and the two are connected!) and that is the food and the

stomach and all that pertains thereto. Most of the food is splendid. Occasionally there is a dish, like cod-fish with garlic sauce that I cannot eat but for the most part the food is excellent. Plenty of vegetables and good soups and fruit. I have had a first class appetite from the start.

The Tiemanns gave me a royal send-off. Coming home in the train from New York where we had been dining, I undisturbedly asked Lou if he had ever seen in America big canvas bags for carrying bedding and other unwieldy luggage. He said yes, and the next day when I got to the

I have never heard my mother
tongue so murdered.

Feb. 12

We passed Lhalthar yesterday afternoon in clearer & brilliant sky. There were dozens of other boats flying in and out, so we had plenty to watch. We sat up on the upper deck and tried to locate the guns along the side of the fortress - but they are hard to find. The Marconi officer says that if a German boat passes us he will send a message to you from the place of charge. That is the Marconi officer on the German boat will write it down in a letter

2.

When along came the captain and said that a basket of fruit had been brought on the boat before leaving; he had thought it was for himself but had just then noticed that the name was written in English. Was it mine? He presently brought it up and it was, true enough, for me. It came from my class in Roman Antiquities at Mount Holyoke and was a wonder. There were white grapes, hot-house grapes, grape-fruit, oranges, pears, tangerines, apples, dates and candied ginger. You can't imagine how pretty it looked when we first unpacked it. The

Captain ^{has} given me Smyrna figs
and Smyrna raisins besides. So
I have plenty to eat between meals.

Now about the people. The boat
was very quiet at first, all ^(but one other & myself) the
ladies being ill and most of the
men. During those days I read
and slept and had little to
do with the other passengers. ~~Today~~

Last Sunday, however, when the waiter
changed, the captain's wife appeared.
+ She and I are now good friends. They
come from Syria and are very good
class Greeks. The ship's doctor also
is very good sort. Evenings now we
play games and make out to
have a very good time.

I have read Fielding's Tom

Jones that Ted lent me from the
boat and a book by Maurice
Hewlett (The Open Country) which one
of the Shipley girls sent me, and
now am reading Les Misérables. I
have very much enjoyed the practice
in talking Greek this voyage has
given me. Occasionally we attempt
French, and there is one Greek
on the boat who has lived
always in Switzerland and with
him I talk German. One hears
a good deal of English from
the men who have worked
in America and picked
up a little, but it is very
little that they know and they
pronounce atrociously. I met

To you. We will try, but it may not come about.

I have been wondering today whether you have sent the suit to be dyed and whether you ripped out the hem first and whether you will get it to fit properly across the front. I have sewed a little - mended etc. but it is rather hard to get much accomplished. Everybody comes in and talks to me. Here they come now so no more for today.

Feb. 16.

The first mountains of Greece are in sight - Kephallonia and Lanthi, and to-morrow at noon we shall be at the Peloponnesus. Yesterday we saw the snowy peak of Aetna. I

am sitting up on the upper
deck, finishing up my letters. I
which I had many to write.
Think I'll close this up now, for
tomorrow the approaching land and
the business of packing up will
keep me busy. I am so glad now
that I took my small trunk, for
the canvas bag has given me still
hold a great deal. My rug-roll
can now assume more seemly
proportions.

Did the look for father's birthday
come?

The sun is so warm today that
I have my panorama hat on. It
makes me realize that beloved
Leese is at hand.

Well, good by for now, heaps of love
and good wishes for Rhetoricals.

Edwin

delight I take in talking French
makes these excursions very ~~deli-~~
cious. I did not go to the English
church today. I have the day
to go to get vaccinated. There
is no small-pox here now, but
there has been, so I thought it
well to do it before I travelled.
The Hardys ^{urged} me to it, they
all having concluded to be
done. This cheerful operation was (I
had to go to the drugist my self
for the vaccine) I went to a French
church to listen to the music and
learn to the Russian church where
they do sing most beautifully. Then
I went to the sunny Theatre
of Divinens and read about
the remains there. I couldn't
bring myself to go to the English
church and listen to another

Merlin House, Sunday Feb. 27

Dearest father & mother:

The letter from Woodstock
which was waiting for me at the school
when I arrived is the only one I have
had so far, and to-morrow I leave for
Therapy. But I am hoping you are
well and that the silence is due to
mails only. I have had a very gay
week. All the friends for whom I kept
cards, invited me to tea, and their
teas here are from 5.30 - 8.00 p.m.,
and frequently include dancing.
I found I must have a new hat
to wear with my silk dress so I got
a big black one and two ostrich
plumes (the first I ever had) and
with my yellow roses I had I was

quite frank. Mrs. Schleimann
the wife of the famous Explorer
invited me to tea there and it
was a splendid assembly of fairly
dressed people. The Hardys and
Dorothy were there and many other
friends ^{and} among the Americans and
Greeks. The next day I went to
another "dancing tea" and danced
till eight. On Wednesday afternoon
I walked with some girls out to
their father's dairy farm and
then had new milk and bread
in an arbor in the garden. There
were roses and violets in bloom
about us and we had a won-
derful view of the harbor of
Phaleron at sunset time.

We drove back to Athens in a
small trap. Yesterday I climbed
Hymettos with still another Greek
friend and this afternoon a whole
party of us walked out to Chalondri
about 3 miles away, and had
cake and wine in the open
near an almost orchard in
full flower. Long it was. This
seems as if I had been wholly
pious. I have done some
work in the museums however
and have visited the Acropolis
four times. But it is hard
to stay indoors this weather. The
rains ended just where I
came, and every day has
been cloudless except the first
two. The blue sky and the great

physically - no indigestion
perfect nights of sleep
with scarcely one turn
all night. I mean to
keep so every day I am
away. I wear father's foot
sift as a precaution and
have been vaccinated so I
am certainly being cautious.
I must go upstairs now
and pack my rug-roll and
bed to take with me and
my trunk and other things
to Glen Head. I have
bought a Russian hat-box
to carry my new hat in.
I am having a splendid time.
Love of love, Edith.

Sermon like ² the one I heard
last Sunday. I went to a
midweek meeting of the Evan-
gelistic Church on Wednesday
afternoon with the girls who took
me to their model dairy and
read a Bible verse in Greek
in my turn. Then they asked
me to select a hymn which
I knew in English translation
and when I failed to find
one, they gave out Forer,
Hymn of Prayer in Greek!
The tune was the same.

Mr. Dawkins of the Ep-
iscopal School has just been in to
tell me what to take to -

morning. We ~~start~~ start from
the house here at 6.20.
I am taking my bed, as
I wrote, my wool quilt, ~~straw~~
on my knees and pillow.
He is taking a cook to get
meals for us. I told him
that was an unwarranted
luxury and he replied
he was getting luxurious
in his old age. He had
some money left him a
few years ago which puts
him in quite another
position from the one he
was in when I knew

him before. We shall be
gone about a week. I shall
try to send you frequent
postals. I am taking my cam-
era and hope to get good
pictures. Mr. Leager writes
that he will be in Cardiff
about March 16th, and I
want to be there a day or
so ahead to see the museum
and the Knossos excavations.
So if the times agree for this
I shall be there. Probably
I shall have only a day
or so here before I go. I
am in splendid condition

The English settlement on the
S. coast (they still speak of shores
and coasts, though the drainage of
the lake is practically completed)
and then ^{west} on to Kavadia on the
W. coast where we were met by
two American buggies. That amused
me very much, but but here at
Lake Copais one should recon-
sider American buggies! Mr. Steele
had seen them in England and
at once recognized them the
needful thing for rough roads
and light horses. I drove one,
Mr. Steele the other, and we pres-
(one of the English engineers had
joined us) went to Skoupi where
one of the English Company's
houses are. We had a fine
chicken dinner and then had a
look at a big Mycenaean
chamber tomb at Orchomenos
hard by and picked up frag-

Kalabaka, Thessaly
March 4.

Darest father & mother:

It is pouring, and we three,
Mr. Dawkins, Miss Orjill and I
are driven to making the most
of our indoor resources. We have
a small table in the middle
of the room now lit by two candles
we stuck into the mortar of a
wire trough, the other set on top of
my cold cream jar. We have just
had a luxurious afternoon tea,
served by Joannis, Mr. Dawkins' ser-
vant who has come along too. We
had a cake with currants in it, quince
jam made from a quince given
us yesterday at the monastery and
served tea with sheep's milk in it.
It is now six but there's an hour
yet to dinner so I will begin
early my Sunday's letter to you and
tell you a little of this trip.

We started Monday you remember. I had no time for breakfast for I had miscalculated the time, so I mounted a hushed note in the carriage with Mr. Dawkins who called for me at 6.20. In case you don't remember him he is the director of the English school at Aden - I think on the whole the clearest man I ever met - but red-headed very homely and very absent minded. There were to have been other ladies in the party but at the last minute they backed out. However, it did not matter for Mr. Steele who joined us at the station is a married man - approaching fifty. His wife stayed behind with Miss Dawkins who is not at all well, and whom Mr. Dawkins was quite unwilling to leave alone. Our first goal was Lake Copais - a great inland plain once flooded but now reclaimed for agriculture though the efforts first of the French and

later of the English. The French sunk millions of dollars there and then gave it up. The English have put it through and for 100 years are to have the right to rent the redeemed land. 20 of those 100 years are now gone. What we wanted especially to see were the Minyan drains - a system of canals faced with walls of Cyclopean masonry which were erected 1500 B.C. for the purpose of redeeming the lands. Another sight of the place are the Kata-vothra or underground outlets of the lake. In Minyan times these were the only outlet for the water. Well, it was these underground passages, these Minyan walls and the ruins of the English we were invited to see. We put our luggage off at Moulti

near houses and farms. It is all wonderfully well managed and should teach these wilds North Korea a good deal about English civilization and ideals. The next day we came up here and yesterday visited four of the early monasteries perched high on the rocks. I sent a postal showing one of them. To two, women are not allowed to go, but the monks either let down refreshments in a basket or else brought it to the doors. The highest is now approached only by a rickety ladder that swings way out from the face of the rock when one goes up. Mr. Dawkins tried it but gave up: I should have liked to try it, but being a woman could not. Not even hens are allowed to pollute that place. One of the worst judges I ever had against Eve. It was great fun going up to Hagia Triada by ladders up through cracks in the rock.

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ments of pottery from a recent Korean excavation of prehistoric houses, had a look at a charming Byzantine monastery and then drove on in our kypies straight across the big plain, green with grain. Mr. Sale and I were now driving together and it was indeed a pleasure to hear him tell how he had cornered this or that street with alluvial deposit and so got two or three rich harvests. There is a great deal of heat in the middle of the lake, which catches fire occasionally and so burns itself away that the early drains laid in the middle of the lake are now higher than the land. This has made it necessary to set up pumping-stations. We pho-

Trapped in the bits of Mingan
walls that skirted the prehistoric
canals and then drove on to
our destination for that night - Kar-
dioga where the company had still
another house. We stopped only once
to climb to the top of what was
once a high rocky island near
the north coast of the lake. A
stout and much painted French
housekeeper greeted us at Kar-
dioga. He showed me to a big
room, clean and airy decorated
with a large vase of paper
flowers and a kind of tapestry
with two very large dogs hanging
above my bed. We had a ^{big} ~~large~~
tea and then went out to see
the grand canal and the
very pretty bridge in French built
during their regime. It was
certainly strange to see this place.

ful bridge in the midst of
this wild and desolate coun-
try, where Algonquians and Blacks
and Wallacks encamp in houses
made of sticks and straw and
reserving a haystack. The next
day it rained but at eleven
we started off in our canoes.
We went first to one of the
Kutavotnai and crawled
quite a way down into it,
saw two pillars set in Min-
gan times to keep the roof
from falling and great swarms
of bats hanging from the ceiling
roof. Later we saw a Mingan
citadel at Gla and then
drove through a hard rain
to Moulai. Here we had every
comfort, open fires, good food
and dry clothes. There is a
considerable English colony here
with Tennis Court, golf-course and

We came down is a great net
 made of rope. Today we have
 waited in vain for bright
 weather so that we could see
 all this in sunshine and
 get photographs but in vain.
 It is pouring still. We have
 now finished dinner and are
 reading about our table. For
 light we have ~~two~~ candles, or
 heat a heater. Mr. Durbin has
 a boy in from the hotel, and is
 plying him with questions about
 the Theroaliam dialect, writing
 page upon page of local usages
 of pronouns and personal endings
 of verbs etc. For reading he has
 brought the Iliad and an old
 French life of Saint Louis. I am
 reading a French book on Greece.
 No more to-night. Sweet dreams. E.

Volo, Sunday.

We are on the last lap of our journey. The warden did not clear at Kalatapa so we moved on to Trikalas and from there drove to one of the finest Byzantine churches I ever saw in Greece.

It was in a wooded spot beside a broad river spanned by a very high Turkish bridge. We drove through the worst mud I ever saw to get there. In the very worst place we had to get out in mud two feet deep to save the horses. Today we have come back to the sea - to Volo, and to-morrow will see some painted stelas described last

year in The Independent.

Tuesday I shall get back to Athens, and find, I hope, a letter from you. For there has been only the one so far.

Hoping to hear,
Sincerely

see it. In Thessaly we
had cold cloudy weather, but
the minute we got back this
glorious sunshine begins again. I
should have been very glad to see
the Minerva statue in this new
light. At Volos when we went to
see the painted villas we had
some few hours of sunshine when
we could see at its best the
snowy summits of Pelion.

I must go now and dress
for luncheon. I have packed
up my things which is a big
job after so long a sojourn. So
far I have but only one Tube of
Kohinoor and a brass handle!
Take good care of yourselves and
remember it won't be long before
I shall be back.
Thaps of love
Edith

Merlin House
Athens, March 13.

Dearest father, mother, Anne and Clarence:
We got back last Wednesday
evening from our Thessaly trip. I
found the Merlin House filled with
American and English tourists, and
had to take the linen room for
my camp, which was unexpected since
there were only four guests in the
house when I left. Everybody seems
at last convinced that there is to
be no revolution and that it is safe
to come. I am leaving tomorrow
for Crete with my worthy wheelbarrow
and an English lady for company.
Mr. Seager and Lady Waldron are
there already so it looks as if
by a week from today I might
be actually back at Louisa. It
seems so good to be true.

I found a letter from
mother in second - awaiting me by

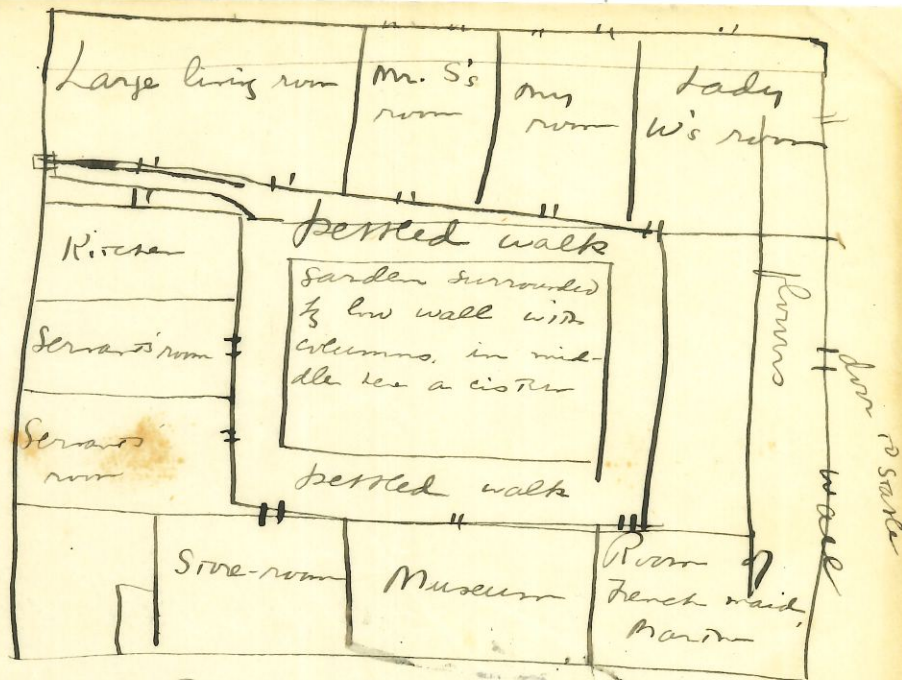
my return and later I got
parcels of Feb 20th and Annie's of
Feb. 22. Fader you are not throwing
into the air when you write to me.
I don't think I ever yet lost a letter
in Greece and if you could
only see how peaceable and friendly
and secure this place is and
what nice people you I am meeting,
you would think it as eminently
fitting for a lone spinster as the
Shipley's school. The English people,
the Dawkinses have been so very
kind to me. I had afternoon
tea and dinner with them
the day after I came back,
and I am to have lunch here
to-day. Last night I dined at
the American School and in these
few days since my return every
minute has been full with
either lectures or "open meetings"
or walks or ra-parties. I shall
really be glad to sit down to

Crete and have time to read
and work. The carnival is
on here now, for the Greek Lent
begins Monday. Night before last I
went out with a party of Greek
friends wearing dominoes and masks.
It was a little amusing but not
as absorbing for me as it seems
to be for most Greeks.

Fader, your rheumatism and neur-
algia would go in a minute
if you could sit with me here
in this sunshine and bright pure
air. I am up on the roof of
the house, drying my hair after
a shampoo. Before me is the sea
with Salamis and Aegina rising
in pale blue tints therefrom; on the
right is the Acropolis with the great
columns of the Parthenon; to the
left is Hymettos, tinged with purple.
It is a lovely city certainly. I would
give a great deal to have you

passed some splendid Mya-
 near ruins. His second day,
 got caught in a very bad
 shower and saw a rainbow
 lying horizontally spread over
 a valley.

We found Lady Waller and
 Mr. Seager and all the Trunks
 and boxes and servants and
 wheelbarrows safely landed at
 the house. I had tea at
 once and then went about
 settling my room and un-
 packing my Trunks. Much of
 which had not been unpacked
 since I left. The house is
 a delightful one, nicer than
 I expected. There is good
 plan; you see in fact light and
 air both from the outside windows
 and from the inside court. My
 two windows look out in great
 across the sea to the splendid
 Narrows range of mountains



beyond. So far we have done little
 besides the work of getting settled.
 In my room I have my camp.
 bed very much improved by
 the loan from Mr. Seager of a
 cork mattress and one of wool,
 a camp table and at which
 I am writing and a large
 hamper over which I have
 put some towels and then
 a Persian spread so that
 it may serve as a dressing
 table. I have a huge wardrobe

a lot of other flowers - seed
Mr. S. brought out from England;
we have put the museum to
rights and have been out to
look at the hill where we
begin digging trial trenches
Monday in the hope of finding
Tomb. It looks hopeless now
but of course it always does
until the walls and antiques
are really brought to light.

I have written to-day in-
stead of Sunday for the postman
comes early to-morrow morning,
and since he comes only Wednesdays
Saturdays there is no use
writing on Sunday. I am expecting
new letters to go on to Anne &
Clarence. Anne put a five cent
stamp on your note or both will
put two. I had 20¢ to pay on
your last - or re-created. And
Clarence, keep up and write me.
I wish you were all
could have as good a time as

I expect these next weeks.
Thaps of love,
Edith.

ΜΕΓΑ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ

"ΚΝΩΣΟΣ",

ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΟΝ - ΚΡΗΤΗΣ

ΔΙΘΟΥΣΑ ΑΝΑΓΝΩΣΤΗΡΙΟΥ

ΕΣΤΙΑΤΟΡΙΟΝ - ΚΑΦΕΝΕΙΟΝ

ΔΙΕΥΘΥΝΤΗΣ

ΔΗΜΗΤΡ. Ι. ΖΕΗΣ



GRAND HOTEL

"CNOSSOS"

CANDIE - CRÈTE

SALON DE LECTURE

CAFÉ - RESTAURANT

DIRECTEUR

DÉMÉTR. I. ZEIS

Ηράκλειον 20 March 1910

Dearest family:

Lady Waleran, Mr. Layer and I are seated around the table in the "Salon" of the above edifice, all writing letters. I have just read for the second time mother's letter of February 28 which was forwarded from Athens and came this morning by an Italian boat. I am glad Aunt Jenn has the automobile, glad that the news is good from Anne, glad that Woodstock society is playing bridge, which I have become quite fond of though I dare say Clarence would snore at my game.

Now to go back and tell of my affairs. On Monday exactly at four in the afternoon I set sail from the Piraeus, accompanied by Miss Walker, fellow in the American School and by a brilliant young English student of classics, a Miss Radford. It was the first day of the Greek Lent and we had great difficulties in getting

a carriage to take us down to the Piræus.
We had a large clean cabin for the three of us,
and the cargo was smellless and the sea abso-
lutely calm so we had a most satisfactory trip.
At Cora we called first, and as I wrote you
by postal we went to the Hotel de France (Évo-
lution for Gaddias) and found there Mr. Seager
and Lady Waller. The former has not changed
a bit, except that his accent is a little more
English and his figure a little more stout. He
is full of fun and life however which atones
for his elegance somewhat, though I can imagine
Clarence and Paul would sniff. Lady Waller
is quite thrilling; she has crowns on all her
handkerchiefs and luggage and a French
maid and waiters etc. How I shall treasure
such paradise I can't yet see. Mr. Seager calls
her "Tutty" and laughs at her crowns and
even she doesn't like anyone says "Well, if you
are going to be a cad, you can go straight
home," all in fun and taken in fun.

After chatting with them for a little
we walked out to the suburb of Cora where
they make the Cretan towels. I laid in
quite a supply, but already with I had bought
more. The two girls and I had lunch out
of doors under a tree and then came
back and boarded our steamer, which how-
ever showed no signs of waiting to depart
until three hours later. As a result, we

ΜΕΓΑ ΞΕΝΟΔΟΧΕΙΟΝ

"ΚΝΩΣΟΣ"

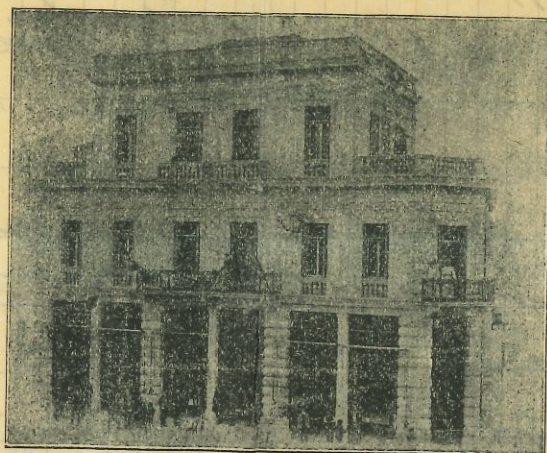
ΗΡΑΚΛΕΙΟΝ - ΚΡΗΤΗΣ

ΑΙΘΟΥΣΑ ΑΝΑΓΝΩΣΤΗΡΙΟΥ

ΒΕΣΤΙΑΤΟΡΙΟΝ - ΚΑΦΕΝΕΙΟΝ

ΔΙΕΥΘΥΝΤΗΣ

ΔΗΜΗΤΡ. Ι. ΖΕΉΣ



GRAND HOTEL

"CNOSSOS"

CANDIE - CRÈTE

SALON DE LECTURE

CAFÉ - RESTAURANT

DIRECTEUR

DÉMÈTR. I. ZEIS

Spangston

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with all our boxes - about 30 altogether - landed here at 1 o'clock in the morning. The lady ship was very nervous about going down the ship's ladder into the row boat which took us ashore and it is of course trying for anyone of her years. We got to bed about three.

We found the Bosquets here and they asked me to luncheon the first day and I have had tea with them since. And some of our workmen were here and the household servants, and they with the directors of the museum and the hotel-keepers made a good many familiar faces. Everyone is very kind: they all seem very fond of Mr. Sayer and of course we come in for a part of the attention.

I have bought two rugs, one for \$3, the other for \$10, and also an old Rhodian glazed vase. The shops here are fascinating - Turkish shops where they give you coffee and Loukoum

in little rooms chuck full of Moslem daggers -
dyed, I dare say, in the blood of martyrs, of Byzantine
crosses, Spanish dollars, ^{Turkish} tables inlaid with
ivory, Cretan embroideries and hundreds more
of various tempting things. Today we have all
been to see a splendid old Turkish carved chest
which Mr. Sayer bought for 50 francs, although
he knows he cannot take it out of the country. He
has one already in his house at Packeria Amman.
From what I hear the house there is to be very
luxurious. We are to have a professional cook,
a little Turkish boy ^{who speaks some English} to look after our rooms,
and two horses to ride. We have all sorts of
food supplies so I think we should live well.
Well don't you rest time you with Mr. Sayer
and Lord & Lady Waleran. I think the most
million place in British East Africa two years
ago and got quite well acquainted with them.
Mr. Sayer and Lady Waleran start out to Packeria
Amman to-night or to-morrow; I shall go on
horseback, I think, as I have never seen the
interesting country, and shall start to-morrow.
Our old muleman, the faithful large fellow
with me. Today is Election day and we
have been to see the Moslems vote. The Christians
vote in another place and I may get around
to seeing them before the afternoon is over.
My health is perfect as usual. I took my first
horseback ride yesterday which I enjoyed thoroughly.
The flowers are wonderful, and the Gulelles quite
green though the mountains are snowy with. I hope of late

up a narrow gorge that breaks
the range of mountains east
of the house. We got up onto
a shelf of rock that along one
side of the gorge from which
we got splendid views down
and across to where a slender
stream of water dropped hundreds
of feet below.

We get home from the dig
every night about five - have
our afternoon tea and then
either I take a walk alone
on the track or Mr. Seager
and I take a gallop on our
horses. One of us has to be
at the dig at 6.30 a.m., so
we are taking turns. I have
a cup of tea and piece
of bread and butter on the
days when I get there early
and mount my horse a few
minutes after six, and then
when the workmen get started
or rather at 8. then they stop

for their breakfast. I came
back and have had breakfast
at 8.30. The water is perfect, warm
and still. Does not rise
nearly but falling all night
and consequently in the first
few times today. One never
was struck. Did you ever
hear of cutting them? They

are very fast and
it is often the case I have
to go to the dig and I have
the car with me. I have
taken some 30 pages and
and labelled together with labels
of pottery. Mr. J. has some of these
in his collection. The
new fossils are today
in the dip and to-morrow
can be put in the car
will be easier.
P.S. Send me a few more seeds to
send to the bank in the bank.

for their breakfast I come
back and have real breakfast-
oatmeal and bacon and eggs
and coffee. On alternate days
I get up only for this breakfast
at 8.30.

The weather is perfect, warm
and still. Last night our
overseer was fishing all night
and consequently we had fish
three times today. One variety
was squid. Did you ever
hear of eating them? They
are very good.

It is again the old I must
go to bed. All day long I have
been out with the men. I have
taken some 30 pages and notes
and labelled baskets upon baskets
of pottery. Mr. S. has some splendid
things he got in India. The
men picked me today near
the dig and to-morrow we
can sort pottery in that which
will be easier.

Love, Edith

P.S. Send on to Anne - Anne send to
Aunt Jenn - & send to Woodstock

Pacheia Ammo, Cret.

April 18, 1910.

Draco family:

Our excavation of the
Tournai cemetery is completed
and we have with us now
an English architect who is
drawing the plan of it. We
did not get very many
small objects of value, for
evidently in those days (the late
Merovingian I period) they did
not bury much with the dead.
But the excavation is de-
cidedly important none the
less. I have the introduction
written, and now when Mr.
Newton finishes the plan, I
can write the general de-
scription of the site. It is all
pleasure to write when the
material is so good in

perfectly still, but soon a
 nip at Newport in the
 last evening and in the
 We thought it had ended
 our day of the work here
 for a struggle with it
 for engine activities for
 is a very hot wind. The
 without we let up and
 to it and it thus steadily
 winds are rising and
 that our most violent that
 me and for full of
 without feeling your eyes
 not stop at the observation
 so violently for you could
 before last Friday, that then
 for day at a time of
 with them here. Sometimes
 the of 1 but it does
 I this summer never
 well.

Doctor's Room, Cret.

April 18, 1910.

Dear Family

Our excavation of the
Tanner's Cemetery is completed
and we have with us now
an English architect who is
drawing in plan of it. We
did not get very many
small pieces of bones, but
evidence in the gaps (the last
Monday I found) but did
not find much with the skull.
But the excavation is de-
cidedly important and the
evidence of the human
bones, and even more so
than the bones of the
can with the general de-
scription of the site. It is all
evidence to what was in
the past is in the

one's mind and really
valuable to the Archaeological
work.

I don't remember when I
told you of how the South
Wind blows here. Sometimes
for days at a time. It
blew last Friday, and blew
so violently that you could
not stay at the excavations
without getting your eyes
nose and hair full of
dirt. Our most violent March
winds are nothing compared
to it and it blows steadily
without one let up and
is a very hot wind. The
poor English architect has
had to struggle with it
each day of his work here.
We thought it had ended
last evening and this morn-
ing at breakfast it was
perfectly still, but soon af-

toward it again.
 Some Cretans are round out
 to a tiny island in the
 bay to look after their sheep
 and goats were unable to
 get back and we have all
 wondered how much water
 they had for these three days.
 I suppose they got back during
 the calm of last night.

Yesterday Mr. Seager and I
 rode in the afternoon to
 look at another place where
 vases have been found. We
 heard of some cases further
 along where there are many
 sherds and we shall go
 another time to look at
 those.

I get my letters on Wednesdays
 and Saturdays early in the
 morning when my bath water
 is brought in. I got nine
 the last time but none from
 any of the family. I wrote to

I plan now to leave here
about June 15th. I shall probably
stay a week in Cardia to
see about getting our vases
photographed, and measured
and then shall go directly to
Sicily and after one or two
trips there, cross to Naples
and to home, where I should
arrive early in July. Of
course such plans are likely
to be upset by work here.
Should we get anything ^{else} of
great importance I might
be delayed.

I am eager to hear of
chemicals and of your
Eastern vacation. Probably it
will come next week.

Love of love,
Edison.

Send to Anne,

Packia Amos,

Sunday April 24, 1910.

Dearest family:

It is about three o'clock - the time when you are leaving your breakfast of Sunday morning here, I suppose. Will modern agitators in question of where we will go to church. We have spent the morning quite quietly, reading, writing and putting up rattan curtains at the doors to keep out the flies.

I have made two expeditions since last I wrote you, one to Therapina with Nikolaos, the overseer to get \$500 for the dig which had come to the Post Office there, and yesterday Mr. Lazen and I made an expedition to Vieira where he dug two years ago. We started a little after 8 a.m. on horseback to a point on the shore five miles east of us where the boat was to be waiting for us. The morning sun on the bare faces of the mountains and on the plain

It is very picturesque (especially in the afternoon) and the view is beautiful. The sea is very blue and the mountains are very green. The air is very fresh and the water is very clear. The people are very friendly and the food is very good. The climate is very pleasant and the scenery is very beautiful. The mountains are very high and the plain is very flat. The sea is very deep and the water is very clear. The people are very friendly and the food is very good. The climate is very pleasant and the scenery is very beautiful.

Cross now ready for harvest was
lovely - as study in greens and
blues. The east of the ride was
along narrow strong lanes where
we had to duck constantly
to avoid the low branches of big
old live trees. The caïque was
waiting for us, ~~and~~ we gave
up our ponies to the vaiaque
Lorge (who had been violently ill
coming over on the boat, and
assured me later that he
would never go in a boat
again even if they took to
sailing on dry land), and
sailed away toward Pelina.
Perhaps you remember the account
of this Minuan settlement which
I wrote for the Independent.
It is very picturesque situation,
on some high cliff overlooking
the sea. Later we crossed ^{again} in
the caïque to the mainland
to the place where they melted

of the settlement and the
maining can be seen from the
was to the north of the
valley east of the river the
to a point on the shore for
a little over a mile and
but two years ago. We started
an expedition to Pelina where the
trough the deep and I wrote
one to the last of the year, and
to get \$500 for the trip, which had
been planned with William, the
owner of the boat, and we to
leave for the boat in the morning
I have made two expeditions
keep out the flies and to
up water buckets at the same
point, resting, waiting and
there have spent the morning
where the will be a chance. We
will make a report to the
report of the day's journey
time was for me and my
it is about the color - the
pleasant family.

3 [2]

trough in Minner times and
now there is a big case
like those I dug in Western
Crest. I am to go there again
tomorrow, with Nikolaus and
six men to clear this case.
It will probably take two
days and after that comes their
Easter holiday when the men won't
work, and after that we shall
begin work at another place.

The postman brought me
no letters yesterday so the last
I had from you is the one
containing that newspaper clipping, and
that I assumed. I hope the
next letter from you will be
equally cheerful. I am sure
Clarence's visit did you good.

Yours of love,
Edith.

Pacheia Amos,
May 1st.

Dearest family:

A postman has just
unexpectedly ridden in from
Hicrapetona and brought a large
packet of mail, including the
Journal map (rather blurry) and
mother's letter of April 10th. First
let me answer the queries it
contained: first, I have sent Aunt
Ada 4 postals, so I am beyond
approach. Wishing with virtue in
fact for I have sent an equal
number to Mrs. Hittard. I never
received the bawling cap, but I
have had several Literary Digests
and very much enjoyed them
as we all have. I am so
glad you were to Bridgport
and glad to hear of the house
thinning like an oven, almost
I suppose this housecleaning

Send to Anne

Back to the future
121 years

Family

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

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Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

Back to the future

farm had its trials for
father.

I can't remember when I
had begun to dig the cave when
I last wrote you. I was then
only two days - Monday & Tuesday
of this week. According to the
first plan I was to sleep
there in a tent guarded by
my six workmen but later we
decided it was poor ground -
a steep, rocky, mountain-side
to pitch a tent and that
I had better ride back
and forth on horseback. That
means three hours a day
in the saddle and over
such ground as I had
never taken a horse upon
but no mishaps. These Canton
ponies are marvellously
sure-footed. The cave had

a very small opening so
 that we had to enter on all
 fours, but once inside it was
 fairly lofty, supported by splendid
 syenite columns. We took
 2 hanging lamps with strong
 reflectors and suspended them
 on ropes strung from syenite
 to syenite. The men had
 candles too. It was a weird
 sight to see the ^{men} "kneeling" in
 their work in some dark
 corner with a twinkling candle
 for their only light. We got some
 very good pottery. I hope we
 may have time for more
 excavations later on. A week
 from to-morrow, however, I
 go to Varokastro, to dig an
 iron-age fortress. I am looking

forward to this very much
 and am of course very
 anxious to see the
 things in this and
 the other places which we visit.

Good. All the people were
 very friendly and
 gave us a very good
 "pottery" and a few
 other things. I think we will
 get a good deal of
 pottery and other things
 from them. I hope we can
 get some of the
 best pottery from
 them.

Thank you,
 John

forward to this very much
and am, of course, very
grateful to Mr. Leger for
letting me dig and publish
these places which he dis-
covered.

All goes well here at the
house. We went potting on
Sunday when we did dig and
write. Every evening we play
"potter patience" a game of
cards which I think we would
enjoy playing together at home.
I am still growing fat
and as well as can be.
I hope you can all say
the same.

Most love,

Edith.

May 9, 1910

Bpaionádeo Hill

Dearest family:

If you will excuse the pencil and sheets from my note-book I will write you a word while seated out on the hill watching my thirty men. I can see miles and miles away - to the south-west the great mountains, still snow-capped of central Crete. To the north the sapphire sea, while straight ahead lies a steep drop of several hundred feet to a rich plain with vineyards and olive trees, and at the end of it, in the foothills, a white village with here & there a few red roofs. The place is famous with cedar and thyme. I came yesterday, riding on with George, the muleman. Nikolaos the overseer + Viko the cook and the muletrains and loaded to spade & pick came by caique. The first thing to do was to pitch the tent which took nearly an hour with all hands assisting. Then I could unpack my big canvas bag and put up my bed. There is a little room in the back where I have my rubber tub + portable canvas wash-stand. In the big room I had my bed, a table, a straw chair and one straight chair. The men built a kitchen third against a ledge of rock. The men all sleep in little bush huts. We brought only ten with us besides those from our own house, so after unpacking, Nikolaos and I rode down to the village to enroll twenty more workmen, making one detour to have a look at the spring which is to supply us with drinking water. Luckily it

was beyond criticism - under a group
of carob and cedar trees with no
houses or cattle enclosure near it. In
the village we dismounted and climbed
up not very high steps to a little room
supposed to be a sort of grocery store &
place to buy wine & coffee. It was very
dirty, & we had no better seats our-
selves than any man in the place
joined our party. There was conversation
for the best smells in that tree or from
men brought in sealstones of the best
Minoan period (2000-1500 B.C.) To buy
them is against the law, so I did
nothing more in that crowd except to
huddle them nonchalantly and make
a few deprecating remarks, but Nikolaos
is going down soon to buy them
(I must stop now & take some baskets of
stewards.)

I had to see to her yesterday and
then had no more time. My leave is here
today for the day & will take me back to
Paphos Amos. He brought me a letter
from you.

My love will
must love,
Edith

Bpa, óuavdeó Itell, Cete
May 18, 1910

Dearest family:

The whistle has just blown for half past eight when the men stop for breakfast. They begin at six and it is a marvel to me always how they manage to work so long without food.

Mr. Sager came over yesterday and brought me a fat packet of letters, among them mother's telling me of your drive to Putnam + Billy's visit. What pleased me most was father's remark that he called this digging fun. So do I with all my heart but I had thought you all regarded it as a freakish whim and a waste of money. But even if I end in the porthouse I shall have this splendid scene to look back upon and I should rather be in the porthouse with ideas and pleasant thoughts in my head than in an over-heated musty furnished house with an empty plate -

This is my second week of digging here. It proves to be a Late Minuan III town. We had expected it to belong to the Iron age and not the bronze age and. There are some indications of geometric pottery that marks the iron age but for the most part it is from the end of the Minuan age. I have got some kinds of iron with bronze handles - a very important fact for dating the place. We are getting quantities of pottery - mostly broken but of various sorts important for dates. I have taken on more boys to wash pottery and several more unknown to me. My force now numbers fifty. I never could manage it all if all my men weren't trained. But all the questions of where to put the earth-dumps, where to build the pads for wheelbarrows - where to pile stones - all this Minuans, the foremen can manage without my saying a word.

The day I wrote you last week, just as evening we got a clay head of a woman - probably a dead likeness - which I think will be quite important. We can hope for mummies, mummies, and I don't much want them. They do give you mummies, I own, but they don't open ~~new~~ open up new chapters of history, and here in Cuzco every dig yields facts of the greatest importance for chronology & ethnology.

They were here then to afraid of the comet that I have twice had to make the entire rounds of the dig and talk to them all. The pickers who come from Kavusi and sleep here in huts here during the work thought that if the world should come to an abrupt end they would have to at home with their children. But I got them finally to stay. They have had special church services to avert the danger.

Mr. Seager came over once last week I thought he seemed a little languid and unlike himself, and that night he went to bed with fever, and had a high temperature all the next day. Don't be alarmed. We all think it is the tail-end of the malaria he got in Africa, for I am positive there can be no malaria at Pachia Amaro. His illness affected my Sunday, for we had a Mr. Ashby visiting us, director of the District School at Rome. He wanted to see Polina & Mother so instead of having one day of late sleep as I had expected I had to get up at six and go with him in a caïque to Polina then on to Mother then to the mainland where the horses met us to take us home - a three hours ride at the pace he could go. However he was a man worth getting acquainted with.

The women have given us much to complain of. I rode home Saturday night in

a perfect downpour. It was delicious to get into dry & lody-like clothes that night. To-day we have the same wind again. I can't sleep in my tent when it blows, for the tent flaps badly and makes a fearful racket. So the men have cleared a place on a ledge half way up a steep cliff near the tent, and everytime we have wind the men carry my bed there. It's a windy place; as I lie in bed I ~~rest~~ on my left a steep rock almost touching my nose. On the right there are a few rocks & bushes & then a sheer drop, so that I can lie in bed and watch eagles soar about at no very great distance. I sleep like a top every night, so to bed at half past eight & get up at six. Am perfectly well as usual.

Mr. Seager and Mr. Ashby both spent yesterday with me and Mr. Seager will come again Friday. We have enough money to dig here 2 more weeks after this. The men are digging again now, & I must keep an eye on them. We have just got a child's shelter in a flat basin underneath a flower very well little van with it.
 Thanks & love, Edith

is more different than cases
for me.

I ride down on horseback,
stopping at the Pacheco camp
and taking a new route
through beautiful country. I
shall be at least two days
in Cardia, getting the things
installed in the museum
and photographed and select-
ing the specimens which we are
to ask for for the U. of Pennsyl-
vania Museum. I shall stay
later than Lady Waller and
Mr. Seager who leave in next
week for Sicily and England.
Mr. Seager is packing up books
today and it seems impossible
to think of going. My next
address to be used upon
receipt of this is:

of American Express Co.
Thomas Cook & Son,
Galleria Vittorio
Via Chiazzamone, Naples.

2745.

Packeria Amm. Cer.
May 30, 1910.

Dear father & mother:

Father's letter came today
with the good news of Mr. Wat-
son's resignation. Haven't ^{may} heard from our
congregation. We shall all have
to turn in the scene of parting
but with hope ahead we can
take up. Thanks for your offer
of money, father. I can come
home on my own feet this
time, but I may call on you
in Woodstock.

Today is Monday. I finished
up my dig at "Jew Hill" on
Wednesday, very successful at
leaving in place and not
camping life, and much
work undone. But our money
came to an end and what
can I do? The finds of the

last days were not brilliant
but yet nothing to be dissatis-
fied with. The Italians, I un-
derstand, have spent a great
deal of money this year
and have got nothing, so I
feel that I should be well
pleased with my little series
of houses and hills my crude
reproductions of the human
face and my vase-fragments.
Some very pretty early pieces
of thin clay came out the
last few days from a hole
under a wall which had
protected them. They are of
very thin clay and bear
pretty designs in red and
white on a black ground - which
will come out well in a
colored reproduction. We have
saved about \$2.00 for photo-
graphs and water-colors to

which I shall have to see
in reaching Candia. We have
just one week more here -
Alas and adieu! and it
will be a very busy week
for I have all my writing
to finish. Yesterday, Sunday, I
finished reading Mr. J.'s notes
with the corrections that en-
tailed and today I have
finished my report of the
Burial Cemetery - our first
dig. Of course it is not
in final form, but it
is written through and
all the vases measured
etc. Today with Cetero, I
shall attack the Jew Hill
or Episcopo's mound report,
and I hope to break the
back bone of it in the next
few days, but I have Archi-
tecture to describe now which

I will remember Cousin
Marta, and do send her
a letter in the meantime.

I am perfectly well
as usual - as thick
as a negro hit then.
I am looking forward
every day with increasing
pleasure to our summer
rejoice. I shall probably
sail from Naples the last
of June ^{or} first of July. Don't
expect any letters in the
meantime.

Much love as ever
Edith.