

to translate the various ingredients into modern Greek that we finally had to be invited. All eighteen of us are invited to tea at the American legation in the afternoon, so we'll have rather a festive day.

I'm crazy to make some mince pies for the bunch. I think it would be lots of fun, but I'm afraid it would be difficult, particularly without a recipe and with the Greek style of doing things. Maybe I could manage an apple pie. I'd love to surprise K.B. with one.

I'm sending you a bunch of post cards, mostly of Olympia, I think. The Philippeion is the round foundation you see. The line of battered humans flanked by horses in my pediment that I had to discuss. I can't remember what else I put in, and they're too tight a fit to take out.

I certainly would like to be with you all. Give my love to Bob and Jo. They must be about to arrive soon after you'll get this letter, if you understand my terms.

Lots and lots of love and a Merry Christmas to you all.

Thanksgiving Day

Dear Mother:

It seems very strange to be away from home and you all today. It doesn't seem like the real thing at all. I spent most of the morning writing cards home wishing people Merry Christmas, and that in itself isn't any way to spend Thanksgiving Day. We are going to have a big dinner here tonight. Mr. Hill said sixteen were coming.

I have just come up from the kitchen where I have been helped by the other girls making pies. We have been joking about mince pies more or less all Fall, but some of us thought John would never let us in the kitchen, particularly without orders from the Lord Director. The other night at table Uncle Bert brought up the question of cooking, and asked which of us could cook. Nothing else was said, so we let the matter drop, but we girls thought it would be fun to surprise him with a mince pie. The awkward thing was that none of us knew how to make mince meat, and none of us had a cook book. Mr. Holland came to our rescue by telling us that Uncle Bert had some. Of course we had to let him in on the surprise, and we ran into such snags

trying to translate the various ingredients into modern Greek that we finally had to call on K.B. He smoothed out all our difficulties by explaining to John that mince pie was a national dish and that today was a big holiday in America. We simply could not get ~~not get~~ a real American recipe. They just haven't cider or brown sugar or molasses as the recipe called for. We did find an English mince meat in Miss Farmer's cookbook, and could get most everything. We told poor John to go get us the various ingredients. He came to K.B. in great distress and told him that we had given him errands that could take him all over Athens and take all afternoon. K.B. came to the rescue and sent him in the Ford with the chauffeur to get the things. He did very well and used his head, a very unusual thing for a Greek. He couldn't get citron, so he brought us candied fruits instead. It made the mince meat very sweet, but we added lemon juice today and it tasted like a very good substitute. I thought that we would never get the stuff on to cook, there were such gobs of it. We had the whole establishment helping us pick over the raisins and blanching the almonds. The chauffeur even came in and lent us his countenance. They didn't have any kettle big enough to cook it in, so we had to use two immense copper saucepans. They were so big and heavy that it was hard for me to lift them, and they were beautifully polished. I ought to take one home to add to Bob's brass collection. We finally got it on at ten o'clock and took it off at half past eleven. Most of them came back for second

#### Friday

We had a most wonderful dinner yesterday. Our pies turned out to be edible, and made a great hit. We certainly never expected it. They don't use lard here, and John tried out some pork fat that was strong to say the least. He had given us what he called 'pice' last night before dinner. It was a slab of apples pressed close together and covered with a greyish greasy object that John fondly thought was pie crust. When I saw the 'lard' I wasn't a bit surprised at the taste of the 'pice'.

We decided we couldn't use this stuff straight, but we mixed it judiciously with butter, which has to be imported to Athens from Corfu, and rolled the mixture out. Both of the girls were helping me and we all were unanimous in thinking that pastry was never as leathery as the stuff that we were turning out. I felt that

the whole weight of the thing lay on me, because the others said that they knew nothing of cooking. What was worse, John kept hanging around to see just how real pie crust was made. To make a long story shorter, we made crust and put it on the pies, cutting gashes in the upper crust just the way you do, and much to our joy the result gave us something that looked very much like mince pie. There were four of them. Two were about the size of the layer cake tins which you use to make your chocolate cake in, and the other two were the size of the big tins that have the jigger to turn around and get cakes out that stick. We put them in the oven and told John to take them out when they were brown. About two hours later when we were going out to tea, Hazel went down to see what our lovely pies looked like when they were a lovely golden brown. She brought back the awful news that the pies were still in the oven and ~~not~~ browner than when we had last seen them. We were certainly discouraged, but we felt that was not our fault and that it gave us a good excuse if the pies proved uneatable. We succeeded in telling John that the pies must be served hot and in the pie plates on the table. Imagine our great joy when the pies came to the table all beautiful brown, steaming hot, and the pie crust just as tender and crisp as you could wish with none of the taste of that horrible 'lard'. The men just sailed into the hugest pieces of pie that I have ever seen. They cut the small pies into four pieces, and the big ones in six. Most of them came back for second helps, because the ladies didn't take such huge slabs. Everybody said that they were good, and I must say that next to your mince meat it was the best I have ever tasted.

We all had been invited to tea at the legation, so we got into our best bibs and tuckers and went down. There was a battleship of some sort in the Piræus so we were met by the whole navy when we came in. They had mighty good food, but we all went slow saving up for the real business of the day. We met quite a bunch of Americans here, but I wouldn't know them from a hole in the ground if I ever saw them again. All the Americans connected with the school were invited to dinner here. The Averys couldn't come, so it made only sixteen of us. They had to take one of the library tables and eke out with a small desk table, and at that there wasn't too much room. Merika had decorated the table very prettily with pink chrysanthemums and bowls

of fruit in good American style. Then there were plates of nuts and raisins and figs and the whole table would have passed muster even at home. We had soup and fish and then in great glory three turkeys. I must admit that we wouldn't have thought much of the size of the beasts at home. It would seem mere natural to have one huge turkey for the whole sixteen of us, but when you are away from home, you have to take what the gods give you and be thankful. They were deliciously cooked and stuffed and served with sweet little balls of fried mashed potato. Of course, such a thing as cranberry sauce was quite out of the question, and I missed our ham. I guess that that is our own invention, because none of the rest here had ever heard of it. Then our pies were brought in and ice cream which was the official dessert. As a matter of fact, it made our pies very dressy. Then we had the fruit and nuts and raisins and candy. It was quite noticeable that we three girls declined raisins. We had seen enough raisins to fill us up for some time.

We had white wine to drink with the dinner, and a sweet wine for dessert, and after we left the table we had Benedictine in the saloni. When it seemed as if we couldn't eat or drink another thing, Merika brought us in coffee. Certainly if anyone liked the various drinks, he would have had his fill. We were sitting around silently congratulating ourselves on coming out alive, when Marika appeared again, this time with a corn popper. So we gathered around the open fire and ate nicely buttered and melted popcorn on the spot. And Merika brought us lemonade.

I am alive today and feel no ill effects.

Lydia played for us. She really plays most beautifully. They have succeeded in renting a piano for her, and she is going to take lessons this winter. Then we all sang until the down town people left, and then the men got out their pipes and we settled down for a comfortable sing by ourselves. They have copies of the old Harvard song book, but not the new one. I told them that they would love to have it. I wonder if you would mind going to the Coop and getting them to send me two copies of it. You can pay for it out of my dividends or out of my Liberty Bond coupons if you can extract them from Daddy.

They were out of date and ought to have the new one and Uncle Bert said that

but you all seem terribly far away at times and next summer years to wait for.

Merry Christmas to you all, and my love to Bob and Jo.