

## Brief Autobiography

I was born on Sept. 29, 1889 in Pamelik Hissar, a suburb of Constantinople on the Bosphorus. <sup>and Christian Englishmen</sup> My father was Alexander Thomson, <sup>W. Gordon</sup> whose mother was <sup>171</sup> Olivia Anne Seeger.

In the neighboring suburb of Bebek there was a flourishing colony of English people - some 10-15 families, & it was here that my parents met. During & after the Crimean war, a number of English families established themselves in Turkey, becoming, for the most part, merchants & agents for English firms in England. On the Asiatic shore in Bebek there was another English settlement with its own chapel, cricket field & club <sup>tennis court</sup> - very much the same as the one in Bebek.

My paternal grandfather, Alexander Thomson, (the same name as my father) was Scotch; born in Invercittie near Edinburgh. He had come out to Turkey as a naval engineer, employed by the Turkish government. Unfortunately he died early, when my father was only 9, but the rest of the family stayed on in Turkey; one of his sisters married, & his became governesses. His brother lived for some time in Smyrna (Izmir) my father graduated from R.C. & went into the business of my grandfather's firm. My maternal grandfather, John Seeger, was



2 from in Poole, Dorset, came out to Turkey as a lad with his father, who was a sea captain. His grandfather, as a very young man, set up a canteen for the British soldiers who were being taken care of by Florence Nightingale during the Crimean war, when she established her famous hospital in Scutari on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus.

In the early 90s it became a custom for some of the young Englishmen of Betch to leave Turkey & establish themselves in another country. Two of my mother's brothers went to California & mined there the rest of their lives. Two other cousins went to <sup>the new world</sup> America, one to New York the other to Mexico City. <sup>Some young men settled in England</sup> <sup>my father, who was connected</sup> in business with my grandfather Seager also wanted to leave Turkey. At that time 2 of the ministers (Pro-ambassadors) to Turkey, were Gregarious & they spoke highly of opportunities in Oregon. <sup>with</sup> <sup>^</sup> that new seems to me the <sup>almost</sup> most utter naivete, my father & mother <sup>aged respectively 32 & 27</sup> refuted themselves from Turkey & set out <sup>in 1892</sup> for Portland, Oregon. By this time, they had a second child, Gladys May Seaman in 1891.

All my early memories are of life in Portland, as I was only 3 when I went there. My parents, who had led a rather easy life in Turkey, with servants, & a ~~found~~ ~~the~~ ~~life~~ the new world much more difficult than they expected. <sup>in the barment</sup> They were very British & felt aliens in their new surroundings. My father, in the course of time, became a wholesale merchant, doing much the same kind of work he had done in Constantinople. In 1893 my sister, Mildred Seager was born.



③

I went to school in the public school in Portland, then the Park School, then the Portland Heights school & last to Portland Academy. My father's business prospered & we moved to Portland Heights, where he was able to buy a house. Before that the hope of my family had been the death of my youngest sister <sup>in</sup> of appendicitis, a disease new in those days, when she was only 6 years.

I would still be living on the Pacific coast if it had not been that my father contracted tuberculosis. He moved to Phoenix, Arizona for 6 months <sup>hoping the</sup> ~~as that was~~ the dry air would help him but he died in June 1903 at the age of 42. My mother, having still many relatives in Turkey, 2 married brothers, 2 married sisters, 3 <sup>and many cousins</sup> ~~children~~ all living still in Rehek, decided to return to Constantinople. She secured a position at the Dues-College for Girls in Scutari. It was there that my sister & I went to school. There was a change indeed! We didn't like the new environment <sup>at all & longed to America</sup> - It was too old days of veiled women, men in strange costumes, conservative manners - <sup>a strange &</sup> ~~an~~ alien community.

I graduated from the American College for Girls in 1909 <sup>with a B.S. degree</sup> ~~having~~ <sup>not</sup> left Turkey in six years. I wanted to be a teacher, so in the fall of that year I went to Cambridge in England to what was then called the Training College now called Hughes Hall. It gave a one year's course to college graduates only <sup>I was awarded a</sup> ~~the university's certificate~~ was awarded ~~instead~~ <sup>in 1910</sup> any university certificate in Education. This was a marvellous experience. I adored the beautiful city of Cambridge. My fellow students were girls who had graduated from English, Scotch & Welsh universities - Newnham, Girton



① Aberdeen, Bangor, London.

I returned to Jersey in 1910, taught in a small  
Community school for English children in Bellefleur  
one year - then had a small (10 pupils) ~~community~~  
community school at Robert College. ~~from~~ 1912 till 1914

I ~~was asked to teach~~ <sup>taught</sup> English at the American College  
for girls in Soutari

In 1911 Harold Scott came as a tutor to R.C.J met  
him at parties & dances but knew him very little -  
in fact I was much more friendly with one or two of  
the other young men, who ~~also~~ <sup>had</sup> come out to ~~study~~ <sup>the college</sup> at the  
same time.

I desired to get a Master's Degree & decided in the  
summer of 1914 to go to Columbia University - <sup>only</sup> not  
realizing that it was a fatal year or war. My sister  
Glady, a friend, Elva Rowell, & I, booked passage on  
an Austrian steamer ~~in~~ early in the summer but  
by the time we were ready to go, war had been declared  
& our passage was cancelled. We were able with  
difficulty to sail on an English tramp steamer,  
accompanied by an aunt & her three young children  
who were destined for England. When we reached  
Liverpool, we who were going on to N.S.B. were  
fortunately able to catch on the Cunard liner  
Traffcopia, which was packed with Americans  
fleeing from Europe at war.

My first few months at Columbia were over-  
shadowed by the illness of my sister. She had the  
beginnings of a serious brain tumor. <sup>glady</sup> At a  
doctor's advice I sent her to England to an



5) Aunt she, her mother came from Constantinople to work  
of the her. I had a most interesting & stimulating  
year at Columbia & received my master's degree  
in June 1915.

My intention had been to return to Turkey to  
teach again at the American Coll. for Girls but I was  
British, Turkey was at war with England - so I  
was obliged to stay on in U.S.A. What to do?

At this time the American College for Girls in  
Cairo had a new building at 70 Fifth Avenue.

I had been asked by the head of it, Dr. Samuel T.

Butter, a trustee, to speak during the year at one or  
~~two~~ two gatherings. <sup>In Oct. 1915</sup> He suggested <sup>that I</sup> take a  
position in his office, partly secretarial, & partly  
as "propagandist" for the Amer. Coll. for Girls.

This meant that I was to travel about the country,  
and speak at various <sup>clubs</sup> schools, colleges, universities  
to interest students, <sup>in Amer. education in Turkey</sup> solicit money from them,  
call on <sup>various rich</sup> patrons ~~apart~~ to ask for financial support.

I worked at this new venture from Oct. 1915 to 1919  
until March 1919. It was a liberal education to  
me as I travelled about the countries, ~~bound~~  
extensively, spoke at <sup>many</sup> nearly all colleges in the east, <sup>from New York to New England</sup> &  
went as far as Ohio (where I spoke at reunion  
& met your mother & father).

In 1915 Harold Seld, having been two years at  
Robert College, came to Columbia University to get  
his M. D. in History. Of course they & I had met.  
During these years 1915-1917 I saw a great  
deal of him & our interest in each other grew.



⑥ he took long walks thru the city, went to the Theatre  
together, saw old Robert College friends. Unfortunately  
Harold Scott's academic career was cut <sup>short</sup> by  
the American's entrance into the war in April 1917. He  
volunteered to go to join the <sup>army</sup> T. M. C. R. & sailed to  
France. Shortly after his arrival there, he joined  
the French army (artillery) & after training at  
Fontainebleau, saw active fighting until the armistice  
in <sup>Nov.</sup> 1918. He was able to come back to America, in  
late Feb. 1919 - <sup>only</sup> a few days before I was  
planning to join my mother & other relatives in  
England. (My sister Gladys had died after a  
long illness in May, 1918) Harold Scott had  
received a Croix de Guerre for bravery in France.  
He came back to N. Y. in his hands here, & was  
able to tell me & our friends of his astounding  
war experiences. Fortunately he was destined to  
return to Sumner <sup>as</sup> he <sup>had been</sup> ordered the headmaster-  
ship of Robert Academy for the younger boys before  
they went on to college classes.

I also returned to England in March 1919 -  
joined my relatives there & then in August my  
mother & I sailed back to the *Rosphorus* - I  
had been ordered my old position at the American  
College for Girls (now in Armenia) as a teacher  
of English. But my mother, later in that year,  
became matron of Hamilton Hall at B.C. & the  
meanwhile Harold Scott had come back from  
America & we met again.

On Oct 13, 1919, we became engaged. He



(4)

were married on June 23, 1920. (what shall I say?)  
It was an ideal marriage together we  
had our marriage? he was completely happy had  
similar tastes, loved the college & the country of the  
Prophets - I for more than 35 years, there was  
never a shadow on our union. I taught in the Com.

School in Texas the first year of my marriage there  
followed several delightful summer vacations when  
we travelled together. In 1921 we visited France &  
England - He was able to show me his old battle-  
fields near Rheims & I was able to show him my  
haunts in Cambridge in England. In the summer  
of 1922 we spent, with 2 other R.C. couples, 2 months  
in Bulgaria - in the mountains above Sofia.

In 1923 we had a marvellous vacation in Italy  
winter, Naples, Capri, Sorrento, Rome, Florence,  
Bologna & Venice.

In Oct 18, 1924 our son, David Alexander,  
was born. We had by this time moved from a small  
apartment to the headmaster's home behind the  
Hall - which became our home for 32 years (now called  
The Sutt Home) The happiest years were those between  
1920 till 1940 - when we watched the growth of  
our son, had many interesting journeys <sup>during</sup> in several  
summers - entertained various interesting visitors  
who came to the college, among them Dr. Arnold  
Toynbee, Sir ~~David~~ Richard Livingstone\*, Prof. I. R.  
Richard, Anne O'Hara McCannick, <sup>+</sup> Steven Runniman.

In 1926-27 we had a sabbatical year. which we  
spent in England & Switzerland. One summer we  
went to hill states in Austria with a few days in Vienna.



④ During the <sup>early</sup> 1930s the college had a very slim time as the depression had reached Zurich. However in 1936 we spent a happy summer in England in 1938 another in America. This was David's first sight of his native land. He visited Deerfield Academy, where we hoped ~~David~~ he would go in a few years.

We did not know that a hemis was hanging over our heads. (My husband had been made vice <sup>chair</sup> president of Robert College in 1934) For in 1939 another war was declared - a much more devastating war than the earlier one. Fortunately Zurich was never involved, though there was always a fear that she might be. When Hitler invaded Norway & the war gained momentum, my husband felt that David & I should go to America. He was then ready for Deerfield <sup>Academy</sup> & as many <sup>foreign</sup> women were leaving the country, I was advised to go with my son. Again we took an ~~American~~ <sup>American</sup> brought <sup>American this time</sup> - 28 days to New York. We got there the Mediterranean first after Italy declared war - we arrived in N.Y. in June 1940 & <sup>met</sup> ~~met~~ taken in as refugees by dear friends of mine in So. Orange, N.J.

<sup>David</sup> ~~had~~ entered Deerfield Academy in Sept. 1940 & graduated cum laude in June 1942. He was able to enroll at Princeton University in the fall of 1942 & was there in the 1943 when again ~~the war~~ <sup>war</sup> had reached N.S.D. in Dec. 1941, he was eligible for the draft. He was drafted in 1943, trained at Fort Dix in Atlantic G.



(a)

In the meanwhile, I was living in New York near Columbia. I was anxious to do my own part towards helping my dear adopted country. I was fortunate enough to receive a position on board of the Turkish fleet in the O.W.

(Of the above information) in April 1943 till June 1944.

~~I had decided that~~ By the summer of 1944 the Mediterranean had been more or less freed of enemy <sup>troops</sup> action, as I had been away from my husband for more than 4 years, we decided that if it were possible, I would go back to Turkey. David strongly urged me to do so. With difficulty the Near East College office procured permission for me, plus several other Americans appointed to Robert College, the Girls College the Women's U.S.

Dr Beirnt & said on a neutral ship (Partisware) for Lisbon. It was a fantastic journey. From Lisbon, one of our party, Miss Woodford going to R.C. & Mary her friend there, and I was able to secure a place on an R. B. F. plane for Rabat, Morocco. From there we went on to Cairo again the R. B. F. came to our rescue & we flew to Beirut (we paid nothing for our journey from Lisbon to <sup>Beirut</sup> Cairo - the R. B. F. officers said "it was their war effort"). In Beirut we were able to get tickets on a train to Istanbul & we arrived there on Sept 15, 1944.

In the meanwhile David sailed to France, as a Private First Class, in October 1944, & <sup>soon</sup> early on saw heavy fighting. In December word came that he was missing later we were told he had been killed on Dec. 6, 1944. I suppose this must seem to ruin our lives. It is a wound that does not heal - when the armistice was signed in May 1945, it seemed to us hollow & a mockery.



David had added to his honors for he was awarded <sup>The</sup> Purple Heart for bravery. This was a patrol team bombing <sup>which</sup> he died in <sup>most</sup> June 1945.

Howard Scott was no longer head of the Academy as he had been made Dean & Vice-President of Robert College in 1935. During 1943-44 he had been acting - President before after the resignation of Dr. Wright the year of its appointment of Dr. Black.

After the 2 years that had devastated our lives, we lived on at the college but the summer continued to have interesting journeys. In 1947, 1952, & 1957 we had burroughs in America - <sup>some</sup> lasting only 3 months, & 2 others lasting half a year. We visited England several summers - In 1949, <sup>we</sup> visited our son's grave in France - with a beautiful plot of land filled with the graves of hundreds of American soldiers.

One year we camped with a doctor friend of the chapel of his Olympus (Kulu-dag) above Bursa.

③ In 1955 Howard Scott was due to retire, but did not want to leave Turkey, so we moved from our <sup>where we had been for 25 yrs.</sup> Kulusserin cottage near the Academy, to the <sup>newer</sup> apartment in the Huntington House - & were awarded a life tenancy by the college. While Howard Scott was no longer officially connected with the college, he served on <sup>advisory</sup> committees & kept in touch with college affairs.

① In Sept. 1953 Howard Scott, <sup>had</sup> a slight heart ailment. He had good advice, to take reasonable care & was able to visit England with me in 1956 & America in 1957.

In January 1958, he went for a check up to the <sup>British</sup> Hospital in Istanbul & while in the doctor's office was seized with a fatal heart <sup>attack</sup> & died after a short struggle.



(1)

He is buried in the Protestant Cemetery in St. Louis, among the graves of old friends or faithful missionaries who ended their lives in the country wh. they had served. This was nearly 11 years ago.

I have remained in the Huntington House apartment at E.C. surrounded by kind friends but alone. I look back on a life of great happiness & great sorrow. I had I pray every day that mankind should learn to live at Peace. Since the death of my husband I have made many journeys by air. In 1959, 1961, 1963 & 1965 I visited America, stopping en route in England. I continued journeying in the summers of 1966, 1967 & 1968 where I <sup>made</sup> <sup>when I could</sup> visit ~~to~~ many English cousins - ~~also~~ whom, by the way, had been born in Poland.

I have always been interested in writing. I published 3 sketches which appeared in Asia & The Americas in New York and brief sketches in The Times of London



been handed, the large envelope with the ms. <sup>of Ori's sketch</sup> your good  
letter arrived some days ago. Thank you very much.  
What a lot of postage stamps you had to use! You  
are wise to be sending the Scott Family presents by  
surface mail.

To answer your letter on Christmas Day, as you  
waited for herette to cook the turkey. Besides this,  
I have your very nice letter of Dec-18 which  
came with your Xmas card, telling me of snow & hauss-  
giving - Strangely enough my own Christmas Day  
had similar episodes to yours. I went to my cousins  
Mr. Behek, John & Elizabeth Seager (John is the youngest  
son of my mother's youngest brother, <sup>Walter Seager</sup> the very last  
relative of mine to have remained in Durree). He is  
with British Petroleum). ~~At~~ We were 9 around their  
hospital board, <sup>live years</sup> an hotel porter, their married  
daughter-in-law, a friend from h.s.d. of their  
daughter's, a young American soldier on his way  
back from Saigon, & the 2 young boys, the boys, <sup>13 & 16</sup>  
coming from their boarding schools in England  
on the holidays. I made the 9<sup>th</sup> also we stopped  
to listen on the radio (BBC from London) to  
the adventures of the Astronauts. You know <sup>there</sup> ~~their~~  
is no television in Durree, but we make do with  
excellent radio reports.

It is a pity that your brother didn't write more



about her life. She could remember even further  
back than Harold or I. 'You realize, of course  
that my Harold & I were born the same year, 1889.  
I was just 3 weeks older than he was - he didn't  
like it! It should have been the other way round  
he said.

You are right in urging me to continue a  
detailed autobiography - you are not the only  
one who has suggested such a thing. Don't afraid  
I am lazy! though I do like to write. I may  
surprise myself & my friends some day!

We have had a series of holidays - Shab-e Bazar  
which followed Ramazan coincided with our Christmas  
Eve Day; then there was New Year's - Tomorrow is  
Yannemai (Gregorian) Christmas, Tounuk. Our  
own college with vacation begins on Jan. 15 &  
lasts 3 weeks.

A few very warm thanks for your letters & your  
manuscripts. I do appreciate your troubles

this best that I am included in your family.

With love to both you & heretic



## Brief Autobiography

Eveline Thomson Scott

I was born on September 24th <sup>1889</sup> in Rumeli Hisar, a suburb of Constantinople on the Bosphorus. I was christened Eveline Agnes, after a grandmother and my father's sister. My father was Alexander Thomson and my mother was Olivia Anne Seager.

In the neighboring suburb of Bebek there was a flourishing colony of English people..some ten or fifteen families and it was there that my parents met. During and after the Crimean War, a number of English families established themselves in Turkey, becoming, for the most part, merchants and agents for firms in England. On the Asiatic shore in Moda, there was another English settlement with its own chapel, cricket field, tennis courts and club, very much like the ~~same~~ <sup>one</sup> in Bebek.

My paternal grandfather, Alexander Thomson, (the same name as my father) was Scotch, born in Inverkeithing near Edinburgh. He had come out to Turkey as a naval engineer, employed by the Turkish government. Unfortunately he died early, when my father was only nine, but the rest of the family stayed on in Turkey; one of his sisters married, two became governesses, and his brother lived for years in Smyrna (Izmir). My father graduated from Robert College and went into the firm of my grandfather Seager.

My maternal grandfather, John Seager, was born in Poole, Dorset, came out to Turkey as a lad with his father, who was a sea captain. This grandfather, as a very young man, set up a canteen for the British soldiers who were being taken care of by Florence Nightingale, during the Crimean War, when she established her famous hospital in Scutari on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus.

In the early nineties, it became the custom for some of the young Englishmen in Bebek to leave Turkey, which they considered backward, and establish themselves in another country. Two of my mother's brothers went to California and lived there the rest of their lives. Two of her cousins went to the New World, one to New York and the other to Mexico City. Several young men settled in England. My father, who was connected in business with my grandfather Seager, also wanted to leave Turkey. At that time two of the American ministers (pre-ambassadors) to Turkey, were Oregonians and they spoke highly of opportunities in Oregon. With what now seems to me the utmost naïveté my father and mother, aged respectively 32 and 27, uprooted themselves from Turkey and set out in 1892 for Portland, Oregon. By this time they had a second child, Gladys May, born in 1891.

All my early memories are of life in Portland, as I was only three years old when I went there. My parents, who had led a rather easy life in Turkey, with several servants, found the new world much more difficult than they expected, in the far west. They were very British and felt aliens in their new surroundings. My father, in the course



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