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R.M.S. "Laconia"
February 10, 1912

Dearoot mother:

We are to land this afternoon at Madeira, and though there is not much chance of a letter reaching you thence any sooner than by Gibraltar, I'll give this to the purser and see if he can send it to Southampton direct.

We have had a good deal of rough weather and of rolling, and a good many have been ill, but Eleanor and I haven't had a qualm. We got up at 8 and have a salt bath, and then often go to bed again until ten! The days have passed very quickly, though I don't know why they should, for we do nothing.

I asked Clarence and Ted to tell you what good friends we found on board. One of the very nicest archaeologists I ever met is Mr. James R. Wheeler, professor at Columbia, and chairman of the committee which manages the school at Athens. He and his wife, and Mr. Hill, director of the school are all on board as well as Dr. Hazen of Smirna, and his wife. Then there have been others who knew Gisela Richter, so we have invited one another to tea-parties and have chatted a good deal on deck. Mr. Nathan Strauss, the Jewish promoter of free milk dispensaries is on board and we have become quite well acquainted with him. He is going to give me an outfit for pasteurizing milk in Crete. He has also offered to take me driving with his fast trotter Cabweb on the Speedway in New York! He is nearly 70 I should say, and a very fine type of Jew. Clarence asked me to look up Dr. Wilson of Bridgeport and his family and I have done so and walked the deck with them.

I wish you could have seen all the flowers sent us. We each had violets, I had long pink roses from Miss Stowell and Dorothy Milford, two dozen carnations from the Holyoke girls who sat at my table and a big basket of fruit from another student. Eleanor about the same amount. Mrs. Tiemann gave me a very beautiful

soft steamer rug and how three pounds of candy, Ted, books and other Holyoke girls a quantity of packages to be opened on different days of the voyage. I never had quite such a send-off or Eleanor either.

I am so sorry that I went away without paying 50¢ for that telegram to Dr. Gordon. The dentist's bill which you sent me I had already arranged with Clarence to pay. I hope there won't anything else turn up, which I haven't paid for. If there does, Clarence has three dollars more than is needed for the dentist.

Eleanor is quite well, has had no dizzy attacks since coming on board and I think she enjoys all the talking and walking even more than I do. I get a little bored occasionally and steal away to a quiet corner on the upper sun deck, but she likes every bit of it.

Mail is now closing so no more. A great deal of love.
Ed.R.

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Off Algiers
Feb. 15, 1912
R.M.S. "Laconia"

Dearest Anne:

I was delighted to find your good letter and the dear ones of the boys' waiting for me in my cabin when we sailed, and I felt remorse for not having written when I read you had been looking for a letter. Forgive me.

I wish letters didn't come so hard these days. I think back to the first I ever wrote from Europe and the pleasure I took in describing everything that happened and wonder how I ever did it. I feel now as if no one cared particularly to read such descriptions and that nothing was worth writing.

It made you seem very far away and made me realize the long interval between our visits — also my poor powers of correspondence — to ~~see~~ have you ask if Eleanor went too. We have planned it for so long — for a year and have talked constantly of it. All during her illness this winter, she has been buoyed up by this hope, and it has already done her worlds of good. It is the first time I ever sailed for Europe with anyone, and of course it is much more enjoyable when ~~to~~ one has so good a comrade as Eleanor. We have had a rough passage; for five days steady the racks were on the table, and even so there were occasional crashes when landslides of china fell from tables and buffets. But we have minded little for we are both good sailors and we have had good times with the people. Mr. Hill, director of our Athens school is on board. I have known him for years as the most delightful combination of a New Yorker and a perfect cosmopolitan. He will talk the minute of the Methodist prayer-meetings of Bristol, Vermont, and the next of the last time he dined with the King. Then Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler of Columbia are on board, simple, friendly, comfortable people — also Vermonters and also old friends. We five have been together constantly, and have had many a joke and

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good talk. At Gibraltar we have been joined by another Columbia professor and his wife, and they are going on to Egypt: the others leave at either Naples or Villefranche.

So much for fellow-passengers and they of course make a great difference on a boat. By the way our boat is a new one on her maiden trip, and very luxurious.

Madeira is just a week from New York. We had already forgotten the zero weather of America for during the rough days at sea, the temperature was about that at the Crab during a N.E. storm, but we were hardly prepared for the Madeira gardens, great masses of green full of canaries and of the fragrance of freesias and roses. We wandered the first afternoon along the quay to the little square and sat ourselves down on the side-walk — the ideal place for tea — and watched the sights from big comfortable wicker chairs. The cabs of Madeira are on runners and drawn by bullocks and these were fun to watch while we had our tea. The next morning we went ashore again and this time we went up a funicolare through fields of sugar cane and between lovely villas, to a beautiful old church. Here we had lunch and then we seated ourselves in more wicker carts on runners and slid down over pavements; the entire distance we had climbed in the funicolare. Mr. Hill, Eleanor and I were in one, with a slim Portuguese boy running along on either side to guide us. I wish Warner and Gregory had been there. It was very amusing.

At Gibraltar also we went ashore twice, and the second time we walked six miles out through the English quarters and along the cliffs.

I wish you would send me Blanche's and Mrs. Abbott's and Emma's addresses. Also those of any others who were so nice to me that I may send cards or something from Crete. Address me in general

40 Banque d'Athènes

Candia, Crete. Until March 15,

however I shall be in Cairo when I shall get letters from Cook's. (To Thos. Cook & Son, Cairo.)

You might also send this to mother and Clarence for my letters have not come easy so far.

The Atlas mountains are in sight and the bay of Algiers, so I will go on deck.

Good-bye, dear girl. If only once I might travel with some of my family, how fine it would be.

With much love,
Edith.

Cunard R.M.S. Laconia

Feb. 17, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

We have now landed three times - at Madeira, Gibraltar and Algiers. At 'Gib' we did little else beside stretching our legs in a long walk. The cliffs along the West end of the rock are very fine and were covered with lovely wild crocuses.

At Algiers we had great luck. Mr. Hill, Mrs. Wheeler and I had just seated ourselves in a carriage and started for the museum when a familiar face passed in a magnificent big touring car and 'Billy' Mrs. McCabe's chauffeur, greeted me. I later went to her hotel with Eleanor, had tea with her, and Mrs. McCabe offered me the car for the afternoon to see Algiers, and the next morning she went with us for a forty mile drive around the various suburbs. Wasn't that a coincidence?

Algiers from the water is in appearance like Marseilles, an ordinary French town. But after one has penetrated to its central square and left (as we did) their vehicle there, and entered the narrow winding streets where no more than two can walk abreast and where the roofs quite meet overhead, one realizes that it is after all Africa. The country through which we motored yesterday was splendid. Orange and tangerine trees were in full bloom. There were gorgeous hedges of roses and the wild flowers - daisies, anemones, oxalis and the rest - were a mass of color, although Mrs. McCabe said they would be still finer in April.

Our party of friends is still delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler leave us to-morrow at Villefranche, I am sorry to say. Mr. Hill leaves at Naples, and Mr. and Mrs. Brewster - the new additions to our party - keep on till Egypt. I have also found at Gib. an old Spiplay girl now on the boat. To-morrow, Sunday, we are at Monte Carlo.

Much love

Ed. R.

The Egyptian Hotels, Ltd Cairo
 Shepherd's Hotel & Ghezirah
 Palace
 Sunday, Feb. 25, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

I am not staying at this pretentious place, but am waiting for an old Shiplay girl — the one with whom I used to ride — who got on our boat at Gibraltar, and who is staying now at this hotel.

Well, where was I when I last wrote? I had told you I think, of our quiet luncheon and lovely walk we had between Monte Carlo and Mentone. Unfortunately Eleanor got a cold there which has made her quite miserable since reaching Egypt. And strangely enough we have had showers — which are rare, they say, at this time of year and which make our room cool.

At Naples we did no more than take a ~~ride~~ short walk, and buy some Pompeii postal cards to send to my Roman archaeology class. Mr. Hill left us there. The wheelers had already left at Monte Carlo. But in the ~~meantime~~ meantime we had become very well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, and Mr. Nathan Strauss and Mr. Magnus — formerly rabbi of the Fifth Ave. temple — and his wife continued to be very friendly. In fact we had more company on that boat from beginning to end than we needed. We were sorry at the end to leave the good steamer Laconia, just three weeks lacking one day since we boarded her.

Alexandria as we first saw it, was not very impressive save for the flatness of its coast line, broken here and there by groups of palms. A special train was waiting to take the ship's people to Cairo, and we boarded it at once, got our ^{big} luggage into the van and our small luggage into the carriage with the Brewsters. Outside on the platform were all kinds of Arabs, Soudanese and Bedouins, in every kind of picturesque garb, selling postals, vichy, mandarins etc. We

got some glimpses of native life on the way to Cairo — whole villages e.g. built entirely of mud — processions of camels walking with dignified men along the canals which everywhere traverse the delta, and arabs either jogging along on donkeys — or running as I have never seen other men run.

We had planned to leave the business of choosing a boarding-place in Cairo until arriving, so we took a carriage, had all our luggage piled on to a little donkey cart which followed us and drove to one or two places which had been recommended. The second, Rossmore House, looked very clean and desirable, so we alighted and we find it excellent, and, for Cairo, cheap.

Both sets of friends, the Brewsters and the wealthy Pittsburgers, of which Louise Mitchell is one, want us to go with them, up the Nile in a ~~dah~~ dahatiyeh. The Brewsters know some English people here, and have learned through them of a trustworthy and experienced guide, and since it costs no more-managed this way — than any of the Cook's tours we have this morning said yes and are planning now to start up the Nile with them next Thursday — the 29th of Feb. Imagine the luxury of a dahitiyeh — our own boat under the American flag, our own sailors, cook etc. The general factotum is as black as the ace of spades and has an irresistible smile. We are to be fed turkey and quail and all the fresh vegetables the Nile gardens produce and we are to lie up alongside of every temple and see it at our leisure. Eleanor has hung back a little, because she thinks Mrs. Brewster a very tiresome talker — so she is — and dreads two weeks of her at close range, but I think the disadvantages of a Cook's ~~boat~~ boat or other tourist boat much more to be dreaded. Mr. Brewster is delightful. I wrote, I think, that he is ? provost of B — — ? a kind of general factotum here, having still, despite the recent

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appointment of a dean, entire responsibility. He has a splendid sense of humor, and a nice quiet way of talking which is quite irresistible. And Mrs. Brewster, herself a painter, is the daughter of William Richards, a well known marine painter and is really a sterling character in spite of her incessant talk. So it looks as if we were in for a splendid time.

So far I haven't seen very much of Cairo. We have had to talk our plans over so much, arranging for our dahabiyah, our boat to Crete, etc. that we have done little more than go to hotels and offices. This afternoon, if the sun stays out, I mean to take a tram to the pyramids, and to-morrow we may go over to Memphis.

I hope you can read all the above which was written on the terrace of Shepherd's, with a motley throng passing before me on the sidewalk. Vendors of spangled shawls, of necklaces, of ostrich plumes, fortune-tellers, and even monkeys astride goats, were among the passers by.

It is now evening, and nearly dinner-time. Eleanor lies on the sofa reading. I am wearing a soft warm kimono shawl which Elsie Tiemann gave me as a good-bye present, and which is just the thing for these rooms. We did not see the pyramids but went instead to a high hill in Cairo from which we could overlook stretches of desert and all the town, with the pyramids in the distance. How I wish you were to share our dahabiyah, but I occasionally in the jostle and bustle of travel think with longing of our peaceful home in Woodstock.

Much love,
E.S.R.

On board Dahabiych, EsRher
Beliana a Nile

March 2, 1912

Dearest mother and father:

Our dream has come true and we are on board our dahabiych. We boarded her day before yesterday in the afternoon at Assuit, tired and dusty after six hours of train. Tea was ready when we came on board, and our little state-rooms, tiny as they were, looked clean and restful. We have a dining-room downstairs, and also a kind of bath-room, but we live mostly on the upper deck, where we have comfortable chairs and lounges and an awning from the sun when we like.

We are now anchored off the ancient Abydos, and to-morrow we shall travel six miles inland by carriage to see our first big temple. Our sailors are a never-ending source of amusement to us. They call on all the Moslem ~~pt~~ prophets — in rhythmical chorus — as they reef their sails or pull up the anchor. This morning they did a dance for us to a kind of tambourine music. We are taking pictures of them at all their various kinds of work. We have a turkey, a lot of chickens and pigeons on board. One young pigeon has not learned to eat, and an Arab sailor fills his own mouth with water and blows it into the pigeon's mouth. Hence, I suppose, the sucking doves of the Bible. The seed he forces into his mouth after prying the bill open. Our dragoman, Saleh, says he thinks Mr. Morgan was at Assuit yesterday before we arrived. So I fear I shall miss Lucy entirely unless she is at Cairo when we return. Nor have I seen the Hinricks family. We are enjoying the Brewsters very much — entirely delightful people, so Eleanor's fears were wasted. Mrs. Brewster paints well. She did a fine sketch of Saleh this morning in his long flowing robe.

We expect to be back in Cairo two weeks from to-day and after a few days there — along March 23 — we sail directly to Crete, so we shall be at Pacheia Amos by April 1st or shortly

afterward.

The life of the fellahin as we see them along the river is delightful to watch. Now they and their camels are silhouetted against the sky as they move along the river banks. Or again we see them, as I have often read descriptions, lifting the Nile water from one canal to another up the banks. They are almost naked as they work, swiftly and rhythmically, but they generally sing. We admire the physique of both them and of the sailors, they are so lithe and supple.

I had mother's second letter the night before I left. May the season of furnace fires and Rhetoricals come to a speedy and happy end. (rest missing)

Edin.

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Savoy Hotel
Luxor, (Upper Egypt)
March 17, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

Our dahabiyeh trip is over, and it was certainly one of the most delightful experiences I ever had. We have stopped off here on our way down the river, to break the long journey of 580 miles, and to give us a couple of quiet days before re-entering the noise of Cairo. We found no mail at Assuan, so I suppose the stupid Cook's people are hoarding it all up at Cairo. The last from you is that of Feb. 11. But I'll take this down to Cairo with me to-morrow and won't seal it up until I've had my mail.

Our trip was as fine at the end as at the beginning. On Monday we tied up off el Kab and walked in across the desert and saw some rock tombs and temples which were very much ruined but rather nice because they were off the tourists' route, so that there was consequently no screaming mob of donkey-boys. We all went on foot and a sailor was detailed for each one of us. That afternoon we reached Edfou where there is the best preserved Egyptian temple, and in fact the best preserved ancient building in the world. We went on donkeys and it took Saleh nearly an hour to bring the donkey-boys to terms and even then it was not accomplished without a policeman.

After stopping once more, at Kum Ombo, where we had afternoon tea in front of the temple overlooking a lovely bend in the river, we reached Assuan, where the inhabitants were a shade darker, the heat a good many degrees higher, and the scenery along either side of the river took on a wilder and more rugged aspect.

We got there at noon and wandered over to the bazaars which were fascinating. Mrs. Brewster bought beads and Abyssinian baskets, Eleanor bought a spangled shawl for Althea, and I a dozen small ostrich feathers for \$1.00. The shops were on the average 20 ft. square. Each was strewn with a Turkish rug, on which

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a turbaned owner squatted. In every doorway or following you along the street was a runner or audible advertiser, and it was great sport to hear their appeals to buy phrased in the most broken English. The next day we went by train still further up the river to see Philae and its emerged temple. It was fearfully hot up there and with good reason for we were within 30 miles of the tropics. Baedeker says that "those interested in the starry firmament" may see the Southern Cross there, but we were not sure of it. We saw the Assuan dam, however, and the first cataract, or what is left of it, and the granite quarries where the obelisks and colossi were cut.

Cairo March 19.

We got here last night after 14 hours in a dirty train. I found two letters from you awaiting me.

Well, I can sympathize with you, mother, for having hatched two such duckling daughters who won't stay put. It certainly is hard for Anne to move, but personally I think I should like Louisville as well as Cleveland. Perhaps they can get a fine old-fashioned dignified horse which will beat their Cleveland one to hollow, and perhaps, as you say, it will bring Anne to Woodstock more. I shall have to think a little more about it before I know for sure how I feel.

I found a good letter from Clarence. How he enjoys his music, doesn't he?

I'll go out and mail this now. Will write card to Mrs. Richardson and will get Cretan towels for you and for Mary Riley. Bless Hilda.

Heaps of love,
Ed.R.

Cairo

March 20, 1912.

Dearest mother:

The first night at dinner here, after our return from the Nile trip, there sat next me a lady, plainly American but with some English manners. She talked a good deal of "my husband" and mentioned that he was English. Next came the information that she had lived a good many years in Constantinople, and lastly that she came from a "little town" Binghamton. I ventured at that point to ask if her first name wasn't Mollie, and to say I thought we were cousins. And sure enough it was Mollie Mason, now Mrs. Poynter. But sad to say, we don't like her so very well. She pretends to know more than she does and talks incessantly.

I found that a Mr. Rowe whom I have met in Boston was digging with Mr. Reisner at the pyramids — some tombs adjacent to the pyramids, so I went out there to-day and in spite of signs requesting tourists to keep away, I went in and Mr. Rowe showed me all around both his own and the German excavations. We are invited to go over there to-morrow to have tea with Mrs. Reisner. And to-day I met Mr. Lyngo on the street, so I am going around to Lucy's hotel to-morrow morning to have a chat with her.

We find there is a Greek boat next Tuesday, so we need wait here no longer & that quite suits ^{us} ~~me~~. Don't be alarmed if you hear of trouble in Crete: they have killed three musselmans but it is a tempest in a tea-pot.

E. makes me read her what I've written and she tells me I haven't told half the story about Mollie. She says to tell you that she gives a final opinion about everything from European politics to Persian rugs, asks her to play the piano, then never listens to a note but during the pianissimo parts asks her her opinion on Bergson. I can forgive her a little of it however, since she talks of "Em. Griggs".

Eleanor sends love. We are both well. I'm having a new riding-skirt made. The khaki one Ted gave seemed hardly strong enough to last through another season. It has had hard ~~usage~~ usage on donkey-back here. Now I'll read aloud a little to E. — already in bed — from C. D. Warner's My Journey up the Nile.

Much love
Ed. R.

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Cairo, March 27.

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Dearest father and mother,—

Mrs. Hugh Poynter — nee Mollie Mason has just left me and her last words were to send her love to you. She remembers being taken by Aunt Parmelia Sage to sing a song at Grandma Smith's and of being frightened by the applause afterward so that she cried. And Lucy Lyhoge sends her love, and also, very particularly, Mrs. Breen(?). The Hingricks I haven't seen yet, but they have been rushing through Egypt at a fearful rate. Lucy and I were saying yesterday that we wouldn't take such a trip as they were having if it were given to us. They were in Jerusalem one night, at Cairo the next and Luxor the third, and Insa told Lucy it seemed as if she would never have enough sleep to be quite clear again.

This work is your hardest I suppose. Good luck to it!

Well, to rehearse my doings since last I wrote Thursday afternoon we went out to the Pyramids and had tea with Mrs. Reisner. Their house is a very simple one-storied affair with a piazza screened off, and here Mrs. Reisner was serving tea to her weekly stream of callers. We later met Dr. Reisner down at the dig, and Mr. Rowe, his assistant whom we had met, showed us again the excavations, so that Eleanor might see them. Later we strolled out on to a hill overlooking the desert to see the sunset lights. I have had to make over somewhat my ideas of the desert; I always imagined it flat, but it is full of valleys and low hills. At sunset the sand becomes pink and lilac and the sides of the pyramids themselves take on the same color.

Friday, I had a splendid day. I went out to Sakkara with two American gentlemen from this person, one an

Arizona miner the other a Cornell graduate now settled
 in the Philippines. They have been around the world and
 nothing staggers them. Eleanor didn't go on this trip
 for it seemed a pretty hard one involving as it did
 a trip there by train and back across the desert on
 donkey back. We went by train along the Nile north-
 ward to Bedrasheim. Near the station here were fifty
 donkeys and half as many camels. Our dragoman —
 we had taken one because we were told a dragoman
 was absolutely necessary, but he wasn't — approached
 this yelling mass of donkeys and donkey-boys, while we
 waited at one side, convulsed with laughter at the
 attempts of a 300 lb. German lady to get on a donkey.
 She finally straightened herself out full length and was
 lifted by three donkey boys. Our beasts bore the names
 of George Washington, Whiskey and Soda, and Automobile.
 I was mounted on the first and the donkey-boy who
 ran along beside me could say "George Washington,
 first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his
 countrymen!" I don't know whether I have before referred
 to the absurd names used for donkeys. "Sleeping-car" "Whiskey-
 straight" "Telephone" are among the favorites. We saw a
 lot of fine tombs, covered with sculpture depicting all
 the scenes of daily life among the ancient Egyptians —
 fishing, hunting, reaping etc. Then we saw the Serapeum
 which is a monument of human folly. It consisted of a
 maze of subterranean corridors and chambers in which
 had been buried the mummies of 24 sacred bulls. They
 were laid away in great granite sarcophagi, and all
 the chambers and corridors were hewn from solid rock.
 The Arizona miner kept exclaiming "Well this has got
 it all beat" "This has my goat!" And I agreed with him.
 After luncheon at the house of Mariette — an old time archaeologist
 — we started straight across the desert for the Great pyramids.

Not much chance of losing one's way with those three great triangles looming up before one. Besides there were so many people — fat and thin — on camels and donkeys that I felt as if I were riding in a circus procession. A whole party of Arab school-teachers had taken this chance of a holiday (Friday) to visit Sakkara and they were all on camels. One little Arab youngster in a white shift and naught else could stand upright on his camel, even if it was trotting quite fast. Eleanor rode out to meet us, and had enjoyed the company of her donkey-boy who had told her fortunes for her in the sand.

Yesterday we went again to the bazaars and in the afternoon Lucy Lythgoe and I went out to the zoological gardens and had tea quite quietly in an open spot near a lake. She is the flower of her family — simple, cordial and entertaining. She came around this afternoon to ask me to come in this evening to see the Hinrichses and herself, and I shall do so, and leave this open to add a word about them.

I went to a Coptic church this morning. It seemed strange to see a Christian church crowded with men in fezzes. All the children ^{who} were being baptized took their shoes off for this operation and down the central aisle was a row of children, and of fathers too, putting on their shoes. The rest of the day I have spent in the museum, except in the late afternoon when E. and I drove to Shepherd's Hotel and had tea in the palm garden. Would you please send this on to Anne and Clarence.

Bed time. I've been over to the Continental Hotel and seen the Hinrichses. They seem all of them played out but they have seen lovely flowers in Galilee.

Love

E.

Pachia Ammos, Crete

April 15, 1912.

Dearest mother and father,

To-day I had expected to begin work by opening what Nikolaos and others think is a tomb over by Kavousi, but such a fearful South wind is blowing that we had to give it up. I shall hope for better luck tomorrow. We go into camp next Saturday, so we thought it a good plan to get as many excursions into this last week as possible. Eleanor is tremendously enthusiastic over the country and the horseback riding and both Mr. Seager and I like it well enough to do some of the old trips over again. So last Tuesday we rode over the mountains to the East of the house to a place where Harriet (Boyd) Hawes began her archaeological work here. We went up about 2000 ft. and as the ascent was made straight from the plain by a sharply zigzagging stony path, the scenery was splendid. There were pines and fine bracing air at the top and such a wealth of flowers as I have rarely seen even in Crete. There were rare orchids, wild tulips, cyclamen and hosts of flowers I didn't know. We ate beside a spring and all of us enjoyed the day from beginning to end. Then another day we started off in the other direction to the West, saw the monastery of Phaneromene, which I visited with Mr. Dawkins last year, and then circled around, past another Byzantine church, ate our luncheon in a little cypress grove and ended by leading our ponies down a steep gorge behind our house. It was quite the steepest path I ever tried to get a horse down, but by going slowly in single file, each one occasionally whipping up the horse in front, we got to the bottom safely. Yesterday the bishop of East Crete — whose

photograph is on the bookcase upstairs, — was holding reception at his house on All Saints Day. We all went over and took photographs of the procession as it filed out of the church, and then sat down with the bishop in his upper chamber. As soon as he had taken off his priestly robes — layer after layer of them, — the people proceeded to come in and pay their respects. Mr. Seager^{*} was kept at ~~the~~ his side the whole time, as first citizen of Eastern Crete, but Eleanor and I were soon sent out to take a walk in the garden! We are spending quiet days when not taking such excursions. I am reading Joseph Vance and crocheting more lace. Eleanor and Mr. Seager dread the beginning of work but I am eager to get the dig started.

Nikolaos has just come in. He started to-day without us at a cave and found some beautiful stone vases, so we rise at 5 tomorrow and ride over to see to it. So we're off.

Much love

Edith.

Vrokastira, Crete.

May 5, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

Two good letters from you — one written Easter Sunday and one two days later — were brought in a few minutes ago to my tent. You don't yet tell me what relation "Mollie Mason" is to us.

Miss Morrice Berran in a secret marriage! It is too funny to be true. I am so sorry for Anne and feel so far away from her. Please send all my letters on. I am sorry I wasn't here to wash out the third floor china again. You can save it for me this summer.

After waiting five days for good weather to come up here and pitch camp, we had to come in a howling South wind after all. It was a great sight — as two years ago — to see the tents themselves and all our luggage coming up the mountain side, some pieces brought by mules, and others carried by our workmen of whom we had about twenty. We brought the two large tents this time. Mr. Seager bought them in India and they are very prettily lined with yellow-brown figured print. They are large and roomy and have upright sides to the height of your head, and a front and back "porch" where the upper tent extends out over the lower. We each have a folding-table, a camp bed, a straight chair and a big deep chair. We could not find two level places together, so it is quite a scramble to get from Eleanor's tent to mine, but we both have beautiful views — I a few feet of grass in front, then a wall surmounted by brush, beyond the tops of a few trees and over them a superb view of mountains and sea.

Eleanor likes it thoroughly. I had thought she might find some days long and dull but she doesn't and she is being very lozy and even is taking to sewing, which is just what she ought to do. Mr. Seager has been all kindness as usual in helping us equip our camp. He worked himself that first day, and has been up twice to see that everything was going

all right. His plan now is to come up every third or fourth day. We have had one holiday this week, and Monday there was no work but pitching camp, so we have been able to dig only three days this week. We began down by the sea at a place I looked over last year and thought too late to be good. Mr. Seager had since examined it and thought it much more promising, and Minoan not Greek as I said. He has jollied me a ~~good~~^{great} deal about my "Greek walls" so you can imagine my triumph when we found them Greek after all and not Minoan. We have three of Sir Arthur Evans' workmen on our roll this year and they are proving very valuable at finding tombs. We pay them a dollar a grave and they spend all their spare time in hunting them. We have dug two, one of which yielded a lot of vases — good ones I hope, but they have not yet been cleaned, and the wretched merchant at Candia sold us vitriol (that's what they call it) for hydrochloric acid, so all our cleaning is postponed for a bit. Yesterday I had a very busy day. I was off on my pony soon after six, and went first where the main force of workmen is on top of Vrokastro, then led my pony down a steep stony path to the plain, rode for an hour through olive orchards and gardens — for this part of Crete is well watered — to a cave^{where} three men are digging. There I fortified myself with a pot of Brand's essence, a delicious kind of tinned consomme with which Mr. Seager has supplied us, and later draped off with two peasants to see a place where shields have been found. Then I rode home around the foot of Vrokastro and up a steep bridle path to where our tents are pitched. After luncheon I slept two hours straight and later — after early tea — made the rounds again. I enjoy every minute of it and am perfectly well. My pony is such a dear. He travels very easily and never tires me.

To-day we are having pouring rain. The men began digging and I rode over there too, but it settled down to a steady drizzle and we all came away. Luckily I had put my blue cape

across the saddle this morning, so I got home dry as a chip. You should have seen Nikolaos and Niko serving luncheon to us. They had to bring platters of meat and potato across the field under umbrellas, for it was too wet for us to go up to the field outside the kitchen where we generally eat.

The letter ends here
Abruptly

In camp at Ayia Phancyria
May 12, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

Your two letters were brought up from the house last Wednesday by Eleanor, who rode down to get some things from her room. I haven't been back yet since I came, and I am not sure that I shall until the season is over, for I enjoy myself so thoroughly here.

I am glad to learn that the measles are over and father's cough better and that the school opened well for the spring. It is also pleasant ~~to~~ ^I think ~~to~~ ^{to} have the Gordon house open again, though I don't know how much we shall see of the Hirschickses. I always liked Marie. By the way, who is to live in the Berrian house?

Once more, mother, let me assure you that the Cretan trouble is all talk. I told Mr. Seager your message the other day, as we were riding down the stony mountain side from the dig to our tents, and it gave him a great fit of giggles to think that his caution was to save us from imminent danger.

You may be sure that I will know when Sunday comes the weeks we are digging, and how I look forward to it! My tent is teeming with baskets of pottery and stuff which has been brought in during the week, my excavation accounts wait to be looked over and there are letters and clothes to look to.

But this week nothing matters for we have had a run of luck, the best I ever had.

The first day we began work at Vrokastro, proper, I sent one of the old trusted workmen, nicknamed Punch, to a pile of stones which I always wanted to poke ~~in~~ in last year, but which lay just below the guy ropes of my tents so I couldn't get at it. For two days he pried out

stones and got only small potsherds and twice he complained that the place I had put him was no good. But we make the rule that when they start to dig, they must always keep on until they reach hard-pan, and so he was made to stay there. He one day sent word that he had found, in addition to quantities of potsherds, a piece of bronze. I at once went to watch, and I have ever since been sitting on the edge of his hole — which proved to be a large rectangular tomb the roof of which had fallen in — watching him knife out all sorts of things. The bronze was from a bronze tripod of which we now have nearly all the pieces, quite enough to set up in a museum. There were quantities of clay vases, iron axe-heads and adzes, and blades galore — all badly corroded — and two or three hundred porcelain beads. But the best of all was six seals, five of which have Greek letters and Greek letters in this geometric period are I think quite unknown, so I think it will really be quite a discovery for the history of the alphabet. I can't say for sure until I get to a library, but Mr. Seager agrees, and anyway it is something worth coming to Crete for. Now I am making desperate efforts to hunt out a few more tombs. Three or four as rich as that would be enough for a season. The beads and seals show Egyptian influence and we are to have an Egyptologist (by name Hall) visit us this week, and I hope he may be able to give us some information as to their dates. Don't make too much of it — with the Richardsons e.g. — but you can just believe I am pleased about it. We have now spent about \$400 of \$1500 allowed us for digging. So I plan to be in camp just about another month, then go down to Pacheia Ammos for a week and reach Candia about June 20. I shall need 10 days or two weeks here, to photograph and arrange our things etc. and then probably we shall go to Athens and sail home by Austro-American boats straight from Patras.

Since the fearful news of the Titanic, I have concluded that the smaller the ocean steamer, the safer.

Eleanor has been teaching Niko some new receipts this week. She enjoys the tent life thoroughly, and so do I. I am asleep by nine every night and wake up shortly after five. Am perfectly well. Eleanor sends love. Mr. Seager frequently asks for you. He still comes up twice or three times a week. The next time two Englishmen will come with him and stay to luncheon and we are already talking of how we can get plates & knives etc. enough.

Much love

Ed. R.

P.S. Mail has just come and brought me a letter from Philadelphia from a Mrs. Albartson, who will take me to room & board light and all for \$8.00 per ~~week~~ week. Laura Heermance has a friend in Germantown, Hilda Justice, and I have visited her in a fine old aristocratic house, and she, impelled by Laura I suppose, has found this place. The letter was written from London, and the lady has two daughters graduates of Bryn Mawr, so it sounds as if they were nice people and I think I shall certainly accept the arrangement temporarily. Wouldn't it be nice to find myself in a good old Philadelphia home. That would be better than out? View?

G.

Monday morning
May 20, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

It is after 7 a.m. and I ought to be at the dig, but inasmuch as Sunday passed with no letter-writing, I'll take time for a word now. No such luck to report this week. We have spent all our time hunting for another tomb and have found absolutely nothing. I still have a little hope, but if we don't get it soon we shall try another site in June.

It was fun to entertain at luncheon last Wednesday the two archaeologists Mr. Seager brought up with him. One, Mr. Hall, was an Egyptologist and said the writing on our seals was Egyptian hieroglyphic. That hardly decreases their value for I hope they can be precisely dated and to afford a clue to the chronology of this period on which we are working. But of course they won't now help out with the history of Greek writing. Both men were interested in our ^{and} finds and were very jolly and friendly. Mr. Seager is coming up again today, so I expect we shall hear from him more of their opinions about our dig.

I can't tell you how pleased I am about Anne's house. She certainly deserves it and will certainly appreciate it after all this waiting. Perhaps your daughters won't turn out such a crazy pair after all. Get me settled with Philadelphia aristocrats and Anne in such a house and you can give respectable reports of us both. I expect by the time you get this you will want to know summer plans. I can't say yet when I shall get away. The bad luck of this week may delay me. But on receipt of this which ought to get to you by June 10, or so, I should write one letter to American School, Athens and the next week you might risk a last letter to Thos. Cook and Son, Naples. We must go to Athens for since the war the Italian line has ceased running from Crete to Sicily.

Many thanks for those N.Y. Times notices. They were just the thing, and were read - every word - by us two, by Mr Seager and his English friends.

My men are scattered all around the mountain, on various little terraces, and I must start off now on my rounds of inspection. We have a cool North wind this morning so it is a good day to scramble about.

I'll write a better letter next time. I do enjoy all yours so.

Much love,
Ed: R.

Pachera Ammos
May 26, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

We are spending Sunday down here, not by intent or planning but because Niko our cook is having pains in his stomach, more in his head, and is suffering from fever, dizziness and many other woes. We have tried to cure him with Castor oil, quinine, and other remedies, but, none being of avail, we have sent him to his village to the mercies of his own womenfolks, and have taken refuge ourselves with Mr. Seager.

Your good letter of May 5 was brought up to the tents yesterday. I am delighted to have the old collar of Mrs. Bowers. Wasn't it good of her? I expect Mrs. Marnie Hunt will be gone by the time I get home. It is a pity their house isn't more attractive. Somehow, whether because of its situation or its shape, it seems to me one of the dullest in Woodstock. I thought one of the pleasantest things about Anne's house was the large size of the rooms. I don't believe Louisville will be so cold that she will find such rooms hard to heat.

Well, we have at last found two more tombs. Mr. Seager came up last Monday and ~~advised~~ advised returning to the vicinity of the big tomb to hunt still more there. I thought such further search useless, and it did prove so. The last afternoon before abandoning tomb-hunting, Nikolaos went off with a few men to another ridge and struck two more. One has proved to be singularly empty, of everything except bones, of which we have a wheelbarrow full, remains of 18 skeletons and a lot of bones of cattle and of pigs. Whether they were warriors or pest victims I don't know, but it's a pity so little was buried with them. The other tomb has yielded a good many small bronzes — pins, etc., and some pottery which I hope will wash up well. So our luck up to date, is somewhat improved. The main force is still digging on the town site of Vrokrastro and it has kept me

and my white pony Kitso rather busy to try to keep track of both the town and the tombs. Mr. Seager is up so rarely that it really is of little help, except for purposes of consultation. To-day however is very peaceful. We have both shampooed our hair and changed to white dresses and shed our Cretan boots which we always wear at the camp. So short a distance as from our tents up the steep hillside to the little hut and booth where we cook and eat is full of moss bushes so that ordinary shoes are uncomfortable. And I wish you could see the trails over boulders and through bushes where Kitso makes his way to take me every morning and noon to the dig. He never slips once, but any American horse would find it impossible to go up and down such steep paths. Eleanor continues happy; she enjoys the riding, and the quiet life. She is at present teaching Niko from a cook-book all sorts of new dishes, so we are having cheese soufflés and prune whip and delicious orange puddings. And evenings Eleanor and I sit out in front of her tent and talk or sing, quite in the peaceful Woodstock fashion. We often wonder why our stock of conversation doesn't get exhausted, but there is always something to talk about.

How sad it is about Mrs. Merwin! I have wondered whether Horace would keep on in that house by himself or how he would manage. Rather sober days Clarence must be having. How much does he earn by his Sunday Singing?

This will reach you, I expect, about the time of Yale Commencement. I hope father and Clarence will both have good reunions and that "Hub" came to help out at Woodstock and give father a good time. I wish I could say something definite about coming home, but as yet we have made no plans. A week or so more and we will know more.

Mr. Seager and Eleanor both send remembrances. Take care of yourselves these first warm days. Give my love to Hilda, I am so sorry to hear of her sister's death. Much love
Edna

The Dig
Vrakastro, Getc.

Tues. June 4.

Dearest mother and father:

Sunday we went again to Pacheia Ammos, and rode in the afternoon to the gorge in the mountains to see the oleanders so ~~not~~ letters got written. And yesterday which was a holiday, I washed pottery. That is a task to try the patience of a saint. One sits over a large basin of hydrochloric acid into which the incrustated sherds are put. Of course the gas goes up your ~~nose~~ ^{nose} and the acid bites your fingers when you take the sherds out and when you try to get the last of the mud off, all the paint comes too. But we are finding a lot of nice pieces as a result of all our pains. I wash them up here and pack them in baskets with newspapers and send them down on packsaddles to Mr. Seager, and he arranges them on two long "picnic tables" in the museum and matches them up. He has put together at least a dozen vases out of very small pieces. Better than picture-puzzles.

I am sitting on a stone from which I can survey most of our dig. We have just found a sealstone and a bronze ring, but in general we are not getting much. I really don't expect to find much in fact, but am trying to do my duty by housewalls and potsherds before going back in a few days to the work of hunting tombs. If I could only find one or two more tombs before I leave. But anyway I feel that the evidence I can publish in regard to this geometric civilization will be well worth while. We shall dig at least two, if not three weeks more and then I want to take a short trip with Nikolaos to look at a site for next year and then straight for Woodstock, and remember I don't have to leave Woodstock until Nov. 1st this year.

I have had mother's letter of May 9. I thought Miss Minnie was already married! I am sorry about Dr. Gilderleave. I am

trying to think of something nice to bring Hilda: she deserves an Egyptian silver shawl and real lace.

You remember that Eleanor had a rich friend who sometimes gives her clothes? Her grandfather has just died (leaving \$10,000,000) and she has given Eleanor her entire wardrobe. E. in turn has turned over two dresses to me. One is that lovely dress she had made in Florence with all the braid trimming. We both enjoyed dressing up in our good clothes at Pacheia Amnos Sunday. I put on my new white dress for the first time. I thought it looked very nice, and so did Eleanor.

One of our workmen who used to work at Knossos has eloped with one of our neighbor's daughters and there has been a big buzz of conversation all day about it. The wedding — according to Cretan tradition — follows the elopement. Nikolaos has been asked to be best man and Eleanor and I are to go. We are racking our brains to think of some towel or other knick-knack which we could give the bride as a present.

Eleanor still keeps after Niko with the cook-book and we have fine things to eat. I was never better in my life. Not even indigestion. We have had trouble with our muleteer, and Mr. Seager's Turkish boy has been behaving badly, so a few kitchen brawls have disturbed our peace. Otherwise all is fine.

Much love,

Ed.R.

Vrokastro, Crete.

June 10, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

I have thought of you often these days with graduating exercises impending and the vacation so close at hand. I wish I could be getting home just now, or anyway starting home just now, but the latter is as impossible as the former. We still have several hundred dollars of our grant left to spend, and there seems to be nothing to do but to go patiently on. We are really finding a good deal just now. We have another good tomb which has yielded to-day 14 vases — some quite good ones — an imported Egyptian seal and Cretan seal and some very nice bronze pins like our safety-pins. Then we have got hold of a new type of tomb — small shallow burial chambers and they have yielded a very nice lot of small bronzes. If I had to leave to-morrow I should feel I had done very creditably and luckily — for the dig — I have still more chance. I shall dig this week and next, that is until about the 25th or 30th. But I still hope to get home before July ends. Eleanor I fear will not stay. She must get home to make preparations for Reed, and Mr. Seeger goes the 24th. But I don't a bit mind staying on alone. In fact it is on my mind when Eleanor is having dull days at the tent. She has enjoyed it all and is a great deal better for it. She has quite made up her mind now that her attacks of dizziness were due to indigestion — as I believe you said, mother.

A great catastrophe has happened this morning. I woke to find one of my tent poles broken and to see the tent all falling. I got dressed with my eyes anxiously fixed on the ceiling and got out the antiquities — baskets of pottery and boxes of small bronzes, and then told my story to Nikolaos. He, upon consultation with Mr. Seeger, decided the tent must be taken down, so at noon when I go home

There is no house but all my possessions are spread under a tree. I am to have the small tent pitched to-morrow so I shall have only one night in with Eleanor.

I haven't heard from you in ten days or more. Perhaps a letter will come to-morrow. Through Dorothy Milford I have heard that Miss Stowell is leaving us, and I am heartily sorry. I shall miss her myself, and I hate to have father face the difficulties of getting a new instructor.

We won't have a reunion anyway this summer. I wish you could go away for your Watch Hill - or equivalent - trip the last of July, so you wouldn't have such a long stretch here at home by yourselves.

We are having delightful weather, a cool North wind each day. Yesterday Eleanor went off with the muleteer on a short excursion and I was alone all day at the dig. Niko brought me up some boiled chicken and French fried potatoes, German pancakes and beer, and it all tasted splendid even if it was carried up the mountain in a basket.

We have already shipped five boxes of antiquities to Candia so that they can be mended up before I arrive. That is going to save me a lot of time here.

I am writing this in my lap at the tomb, I hope you can read it.

I have been asked to be bridesmaid at the wedding of our workman who eloped with the inn-keeper's daughter!

Love

Ed. R.

Vrakastro, Crete.

June 16, 1912.

Dearest mother and father:

I thought of you Friday at the time I calculated would be two o'clock and trusted that the day was cool, and Mr. Lynch up to the standard. I rather imagine Miss Stowell is with you over Sunday to-day. We have a beautiful Sunday here with a brisk North wind that makes the air really invigorating, and we can appreciate it, for we have had one of the worst burning hot Sciroccos this last week I ever lived through. It was even hot at night. But Nikolaos declares it will be the last of the season.

Our dig is going fairly well. We still continue to find stray tombs and in them small bronzes and good pottery. We have money left for two weeks more and we are to devote all the rest of our time to a new place down by the water's edge, which has produced almost the finest Minoan sherds I ever saw and of which I have great hopes. Nikolaos, Eleanor and I have been down there this morning and scolded roundly the woman who has the field for having dug up potsherds by herself. It does seem hard on her that she can't dig in her own field, but when it is a question of antiquities she can't. They were beautiful potsherds though, and even in two weeks we ought to add some good vases to our bag of game. I had told Nikolaos to meet us at the Khan (= roadside inn) near his new place, so Eleanor and I rode down the mountain and waited for him at the Khan. We dismounted and sat under a mulberry tree with a group of Cretan girls — among them the bride of the recent elopement who has postponed her wedding till next Sunday till she can get her grain harvested — ate plums and almonds, and then, getting impatient, rode over to the village to find Nikolaos. I had told him to hunt out the people who own the fields where we have been digging and settle with them for damages.

Of course we have to destroy some grain and there is more trodden down and wood cut, etc. We found him in a Khan dealing with a miserly villager and two official appraisers — one an old man in spectacles of the George Washington type, and a big straw hat. Nikolaos came out to meet us and said he had saved us 80 francs by delaying but if we would come in he would soon finish. So we entered and sat down in another Khan and had coffee and lemonades and more plums, and were highly amused at watching Nikolaos manage the deal. He won out, too.

Such are the little excitements of our life. Of course my mind is almost always on the dig and I get little change from it. I find I don't read at all nor even play solitaire but enjoy most puttering over my pots, washing them and putting pieces together.

Eleanor plans to sail home July 8. from Patras. There is little chance that I can get that boat but shall get away a week or two later. As I wrote in my last, if you can get your vacation in in July, well and good, but perhaps you won't feel like it after the New Haven reunion. Mr. Seager goes next Monday.

Everybody here is harvesting. On every hill one sees a threshing floor with the cattle and primitive board device driven round and round to thresh the grain, or else the winnowing which is even prettier with clouds of chaff thrown into the air.

We are to have tea now with some of Nikolaos' notcake which he has learned to make so nicely and then I must ride my pony up to the dig to see how some pottery there is getting on.

Much love,
Ed.R.

Sunday June 23.

Dearest mother and father:

Eleanor and I have just been down to the sea for a bath. We found a sheltered cove for dressing and undressing and had a delicious swim. Niko, the faithful soul, had followed on foot with a big basket containing the tea-pot, cups and saucers and a part of a loaf of cake, so tea was ready so soon as we were dressed. This is Eleanor's last Sunday. She leaves on the next steamer from Pacheia Ammos and sails from Patras on the Kaiser Franz Josef July 9. I am quite discouraged about the prospects of my getting away. I just can't make that steamer with all I have to do, and there is no other from Patras for three weeks. I can't bear to think of all those summer days in Woodstock I am missing, but my only comfort is I shall have the autumn till November. I feel also as if I had cut off my own head in telling you not to write more letters here for I shall probably be several weeks now without them. It may however turn out better than I think for when I get to Candia I shall be able to learn more about steamer lines. There may be a small boat on the Anchor or some similar line leaving Naples about July 20th.

Our dig has been very dull all the week. We moved our force down to a little promontory where beautiful sherds had been found, but alas! there were everywhere Roman houses and Roman wells built above Minoan houses and the result was we found nothing whole. So this week - our last - we resume tomb-hunting. If only we could get a few good things before the season ends but I very much doubt it now. It is trying to feel that one is spending money and not getting much for it, but apart from this bugbear, it has all been very nice. We have had a pretty vine-covered arbor to eat our luncheon in and women and children have been

have been threshing and winnowing in the fields next us. There isn't a day but what I have presents of handkerchiefs full of apricots or plums, of bunches of roses and orange leaves. There is one little boy, Andreas, who follows me now everywhere I go and shouts out his welcomes for me from a distance.

I had a good letter from Clarence this week, full of jokes but less full of news. It must have been a sobering experience for him to see Mrs. Merwin die. It is nice that they entrusted him with her legal affairs.

I have had just one letter from Anne in Crete - and I have written no more to her. I am eager to learn what the prospects are for a visit from them. Wouldn't it be splendid to get home and find them all there?

It is now half past six and we must climb up the hill to our dining place. It was, as I wrote, a sort of booth of boughs, but the boughs have dried up and there is little but boards left. Three dogs will be there full of tail-wagging and bone-anticipations. Father would ~~say~~ enjoy a meal no more for them, but I do.

Much love

E.S.R.

Vrokastro, Crete
Sunday June 30, 1912.

Dearest father and mother: —

The wedding came off at last today. Eleanor says the whole story is good enough to write up and perhaps she will attempt it. In the first place, the groom, a widower of some forty years with bristling mustachios stole his wife a month ago. That is a method of overcoming an obdurate father in law, quite common in Crete. But the bishop withheld the wedding license — I suspect to make money, and it was only last night at midnight with the aid of my borrowed horse that the license was obtained. We were told the wedding would be at half past ten, so we arrived at a little before eleven, and joined a group sitting out in the doorway of the little Khan. We had glasses of hot milk brought us and dishes of almonds, and there we sat in the center of the solemn group till after twelve. The bridegroom had gone to the village to get shaved! But at last he arrived and emerged with his bride. She is really a very pretty girl, but her wedding dress was an attempt at European style, and cut after the manner of dresses East Woodstock ladies wore to church sociables fifteen years ago. Around her neck she had a kind of red crocheted muffler. We all followed across the beach to a small church on the seashore, I having hold of the hand of the bride's four year old brother, — a darling little boy who follows me everywhere. There has hardly been a day for two weeks when this little barefoot boy hasn't brought me apricots or plums or almonds. I can't begin to tell all that went on in the church. Rings were exchanged between the bride and groom three times. Crowns — tied together —

were put on their heads and then changed back and forth three times by Nikolaos, the best man. Then they had the communion — little squares of bread soaked in wine, and lastly walked around the table — which served as altar three times, both holding on to a handkerchief held by the priest, and Nikolaos following and trying to shift the crowns from head to head!

Then we all in turn kissed the wreaths of the bride and groom, made a little present of money into the handkerchief of the maid of honor and deposited a gift — mine, two towels, on the shoulder of the bride. Later, I photographed them outside the church and there was dancing at the kher to which Eleanor and I stayed long enough to come in for a share of the wedding feast, roast lamb, and salad and wine.

Well, to return to more serious matters. Our dig has ended and has ended well. We found three more Molos tombs and some other small graves this week and got a little more pottery and some new types of fibulae and of iron blades. We must keep on two workmen tomorrow to finish up two tombs which are not yet ~~cleared~~ cleared, then on Tuesday we move everything down to the beach — tents, luggage, kitchen goods, picks & shovels, baskets, wheelbarrows, water-jars, and Wednesday early a sailboat comes and takes us to Pacheia Ammos. Eleanor is still here but leaves tomorrow. I shall stay in East Crete over next Sunday and then go down to Candia for ten days work in the museum.

I have had no letters from anyone this week, and feel lost without mother's.

Niko has got back from the wedding and has started dinner for which I am thankful as it is now nearly seven. You, I expect, are just coming home from church.

Much love, Edith.

Pacheia Ammos
July 5.

95

1912

Dearest mother and father:

The dig is over and I am back in the house at Pacheia Ammos. We had one tomb going till the last minute and found vases and a bronze ring minutes before the last whistle blew. I found myself very tired last night when at last I got her with all the men paid and all the wheelbarrows and other implements packed away on the sailboat. I am all alone which of course makes it dull but I am buoyed up by the hope of getting started directly. Besides the garden is full of flowers and our museum is full of our finds which look quite imposing now that I see them all together. If only I could start for Woodstock to-morrow instead of waiting so long.

No word from you yet but I shall hope for one when I hear the postman's whistle at seven to-morrow. I thought I would just start this off to-morrow to say that the dig was over and the first move toward home safely made. ~~was~~

Eleanor left us Tuesday by the small steamer for Candia.

Heaps of love
Ed.R.