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About the Institute
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

The Phantom of the Opera

"Where should we go tonight?" I asked Julie as we returned to the Regent Palace at noon from our morning sight seeing in London.

"Someplace where the seats are comfortable," she said. "I have museum feet already and I have a feeling our afternoon program is not going to improve them any."

In common with all tourists, we were cramming as much activity as was possible into every hour of the day. We were out to "do" London in one week and there was no time to waste.

I generally spent my mornings in the British Museum studying the specimens in the Lister collection of slime molds, but this particular morning I had skipped the slime molds in favor of the Parthenon marbles. Julie, who should have been an archaeologist, came along, of course; hence her museum feet.

"Don't worry," I said. "All museums and art galleries are closed at night. We couldn't go to one if we wanted to."

"Nevertheless, let me make it clear that we don't want to!" she replied emphatically. "Just in case you didn't grasp the idea before, my feet are killing me!"

"Surely you don't intend to stay in the hotel this evening. We only have a few more days in London."

"I only said I wanted to go someplace where the seats are comfortable and spend a quiet, enjoyable evening. I want to sit someplace for an hour or two on soft, deep, plush seats, away from noise, away from smoke, away from adventure. Now stop asking questions and start making suggestions."

"The opera," I said somewhat timidly, knowing how my high-brow musician wife feels about this form of entertainment.

"Hm!" she grunted. "Covent Garden. Seats are soft, as I remember. No smoking permitted, lights will be low, and, barring a fire, that is the least likely place for adventure. If the opera is dull, one can always sleep. The opera is fine with me. By the way, what's on tonight?"

The question was obviously academic.

"Fidelio," I said with enthusiasm.

"Are seats available?"

"I imagine so. I'll make reservations and meet you upstairs."

"Get the best seats they have," she said walking toward the lift. "If I must go to the opera, I'll go in grand style."

"We can always take a long walk instead," I said maliciously.

"Best seats at the opera," she said,"and taxi both ways."

Julie wore her maroon taffeta dress that evening and her jade earrings. She looked like a million pounds. Sterling, I mean!

We dined at Prunier's early and took a taxi to Covent Garden arriving a few minutes before the performance was "scheduled" to begin. We had excellent orchestra seats, fifth row, center. Now for an evening with Beethoven.

An attractive girl usher with a wooden tray in front of her, supported by a ribbon around her neck, showed us to our seats. She offered a program. On the tray, several silver half-crown coins were casually, but conspicuously scattered. This was the gratuity

expected. I reached in my pocket and felt for a coin of the right size. Finding one, I placed it on the tray and started toward my seat, but I was stopped in my tracks by the firm and somewhat irritated voice of the usher.

"That is not enough, sir!" she was saying.

Tipping irritates me. I consider it a form of blackmail, but have bowed to the universal custom and have always paid the head tax, if not gleefully, at least without showing my true feelings. But now I was angry! Never before had I been challenged so brazenly. In the few seconds that it took to turn and face the girl again, all kinds of thoughts raced through my brain. She takes me for a sucker! Just another American tourist that should pay double price for everything!! She is trying to embarrass me to squeeze more money out of me!!! Over my dead body she will!!!!

"Not enough?" I asked acidly. "Half crown is not enough for a program? What <u>is</u> enough then?" I was showing my displeasure with every word.

"You gave a penny sir," said the usher.

I glanced at the tray. Among the shiny silver

half-crowns which had been placed there as bait, rested a large copper penny of the same size as the other coins, but worth only one thirtieth as much.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," I said, "I am not quite used to your currency yet. The size fooled me."

I reached in my pocket, pulled out a coin the same size, examined it carefully this time to make sure of its value, and placed it on the tray.

"Thank you sir," said the usher.

As I turned toward my seat, I heard her voice again.

"Your penny sir?" she asked.

"Keep it as a souvenir," I said.

"Thank you sir," she replied. "I shall."

I started toward my seat a third time listening for and expecting the usher's voice to be heard again. All was quiet, however, and I finally sank into the soft seat next to Julie. The next two seats on her right were occupied by two young men.

Soon the curtain rose, the performance began, and all was proceeding well. The singers were exceptionally good; our legs were stretched out; our feet were resting comfortably; and we were enjoying the music.

After some time, I noticed that Julie was leaning far toward me, away from the young man on her right. She looked uncomfortable.

"Something wrong?" I asked in a whisper.

"He smells like a drunken sailor," she replied in the same tone. "Stale beer."

"Do you want to change seats?" I asked

"After the intermission," she said.

But the catastrophic events that followed did not wait for the intermission. A few minutes after our exchange of whispers, the young man sitting next to Julie leaned forward, and in a sudden rush emptied the contents of his stomach on the floor.

His companion helped him up and, passing in front of us, they directed themselves toward the side exit.

"Sh, sh, sh," protested the people sitting in the row in front, disturbed by all the commotion.

Julie was shocked and disgusted. The floor under her feet was covered with sour beer and half-digested food. The smell was nauseating.

The first act was almost over, however, and we waited quietly for the intermission before seeking

to change our seats. When the lights went on Julie's face registered horror.

"My dress," she said. "It's ruined. Just look at me!"

It was a sorry mess indeed! The Englishman had splattered the dress almost as thoroughly as he had the floor.

Julie hastened to the ladies' room where the attendant helped her wash off the dress as best she could.

"There, madam, that may get you through the rest of the evenin'," she said. "But that dress will certainly 'ave to go to the cleaner. If I were you I'd make that man pay the cleanin' bill, I would."

But the culprit was nowhere to be found. Like a phantom he had disappeared without offering to make any sort of restitution; without a word of apology.

We returned to the hall for the second act and found seats as far away from our original ones as possible.

"Next time we come to Covent Garden," I said "we'll sit in the gallery with nice people."

"Next time we come to Covent Garden," Julie countered, "we'll wear our raincoats!"

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The Black Truffle

From Montreal to Manaos, from Liverpool to Luxor, there is no food like French food. Never have I eaten so consistently well as I have in France. This may be no great revelation to many of my readers, but it was to me. Of course I had heard of the legend of French cooking and had enjoyed the excellent fares in some of the well-known French restaurants on this side of the ocean, but I did not realize that in France -- almost anywhere in France -- all one has to do to get good food is to point to any item on any menu.

The real gourmet, of course, will disagree violently with this statement. So will the sophisticated Frenchman. As a matter of fact, the French complain that the very fact that the American tourist is so undiscriminating in the matter of food and drink has tended to lower the standards of the French chefs in recent years. Perhaps so. But, the gourmets notwithstanding, to one who has travelled the length and breadth of this Land of the Free and consequently has had to endure brown gravy out of a can, generously poured over roast neck of cow in the ordinary restau-

rants -- of which there are far too many -- or immitation mayonnaise out of a jar on canned pears, -- not to mention "French" dressing on grapefruit, in the "better" places, -- France, from Calais to Menton, was one grand gastronomic delight.

The one bad restaurant which we found in France was in Paris -- of all places -- in a small hotel on the Boul Mich near the avenue Montparnasse. I wish I had noted the name of that place for it deserves wide publication. Its owner is surely a traitor to his country and should be hanged in the Place de la Republique by the next French Government. When I write my "Duncan Hines in Reverse" this place will head the list of restaurants to avoid. The soup was tasteless; the veal was inedible; the less said of the salad dressing the better; and the rice -- mortal blow to one who believes himself a reincarnated Chinese coolie -- the rice was vile; positively nauseating.

Eating that rice, I was reminded of the story my grandfather used to tell. He had just completed his university course, and was preparing to leave Athens to see the world, when his father called him in.

"Son," he said, "I don't need to tell you that Italian spaghetti has the reputation of being the world's best."

"No father," said the young man dutifully.

"You have also heard," said the parent "that Neapolitan spaghetti is probably the best in Italy."

"Yes father," agreed the boy.

"Well," continued the old man "when I was in Napoli I was told that a certain restaurant serves the best spaghetti in town..."

"Which would make it the best spaghetti in the world!" interrupted the young man eagerly.

"Exactly," replied his father. "Now I want you to go to that restaurant in Napoli and order a big plate of spaghetti. You have never eaten anything like it in your life."

He gave his son the name of the famous place and complete directions for finding it. A year later my grandfather was back in his parental home in Athens.

"Did you remember to eat that spaghetti in Napoli?" his father asked.

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Well, man. What did you think of it?"

"Beautiful location," said the boy evading the question. "I had a table on the terrace which extends over the water; and what a superb view it has of the entire bay of Napoli!"

"Yes, yes," said the father impatiently "and the spaghetti?"

"I dumped it into the sea, father; plate and all."

"That's my boy!" shouted the old fellow proudly, slapping the young man on the back. "So did I, so did I."

"Si non e vero, e ben trovato" say the Italians -- if the story is not true it is well invented. Two generations later, I too ate some spaghetti in Napoli and wondered if by chance I had located the very same restaurant! But that is another story.

To return to France, it was really a pleasure to enter almost any restaurant in any town, confident that no ketsup would be needed to cover the chef's crimes. We travelled by car from the Manche to the Mediterranean, avoiding the expensive places -- in so far as we could detect them -- ate well everywhere, with that single exception in Paris, and had a memorable trip.

Before leaving the United States we had heard many tales of how the French lurked in every corner to pounce on the unsuspecting American tourist and skin him alive. One had to live, it was said, with his hand in his pocket ready to tip, and tip, and tip, but regardless of how much he tipped, the waiter, the servant, the taxi driver was never satisfied. We had been so filled with these stories that we almost decided to skip France in the summer of 1954 on our way to Greece. But we went, and we stayed three weeks, and we loved it all. As compared to some other countries France was expensive, but only those who travel de lux are charged exhorbitantly -- and they should be. In Europe, only the sons of the rich who seldom have a sense of values, travel that way. They pay "through the nose" and appear to enjoy it. At that time, we seldom paid more than $1.00 or $1.50 each for a tasty meal and a bottle of excellent local wine, and invariably felt that we had consumed more calories than we should have. But once in a while we got caught.

We did not have to lunch at the Truffe Noire (The Black Truffle), for example, on that beautiful

sunny day in early July, but I could not resist the name. It is a small restaurant in Paris, not too far from the Étoile, with three or four tables placed invitingly on the front terrace surrounded by flower boxes in which the reddest of geraniums bloom. Had we taken the trouble to look at the posted menu before we sat down, we would have turned away prudently. Instead, we chose a table, sat, and enjoyed the flowers until an olympian waiter with the dignity of Zeus himself arrived with a folded 15-inch long menu. From the size of the document I guessed we were the wrong people, at the wrong establishment, at the wrong time, but we were already trapped.

"Bonjour monsieur," said the waiter with the voice of the conqueror talking to a newly captured slave.

"Bonjour," I replied nonchalantly.

I opened the menu which he handed me and glanced at the right hand column. It was just as I had feared. Julie was already fidgeting in her chair.

"Deux salades," I began with a steady voice. "Tomates," I explained.

"Oui, monsieur."

"Deux omelettes aux truffes."

"Deux omelettes," he repeated.

I was through. All we wanted was a light lunch in any case, and particularly in this one. Zeus stood expectantly; I was silent.

"Après?" he finally asked.

"Omelettes," I repeated.

"Omelettes, oui," he said "et après?"

"Rien," I gulped.

"Omelettes," he said again "and after?" he almost shouted in English this time to make sure I understood.

"Nothing more," I said.

"No drink?" he asked with a smirk.

"Half bottle Beaujolais," I ordered.

"Beaujolais," he repeated as he noted it on his pad.

"Demie bouteille," I insisted.

He brought the salad. He mixed the dressing expertly, with a flourish, and served. It was delicious, of course. He brought the omelet with pieces of black truffle folded in. It looked beautiful; it was all an omelet should be. He served the wine; it was excellent.

As we were enjoying the food like two condemned prisoners eating their last meal, a family of three came and sat at the table next to us. They looked like wealthy Parisians and began ordering like wealthy Parisians. Half grapefruit on ice; assorted hors d'oevres; fish; baked duck; on and on ad infinitum. With every order they gave, I had a feeling that the waiter was staring at me out of the corner of some hidden cyclopean eye in the back of his neck.

When we finished our omelets he came.

"Dessert," he commanded with the air of a man who would not take no for an answer.

"Deux glaces, chocolat," I ordered.

He brought the ice cream and eventually the bill. It was no surprise. By this time I had gotten used to the idea. I paid, and we left.

"Black Truffle," said Julie with disdain. "I hope you have learned your lesson."

"It was my professional duty to eat truffles," I said. "I owed it to my students."

"Consider the debt well paid," she replied. "Personally, I couldn't taste them."

"Neither could I," I confessed. And for the first time, I had the last word.

* * * * * *

On the way to Chenonceau to see the famous chateau straddling the Cher in southern France, we stopped at Montrichard for lunch. A big sign outside the small hotel restaurant read: "Tourist lunch 350 fr." We entered.

The girl, who immediately spotted us as Americans, called the manager of the restaurant to take our orders. The manager, obviously very proud of his English, brought the menu and a plate full of hors d'oevres.

"There is fish, if you like," he began "or veal. The veal is very good. We also have excellent steak. And would you like tomato salad or cucumber, or perhaps mixed?"

As he was making his suggestions, I glanced at my watch and quickly calculated that we had little time to spare if we were to see the chateau that afternoon and find a place to stay for the night.

"No steak," I said as I studied the menu. "We are somewhat in a hurry."

"Hurry?" he asked with a quizzical look. "Ah! Monsieur, I am very sorry. We haven't any. Just

finished," he added as an afterthought.

How true, I thought. Fresh out of hurry. These people know how to live.

"Don't worry, monsieur," I comforted him, "it's not important. We'll take the steak."

On the Trail of the Slime Mold

When the Botanical Congress in Paris was over we drove south through the valley of the Loire, with its many historic chateaux. Julie bought her Havilland china at Limoges and her gloves at Millau. I visited the cheese caves at Roquefort and the vineyards at Montpellier, and I took some forbidden movies of the Tour de France, the great annual French bicycle classic. Then one morning, there it was sparkling before us, the incredibly blue, the magnificently beautiful queen of all the seas: the Mediterranean.

We drove along the fabulous Cote d'Azur to Monte Carlo, and beyond Menton we entered Italy. Down the Italian boot we rolled spending some days in each of such cities as Luca, Pisa, Firenze, and Roma. Finally to Napoli and east on the Appian way to Brindisi on the Adriatic where we ended our long motor trip. We had covered 2000 miles. Julie had seen all the beautiful scenery, and I all the asphalt!

We had secured passage on the Mediterrané for Piraeus, and we were now terribly anxious to arrive in Greece. The ship was scheduled to sail at midnight; it sailed at eleven o'clock instead. No, we did not

miss the boat. We drove the Morris Minor onto the ship. The Greek crew, anxious to get home, lifted the car with us inside and set it over to one side of the hold. This was the first time in my life I felt sea-sick while the ship was still docked. The crew finished their loading. Passengers scurried aboard. Full steam ahead. In the morning we sailed past the Isles of Greece; in the evening of August 19 we arrived in Piraeus eight hours ahead of schedule!

Next morning I reported to the Fulbright office in Athens. Because I had worked in Greece before and knew my way around, the office had decided to let me manage my own affairs and find a suitable laboratory to make my headquarters. I called on Professor Jean Politis, the director of the Botanical Laboratory of the University of Athens, but found he had not returned as yet from his trip to the Botanical Congress and his subsequent visit to various laboratories in Western Europe. Dr. Patroklos Critopoulos, however, was there to give me a hearty welcome. A graduate of Pennsylvania State University and a Fulbright Fellow to the University of California two years before, he seemed genuinely pleased to see me and placed the facilities of his laboratory at my disposal, certain that the

director would approve upon his return. Dr. Chrysanthos Foufas, the plant physiologist at the university, also offered the use of his equipment and his cooperation for any culture work I might wish to do. Two or three weeks later Professor Politis returned. I called on him immediately to renew our old acquaintance and to receive his formal permission to work in his department.

"My laboratory, my library, the herbarium are at your disposal," he said. "We do not have much to offer you because the university has benefitted least of all institutions from American aid, but a table and a microscope can always be found and I assure you you are more than welcome."

I was given a key and was formally installed in the herbarium to begin my work. And so it was that I informed the Fulbright office that I had been adopted by the University of Athens and that I was in turn adopting it as my headquarters for the study of the Myxomycetes of Greece.

It was now time to organize the field work. Inasmuch as most species of slime molds grow on rotting, moist wood, our field activities would be concentrated

in the wooded areas of the country. These we would have to visit in the fall during the rainy season, but before winter set in, and again in the spring ahead of the dry months. Even though much of Greece enjoys a balmy Mediterranean climate throughout the year, most of the forested areas are located high in the mountains and are covered with snow from the middle of November or early December to March, April or even May in the northernmost parts of the country. The collecting season would necessarily be short and the field work had to be planned carefully so we could be in the right place at the right time.

A number of slime mold species are too small to be seen without a microscope and cannot, therefore, be detected in the field. It is possible to obtain many of these however, by placing pieces of bark from living trees in a moist chamber and permitting the organisms to develop and sporulate on the bark. In addition to our field collecting of specimens, therefore, we collected bark from various trees wherever we happened to be and in whatever season.

The first six weeks we spent in Athens getting settled and doing some culture work with bark collected

in the city parks and in the environs of the capital, waiting for the rains to begin. Finally the middle of October we started out for the northern provinces.

First stop was Volos in Thessaly to do some collecting in the forests of Mount Peilion. The drive through the picturesque villages of Peilion, as they hung on the side of the mountain, was a delight. Soon we came to the first group of chestnut trees. Greece is still among the fortunate areas which the chestnut blight disease has not touched. The causal fungus has been found in neighbouring Italy and Yugoslavia, and Greek foresters and plant pathologists are constantly on the lookout for the invader. They know that sooner or later it will come. The plant pathologists in Athens had asked me to watch for the fungus in any chestnut forest I might work. At Peilion, therefore, I had one eye open for slime molds and the other for the chestnut blight. I found neither! It had not rained at all, the villagers told me. Everything was as dry as the proverbial bone. We had to be satisfied with the beauty of the scenery and with some pieces of bark. Little did we realize then that Volos and the villages of the Peilion would be lying in ruins a few

months hence. Two and one half years later the papers reported more earthquakes in the Volos-Larissa region; more destruction, more death. War, occupation, revolution, earthquake - Greece has had much more than its share of hardship.

We left Volos somewhat discouraged and spent the night at Larissa. The next morning early we started out for the famed Vale of Tempe. The desk clerk at the hotel took a dim view of that trip.

"You will never make it without a jeep," he said. "The road is terrible."

"This car is sturdier than you think," I said. "It has plenty of power too."

"Too low," he replied. "A good portion of the road is dirt and the trucks make deep ruts. You'll never make it," he repeated as we pulled away.

He was right. We never did reach the mouth of the Peinios river, but we went far enough to know that collecting was to be little better at Tempe than it was at Peilion. Everything was parched. However, we did draw first blood here. We found our first two Greek slime molds on a dry tree stump. That was little consolation for both species were among the eleven

previously collected in Greece. We remembered to take some bark from the living sycamores growing on the banks of the river. We did not know it then, but later in Athens when that bark was soaked in water and incubated, it yielded a species new to science; a species smaller than any hitherto known slime mold; a golden-spored miniature soon to be christened Echinostelium elachiston.

On our return we lost our way. The road became a mere path through the fields and we did not know which way to go. We saw two men in the distance, one on donkey-back, the other walking beside the animal. When they approached we greeted them.

"Yia sas."

"Yia, hara," (Health and joy) they replied. "Which way are you headed?"

"We want to go back to Larissa, but we seem to have lost our way."

"I'll put you on the right road," the man on the donkey said. He dismounted, handed the reins to his companion with instructions to take care of the animal, and came into the car. After some time I realized that this was still not the road on which we had travelled in the morning.

"Are you sure you understood where we wish to go?" I inquired of our passenger. "I don't recognize these parts."

"Don't worry," he replied. "This is a better road than the one you followed this morning." After some time we came to a village.

"This is where I get off," he said. "Thanks for the ride. You just keep going straight ahead and you will eventually hit the paved highway."

We hit a lot of other things before we hit the highway. This "road" was anything but a road. Full of boulders and ruts, even the donkeys negotiated it with difficulty. But the Morris Minor came through with colors flying. When we finally arrived at the hotel in Larissa the desk clerk asked us how we fared.

"Beautiful country," I said, "but what a road!"

"Next time you come to Greece it will all be paved," he said. "Just give the man a chance."

"What man?" I asked curiously.

"Karamanlis," he replied. "That man will build Greece if they will let him."

The name of Constantine Karamanlis was on people's lips everywhere. Karamanlis was Minister of

Public Works in the Papagos government which was in power when we were in Greece. Many people were saying that Greece had never had a better government in modern times, in which Karamanlis, who had transformed into an important post the relatively minor Ministry of Public Works, was the driving force. Everywhere we went we saw tremendous activity. Roads, bridges, dams were being repaired or new ones built. One could feel the rapid pulse of the country. American funds provided the blood and Constantine Karamanlis administered the transfusion. When General Papagos died a year later, popular King Paul called Karamanlis to form a government. That was a stroke of genius. In the election that followed shortly afterward, Karamanlis won a working majority in parliament and went to work. I hear now that people are beginning to call him Greece's modern Pericles. We are anxious to go back to see the transformation which is taking place.

We left Larissa and travelled slowly north to Thessaloniki, stopping to collect en route. From Aikaterini, silhouetted against the evening sky, we saw Mount Olympus, the home of Zeus. We arrived in

Thessaloniki dead tired. We had driven over mountains on constantly curving roads. About half the distance we drove on roads that were being resurfaced - Karamanlis was at work again - stopping often and pulling to the side to let gravel trucks pass in clouds of dust, and waiting endlessly for the "all clear" which allowed us to proceed a mile or two only to stop and wait again. When we finally arrived in Thessaloniki we drove straight to the Mediterrané on the bay. In glorious anticipation I was already enjoying the comforts of soap and hot water as I walked to the desk and asked for a double room with bath.

"You have reservations of course," said the desk clerk.

"No," I replied sheepishly.

"I am very sorry sir. We haven't a room left. As a matter of fact," he continued "I doubt if there is a room available in all of Thessaloniki."

"You can't mean that!" I said. "What is going on?"

"The dedication of the big hydroelectric plant at Edessa," he said. "It is the first of the series Karamanlis is building with Marshall Plan money.

Everybody is here for the big event. All the Greek officials and a good many Americans have come. Athens has descended upon us."

I was speechless and obviously distressed.

"Try the other hotels," the clerk said "and if you do not find anything come back and see me. Perhaps something will open up later in the evening, but I cannot give you much hope."

We made the rounds of the other first class hotels, then of the second class, then of the third. They were all full. We returned to the Mediterrané pleading. Could they not do something for us? Any kind of a room. We were not particular.

"You are very lucky," the desk clerk said. "Just a few seconds ago we had a cancellation by telephone. We have a large room with bath."

In a few minutes I was wallowing in lather.

The dinner that night at the Olympos restaurant was memorable: Fish soup; kalamarakia (tiny french-fried squid); a tremendous lettus-tomato-cucumber salad with olive-oil, vinegar, and oreganon; french-fried melitzanes (egg plant); big, luscious, black

Greek olives; feta cheese; and a huge piece of galatoboureko dessert for me, crème caramelé for Julie. We paid about a dollar each.

"I like Thessaloniki," Julie said. "Let's go have some Turkish coffee."

We walked a few blocks along the waterfront till we came to a coffee house. The evening was warm and the sidewalk tables were all taken. However, we managed to find a tiny one with a couple of chairs. We ordered our coffee, I glyky vrasto, Julie me oligi. Contrary to the travellogue cliché that Turkish coffee is a "Black, thick, syrupy beverage," I can testify that in Greece at least you can have your coffee as heavy or light, as sweet or bitter as you wish if you know how to order. If you want it thick and sweet, order vary glyko. If you wish it light but fairly sweet, order glyky vrasto. Me oligi is the coffee-house jargon for "coffee with little sugar." Me poli oligi tells the waiter you want just a tiny amount of sugar. If you like your coffee just plain bitter you say "~~horis zahari~~ sketo." The waiter will take all the orders and bring each customer coffee to his liking, even though the Greeks swear that all the cups

are filled from the same brew in the same brass pot, the famous briki of the Greek coffee-house.

The next morning I went to the University of Thessaloniki to talk with Professor Moulopoulos of the School of Forestry. A first class scientist, a beloved teacher, and a fine gentleman, he was of inestimable value in helping plan my collecting trips in Northern Greece.

"The forest of Lailia near Serres and the Karà Deré forest near Drama, not far from the Bulgarian border will probably be the best localities for your work in this area," he advised "but it will be necessary to obtain permission from the military authorities to enter that territory. The island of Thasos too, should provide good hunting grounds for you because of its heavy forest of black pine."

Mr. Ioseph Iasoglou, one of Professor Moulopoulos' forestry majors, who was serving his term in the army at that time, made an appointment to take me to the military commandant of the region to ask for a permit to visit the forests. We had a pleasant talk with the general and received permission to collect at

Lailia, but not at Karâ Doré. That was strictly forbidden territory and, as much as he would like to accommodate an American scientist, the general said, he could not grant permission.

I was disappointed, but I fully understood. Five years before, Greece had been fighting for her life in those very forests which I wanted to enter. At a tremendous sacrifice and with untold heroism the Greeks had defeated the communists in the field of battle once and for all, and they were taking no chances now with their military zones along the iron curtain.

Before leaving Thessaloniki for Serres we decided to spend the week-end visiting some of the many fine Byzantine churches for which the city is famous. As we drove down Tsimiski Boulevard we stopped to ask the way of a young gendarme.

"It is somewhat complicated," he said. "I shall be happy to take you there myself." He climbed into the car and rode along with us directing me at every turn. He spent the afternoon with us taking us from one church to another and giving us some

interesting fact about each. We thanked him heartily.

"Tomorrow is Sunday," he said. "If I can arrange to have the day off duty I shall be happy to show you other interesting places about town. Have you been to the Monastery of Vlatathon?"

"No," I replied. "Where is it?"

"Ah! But you must not leave Thessaloniki without seeing it. I'll tell you what. Let's go see my chief. You must be from the Peloponnesos, are you not?"

"My grandfather was born there," I said. "My father was born in Athens, and I was born in the United States."

"It was obvious to me that you are a Peloponnesian," he said. "So is my chief. He will be very happy to meet you. I, myself am a Cretan."

He took us to the precinct station of the gendarmerie where he introduced us to the Captain of the force. A fine officer, the captain pulled up chairs for us and clapped his hands twice. A waiter appeared instantly.

"You will have coffee?" he asked.

"Thank you, yes" I said. "Glyky vrasto please."

"Me oligi," Julie said.

"The lady speaks Greek!" the Captain exclaimed enthusiastically. Julie had made a conquest of my compatriot from the Peloponnesos. Our gendarme, a good psychologist, saw his opportunity.

The lady wishes to go to the Monastery of Vlatathon and a number of other places tomorrow," he said addressing the Captain. "I could accompany the professor and his lady if I am not needed for other duty."

"An excellent idea," the Captain said. "Your assignment for tomorrow is to devote yourself to our guests, but report by phone two or three times for anything that may come up."

We drank the coffee, thanked the Captain, and departed with the happy gendarme. We made an appointment for the next day to go to the monastery, and met our friend at the appointed hour. The monastery, medieval in its aspect, is located high above the city and commands a view of the entire bay of Thessaloniki. On a clear day the panorama must be magnificent for not only the city and the harbor, but Mount Olympus

across the bay is plainly visible. Unfortunately the sky was heavily overcast on that Sunday and our kodachromes turned out miserably. We were admiring the view when a young man with a camera over his shoulder approached us and greeted us.

"Fine instrument the Exakta," he said with a glance at my camera. "I am a photoreporter," he added. "And you?"

I told him what my interests were. He appeared a bit skeptical. "What do these slime molds look like?" he inquired. I tried to describe them to him.

"Where do you find them?" he persisted.

"Mostly in the forests," I said "but not necessarily so. Any decaying moist piece of wood will support their growth."

As I looked around the large courtyard of the monastery I saw a piece of an old telephone pole that had been blown over across one corner of the yard and had thoroughly rotted.

"That sort of debris," I said, walking over toward the rotten wood, "could very well have slime molds on it."

Julie was already at one end of the pole examining it.

"I think I found a slime mold," she said as we approached. I kneeled down beside the pole.

"Sure enough," I said in Greek, "Enteridium roseanum, a new record for Greece."

The photographer looked at me with some suspicion. "You mean," he said "that no one has ever found that ... that kind of mold in Greece before?"

"If they have," I said "they have not written about it."

"Come Christ and Holy Virgin," he exclaimed crossing himself. "What undiscovered treasures this land of ours holds."

"I would not exactly call this a treasure," I said, fearing the birth of a journalistic extravaganza that might prove embarrassing, "but to me, I must admit, it is quite interesting."

"Come Christ and Holy Virgin," he repeated shaking his head. "We have a lot to learn."

We started out early the next morning toward Arnaia in the Chalkidike. The day was already bright;

There was not a cloud in the sky. We stopped at some small wooded areas on the way to hunt slime molds and found two or three species, but nothing unusual. The road was paved, the traffic was light, and we were enjoying the ride. As we passed through a village a gendarme hailed us.

"Would you give me a lift to the next village?" he inquired.

"With pleasure."

A few minutes later when we arrived at his destination he got out of the car, saluted, and wished us "the good hour."

"Ora kali" I replied likewise.

It was not long thereafter that we approached a narrow bridge on the road. A truck was coming toward us, but it had not yet reached the other end of the bridge. As I drove the car onto the bridge I saw that there was no room for both vehicles to pass. I stopped the car and prepared to back off. In the meantime, the truck loaded with bags of charcoal entered the bridge and proceeded full speed ahead. Before I had time to shift to reverse gear he plowed through and tore the front fender and the

left door off our car. A few yards down the road the truck stopped and two men jumped down. The driver started toward us. The other man, the owner of the truck, was gesticulating wildly.

"I told you to stop, I told you to stop," he kept shouting at his driver. "The bad hour has found me. Why did I ever hire you to drive for me again after your other accident?"

Julie and I got out of the car. When my wife saw the damage to our shiny new car she started to cry. The driver was frightened.

"Are you hurt lady? Are you hurt?"

"No one is hurt," I said.

"I turned my lights on to warn you I was coming through. Why didn't you get off the bridge?" the driver said.

"I had no time. You were coming so fast. Why didn't you stop? Are you insured?"

"Yes," replied the owner who had come toward us. "Don't worry lady," he said to my wife. "The insurance will take care of everything. It's nothing. We have good repair men in Thessaloniki. They will fix your

car so that you won't know it was hit."

"We will go to the insurance office immediately," I demanded "and have this affair settled."

"I have to deliver my charcoal first," said the truck owner.

"Not before you settle with me," I said, not knowing how I could enforce my demand.

We started back to Thessaloniki under our own power, the truck following. As we passed through the first village, I saw the gendarme to whom we had given a ride earlier that morning, sitting at a cafe table eating his breakfast. I stopped. He recognized me, saw the damaged car, and came over.

"Whatever happened to you?" he asked.

I related the sad story. "Please tell this man," I said "to come to the insurance office with me to report the accident."

"I have to deliver my charcoal first," put in the truck owner, who had approached in the meantime.

"You will go directly to the insurance office with this gentleman and report the accident and have

this affair straightened out to his satisfaction before you do another thing," commanded the gendarme. "Do you understand?"

"Yes officer."

After having recorded all the details of the accident, the gendarme turned to me. "I am sorry sir," he said "for the trouble and delay this careless driver has caused you, but I am glad no one was hurt."

"In that respect we were very lucky," I said. "Thank you officer for your help."

He saluted. "Ora kali" he wished us once more. It certainly had not been a "good hour" so far.

Back in Thessaloniki the negotiations were surprisingly simple. The insurance agent said we should have the car repaired and have the bill sent to his company. He recommended a repair shop, but he said we could choose any other one we liked. We went to the one he recommended and left the car in the hands of a body repair man who said it would require the rest of the week to have it fixed.

The next morning we took the bus to the little village of Asvestochorion from which we hiked to the

small forest of Kouri. Recent rains had turned the countryside green. A group of women with some small children were out picnicking on the grass. Flocks of sheep were grazing on the hillsides while the shepherds, leaning on their long glitses, watched. The autumn crocus was in bloom in the fields. It was an idyllic pastoral scene. I should not have been surprised had a dryad or two suddenly appeared or had Pan himself emerged from the woods nearby, playing his pipe. This was Greece - "land of myth and magic."

We found some slime molds on the oak stumps in the forest and we collected bark which later yielded some interesting species.

When the car was ready at the end of the week it was impossible to tell it had ever been damaged. The job was perfect. I congratulated the man in charge of the shop.

"As good as in America?" he inquired.

"At least as good," I replied. He was pleased.

At last we were on our way to Serres and the forest of Lailia. Our accident had cost us a week

of precious collecting weather. It had now been raining in the mountains for several days.

At the hotel in Serres we found a message from Mr. Constantine Sevastos, the chief forester of the region. Professor Moulopoulos of the University of Tessaloniki had notified him we were coming, and he was expecting us. However, because of the unexpected delay caused by our accident he had assumed that we had changed plans. A man of great personal charm and with a good sense of humor, Sevastos made us feel at home at the very outset. Lailia, he said, was one of the finest forests left in Greece and he would be glad to accompany us there the following day if we wished. It had rained several times recently and the forest should be moist. He had no doubt that our expedition would be very successful. One could see that he was very proud of his forest and was anxious to show it to us. We were delighted to have his company.

The forest of Lailia surpassed our expectations. Not only did we find a dense forest of hardwood trees, more favorable than conifers for the development of

many species of slime molds, but we were happily surprised at the quantities of rotting wood on the forest floor which afforded the right habitat for our organisms. In the smaller wooded lots we had visited so far, even up on Peilion, there was a great scarcity of decaying wood. Fire wood is so scarce in Greece that villagers travel considerable distances to the forested areas and keep them clean of anything that will burn before decay has time to set in. Lailia is a large forest and the only villages nearby had been entirely destroyed by invaders during World War II and the communist revolution that followed, and had never been rebuilt.

We found many slime molds here, most of them constituting new records for Greece. The more we found the more interesting became the hunt and the chief forester, entering into the spirit of the work, became just as excited as we with every new find. We had a good and very successful time at Lailia and vowed to return in the spring to look for species that would develop after the winter snows melted.

At Serres we also met for the first time the

young boy whom we had sponsored through the Save the Children Federation. Gregory Malliaras became very much excited when he heard we were coming. Every day for a week he went to the hotel only to be told there was no word from us. He had almost given up hope that he would ever see us, but on the evening of our arrival in Serres, the forester sent for him and he came to the coffee-house where we had assembled after dinner for our Turkish coffee. He was a clean-cut, alert-looking boy, a victim of the tragedy that Greece had gone through. His father had been taken away and killed by the communists, and his mother was struggling to give him a home and put him through school. His was one of the thousands of cases that can be found all over that unfortunate country, particularly in the northern provinces which had borne the brunt of war and revolution from 1940 to 1949. For the rest of Europe the war had ended and reconstruction had begun in 1945. For Greece the greatest tragedy was yet to come. After having successfully resisted the invasion of Mussolini's legions, and desperately fought Hitler's hordes, Greece had still to fight four years of a communist-instigated guerrilla war in the desperately

difficult terrain of its northern borders. Village after village had been burned by the reds and thousands of peace-loving people had been abducted as hostages and eventually killed. Save the Children Federation and other American and Greek organizations, the latter sponsored by the Queen of the Hellenes, have done excellent work in taking care of many of the children of Greece. Every Greek child sponsored by an American is an investment in freedom and international good will, for the children of Greece know who is looking after them and are growing up filled with gratitude and admiration for the generous people of the great republic across the seas.

After a few days in Serres we reluctantly said goodbye to our newly-found friends and started east. We were bound for Kavalla, there to embark for the island of Thasos. Next to Thessaloniki, Kavalla is the largest port of northern Greece. It is here that Greek tobaccos are concentrated for export. Built on the side of an abrupt hill crowned by an old Venetian fortress, and bathing its feet in the northern Aegean, Kavalla is one of the most picturesque cities in all of Greece. And that is saying much, for whatever else

Greece may be, it is certainly picturesque. At times, when I have watched the Greeks toil to scratch out a living from their rocky soil, I have wondered what the Americans would do with it if Greece happened to be located in the United States rather than in Eastern Europe, and I have invariably concluded that the Department of the Interior would set the whole area apart as a National Park and be done with it!

We called on the chief forester of Kavalla, another of Professor Moulopoulos' students. He arranged for us to store the car in the garage of the local gendarmerie for the few days we were to spend on Thasos. While waiting for the motor caique to sail we had lunch by the waterfront, starting with an hors d'oevre of pickled octopus.

The crossing to the island was rough and during the ninety minutes required for the trip it was all I could do to keep the octopus and all that followed it from returning to the sea. A young bride who was on board with her brand new husband had much less luck than I had. I commiserated with her. We gave her a dramamine, but it was too late. Julie watched the two of us sympathetically. She is a good sailor.

Thasos is one of the few islands in the Aegean which is forested. It receives enough rain to keep it green and would be a fine resort area if it offered better accommodations. For the hardy tourist who travels on a shoestring, however, and who prefers scenery to nightclubs, Thasos is the place to visit. We found the hotel clean but uncomfortable, and there was little food to be had. The young assistant forester who welcomed us was living for the day on which he would be transferred to another post, and had all his friends and relatives pulling political strings to effect such a transfer as soon as possible. He and I made an appointment for an early collecting trip next morning. The forester said the terrain was very steep, and inasmuch as we would be walking all the way he would not advise Julie to accompany us. She decided, therefore, to stay in town and look over the ancient ruins which, much to our surprise, were considerable. The inhabitants of Thasos are still proud of the defeat their ancestors handed the Athenians in ancient times when Athens attempted to invade and conquer their island.

Collecting was excellent on Thasos. I found a

number of slime molds we had not found elsewhere in Greece, and some bark from a Thasian olive tree, when incubated in a moist chamber in Athens a few weeks later, yielded a species new to science.

While I was out with the forester, Julie "did the town," ancient and modern. She started out alone to find the ancient theatre and enroute found herself in the modern school yard where a special ceremony was scheduled to take place. This being the feast of St. Demetrius and the anniversary of the liberation of Thessaloniki from the Turks in 1912, all of northern Greece celebrated appropriately. The children had gathered in the school yard, dressed in their best clothes. They crowded around my wife when they saw her camera hanging over her shoulder, and all wanted to be photographed. She arranged them all in a group and snapped the picture. This delayed the opening of the ceremonies much to the despair of the teachers who had had trouble enough getting the children to school on a special holiday, without being interfered with.

Finally Julie disentangled herself from the children, but was immediately accosted by the local

self-educated and self-appointed guide who seemed to be the only person on the island who cared enough about the ancient ruins to have read anything about them. Having acquired some little knowledge about the island's glorious past he looked down upon his fellow islanders as uncouth people not worthy of his association, and attached himself as a guide to any visitor, particularly one from a foreign land. The Thasians in turn looked upon him as a queer but harmless fellow who busied himself with the old marbles but never did an "honest" day's work. They referred to him as "the archaeologist." Both views were somewhat exaggerated, and both probably had more than a grain of truth.

No sooner had we arrived on the island than the "archaeologist" had approached the young forester to inquire if we might be interested in visiting the ruins. We had put him off without committing ourselves. The next day he was up early waiting to see what we had decided. When he saw me start out with the forester toward the mountains, he waited patiently for my wife to emerge, but somehow missed her until she became

involved with the school children. Now he approached her politely but firmly, and decided he was going to be her guide.

The two of them must have been something to watch and hear, for the "archaeologist" spoke no English whatever and Julie, by her own admission, had a Greek vocabulary of a bright two-year old child! Nevertheless, they not only got along well together, but Julie was so thrilled by evening with the remains of the ancient civilization of Thasos that, upon my return from a day's strenuous collecting, she insisted that we take the tour again to make sure she had not missed any of the explanation.

The cyclopean walls of the acropolis of Thasos testify to the breed of men who inhabited the island many aeons ago. The view from the summit is unforgettable: On the east, pine-covered cliffs which drop abruptly several hundred feet to a turquoise sea; on the south and west the rolling hills and mountains of Thasos covered by continuous forest of black pine; on the north, the harbor below and the mainland across the straits.

The sea was rough when we were ready to cross back to the mainland next day. Instead of taking the ferry to Kavalla, therefore, we decided to cross to Keramoti to reduce the time on the water from ninety minutes to forty-five. For a person who suffers from seasickness, forty-five minutes is an eternity. Julie was not happy about the decision because this ferry was much smaller and frailer-looking than the one to Kavalla. She does not get seasick on the water - just terror stricken. The smaller the boat the greater the terror.

We crossed without incident. Now for the bus to Kavalla. We found we would have to wait about forty-five minutes for the bus. Keramoti is surely not the most beautiful village in Greece. My memory of that wait consists of little more than a vision of mud and flies. As the time passed a crowd gathered and it was obvious that unless the bus was huge some of us would either ride on top or be left out. Finally it arrived. It was a rickety old vehicle. How we managed to get on I do not know, but manage we did. The road was a continuous series of potholes and we, who were sitting on the last bench in the rear,

received the full benefit of every one of them.

After what seemed to be an eternity we arrived in Chrysoupolis, half way to Kavalla, where we had to change busses. Now there were the local passengers to take on board as well as our own bus load. This time we were almost left behind. Julie managed to enter and find a seat. A young man sat next to her. Eventually I pushed my way through the crowd and approached her seat. With our first exchange of English words the young man arose and offered me his seat. I refused politely, but he insisted. I was a guest in the country, he said, and it was his duty to see that I was well taken care of. I protested, but to no avail. He would not sit again. I was so tired from the previous bus ride that I am afraid he could see my heart was not in my refusal. I sat and enjoyed it. Zeus, the god of hospitality, proudly smiled upon the young man.

Over four hours had passed from the time we left Thasos until the bus finally pulled into Kavalla.

"Personally," said Julie"I should have preferred an extra forty-five minutes of sea sickness to four hours of this ordeal."

"That is because you do not get sea-sick," I replied. "Nevertheless, I agree that almost anything would be better than what we have just been through."

We got off the bus and went straight to the gendarmerie where the car was waiting. After thanking the officer in charge, who said it was his duty to be of service to us, we drove off toward the west. We stopped at Philippi to see what remains of King Phillip's palace and to visit the cave in which St. Paul had been imprisoned. If the ghost of Julius Caesar roamed over the ancient battlefield while we were there we did not see him.

Not far from Kozani, west of Thessaloniki, on some of the most scenic and most terrifying mountain curves I have ever driven on, we encountered a thick, soupy fog. We inched along at 10 miles an hour. A car with a USA license was following at an even slower pace and showed no desire to pass. In about an hour the fog lifted and we were able to resume normal speed on the asphalt road.

Once down on the plain of Thessaly it did not seem long till we arrived in Trikala. This was to be

our headquarters for our excursion to the forest of Pertouli, owned by the University of Thessaloniki. Forestry students spend considerable time there applying the knowledge they have gained in the classroom, the laboratory, and the library.

We made arrangements to go to the forest the next day with the university forester who lived in Trikala. He was taking a group of government officials to inspect the new sawmill which had been installed at Pertouli, and he invited us to join the motorcade. The university jeep, a government car, and our Morris Minor started out the next morning. We had a difficult time getting to Pertouli. After we left the asphalt and started up the mountain, progress was slow. It had been raining for several days. The road was muddy and the ruts from the lumber trucks were deep. Had it not been for the jeep which gave us a helpful push or tow in difficult places we would not have reached Pertouli.

Upon arrival, a university student was placed at our disposal to be our guide in the forest. It was dark and slippery and the rain was pouring down. We did find a few slime molds, but the heavy rain

had destroyed most of the fruiting bodies and had washed away the spores. This was probably good for the slime mold, but not for our collection. It became necessary to confine our efforts to the more protected places, but it was obvious that we would have little success.

The young man was intrigued by the whole affair. "What do these slime molds do?" he asked. "Do they cause disease of trees? I thought they were saprobes."

"They cause no diseases," I said. "They live on bacteria mostly."

"But of what importance are they to forestry or agriculture?" he pursued.

"None directly," I replied, "although undoubtedly they have their place in the scheme of nature."

"But you said you came from America on a scholarship to study and collect the slime molds of Greece," he said quizically. "If they are of no economic importance..." He wondered how he should finish his sentence without giving offence.

I smiled. "In America," I said "we believe that

knowledge in itself is important and that it is worth the cost in time and money to obtain it regardless of whether it can be applied immediately. The slime molds, it is true, are not economically important at present, but who knows what their future may hold. They are extremely interesting biologically, and if we learn enough about their habits, their distribution, their ecology, their physiology, perhaps we will know something about life itself."

He shook his head in admiration. "It must be wonderful," he said "to have money available for research in pure science. Here there is so little that it all must go to the study of the most urgent practical problems."

During lunch at the sawmill, and while we clustered about the wood stove drying our sodden clothing, we were told that the mountains of Epirus were already under snow. We could not collect there until spring. We decided to return to Athens and confine our collecting to the southern part of Greece for the balance of the season. Even there, we found we had to work in the few wooded areas in the valleys rather than in the mountain

forests.

We stayed in Athens long enough to take care of our specimens and have the car looked after critically. Soon we were off for the Peloponnesos proceeding toward Patras. On the west coast of Greece, where the rainfall is high, our chances for finding the elusive "myxies" would be better.

In Patras I called as usual on the government forester who volunteered to take me to a forest of pinion pine, one of very few such stands left in Greece. The dirt road, leading from the main asphalt highway to the village, was muddy, indicating it had rained recently. At Metochi, the road became impassable and we decided to leave the car and Julie at the village. The forester, a local assistant, and I started out toward the wooded area on the horizon. After about ninety minutes of brisk marching we arrived at our destination. The majestic trees with their great umbrella-like crowns were awe-inspiring.

"Some of our best trees were cut down by the Nazis for firewood," the forester said sadly when I exclaimed about the beauty of the forest, "but we are

thankful for what they left us."

We had heard the same story elsewhere. The occupying forces had played havoc with the forests of Greece, cutting indiscriminately and setting fire to wooded areas, particularly if they were so located as to obscure the beaches which might receive allied commandos or invasion troops.

There were many burned tree trunks and stumps rotting on the ground and collecting was quite profitable. When we returned to Metochi we assembled at the coffee-house and I ordered Turkish coffee for everybody around, but had an embarrassing time paying for it. I was a guest at the village they argued, and it was everyone's duty to help me, to treat me, to be pleasant to me and my wife, and to prevent me from paying for anything!

We started up the road to Kalavryta to visit the forest at Mikha, in spite of warnings that the road was fit only for a jeep. We did reach Mikha only to find that the first autumn frosts had preceded us. We found only one or two specimens and decided that our collecting was finished for the

fall season. From now until March I would spend my time in the laboratory in Athens studying the specimens we had collected and watching the bark in moist chambers for the development of the minute species.

The winter of 1954-55 was very pleasant in Athens. The weather was mild and sunny most of the time, but there were some good rains too. Through December, after each rain we became regular visitors of the forest on Mount Parnes just north of Athens. In just over an hour's driving time we were among the fir trees looking for slime molds, and finding them. In late afternoon or on a sunny Sunday we drove to the sea, collected bark from various trees en route and enjoyed the beauty of the coast, ending our day with dinner at one of the many sea-side restaurants.

March found us anxious to travel afield again. Spring had already come to the island of Rhodes when we arrived. We established ourselves at the comfortable Cairo Palace Hotel and negotiated with a cab driver to take us to the forest of Prophetes Elias. This is a mixed forest of black pine and the horizontal variety of the Mediterranean cypress. It had not

rained for some weeks and the forest was dry. We saw several varieties of orchids in bloom, wild peonies, and many other flowers, but found no slime molds anywhere. Another day we went to a locality the Rhodians call Petalouthes. The word means "butterflies," an appropriate name because in early summer literally thousands of butterflies fill the great ravine in that locality. If one throws a stone into the ravine or in some other way disturbs the foliage of the sweet gum trees growing there, a butterfly cloud flutters over the trees and eventually settles down again only to emerge with the next disturbance.

We were too early for the butterflies and too late, it seems, for the slime molds. We enjoyed the view and collected much fragrant bark from the sweet gum trees for our moist chamber cultures. We lingered at the small coffee-house overlooking the ravine long enough to have a cup of coffee and to remove three small pieces of bark from the carob tree growing in the court yard of the coffee-house. Later in Athens, the sweet gum bark produced nothing of interest, but two of the three pieces of carob bark yielded a species of slime mold new to science.

Rhodes is a beautiful island. The climate, the scenery, the people, all are delightful. The island had been occupied by the Italians for thirty years and during Mussolini's regime il Duce was interested in converting it into a tourist resort. He spent much money building beautiful roads and government buildings, landscaping the city of Rhodes itself, and reconstructing the great medieval castle of the knights in which he had a luxurious apartment prepared for himself, and another, only somewhat less luxurious, for Victor Emmanuel, his king. Neither of them had the chance to vacation in Rhodes, however. The gods of war gave victory to the allies, and Rhodes, inhabited by Greeks since the beginning of time, was finally united with Greece at the end of the war.

While we were there the Rhodians were demonstrating for the union of Cyprus with Greece. That island too has been inhabited by Greeks as long as their own, but, less fortunate than Rhodes, was still held by a foreign power in spite of the ever increasing protests of its population.

There is a small but fine museum in Rhodes with

many priceless art treasures found on the island or rescued from the sea around it. Among the latter are two statues of Aphrodite, full of grace; a small one of the goddess in a kneeling position spreading out her hair, and one life-size masterpiece as lovely as the famous Aphrodite of Milos.

We found the U.S.S. Courier flying the stars and stripes, anchored in the harbor of Rhodes and were invited to visit on board. This is the Voice of America ship which broadcasts the truth to the Middle East through its powerful transmitters. We were told it is the only ship of its kind in existence, a marvel of electronics. Together with some newly found friends, the Cottrells of Cambridge, Massachusetts, we were escorted through the ship by its commander, Arthur Atkinson of the United States Coast Guard. Later in Rhodes we heard nothing but praise for the commander and his gracious lady as well as for the entire crew of the Courier.

Lindos and Kamiros, the other two ancient cities besides Rhodes, are important archaeological sites. The setting of the temple of Athena on the acropolis of Lindos is superb. The Greeks were expert in

selecting the most beautiful and awe-inspiring locations for their temples.

We left Rhodes reluctantly to return to Athens. As we were finishing our last breakfast at the hotel, the head waiter brought us two huge navel oranges as a parting gift. They weighed 24 ounces each!

"A remembrance of Rhodes," he said simply. "Come see us again as soon as you can."

We assured him that there was no danger of our ever forgetting the lovely isle, and that we would live for the day of our return to its hospitable shores.

As spring advanced we took a number of short trips out of Athens. The spring of 1955 was as unusually cold for Greece as the winter had been delightful. The weather was colder at Easter time than it had been the previous Christmas. Easter Sunday found us at Olympia, wet and chilled. The following day, however, Phaethon could no longer hold back his horses and the sun came out of hiding illuminating brilliantly the sacred altis where the colossal temples of Zeus and Hera stood in antiquity. Only the foundations are in place now, the columns having toppled over during an earthquake in

ancient times. Nevertheless, one can see many of the columns lying where they fell, the sections, six feet in diameter, leaning against each other in sequence, waiting for the giant hand of a millionaire to push them up and restore the columns to their ancient glory.

The museum at Olympia houses a wealth of objects uncovered during the excavations. But one goes there to see the Hermes of Praxiteles, one of the finest pieces of sculpture ever created. The Hermes alone is worth a trip to Olympia.

We found a few slime molds in the vicinity of Olympia adding to our collection some species we had not found elsewhere in Greece.

May came to Hellas. The air was warm, the poppies were in bloom, the days were dazzling, the nights brilliant. The snows had melted in the mountains and we could take to the forests again. I was anxious to visit Chrysovitsi, a large forest near Tripolis in the Peloponnesos. I had visited Chrysovitsi in 1944 toward the close of the war as Agricultural Rehabilitation

Officer of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). Now I was back in my old stamping grounds. The forest of Chrysovitsi, covering an area of about 25,000 stremmata (about 6,000 acres) is one of the finest in Greece. It is, of course, public property and is managed by the Division of Forestry of the Greek Ministry of Agriculture.

We were welcomed at Chrysovitsi by the young forester in charge, with the bad news that there had been little rain so far that spring. He said we should have come in the fall. If we could have stretched October into ten or twelve weeks we would have found three times as many slime molds, but one cannot be in the Peloponnesus, in Attica and in the islands at the same time -- and in Thessaloniki waiting for a car to be repaired!

The forester had made arrangements to use the Forest Service jeep for our field work. We left the Morris at the sawmill. The driver of the jeep was one who thought that woman's place is in the home and was not happy when he learned that my wife was coming along into the forest. I sat in front next to him and Julie

sat in the back seat with the forester. As we drove along slowly, Julie and I had our eyes focussed on the edge of the road so as not to miss any logs or stumps that might be harboring our precious pets. Suddenly Julie let out a loud "Stop, stop!" I asked the driver to stop.

"What is the matter with her?" he inquired angrily, stepping on the brake pedal reluctantly.

"My wife must have seen an interesting specimen," I said.

"Humph," he growled. "Does she know about these things too?"

"She has a good eye for slime molds," I said. "I always take her along," I added as I jumped out of the jeep.

"On the stump over there," said Julie pointing excitedly. "There are a number of things that look like the fruiting bodies of Fuligo."

"No," I said as I followed her finger and reached the stump. "It isn't Fuligo. It's Reticularia lycoperdon."

"Is that good?" asked Julie.

"A new addition to our collection, and a new

record for Greece."

"She spots them from the moving car!" exclaimed the driver in amazement. "Remember me my Lord. . .!" he quoted as he crossed himself, his opinion of women improving ever so slightly.

We found a few more slime molds at Chrysovitsi, but in general the foray was disappointing. Travelling west toward Vitina we passed through some large wooded areas and stopped several times to look for slime molds, but the whole area was so dry we soon gave up and proceeded to Patras. We had promised the forester that we would return to the pinion pines at Strophilia in the spring, and now we were here. He was glad of the opportunity to ride to the forest. This time we were able to drive all the way and Julie admired the wonderful trees I had described to her in the fall. We found some interesting species of slime molds here again and felt somewhat consoled after our bad luck at Chrysovitsi.

It was now the 22nd of May and Greece was dressed in her flower garments. We had time for one more long collecting trip to northern Hellas.

Up through Thessaly we went climbing through the fir forest of Timphristos. There were some chestnut woods in the vicinity of the village of Ayios Nikolaos that we thought might be worth looking into. At the hotel in Karpenissi at an altitude of about 6,000 feet we spent as cold a night on the 23rd of May as one is likely to experience in December. In the morning I called for some hot water for shaving. In a few minutes there was a knock at the door. I opened. There stood a great big man at the door holding a tea cup.

"Your shaving water, sir."

I had difficulty controlling my mirth. I thanked him, took the cup, dipped my Gillette in the water and shaved - after a fashion.

At the village of Ayios Nikolaos I inquired the best way to the chestnut forests. A few villagers at the square exchanged views on the weighty subject. The Morris attracted some attention and a crowd gathered before long. While we were waiting for the momentous decision the village priest appeared. Father Demetrius was a well educated, handsome man. He came over and

welcomed us officially, found a man to take us to the forest, and invited us to have some coffee at his home upon our return from the foray. After several hours of collecting on the steep hillsides we welcomed a few minutes of rest and a cup of Turkish coffee in the company of the priest and his good wife. During the course of our visit they opened the family album and showed us pictures of two beautiful daughters and two fine boys. The tragedy of war and revolution had cast its heavy shadow over this home too. One of the boys had given his life to the cause. The village had been burned. Was it once, twice, three times? The Germans? The communists? I do not remember. The story was the same in town after town, village after village. No one was complaining; they were just reciting history. It was not the first time that Greece had made a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Collecting at Lailia was as fruitful in the spring as it had been in the fall and we were glad to visit again with Dinos Sevastos, who joined us on our collecting trip, together with a young lady who

wanted to be initiated into the mysteries of field mycology. We were vying with each other in finding slime molds and worked up a terrific appetite in so doing. The cheese and the bread, and the olives, and the sausage, and all the other delicacies including some wonderful baklava from Yiannina which Dinos' mother had sent him, disappeared in no time into four hungry mouths. We promised to replenish his supply of Yiannina baklava in a few days when we would be collecting near there in the mountains of Epirus.

We decided against a trip to Thasos this time because we were anxious to work in Pertouli. The forest had looked promising in the fall, but the heavy rains had prevented us from collecting. As we approached the forest of Pertouli we saw a large field covered with purple flowers. At first I thought it was a field of vetch, but upon closer examination found it to be a field of wild orchids. Never had I seen so many anywhere.

Collecting at Pertouli was more successful this time and we left with a number of species new to our collection.

After returning to Trikala, we took the road northwest which leads through Meteora to Metsovon in the heart of the Pindus mountain range. A more interesting or quainter village I had never seen. The inhabitants of Metsovon with few exceptions customarily dress in native costume, but not for the tourist, for few tourists ever reach this part of Greece. As a matter of fact, for the occasional tourist they dress in ... But let me tell the story from the beginning.

At the small, spotlessly clean hotel we found the forester dining. He informed us about the forests in the vicinity. Julie inquired about the famous Metsovon rugs.

"Every home in town makes them and has them for sale," the forester said. He called the bell boy to consult him about the best place.

"I'll take you to Mergounis' house," the boy said.

Toward evening when we returned from our collecting in the nearby woods Mr. Mergounis was waiting for us at the hotel.

"I was told that you are interested in looking at some rugs," he said after the introductions had been made. "My daughter is the best designer in town. Everyone admits it," he said with pride.

We went to his home. His wife, a stately woman, welcomed us. She offered bread and cheese, both home-made, both delicious. Aphrodite Mergounis, the daughter, came to greet us. She brought out one woolen hand-loomed rug after another. Some were dark blue, some pure white; all with the old, traditional, native designs woven in; all loomed of home-spun woolen yarn dyed with fast vegetable colors. We were enchanted and praised her work highly and most sincerely.

"Many people like these," she said, "but others like the modern designs."

She brought out some atrocities. Big, bright red roses with Kelly green leaves on a taupe background.

"Take them away!" I said "and don't waste your time and your precious talents on such. Stay with the native art and cultivate it and hand it down to your children. Don't let it die! May I come back in the

morning to photograph some of your work?" I asked.

"I shall be highly honored," she replied.

We thanked them for their hospitality and returned to our hotel. The next morning we were back with the camera and found Aphrodite in her native costume at the loom.

"Come out in the sun" I said. "I want your picture in your work clothes."

"Not in this outfit, surely" she said. "Let me go in and change."

"No, no," I insisted. "I want you to come out just as you are."

"I'll put on my best outfit," she replied.

No use arguing with a woman, I thought. Besides, her best costume should be something to see.

It was! She appeared fifteen minutes later in a purple print and an orange cardigan, both bought at the local emporium.

"Aphrodite!" I said "what have you done? Go back and put on your beautiful working clothes." But Aphrodite was a bit offended at my attitude and would not listen. The old lady was the saving grace.

She was wearing her hand-loomed village costume and was spinning thread.

"Come out both of you please and bring some of those fine rugs with you. The ones with the native designs," I added, fearing that my young friend would bring out the bright roses.

I took my pictures, Julie bought a small rug, and we made our peace with Aphrodite.

Metsovon is a small town, but it has produced many patriots who have benefitted the country through their generosity. George Averoff who donated the money to reconstruct the ancient stadium of Athens and cover it once more with Pentelic marble for the first modern Olympiad of 1896 was a son of Metsovon; the Stournara family and the Tositsa family who, together with Averoff, endowed the Polytechnic Institute of Athens, officially known as the Metsovion Polytechnic Institute, stem from the same town. The present head of the Tositsa family recently turned over to the community the old family mansion, the most imposing edifice in Metsovon, together with a generous gift of money to be used in remodelling and furnishing the home as a cultural center for the promotion of Epirote

studies. Scholars interested in any phase of Epirote culture or any subject connected with that region, are welcome to make this home their headquarters while engaged in scholarly pursuits.

We were permitted to visit the mansion a few days before the King and Queen were due to arrive for the dedication ceremonies. Workmen were laboring furiously to put on the finishing touches before the deadline. The home, with its beautifully carved woodwork, is a museum of the culture of Epirus. Artistically and comfortably furnished, it will be a lasting monument to the patriotism of the Tositsa family.

Ioannina, or Yiannina as the city is usually called, was our next stop. Beautifully located on the lake of the same name at the foot of the Pindus mountains the city of the infamous Albanian-Turk Aly Pasha the "Lion of Yiannina" is as interesting a city as one can find in Greece. The center of the silver and coppersmiths, Yiannina is full of small shops which sell antique and modern jewelry typical of the art of Epirus. There are many fine designers and workers there, but none more artistic nor more original than

Andreas Hatzis. His creations in copper, brass and silver are exquisite and easily stand out in the shops of Athens into which they trickle from his studio in Yiannina. Every piece, be it a small silver pickle fork, a copper vase, a tray, or a brass lamp, is designed and its execution supervised by this artist personally. We visited with him and asked him to make for us a few things that we especially wanted. A cream and sugar set which he designed for my wife are among our prized remembrances of Epirus.

With Yiannina as our headquarters we collected in the heavily wooded mountains of the Pindus which had retained considerable moisture. Collecting was excellent here.

At Konitsa a few days later we were collecting near the Albanian border at the steepest angles yet. This was botanizing on the vertical. These were the mountains on which the Greek epic was written in 1940 when Greece alone was fighting by the side of Britain in the darkest days of modern times, and the evzones were winning the first allied victory which pricked the soap-bubble of axis invincibility. It was here

too that in 1949 the Greeks demonstrated conclusively that communism can be beaten by force of arms by a people who are willing to fight. But the cost was tremendous.

Konitsa was preparing to dedicate its new hospital and was expecting the Queen to be present at the ceremony.

"You must stay for the dedication," said the forester.

"No doubt there will be great doings," I said. "Everyone will bring out the old embroidered native costumes and dress up for the occasion."

He shook his head. "There is nothing left," he said. "We have been burned out three times. Three times we have had to start from scratch. Of course," he added, "one has to go through it to appreciate what it means. No! This will be no dress-up affair. The Queen will come and we'll all gather to express our devotion to her and our thanks for taking care of our children. That woman has done much for Greece. Did you see her statue we erected on the square?"

Word came from Athens that the dedication had to be postponed a week so we did not see the Queen at

Konitsa. We packed our slime molds and returned to the capital.

The collecting season was now over and our sojourn in Greece was approaching its end. We had many specimens from all over the country and almost six times the number of slime mold species that had been found in Greece up to that time. We also had at least three species that were entirely new to science. We felt that our expedition had been successful.

July, our last month in Greece, was spent winding up the work in the laboratory, mounting the specimens securely in boxes, and packing them for shipping. With everything ready we decided to spend a week in Corfu. We drove north again on the western side of Greece and reached Igoumenitsa the afternoon of the third day. Here we ferried across to Corfu.

That week in Corfu was one of the most delightful we have known anywhere. Corfu, or Kerkyra as the Greeks call it, is one of the beauty spots of the world. It is also one of the bargain spots. We had a beautiful room with a large balcony overlooking the harbor and watched the tourist ships come in while we

were eating breakfast. The room was simply but beautifully furnished. The beds, equipped with rubber foam mattresses, the most comfortable in Greece. A huge private marble bathroom with hot and cold running water adjoined the room. All of this for less than $4.00 a day for the two of us!

The town of Kerkyra is delightfully quaint with its old buildings, narrow streets, its broad, colorful waterfront, and its large squares.

We drove through Bougainvillia, oleander, and wisteria-planted streets to Canoni, a scenic promontory from which one delights in a beautiful view of Pontikonissi (Mouse island). From Canoni, Pontikonissi looks like a clump of majestic cypress trees growing out of the deep blue waters of the Ionian sea. A row boat took us to the island and we visited the gleaming white little church with its picturesque campanile. Now that we were on the islet, Corfu across the water looked as enticing. After resting a while under the grape trellis at the side of the church we had Yiorgo row us back.

The drive to Palaiokastritsa is one of the most

scenic drives to be found anywhere. The little coves, the rocky shores, the ancient olive trees, the graceful cypresses make the unfolding and ever changing scene one of unforgettable beauty. At Palaiokastritsa there is a good tourist pavillion. Lobster is the specialty of the restaurant. It is served beautifully and plentifully. When we arrived about eleven o'clock we were asked if we wanted lobster for our dinner. Of course we did! That was the reason we had come. One of the waiters led the way to the lobster cages in the sea. He reached in and selected a huge crustacean for our inspection. When we expressed our satisfaction he took it in to have it prepared while we were taking a swim.

By one o'clock we were ready to eat. The meal was delicious and all four members of our party ate more lobster than we should have. Including some good local wine, the bill amounted to a little over a dollar per person. Later we learned that we had paid a rather high price because the pavillion had geared its prices to the tourist trade. Other restaurants were less expensive!

After dinner we visited the monastery where we

were welcomed by one of the monks. It is built on a high hill overlooking the sea and commands a breath-taking view.

After a week in Corfu we returned to Athens. In a few days the S.S. Olympia was taking us away from Greece.

"Sto kalo," (to the good) the crowd on the waterfront shouted to departing friends and relatives.

"Kali antamosi," (till we meet again) we replied. For we mean to return to Athens, to Rhodes, to Corfu, to the forests of Pan.

An Honest Man

It was pay-day in Serres. The chief of the government veterinary service, a well-trained, energetic, young bachelor was discussing with his assistant a recent directive from the central office in Athens when the pay envelopes arrived. The envelope for the head man contained the sum of 3000 drachmas, a tiny portion of which was in the form of tickets of the "Popular Lottery" sponsored by the government. The pay of the assistant was proportionately lower, but he too found his share of lottery tickets in the envelope. This was a form of more or less compulsory tax which, added to all the other deductions for social security, income tax, et cetera reduced the already small salaries of civil servants to ridiculously low levels. But since each ticket carried some hope -- slight though it might be -- of quick riches, this form of taxation was the least objectionable.

John Theodorou, the chief veterinarian, held his tickets in his hands and stared at them for some time.

"Have you ever won anything on this lottery

George?" he inquired of his assistant.

"Not yet, but there is always hope, I suppose."

"Neither have I," said the boss. And then as though suddenly inspired: "What do you say we pool our luck this time and see if we do better?"

"How do you mean?"

"Let's agree that we own all of our tickets jointly. Then if any of these numbers is drawn we'll split the winnings. That will give both of us a better chance."

"It's a deal," said George, "How do we split?"

"Well," said John after some thought, "You are a married man with two children; I am single and presumably don't have as many needs. Let's split 60-40. You get 60% of the winnings and I get 40%."

George thought that was not quite fair to his boss, but since the possibility of winning was rather remote, he did not press the point.

"Suits me fine," he said, and handed over his tickets. John very methodically wrote George's name on each ticket and marked "60%" after it. Then he wrote his own and marked "40%" after it. He placed the tickets in his desk drawer and resumed his work.

In the weeks intervening between acquisition of

the tickets and the drawing of the winning numbers the two men had much fun planning what each would do with his share of the money they would undoubtedly win. Neither man considered himself to be particularly lucky, but, as the old saying goes: "two negatives are equal to a positive." Together they could not fail.

Before the drawing of the Popular Lottery took place, George and his family went for a brief visit to Constantinople (now called Istanbul by everyone except the Greeks and those who know history).

While George was still in Constantinople, the drawing of the Popular Lottery took place and, mirabile dictu, one of the tickets in John's desk was among the winners. However, the sum won was far from fabulous. As a matter of fact it amounted to exactly 500 drachmas ($16.66). John collected this sum for the partnership and did not bother to write to his friend about it. He split the winnings as they had agreed and put George's share in an envelope which he placed in a drawer of his assistant's desk.

On his way home to lunch the next day, John passed by the agency of the National Lottery and a thought came to him. The 500 drachmas they had won

on the Popular Lottery ticket were just enough to buy a National Lottery ticket and participate in the big December drawings. These were really worth while. One could win hundreds of thousands of drachmas; even a million, if he held the very last number to be drawn. John hesitated no longer. He entered the agency and bought a ticket.

When he arrived at the office that afternoon he took the money he had placed in George's desk drawer, wrote both his own and George's name on the new ticket and very naturally marked "60%" after George's name and "40%" after his own. Again he did not bother to write to George. After all, they were good friends and the sums of money involved were negligible. Negligible, that is, until on December 30, John bought an evening paper, just out of the Athens plane, which told him that he had in his pocket a lottery ticket that bore the very last number that had been drawn that morning in the capital to win one million drachmas tax free!

John stared at the paper in wonder and disbelief. He looked at the headlines and he looked at his ticket. Back and forth went his eyes from one to the other.

There was no doubt. He held the winning number.

John entered the nearest coffee house and ordered himself a double ouzo. He drank it down without water and looked at the lottery ticket again. The numbers were still the same. He paid for the ouzo, left a tip that made the waiter's eyes bulge, and walked straight to the telegraph office. He obtained a blank form pulled out his ball point pen and began:

Address:

George Panopoulos

Consulate General of Greece

Istanbul, Turkey

That "Istanbul" hurt him, but he well knew that the Turks would not deliver a telegram that was marked Constantinople.

Message:

"Return immediately to collect six hundred thousand drachmas"

Signature:

John Theodorou

So he made up his mind to give the other fellow 60% of the million, you ask? Not at all, John didn't have to make up his mind; there was no inner struggle;

no decision to be made; no hesitation as to what was to be done. Had they not agreed on a 60-40 split on the winnings of the joint tickets? Had he not bought the new ticket from the joint profits of the old? The case was clear from the start. He had won 400,000 drachmas ($13,333) and George had won 600,000 drachmas ($20,000).

When George received the telegram he wondered what had happened to his friend. Not even thinking about the Popular Lottery tickets they owned jointly -- which in any case never yielded such large sums -- he wondered whether this was some sort of a joke or whether his friend had suddenly gone insane. He decided to wire a mutual friend to investigate John's mental health immediately. It was not long before he received a second telegram:

"John in fine spirits. Stop. Return immediately to collect six hundred thousand drachmas. Congratulations."

Signed - Nikos

George was stunned, but there seemed to be no choice. He packed his bags and bought a ticket to Serres. But when he arrived and learned what had happened, he protested. He had no right to any of that money, he

said. He had not been consulted about the second ticket and he felt that he could not take a single drachma. Certainly not 60% of the results of a deal in which he had not entered knowingly.

But John would not hear of any such nonsense, and he finally prevailed.

Diogenes, throw away your lantern! Here is your man: John Theodorou of Serres, Greece!

Parthenon by Moonlight

Helen Arthur was coming to Athens. Her letter said that she had attached herself to a party of "home coordinators" who were going to a convention in Rome. The party was sailing from New York on the Olympia of the Greek Line. The majority of the "girls" would get off at Naples, but those who wished to, would stay on for a quick look at Athens, and then fly to Rome to join the main party. Helen decided to come to Athens to see the Parthenon and us. We were delighted with the news.

Helen was one of the many good friends we had made in Ohio at the small university where Julie and I had been on the faculty many, many years ago. The university then was still small enough so that every member of the faculty knew every one else, yet large enough so as to permit the formation of several social groups of people with similar interests.

There was the inevitable bridge-playing group which met for duplicate every two weeks. This was dominated by one of the deans who set the standard of excellence. If one came out with a score higher than

the dean's he walked around the campus with his head higher than usual for the next two weeks.

The Conversation Club to which we also belonged consisted largely of members of the English department. We met at irregular intervals, heard a well prepared talk on some topic of broad interest and held a question period which developed into a stimulating discussion far into the night.

But I think we derived most pleasure out of the Italian class. This was made up of a varied group of people who decided to meet once a fortnight to eat together and study Italian. The Italian was the excuse; the spaghetti dinner which preceded it was the raison d'etre; and some lasting, deep friendships were the result. The more brilliant individuals learned a good deal of Italian too. I never got past the ninth lesson in the grammar. The ninth was my Caporetto! Many years later, driving through Italy, I regretted having paid more attention to the spaghetti than to the grammar. Helen Arthur was the most popular member of the Italian class. Her spaghetti was superb!

With the great war the Italian class was dispersed. Some members joined the armed forces. I was sent to the

Amazon Valley for the government rubber program. Helen joined the Red Cross and went to the Far East. Others stayed at the university to train the navy boys. Fifteen years have passed. We exchange Christmas cards, but we seldom see each other. Once in a while some of us meet by chance on an ocean liner on the way to England, or on a moonlit night at the Parthenon in Athens. Then the bonds are strengthened again. If the Italian class were to meet tomorrow night we would pick up where we left off fifteen years ago. The spaghetti would be just as good, lesson nine just as insurmountable, and the friendship just as warm.

While waiting for the Olympia to bring Helen to Athens we received a letter from Okinawa. Allan Tucker, a biologist from Michigan State had completed his two year service at the University of the Ryukyus and was returning to East Lansing through the Middle East and Europe. He would stop to see us, he said, if we promised him a bed for the duration of his stay in the city of Athena. We could write him care of the American Express in Cairo whether we were successful in getting accommodations. He expected to stay

in Egypt several days, go to the Holy Land for a short visit and fly to Athens from there. The itinerary was all settled; we were to meet him at the airport at Helleniko at 11:53 a.m. of the appointed day. We marvelled at his faith in airlines, tourist agents, and itineraries. If he made it we would admit that The Brave New World was here indeed.

I made de lux accommodations for him at the Athene-Palace and wrote him about it addressing my letter to Cairo just a few days before he was scheduled to arrive there. I received no reply and assumed that the arrangements were satisfactory.

On the appointed Monday, Junior, carrying Julie and me, entered the airport at Helleniko a few minutes before plane time. After parking we climbed the stairs to the observation tower to watch for the plane. Mount Hymettus stretched before us. The atmosphere was so clear it seemed we could touch the famous mountain by reaching just over the rail. Back of us was Phaleron bay. The sky was blue and cloudless. The sea was sparkling under the rays of the Attican sun. We breathed the good clean air. It was a joy to be alive on a day like this.

In a few minutes the great silver Constellation of TWA was heard from the south and soon was circling over the airport. It landed, pulled up close to the entrance of the reception room, the stair was pushed up, the hatch opened, and the passengers started emerging. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt came out, but not Tucker! It only proved you still can't travel half-way around the world on schedule.

We drove back to Athens and cancelled the hotel reservation. The next morning we met the TWA plane again; no Tucker. On Wednesday we met the plane of the Israeli line; no Tucker.

Thursday was the day the Olympia was arriving. Helen Arthur would be on it. The ship was due at five in the afternoon.

While we were at lunch the telephone rang. It was Tucker. He had just arrived by BOAC, a different line, and three days late. What was the matter? Nothing. Everything was just as he had written from Israel three days ago. But no letter had arrived. He was uncertain whether to come or not because I had not written him about reservations. Didn't he get my letter in Cairo? What letter? Everything was

according to Hoyle from beginning to end! His itinerary had been interrupted in Tel Aviv because all out going planes were full. He finally managed to go to Cyprus and catch a British plane from there to Athens.

The immediate problem was to find a room for him and get him settled in time so that we could drive to Piraeus to meet Helen. I picked him up at the BOAC agency and we started the rounds of the hotels. The Athene-Palace, the Grande Bretagne, the Acropole, the Delphi were all full. The second and third line hotels were full also. Finally at a fourth class hyphenated "Palace" we found a room. I left him there and promised to call for him in the evening for dinner.

The Olympia docked at five. An hour later we spotted Helen, a home coordinator on each side of her, coming out of the customs house. Reunion in Piraeus after so many years! She would be sleeping on board ship that night and would fly to Rome the next morning. From Naples to Rome via Athens just for a brief glimpse of the Pathenon. What an eloquent reply after 2000 years to the critics of Pericles who insisted he was squandering the public monies!

We drove to Athens and to Tucker's "Palace" where he was waiting. A brief drive through town to show our visitors the center of Athens and it was time

for dinner. To Plaka and the Taverna of the Seven Brothers. Big black olives, feta, and pickled peppers for hors d'oeuvres; grape-leaf dolmathes; lamb souvlakia and french fried potatoes, with Santa Helena wine, in honor of Helen, of course; kataifi and Turkish coffee. Helen said it was worth coming all the way from Naples just for that meal.

"I'll drive you to the Acropolis," I said. "It will not be open tonight because the moon is not quite full, but the sky is so bright you will get a glimpse of the Parthenon from below."

We drove slowly up the wide avenue, past the theater of Dionyssus, past the Odeum of Herodes Atticus. We were now at the entrance of the Acropolis. The iron gates were closed. A policeman stood by. We were drinking in the beauty of the surroundings when a car pulled up and five persons, three men and two women, got out. They spoke German. They climbed the stairs. The policeman saluted, the gates were opened, and the party walked in.

So, I thought, it is possible. I turned to my visitors.

"Helen," I said "Allan, how would you like to see

the Parthenon by moonlight?"

"Do you suppose you can manage it?" they asked.

"If Jones was not denied his undeclared money at Geugeli," I said "We shall not be denied the Parthenon in Athens."

"Come again!" Helen pleased.

"Never mind," I said "just wait a few minutes."

I climbed the marble steps to the iron gates.

"Good evening Sir," said the police officer.

"Good evening to you," I replied. "Is the Acropolis open tonight?"

"No Sir," he said. "Only three nights each month. On the night of the full moon, one night before and one after."

"That was my understanding," I said, "but what about the party that just walked in?"

"Special permission. They are German officials of the Telefunken who are here to negotiate with the government about the telephone contracts. The minister called and ordered that the Acropolis be opened to them."

"I have two American University Professors in my car," I said, "who will be here just overnight. They arrived on the Olympia and are leaving tomorrow. Would

it not be possible to extend to them the same courtesy?"

"I should like nothing better," he replied "but my orders ....."

"I understand," I said. "But just stop and think a moment. Here are two Americans who happen to be here at the same time as the Germans. You let in the Germans who only a few years back came as ruthless invaders to burn, and pillage, and terrorize, and rape, and kill, but you deny entrance to the Americans who brought food, and medicine, and clothing, and the Marshall Plan. Just think," I repeated "what will these people tell their countrymen when they go back home?"

"Very well put," he said. "Those are exactly my feelings. I'll see what I can do. I have to ask the guard in charge."

He disappeared behind the gates and returned in a few minutes.

"He will have nothing to do with this," he said. "He will not take the responsibility, but I told him that I would. After all the Americans have done for us, I should deny them a glimpse of our glories? Go ahead, take them up."

"Thank you," I said. "Thank you very much. You

don't realize how big a service you are rendering your country. All the official thanks and expressions of gratitude cannot equal your willingness to disobey orders in order to do what you believe, what you know to be right. For this brief moment you are the whole Greek people and my guests are the whole American people. This is the way to cement friendships." I returned to the car.

"The people of Greece," I said "invite you to visit the temples of their ancestors."

"You don't mean it," Helen said.

"All you need to do to be convinced is to ascend the marble stairway."

Up the huge steps we all went. The policeman saluted and opened the gates. The guard in charge disappeared around a corner so as not to witness the violation of the law he was charged to enforce.

We passed through the Propylaia. There, in all its glory, stood the temple of the virgin. The moon, now quite high, was pouring its light down the columns.

"The Parthenon," Helen exclaimed. "I have never seen anything so beautiful in all my life."

"You are neither the first nor will you be the last to utter those words?" I said.

Immortal Ictinus! How many architects can boast of so much homage?

V

U. S. A. -- Most of the Time

T. T. T.

Telephone, Telegraph, Tachydromeion. The last is the Greek word for Post Office. All three are government controlled in Greece as in many countries outside of the United States. Here only the Post Office is perpetually in the red!

Helen Vlahou, the owner of Kathimerini, the best newspaper of Greece, prompted by an advertisement of the Bell Telephone Co. she saw in some American magazine wrote a commentary on the telephone situation in Athens. The American advertisement struck her as fantastic. Is it possible that people in the U. S. must be urged to install a telephone? Is it possible that the Bell Telephone Co. has more numbers and more instruments than requests for such and is trying to peddle them off with costly advertisements in the magazines?

Would you like a nice easy number? How about 11-111? What shape telephone fits in with your decorator's scheme? And the bell? What pitch do you prefer? Would a melancholy F sharp fit in with your latest crooning record?

In Athens, where everyone wanted a telephone but where only relatively few could have one, the Company was trying to discourage the use of the instrument. The more telephone calls one made the more the cost per call!

In Athens, Helen Valhou said, if the telephone company were to resort to advertisements they would read something like this:

"Why telephone, when a letter will do just as well?" or "The telephone is a nuissance. Why have a bell ringing all the time in your home disturbing your peace?" "Amen!" says Julie, who is the most anti-telephone person I know. She cringes when the telephone rings and invents excuses of all sorts so as to avoid initiating even the most important call. Never was she so pleased as she was when we moved to East Lansing, soon after the second great war. We bought a house in which there was a dial telephone already installed. We could make calls but since we had no number, we could receive none. Julie said she could think up numbers of all sorts but she wasn't going to let the telephone company in on the secret. For a whole year we had peace and quiet, and yet had

the privilege of the telephone for any emergency calls that were necessary. And all of this free of charge! Valhala itself could not offer such happiness.

But eventually that too came to an end and the telephone company informed us that they had finally thought up a good number and we could have it for the usual fee. Unsuspectingly we accepted the offer. Then the troubles began. Ours was an inversion of the number belonging to a women's dormitory at the university. At noon, when Julie was cooking, and in the evening when she was playing the piano, the bell rang continually.

On a particular Wednesday evening while Julie was preparing dinner and tending to half a dozen other things at the same time, the telephone rang. She trotted from the kitchen into the dining room, wooden spoon in hand and answered:

"Is this Philips Hall?" whined a thin, male, lovesick voice.

"No," said Julie in her politest angry tone. "You have the wrong number."

Back in the kitchen, just as she was plunging the wooden spoon in the batter, the telephone rang again.

She rushed back into the dining room with fire in her eye. "Yes?" she said to the instrument, trying to control herself.

"Is this Phillips Hall?" came a whining, thin, male, love-sick voice.

Julie blew up. "I told you before you had the wrong number," she bellowed into the telephone. "Why can't you be more careful?"

"But, I didn't call before" came the astonished answer in a hurt tone.

Stevie

"Doctor, do you like cats? Asked Leck one morning in Mycology class at Michigan State.

"Yes, Leck, very much. Why do you ask?"

"I have a small cat. I do not know what to do with it," he said. "Do you want it?"

"Sure," I replied envisioning a full-blooded Siamese.

Leck Tanasugarn was a student at the University studying for his Ph. D. in Bacteriology and minoring in Mycology. He had come from Bangkok to study and was probably the most polite person I have ever met.

Is it a Siamese cat?" I ventured to ask.

"Siamese?" he asked with a twinkle in his slanted eye. "No. You thought . . .?"

"Well, you are Siamese, I thought maybe . . ."

"Doctor, do you know, in all my years in Siam I never saw a Siamese cat? First one I saw was in United States."

"Well, all right. About this cat. Where did you get it?"

"The janitor of the Bacteriology building gave it to me. Somebody gave it to him to kill, but he

was sorry for it. Gave it to me. I shall go get it for you."

"Wait now. Where do you have this cat?"

"Just across the street in my laboratory. You see, I spend most my time in the lab. I work there, I cook there, I eat there. I have the cat in a rabbit cage, but she is not very happy. For three days she will not eat."

"What are you feeding the animal?" I asked, suspecting what the answer would be.

I was right! "I eat rice," he replied. "The cat does not like rice. I go bring her."

And without waiting for permission, off he dashed to Giltner Hall. A few minutes later Leck returned with a small, tiger-kitten, a few weeks old at most. He handed it to me. As I took it, the kitten raised its head and looked at me straight in the eye with a look full of love, admiration, and affection.

I was sold! Julie and I are pushovers for cats. Anything that meows is our friend. To hear either one of us describe our cat of the moment one would think that we are the proud owners of a world champion. We are proud owners, to be sure, but none of our cats

has been a champion. There was Niko, and Duffy, and Stantia, and Aly, and Nikolo, and Stevie, and Melanie, and who knows how many more in the future.

Niko and Aly were the aristocrats among our felines. Niko was a full-blooded blue Persian given to us by a good friend who was breeding Persians for a while. Niko was born in the fall of 1940 at the time the Greeks were winning victory after victory in Albania against the armies of Mussolini. Richard Ledgerwood was so enthusiastic, he named the best of his male kittens Niko (after Nike - Victory) and presented him to us.

We did not know much about cats then. We thought we owned Niko instead of realizing that Niko owned us, and we tried to make him do the things we wanted him to do. I fear he led a miserable life the one year we had him. Enteritis took him to cat heaven and liberated him from his inexperienced would-be masters.

Duffy and Stantia were alley cats. Duffy was probably the most intelligent of all. He even learned to retrieve a ball so that it could be rolled for him again. Yet, it is difficult to judge a cat's intelligence by human standards. A cat that obeys a command

is not necessarily more intelligent than one which does not. That a cat will not obey is no sign he cannot learn. On the contrary, it may be a sign of greater intelligence, for a cat quickly learns to do many things which are to his own advantage. It has taken us only a few minutes, for example, to teach any one of our cats to use a swinging door which gave him free access to the house and the outdoors.

Again, all of our cats learn that a loud, prolonged whistle at our house means dinner is served. If they are hungry they answer it by tearing at breakneck speed to the food station. If not, they ignore it utterly. Why shouldn't they? Independent creatures that they are, they come to you of their own accord; not because you demand their presence. If you wish to see them you can go to them. You are as mobile as they are, even though you are handicapped by possessing only two legs.

Well, here I was making a fool of myself before my class holding and petting the tiny kitten that Leck had brought me. One of the girls in the class fetched some milk from a laboratory refrigerator,

poured it in a Petri dish -- ordinarily used for growing molds -- and mycology was forgotten for the rest of the morning.

Home for lunch at noon I found Julie still in bed where I had left her with a bad cold.

"Brought you a present," I said. "Leck gave me a kitten for you," I added as I dumped the cat on the bed.

"Leck? Siamese kitten?" Julie asked brightening up as she lifted her head.

"No, American."

"Oh. What a beautiful little thing! What shall we call him? Stevie?"

Stevie was not beautiful. Just an ordinary short haired, common, tiger, alley cat. But as soon as he was dropped on the bed, he walked over to Julie, snuggled up to her and gave her the same admiring look that had conquered me at the university.

And that is how Stevie came home. We soon learned that although we were his favored people, he treated everyone else as a friend. That cat simply adored the human race. Whatever a human did was well done; whatever a human ate must be good. If food came from the dining room table off our plates,

he tried it eagerly. Sometimes he was disappointed and wondered how anyone could possibly eat some of the concoctions we seemed to relish.

We tried him on stewed tomatoes once. He went to his dish, sniffed at it, then turned his head and looked at us as if to say "How could you?" Then he turned his back to the dish, scratched the linoleum repeatedly and vigorously with his front paws in a vain effort to cover tomatoes, dish, and all, and with that eloquent gesture went out through his swinging door to hunt live food.

One Saturday morning Julie and I came down for breakfast and found a small mass of glass wool in the tray beneath the burners of the electric stove. We could not imagine what caused this. It certainly was not Stevie's doings because he could not possibly get at the stove's insulation. Julie cleaned it up and we thought no more about it untill the next morning when we discovered another mass of glass wool, twice as big as the first, and this time accompanied by some tell tale evidence only a mouse could have left behind. Obviously the responsibility lay squarely on an expectant mother mouse who was going to use this lovely fluffy material to build herself a nest in which to

deposit the blessed events.

A little later that day we heard the mouse scuffing in a drawer in the kitchen counter. We alerted Stevie, opened the drawer and lifted him up to it. Stevie was frantic when he smelled the mouse, but the little creature had already escaped behind the drawer, between the counter and the wall. The more we urged Stevie to "get that mouse" the more he tried to squeeze in the narrow passage and the more frustrated he became. The fur was literally flying, but without results.

Suddenly the cat jumped down to the floor and disappeared into the basement. Up his ladder, through the swinging door, and out into the yard he went. Not five minutes had elapsed until back he came into the house. He proceeded deliberately to Julie's feet and there triumphantly deposited a field mouse.

"I don't know what this is all about," I could hear him think "but if you must have a mouse, here is a good one!"

Ovation by Candlelight

Spring arrived suddenly in northern Ohio and converted the campus of the State College into a cinemascope scene in technicolor.

The forcythias bordering both sides of the walk which lead to the Administration building were still golden yellow; the hawthorne trees guarding the entrance to the campus were covered with red blossoms, and tulips in the large beds scattered over the lawn swayed their heads from side to side conducting a symphony of color.

The day had been bright, sunny, and warm, and the students had made the most of it. Classes had not been attended well that day, as shown by the unmistakably trampled grass over the great expanses of green lawn.

As evening approached, however, clouds began to gather, and by concert time the weather was threatening. Students, faculty, and citizens of the town looked up at the sky quizzically as they streamed toward the auditorium wondering whether they could reach its shelter before the rain started. By seven-forty-five many of the seats in the large bleak

auditorium were already filled. The audience seemed to consist of an unusually large proportion of undergraduate couples who felt the need of crowning a beautiful spring day, romantically spent on the sunlit lawns, with a cultural evening in a darkened auditorium. But many members of the faculty were there, too, from the President and his lady sitting in the front row, to the Deans and professors of the various faculties who had come to listen to the artist with the nimble fingers play the piano that evening.

The pianist had already won her place on the American concert stage. Besides her artistic ability she had the asset of being young and comely. Dressed in evening dress and seated at the piano, or taking her bow from the stage, she would be a treat for the eyes as well as for the ears of her rapidly gathering audience.

Only one thing threated to mar the performance. The heavy wind pushing the storm toward the small college town was even now blowing furiously through the archaic ventilating system of the auditorium causing the shutters to clatter incessantly. The head of the Music Department was visibly distressed at this situation, but sat in his seat doing nothing

more effective than fidgeting. Not that Mr. Spenser was not a man of action; on the contrary, the music department was thriving under his direction and had even attained a certain modicum of prestige in the state. It was just that the repair or replacement of the ventilators of the auditorium had proved to be a matter beyond his powers for so many years that he had completely and irrevocably given up hope. In the cause of peace and quiet he had even joined forces -- on this matter only, to be sure -- with his great rival, Mr. Clum, the head of the Speech and Dramatics Department who invariably scheduled play rehearsals and play performances in the auditorium at times which conflicted with scheduled band, orchestra, glee club and choir rehearsals or performances, causing Mr. Spenser's head to ache continually. But even this great temporary alliance of music and the drama had not been effective with the comptroller who insisted on vetoing every attempt to spend money for the renovation of the obsolete ventilating system.

The clock of the bell-tower finally struck eight, and the great green velvet curtain rose majestically, revealing a well lighted Steinway grand, which was the

pride and joy of Mr. Spenser and, which, it was unjustly whispered, also served as the saw horse for the students in stage crafts. In a few seconds the performer, appealing in her beautiful pink organdy decolte gown, entered the stage at a rather quick pace, bowed gracefully to the audience, and seated herself at the piano as the welcoming applause dimmed into silence.

All was proceeding well. The audience had warmed to the performer as she had warmed to the piano. In spite of the wind, the clatter of the shutters was not nearly so disturbing as had been feared, and the performance promised to be a satisfying experience for all. Then it happened! A terrific crash deafened the audience, and the auditorium was enveloped in complete darkness. For a split second everyone held his breath, but the tension was immediately eased as the melodic lines of a Chopin nocturne continued to issue from the undisturbed performer who continued to play in the dark as if nothing had happened.

The applause which followed was noticeably greater than that in the earlier part of the concert, for not only did it express appreciation for the artist's talent and steady nerves, but it served as well to express relief for escaping what might have been an embarrassing situation.

But the auditorium continued to remain dark even after the applause ended. The next move was the performer's since the electricians had not as yet produced visible results. The pianist made a short speech from the keyboard saying she would continue her program in the dark if the audience had no objections. After a round of applause indicating audience approval, the pianist embarked upon Chopin's Ballade in G minor and gave a creditable performance which was greeted with vigorous applause. As she began on her next number, a custodian bearing two large lighted candles tip-toed onto the stage and placed the candlesticks on a low table in the rear of the stage just behind the performer. When she finished her number, the young artist rose from her seat, stood in front of the candles, and bowed. The applause that greeted her this time was unprecedented. It was nothing short of an ovation. The undergraduates suddenly went wild.

Glossary

(3) Brooklyn - Nickname applied in Greece To any Greek-American returning to Greece from the U.S.
or
Brooklys

Evzones - The small Greek border town on the railroad from Greeee through Jugoslavia.

R.D.C. - Rubber Development Corporation - a subsidiary of RFC (Reconstruction Finance Corporation) of the U.S. Government - established in 1942 for the purpose of resurrecting the wild rubber industry in the Amazon Valley to assist in the war effort.

(2) Bremen - A German ocean liner

Hevea - The rubber tree ~~of the American tropics~~ & ~~Brazil~~ from which virtually all the natural rubber of commerce is obtained. Native only to the Amazon Valley

(4) Caboclo - Peasant

Igarapé - A very narrow stream

Maracuja - Ocelot
Cobra - Snake
Cruzeiro - Brazilian currency unit
Doutor - ~~Doctor~~

✓ Compreendo - I understand
✓ d'acordo - In accord
✓ patrão - patron, landlord
✓ seringuero - rubber tapper
✓ Gracia - thanks
✓ Incredivel - incredible
✓ muito obrigado - much oblised. Thank you very much
(1) Boa noite - good night
✓ Que lastima - What a pity, or What news or What do you think of that,
✓ Seringal - a group of rubber trees
✓ Banco da Boracha - Rubber Bank - established by the Brazilian Government to help in the rubber program.
✓ Sim - yes
✓ Não - No
✓ Estrada - a path cut through the jungle to connect a number of ~~rubber~~ wild rubber trees.
✓ Ora kali - the good hour. A common wish in Greece.
✓ Glitsa (pl. glitses) - shepherd's crook.


KODAK

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KODAK—PANTHY—

On the trail of
the slime molds

Negatives