

Mrs. R. C. Rick  
Hotel Grand Bretagne  
Athens, Greece



BY AIR MAIL  
ΑΕΡΟΠΟΡΙΚΩΣ

Miss Bea HOLT  
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# HOTEL GRANDE-BRETAGNE

ATHÈNES

TELEGRAMME: HOTBRITAN  
TELEPHONE: 30-251

as they speculate on June 7th, 1956 poor Harry

Dear Bea - It is incredible we have been on our touring way for four weeks today!!! How awful you have had but a postcard - and only one at that. Believe me we have been busy! But wonderfully so. We have indeed our way through the Middle East by all the various means of travel and will leave Greece tomorrow for Rome after five wonderful days in Athens! This city and country have given us a tremendous lift of spirit. There is much poverty here a Greek was telling us. Out of 8,000,000 people, 2,500,000 make only four dollars a week. But you would never guess it! Not one beggar is to be found! No one waiting for tips! We journeyed to Corinth (a hair raising bus trip careening a snaking coastal roadway) along the blue Aegean that changed to aquamarine at the shallow edge - and two days later the hundred mile each way and again winding trek via motor coach to magnificent Mount Parnassus and Delphi. The villages on the way were spotless in their tinted whitewashing of pinks and yellows and naturelle. With grapevines and roses growing all over. The President of the American School which we visited this morning, (Abbott's school) he is American, said it was the Greek's pride of appearance that save's him. I had told him we could feel no sense of poverty here. Well, it is such a change from any of the other countries - they have an inherent sense of beauty which is reflected outwardly. How exquisite their art! How pure! Through the Geometric to the Archaic and Classical Ages. And that Acropolis! Not a straight line in the Parthenon. This atmosphere feels strangely like home to me. As if I could walk around forever looking at people and without anyone ever uttering a word, feel completely understood. The ruins of Greece in their silence have tumbled into new form, the last more mentally stimulating than the first, but singing ever of true beauty - the beauty of restraint! I will always want to return.

We have all been healthy and happy - oh, a tiff now and then, as we learn to "zig" together. At first much "zag" entered in. The snow white sheets, and they HAVE been snow white everywhere, welcomed us into their folds as we plunked our weary "pins" horizontal. We are down early and up early - the secret of our success. And how we adore strawberries! And good ice cream! And Arab food AND Greek food! I am sure the waiters all think we have been in a concentration camp the way we exstacize over the foods we haven't been having! And we have a circus over the puzzled expression on people's