

November 10, 1943 ~~1949~~.

Hero-worship is one of the most popular forms of instinctive ~~and natural~~ emotional and mental attitudes. It takes rank with other forms of worship that have led the hearts of men in all ages toward supreme objects of reverence. And who can wonder that the same kind of gratitude, respect and admiration which is rendered to nature, or the Ideals of Faith, should be bestowed upon the grand realities of Life?

Hero-worship of men whose character and deeds render them worthy of reverence is a wholesome, inspiring, invigorating influence. The career of many a great patriot has been a criterion by which all patriotism has been judged. The man who has struck the keynote high for his country's voice has elevated the destiny of his country because of that pitch.

Today we have come together to revive and honor the memory of a man whose fortitude, resolution, vision and intelligence transformed, in the short space of three years, the destiny of his country and its people. His accomplishments and the acclaiming voice of world opinion have placed him in the pantheon of the departed great.

More than 2000 years ago the armies of the Roman Republic were terribly defeated by Hannibal the Carthaginian at the battle of Cannae. More than 80,000 Romans fell, most of them the flower of the Roman nobility. The deadly foe was at the gates of the city of Rome itself, which had only its walls and a few citizens for its protection. At no moment in Roman history was the sterling quality of the Roman character and spirit so conspicuously shown. Almost any other people would have been crushed by a catastrophe like this. But those wise, stout-

hearted men of the Senate of Rome never dreamed of giving in. The city was made safe, ~~fresh~~ legions were enrolled, and thanks were voted to the consul for not "despairing of the republic". The overwhelming defeat of Cannae did but lead the Romans to victory - to a victory of all the nobler elements in their character over momentary doubt and despair.

The 15th century witnessed an extreme crisis in the history of France. The realm was distracted by intestine ~~feuds~~ and it was at the mercy of ~~English~~ invaders who held the capital of the country and some of its fairest portions. The national sky was dark, the people were hopeless, the nobility mutinous or despairing. Defeat after defeat had been suffered by the armies until the wretched king, Charles the VII, was driven to consider flight to Spain or Scotland as his only recourse. But as often is the case, the darkest hour is just before the day, and ^{at that moment} ~~then~~ to France came help from an unexpected quarter and by the most improbable ~~e~~ means. We see an unschooled maiden of 17, who had but a few months before been an obscure peasant, fare forth as the champion of France. Clad in shining white armor, wearing a large sword at her side, mounted on a black war-horse, she puts herself at the head of the army. She rallies the discouraged Frenchmen, leads them in battles which led ultimately to the driving of the invader from the soil of France and herself gives her life, her frail body consumed by fire at Rouen on that awful day in May 1431. Her spirit, though, lives on and the story of the peasant girl and the white armored champion will never pass from the heart of France. After 5 centuries of all kinds of vicissitudes, the nation still turns to her as one of its great heroes. The cross of Lorraine and of Joan of Arc ^{was} ~~is~~ the symbol of ~~today's~~ ^{in this last war} Fighting France [^] - of Frenchmen who, too, ^{did} ~~have~~ not ~~despaired~~ of the Republic.

Let us recall that staunch fighter against a foreign despotism, William the Silent, Prince of Orange. The tiny provinces of the ~~XX~~ Netherlands revolted in the 16th century against the religious and political tyranny of Philip of Spain and all the armed might of the ruler of most of Europe and the colossal wealth of this emperor of the new dominions in the Americas were brought to bear to crush and destroy these impertinent little city states of merchants, sailors and fishermen. The outcome after long years of weary struggle was the United Netherlands and the end of a chapter, written in letters of gold, in the tale of man's struggle for freedom to worship and to choose one's own rulers. Why were these unwarlike Dutchmen able to discomfit the armies of Spain where fighting was as sacred a duty as praying and as natural as eating? Chiefly because the resolute William, beaten often in battle, often without money, his efforts undermined by traitors, was great enough, too, never "to despair of the republic."

Let us look back to another century and at another country. The year 1777 saw the forces of the English colonies in America losing in their struggle against the armies of the British crown. The latter held both the cities of New York and Philadelphia. The men of George Washington's army were languishing and dying at a place called Valley Forge. The weather was intensely cold and men and animals died of starvation. "The unfortunate soldiers" wrote the French General Lafayette, "were in want of everything; they had neither coats, hats, shirts nor shoes; their feet and their legs froze till they became black and it was often necessary to amputate them. The army remained whole days without provisions and the patient endurance of the soldiers and officers was a miracle which each moment served to renew."

What impartial observer of the time would have thought that the ragged starving farmers of Washington's army had a chance in a million against the professional soldiers of a mighty Empire! But the end of this unequal struggle was the United States of America and yet another victory for the principle of the right of a people to have a government of its own choosing. Again the fortitude of the only man who was equal to the occasion was the determining, decisive factor. A contemporary wrote to Washington these words, "Heaven, no doubt for the noblest purposes, has blessed you with a firmness of mind, steadiness of countenance and patience in sufferings that give you infinite advantages over other men." Little men grew faint-hearted and lost their enthusiasm for the cause of freedom. George Washington we can raise without any question to a place among those immortals who receive the homage of the world of free men for not despairing of the Republic.

Today, ^{however} the events of ~~twenty~~ ^{thirty} years ago are uppermost in our minds - events still vivid in the memory of many of us. The Ottoman Empire was shattered. Turkey was bled white - its losses in wealth and men had been staggering. Defeat had brought despair. The nation was friendless, alone. "Like wolves about the camp fire, powerful nations were prowling with hungry eyes, for Turkey by nature is rich and imperialism is greedy." To the man of ordinary character there seemed to be nothing left but to await with fatalistic resignation the further commands of the victorious powers. Again, however, it was darkest just before the dawn, and the miracle of a new and brighter day burst open the astonished eyes of men the world over. Who was this miracle-worker - the magic of whose reviving breath awoke to new and vigorous life the men and the forces which had seemingly been lifeless - and hopeless? Again, the people of this nation were for-

tunate, as other nations had been before them, in the emergence of a man, the proportions of whose character were equal to the grim great necessities of the day. The act of Mustafa Kemal in defying the forces arrayed in overwhelming might against him will never be considered other than one ^{of} magnificent faith and courage. Once again the hearts and minds of men of all nationalities who love freedom and hate oppression were able to unite in heartfelt gratitude to another figure who has taken his place among those immortals who in liberty's darkest hour did not despair of the republic.

You young men of Turkey have every reason to perform in your hearts the act of hero-worship of the Man we honor today; you are justified in giving public utterance to this act of homage. The world of right-thinking men will join with you because a man of the stature and achievements of Atatürk belongs not to Turkey alone; by virtue of his superb courage and faith in a just cause he has an irresistible claim on the affections and gratitude of all men of all generations. But let me urge you to put to constructive use this healthy sentiment of worship of your, and our, hero. You know that the basis of the accomplishments of Atatürk were not alone his fortitude and intelligence. He was a man of dynamic energy and unremitting toil. No one of us is worthy to perform this or any other act of hero-worship unless we are willing at the same time to make it an act of determined consecration - to resolve to work with all our might for self-improvement of mind and character and for the betterment of the nation. To the slothful and superficial, the act of hero-worship is only light-minded emotional self-indulgence, *futile, unworthy of its ^{great} object.*

Another feature, and a striking one, that comes to mind when one contemplates these noble figures of history who dared to fight against insuperable odds, is that in every case they were fighting in a great and good cause - for freedom and justice against tyranny and oppression.

when this country has courageously taken a stand against another powerful aggressor.

In these ~~last~~ days it is heartening to take cognizance of the historical fact that more often than otherwise great physical force allied to iniquitous, aggressive aims has been defeated ultimately by the weaker side which *is ready to sacrifice all* takes up the sword in defense of a righteous cause.

~~Those of us who faced in these recent months the danger of losing all that makes life worth living were kept in good heart by the inspiring words of Winston Churchill: words that carried conviction because we knew they were spoken by a doughty fighter convinced that his - our - cause was also one of the freedom of the human spirit against the black tyranny of the pitiless bully.~~

The work of Atatürk then is an encouraging example of the power of moral forces over the material - an impressive object lesson in the advantage of having moral right on one's side.

While today we mourn the loss on that tragic day ~~the~~ *eleven* years ago of the Great Leader, we can also rejoice in the providential combination of conditions and events which brought forth his leadership.

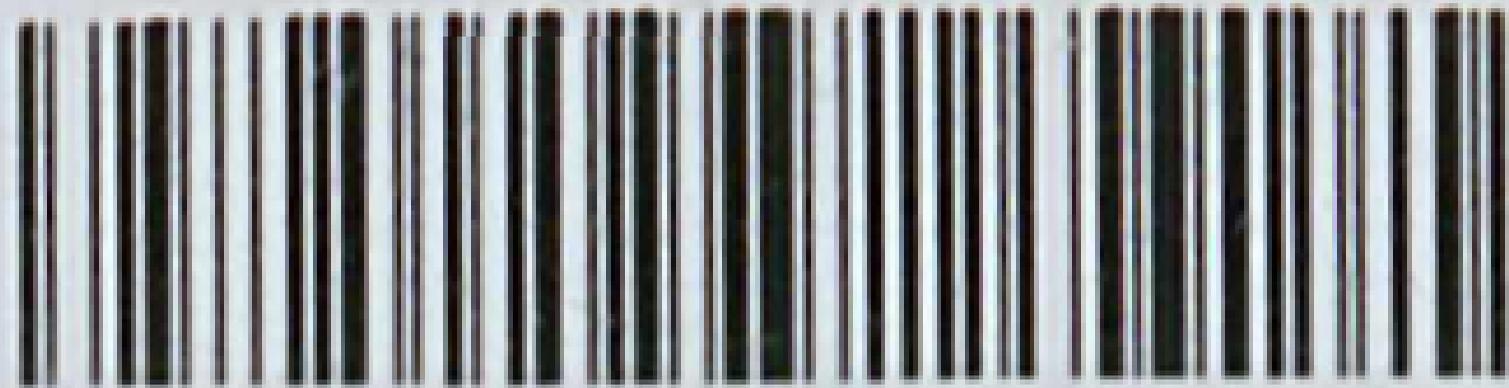
And you will allow me to say of him, I think, what we Americans say of our Washington - First in War, First in Peace, First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.

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