



Athens And A Sack Lunch

By Royce Alger

Ole Dad was lucky enough to get the opportunity to see the 2004 Olympics. I traveled through Belgium, which was a first for me. Upon flying into Belgium, I couldn't get the idea out of my head that this place looked a lot like Iowa. Very little big build-

ings but a plethora of fenced in fields, rows of corn, and sparse farms all over the place. I truly felt like acquiring a taxi for my three-hour layover and see the farmland. I didn't but I must admit that the thought crossed my mind.

Flying into Greece was breath taking,

the rising mountains and picturesque beaches were right out of a magazine. It was very hot and I can still remember praying for an air conditioned cab. I got lucky and got one. My only problem with the hour commute to my downtown hotel, was a contentious cab driver. He was constant-