

Exile
From
Olynthus

Women in Archeology.com

**Mentoring and Networking
Greece, 1927-1928**

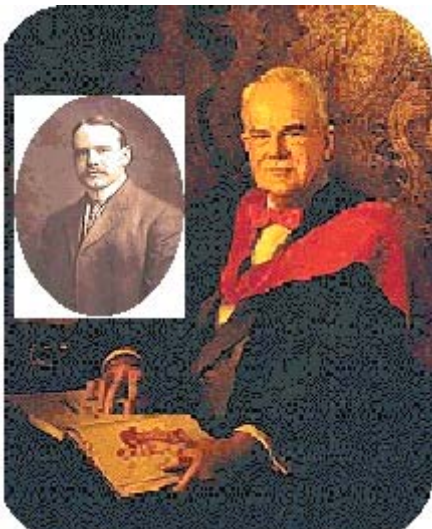
Raymond Dessy
Virginia Tech



Wilhelmina van Ingen
"Willy"

Ethel Bell van Ingen

*Based upon letters to "my little Mother"
from Willy, and her diary entries*



Prof. David (Davy) Robinson

PREFACE

Some books are written. Others create themselves. This book grew from a feminine strand of mitochondrial DNA that was stumbled upon in a Classical History course taught by a charismatic Professor, Glen Bugh of Virginia Tech. Dr. Bugh, an Hellenic epigrapher, often lectures aboard the Smithsonian's sailing ship in the Mediterranean, educating and entertaining its passengers with the world that was around them 2500 years ago. During one lecture at Virginia Tech he mentioned briefly the papers of Wilhelmina van Ingen, a young girl, 22 years of age, who had attended the 1927-1928 American School of Classical Studies at Athens (ASCSA). She had participated in the first years dig at Olynthus in the Spring of 1928, working with Prof. David Robinson. Those papers were found in 15 boxes, totaling ~ 30 cubic feet of space in the Storage area for the Special Collections Division of Newman Library at Virginia Tech. Her husband Herschel Elarth donated the boxes to the University after Dr. van Ingen's death in 1969. Only half of the collection was then inventoried, but the Control Folder of that material was intriguing. There were personal five-year diaries covering the period from 1927-1968, some personal letters she wrote to her Mother, shoeboxes full of postcards from travels she and her husband made around the world during their marriage, and a hodge-podge of personal papers and mementoes. Months of reading eventually unfolded the portrait of a young woman with an incisive, logical mind exploring the real world of study-abroad and archeological field-work. She was just beginning studies toward a Ph.D. in art and archeology at Johns Hopkins. Ms van Ingen was, fortunately, a former student and friend of Mrs. (Dr.) and Dr. Bert Hodge Hill. The latter, the pioneer of excavations at Corinth, had been just recently deposed as director of the ASCSA. Mrs. Hill provided introductions to Mrs. (Dr.) and Dr. Carl Blegen. He became the internationally known archeologist of Troy and many other locations. His wife became a professional and social doyenne in Athens. Ms van Ingen, "Willy", soon became a star pupil at ASCSA, and was asked to join with her mentor from Johns Hopkins, Dr. David Robinson, "Davy", who was beginning excavations at Olynthus, a Chalcidic Grecian city ravaged and destroyed in 348 B.C. by Philip II of Macedonia, the father of Alexander.

In the period from January to early May 1928 the student/mentor relationship between Davy and Ms van Ingen eroded, crumbled and exploded. The then bright lights of archeology— Hill, Blegen, Bonner, Carpenter, and the soon-to-be famous Mylonas— were all entangled in the tattered tale. Ms van Ingen left as an Exile from Olynthus, and pursued her Ph.D. degree at Harvard/Radcliffe under continuing Carnegie Corporation support.

It is possible to piece together most of the real story. It is a classic case of an egoistical, domineering and status-seeking mentor developing insensitivity to the needs of the student. Archeology had become archeology.com, and external image, notoriety, publications and position became a circular set of forces that let the student drop out of the equation. The political and fiscal intrigues within ASCSA that had led to Bert Hodge Hill's forced removal, Carpenter's temporary directorship, and the scission from ASCSA of Carl Blegen— Hill's close professional and personal colleague—added to the flames.

As a chemist who has trained over 100 Ph.D. level students over a 40 year career, and as a scientist who built a career in the halcyon years between the late 1950's (Sputnik) and the late 1980's (Relevant Research), the poignant plight of the student in 1928 Athens and Olynthus was familiar. The university has become the university.com, and students' needs are increasingly forgotten in the "greed for the green". It was natural to let Ms van Ingen's letters and words flow to paper, trapping the mind of the student, and the mood and mania of the professor as an example of a critical lapsed responsibility. Mentoring was important in 1927-28; it is more important now. Those pre-Depression, pre-WWII students faced a future fraught with uncertainty. Today's students face a world of globalization, mergers, divestiture of non-core assets, more "creative accounting", and a lessened emphasis on the importance of basic research. Human nature has not changed, but the above worldly factors create tense surroundings in which a lack of trust and truth in people and governments is even more tragic.

Robinson's Olynthus dig did enlarge his reputation, but time has increased the professional stains on his work— strains in his performance that originally started the tears in his student/mentor relationship with Ms van Ingen. Ms van Ingen's 1928 analyses were correct— but she was just a student then, and few listened— then. Perhaps this document will give her mind a new voice.

Having been involved in many mentor defections in the 'graves' of academe, and having to often help extract the students from the Laocoon tangles of ineffective Graduate Committees and Graduate Schools, helped channel the initial quest into avenues that examined the political and fiscal environment within ASCSA in 1922-1928. Using the 1927-1928 ASCSA class cohort one can examine the strength of that well-constructed environment which, despite problems, produced such people as Virginia Grace, Wilhelmina van Ingen, and Herbert Couch, and began the short, but brilliant career of Frederick Grace. It was a strong, select group that helped change their scientific field.

The author finally recognized that during the Olynthus dig Ms van Ingen lived in an area that had become a refugee camp during the mass migration of ~1.5 million people between Turkey and Greece. This migration resulted from a poorly constructed, careless, Western-oriented peace treaty at Lausanne that supposedly ended the Greco-Turkish war— a war that was fanned, if indeed not lit, by Western interests in Near-East Oil. The Western powers did not understand, and did not care, about the ethnic issues that were stirred by their tacit support of a Greek incursion into deep Turkey— an incursion that was cut off bloodily by Kamil Ataturk. The West stood by while Smyrna burned. Greece was badly hurt, in spirit and development, like Willy.

But Olynthus was also besieged and leveled, like Carthage, by Philip II for reasons of political hegemony. He was viewed by Demosthenes, who never met him, as the Axis of Evil. Demosthenes' speeches, the "Philipics" are eloquent presages of what became disinformation strategies or justified calls-to-arms, depending upon your viewpoint. These paralleled to some extent the propaganda distributed by ASCSA in justifying Bert Hodge Hill's expulsion.

The similar paths trod by professors, politicians, and inhabitants of professional-ponds suggest a commonality- tanks of fish that are not cleaned out often enough. And that analogy suggests a comparative examination with the habits, hubris, horrors and hostilities of Homer's heroes in the Iliad and Odyssey. The clan and tribal nature of man may be more generic and general than supposed. It is such an easy path to becoming an Exile from Olynthus.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Research in the humanities is quite different from that in experimental science. In the latter, if the data do not quite agree or fit the hypothesis, experiments can be repeated or new ones devised. In the humanities the experiments, the events, the evidence and the time-line cannot be re-experienced or repeated. The record is what it is— fragmented, incomplete, unreadable, misplaced, or lost. The Internet helps a great deal, but ultimately one requires the assistance of reference librarians, archivists, and living colleagues who will share the needed connecting information and links.

Prof. Glen Bugh of Virginia Tech (VT) deserves special thanks for creating the spark that flamed the van Ingen trail. The gracious and professional assistance of the following individuals was essential to a scientist swimming in the humanities- Gail McMillan, Director of the Digital Library and Archives and Special Collection at Virginia Tech, and D. Jane Wills, John M. Jackson, Tamara Kennelly, and Jennifer Meehan of Special Collections. Jan Carlton and Marney Andrews also provided encouragement and direction in the first month of the year 2000 when this quest began. Heather Ball, Librarian at the Art and Architecture Library at VT, was instrumental in locating the lost text-books used by Ms van Ingen. Archivists were vital to pursuing the career of Frederick R. Grace— at the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University, Abigail G. Smith; at the American School for Classical Studies at Athens, Natalia Vogeikoff-Brogan. Prof. Brunilde S. Ridgway, Rhys Carpenter Professor at Bryn Mawr, provided valuable insight into Carpenter's unique mind and character, and Eileen Markson, Director of the Rhys Carpenter Library at Bryn Mawr provided the leads to biographical information concerning him. Jeffrey A. Cohen of Bryn Mawr located the trail-heads needed for exploring the American School for Classical Studies at Athens. Ione Mylonas Shear, daughter of Prof. George Mylonas shared some personal remembrances of her Father, who played such an important part in the Olynthus story, and subsequently in American archeology. She also shared warm, intimate revelations that suggest how small and close the archeology community was in the first half of the 20th Century. Her husband served as the third director of the Agora excavations; his father was the first. Ione met her husband at a dig at Eleusis.

Special thanks to those who permitted use of quotations from their Web sites, cited in the text: Nick Cahill, Martha Joukowsky, Alan Kaiser, David Rhees, Susan Rotroff, Stephen Tracy, and Jan Trembly. Maps are by David Greenspan.

John Baird and his Digital Imaging, Learning Technologies Group, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University, in conjunction with D. Jane Wills, scanned the Van Ingen portrait photographs from the Van Ingen-Elarth collection. These portraits are also available at ImageBase (<http://imagebase.lib.vt.edu/>), housed and operated by the Digital Library and Archives, VT University Libraries. Other images of the Greek scene were scanned using the services of the New Media Center at VT. The latter photographs, originally taken by Ms van Ingen, are used through the courtesy of Eunice Burr Couch. The portrayed coins came from Dr. van Ingen-Elarth, who left them with the author in 1968 to be cleaned. Her premature death buried them temporarily. Willy's pottery examples are held within VT's Special Collections.

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NOTES FOR THE DOWNLOADER

The **text** is divided into four sections:

Orientation and excerpts from the letters and diaries	~40%
Criticisms and defenses of Willy's actions and abilities	~20%
A political analysis of ASCSA and archeology in the 1920's	~20%
Mentorship and networking in archeology.com and science.com	~20%

Total 1 Mbyte

The **photographs** are contained in seventeen sections of ~ 1 Mbyte each.
All but one of the sections present previously unpublished materials.

PRELUDE

The American School for Classical Studies at Athens has provided the mentoring and maturing environment for young archeologists for over a Century. It has provided Summer Programs and Academic Year Programs for a carefully selected group of men and women who are poised to become the future professionals in archeology, classical art and architecture, Hellenic and Hellenistic history, epigraphy, evolution and revolution in ancient religions, and the translators of a cultural inheritance that has cyclically built and rebuilt the politics, societies, and physical shapes in most Western countries.

(with permission, from the ASCSA Web site, by Stephen Tracy, <http://www.ascsa.edu.gr/>)

Under the leadership of Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, scholars from nine American colleges assisted by a small group of influential business men established the American School in 1881. Their intention was to create a school [in Norton's words] "where young scholars might carry on the study of Greek thought and life to the best advantage, and where those who were proposing to become teachers of Greek might gain such acquaintance with the land and such knowledge of its ancient monuments as should give a quality to their teaching unattainable without this experience." They formed a Managing Committee to provide academic leadership; it decided to open the School at once and, while endowment was being raised, to solicit contributions from the cooperating colleges to operate. The ASCSA remains, as its founders envisioned, a privately funded, non-profit educational institution.

From humble and uncertain beginnings, the ASCSA has grown into one of the leading research centers in Greece. It serves the students and faculty of 155 affiliated colleges and universities in North America. Guided in academic matters by a Managing Committee composed of faculty representatives from these member institutions, the School continues true to its original mission: to teach the archaeology, art, history, language and literature of Greece from earliest times to the present, to survey and excavate archaeological sites in Greek lands, and to publish the results of its excavations and research. Some 350 students and scholars from North America avail themselves of the School's facilities each year.

The School's main building was constructed in 1887 on land donated by the Greek government on the southern slope of Mount Lycabettus, in an area that was then outside of the city. This is now the district known as Kolonaki, one of the most fashionable areas in the center of the modern city. The original building was enlarged in 1913 to 1916 by the addition of a wing to the east. In 1958 to 1959, the Arthur Vining Davis Wing, named for the donor, was built to the north and a further extension was added to the south in 1992. The main building and its extensions house the Blegen Library, the Wiener Laboratory, administrative offices, archives, computing facilities, and the Director's residence.

Across the street from the main building stands the Gennadius Library. Built in 1926 and completely renovated in 1999, this historic neoclassical structure is flanked by staff residences. A long needed School auditorium, Cotsen

Hall, named for the donor and Board President (1996-1999) Lloyd Cotsen, is now under construction as an extension of the east wing of the Gennadeion and should be completed in 2004. Nearby Loring Hall dates from 1930; with its annex and attached house, it provides living quarters, common rooms, and dining hall for some thirty students, visiting scholars, and staff.

Offices, library, research facilities, and living quarters are also located in ancient Corinth, site of the School's longest continuing excavation which began in 1896. The main house, named for Bert Hodge Hill, Director of the School (1906-1926), stands adjacent to student and staff bungalows. In addition, offices, library and research facilities are to be found in the School's excavation in the ancient agora in Athens at the Stoa of Attalos.

The School has a long and distinguished history of scholarly work in Greece and Crete. Among many outstanding field archaeologists, one may cite, for example, Carl Blegen, Oscar Broneer, John Caskey, Harriet Boyd-Hawes, Bert Hodge Hill, Richard Seager, Homer Thompson, and Eugene Vanderpool to name just a few.

The resident staff at ASCSA provides a continuing support infrastructure to the libraries, teaching units, historical and active archeological-site visitations, and liaison with other classical study organizations from various countries. ASCSA has a complex bureaucratic governance body derived from academic institution personnel that has evolved through the growth of ASCSA and the temporal pressures of the 20th Century.

In the late 1920's this governance structure consisted of the Chairman of the Managing Committee, the Managing Committee itself, an Executive Committee of the Managing Committee, and the Director and Assistant Director of The School. The teaching staff often consisted of luminaries in the various areas, and was usually constituted by quite competent individuals. Visiting lecturers invited for their renown or for their political connections augmented the courses the students were offered.

The 1920's were a period of growth, strife, tension and both revolution and resolution for ASCSA. The vicissitudes of WWI that resulted in the death of millions, and the diphtheria pandemic that caused even a higher death toll, gave way to an effervescent period in the United States and much of Western Europe termed the "Roaring Twenties". Bubbles of euphoria tingled the thoughts and mores of society— and the celebrations of the new economy that ballooned after the calamity and contagion of the previous years changed the nature of life, night-life, music, dance, art, and even science. Automobiles made people more mobile, education and an ascending wave of modest affluence molded new minds, and a swinging society of young men and women sang out for new freedoms and for change.

These militant melodies often collided in dissonant counter-point with the traditional chorus. Neither side envisaged the coming financial Depression that

would muffle the new sounds, nor the related rise of Fascisms and Imperial mandates that excoriatingly and excruciatingly marred the '30s with repression, occupations, capitulations, and concessions. This tinder then lit the flames of WWII. Students who attended ASCSA in 1927-1928 were to become the leading edge of what has been termed "The Greatest Generation".

The professional arena that was their coliseum also faced changes from a demanding society and exploding economy in the 1920's. Something happened to archeology in that period that had its roots one-hundred years earlier, as the famous Hellenic statue of Venus from the island of Melos was first unearthed, then dragged through the labyrinth of politics, ego, and Nationalism to the Louvre in Paris. When the mental dust, repair plaster, and squeaks of rubbing ballooned-egos settled, the Venus de Milo finally rested in conjoined pieces, but in peace. Archeology, in contrast, was changed from the province of the aristocratic wealthy and impecunious academics to a brutal contact sport. Nationalism demanded that France have a symbol of Hellenic majesty that supported the supremacy of a country that aspired to return to its preeminence in culture and learning after demeaning defeats to England, Germany and Russia. After Napoleon's escape from Elba and his subsequent defeat at Waterloo, an armed squadron from the victor nations descended on the Louvre and seized the Apollo Belvedere that the French had previously plundered from Italy. The Apollo migrated to the Vatican. This humiliating loss, and the residence of the "Elgin" Marbles in London, ripped bloodily from the Athena Parthenon by the interests of Lord Elgin and his wife's drive and competence, was to be balanced by the Venus, slyly slipped away from the wily Turks who then ruled Melos. France needed such a classical "momento" to rebalance national pride and provide inspiration to France's future artists. The tortuous trip of the Venus de Milo from the hands of Greek peasants and patriarchs, Turkish pashas, and all sorts of pirates to its home in the Louvre is almost unbelievable. Even more tortuous are the political intrigues among art and archeology pundits and curators on matter of the dating of the statue—was it Hellenic or Hellenistic. What were her missing arms doing or holding—embracing Poseidon, Mars, or a warrior, resting on a pedestal, or holding an apple (melos = apple, and the symbol of Venus' victory over Juno and Minerva with respect to Paris). How were the hermes originally found nearby (Hermes or Hercules) related? Pessimistic forensic archeologists sometimes hint that pieces of the ensemble were deliberately lost or altered to support one interpretation or another. A lucid account of the Holmesian affair may be enjoyed in *Disarmed- The Story of the Venus de Milo* (Gregory Curtis, Alfred Knopf, 2003). Various curators of the Louvre, with a thirst for power, and dusty archeologists with aspirations of fame, argued and pondered and published. Archeologists lit a flame with their hype that attracted the interest, zeal, fantasy and fanaticism of the public. That flame burnt, with varying intensity, through the following decades. It leaped across the firebreaks of common sense in a crown-fire that spread from the Valley of the Kings in Egypt to Anatolia and Troy and on to Greece. The fuels of Nationalism, ego, fame, and academic laurels were thrown onto the roaring flames.

Archeology had morphed into archeology.com. Money spawned digs, and digs led to publications, and papers led to some type of eminence, and that attracted money.

What results when science and their University become science.com and University.com will be the subject of a subsequent section. The changes are traumatic to the discipline and sometimes fatal to students and young faculty, as the following play-in-reality reveals.

In Greece, at ASCSA, in the 1922-26 period, the close personal and professional coupling of the well recognized archeologists, Carl Blegen and Burt Hodge Hill, was tested by a Managing Committee that had been stirred, like hornets on a chilly morning, by accusations that Hill's long term digs at Corinth needed to be published immediately to attract more financial support for further archeological digs in Greece. Hill, a careful cautious archeologist, resisted the pressures. As Director of the School he posed to many of the Managing Committee, and particularly its Executive Committee, an obstacle to the progress that was demanded by archeology, its American societal support, political relationships with the Greek Government that controlled digging rights, and as defense against competition from other Country's archeological teams. Hill must go! His friend, Carl Blegen, was the archeologist who corrected Schliemann's mistaken identity of the site of Troy, where Helen's abduction or acquiescence launched a thousand ships, led to the mythical or real deaths of hordes of heroes whose blood became the ink of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Blegen, then Assistant Director of the School, assumed a temporary Directorship for the School for one year, 1926-1927. At the end of that time he chose his own path. Rhys Carpenter, a shy, but academically formidable member of the Executive Committee of the Managing Committee, formally became Director of The School in 1927. George Mylonas, Bursar at The School and a Greek citizen who grew to become a respected archeologist in America, resigned in 1928. The *eminence gris* of the affair was undoubtedly Edward Capps, Chairman of the Managing Committee from 1918-1939.

Fidgeting in the wings was David Moore Robinson, of Johns Hopkins University. Although well-published and -reputed, he was not entangled in the incestuous relationships of the Managing Committee and its Executive Committee. He had served briefly on both prior to WWI. Robinson was convinced that the site of Olynthus (Olynthos), a city besieged and then annihilated in 348 BC by Philip II of Macedonia, was located on the banks of a Chalcidic river a short walk from the town of Myriophyto. The small town had been enlarged as a consequence of the forced migration in 1923 of hundreds-of-thousands of Anatolian Greeks back to the Greek mainland. His shovel was ready to explore the ridges and ravine defined by two small hills near Saloniki. The refugees could provide a ready source of labor. The British archeological team was familiar with the area, but had their shovels full at other digs.

What Robinson needed was approval from the Greek Government, and that required the approval of the ASCSA. The political environment was turbulent. The Greek Government's troubles were vexing. Resurrecting the glory of classical Greece was essential to reconstructing the pride of a country that had been tattered by the recent war with Turkey, a war encouraged by the Bismarckian and Machiavellian intrigues of France, Italy and England, with some assistance from the United States. The Western powers, intent on creating some hegemony of influence over the Near Eastern oil fields, had encouraged Greece to thrust its troops from the Western shores of Turkey to the outskirts of Ankara. Foreign diplomats and politicians smoothly transmitted an implied support for their cause. When the Greek supply lines were overextended, Kamil Atatürk struck, and slaughtered the Greek Army as it retreated to Smyrna, which was put to the torch by one side or the other. The Treaty of Lausanne that followed had the same sensitivity as the Treaty of Versailles. Imposed by Western interests, with a lack of knowledge, it led to an enforced exchange of ~ 1.5 million Anatolian "Greeks" and Macedonian "Turks" to their supposed "homelands". In most cases, the refugee's religion was the deciding factor.

But, the impact of absorbing the refugees, and the imposed indemnities, had crippled the Greek economy. As foreign powers sought to excavate the Agora of Athens, rebuild Boeotian temples, uncover Corinth, and dig up Delphi, it seemed reasonable for the Greeks to seek a fiscal return. The foreign countries felt differently. The official history of the ASCSA reveals the following:

(with permission, *A History of the American School for Classical Studies at Athens, 1882-1942*, Louis Lord, Harvard University Press, 1947]

The political conditions (1927-1928) were peculiarly unfavorable, the Ministry of Mr. Kaphandaris, which was then in power, being a coalition government composed of discordant, and, under the surface, hostile political elements. ... the entire "archeological area" to the north, east and south of the Acropolis had been thoroughly organized, ostensibly to resist the granting of any concession to excavators, but in reality, as one often had reason to suspect, to extract unreasonable indemnifications from the Americans. At any rate, the group of protestants were numerous enough to exercise strong political pressure, and they were supported by the majority of the press. (pp 200-201)

... It had been the practice hallowed by time that excavations in Greek territory by Americans should be under the auspices of The School. This was a tradition of gradual growth. ... It seemed an appropriate time, therefore, to clarify this situation and lay down rules which might apply to enterprises ... in the future. The matter was brought to a head by a new decree issued by the Greek Government allowing foreigners who were not connected with any of the archeological schools certain privileges of excavation. The Managing Committee sent to Carpenter for presentation to the Government a request that the operation of this decree be suspended. This protest was at once presented by Carpenter to Mr. Kourouniotis, Chief of the Archeological Division of the Ministry of Education. After an interview in which the Minister radiated a considerable

amount of heat (private letter of Carpenter), the School's protest was successfully sustained by Carpenter, and Mr. Koiourouniotis wrote to Capps a letter ... in which he gave assurances "that no permission would be granted to an American Archeologist to excavate in Greece in conjunction with a Greek, independent of the American School at Athens. (pp 204-205)

Whatever went on behind the scenes, the outcome was a rapprochement that allowed Robinson to proceed in the early Spring of 1928 with an exploratory dig at Olynthus, provided he had three students of the ASCSA with him. One of them, Wilhelmina van Ingen, a first-year graduate student then studying with Robinson at Johns Hopkins, wrote a almost one hundred letters to her Mother during the period of September 1927 through July 1928, covering the first several months of the initial digs at Olynthus. Robinson had probed a bit in February 1928, but work proceeded apace in March of that year. Wilhelmina also kept a personal set of 5-year diaries that began in 1927 and cover all of her active years until her death in 1968. Her writings offer an archeologist of history— whether real or fictional— opportunities to sieve through the clay of days-in-the-field, and find some shards-of-the-mind that provoke interpretations of the past and prognostications of the future in science and education.

The ASCSA normally provided an ideal mentoring environment for its students. They were exposed to didactic materials, stimulating courses, astounding seminars, field-trips to the sites that are the laboratory of archeology, and personal and professional mentoring that could allow them to develop into the future of the discipline. Many fulfilled the hopes and efforts of their mentors. Some of the students failed in their quest, but some of the mentors failed in their responsibilities. The hot, wet Summer of 1928 saw a Greek tragedy, and an Academic comedy on the hills of Olynthus that sends lessons to today.

THE PLAYERS

Students and Affiliates, American School for Classical Studies Athens, 1927-28

[last entry, if given, is position reported at time ASCSA History was last compiled, (~1942-1945),

"A History of the American School for Classical Studies at Athens, 1882-1942, Louis Lord, Harvard University Press, 1947]

Couch, Herbert Newell

1928 (not listed in ASCSA History)

A.B. Victoria College, University of Toronto, 1924; A.M. Johns Hopkins, 1927; Ph.D. Johns Hopkins, 1927; A.M. *au eundem* Brown University, 1945. Immigrated to U.S.A. in 1924, naturalized 1937. Assoc. in Classics and Curator Classical Museum, Univ. of Illinois, 1928-1930; Asst. Prof. Classics Brown Univ., 1930-1938; Assoc. Prof., 1938-1945; Prof., 1945- . (see Stebbins, Eunice Burr, married May 1928)

Grace, Frederick R.

1928 (not listed in ASCSA History)

B.A. Harvard University, 1930; Ph.D. Harvard University, 1938. Assistant to the Directors of The Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University.

Grace, Virginia Fitz Randolph

1927-1928 1930-1931 (periods of attendance)

Agora Fellow, 1936. A.B. Bryn Mawr College, 1922; A.M. Bryn Mawr College 1929; Ph.D. Bryn Mawr College, 1934. Member, Institute for Advanced Studies, Princeton, NJ

Hansen, Hazel Dorothy

1927-1928 1936-1937

Fellow of the Archeological Institute of America, 1923-1924. A.B. Stanford University, 1920; A.M. Stanford University, 1921; Ph.D. Stanford University, 1926; Professor of Classics, Stanford University.

Hopkins, Clark (and Mrs. Hopkins)

1927-1928

A.B. Yale University, 1917; A.B. and A.M. Balliol College, Oxford University, 1921; Ph.D. University of Wisconsin, 1924. Prof. Of Latin and Greek, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI.

Sullivan-Hopkins, Susan Mary

1927-1928

A.B. University of Wisconsin, 1923; A.M. University of Wisconsin, 1925.

Johnson, Jotham

1926-1928

Fellow of The Archeological Institute of America, 1927-1928; A.B. Princeton University, 1926; Ph.D. University of Pennsylvania, 1931; Assistant Professor of Classics, New York University, NY.

Kahn, Margaret Gisela

1927-1928

Charles Elliot Norton Fellow, 1927-1928. A.B. Radcliffe College, 1927; A.M. Columbia University, 1932.

Newhall, Agnes Ellen

1927-1932

Fellow of the School of Archeology, 1928-1929; Special Fellow in Archeology, 1929-1932; A.B. Bryn Mawr College, 1927.

Pease, Mary Zelia

1927-1929 1932-1934 1935-1937

Fellow of the Archeological Institute of America, 1928-1929; Special Fellow in Archeology, 1932-1933. A.B. Bryn Mawr College, 1927; Ph.D. Bryn Mawr College, 1933.

Schaeffer, Frederick William

1927-1928

A.B. Williams College, 1927. (died 1936, London Ontario, Canada)

Stebbins, Eunice Burr

1927-1928

Fellow of The School of Archeology, 1927-1928. A.B. Smith College, 1916; A.M. Johns Hopkins University, 1926; Ph.D. Johns Hopkins University, 1927.

Van Ingen, Wilhelmina

1927-1928

A.B. Vassar College, 1926; A.M. Radcliffe College, 1929; Ph.D. Radcliffe College, 1932.
Assistant Professor, Wheaton College., Norton, Massachusetts.

Wallace, Sherman LeRoy
1927-1928

Fellow in the School in the Greek Language, Literature and History, 1927-1928. A.B. University of Wisconsin, 1924; A.M. University of Wisconsin, 1925; A.M. Princeton University, 1926; Ph.D. Princeton University, 1933. U.S. Government.

Westbrook, Howard Theodoric
1927-1928

A.B. Hamilton College, 1922; A.M. Wesleyan University, 1923; Associate Prof. Of History and Literature, Scripps College, Claremont, CA.

ASCSA Staff

Blegen, Carl William (and Mrs. Blegen)

1910-1913

Fellow of The School in Archeology. A.B. University of Minnesota, 1907; A.B. Yale University, 1908; Ph.D. Yale University, 1920. Prof. Of Classical Archeology, University of Cincinnati.
Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1920-1927.
Assistant Director of The School, 1920-1926.
Acting Director of The School, 1926-1927.

Pierce-Blegen, Elizabeth Denny

1922-1923

A.B. Vassar College, 1910; A.M. Vassar College, 1912; Ph.D. Columbia University, 1922.

Bonner, Campbell

Visiting Professor ASCSA 1927-1928

University of Michigan

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1913-

Executive Committee of the Managing Committee of The School, 1918-1920; 1928-1931.

Broneer, Oscar Theodore

1924-1928

Fellow of The Archeological Institute of America, 1925-1926; Fellow of The School in Archeology, 1926-1927; Special Fellow in Archeology, 1927-1928. A.B. Augustana College, 1922; A.M. Univ. of California, 1923; Ph.D. University of California, 1931. Prof. Of Archeology, ASCSA, Athens, Greece.

Capps, Edward

1893-1894

A.B. Illinois College, 1887; Ph.D. Yale University, 1891; LL.D. Illinois College, 1911; Litt.D. Oberlin College, 1923; L.H.D. Harvard University, 1924; Litt.D. University of Michigan, 1931; LL.D. University of Athens, 1937; Litt.D. Oxford University, 1946. Prof. Of Classics, Emeritus, Princeton University.

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1908-

Executive Committee of the Managing Committee of The School, 1938-1943

Chairman of The Managing Committee of The School, 1918-1939

Director of The School, 1935-1936

Carpenter, Rhys

1912-1913

A.B. Columbia University, 1908; A.B. Baliol College, Oxford University, 1911; A.M. Oxford University, 1914; Ph.D. Columbia University, 1916; Litt. D. Rutgers University, 1941. Professor of Classical Art and Archeology, Bryn Mawr College.

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1920-

Executive Committee of the Managing Committee of The School, 1925-1926

Director of The School, 1927-1932

Executive Committee of the Managing Committee of The School, 1932-1935

Hill, Burt Hodge (and Mrs. Hill)

1900-1903

Fellow of The Archeological Institute of America, 1901-1903. A.B. University of Vermont, 1895; A.M. Columbia University, 1900; L.H.D. University of Vermont, 1920. Director of the University of Pennsylvania Excavations in Cyprus.

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1906-1926.

Director of The School, 1906-1926.

Thallon-Hill, Ida Carleton

1899-1901

A.B. Vassar College, 1897; A.M. Vassar College, 1901; Ph.D. Columbia University, 1905.

Mylonas, George E.

B.A. International College, Smyrna, 1918; Ph.D. University of Athens, 1927; Ph.D. Johns Hopkins University, 1929; Immigrated to U.S.A 1928, naturalized 1937. Professor and Department Head, Washington University, St. Louis. (assistant at Olynthus 1928; assistant director Olynthus 1931; field director Olynthus, 1938)

Meritt, Benjamin Dean

1920-1922

Fellow of The Archeological Institute of America, 1921-1922. A.M. Hamilton College, 1923; A.M. Princeton University, 1923; Ph.D. Princeton University, 1924; D. Litt. Oxford University, 1936; LL.D. Hamilton College, 1937. Prof., Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton.

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1926-

Assistant Director of The School, 1926-1928.

Robinson, David Moore (and Mrs. Robinson)

1901-1903

Fellow of the School in Archeology, 1902-1903. A.B. University of Chicago, 1898; Ph.D. University of Chicago, 1904; LL.D. Jamestown College, 1915; L.H.D. Trinity College, 1925; Litt.D. Syracuse University, 1933. W.H. Collins Vickers Prof. Of Archeology and Epigraphy; Lecturer on Greek Literature, Johns Hopkins University.

Member of Managing Committee of ASCSA 1908-

Executive Committee of the Managing Committee of The School, 1912-1914

THE STAGE

(from *American Journal of Archeology*, Vol. 33, No 1, 1929, 53-76)

A Preliminary Report on the Excavation of Olynthos
David M. Robinson
American School of Classical Studies at Athens

Excavations at Olynthos¹ were begun on February 17, 1928, and continued with more than 200 workmen, most of whom were refugees, with Decauville track and cars and other proper equipment until June 2. The campaign was under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, with a permit granted by the Greek Government on February 9.

The staff consisted of Dr. and Mrs. George Mylonas, Dr. and Mr. Clark Hopkins, Dr. Herbert Couch, Miss Eunice B. Stebbins, Miss Wilhelmina van Ingen, Miss Hazel Hansen, Prof. Charles W. Peppler of Duke University, Miss Lillian Wilson, Miss Jeannie Loomis, Mrs. David Robinson, Prof. Mary McGhee of Vassar College, Mr. R.S. Darbshire, Mr. Euripides Melanides, Mr. Kostas Nicolaides, Mr. Youry de Fomine, and Mr. Alexander Schmidt.

(the professional titles of Dr. Mrs. Clark Hopkins and Dr. Miss Hazel Hansen were omitted)

- 1 In 1902 I visited Myriophyto, which belonged to Turkey, and since then I have always had the idea that the two long flat hills on the opposite, east bank of the River Retsinikia, the ancient Sandanos represented the site of Olynthos. But no one had ever tested the hills by systematic excavation ... In B.S.A, XXI, 1914-1916, p 11, Mr. Wace said that it was hoped that the British School at Athens would before long be able to begin excavations, but Mr. George Macmillan, Chairman of the British Committee, was kind enough to call a meeting of his committee at which it appeared that no application had been made to the Greek authorities though the question had come up a good many times. Mr. Macmillan wrote "It hardly was a case of withdrawing an actual claim. The British School does not hold any rights in the matter, so that it is quite open to you or any American organization to approach the Greek authorities. ... It would be impossible for us, in any case, to tackle the site at the present time."

THE PLAY

A play in four acts, and an itinerary covering Europe and Greece, 1927-1928

ACT 1

Miss Wilhelmina van Ingen

Left USA	(05) August, 1927
London	15 August-25 August
Paris	25 August-03 September
Florence	04 September-10 September
Rome	10 September- 21 September
Naples	22 September- 25 September
Taranto-Brindisi	25 September- 28 September
Athens	30 September-

ACT II

Miss van Ingen, and others

Athens

Northern School Trip

Chalcis, Delphi, Livada 05-14 October

Peloponnesus School Trip 14-22 November

Crete/Knossos School Trip 02- 11 March

Athens

ACT III

Miss van Ingen, Miss Eunice Stebbins, Mr. Herbert Couch and Mr. Ted Grace,
With cameo appearances by Mrs. Carl Blegen, Mrs. Burt Hodge Hill, and Dr. and
Mrs. David Robinson

Olynthus Dig and Myriophyto 16 March 1927- 05 May 1928

ACT IV

Miss van Ingen, Mr. Ted Grace, and others

Return to Athens

Two Cyclades Trips (personal, with Ted Grace, and various others) June 1928

Return to USA 04-23 July 1928

Exile from Olynthus

Fay ce que voudras



Prologue

In the late Summer of 1927 the society pages of local Rochester, New York newspapers announced that Wilhelmina van Ingen, a recent (1926) Vassar art-history graduate, would be spending the late Summer traveling in England, France, Italy and Greece. Ms van Ingen had spent the previous months as a teaching assistant to Prof. D. Robinson of Johns Hopkins Univ. who was also a summer lecturer at Notre Dame (Baltimore). In October 1927 she would join the American School for Classical Studies in Athens, continuing her graduate studies toward a degree in archeology at Johns Hopkins University with Prof. Robinson. Her Mother, Ethel Bell van Ingen—the daughter-in-law of a well recognized painter, Henry Van Ingen, Vassar Professor of Art from 1865 to 1898—was quite socially prominent in local scenes. The premature death of her husband, the architect Hendrik van Ingen, had left the Family very close knit.

Ms van Ingen would join the American School at a critical time. Greece was in disarray due to the recent (1923) Greek defeat in Turkey. The Greek and Armenian massacres during the burning of Smyrna, and the economic conditions created by the influx of nearly one million refugees due to the forced ethnic migrations to/from Anatolia and the Piraeus/Thessaloniki-Macedonian areas imposed by the Treaty of Lausanne changed Greek landscape, politics and fiscal stability. Greek archeological studies were in the hands of organizations from Europe and the United States. Strong personalities, driven by ambition and egos, lusted after new digs. Luminaries such as Blegen, Capps, Carpenter, Hill and Robinson variously flitted and soared over the overturned earth. Ms van Ingen studied at the American School from mid-October 1927 thru March 1928, doing lecture, lab and field studies. From mid-March thru mid-May 1928 she worked on the famous, or possibly infamous, 1928 Olynthus dig site with Prof. Robinson. In early July she sailed back to the United States.

Her experiences, verbalized and analyzed from a personal perspective, are described vividly in personal five-year diary formatted entries, and in frequent, long, nearly biweekly letters written to her Mother. Some 90 letters, handwritten communications averaging ~4 page-faces each, survive. These emotion-filled writings are one interpretation of what is typical of the Laocoon entanglements common in academic circles, but which seldom are revealed to the lay public. What really happened in that singular spring, as classical history and current events collided? Fugacious historical beliefs and miasmal scientific truths are created and consumed by fire-storms in human minds.

Let's look at some of the pivotal diary entries and sections of her letters to touch the threads of the fabric of that fateful year. Wilhelmina (Willy) was just 22 years old, her mother was 56.

August 1927

Background: Willy van Ingen sailing on the S.S. Minnesota to England. Eppie (Einice Burr Stebbins), her friend and fellow student, sails on the 12th of August. Eppie and Willy would cross paths in Europe, and often travel together, as they made their way to Athens, and the American School of Classical Studies (ASCSA). In the following extracts from the communications from Willy to Mrs. Van Ingen, Eppie morphs to "Nike", the Greek nickname for her given name "Eunice" (Pronounced "Neekee"). Eppie already knew Herbert Couch, a Canadian-American who appears later in the experiences, as well as his Family. The Father, Dr. Couch, was a FRCS in Edinburgh, and Herbert was affiliated with the ASCSA. Ted Grace, an American co-student also appears in the cast of characters. Other colleagues, teachers, and minor players (but major minds) have been introduced previously.

**LETTERS (letters to my “little Mother” written by Ms van Ingen),
followed by pertinent DIARY ENTRIES written by Ms van Ingen.**

06 August 1927, (aboard ship, enroute to Europe) **A glorious day. ... I would rather stand in the bow and watch the water swirl back than dance with a lot of men whom I don't know and will never meet again.**

August-September, Traveling in England and Europe

20 August London

I had a note from Mrs. Hill the other day. She is in Scotland ... and (I) will just miss (her), and will miss Mrs. Hill in Rome too, and she's not getting to Athens till November 1st, which is just my luck. (at Vassar, the Hill/van Ingen families had been friends for three generations)

24 August Paris

A youth came and sat by me, and ordered dinner in a masterful way, with admirable French, but he had an English novel with him. He caught my eye, grinned, and made some remark about not knowing French very well. We fell to chatting ... he had been to Princeton for a couple of years, and has been in Paris for three, studying literature at the Sorbonne, but not vary diligently apparently. He dashes off to Vienna, Nice, Munich and Florence when the spirit moves him. He could talk most interestingly about most anything, and listening to my chatter about Athens without seeming bored. He knows Richard Halliburton, ... and says he is a great poser. He (I don't know his name) said “Aren't you going to have a liqueur?. The Benedictine here is very good”. To which my puritanical soul replied ‘Willy, you've had a glass and a half of wine already’. And up popped my little Devil and said ‘go on- it won't hurt you, and it's your first night in Paris’. So I said yes. It is the most intriguing stuff, very bitter, yet very sweet too.

Then he said “If you really want to see Paris you should go to the Café de la Rotonde for a cup of coffee after dinner. Won't you come with me now?” He looked and talked like a perfectly decent sort of chap, and I thought ‘hang it all, why not’, and did ... He saw me back to my hotel at the decent hour of nine-thirty. Probably I'll never see him again, but I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for him. ... Why didn't you bring me up to think that wine and nudes were a sin?!

You can meet everyone from Vassar in Paris. Met Mary Westcott and learned that Athens hasn't its new water supply yet, and they turn the water off for part of the day so there isn't even any in the ASCSA Annex (where we'll be staying). (She says)- “The School itself is above where they turn the water off so it's more

civilized. But any unpleasantness is overbalanced by the thrills of all the ancient things around you. Any other museum seems like a junk pile after you've seen the ones in Athens."

11 September Rome

The Hotel Girardet is the real hangout for the Vassar faculty when they are in Rome ... Mrs. Hill (is due in later.)

23 September Naples

Slept in most of the morning, and the afternoon I've done nothing more than write Dr. Robinson to report progress.

29-30 September 1927, Sailed through the Corinth Canal to Piraeus, Greece

ATHENS BASED

04 October **1927** Athens

The first couple of days here I was quite miserable and unhappy most of the time- partly because I was still weak from my siege in Taranto, partly because it was all so different from what I had looked forward to it being, with Mrs. Hill not at the School. I realized the whole awful situation so much more than I ever had before. I quote from her note "I shall hope to see a great deal of you, I still feel it is the irony of fate to hand over a ewe lamb for the wolves to devour, but what is there to do about it? You will get a lot out of the year, and there are many extras you can work in." We have had one formal meeting of the School, and Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Meritt explained about the trip (to Chalcis, Livadia and Delphi). ... Mr. and Mrs. Mylonas; he is the school bursar...are so cordial and kind, and such fun. He has a Ph.D. from the U. of Athens.

Eppie says that Mr. Meritt has already made one or two slurring remarks about Mr. Hill and Mr. Blegen, but Mr. Mylonas is a perfect gentleman. He speaks of Mr. Blegen's knowledge of prehistory with great respect and asked if I had known Mrs. Hill at Vassar ... you wouldn't guess from his manner that the situation was strained at all.

10 October Livadia

... On the 7th we had a ghastly day ... and the Fall rain set in with a thud. The dried lakes (in the wetland country) were almost lakes again, and we had quite a time getting out through the soupy roads. The sleeping bags were essential, since there were more live creatures in the hotel's bedrooms than just us. We had lunch in a little Greek inn ... and drank ouzo to warm us- (it is) a Greek liqueur which is distilled from the lees of wine and smells like anise, and resinated wine.

15 October Athens

The second evening in Delphi, Eppie and I went out after dinner to enjoy the moonlight. We sat on the corner of the foundation of the Treasury of the Potideans and watched the full moon rise above the bank of clouds and light up

the excavations, and gleam in the gray limestone crags of Mt. Parnassus far above our heads.

20 October Athens

After tea in the Zappeion Gardens we watched the sun set behind the Olympieion and the Acropolis- the sky all purple and gold, and Hymeltus behind us was violet. The Southern trip will be very interesting- Bassae, the Langada Pass, Sparta, Mistra with its monastery, Mycenae, Corinth ...

23 October-06 November (no letters)

Extended School trip beginning with a four car caravan to archeological sites south of Athens, including Corinth, Messene, Bassae, Megalopolis, Sparta, Mistra, Mantinea, Argos, Mycenae ...

07 November Athens

Your advice about keeping my mouth shut came just in time. We were at Corinth, where Mr. Hill has excavated for years, and Mr. Broneer (then Director of the 1927-28 Summer Session and future lecturer in archeology at The School) had been trying to explain the nine different building periods of the Fountain of Priene, and couldn't distinguish them. He ended by saying that Mr. Hill was the only person who could do it. We had been scrubbing around prehistoric mounds looking for shards, and when we'd ask Mr. Broneer to classify the ones we'd found he'd make a feeble guess, and say that Mr. Blegen was the only one who could tell for sure. I wanted to howl "well, you have killed the goose that laid the golden egg, haven't you". Everybody's nerves were getting raw from being tired and everybody was criticizing Mr. Broneer for the way he managed things. Your letter came just in time, and I held my tongue and said what I could in favor of Broneer who really tried awfully hard. But he just lacks the personality and the knowledge to make a success of it as Mr. Meritt did.

...Mr. Mylonas cheers my soul greatly. He ... admires Mr. Blegen tremendously, and tells how they sometimes blindfold him and he can tell a *middle* from a *late* Helladic sherd just by the feel. Some innocent soul asked "where's Mr. H. now?" and Mr. M. said "in Athens, getting his Corinth material ready for publishing" and went on about how he'd been over the manuscript and how beautifully accurate it was. Then somebody else said one might think they'd let Mr. H. go on excavating it, and Mr. M. said "well, it's all too bad, and I don't like to talk about it", and shut up. I could have hugged him.

Mr. M. is suggesting all sorts of delightful trips for ... us to take in the Spring, poking around and having as much time as we want to spend at interesting places, walking or going on mules. And during the winter we want to be off on one-day trips at least once a week. Hazel of course knows the country very well, and Eppie and I like the idea of going around with her because we're all more or less seriously inclined, while some of the others sort of go "just for the ride". That sounds priggish, but I think you can see what I mean. ... [Hazel is Hazel Dorothy Hanson, Stanford University, an ASCSA student]

I like the Greeks a lot, particularly the people in the country and small towns. They are cordial and hospitable, and one feels perfectly safe with them.

I can't go into detail about this last trip (to Corinth)- there's too much- it will have to wait till I can talk and show the pictures. Corinth was lovely. We climbed Acrocorinth and got to the top in time to see the sunset over a wonderful view – to the north the Gulf of Corinth with Mount Parnassus, Helicon and Cithaeron beyond. And to the south the mountains of Argos and Arcadia. We came down by moonlight.

November 14th we go by railroad to Olympia- a 16-hour ride- and stay there for two days, and return stopping over one day at the interesting convent of Megaspilion. Mr. Carpenter will conduct that trip.

As soon as we get back from that trip the real work will begin— and since I want to take almost all the courses that are offered I shall be fearfully busy. But it's the chance of a lifetime.

10 November Athens

Tuesday night Eppie and Hazel and I went to the Zappeion for tea. There was a very pale sunset, and afterwards the Acropolis was a violet mass of lovely outlines against a greenish sky. Hymettus was violet too.

Last night ... we went up to the Acropolis with Mr. And Mrs. Mylonas and the Wallaces and the Hopkins. It was a full moon, and thrillingly lovely. We walked under the south side of the Acropolis with the heavy bastions of the fortifications towering above us, with just one corner of the Parthenon peeking out over the edge; then around to the west side and up the steps through the Propylaea, and out on to the bastion of the Nike Temple. We stayed there for some time looking out to the Hymettus and the sea. Then we prowled around the Parthenon and viewed part of the Propylaea framed between the two columns of the Parthenon, and Lycabettus framed in columns with the outline of Hymettus behind. The Porch of the Maidens was exquisite. Looking through the north Porch the front columns were clear and bright in the moonlight, and the columns behind them black so that they looked like shadows of the front ones against the sky. The buildings didn't look coldly white, but one could see something of the warm brown that makes them seem so much a part of the rock on which they stand.

12 November Athens

Mr. Mylonas told me at dinner last night that Mrs. Hill had arrived in Athens yesterday morning, and that he had seen her and she asked all about me. So we went (to meet her), ... first Mrs. Blegen appeared and welcomed me cordially, and then Mrs. Hill came in- and it seemed so beautifully natural- and her eyes are just as blue as ever, and she was wearing blue to match them, just as always... and I'm happier than I've been in ages!

21 November Athens

Last Monday we took the six o'clock train for Olympia, a fifteen hour ride. We followed the coast line around to Corinth ... all the way to Patras. We spent two days going over the ruins and museum at Olympia. Elis is so different from the rest of Greece- a flat plain with lots of oak trees in it. The precinct at Olympia is full of pine trees ... so that you have the soft sound of the wind in the branches continuously. There were little pink-and-white and yellow daisies everywhere.

Mr. Carpenter's talks on the sculptors in the museum were really thrilling- his course in sculpture ought to be great.

Thursday we left Olympia by starlight in the early morning by train, and then took the cog railway up to the monastery of Megaspilaion. We went up through a beautiful gorge with a mountain torrent rushing below us, and high cliffs towering above our heads. We then walked about forty-five minutes up a winding path, and finally arrived at the monastery and the hotel connected with it, which clung to the side of the cliff just under its very top. There was a magnificent view back down the valley, with dark green pine trees everywhere, except just along the stream where the plane trees made a ribbon of autumn colors. We got up the next morning by starlight and went to the six o'clock service in the little Byzantine church, which is underground, or rather back in the "big cave", from which the place gets its name. It was rather lovely- the flickering candles and the black-robed priests with their gray beards and pigtailed chanting the service. ... Then back down the gorge again, and on the train to Athens. It was a lovely afternoon, and the gulf a deep blue that sometimes flicked to green and purple, and the mountains across were a dreamy pink with blue shadows.

{Saturday}

In the afternoon came the "thrillingest" thing so far— Dorpfeld's first lecture. He is a German Archeologist, the acknowledged authority on all problems of Athenian topography, and for years has lectured on the spot every Saturday afternoon to all who will come. He held forth in the theatre of Dionyseus last time about the stage buildings and stage ... He spoke in German, but a very clear German, so that even I could follow him and got most of his points. He's a hale and hearty, ruddy and silky haired old man with brilliant eyes that gleam as he follows along his argument, and seems to be looking at you alone. He is such a convincing speaker that it isn't until you've come away that it even occurs to you to doubt any of his theories. The members of our School are expected to attend all of his lectures, and it will be a pleasure as well as a privilege- also good for my German.

This morning Mr. Carpenter announced the program for the winter. Short school trips to places near at hand ... sometimes extending over Sunday and Monday. On Wednesday and Saturday mornings through December Mr. Mylonas will lecture on prehistory in the museum, and after December one or more mornings will be taken by Mr. Carpenter's lectures on sculpture ... by Mr. Meritt's lectures on topography. Thursday morning Mr. Meritt will lecture in the epigraphic

museum on inscriptions. Wednesday afternoon Professor Bonner gives his course on problems in Greek religion, and Friday afternoon one on Theocritus and the Bucolic poets. I am going to start out taking all of the courses.

When I returned from Olympia I found a letter from Mrs. Hill saying that she and Mrs. Blegen are going to be at home to-morrow afternoon, and wanted me to come and help. ... Isn't that nice?

This morning I had a nice letter from Davy— I had written him for advice about next year. I'll quote a paragraph just to show how he looks after his students: "Mr. Mylonas wrote me (Davy) that he had definitely decided to come to Hopkins and I think I ought to give him the Vogeler fellowship, and any other help I can. I hope to get him some teaching. The Harcum fellowship ought to be available for women, and perhaps that will help you a little. In any case I want you to take your Ph.D. next year and get it out of the way. See all you can this year and take Showerman's course in Rome (next July). I'll see you through somehow if I have to lend you the money. But let us try for reappointment to a Carnegie Fellowship. Put in your application and tell me when and where I must write" Now, isn't he a dear? ...

It does warm my heart and make me eager to try- and if he is set on having me get my degree next year I must do it if possible- for there's no telling what's in his mind or what he may know about future situations and things that I can't foresee. He ... is coming to Athens about Jan. 15th. He wants me to talk to Carpenter about starting my dissertation. Let's pray that the Carnegie people still love me.

Later-

Mr. Mylonas likes our idea of talking Greek at table. He is such a peach, and always so cheerful and full of fun even when he is dead tired. Of course this year he's the only one of the old regime left over and Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Meritt come to him with all sorts of things that they're not sure about. He must be in his early thirties, but he acts like a perfect boy most of the time, which is all the more amazing after the dreadful experiences he is said to have had at the time of the Smyrna disaster.

24 November Athens

I had an awfully nice tea at Mrs. Hill's last Tuesday. Mrs. Mylonas poured, and Mr. Mylonas and I passed around tea and cakes and made ourselves generally useful.... I met Mr. Hill again, but of course didn't have much opportunity to talk to him. Mr. Blegen is at the U. of Cincinnati lecturing this Fall, but returns to Greece in February.

Eppie and I dashed around and left cards at the American Legation and the German and English Schools- Athens is very proper about card leaving- and at the Carpenters, Meritts, and Bonners.

Next morning

The Thanksgiving dinner at the school was great. ... All the men wore tux, and the girls wore evening dresses, so it was very gay. ... We finished at 11.30 (!) and then danced for a bit, some played bridge, and a half dozen of us had an exciting game of rummy. We reached The Annex about 2 A.M. I had an interesting conversation with a Mr. LaLarge who is in Greece for a short while and staying at The Annex. He is an architect. He knows Claude Bragdon, and we had a lovely time discussing sketching, scene-painting, architectural polychrome and what not.

Sunday morning I went to the opening of the Athens Symphony orchestra with Mr. Westbrook. ... he insisted on taking us to Conti's, a rather nice restaurant, where we had a pleasant meal and a glass of port wine apiece- he claiming it would be good for his misbehaving tummy ...and I claimed it would be good for my cold. ... I hope my occasional indulgences in the foul fiend alcohol aren't disturbing you- I am really very discreet.

Sunday afternoon the whole school was invited to the Scoggins' for tea- he is the librarian of the Gennadeion. We had charades afterwards, and it was great fun.

08 December Athens

(Monday) during dinner a note arrived from Mrs. Hill saying that they had an extra ticket for the Arthur Rubinstein recital, and would I like to go with them. They (Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen) called for me a little before ten-nothing begins until ten in the evening, for the Greeks don't dine until 8:30 or nine- and brought me home again afterwards. Mrs. Blegen has a nice closed car and a chauffeur to drive it. I enjoyed myself, of course, being with them- though he is only a fair pianist and the program was rather poorly chosen.

Tuesday was a red letter day. I went to the Hill's again for tea, got there a little early, and found Mrs. Blegen pouring. After I had my tea she made me pour, and this was my first experience at "doing the honors" at any real tea. ... But to come back to the tea- pretty soon I glanced up and saw that Dr. Dorpfeld was there in one corner having a hot session with two of the Greek archeologists. I was thoroughly enjoying myself ... when Mrs. Hill came over to me and asked if I wouldn't like to meet him. ... She introduced me as one of her old students, and then he said she had been a student of his once! and then he sat down and talked with me ... I am still walking on air.

Latest Princeton dirt. I discovered (name deleted) took one of his exams (for the ASCSA) in modern Greek instead of in Ancient Greek Prose Composition— that used to be allowed, but is no more. He claimed to have misunderstood and so it was allowed to pass and he got his fellowship. ... We promptly passed the news on to Davy, and hope he is spreading it. ... He told Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen, and they were highly amused. We wonder if the

mistake would have been allowed to pass if (name deleted) had been at any other place than Princeton.

We anti-Capps people think it is a beautiful joke that everybody is taking the course in pre-history (Blegen's area)- Capps objected strenuously to them, and therefore to Mr. Blegen. Meritt's course in inscription bids fair to be most fascinating- but we shall slave over it I can see.

16 December Athens

Davy says to try for a Vassar fellowship again (!). That Miss Haight (whom I saw in Rome) said to. I must admit I'd feel a bit cheeky to do so- but I may end up trying. But I feel as if I owe so much to Vassar already.

02 January **1928** Athens

...it was the first chance I'd had to talk to Mrs. Hill without lots of other people around. So I spilled some of my distress at not getting more work done and not getting a course in topography. And Prof. Bonner's course in religion not turning out to be as worth while as I had expected, and Dr. Carpenter's unconcern over the work of any of us, and how I was longing for Davy to arrive and straighten me out. (*emphasis added*) The mere process of telling it all (to Mrs. Blegen) cheered me up some, and she gave me some good advice and strengthened my half-formed resolve to kick over the traces and do as I thought best- i.e., quit doing any work for Bonner's courses and start work on my school paper by myself, and exploring Athens and the surrounding country by myself. Blessings on the dear woman for that, for I had been feeling utterly miserable and discouraged for a week.

I am beginning to discover that some of the others aren't entirely satisfied with the way things are going- some of them have no graduate work at all, and yet no one seems ready to give them any help or suggestions.

06 January Athens

I have spent some (\$8) of your Christmas money for a dress- or rather the material for it— hand woven material, silk and cotton, thin and slightly crêpey, and very gleaming in a lovely shade of pink, with loom embroidery in slightly darker pink in a geometrical design, a wide band for the bottom of the skirt and narrower band for the sleeves. It will be a summer afternoon dress to take the place of my class day dress which is pretty faded. I need a pattern. I think the dress would probably be prettiest if made up like the Russe dresses. ... I wonder if you could get a Vogue pattern for me and mail it? ... I want something with big raglan sleeves that are gathered with a little tight cuff. ... The skirt will have to be plain for the material isn't wide enough for kick pleats.

12 January Athens

(Tuesday) night we had a dinner party in honor of Virginia Grace's (student of the School) birthday- Dr. and Mrs. Carpenter, Eppie, Hazel Hanson, and Fred Schaeffer (student of The School) were invited down from The School. It was very gay, and we danced afterwards- that is, some of us- while the rest played bridge. I'm beginning to adore dancing. I wore my black evening dress with the grey embroidery, and everybody admired it and said that the skirt looked so pretty as I danced.

Mr. Couch is arriving tomorrow ...

Davy is arriving on the 20th. Mr. Mylonas saw him in Egypt and Davy wrote Eppie that he (Mr. M.) was very pleased with Hopkins' methods as exemplified by us- and Davy is as proud as can be of us, calling us his "two star aces". Guess we work all the harder. The more I see of other profs and colleges and methods the gladder I am that I landed at Vassar and at Johns Hopkins.

20 January Athens

Mrs. Hill said that she thought she might persuade Mr. Hill to go up on the Acropolis with us sometime and explain some of the things that have puzzled us! She is such a dear- and so is Mrs. Blegen- and they all take the awful situation so beautifully, with never a dig at the opposite faction, though there have been plenty of opportunities to make remarks- and the Capps-Carpenter faction never hesitates to make digs. Mrs. Hill even asked if Eppie- as fellow of the School- would want to be seen up on the Acropolis with Mr. Hill, fearing that the people at the school might make it unpleasant for her. To which Eppie remarked that it was none of their business. I can't help feeling that if the Hills and Blegens just sit tight for a few years the whole thing will settle itself- people in America will begin to realize that they've killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, Capps will be overruled, and the Agora dug by someone who knows how to dig.

The Robinsons arrive to-morrow morning- we're going down to the Piraeus to meet them- and how glad we will be to see Davy!

26 January Athens

The most important (thing) being the arrival of the Robinsons.

Sunday we had a fine excursion (with the Robinsons). We were conveyed from the Piraeus to the naval station in one of the government boats, going through the straits of Salamis over the site of the battle. The Robinsons, Eppie and I had to make a hasty change into evening dress, for we were invited to the Hills for dinner, where we had a lovely time as usual. ...

by the way, Eppie has become "Nike"- the Greek nickname for her name, Eunice.

Saturday morning Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen took us down to the Piraeus in their car, and we poked about the antiquities there. ... Incidentally, we learned

all the latest scandal about the Capps, and it is apparent that he's getting himself in wrong with the Greek authorities over his plan to make the Agora dig "a training school for young archaeologists."- that is, having a lot of inexperienced youngsters with no competent director messing around and ruining everything. Mrs. Hill remarked that if he was given enough rope he would probably hang himself sooner or later. I hope it will be sooner!

Tomorrow afternoon they are taking us out to Marathon- aren't they good to us? We were talking about not caring to go to the School excavations at Corinth, and Mrs. Hill said to me that Mr. Blegen might like to have me go to his excavations of the Mycenaean tombs at the Argive, and told me not to commit myself about going to Corinth... Obviously I should prefer being at his excavations to one conducted by people who don't know so well how to dig- ... please keep your mouth shut about it and anything I might write about the Capps-Hill affair.

Davy plans to excavate at Olynthus up in Chalcidice in Northern Greece and wants to take Eppie, Mr. Couch, and I along, and to begin quite soon. He is going to try to get a house for us to stay in, though we may have to rough it in tents. Mrs. Robinson will go along of course. However, he hasn't his permission from the Greek Gov't yet, so he's not sure of being able to do it- so don't mention that to anyone either until I confirm it.

03 February Athens

Well, I guess I'm in for two months exile in Olynthus. Dr. Robinson has permission from the School and the Greek government to excavate there. He is going up with Mr. Mylonas in a couple of weeks to get workman, and Mrs. Robinson is going along to see about living quarters, cooks, mosquito netting and the like. Nike, Herbert Couch and I are going up immediately after the Cretan trip (about March 15th) and stay until May 15th.

Before I go on I had better tell you something about Olynthus (pronounced O-lin-thus). It is in Chalcidice- that is way up in Macedonia in the North(eastern) part of Greece. Three little fingers stick down ...



We go to Saloniki by train and out to Olynthus by bus. Of course, he's not absolutely sure of finding anything. This particular mound of earth is thought to be the site of Olynthus, but when he starts digging it may turn out to be a prehistoric mound, in which case he will have to abandon the dig, since the British have first rights to all prehistoric sites in Macedonia. ... It may prove to be an exciting dig- the city was destroyed by Philip of Macedonia in 348 BC, so there will be no boring Roman stuff- anything we find will be of the best classical period.

Nike and I are a bit sad at having to spend two months there- we had been planning all sorts of pleasant trips for the Spring... But Dr. Robinson was given permission to dig on the provision that three members of the American School would be at the dig all the time- and Nike, Herbert and I seem to be the three. You see, it all goes back to that ogre Capps- he wants to keep all American Excavations in Greece in the hands of the School. He tried to prevent Mr. Blegen's digging at Heraeum this Spring until he found that the University of Cincinnati and Mrs. Hoppin would give their money to Mr. Blegen alone, and not to the School, now that he is no longer connected with it, and so he (Capps) jumped over the fence and is now all graciousness and willingness to allow Mr. Blegen to dig. I got all this from Mr. Blegen's letters which Mrs. Blegen read to Nike and me the other day. Similarly, Capps was trying to block Dr. Robinson's plans, and Mr. Carpenter had express orders from him not to get him a permit- but now for some reason he has changed his mind, and the American School's sponsoring the dig and insisting on having three of its members there all the time to see that things are run properly! As Mrs. Hill remarked yesterday "You think babes who have never held a shovel will go along to see that Mr. Robinson doesn't make any mistakes"?

It's all very silly, but none of us feel that we can revolt and refuse to go entirely, and of course it is a rare opportunity, and ought to count for something in the future- just the fact of having helped excavate Olynthus, I mean.

The three of us had a row with Davy a few days ago. He had asked Jo Johnson to go along- or rather Mr. Carpenter had suggested that he take him. Jo is one of the (ASCSA) fellows and the most objectionable, rude, crude, mean and unpleasant ass and oaf I've ever known. They can't take him to the excavations at Corinth because he can't get along with any of the others; and we knew that he was simply being unloaded on Davy. We told him so, and that we didn't want to go if he was going. Davy got mad and was as mean as he can be, and we decided it was policy (sic) to eat dirt and apologize, and Nike and I wept on each other's shoulders a bit and vowed eternal loyalty to one another, and altogether things were a bit messy for a day or two. It's all passed over now- Davy must realize that we were right, for Mrs. Hill and Mr. Mylonas had told him the same things we discovered later. Of course we three will be very useful to him- so I doubt if Jo goes.

The biggest blow to me is that I won't be able to go to the Argive with Mr. Blegen. That rather hurts. I was telling my woes to Mrs. Hill yesterday, and she said that the only thing for me to do was to get my PhD. next year so that I could be free, and then come back ... as soon as possible. "and, of course there will never be a year in which Mr. Hill or Mr. Blegen won't be digging". Well, life is a funny mess, but of course I'm young, and there will be other years.

06 February Athens

Davy will pay all our living expenses up there (Olynthus), so that my only outlay will be fare up and back...there won't be the ways to spend money up there that there are in Athens either- so I ought to be about \$100 to the good.

Sunday we gave a tea to the School people- students and faculty. About two dozen came to the first, and three dozen to the second. Of course we had to separate the School from the Hills- the sheep from the goats- and I leave you to infer which is which.

15 February Athens

Dr. Robinson insists that I must file an income tax return. He says that he thinks the fellowships count as regular income. ... The thing for you to do is to inquire if I have to pay it, and if I do get them [the bank] to fill it out (before Mar. 15th) and deduct the amount from my balance... The chief difficulty is that the fellowship years does not coincide with the income tax year...I will note down the amounts received, and the bank will doubtless know how to arrange it.

Income from 1926-27

Vassar College Fellowship \$	800
Phi Beta Kappa Prize	50
For teaching Dr. Robinson's	90

Greek classes at Notre Dame in November	
Assistant for Dr. Robinson	125
Vogeler Fellowship (J.H.U.)	225
Income 1927-28	
Carnegie Fellowship	2000
Vassar Fellowship	700
Income Jan 1 '27- Jan 1, '28	
Second Installment Vassar Fell.	400
2nd and 3rd installments for assisting Dr. Robinson	83.33
Carnegie Fellowship	2000
1st installment Vassar Fellowship	350

PS: Had a lovely trip to Corinth yesterday. ... On the way back we stopped at Karak(os), the prehistory town which Mr. Blegen dug and from which he got his Helladic chronology. I found some nice potsherds on Thursday.

24 February Athens

Mr. Mylonas is back from Olynthus and Nike and I had a long confab with him about it all. They have comfortable living quarters in the second floor of a house in the refugee village and have started digging. Please don't say to people in general any more than that I am going to be at Dr. Robinson's excavations at Olynthus— particularly after I go up there and write about what I am doing and finding...such things aren't supposed to be generally known until they are published. Also there are all sorts of intrigues and difficulties and confusions which I don't want to take the time to write about now.... The two months in Olynthus may not be unalloyed pleasure— Davy is exceedingly difficult to get along with and not always entirely to be commended in his actions- but enough of that.

02 March Athens

... never quote anything from my letters to the paper ... for there are so many intrigues and situations ...if anything got into the papers it might reflect on me or on the others. ...

You can say that Professor David M. Robinson of the Johns Hopkins University is excavating at Olynthus in Macedonia, and that he is taking me and two others of his students as assistants. The excavation is under the auspices of the American School of Classical Studies in Athens.

Herbert got back from Olynthus yesterday, and judging from his reports we will be living quite comfortably there. We have five rooms on the second floor of the house of the village president of Myriophyto, about 15 minutes walk from the dig. [We'll] probably go up to Olynthus on the 13th.

Last Saturday night I had a gay time- went to a dance with Ted (Grace) and Theo and Miss Papademetriou, a tremendously interesting Greek girl who is on the refugee settlement commission and goes all over Greece giving out land to the refugees. ... It was also the second night of carnival and so very gay, with much throwing of confetti and flowers. Also we had champagne- my first- and don't I like it!

02 March to 11 March, School trip to Crete

transfer to the Chalcidic dig OLYNTHUS/MYRIOPHYTO

16 March Myriophyto (Olynthus dig)

Reached Saloniki on Wednesday. It was raining when we reached Saloniki. They had sent out the car for us. We piled ourselves and what baggage we could into it, sending the rest of the baggage around by boat, and bumped and jolted over forty miles out to Myriophyto where we are living. We went out to the dig that afternoon, and again the next morning, but it was cold and windy. Davy sent Nike and me back to the house, she to clean and catalogue coins, and I to make drawings of the fragments of vases that they have been finding- which we have been doing these two days.

Myriophyto is a tiny village with a larger refugee settlement attached. The hill which is Olynthus is near- about ten minutes walk. We have the top floor of the house of the President of the village- a big dining-living room, a bedroom for the Robinsons, one for Nike and me, another for Herbert (Nike and Herbert engaged to be married at Saloniki at end of seasons dig), and a room where we store the finds and the Campbell's soup. There is a stove or fireplace in every room- and believe you me we need them, for it's bitterly cold. But it's comfortable for a dig, and the food copious and good.

So far they haven't found much that's exciting- lots of private houses, terracotta, vase fragments, coins, etc., but no public buildings or inscriptions. ... I'm glad for the practice in drawing. It all will help in something that really matters- and I can see that Mrs. Hill has ideas in her head for future years. ... I'm rather passive about excavating- it's not such an exciting dig, so far, and one can't approve of all of Davy's methods- and it's cold and misting. And now I'm cold, and missing the Annex.

18 March Olynthus

In the late afternoon arrived some friends of the Robinsons, Mr. and Mrs. Seltman. He is professor of classics at Cambridge University, England, and a perfectly delightful person, as is she. She is quite a numismatist, and we spent the evening looking over the coins that we have found to date. She could identify most of them immediately Of course it helped Nike a lot with her cataloguing.

... She thinks he has discovered a spot for the location of a temple, and is going to start a trench there tomorrow morning. I wish something like that would materialize, for the dig hasn't been very rich so far- of course house walls are interesting and enlightening, but some public buildings would be a joy.

21 March Olynthus

I wouldn't make too big a splurge about my going to Olynthus. Things are not developing as rosily as they might, and it is possible that the time will come when I will not care to add my presence at this dig to my list of credentials.... Don't be too definite about my plans for next year. ... Don't worry - I'm perfectly sane and all right and the mess will clear up eventually- but I just wanted to warn you.

I don't mean to tell you to suppress the fact that I'm here-say that I am, and any generalities gleaned from my letters can be given to interested friends- but be discreet. Also don't be definite about my plans for next year. All this may sound very puzzling to you I know, but I can't take the time to write the books which would be necessary to explain myself in full. Lots can happen in two months, and life some time's rather hellish.

27 March 1928 Olynthus

It may be difficult to get away from here (the prospect of a 20 day trip to the islands)- Davy seems to think I'll stay on indefinitely. ...Two months at this excavation is plenty.

Raining torrents and blowing hard enough to remove your eyelashes, so the dig was called off ...

(At home) presently we detected faint sounds above the wooden ceiling of our room. We were only mildly interested, and attributed them to rats. They continued, interspersed with occasional thumps of increasing loudness. We thought it might be lumps of plaster or mud from the tile roof, loosened by the continued rain, and sent Herbert out to investigate. He reported no hole in the roof. ... Presently Nike detected a bulge in the wooden planks ... Nike announce "I can see daylight through it". "Oh, no" said Herbert, with commendable calmness "It's fire". There was a general rush for water ... from the well outside ... and the carpenter from downstairs, Herbert, and Mr. Mylonas passed up buckets to a hole that had been made by removing tiles. It was all over in just a few minutes. We had previously noted that there was no chimney directly above our fireplace, but assumed that the flue turned beneath the roof and joined the one from the kitchen stove. Instead the smoke and heat simply poured into the space between the wooden ceiling and the tile roof.

02 April Olynthus

Last Saturday was a glorious sunshiny day with promise of Sunday's being fair too- so since it was to be Herbert's last Sunday here (he goes to join the people

from the American Academy in Rome, and will travel with them). He and Nike wanted to spend it together- which of course meant my presence as chaperone. ... We engaged three horses and a man to look after them, put up a lunch, slung our cameras over our shoulders, mounted our not-to-noble steeds, and set off at a leisurely walk towards Portes, the site of the ancient city of Potidaea. ... It was a warm sunny day, but misty, so that we could not see the more distant mountains to the east- we saw Mt. Olympus for a while to the west, like a white cloud low in the sky, but it faded presently. The sea was very blue, the country through which we passed fairly flat, covered with fields, and marshy by the sea. There were lots of farmers ploughing with ox teams, and flocks of sheep and goats tended by cunning raggedy little boys. ... We arrived at Portes at about one, and proceeded to scour the village for coins- the refugees find many digging the cellars for their houses. Pretty soon we were surrounded by a crowd of men and small boys each with his hoard of coins- we picked them over and chose the ones that looked like interesting ancient Greek ones, and bargained for them with much laughter and motion. I came away with fifteen coins- two silver and the rest bronze-

It was a blissful day removed from the Robinsonian atmosphere, and soothing to our edgy nerves. I hope that Davy let's us go out some more [to the dig]-certainly we are needed, for there are so many workmen and trenches that it is impossible to keep close enough watch over things. ... Less than six weeks more of this place. I'm glad of that, for it is not proving very profitable, much less enjoyable.

I've been hinting around to you in my recent letters about changes in plans...it is only fair for me to tell you what's up in a general way. We will have to entitle the sad tale "One More of Life's Disillusionments"; or "Fooled Once More"., and proceed to say that since Davy's arrival in Athens two short months ago, circumstances have forced me to change my opinion of Davy entirely- said circumstances being Davy's own actions. In brief he is a poor scholar, ungentlemanly, and not always honest. The unscientific way in which these excavations are being conducted is a scandal. That is already being aired in Athens. Nike and Herbert intend to drop all connections with him as soon as they are married and leave the dig. If I don't get my Carnegie Fellowship I shall not take my Ph.D. from Hopkins. If I do get it, I suppose it would be folly for one of my poverty to refuse it, so I shall have to go back to Hopkins and take my degree with a man I'll always be ashamed of. I may be goaded to the extent of refusing it if I do get it. Nike, Herbert, and I are utterly miserable here- except for the consolation we find in each other's company.

04 April Olynthus

Don't make a fool of yourself by praising Davy ...and, don't say too much about my connection with the Olynthus dig, for in years to come I may not care to boast of it. Herbert plans to go to some German University for a year's study as soon as he can to wipe out the stain of his Hopkins' Ph.D.

Be ready for anything- such as swearing you need me at home next Winter.

...Of course Davy doesn't realize how disgusted we are with him- and barges blissfully and egotistically on ... At first I thought I wouldn't say anything about it until I got home, but then it seemed better to prepare you for what might be coming.

I was up at the dig all day today- doing what I could to keep one trench with fifty workmen in order, and keep some sort of a record of the finds.

11 April Olynthus

Davy is more or less on his good behavior [in the presence of the Hopkins], though he's always sticking sly little digs into the conversation that Nike and I know are meant for us. Also, there is a constant nervous strain trying to keep one's temper and not get wrought up over things, and seeing the dig carried on in such a careless way, and not being able to do anything about it. I shall continue at Hopkins- after all there are so few places where one can get graduate work in archeology. And in after years I suppose that I would be thought of as having a Ph.D. from the Johns Hopkins University, and not from David. M. Robinson. The only thing for me to do is to possess my soul in patience and await developments

Today Miss Lillian Wilson arrived to join our forces. She is about sixty, and took her Ph.D. with Davy- has money, and contributed to the fund for this dig. She seems very pleasant.

Nike and I went up to the dig to watch trenches today- a great relief after having been cooped up in the house constantly doing close work. I hope Davy lets us go out more.-certainly we are needed for there are so many workman and trenches that it is impossible to keep close enough watch over things. The river is still quite full of water, so we wade across, and come back pig-a-back on some of the workmen.

... I have been watching one trench- there were 131 workmen in it today, in an area of about thirty square yards (sic), and it is impossible to keep an adequate record of what is found- and as soon as I get some little orderly plan worked out, Davy comes along and changes everything, so it's all rather futile.

The chief value of this experience to me will be that I shall have formed some ideas of what NOT to do, and shall have had some opportunity to observe the various sorts of objects which are turned up- if I can remember them until sometime when they can be explained AND dated by someone who knows some archeology.

We've been finding some walls of good building stones, and some isolated blocks, with rubble walls wandering here and there between them- we had hopes at first that it would be a temple, but it is proving to be something else, though goodness knows what. Also, along one of these walls, eleven deep stone lined wells that produce quantities of potsherds- so many that I can't keep an adequate or accurate account of them. Of course it's rather fun in a way- finding things always is- but it's also quite sickening.

We had a great deal of excitement last Saturday. After noon dinner one of the workmen- just a young boy- came down to the house simply streaming in blood from a wound on his head- he had been bending over to pick up a coin, and another man had thrown a shovelful of earth and stones over his shoulder and one of the stones had hit the boy. We did what we could for him ... but his skull might have been fractured, so Nicholas, the cook, got a donkey and took him the nine miles to the American Woman's Hospital. Nike and I went over the next day and found him doing finely. We went on horse back, and walked all the way back.- it was a glorious day.

15 April Olynthus

At 4:40 PM a hoard of thirty-five silver coins turned up in the trench we were watching. It was very exciting- the overseer called me over with an announcement that they had also found four silver coins, and I went bounding over with eagerness since most of coins are bronze. By the time I arrived several more had come to light, and we sifted in the earth in that region and found several more.

... (a writing interlude during which I kill six bed-bugs) ...

(Monday) Mr. Carpenter is coming up here soon. We are wondering what will happen then.

Ted Grace blew in last Thursday. The men went to Athos, the Eastern most peninsula of the Chalcidice. No female thing is allowed on the peninsula- hence the reason for our being left behind. (On his return) Ted cheered my soul considerably by telling me all about Sir Arthur Evans' recent lecture in Athens. (Ted) had copious notes on the lecture, which was all about the palace at Knossos which we had puzzled over one day when we were there.

(Ted) said that it looks as if the island trip that Mr. Mylonas was planning will fall through. ... Two months of this place is decidedly enough. ... I've never been more miserable in all my life- (I) hope my sweet disposition isn't permanently ruined.

17 April Olynthus

I never supposed that I'd live to regret the news that I had a Carnegie Fellowship... When the telegram came saying "yes", I shed a few tears. Before he (Herbert) left we had fixed up a code by which he was to let us know the feelings in Athens about the way the dig is being conducted. The telegram today, besides the "yes" for me, let us know that there is general dissatisfaction and disapproval. I sometimes wonder what people will think of me for going back to Hopkins if the scandal becomes known in archeological circles. On the other hand, it may not spread far beyond Athens.

The island trip ... would help in taking the bad taste of Olynthus out of my mouth.

19 April Olynthus

Last night Davy picked a quarrel with Nike and me and made a perfect fool of himself. Fortunately the Hopkins' door was open and Mrs. Wilson's too, so they can't have helped hearing his storming and us answering him perfectly calmly. He accused us of being aloof, of having refused to let Alice Robinson (daughter) share our room, of having insulted Mrs. Robinson, and of a lot more things that were absolutely untrue. Finally, Nike said she thought we'd better go back to Athens if that was his attitude towards us. Of course he didn't fall for that suggestion- he knows darn well that he can't get anyone else to do his coins and drawings for him. Then we remarked that we were glad that Dr. Carpenter was coming up, and he flew off the handle at that and read me a long lecture about how I was responsible to him alone under the terms of my Carnegie Fellowship, that the School had jurisdiction over me, and (conc)'luded with a few remarks about how I was trying to work him for money, and wasn't to be trusted with it, with the implication that I was to eat out of his hand like a little trained dog.

Various letters in the Virginia Tech archives fill in this situation

- The 10 March 1927 advisory letter to Ms van Ingen, covering her first year of Carnegie Corporation sponsorship, states "These grants are designed to aid perspective teachers of the arts to study under the direction of some American institution of their own choosing, either at home or abroad, depending upon their maturity and previous preparation. On or before July 1st of the year of incumbency. The stipends will be paid directly to these institutions, which in turn will confer upon the recipient's appropriate academic recognition."
- A 23 March 1927 confirming letter to her from the Carnegie Foundation states "The Corporation yesterday voted the following appropriation: John Hopkins University, Wilhelmina van Ingen, Amount \$2,000. This amount will be paid to the institution on or before July 1, 1927. Payments to you can be arranged with the University under the direction of your faculty supervisor."
- A 26 March 1927 to her from The Johns Hopkins University President states (in part), "The letter to me from the Corporation states that a grant is made to the Johns Hopkins University and ... I will have your name formally passed upon by the authorities of the University and would like to know what arrangements you desire for the payment of the stipend by the Treasurer of the University."
- A 28 May 1927 letter addressed "To Whom It May Concern" from Prof. David M. Robinson (Davy) reads (in part), "The holder of this letter, Miss Wilhelmina Van Ingen, is a fellow in fine arts of the Carnegie Corporation, and a fellow in archeology and art of the Johns Hopkins University. She is holder of one of the most prestigious fellowships from the Johns Hopkins University [The Vogeler Fellowship]. She is doing research in the field of art and archeology and any kindness that you can show her in connection with her work in museums and otherwise will be appreciated by both the Carnegie Corporation and by the Johns Hopkins University."

My "dutch" was up at that, but I didn't say much, and when he stopped raving we didn't close our door or make any comments until he had left the house. Then I did weep a bit on Nike's very comforting shoulder-both of us thoroughly mad and

disgusted, for he had been so absolutely insulting. During the night I reached the decision that I would leave here at the time of the wedding, refuse the Carnegie Fellowship for the next year on the grounds that I did not care to take my degree under Dr. Robertson, and if he made any fuss about not carrying out my obligations, refund to the Carnegie Corporation the balance of the \$2000, and consider the \$700 Vassar fellowship unspent as a nucleus for next year, and either get a job, or try to go to Harvard.

I can see that he is down on me now that even if I do go back and eat out of his hand he will say untrue things about (me) to people on occasion. I would rather be the one to make the break. We thought that one reason for the outburst was that he was thoroughly scared about Dr. Carpenter coming up here, and had to take it out on somebody. All this mess is harder on Nike and Herbert than it is on me- for they have already taken their degrees with Davy, while I have had warning and can clear out if necessary.

Dr. Carpenter arrived this noon, ... so we asked him if it was possible for us to be released from the dig, still keeping a clean record with the School. We said that we wanted to go on record as having asked to be released- as a protection to ourselves, you see, to show that we wanted to have no connection with the dig. He was marvelously decent about it, and said that he would release us immediately if the situation were too bad. We decided to try to stick it out until May 10th. I spoke of my responsibility to Dr. Robinson under the Carnegie Fellowship... Dr. Carpenter just laughed and said "Pooh, Pooh, responsibility doesn't extend that far. I know those Carnegie people too. You are a student at the School and under my jurisdiction, and can come back to Athens and finish out your year and everything will be all right". So my conscience is calmed and Davy's proved an ass, and life is looking better.

24 April Olynthus

[copy of offering of Carnegie Fellowship for 1928-1929 had arrived]
Before Dr. Carpenter left here I had another talk with him, and asked if he thought it likely that the Carnegie Corporation would consider transferring my fellowship to another institution. He thought it quite likely, if "I stated the reasons why I wanted to go to the new place, rather than the reasons why I was leaving the old".

I have not received the *official* (emphasis added) communication from the C.C. yet so am sparring for time, hoping to hear Mrs. Hill's reaction soon. I think that I shall write them asking for transfer. It has become more and more impossible to think of taking my degree with Davy. It would probably mean publishing some of the Olynthus stuff under his supervision, and that would mean starting my career with a piece of unscholarly work to apologize for. You may not understand at all. I know you were enthusiastic about Davy when you met him- though I will say now that I was already beginning to have my suspicions when you were in Baltimore last Spring. It is awful to have to take such an important step without

talking it over with you, but since I can't, I shall have to go ahead with what I think is right, and trust that when you know all you will approve. Remember this- that if I get a degree at J.H.U. I shall have to publish my dissertation at a cost of about \$500. If I go to Harvard I won't have to publish it.

It's awful- the whole thing- I've lost my appetite and am dog-tired all along from the strain- I don't know what to do or where to turn. But I think if you could have heard the little scene Davy made the other night, plus some of the things he said to Nike since, you would not want me to return. I long for you- but please trust me to do the best I can, and keep your mouth tight shut for the present. I'm sorry it had to be- maybe I shouldn't have mentioned it to you.

29 April Olynthus

Mrs. Robinson came back last Thursday and things have been a little more decent on the surface since then. I think Davy may be suffering a few pangs of remorse, and feeling that he has gone too far. Nike and I are perfectly polite but make no advances.

I think that he opened and read the cable you sent me before he handed it over- it had been opened before I received it, and after it entered this house. In that case he knows I have the Carnegie Fellowship- (I had wanted to spar for time and wait until Herbert brought the official communication)- and (Davy) is bursting with curiosity as to why I haven't said anything about it and (I) can't say anything without admitting that he has been tampering with my mail. Well- let him fuss, it will serve him right.

It has taken all this unpleasantness and the exposition of Davy's character as a man, to wake me up to the realization of how poor a scholar he is at bottom despite his wide spread reputation and many publications. If I felt that I would gain much knowledge at Hopkins I would return despite the disgusting way he has behaved. But I now see that all the archeology I learned at Hopkins last year was what I studied on by myself without any help from him. What has served as a basis for understanding what I have seen and heard this year was learned at Vassar. All my talk about how graduate students shouldn't expect help from their professors etc., etc., was just apologizing for myself and others. ... What I want to teach, and can teach best, is a combination of archeology with (the) history of art. It seems as if I should go to Harvard, and I am pretty sure that I can get my fellowship transferred. After all, it was awarded to me, and not to J.H.U. or to Davy! But I can't take any definite steps 'til I have talked with Mrs. Hill, Dr. Carpenter, and maybe others- so you'll have to remain in suspense for a while yet.

I wrote to Mrs. Hill about the mess, asking for her advice. The news utterly stunned her- for she had heard no report in Athens about how poorly the dig was being managed, and of course Davy had always praised the three of us to her. And the whole thing has come to a head since we have been up here. She advises me to stick it out to the end, and says she can't give any advice about next year until she talks it over with me. (She) will be in Saloniki at the time of the wedding. Then she says that I must return to Athens on the Saturday night

train with her and Mrs. Blegen- they will get my reservations and then "if any remarks are made you can say we did it."

This afternoon Susan and Clark Hopkins and I walked out to the ruined Turkish tower. The fields are lovely- the wheat and barley are getting high, and there are scarlet poppies everywhere, and all sorts of purple and yellow and white flowers.

(Willy reports Earthquake in Corinth, <http://www.greeknet.co.uk/greekcities/corinth.htm>, 30 dead)

03 May Olynthus

(Dear Little Mother) I know my dear that one cannot always do what one wants to in this life-- but one should not be connected with dishonesty and general rottenness, either. I also know that one is disillusioned with regard to people- but that had taken place last year and the early part of this- and I was willing to swallow that, and the ridicule of people for whom I had a good deal of respect, and was willing to go on. But things are altered now.

I am going to write the CC, practically accepting the fellowship, but asking if they would consider transferring it to another institution. Told Davy that we are all going to Saloniki on Wed. the 9th and I announced that I was not returning to the dig after the wedding [Nike and Herbert]. He replied with a lot of bluff that we know was for the best part lies. What happens in the next few days I don't know, nor do I much care.

ADDENDUM 04 May

I have discovered that the best way to deal with him is to have one plans all made, and then announce the facts to him, and set tight while he explodes.

I am beginning to see that being a product of David M. Robinson may be a decided disadvantage- he is thoroughly disliked and discredited by many good scholars and his books, and those produced by some of his students under his direction, have been reviewed most unfavorably. So you see I have reasons to consider my future carefully.

ADDENDUM 05 May The break which we tried so hard to avoid came this morning. I had been sick all night with nervous indigestion, brought on by the tenseness of the situation. Nike was thoroughly aroused. (She) went to the breakfast table announcing that I had been ill all night- that she had seen it coming on, but had hoped it wouldn't happen until we got to Saloniki. Mrs. Robinson took this as a personal insult. Davy came storming in to make her (Nike) apologize)- Nike went into the Robinson's room and remained for half an hour while Herbert and I got "curiouser and curiouser" as to what was happening. Both of them said to her a lot of things about all of us which were absolutely untrue. It ended by their sending for a car to take us in to Saloniki- we packed and were off within an hour and a half. ... We are sending a wire to Dr. Carpenter explaining what has taken place- and great will be the rejoicing at the School, I imagine, for Davy hasn't a friend there.

I'm quite sure the Carnegie people will transfer the fellowship.

SALONIKI

09 May 1928 Saloniki

I must admit that the letters I have been receiving from you lately are small comfort- your repeated reiterations of “a Ph.D. at any price” are beginning to make me froth at the mouth a bit. I guess you don’t understand the situation, for I can’t see how a person of your decency and honor could let your daughter study under a man like Davy- working in a ten cent store would be infinitely preferable.

... The silly charges he has made against us...I’ll tell you someday.

Mrs. Chapman is advising us to forget it all, and we are trying to - except that Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen are going to know the whole story. Mrs. Chapman says she thinks it too bad that any of us should have had to know a man of Davy’s caliber so early in life- that, from a woman of sixty, may shed some light on the situation. ...

Davy told Nike that he had procured the School Scholarship for her-...- and she is going to take the matter up with Dr. Carpenter, and if there is any suspicion of dirty dealing, refund the \$1000.

ADDENDUM 10 May Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen arrived this morning, simply bursting with curiosity to know what it was all about. By the time I had told them a few things they were so thoroughly aroused that they didn’t even want to see the dig- but finally decided they had better since the Robinson’s were expecting them. ... Mrs. Hill did say that she thought I had better go to Harvard. I cautioned her not to know (sic) anything about my plans to Dr. R., and she said “Oh, don’t worry, I’m just going out there to listen”, but there was fire in her eyes.

I had a fat letter from Mr. Holland the other day. He begins “Your report is magnificent, it is everything that a report should be, and consequently you have let yourself in for the penalty attached to a job well done. I come back for more! I certainly wish that you were going to be in Athens for a couple more years. I would turn out a much better work on the Erechtheion than I have any hope of doing without the aid of my Athenian ‘eyes’” ... balm to my hurt soul just now- apparently not so worse after all!

ADDENDUM 12 May Saloniki

Haven’t had much chance to talk to Mrs. Hill or Mrs. Blegen since they came from the dig- except that he (Davy) adopted the injured martyr attitude to them. Although he had been all this time {accusing me} of having led Nike and Herbert astray, he told them that while I was all right at bottom, I had been corrupted by Nike. As Mrs. Blegen remarked, he didn’t dare criticize me too much to Mrs. Hill, who has known my family for three generations. Herbert had a letter from him (Davy) yesterday— full of untrue things about his (Herbert’s) work and general

attitude. Herbert said it rambled on in such an inane way and was all crossed out and written over. Sometimes we are inclined to think he's not quite in his right senses.

Mrs. Blegen very evidently thinks I can't go back to Hopkins. Mrs. Hill does not commit herself as yet— merely asks questions and makes a few comments— her usual good sense and judgment in the fore. ... The wedding is all over ... I go to Athens tonight, to the Lyceum Club dances in the Stadium to morrow afternoon, and to dinner with the Hills in the evening.

Dearest Mother,

Your cable saying "Do as you think best" arrived yesterday, and made me much happier, for in the morning I had received your letters of Apr. 21, 23rd, and 25th advising me to go back to Hopkins, and I hated to be so set against it when you were urging it so strongly. ... Thanks so much dearest Mother for sending the cable. It relieves my mind more than you know.

Willy

ATHENS

18 May 1928 Athens

I am being careful about saying too much to people- indeed I have not told some things to Mrs. Hill, for they are severe indictments- and anyway it is rather an accumulation of little things which don't sound so bad in the telling, but taken all together, with the way in which they were said, showed up the character of the man for what it was. ... but the result of not telling all the things is that Mrs. Hill thinks we have been a bit hysterical and made mountains out of mole hills- which is not so.

However I shall not say much, whether or not I stay at Hopkins- if I transfer it was to get "more history of art". I think that a dignified silence on my part is best- let Davy do the raving. I have given only the "more fine arts" but all of them guess the real reason. Davy is thoroughly disliked by everyone here.

Clark and Susan Hopkins, who were at the dig for a month, raised their eyebrows with a look of what seemed like pleasure, and Susan said she thought I could "work to much better advantage" at Harvard. The Bonners were most sympathetic in attitude, and Mr. Bonner said that if I wrote Mr. Keppel that I wished to change for personal reasons, the transfer would be granted. I'm perfectly sure that Mr. Bonner would be only too glad to write Mr. Keppel himself ... he (Mr. B.) has no use at all for Davy, on account of the dishonest way he bought a papyrus when he was in Egypt this Xmas.

I had a most satisfactory talk with Dr. Carpenter. He said that since the C. C. fellowship was awarded for study at the American School I must satisfy the requirements of the School, and the C.C. people have that understanding (*vide*

supra). Dr. Rs' attitude that I must kow-tow to him alone is entirely wrong. Davy had written him (Carpenter) that he would like me back for a couple of months more, and Dr. C. has written him that I was assigned to the dig for the two months and no more, and that I had to stay in Athens to finish my School paper. Which settles the question. He seems to think that there is hope for the transfer. I discussed the various places with him, and came to the conclusion that Harvard is the best place, with Bryn Mawr as a second choice.

Now that it is all over I can laugh at many of the things that happened- though I cannot pardon them.

Mrs. Chapman has been very comforting. ... She says that we, being young, are more idealistic and demand more of people than we will when we are older...

23 May Athens

... I am trying to decide how much Davy will say to ruin my reputation if I do, or do not, return to him. I think he is a little afraid of me, knowing that I could say things about the dig and his actions that would help to ruin his already failing reputation. He will probably judge me by his own standards and assume that I will say them, when as a matter of fact, I intend not to discuss him at all.

25 May Athens

Just a note to tell you that the long-dreamed of island trip seems to be about to materialize. We leave at nine tonight for Mykonos, stopping at Syra on the way- get to Mykonos sometime tomorrow and find a sail boat to take us to Delos. ... We will take another boat (upon our return to Athens) to Rautorini, stopping at Naxos and Paros on the way. There's still another trip to Samos and Clios which we hope to work in. That will keep us going until about the middle of June, leaving two weeks for finishing up my School paper. I ought to have a reply from the Carnegie people when I get back to Athens in (early) June. The island trip ought to be the best thing yet.

It is so warm, and there is a new moon, and the days are long.

01 June Athens

There has just arrived a cable from Mr. Keppel of the Carnegie Corporation saying "approve either Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr, see my letter of the 21st", which letter would have been in reply to my first one asking if they would consider a transfer and naming Radcliffe as a possibility. The cable was an answer to my second letter definitely naming Radcliffe as first choice and Bryn Mawr as second.

It came as a great relief for I had spent an hour this morning with Mrs. Hill listening to a letter Davy had written about us, and her answer, and hashing things over. His letter was full of the most amazing lies and threats, utterly ridiculous, yet terrible indictments of me, if they were true. One part Mrs. Blegen had interpreted to mean that he would write to the C.C. and offer definite

resistance to my having it changed, even to the extent of having the grant withdrawn. Mrs. Hill had not interpreted it in that way, however, and neither did I, for I did not think that he would have the courage to do it. ... I shall not make a definite decision until I've talked with the Bonners again, and Mr. Carpenter, and Mrs. Hill.

Davy is full of indictments and definite resistance to C.C. changing the status of my grant. Davy claimed that the money belonged to him, but the recent cable from the C.C. asking "approve either Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr" definitely seemed to disprove this. I will have nothing to do with a man as unprincipled as Davy.

04 June Athens

Am sending a cable to Mr. Keppel accepting transfer to Radcliffe.

A nice luncheon with the Hills- Mrs. Hill sees our side now that we've told her everything- and she wrote Davy a beautiful letter in reply to his wild missive to her--

11 May (*erratum*: really June)

I found a letter from Mr. Keppel waiting for me— "we shall be glad to make any transfer of funds necessary to enable you to get suitable direction of your studies in the United States." What could be more simpler than that? And how ridiculous it makes all of Davy's ravings seem! You may tell anyone that I have had my Fellowship transferred to Radcliffe and will be there next year. Here's to the future!

15 June

Mrs. Hill had a second letter from Davy full of untrue accusations of all of us, and trying to get me to go up to Saloniki to do some more drawing. Were I dealing with anyone else I should go up there for ten days, since I had left the dig on May 5th instead of May 15th as had been the original agreement. But considering that I was sent away (which he now denies) it seems to me useless and unwise for me to try to hold to the letter of the law. It would be a concession- and the best way to treat him is not to concede. I shall write him presently, merely stating that I have had my fellowship changed and am going to Radcliffe- no apologies or excuses. Mrs. Hill said that both Mr. Hill and Mr. Blegen said that his letter sounded and looked as if it had been written by a madman. And we (Nike, Herbert, and I) are beginning to think he is a "little off".

A letter in the Virginia Tech archives helps interpret ASCSA's view of the situation

- A 15 June 1928 certification letter from Prof. Rhys Carpenter, Director of The ASCSA reads: "It gives me pleasure to certify that Miss Wilhelmina Van Ingen has been a member of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens for the year 1927-28, and that she has fulfilled all the requirements and completed all the travel and study expected of the members of the School. I wish also to record my complete satisfaction with Miss Van Ingen's work during the year."

25 June 1928 Athens

Had a wild letter from Davy today- it crossed one I had just written him stating that I had changed to Radcliffe. I'm rather glad to have the letter from him, and shall preserve it- it's a museum piece. Among many threats, he said that he thought of writing to you about my actions, since you might have more influence over me. I doubt if he will- still there's no telling how he will react to the news that I have left him, which he apparently hasn't suspected. If he should, don't let anything he says alarm or worry you, and disregard the letter until you have talked with me. I must insist on that, and please do as I say no matter what may seem right to you or what he may say or threaten. I know the situation better than you do. I am very well, and exceedingly happy. Much, much, much love.

29 June Athens

Things are getting messy again with Davy. I wrote him the other day, merely stating that I had had my fellowship transferred to Radcliffe, and that if he wished a report of what I had been doing since I left Olynthus to send to the Carnegie, I would be glad to send it to him. That crossed his letter that I told you about ... So I answered it by sending the report. That same day came another letter from him, written before he had received either of mine, ordering me to cancel any other arrangements and come up to Saloniki to finish the drawings, or he would hold me guilty of misappropriation of funds and compel me to return "part, if not all" of the \$2000. I have not answered that letter, nor have I as yet had any reply from him to my two letters.

I doubt if I will have to return any, certainly only what was unspent on May 5th when he sent me away from the dig- and that would not be more than a couple of hundred dollars, if I chose to consider the whole year taken from the Carnegie. And I will have enough left of my Vassar fellowship to meet it when I get home. However, I doubt that the C.C. people would make me do it, if they heard the tales which I haven't wanted to tell them, but now may have to. I will wait until just before I leave Athens to see whether he writes me again. Then I shall write to Prof. Bonner and ask him to write me the letter which he said he would, and write to the Carnegie, telling them something of the situation and saying that if they want to see me in person I shall be glad to stop off in New York when I land.

Don't let anything worry you!

Documents in the Virginia Tech archives help interpret Bonner's position

- No correspondence from Prof. Bonner has been found, but an appointment form, Number 15790 dated 11 August 1930 from the University of Michigan, does exist, appointing Ms van Ingen as Research Assistant in Archeology, Advanced Humanities Fund, for the period of ten months beginning September 1, 1930, for compensation at a rate of \$2,000 for the period, does exist. This form was sent to Ms van Ingen c/o Professor Campbell Bonner who was responsible for the appointment. Appointment form Number 24964 dated 03 December 1934 continued her appointment to June 30, 1935 as Research Associate with increased compensation.

05 July, Sailed from Piraeus on the *Edison*

07-10 July 1928, aboard the U.S.S. EDISON

Somewhat low in mind and pensive....In a sudden onslaught of reason I laughed at myself...but I can't seem to go on laughing- only the thinking.

PERTINENT DIARY ENTRIES, 1928

These selected entries begin with the Crete/Knossos School trip, March 1928, which was left uncovered in the letters to Willy's Mother because the transfer to the Olynthus dig site occurred immediately upon Willy's return to Athens. They also explicitly introduce "Ted" Grace into the flow. "Ted" Grace, or Frederick R. Grace, was the brother of the ASCSA student, Virginia Grace. Ted Grace was, at that time, an undergraduate at Harvard University, and was touring Europe.

These diary entries provide a good view of life at the Olynthus dig. These also cover the Cyclades trips mentioned above, but not detailed in any existing letters. This period reveals a fascinating closure to the Exile from Olynthus.

20 January **1928** Athens

Davy arrives tomorrow. How glad we will be to see Davy!

(many brief three line entries about studies, and the social life in Athens)

18 February Athens

Ted Grace took me to the Skyros House to tea (!) {note emphasis}

[this is the first reference found to Ted Grace's presence in Greece. A later letter to her Mother dated 11 March 1928, says "Ted is an amazing youth- he's only eighteen, and has had one year at Harvard- knew no Greek or archeology when he came out here with his sister, Virginia- he is just out for a year abroad. But he got interested in the stuff and has done a lot of reading and knows more than some of the rest of us."]

19 February Athens

Sewed with Virginia and Susan (Hopkins) in the evening.

02 March, **School Trip to Crete**

Packed wildly, off on the "Elera M" which proved most clean- had a good dinner- smooth sea, but a stuffy night for we had to keep the port-holes closed.

03 March

Got up to see the mountains of Crete snow covered

04 March

... went in cars to Knossos where Mr. Mylonas explained the palace and royal villa. Then we went to the tomb at Giopata. A look at the sea, and snowy tea with Ted and Herbert

05 March

Museum, ... walk in the moonlight with Ted

06 March

Off for palace at Phiatos got stuck in a snow drift on the way. Saw the Roman Baths, Odeum and the "Law Code" (Gortyn). Then to Voroi, exhilarating wine and a walk in the full moon with Ted

07 March

Another perfect day- walked to Hagia Triada (Phiatos)- a lovely view of the sea, and glorious anemones, iris, oxalis, poppies, and daisies. Dinner and dancing at the Dorio Hotel

09 March

Went out to Knossos with Ted, and saw the Well House, Little Palace and other sights on the Minoan Road. Walked back to Caudia with Ted. After dinner, Mr. M. and Herbert told me the great news about Nike and Herbert.

10 March

To the museum and tried to identify vases, and pick out the characteristic ones for each period. Ordered replicas. Sailed on the "Elena M" along the coast to Canea where Virginia, Fred, Ted and I went ashore and prowled for awhile in the moonlight.

11 March **ATHENS**

Reached Piraeus at 4:20 in time for baths and doing a large washing. Feeling civilized in a chiffon dress and actually dancing a bit before dinner

13 March, enroute to Olynthus

Left for Saloniki with Nike and Herbert on the 6:20 train, thereby missing (Sir Arthur) Evan's lecture (on Knossos)

15-16 March 1928 Transfer to Olynthus Dig, Myriophyto

17 March 1928 Olynthus

Arrival of Mr. And Mrs. Seltman, he is a professor at Cambridge. We spent the evening over the coins, which he knows beautifully, and it was a joy to hear him discuss them.

18 March Olynthus

Davy showed the Seltmans the Amphipolis decadrachm

19 March Olynthus

The Seltmans departed after lunch, mourned by all of us.

21 March Olynthus

I am in a stew about my present and more distant future.

27 March Olynthus

Heard a roaring in the distance, went to investigate the river, and found it a raging torrent that cut through the bridge after dinner.

28 March Olynthus

Sunny at intervals. Went to investigate the river and saw a Ford mired trying to ford it. News from Davy that he can't get back till Thurs. or Fri.. Great rejoicing. Tea, bridge dinner, bridge with much finessing, much discussion of our futures.

29 March Olynthus

Walked to ... see Heartley's trial pit- a real dig.

31 March Olynthus

After tea, walked to the Heartley mound with Herbert to find the place where they found the tiles with the complete vases showing the transition between black and red.

01 April Olynthus

Nike, Herbert, and I took our lunch and went off on horseback to Portes and (ancient Potidaea) where we bought coins, looked at the walls and sea, and ate lunch by a well outside the town. Jogged back for tea—a glorious beautiful day— (good) for our edgy nerves.

02 April Olynthus

Nike and I went up to the dig in P.M., wading over and pick-a-backing back across the river. Hung over Trench X sec 10 watching for painted stucco molding.

03 April Olynthus

Up at the dig all day watching over trench X where many fragments of painted stucco came to light. River higher from last nights' rain— pick-a-backed across. Silly argument at dinner with the Davy over citizenship.

04 April Olynthus

Up at the dig all day. More stucco fragments and "temple" walls

05 April Olynthus

Up at the dig all day with Susan Hopkins to help watch Trench X. An exciting apothiki with fragments making nearly complete vases. Some cross walls. Part of a Panathenaic amphora.

06 April Olynthus

Warm and sunny. Much (too much) activity in Trench X— more walls, stucco fragments, jumbled stones, etc... Pieced together vases. Seething, on the verge of revolt again. I've got to leave this place on the 10th (of May for wedding of Nike and Herbert in Saloniki on the 12th).

07 April Olynthus

Trench X extended hectically in all directions. More fragments of the Panathenaic amphora, fewer stucco fragments.

09 April Olynthus

Another frantic day in trench ten, one apothiki producing many fragments of a rather fine vase with chariot. Nike and I spent the time between tea and dinner flitting bed-bugs.

10 April Olynthus

More walls in Trench X, more apothikis cleared, a mosaic floor ...

- **NB:** The upper block sections of the five-year diary are missing for the key period 11 April-18 April, 1928. These sections were not used in the rest of the diary. Four (4) two-sided blocks have been neatly cut out, and thin translucent paper glued in. Either emotional pressures led to entries in the wrong place, which were transcribed to the proper locations immediately below and the old duplicates cut-out and blank paper added; or material originally written there was deemed inappropriate/unwise, and it was replaced with less volatile material inserted below the questioned entries, and then these former sections excised and patched.

11 April Olynthus

125 workmen, 6 epistates; 11 apothikes, and all sorts of odd walls in Trench X. Arrival of Miss Wilson, with a heavenly green dress for me from Mrs. Blegen.

12 April Olynthus

A hectic but eventful day in Trench X, until at 4:50 a hoard of 35 silver coins turned up, and we sifted earth until 3:30 (sic). Arrival of Ted Grace who cheered my soul by calling Nike a "lousy deceiver" and telling all about Evans' lecture, and about the well house at Knossos.

18 April Olynthus

After dinner Davy picked a quarrel with Nike and me and made a fool of himself. I didn't sleep much for (continued over to next date entry point)

19 April Olynthus

hashing it over- and his "hic incipit vita nova"- tough and in the Dantesque sense. Dr. Carpenter arrived ... Nike and I asked to be released from the dig. He was beautiful and we agreed to stay it out if possible. He settled my question of "responsibility".

20 April Olynthus

Another very satisfactory talk with Dr. Carpenter, re Harvard, going in on the 9th, transferring fellowship. Nike and I much soothed, but weary from reactions.

24 April Olynthus

Considerably flabbergasted at cable from Mother saying "you have fellowship. Use it". ... Tried to label stuff from Trench X.

26 April Olynthus

Letter from Mrs. Hill, calming, counseling waiting. She and Mrs. Blegen are abducting me off to Athens the night after the wedding (of Nike and Herbert).

27 April Olynthus

Drew the Panathenaic vase. Sewed. Made unpleasant by the bickering (with) Davy.

28 April Olynthus

Walked up to the dig to see all the new apothikis in Tr. X, and found out what a room with a raised edge is.

29 April Olynthus

Arrival of Seltmans. Much pow-wowing over coins.

30 April Olynthus

nasty cracks (from Davy) about Seltman who "didn't identify new types". Also the coins are ours to take to America until published!

01 May Olynthus

cleaned my coins.

03 May Olynthus

Herbert told Davy that the consular's wedding had to be on Thurs, and they were going in Wed.. I broke the news that I was going in then too, and not returning, which prompted an outburst about insubordination and the news that Nike and I had been "very unpopular at School- answered by Nikes displaying the Bonner ring.

05 May Saloniki

I stayed in bed. Nike announced I was ill, probably from overwork. Mrs. R. took it as a personal insult. Davy demanded an apology. There was a scene in which

Nike expounded a few plain truths, ending in Mrs. R's sending Nicholas to get us a car. We packed and left (for Saloniki). Found Mrs. Chapman at the Mediterranean Palace- had tea, told her the tale, composed a wire to Dr. Carpenter, I sent my letter to the Carnegie Corp. asking for transfer. Had dinner and went to bed.

07 May Saloniki

Breakfast in bed, discussed wedding plans, luncheon at a nice restaurant, moved to our new suite with private bath overlooking bay, tea, dinner, bed.

10 May Saloniki

Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen arrived— told them the latest dirt. They said nothing to do but to go to Harvard. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen went to the dig and came back with word that Nike "had corrupted me".

12 May Saloniki

The wedding— with the wedding march, a fox trot ... and me abducted back to Athens by Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen.

May 13, enroute to Athens

Awake at dawn to see Thermopylae, Parnassus, Livadia, the Chaeronea lion- [night train], breakfast with Mrs. H and (Mrs.) B, more jawing about Davy and Capps.

21 May Athens

lunch with Ted, dinner with (Ted) at Russian place with nice music.

17 May Athens

Wrote letters. Got police permit. Lunch with Mrs. Schaefer at Tea Room, nap, photos, with Sue Grundy for parasols, chests, brocade bracelets, dinner with Mrs. Chapman, met Mr. And Mrs. Coustaous, drinks with them.

18 May Athens

Read on Delos, lunch with Mrs. S. and Mrs. Chapman, lemonade with the latter afterwards, and a nice talk— nap letters, tea in the Hopkins room met with Mrs. Schuman and Dr. Wack.

19 May Athens

Good talk with Dr. Carpenter.

20 May Athens

Studied, slept, cut out green dress, took pictures for the Bonners, had tea with T. and looked at Mr. B's coins, dinner at the Scoggins, back home to find Virginia, Ted, and Fred back, looked at Cretan pictures with Ted.

22 May Athens
photographing many things ... for Ted

23 May Athens
Tea at Bonners and heard Mrs. Bonner talk about Davy in Egypt

24 May Athens
Went with Ted to get Delos permission from French, then the School to look up boat-trip planned. Dinner with (Ted) and exhibition of Thessalian sherds afterwards.

25 May Cyclades
Nike and Herbert back in time to join us on "Triton", decked in the cold night wind.

Much of the period between 25 May and Ms van Ingen's departure for America a month later were spent in island trips with Ted. Ms van Ingen's five-year diary entries indicate she and Ted met often for lunch and dinner in 1929 when she was at Radcliffe.

26 May Cyclades
Syra Harbor ... breakfast ...caique to Delos... look at houses, lunch, siesta, swim and sunset from Mt. Cynthus.

27 May Cyclades
Birthplace of Apollo before breakfast. Explored the stadium ... in P.M. with Ted. Sketched cave. Sunset over Kithnos, with Mykonos, Tinos, Thirassa, Amorgos, Naxos, Paros, AntiParos, Siphnos & Seriphos visible. The cave and lions by moonlight.

28 May Cyclades
Left Delos after lunch, greenish crossing to Mykonos, and buying food for the morrow. The quay by moonlight— a night on board.

29 May Samos
By boat to Samos past lovely coastlines and rivers. Arrived in late afternoon.

30 May Samos
Car to Tigani, look at castle, ancient walls, Ephpalinio tunnel and Theatre. Struggling walk along beach ... Swim. Climbed to tower with Ted for moonrise.

31 May Cyclades
... a long day of geography back to Syra, a heavenly moonlight night on deck.

MEMO

**"May well be free next year as like as not;
Oh ay, but then we shall be twenty-four."**

01 June Athens

Arrive at Piraeus, taxi to Athens. ... to School to hear Mr. Bonner's tale of threats, to see Mrs. Hill and hear about the letter- cable from Mr. Keppel. Dinner at Acropolis with Ted.

02 June Athens

Read on Thera, Melos, etc.. lunch with Ted. To Lucium for the night- and a cold one, in the temple and with the full moon, which was good from the cave below the temple- and much talk of violet eyebrows ...

04-05 June Cyclades

Off again, a stiff wind and an unpleasant roll so that we lay low most of the time- past Syra to Thera. (Took) donkeys up to the hotel, a good dinner, and moonrise with Ted from a stone wall.

06 June Cyclades

Started out for Mt. Elios- a hot climb. Saw the monastery. ... On to Perissa (a ghastly descent) for the church and a swim- home by way of St. Nicholas.

07 June Cyclades

Rowed to Therasia where we didn't find prehistories, lunch at Kaimene, and a look at the volcano. ... Early dinner and on board ... for a cold night despite the heat of the day.

08 June Cyclades

Arrived at Naxos about eight AM. Saw the town, castle and church and the Temple of Dionysus. Back to the ship, finally decided to get off at Paros with the band playing "Three O'clock In the Morning". Syra at four-thirty— a wash, Ted and I climbed to the church.

09 June Athens

Arrived at Piraeus at 4:00 A.M. to the Annex for a nap and a bath, to the School, anything to enable me to study under suitable direction. Ted off to Melos and missed the boat.

11 June Athens

Shampoo. Read "Antigone". Dinner with Hopkins and Ted, & walk with Ted.

13 June Athens

Today goodbye to Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Blegen, and to hear the dirt about us in the latest letter from Davy.

15-25 June 1928 Athens and Ted

- Movies with Ted.
- Did geometric vases in Museum with Ted.

- Dinner with Ted. A set of questions afterwards in which he won the prehistories and I the topography.
- Vases in museum in morning with Ted.
- Lunch with Ted at tea room.
- Erechtheum where I was greatly deterred from concentrated work by Ted's argumentationing.
- Ted back from Orchomenos with many sherds to show, and I sort of wish I'd gone.

26 June Athens

Lunch with Ted, A mad letter from Davy. Solitary dinner, but cherries with Ted after.

27 June Athens

Bad letter from Davy- still lower (in spirit).

28 June Athens

Dinner with the Mylonases. Less frantic in mind.

29 June Athens

Packed and pressed all morning. Ted came in to pass the time of day and told me how he liked my clothes when I was still too "intellectual", while I pressed his ties

05 July 1928

Sailed from Piraeus on board the SS Edison)

23 July 1928

Arrived in USA

12 March 1929 Cambridge, MA after transferring to Radcliffe/Harvard ... came home and found a letter from Mr. Keppel saying that I got my Carnegie fellowship for next year!

30 April **1929** Cambridge, Massachusetts

... dinner with Ted

03 May Cambridge

In the mail a reprint of Davy's AIA (American Institute of Archeology) Olynthus article (American Journal of Arhitecture, 33, #1, pp. 53-76) with the author's "kind regards"

08 May Cambridge

... tried to translate German for Ted

17 May Cambridge

... dinner with Kay and Ted (and was) walked home from the Fogg by the latter.

22 May Cambridge

... to the Fogg in the evening where Leila and Tom Howe, and Ted and I sat out on the back steps and made merry

24 May Cambridge

... dinner with Ted at the Georgian

27 May Cambridge

... an interlude of cigarettes on the Fogg steps with Leila, Tom, Ted, and Ted's room-mate, Phil ...

13 May 1930 Cambridge

... explained Pompeian wall painting to Ted whose oral is tomorrow



AND THEN ...

Wilhelmina van Ingen submitted her Ph.D. dissertation to Radcliffe University on 16 September 1931, and it was accepted on 19 September 1931.

Radcliffe meta data: Wilhelmina van Ingen, "A Study of the Foundry Painter and the Alkimachos Painter." Thesis (sic) , 2 vols (the second composed entirely of photographed illustrations), Ph.D., Radcliffe College, 1932. Committee members: George H. Chase and Chandler R. Post.

No abstract is available; the volume contains a handwritten note to the effect that the summary had been "sent out for printing in 1934 (sic)." Apparently it was never printed. The work's shelf-mark at Harvard is: "Harvard Archives: Rad T. V258 Harvard Depository," meaning that it is kept off-campus and available for examination only in the Special Collections Reading Room in the new Pusey Library next to Widener.

Master's theses at Radcliffe were generally not kept until the 1950s, so while the Harvard-Radcliffe alumni/ae directories all confirm her receipt of the M.A. in 1929, no other information seems to be available.

Her work at the University of Michigan's Institute of Archeology was published in two scholarly volumes: the U.S. Fascicule 3 of *Corpus Vasorum Antiquorum*", Harvard University Press (1933), one of an international group of publications on ancient vases; and *Figurines from Seleucia on the Tigris*, (Iraq), University of Michigan Press (1939).

She also published "The Kylix by the Foundry Painter in the Fogg Museum", *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology*, 46, (1935)

Ted Grace's short, but meteoric career will be covered later. While Ms van Ingen made several professional moves in the decade after taking her degree at Radcliffe/Harvard, Ted Grace continued at Harvard. Their personal and professional careers diverged.