

ROBERT COLLEGE
POST BOX 1392
ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Prouts Neck, Maine.

GEORGE H. HUNTINGTON

October 16, 1936.

Prof. Harold L. Scott,
Robert College,
Istanbul.

Dear Harold,

A thousand thanks for your splendid letter of September 30. You are most kind to write so fully just at a time when you must be up to your ears in work.

It is grand that there's an increase in the total enrolment of beginning students. You have a large new staff to induct, but there is always the hope that many of them will prove fine material, and when they are once broken in changes will not have to be made. We greatly regret Hazim Bey's resignation.

It is very interesting to hear about some of the beneficiary students. Several of those you mention come clearly to mind; others were younger when I was last familiar with the student body, and less well known to me. You mention John Dimopoulos. Professor Scipio wrote me about him in the summer and I replied, though rather late. As long as the Engineering staff accept him he will tease us for money. The way to settle the question is to have him entirely refused further opportunity of study. Under those circumstances he needs no money.

One of the losses that I constantly feel, due to my knockout, is that of the personal contact with needy boys who are self-respecting and worthy. Talking with them and knowing their difficulties and sharing in their struggle to make things a go have always been a source of real joy to me.

How grand that you had those glorious months in England. After all you do not need to come to America when you can live in that splendid country. I hope the results in health and strength of the summer will last through the year for you both.

You mention the gas water heater which I purchased from Miss Bridgeman. I always intended to install that in our bathroom as our bill for heating water by the gas heater in the basement was something terrific. However, it is a pity for it to stay idle and I would much rather have you get the good of it and try it out. When you have had a few months' experience I should like to know what you think of it -

as to the cost of operation and as to efficiency. It would give Elizabeth and me much pleasure to have you install it in your home. We don't want to sell it. We just want to pass it on to some house where it will be useful. So please tell Mr. Artamonoff I have written this and have him get it for the men to install in "your home and ours." You know we always lay special claim to everything in your house since we lived in it five years when it was first built.

We are packing up to leave Prouts Neck. Elizabeth and I will spend a week at her mother's at Riverdale on the way South. We have rented the same cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia, for six months and may stay there even longer. I realize that I have become a lover of warm weather and more sunshine than in my earlier years. Georgia will certainly give us that. Our address henceforth will be simply Warm Springs, Georgia. We have hopes of returning to Prouts Neck at the end of June, 1937, for the summer.

Affectionate greetings from us both to you all.

GHH/V

Faithfully yours,

George A. Huntington

ROBERT COLLEGE
POST BOX 1392
ISTANBUL, TURKEY

GEORGE H. HUNTINGTON

Warm Springs, Ga.

April 24, 1936.

Prof. H. L. Scott,
Robert College,
Istanbul,
Turkey.

Dear Harold,

Thank you for your recent letter about
Founders' Day.

Elizabeth and I will be very glad to
continue for next year the same amount for beneficiary
students as we promised for the current year,- that is,
Ltqs. 4,500. I hope this information reaches you in
time to be of some real use for the committee.

I will write more fully by and by. Every
word from you or Eveline is most welcome.

GHH/V

Faithfully yours,

George H. Huntington

Personal
P.S. The above was dictated. Elsie has come down here for a month to help us. I must add a word of my own, - personal, not the kind it is easy to dictate. You speak of our coming back next year. What a joy it would be to do so. I have written a long letter to Dr. Wright explaining our plans. To you let me say:- I have been at this search for a good pair of legs for nearly 2½ years. I can see what the outcome is almost surely to be. The left leg is absolutely powerless. No change in it at all since that morning in Hissar when I fell on the floor by my bed. The right has made some progress, but after all not what means any real use of it. This means iron braces for life, the utmost difficulty in walking even a few steps, and getting about only with much difficulty, except as a wheel chair or motor can take one. Steps become a constant obstacle, and stairs are still worse. Of course, we can make over our house so that, with an elevator, ramps from the street, etc, an upstairs study, bedroom and bath for me, I can have some measure of independence indoors and some exit, - uncarried, - to my garden and the street. But I know our beloved Hissar, college, Bosphorus, city, etc, only too well. It is all ups and downs, steps and stairs, - with few elevators and many different levels. One could not find an environment less adapted to one who cannot walk.

Why am I writing all this? First, to look at the facts calmly and objectively MYSELF. It is good for me to write them out and to put them into black and white. There is no use blinking. The more objectively I can see them, -not as personal conditions, but as a "case" to be dealt with, -the sooner I can overcome the bitterness and the complaining and take it all coolly and with nervous balance. That last is the hardest thing to attain in all this experience. How I do envy the people who seem to be able to take knocks with serenity and poise. But that will come in time, if one keeps at it, -at least, I hope so. If it does not, I should find Hissar far too wearing a place in which to live, -after all the joy and satisfaction that ~~X~~ I have experienced in its life for so many years, -and would move away for good. That is what our coming back will really mean, -a sort of testing out of ourselves and of what I can do and of what sort of inner stability I can attain to.

Another reason for writing this to a dear friend like you is my desire to accustom you kind people to taking me as I am and will be when I do return. You will be surprised and disappointed, both. For example, -I do not see how I could conduct a college or community service, or preach again, for years, -if ever. So make up your minds not to expect me to do it. I went to church for the first time since Nov. 5, 1933, last Easter day, April 12. I played my violin with the choir, to help along the singing in this strange, heterogeneous community, with no common link except that every one has had polio or else is here because some one else is having it. The minister was a truly winning man from Atlanta, a professor of history in the Presb. Gen. Theol. Sem. That service was the toughest 80 minutes I have experienced in months. I sat it thru, -half facing the congregation of 100, -and listened automatically to a fine sermon from a man of sympathy and insight and vision. But I shall have to go to church countless times to be able to go thru it calmly and profitably, even as a listener. When can I do it as a minister? That time now seems so far away that it is not worth counting on.

Perhaps you ask, -Why so much emotion over a Sunday service? Because that Easter Service seemed the very epitome of all the deeper and more joyous experiences of life that HAVE been and that seem to have been wiped out forever (almost) by what this polio has brought. Doubtless there are going to be other experiences that will be joyous, and certainly there are plenty every day that are "deep" of their kind, -but it is hard just now to see how they can replace the lifetime of 30 odd years devoted to R.C.

So, please do not think that you will get back the "old" George Huntington, if we do get back a year from now. He has gone somewhere, I cannot find him myself, -to my regret. Perhaps you do not care half so much as you so kindly imagine about having us two back "in the old way" in the inner or outer circle. So whatever sort of "being" does come back under the guise of G.H.H. will fall more easily into its place as a "local has-been" than either you or I can imagine. You will have to come to me, instead of expecting me to go to you all, as ordinary reciprocity demands. And as you cannot keep doing that, you will have to let me fall into whatever place such a being can take and be content with that. ---All of which sounds more lugubrious than it is in my mind. Only the readjustment is on the part of BOTH sides, not merely on mine. And hence I reach out to prepare your thinking and thru you that of some others, to many readjustments. Enough said for now. Always my affectionate greetings to you three and to the many dear friends, of SO MANY nationalities and types. There is real charm in the great variety we do have in our big circle. Faithfully your friend, (unchanged in THAT)

April 26, 1936

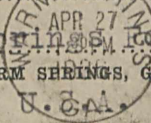
George H. Huntington

G. n. Huntington

Warm Springs Foundation

WARM SPRINGS, GA.

U.S.A.



Prof. Harold L. Scott,

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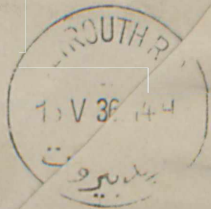
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AU LIBAN
SANTÉ, CONFORT,
ECONOMIE



في لبنان
الصحة والرفاهة
والاقتصاد



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Kişisel Arşivlerde İstanbul'da Bilim, Kültür ve Eğitim Tanıtı

Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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