

S.S. Athina
Friday Feb. 11, 1910.

Dearest mother and father:

Here it is Friday the 11th of February and we are not yet within Gibraltar. 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 Mediterranean. I hope you won't worry about the length of time that is bound to elapse before you get this letter; I shan't get to Piraeus before 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 rain from New York where we had been dining, I unthinkingly asked him 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 boat there was one for me! That same night a rib of my umbrella broke and I was somewhat perplexed to know how to get another, especially as it was ~~storming~~ storming hard that Saturday morning. Mrs. Tiemann gave 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 leather bag for collars; Mrs. Megie gave me a hot water bag and Ted five pounds of tea, 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 on deck in a steamer chair 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 Archaeology 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 and 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. Last Sunday, however, when the weather changed, the captain's wife appeared, and she and I are now good friends. They come from Syra and are very good class Greeks. The ship's doctor also is (a) very good sort. Evenings now we play games and make out to have a very

good time.

I have read Tiedling's Tom Jones that Ted lent me for the boat and a book of Maurice Hewlett (The Open Country) which one of the Shipley girls sent me, and now am reading Les Miserables. 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 it atrociously. In fact I have never heard my mother tongue so murdered.

Feb. 12.

We passed Gibraltar yesterday afternoon under a brilliant sky. There were dozens of other boats plying 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 me free of charge. That is the Marconi officer on the German boat will write it down in a letter 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. Graybody comes in and talks to me. Here they come now so no more for to-day.

Feb. 16.

The first mountains of Greece are in sight—Kephallonia and Zante, and to-morrow at noon we shall be at the

Piraeus. Yesterday we saw the snowy peak of Aetna. I am sitting up on the upper deck, finishing up my letters, of which I had many to write. I think I'll close this up now, for to-morrow 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 Lou gave me will hold a great deal. My rug-roll can now assume more seemly proportions.

Did the book for father's birthday come?

The sun is so warm to-day that I have my panama hat on. It makes me realize that beloved Greece is at hand.

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

Ed:R.

Merlin House,
Sunday Feb. 27. 1910

Dearest father and 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 Thessaly. 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 Greeks for whom I left cards, invited me to tea, and their teas here are from 5.30 - 8.00 p.m. and frequently include dancing. I find 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 grand. Mme. Schliemann the wife of the famous excavator invited me to tea there and it was a splendid assembly of gaily dressed people. The Hardys and Dorothy were there and many other friends of mine 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 had new milk and bread in an arbor in the garden. There were roses and violets in bloom about us and we had a wonderful 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 Chalandri about 3 miles away, and had cake and wine in the sun near an almond orchard in full flower. Lovely it was. This sounds as if I had been wholly frivolous. 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 before I came, and every day has been cloudless except the first two. The blue sky and the great delight I take

in talking Greek makes these excursions very alluring. I did not go up to the English church to-day. I began the day by going 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 operator over (I had to go to the druggist myself for the vaccine) I went to a Greek church to listen to the music and later to the Russian church where they do sing most beautifully. Then I went to the sunny theatre of Dionysus and read about the remains there. I couldn't bring myself to go to the English church and listen to another sermon like the one I heard last Sunday. I went to a midweek meeting of the Evangelistic 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 Sweet Hour of Prayer in Greek! The tune was the same.

Mr. Dawkins of the English school has just been in to tell me what to take to-morrow. We start from the house here at 6.20. I am taking my bed, as I wrote, my wool quilt, steamer rug, sheets and pillow. He is taking a cook to get meals for us. I told him that was an unwanted 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 camera and hope to get good pictures. Mr. Scager writes that he will be in Candia about March 16th, and I want to be there a day or two ahead to see the museum and the Knossos excavations. So by the time you get this I shall have

only a day or so here, before I go. I am in splendid condition 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 good-bye gift as a precaution and have been vaccinated so I am certainly being cautious. I must go up-stairs now and pack my rug-roll and bed to take with me and my trunk and other things to leave behind. I have bought a Russian hat-box to carry my new hat in. I am having a splendid time.

Heaps of love,

Ed. R.

Picture of Meteora. 1910²⁸
postcard to Miss Tiemann
no date.

— altogether are comfortable. On the way back here we stopped at Trikkala and saw a lovely Byzantine church and Turkish bridge. But oh! the mud our three plucky little horses pulled us through to get here. It has been nice to be thrown so intimately with a nice Englishman and a nice English girl. Mr. Dawkins I knew before. Her I did not know. We could not get over the Pindus Mts. to Arta for the snow, so came back here to see the painted Stelai. So to Crete Saturday.

G.

Kalabaka, Thessaly.
 March 4 1910

Dearest father and mother, —

It is pouring, and we three, Mr. Dawkins, Miss Orgill 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, one stuck into the mouth of a wine bottle, the other set on top of my cold cream jar. We have just had a luxurious afternoon tea, served by Ioannis, Mr. Dawkins' servant 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 good tea with sheeps' 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 drip.

We started Monday you remember. I had no time for breakfast for I had miscalculated the time, so I munched a buttered roll 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 Athens — I think on the whole the cleverest 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. Steek 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 recovered for agriculture through 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

canals faced with walls of Cyclopean masonry which were erected 1500 B.C. for this same purpose of redeeming the land. Another sight of the place are the Katavothra or underground outlets of the lake. In Mingan times these were the only outlet for the water. Well, it was these underground passages, these Mingan walls and the work of the English we were invited to see. We put our luggage off at Moniki 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 went on to Levada on the W. coast where we were met by two American buggies. That amused me very much, that out here at Lake Copais one should run across American buggies! Mr. Steele had seen them in England and at once recognized in them the needful thing for rough roads and light horses. I drove one, Mr. Steele the other, and we four, (one of the English engineers had joined us) went to Skoopi where one of the English company's houses are. We had a fine chicken dinner and then had a look at the big Mycenaean chamber tomb at Orchomeros hard by and picked up fragments of pottery from a recent German excavation of prehistoric houses, had a look at a charming Byzantine monastery and then drove on in our buggies straight across the big plain, green with grain. Mr. Steele and I were now driving together and it was indeed a pleasure to hear him tell how he had covered this or that stretch with alluvial deposit and so got two or three rich harvests. There is a great deal of peat 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 photographed the best bits of Mingan walls that skirted the prehistoric canals and then drove on to our destination for that night — Karditza where the company had still another house. We stopped only once — to climb

1 to the top of what ~~was~~ once a high rocky island near
 the north coast of the lake. A stout and mud painted
 French housekeeper greeted us at Karditza. She 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 tea and then went out to see the grand canal
 and the very pretty bridge the French built during their
 regime. It was certainly strange to see this graceful bridge
 in the midst of this wild and desolate country, where
 Albanians and Wallachs encamp in houses made of sticks
 and straw and resembling a haystack. The next day it
 rained but at eleven we started off in our carriage.
 We went first to one of the Katavomra and crawled
 quite a way down ^{into} it, saw two pillars set in Minyan
 times to keep the roof from falling and great swarms
 of bats hanging from the roof. Later we saw a Minyan
 citadel at Gla and then drove through a hard rain to
 Mouliko. 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 neat houses
 and farms. It is all wonderfully well managed and
 should teach these wild North Greeks a good deal about
 English civilization and ideals. The next day we came
 up here and yesterday visited four of these 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 loved to try it, but being a
 woman could not. Not even hens are allowed to pollute
 that place. One of the worst grudges I ever had
 against Eve. It was great fun going up to Ayia

Triada by ladders up through cracks in the rock. We come down in a great net made of rope. To-day we have waited in vain for brighter 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 candles, for heat a brazier. Mr. Dawkins has a boy in from the hotel, and is plying him with questions about the Thessalian dialect, writing page after page of local usages of genitives and personal ending 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 weather did not clear at Kalabaka so we moved on to Trikkala 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. To-day we have come back to the sea — to Volo, and to-morrow will see those painted stelai 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 one so far.

Heaps of love,
Edw.

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V
Merlin House
Athens, March 13.

A910

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 to-morrow for Crete with my twenty wheelbarrows and an English lady for company. Mr. Seager and Lady Waldron are here already so it looks as if by a week from to-day I might actually be back at Gournia. It seems too good to be true.

I found a letter from mother — the second — awaiting me on my return and later got father's of Feb. 20th and Anne's of Feb. 22nd. Father you are not shooting 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 his place is and what nice people I am meeting, you would think it as eminently fitting for a lone spinster as the Shipley school. The English people, the Dawkinsons 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 tea parties. I shall really be glad to get 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 dominos and masks. It was a little amusing but not as absorbing for me as it seems to

be far most Greeks.

Father, your rheumatism and neuralgia 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 Aigina rising in pale blue tints therefrom; on the right is the Acropolis with the great columns of the Parthenon; to the left is Hymettus, tinged with purple. It is a lovely city certainly. I would give a great deal ^{to have} ~~to~~ you see it. In Thessaly we had ~~cold~~ cold cloudy weather, but the minute we got back this glorious sunshine begins again. I should have been very glad to see the Meteora monasteries in this sunlight. At Volo when we went to see the painted stelai we had some few hours of sunshine when we could see at its best the snowy summit 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 lost only one tube of Kaly-nos and a brass handle! Take good care of yourselves and remember it won't be long before I shall be back.

Heaps of love

Ed.R.

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Grand Hotel Knossos
Candia Crete

20 March 1910.

Dearest family:

Lady Waldron, Mr. Seager 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 snort 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 difficulty in getting a carriage to take us down to the Piraeus. We had a large clean cabin for the three of us, and the cargo was smell-less and the sea absolutely calm so we had a most satisfactory trip. At Canea we called first, and as I wrote you by postal we went to the Hotel de France (= Ξενοδοχείον της Υαλίας) and found there Mr. Seager and Lady Waldron. 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 Waldron is quite thrilling; she has crowns on all her handkerchiefs and luggage and a French maid and what not. How I shall survive such grandeur I can't yet see. Mr. Seager calls her "Tubby" and laughs at her crowns and when 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 Canca where they make the Creton towels. I laid in quite a supply, but already wish I had bought more. The two girls and I had luncheon out of doors under a tree and then came back and boarded our steamer, which however showed no signs of wanting to depart until three hours later. As a result, we will all our boxes — about 30 altogether — landed here at 1 o'clock in the morning. Her ladyship 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 Bosanquets 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. Seager and of course we come in for a part of the ovation.

I have bought two rugs, one for \$3, the other for \$10, and also an old Rhodian ~~glazed~~ glazed vase. The shops here are fascinating — Turkish shops where they give you coffee and loukouni in little rooms chuck full of Moslem daggers — dyed, I dare say, in the blood of martyrs, of Byzantine coins, Spanish dollars, Turkish tables inlaid with ivory, Creton embroideries and hundreds more of tempting things. To-day, we have all been to see a splendid old Turkish carved chest which Mr. Seager bought for 50 francs, although he knows he cannot take it out of the country. He has three already in his house at Pachia Ammos. 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. Tell Aunt Jenn next time you write that Mr. Seager - and Lord & Lady Waldron rented the Macmillan place in British East Africa two years ago and got quite well acquainted with them. Mr. Seager and Lady Waldron start out to Pacheia Ammos to-night or to-morrow: I shall go on horseback, I think, as I have never seen the intervening country, and shall start to-morrow. Our old muleteer, the faithful George goes with me. To-day 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 had my first horseback ride yesterday which I enjoyed marvellously. The flowers are wonderful, and the lowlands quite green though the mountains are snowy white.

Heaps of love
Edith.

Pacheia Ammos, Crete.
Good Friday 1910.

Dearest family:

We have ~~now~~ been now three days at the excavation house and are quite settled. I came on by horse with our old muleteer George, not without some episodes, for my horse rolled twice in the sand without any warning, fell once to fighting with a mule and once fell down, but did me no harm with it all. I passed the night in a large village, Neapoli~~s~~ by name, where two young students turned out of their room to accommodate me and my camp bed. They were nice boys, preparing a passage in Vergil's Aeneid and Sophocles' Antigone for their next day's lesson. That night for dinner I had snails and rice!! (May Paul survive the tale!) We rode past some splendid Mycenaean ruins this second day, got caught in a very bad shower and saw the rainbow lying horizontally spread over a valley.

We found Lady Waldron 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 unpacking my trunk much of which had not been unpacked since I left. The house is a delightful one, nicer even than I expected. Here is its plan: you see we get light and air both from the outside windows and from the inside court. My two windows look out over across the sea to the splendid Kavousi 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 at which I am writing and a large hamper over which I have put some towels and then a Cretan spread so that it may serve as a dressing table. I have a huge

wardrobe for clothes and keep my small things in bags suspended from nails in the cupboard's side. My room is huge, quite as big as one of the recitation rooms at home. ~~At~~ I have my two rugs down and three chairs so it really looks very well. We have a Turkish boy, Ali, in red fez who brings us generous jugs of hot water early in the morning, and as Mr. Seeger has a supply of rubber tubs left from East African hunting expeditions, I have splendid baths in the morning. Of course the food is excellent for we have a really first class cook. There is rather too much of canned goods for my taste, but lots of fresh food besides. We have worked in the garden planting sweet-peas and garden pinks, and sweet-williams and a lot of other flower seeds 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 sinking trial trenches Monday in the hope of finding tombs. It looks hopeless now but of course it always does until the walls and antiquities are really brought to light.

I have written to-day instead of Sunday for the postman comes early to-morrow morning, and since he comes only Wednesdays and Saturdays there is no use writing on Sunday. I am expecting these letters to go on to Anne and Clarence. Anne put a five cent stamp on your next or better still put two. I had 20¢ to pay on your last or hereabouts. And Clarence, buck up and write me. How I wish you one and all could have as good a time as I expect these next weeks.

~~Very~~ Heaps of love,
Ed. R.

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Pacheia Ammos

March 31.

1910

Dearest family:

We have had three days of digging on that unpromising hillside of which I wrote and have found an early cemetery as Mr. Seager expected. Before digging half an hour a twisted gold ring came to light and bones and quantities of pottery. Now we have such a lot of vases that we have sent the men away for two days so that we can have a chance to breathe and collect ourselves. Today we got in addition to the pottery some very delicate gold pendants on chains, like those Mr. S. got two years ago and I described in the Independent. We got two good sealstones too, and when we started to sift the surrounding earth for more seals we saw the sieve was rotted. That is one reason we stop work to-morrow for we ought to sift all the earth for gold beads and sealstones. Mr. Seager insists that I publish all this, so you can imagine how pleased I am. If two days brings us such quantities what will I have to write up before June? In addition to the dig turning out so splendidly, it is great fun here at the house. I wrote you, I think, how efficient a corps of servants we have, and what good food. It is really palatial. Mr. Dawkins and the English surveyor stayed over last Sunday and May two and I had a splendid climb that Sunday afternoon up a narrow gorge that breaks the range of mountains east of the house. We got up on to a shelf of rock 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} _^

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alone on the beach as Mr. Seager and I take a gallop
on our ponies. 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
when they stop 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 ~~was~~
our overseer went 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 after ten and I must go to bed. All day long
I have been out with the men. I have taken some 30
pages of notes and labelled basket after basket of pottery.
Mr. S. has some splendid tents he got in India. The
men pitched one to-day near the dig and to-morrow we
can sort pottery in that which will be easier.

Good-night

Ed:02.

P.S. Send on to Anne. Anne send to Aunt Ada and Aunt Ada
send to Woodstock.

Pacheia Ammos, Crete.
April 18, 1910.

Dearest Family:

Our excavation of the Gournia cemetery is completed and we have with us now an English architect who is drawing the plan of it. We did not get many small objects of value, for evidently in those days (the Late Minoan I period) they did not bury much with the dead. But the excavation ~~is~~ is decidedly important none the less. I have the introduction written, and now when Mr. Newton finishes the plans, I can write the general description of the site. It is all pleasure to write when the material is so fresh in one's mind and really valuable to the archaeological world.

I don't remember whether I told you of how the South wind blows here, sometimes for days at a time. It began 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 morning at breakfast it was perfectly still, but soon afterward it began again. Some Cretans who rowed 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 those three days. I suppose they got ~~back~~ 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 caves 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 the Shipleys that I would pay them monthly visits for \$50 and expenses in case I could leave my Holyoke work. They replied that they would gladly leave it open until I could speak more definitely, but it was worded so blindly that I scarcely know whether they want me to come or not. I rather hope that it will come about for I shall be glad of extra money next year and shall not mind any amount of work after this splendid holiday. By the way I am growing fat. That linen dress I had made last summer will scarcely meet now about the waist.

Eleanor writes very amusing letters of Holyoke and her work. I am still hoping she may find a place to stay in Woodstock this summer. I plan now to leave here about June 1st. I shall probably stay a week in Cordia 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 so 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 rhetorical and of your Easter vacation. Probably it will come next week.

Lots of love,

Edith.

Send to Anne.

44
Parcheia Ammos
Sunday April 24, 1910.

Dearest Family:

It is about three o'clock — the time when you are leaving your breakfast of Sunday morning beans, I suppose while mother agitates the question of whether she will go to church. We three have spent the morning quite quietly, reading, writing and putting up rotten curtains at the doors to keep out the flies.

I have made two expeditions since I last wrote you, one to Hierapetra with Nikolaos, the overseer to get \$500 for the dig which had come to the Post Office here, and yesterday Mr. Seager and I made an expedition to Psira 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 green crops now ready for harvest was lovely — a study in greens and blues. The last of the ride was along narrow stony lanes where we had to duck constantly to avoid the low branches of big carob and olive trees. The caïque was waiting for us, we gave up our ponies to the faithful George (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 Psira. Perhaps you remember the account of this Minoan settlement which I wrote for the Independent. It is very picturesquely situated on some high cliffs overhanging the sea. Later we crossed again in the caïque to the mainland to the place where they smelted their bronze in Minoan times and where there is a big cave like those I dug in Western Crete. I am to go there again to-morrow, with Nikolaos and six men to clear this cave. 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 post man brought me no letters yesterday so ~~that~~ the last I had from you is the one containing the newspaper clipping, and that I answered. I hope the next letter from you will be equally cheerful. I am sure Clarence's visit did you good.

Heaps of love,

Ed. R.

Pacheia Ammos
May 1st (1910)

Dearest family:

A postman has just unexpectedly ridden in from Hierapetra and brought a large packet of mail, including the Gournia map (rather flabby) 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 reproach — bristling with virtue in fact for I have sent an equal number to Mrs. Hibbard. I never received the bathing cap, but I have had several Literary Digests and very much enjoyed them as we all have. I am so glad you went to Bridgeport and glad to hear of the house shining like the sun, although I suppose this housecleaning fervor had its trials for father.

I can't remember whether I had begun to dig the cave when I last wrote you. I was there only two days — Monday & Tuesday of this week. According to the first plan I was to sleep here 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 meant three hours a day in the saddle and over such ground as I had never taken a horse before but no mishaps. These Cretan ponies are marvellously surefooted. 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 stylactite columns. We took 2 hanging lamps with strong reflectors and suspended them on ropes strung from stylactite to stylactite. The men had candles too. It was a weird sight to see the men bending to their work in some dark corner with a smoking candle their only light. We got some very good pottery. I hope we may have time for more caves 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 grateful to Mr. Seager for letting me dig and publish these places which he discovered.

All goes well here at the house. We wash pottery on days when we don't dig and write. Every evening we play 'poker-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.

Much love,
Edw.

May 9, 1910

Spaliova 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 below us a sheer drop of several hundred feet lies a rich plain with vineyards and olive trees, and at the end of it, in the foothills a white village with here and there a few red roofs. The place is fragrant with cedar and myrrh.

I came yesterday, riding over with George the muleteer, Nikolaos the overseer and Niko the cook and the wheelbarrows and baskets + spades + picks came by caïque. 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 at the back where I have my rubber tub and portable canvas wash-stand. In the big room I have my bed, a table, a steamer chair and one straight chair. The men built a kitchen behind 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 two very high steps to a little room supposed to be a sort of grocery store and place to buy wine and coffee. It was very dirty, and we had no sooner seated ourselves than every man in the place joined our party. There was compensation for the bad

smells in that Three or four men brought in seal stones 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 handle them nonchalantly and make a few deprecating remarks, but Nikolaos is going down soon to buy them.

(I must stop now and take some baskets of sherds.)

I had to see to men yesterday and then had no more time. Mr. Seager is here to-day for the day and will take ^{this} back to Pacheia Ammos. He brought me a letter from you.

Dig goes well.

Much love,

Ed:R.

Βερακιόκρητο Hill, Crete.
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. Seager came over yesterday and brought me a fat packet of letters, among them mother's telling me of your drive to Putnam and Billy's visit. What pleased me most was father's remark that he called the 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 poorhouse I shall have this splendid scene to look back upon and I should rather be in a poor-house with ideas and pleasant thoughts in my head than in an over-heated much varnished house with an empty pate —

This is my second week of digging here. It proves to be a late Minoan 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 mark the iron age but for the most part it is from the end of the Minoan age. I have got some knives of iron with bronze handles — a very important fact for dating the place. We are getting quantities of pottery — mostly broken but of tantamount importance for dates. I have taken on more boys to wash pottery and several more workmen so that 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 paths for wheelbarrows, where to pile stones — all this Nikolaos the foreman can manage without my saying a word.

The day I wrote you last week, just at evening

we got a clay head of a woman - probably a death likeness - which I think will be quite important. We can't hope for mummies, mother, and I don't much want them. They do give you thrills, I own, but they don't often open up new chapters of history, and here in Crete every dig yields facts of the greatest importance for chronology and ethnology.

My men have been ^{so} 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 Kavousi and sleep here in bush huts during the week thought that if the world should come to an ^{abrupt} end they would better be 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~~ Pacheia Ammos. His illness affected my Sunday, for we had a Mr. Ashby visiting us, director of the British School at Rome. He wanted to see Pseira and Mochlos 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 Pseira, then over to Mochlos, 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 weather has given us much to complain of. I rode home Saturday night in a perfect downpour. It was delicious to get into dry and lady-like clothes that night.

To-day we have the South 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 every time we have wind the men carry my bed there. It's a weird place: as I lie in bed I have on my left a steep rock almost touching me nose. On the right there are a few rocks and bushes and 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; go to bed at eight and 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, and I must keep an eye on them. We have just got a child's skeleton in a flat basin underneath a floor — one very nice little vase with it.

Heaps of love,
Ed. R.

53
Pacheia Ammos, Crete.
May 30, 1910.

Dearest father & mother:

Father's letter came to-day with the good news of Mr. Water's resignation. Heaven forbid that one may be heard from our congregation. We shall all have to survive the scenes of parting but with hope ahead we can bear 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.

To-day is Monday. I finished up my dig at 'Jew Hill' on Saturday, very mournful at leaving the place and that 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 dissatisfied with. The Italians, I understand, have spent a great deal of money this year and have got nothing, so I feel I should be well pleased with my little statues of horses and bulls, my crude reproductions of the human face and my vase-fragments. Some very pretty early cups 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 \$200 for photographs and water-colors to which I shall have to see on reaching Candia. We have just one week more here - alas and aday! and it will be a very busy week for I have all my writing to finish. Yesterday, Sunday, I finished reading Mr. Seager's mss. with the corrections that entailed and to-day I have finished my report of the Gournia cemetery - our first dig. Of course it is not in final form, but it is written through and all the vases measured etc. To-day after letters, I shall attack the Jew Hill or *Εβραϊκή* report, and I hope to break the back bone of it in the next few days,

but I have architecture to describe than which is more difficult than vases for me.

I ride down on horseback, stopping at the Psychro cave and taking a new route through beautiful country. I shall be at least ~~ten~~ days in Candia, getting the things installed in the museum and photographed and selecting the specimens which we are to ask for for the U. of Pennsylvania Museum. I shall stay later than Lady Waldron and Mr. Seager who leave the next week for Trieste and England. Mr. Seager is packing up books to-day and it seems mournful to think of going. My next address to be used on receipt of this:

90 Thomas Cook & Co.

Galleria Vittorio

Via Chiatamone

Naples, Italy.

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

I am perfectly well as usual — as black as a negress but then. I am looking forward every day with increasing pleasure to our summer together. I shall probably sail from Naples the last of June or first of July. Don't expect long letters in the meantime.

Much love as ever

Edith.