

WILLIAM BAXTER  
ROBERT COLLEGE, POST BOX 1392  
ISTANBUL, TURKEY

March 18, 1936

Dear Harold:

This is not a "friendly" letter. I mean, I merely want to state a few facts and ask some questions, and have you regard them as if they came from a complete outsider. It's easier to write them to you, because I won't have to worry about putting them in a formal way, with all the planned stiffness of a business letter.

In manner of preamble, the list of circumstances is not given with any idea of arousing compassion -- merely a summary of the situation. . . . I have borrowed enough money to get through this year. I am trying to get lined up for a job, of any sort, for next year. That, unfortunately, probably means giving up the Ph. D. for good, as I should continue here next year if ever. To add to the penurious condition, there is still an automobile unsold in France, and it will probably will remain that way (so if you want a motor vacation next summer, help yourself to it).

Now about questions: does the College intend to do anything toward fulfilling the contract? I've had no reply to my letter asking for a statement of my dismissal and the salary statements for last spring (April being the last that was given me). After writing that request, I thought it only businesslike to inform the New York office. Mr. Staub merely said he knew nothing at all about the affair or any arrangements (this was in October or November), and asked me, with what resembled a sneer, if I intended to put it "in the hands of my lawyer." (I can even sympathise with Prof. Tilley, after a few encounters with that man.)

I must admit that I can't keep this quite impersonal and

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without rancour. Certain aspects have annoyed me. In the first place, the fact that I was always treated as if I could perfectly well afford to get the short end of the stick, since I had plenty of money of my own -- which is not true. Then the idea that the trustees would be asked to make some settlement "if the College kept within the budget" does not seem quite right. What it owes me is either a debt or it is not a debt -- and should have no relation to other financial obligations. . . . What struck me as the last straw is probably something that I have magnified out of proportion. Having had no word for over four months, I thought the trustees might be au courant, and I wrote Dr. Coffin asking if I might see him the next time I was in New York. He replied that he would answer my letter when I had told him what I wanted to see him about. I answered, very politely, that it was a matter on which the New York office could give me no satisfaction. His reply to this was that, even if he saw me, he could do nothing but refer me to the New York office. Consequently, I've stopped that little correspondence. . . . The whole thing so annoyed me that, had I belonged to some nice little protective organisation like Uncle Frank, I would probably have sued the whole Near East College Association in a moment of wrath.

I hope this business is not going to sour my outlook for years to come, but it certainly has festered this winter instead of fading out -- probably because I've had nothing to do but turn it over in my mind, instead of being surrounded by sensible friendly people like yourselves who would have made me see it in the proper light. Whenever I'm able to shove it in the background for a short space, then comes word from some far corner of the globe -- London or California or Italy -- that someone has heard of it with all the gruesome details. Which almost makes me wish that I'd never tried to pass it off quietly, even for the sake of the College. . . . And don't think I didn't see red when I heard of cocktail parties in Anderson Hall, after the statements that

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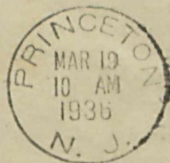
Scipio made to me in September. (Of course, if I can hear of things like that halfway around the world, I don't know how I expect my private life to remain a closed book to everyone else!)

Don't think that all this venom has changed my feeling for the few of you for whom I ever had any feeling. I know that my silence could be interpreted that way, but it is motivated quite differently. I mean to make an attempt at explanation to Eveline in the near future.

Sincerely, as always,

Bill —

Graduate College  
Princeton, N. J.



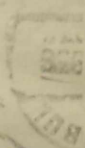
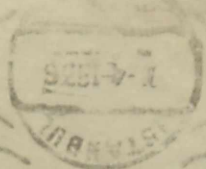
Harold L. Scott, Esq.

Robert College -- Posta Kutusu 1392

ISTANBUL, Turkey

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Graduate College  
Princeton, N. J.  
U.S.



Bebek.

August 14, 1935.

My dear Bill:

I should prefer to attend my own execution, followed by drawing and quartering, than write this letter. I am driven to it by implacable circumstance.

I have spent much time this summer in vociferous defense of you. I have had to try to refute charges brought against you by members of the community and by students, most of which, I am convinced, are inspired by pure malice. I refuse to believe nine-tenths of what I have heard and none of the more serious charges. I shall be your friend and supporter to the end.

I have, however, been driven finally to what is for you and for your friends here, a tragic conclusion. So firmly believed are these things by teachers, students and some parents that there is no doubt but that there would be

many unpleasantnesses for you and for us should you continue your work at Robert College. Your opportunities for usefulness are definitely at an end.

This lamentable situation has I think been brought about by two factors. First there has been your rather uncompromising attitude towards certain people with whom temperamentally and otherwise you have not been in sympathy. This has created an undercurrent of hostility towards you of which I have been aware for some time, the importance of which I underestimated. Secondly many of your actions have unquestionably been indiscreet for one in your position as head of a hall, on whom beats a blazing light of publicity every minute and from whom rigid decorum is expected by teachers subordinate to him and from students and their parents. I regret very much that I didn't give you a word of warning but I knew nothing about what people were thinking till after the end of term. If I had known, for instance, that you received frequent visits from Cynthia and other unaccompanied young women I should certainly have warned you of the inevitable results.

I am obliged then to tell you, my

dear Bill, that it would be best for all concerned for you to say that your father and mother want and need you and that you have to return to the U.S. Your friends will feel your loss terrifically and I am of course, desperately worried about Anderson's fall. What this will do to you I hardly dare think. I feel so sick and sorry that I would be ready to throw up the sponge and look for another job were it possible to get one.

I will continue to defend you stoutly as I think you are to a large extent a victim of untoward circumstances and uncalled-for animosity. I had made up my mind that I should insist on your returning and that we should together face up to calumny and fight it out. I have come to the conclusion however, that there would be such a falling unpleasantness, with much publicity, no doubt, that the best thing for all concerned would be for you to have to go to the U.S. immediately for family reasons. Any further fuss would almost certainly involve Milliecent and Bob M., which would be dreadful.

We'll do anything you ask us about the despatch of your things, and will await your orders relative to travel expenses.

Enclie is terribly cut up over this



business and of course Mrs. Thomson  
and others of your friends will be  
also.

I hope you'll forgive me for  
having taken this step. It was done  
only after much thought and struggle  
and under the pressure of extreme  
necessity.

I am and shall always  
be under a real obligation to you  
for what you have done to help me.

Ever yours,

Harold T. Scott



~~ZURÜCK~~  
~~retour~~

~~Mr. William Baxter,~~  
~~% American Co.,~~

~~ZURÜCK~~  
~~ABSENDER~~  
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**Boğaziçi Üniversitesi**

**Arşiv ve Dokümantasyon Merkezi**

Kişisel Arşivlerle İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

**Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu**



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