

MY FIRST THREE YEARS AT ROBERT COLLEGE

In April 1911, shortly before I expected to graduate from college, while looking through some Y.M.C.A. publication I came upon a notice stating that seven instructors in English were wanted at Robert College in Constantinople, Turkey. Although until that day I had never heard of Robert College I did know something about Constantinople, for it was one of the long geographical names we had learned to spell as children. I knew also that it was the capital of Turkey and that it was situated on the Bosphorus. I even knew something about its past history when it was the capital of the Byzantine Empire and the medieval successor of ancient Rome. So I decided to apply for an instructorship in English in that famous city.

Applicants were advised to write to William D. Murray at 76 William Street, New York, Secretary of the Trustees of Robert College. I wrote to Mr. Murray and after a few days spent in anxious waiting received a courteous letter with instructions about making a formal application. The forms sent were soon filled in, letters of recommendation enclosed, addresses of references given, a statement of purpose laboriously made out and the important letter dispatched on its way. More anxious waiting followed and then came word that I had been appointed an instructor in English at Robert College for a period of three academic years with salary of 70 pounds sterling the first year, 80 pounds the second year and 90 the third year together with board and room and a travel allowance of \$200 each way. I could hardly believe my good fortune.

I was advised to apply to the Department of State for a passport with instructions to obtain a Turkish visa in New York

or London. I had a vague idea of what a passport was but to that date visas had entirely escaped my attention. The passport cost one dollar and bore the signature of Philander C Knox, Secretary of State, and both passport and signature impressed upon me the importance of the mission on which I was soon to set forth. Meantime I had written to Houghton, Mifflin Co. for a copy of a book recommended by Mr. Murray entitled "Fifty Years in Constantinople" by George Washburn, formerly president of Robert College. This book was principally a history of the College together with much good comment on recent history in Turkey and the Near East. Constantinople soon became to me a magic name, an aura which it has never lost. My father and members of the family were not enthusiastic about my keen desire to teach English in Constantinople, and yet I believe they took some pride in having the family represented in a college located in such historic surroundings, in a city with such a splendid name.

Toward the end of July I set out adventurously for New York where I had arranged to meet Harold L. Scott who had also been appointed to teach English in Robert College. Arrived in New York I called on Mr. Murray who told me that Harold Scott had called to see him the previous day and was staying at Hotel St. Denis on Broadway. The meeting of the two young enthusiasts at the hotel proved to be historic, for it began a friendship and teaching relationship which were to continue as long as life should last. The next two days were spent in sight-seeing in New York. We saw Fifth Avenue from the top of a bus, visited the Metropolitan Museum, wandered in Central Park, walked across Brooklyn Bridge and saw many other sights of that day.

We had engaged passage on the S/S Arabic of the White Star Line second class to Liverpool at a cost of nine pounds, nine shilling and sixpence. Embarking at about 9:00 a.m. before noon we were well out at sea feeling for the first time the swell of the Atlantic and the smell of sea air. It all seemed very wonderful for a youth who had never before been outside the Mississippi Valley. On the eight day voyage we read, played shuffleboard and ring-toss, took part in the program to help entertain the passengers and met other young people bound for Europe on various errands. On the seventh night out we saw the lighthouses winking their signals far away on the southern coast of Ireland. The next day we sailed the Irish Sea and at last docked in the Mersey. We were thrilled to set foot for the first time on English soil.

Then followed two weeks of pure delight spent in traveling leisurely to London by way of Chester, Stratford, Oxford with a great week in the mighty city to complete the tour. The British Museum, the National Gallery, the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Hyde Park, Piccadilly, the Strand, Fleet Street - it was all too romantic to seem real to two young instructors in English en route to Robert College. London was then the greatest city in the world. Britain was at the height of her power. The Empire dominated the world, the only source of uneasiness being the growing power of Germany and arrogance of the Kaiser. But the two young instructors in English, unconscious of the growing fear, saw only the greatness of the imperial capital.

In mid-August we crossed the ~~Channel~~/ Channel by night boat from Southampton to Le Havre proceeding thence by train through Rouen and up the valley of the Seine to Paris, the cultural

capital of Europe. For ten long summer days we spent every waking moment seeing some new sight. The riches of the Louvre, the splendor of the churches, the charm of the Champs Elysees held us enthralled. We looked down upon the city from the Eiffel Tower, we visited Versailles, we stood under the Arc de Triomphe, looked down on the Tomb of Napoleon while the history of Europe entered our souls, and the twoyouths from the Mississippi Valley began to feel themselves a part of the mighty civilization of Europe whence their distant ancestors had sprung. At the small hotel where we found shelter there was ^a Hungarian guest who, besides his own hard native tongue, spoke German, French and English. I was amazed by the facility with which he turned from one language to another. One night at dinner he remarked sagely that as knowledge of one language made a person one man, so two languages made him two men, three languages made him three men, and so on. Much impressed I resolved to learn languages other than my native tongue.

In 1911 passports were not needed for travel in Europe. One could leave within the hour for any city or country to which he had the money to buy a ticket. At frontiers no questions were asked about a traveler's money. In London we had bought a coupon ticket through to Constantinople with stopover wherever we wished. Leaving Paris by night express from the Gare de l'Est we went to Munich where three days were devoted to getting a glimpse of the art treasures and the domestic culture of the beautiful capital of Bavaria. The wide, clean streets, the quiet, orderly life of the citizens, the fine markets and shops made an impression on at least one of the young men which has remained distinct through more than fifty years.

The next stage of the long journey took us to Vienna, which at that time was to Southeast Europe what Paris was to western Europe - the great center of culture which attracted multitudes of visitors from many countries. We stayed at a small pension where foreigner visitors found food and shelter. It was late August, the weather perfect and the wonderful ancient city, the capital of a polyglot empire, was at the height of its pride and splendor. We left few places unvisited; and although our stay was short it is surprising how many impressions then gained have remained fresh and clear for so many years. We had found that we could live on two dollars a day each. We walked endlessly, rode the trams for a few cents, and so spent very little money except for food and shelter or an occasional admission fee to a museum. Our poverty took away nothing from our enjoyment. We were by good fortune enjoying privileges of travel few of our young fellow countrymen could afford and so were content.

Vienna did not seem so far from our ultimate goal, but we decided to make one more stop-over at Budapest before committing ourselves finally to the hazards ^{of} ~~for~~ the East. So to Budapest we went. Our funds were now so near the end that we had to budget every day's expenses. Unfortunately by some mischance Harold Scott had lost one hundred francs from his small hoard just when we were to leave London, so of necessity we tried to make good this loss by strictest economy so as not to arrive at our final destination prematurely. At Budapest we had bed and breakfast at a respectable pension and for the other two meals made ourselves sandwiches from bread and ham bought in the market. Our only drink was water. Thus eating sandwiches and drinking water we visited all the principal points of interest

in the rich Hungarian city. Here we first saw and felt the commercial and political importance of the great gray Danube on whose waters so much of the trade of Southeast Europe was then transported.

On the afternoon of September 2nd we found places in a second class coach on the so-called "Konventional " train which bore on its side a large sign reading Wien - Konstantinopel. There ^{were} eight of us in the compartment. Our money exhausted, we had two sandwiches and a few blue plums for each meal breakfast included. Somehow we did not regard this gustatory sacrifice as of much importance. In our crowded compartment the first night was long and tedious. Morning found us in Serbia. At noon we reached the Bulgarian frontier at Tsaribrod. Now everything began to look strange indeed. At the stations peasants wearing sheepskin coats and kalpaks and carrying thick sticks or sometimes a gun lounged about the platform. We thought it the better part of wisdom to stay safe on the train. The second night seemed endless. We had eaten our last sandwich and consumed the last plum. In fact by now we had rather lost our taste for sandwiches and plums. We had saved about one dollar with which we hoped to have some breakfast in the dining car so that we might arrive at our destination looking as fresh and well fed as Daniel and his brethren. Late at night we arrived at Mustapha Pasha, the Turkish frontier station where we saw red fezes in place of kalpaks. We decided not only to stay on the train but to stand well back from the windows.

Next morning, after an endless night, we washed and shaved preparatory to having the anticipated breakfast in the dining car. Then clean and tidy we discovered to our dismay

that there was no dining car. It had been left behind at the last frontier. This meant no breakfast, for having read while in Vienna that there was cholera in Turkey we dared not eat anything offered for sale at wayside stations. Hungry and disheartened we came at last to the Magic City passing through the old walls near the Golden Gate and arriving finally about nine o'clock at Sirkeci station. When we descended from the train a man ^{ap}osted us in English, the very language we had come to Turkey to teach, asking whether we wanted to go to the Pera Palace Hotel, at that time the city's most renowned hostelry. We replied that we were not looking for a hotel but for the means of going to Robert College. The man kindly directed us to the great and enchanting Galata Bridge where we found the landing piers for the Bosphorus ferries. There we located a boat marked BEBEK, the station we knew to be nearest to Robert College. Our boat proved to be what was called a zig-zag boat, that is, one that touched at stations on both shores. The trip took nearly two hours, for we crossed the Strait back and forth several times going from Europe to Asia and back again. It gave us a wonderful first view of the Bosphorus, but it would have been more glamorous if we had had some breakfast. A hamal helped carry our four heavy suitcases up the steep road to the college, which we learned later was situated 260 feet above the water, but that first morning climb without breakfast it seemed at least 500 feet.

The first days at the College were memorable and never to be forgotten. My room was in Hamlin Hall, the first building built by Cyrus Hamlin himself and opened in 1871. It was built on the design of an eastern khan with a small stone-paved court

in the middle. On three floors balconies ran all round the court. Under the court was a cistern large enough to supply the buildings and its inmates with water for sixty days. Five storeys high with dormitories, apartments for teachers, classrooms, kitchen and dining rooms, when built it housed the entire college. In 1911 it was used only for dormitories for more than two hundred students and rooms or apartments for fifteen or more teachers. There was also a small infirmary ruled over by Miss Meredith Hart, R.N. From the first day I liked Hamlin Hall, for its thick walls built of limestone quarried on the spot, its handsome windows, large airy rooms and the magnificent views over the Bosphorus to the hills and valleys of Asia gave it a charm possessed by no other college building. Its erection was the unique achievement of a unique builder, for Cyrus Hamlin was one of the most ingenious men produced in that age by his native state of Maine.

Harold Scott and I arrived at the College on September 4. Because the college dining-room was not yet open we boarded for a few days with Mrs. Katharine Frewen, one of the college matrons, an English lady who had lived all her life in Turkey and then had a house in Rumeli Hisar. To our amazement she spoke both Turkish and Greek. At her table we ate for the first time many well known Turkish dishes, such as pilav, yogurt, shiskebab and Turkish coffee, thus beginning our orientation in the customs and lore of the country into which we had come innocent and ignorant of a foreign way of life.

The day of my arrival I made the acquaintance of Samuel Anderson, bursar and business manager of the College. As a

As a strict United Presbyterian he was a devout believer in the Christian way of life as interpreted in the creed of that church. As bursar it fell to him to supervise the kitchen service and the purchase of food, always the most criticised job in a boarding institution. I early formed a liking for Samuel Anderson and we were good friends as long as we both served the College and later continued correspondence for many years.

I soon got acquainted with my colleagues in Hamlin Hall, two of whom - Ray Hall and John L. Miner - had already served two years of their three year terms. That first memorable evening I went with them to walk on the Terrace which extends for more than one hundred yards along the cliff overlooking the Bosphorus and two hundred and forty feet above it. That first view of the superb panorama along both shores up and down gleaming with ten thousand lights was one never to be forgotten. Later I was to learn the name and story of every village and hamlet, but on that first night it was one glorious view of the most historic and picturesque strait among the waters of this earth. My education at the Turkish Straits had begun and thenceforth proceeded rapidly. In the teachers' dining room six or seven languages were heard at every meal: Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Bulgarian, French, German and English.

During the three years I spent in Hamlin Hall I had a thorough orientation in local customs, thinking and way of life to which I have always looked back as the best kind of orientation a young instructor coming for the first time to Robert College could have. That first year there were four American tutors (as we were called) besides myself living in the building: John L. Miner, Ray Hall, Major D. Griffith and

Clarence R. Johnson. In 1912 came R. F. Fletcher and Robert B. Warren. The other and primary residents in Hamlin Hall included a number of unusually intelligent and able men thoroughly conversant with local and international subjects about which I knew nothing, and so from listening to their table talk and conversing with them I learned much. The oldest among them was Abraham Der Hagopian, at that time professor of philosophy, a graduate of Robert College in the class of 1876 after which he had spent some four years studying in Scottish Universities. I soon learned to respect his learning, his character and his public spirit. Two other Ammenian members of the staff also lived in Hamlin Hall: Kaspar Tuygil, College Librarian, a position he continued with distinction for half a century, and Antranig Bedikian who became for many years a prominent pastor in New York. From these men I gained knowledge and understanding of Armenian affairs which I could not have got so well in any other way.

The next among the older men was Peter Voikov, associate professor of Bulgarian language and history, a man of encyclopedic learning. As a boy he had studied in Galata Saray Lycee and therefore spoke both Turkish and French well. He had taught in the College from the date of his graduation in 1883. He was our first authority on Balkan affairs and Bulgarian-Turkish relations so important at that time. In the same department of teaching was Svetoslav Salganjiev, a fiery, hot tempered man of thirtyfive who, talkative and versatile, provided sarcastic comment on the exciting politics of the day.

Greek questions and interests were represented by Dr. Michael Michaelides and for a time by Dr. Kostas Konstantimu, both

of whom held Ph.D degrees from the University of Athens.

The only Turkish teacher living in Hamlin Hall at that time was Hüseyin Pektaş, then known to us as Hüseyin Bey, an instructor in Turkish language - intelligent, observant and quiet spoken destined later to become a pillar of the administration as Vice President and astute advisor.

Our mentor in pedagogy was Antonios P. Savides, a graduate of the College in the class of 1900, who had just returned from a two year course of study in education at Harvard. He organized a seminar in the study of education which met during the winter one evening each week and for which each member in turn prepared a paper for discussion. In 1915 Dr. Savides went to America where he spent many years as professor and lecturer in his chosen field of study. I profited much from his seminar.

Besides these men, all but two of whom were graduates of the College, there were several foreign teachers living in the hall. Among these the most learned and widely travelled was Herr Friedrich Künick, Professor of German. He was our exemplar of the cultured European of the beginning of the twentieth century when European culture was at its highest level. Herr Künick had travelled widely in Europe, in India and had been around the world, something not so common in those days. He knew the archaeology of the great city and was an expert on oriental rugs. He amazed me by the breadth of his reading. Born a British subject he was completely bilingual.

There were three teachers of French resident in Hamlin Hall, at their head Henri Raymond, professor of French from 1896 to 1922, by avocation a great domino player. Because he consistently refused to learn any language besides French he gave our ears much practice in hearing that language. His

two assistants were Adolphe Yersin and Paul Jacob. With the former I exchanged English lessons against French. As he had studied in Germany after graduation from the University of Neuchatel he was considerably my superior in learning and particularly in linguistic skill. He spent his later life in the Swiss educational system and I last saw him in 1953. Paul Jacob, after completing his doctoral studies became for many years professor of French in the University of Illinois where I last met him about 1951.

In the second year of my residence in Hamlin Hall H. A. Gibbons, acting professor of history in the college and at the same time correspondent of the New York Herald Tribune, Paris edition, took his meals in Hamlin Hall. As a historian he had and extensive knowledge of European history, and as a newspaper man he had skill in asking leading questions for the purpose of gaining general information. By constantly stirring up discussion among the older men at the table, each expert in some field, he produced an acute and shrewd running comment on the main questions discussed in the headlines of the newspapers. Thus he secured both facts and background for his own articles, the young tutors profiting at the same time.

From all these men I gained my first knowledge of the archaeology of Istanbul, Byzantine history, Balkan history and Turkish history and current affairs. Hot discussions at the dinner table on the problems and progress of the two Balkan wars of 1912-1913 gave me the basic knowledge and interest in Balkan affairs that were to serve me so immediately for more than twenty years. I look back upon my three years in Hamlin Hall as a period of productive thought and study stimulated to a large extent by discussions at the dinner table, the most

enjoyable way by which to acquire knowledge.

In addition to discussions in the teachers' dining-room I profited much from talking with older students in the students' dining-room, where I sat at table with students every day for three years. The older students were only a little younger than myself. Many of them were highly intelligent and well informed about the history and affairs of their own national and religious communities, and being always interested in the discussion of public questions I learned by talking with them the value to a young teacher of free discussion between the teacher and his students. They also contributed much to my orientation in Turkish and Balkan affairs.

In looking back after more than fifty years on my three years in Hamlin Hall they shine with the light brightened by first experience in a strange country among intelligent men of other background than my own. From them I learned the valuable lesson that, apart from differences in language, religion and customs, all men essentially are human beings whose primary desires and interests and hopes are much the same.

Turkey at that time was still an empire organized socially under its ancient millet system. The students whom I met in my classes, in the dining-room and on the campus were drawn from all the national and religious groups in Turkey and neighboring areas, about twenty nationalities. Most of them, however, were Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Jews, Albanians, their ages ranging from sixteen to twentytwo. The majority were high grade intellectually and some were brilliant. There were few among them who did not speak at least three languages. English was the common language which all had to learn in the preparatory classes at the College. Most of them had been well instructed

in their own elementary schools, for this was in the period before the First World War wreaked devastation and ruin upon the whole social and economic order of the Near East and Balkans. As a rule the students came from well-to-do families with financial means to afford a good education. Nearly all who graduated confidently expected to complete their professional education in one of the European universities in France, Switzerland, Belgium or Germany. The years 1911 to 1914 were a time of intense political ferment and rivalry in that whole area which in October, 1912, burst out in the bloody Balkan wars. I soon got first hand information on the hottest questions from local boys to whom politics was meat and drink.

While I was in London en route to the College I received my first letter direct from the College. It was from the Dean - Henry B. Dewing Ph.D. - and suggested that I might teach two classes in Latin, for in reading my credentials Dean Dewing had noticed that in my senior year in college I had been an assistant in elementary ^{Latin}. So I began my teaching career by teaching Caesar's Gallic War and Cicero's orations against Catiline. Besides Latin I taught English composition to sophomores and a class in beginning English in the preparatory school in Theodorus Hall. I also had some supervision duties in the large Washburn Hall study room, two dormitories containing about twenty boys each and some responsibility for students in extra-curricular activities, as a result of which I seldom had a dull or unemployed minute.

The first Monday in October of that first year one of my young American colleagues said that the ladies at the American College for Girls, located in Uskudar on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, were AT HOME on the first Monday of each month

and suggested that we go calling there. This seemed to all a good idea and so off we went. Four of us took a small rowboat, called a sandal, at the Bebek quay and crossed the strait by that delightful means of transport. Rowed by a strong, skilful oarsman we made the five miles down and across the strait in about one hour and at a cost of one mejidieh (80cents). We landed at Kuzgunjuk from where a road led up through this village of picturesque name and then over a hill to the quarter of Usküdar in which the College was situated. There I met for the first time five teachers whose friendship I was long to enjoy: Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, the distinguished president of the College, ~~Barnette~~/Barnette Miller - later to become professor of history at Wellesley College and author of much read books on Turkey - Isabel Dodd, an archaeologist, a lady with an original and charming personality, Miriam Hathaway, later to become Mrs. Harry Le Baron Sampson, noted for hospitality and good works in Cambridge, Mass., and Eleanor I. Burns, then registrar and professor of physics but later to become Dean and Vice President of the College when it had moved to Arnautköy devoting fortytwo years of her life to serving it and watching over it as a mother watches over an only child/

One evening later the same week, together with two of my new colleagues, I went to the Preparatory School for Girls located in Arnautköy on the same side of the Bosphorus as Robert College and two miles farther down. Its two hundred girls and their teachers were ruled over by Wm. S. Murray, Ph.D., a gentle and delightful scholar to whom harshness in any form was unknown. The school occupied a fine old building known as the Musurus Palace with an intriguing history of its own. This visit was the first of many I later paid to this school so delightfully situated.

In these ways began my acquaintance and association with the American College for Girls as well as with Robert College. Little did I then perceive the important place these two institutions were to occupy later in my interest and activities.

The President of Robert College was Dr. Caleb Frank Gates, a scholar and administrator of long experience in Turkey whither he had come in 1880 as a missionary appointed by the American Board in Boston. His first field of work was in southeastern Turkey at Mosul, Mardin and Harput where he had learned the Arabic and Armenian languages to which he later added Turkish. He was an able linguist. In 1903 he became President of Robert College. The president's house was called Kennedy Lodge after John S. Kennedy who, in 1889, had given the money to build it, as he had earlier given the money to build most of the faculty houses in Rumeli Hâsar. Every Thursday evening we had prayer meeting in Kennedy Lodge, which all members of the resident teaching staff, especially the young Americans, were expected to attend and to take their turns in conducting the meetings. Apart from the embarrassment in conducting my first one I enjoyed these meetings and profited from them. On my first Thanksgiving Day in the College I was invited to Kennedy Lodge for dinner and there took my full share of responsibility in making away with four fine turkeys. Thus gradually I became acquainted with President Gates, not an easy man to know, establishing the basis of a friendship that lasted until his death in 1946.

At that time the most noted scholar among the professors in the College was Alexander Van Millingen, a Byzantine scholar of wide reputation and the author of two well known books: "Byzantine Constantinople, the Walls of the City" and "Byzantine Churches in Constantinople". I attended his class in Byzantine history

At that time all foreigners referred to the great city as Constantinople, for the Turkish form of the word - Istanbul - did not come into use among them until after the First World War, when the genius of Atatürk created the Turkish Republic and with it the new Turkish alphabet. My interest in local history and archaeological studies began immediately on arrival. At the end of September I went with a party led by a Turkish student named Rejob to enter Aya Sofya on the "Night of Power". From the balcony we looked down upon the thousands of worshippers performing their devotions. A little later, likewise with Rejob as interpreter, I visited the Turkish parliament in session. At the dinner table there was constant talk about the historic monuments of the ancient city and frequent trips were organized to visit St. Sophia, the Hippodrome, the great land walls and other well known places. My attendance in a class in Byzantine history inspired me to take up Byzantine studies as an avocation, studies which I pursued with enthusiasm for many years. At that time Henry B. Dewing was engaged in translating for the Loeb Library the writings of Procopius, a task which helped give reality to the local studies of the young instructors.

Turkish history also soon claimed some of my time and interest. It required less imagination than did Byzantine history, for it was still in the making all about us. The great mosques were not dead monuments, like the Byzantine, but active centers of worship, and especially on Fridays and the great religious holidays they were crowded with worshippers. If one observed the ordinary rules of decorum, one could visit the mosques at any time, for the Turks seemed to have no objection to admitting courteous strangers to their places of worship even when services

were being held.

In the winter of 1911-1912 the political situation in Turkey was confused. The war with Italy for the possession of Tripoli was moving to its fatal end in the Treaty of Ouchy finally signed on October 18, 1912. By this war and treaty Turkey lost all her remaining North African territories and also the Dodecanese Islands. In the Balkans too there was threatening unrest. In these circumstances I first became a reader of the London Times which helped direct my attention to European political questions and so was the beginning of my education in International affairs.

When Easter vacation came in 1912, a party was organized for an excursion to Brusa (Bursa), then a charming old Turkish city situated at the foot of Bythinian Olympus (Ulu Dag). The party included my fellow tutors - Schwartz, Pockman, Johnson, and Lewis and two of our older colleagues Kaspar Tmysizian (Tuygil) and Feridun Nigar, the latter an instructor in Turkish and the former college librarian. This vacation I think Harold Scott went with a party to Greece. Our party went by a small steamer to Mudanya, the Marmora port for Brusa, then by narrow gauge railroad twisting about for sixteen miles through olive orchards and vineyards up the steep incline to our destination. We spent two busy days visiting the fine mosques and türbes, several dating from the fifteenth century. Brusa, then as now, was noted for the growing and weaving of silk, most of the weaving being done in small factories with a few looms or in private houses where we watched the skilful weavers at work.. For more than two thousand years Brusa has been noted for its hot baths curative for rheumatism. The natural hot water flowing into a great basin, soft as velvet to the touch, provided a sensation of luxury which I experienced for the first time. But the visit

was all too short. The ancient monuments, the picturesque streets, the hot baths, the bright colored silk, the great mountain above and the soft April green of the extensive plain stretching away below the city created an impression of delight which has not faded.

At two o'clock in the morning of the third day we were afoot ready to leave by araba (a two horse carriage) for the ancient city of Nicaea (Iznik), made famous by the first oecumenical council of the Christian Church held here in 325 a.d. and later by its siege and capture by the First Crusade in 1097. The road passed along the foot of Mt. Olympus, of which we had enchanting views in the moonlight, and then led over rolling hills providing mainly pasturage for sheep and goats coming at last after many weary miles to an escarpment from which we looked far down on the plain and lake Iznik at the south end of which stood the old walled city. It was four in the afternoon when we arrived in the city, but tired as we were we set out at once to examine the well-preserved medieval walls, an old church which might be on the same site as the one in which the council was held, the lovely 14th century mosque called Yeşil Cami, and to walk on the shore of the lake which, in the setting sun was as lovely a sheet of water as one might hope to see. This first visit to Nicaea, so rich in history, led me to begin the study of the great church councils, the universal Church and the religious institutions of the East, a study which ever since has been a profitable and semi-professional pastime. As night fell we stumbled over the cobbled street to our hostelry, a rude ~~k~~khan, where, after supper on bread, lamb chops, sour yogurt and resinated wine we stretched out on pallets made up on the floor and slept the sleep of physical exhaustion until the sun rose in the east. In the morning we drove on to Biləcik, a station on the railroad,

where we caught a train for Istanbul, a six hour journey.

Soon after returning from this vacation Clarence Johnson went to bed with a temperature and a few days later the doctors found that he had tuberculosis. As soon as arrangements could be made he left for a sanatorium in Mesnalien, Norway, a place recommended by Mrs. Ravndal, wife of the American Consul General. The brave, determined fight he made for health was an inspiration to all his young colleagues. By cheerful determination he won the battle over many years eventually taking the degree of Ph.D. in sociology at Brown University. Returning to Robert College for a brief stay after the First World War he taught for two years, married Lomie Smith and in 1923 accepted a position as professor of Sociology in Bucknell University living usefully and generously until at last the old enemy, having worn him down by many persistent attacks, won the struggle in 1946. A brave and triumphant spirit returned to its Maker.

As that first fruitful year of teaching and learning drew toward its close in June I began to think of ways in which to spend the summer vacation that would be both pleasant and profitable. The Russian Consul General in Istanbul at that date was Mr. Peter Ponafidine whose wife was an American lady, formerly Emma Cochrane, whose parents whose-~~pare~~ had been missionaries in Brumia, Persia where she was born. With other young ^AAmerican teachers I had become well acquainted with the Ponafidines by calling at the consulate to have tea at their generous tea table. The Ponafidines had an estate in Russia to which visitors were sometimes invited in summer vacations as paying guests, and three of my colleagues - Harold Scott, Stanley Schwartz, Theodore Pockman and - and I managed to get ourselves invited to spend the month of July on the estate.

On June 22, 1912, the four of us got passage on an Austrian Lloyd steamer bound for Odessa. With us as passengers were Michael Dorizas, a graduate of Robert College and instructor in Theodoros Hall, a noted athlete who had taken part in the Olympic games in Athens in 1910, and Herbert Adams Gibbons, correspondent of the New York Herald. Dorizas was the most muscled man I had ever seen weighing about 225 pounds. He was a prize winner in hurling the javelin and putting the 16 pound shot. Besides these accomplishments, which especially delighted the younger students, he was as kind-hearted and generous a travelling companion as one could hope to find. He was on his way to games in Stockholm. H. A. Gibbons being a newspaper man was always on the alert for a news story. Being a great and continuous talker and well informed he exercised a wholesome influence over his young travelling companions eager to learn.

We had a wonderful little voyage on the Black Sea under a full moon. We sailed by night and stopped at ports by day, for our ship was a tramp steamer. In Burgas, Bulgaria, we stayed two days while cargo was unloaded and loaded. Another day was spent in Constanza, Rumania. It was my first real view of Black Sea towns. In both places some of our college students living there took us in hand and showed all there was to see. We swam in the sea, ate in local restaurants, visited in the homes of the students and had a grand experience.

On the fourth morning out we arrived in Odessa, where we went ashore with some trepidation, for we did not know just what treatment to expect from Russians who made such a to-do about passports and visas; but nothing untoward happened. Part of the day was spent in going about the streets and having lunch in a small restaurant, and then toward three o'clock we

boarded a train third class for Kiev. The ticket cost next to nothing and a platzkart guaranteed us seats. The seats, or benches, were arranged in tiers of three, each passenger having a whole bench to himself and so able to sit up or lie down at will. The seat was a very hard, perfectly flat board; but, as each of us had a steamer rug to sit or lie upon, it was not intolerable. The train went on and on across the monotonous plain covered with fields of grain and sugar beets stopping every two hours or so for tea, and every passenger but ourselves seemed to be provided with a tea pot which would be filled with boiling water from a huge samovar always at the boil in the station. While they drank their own tea and ate rye bread we managed to buy tea and sandwiches at the station counter to satisfy our needs.

About eleven o'clock next morning we arrived in Kiev, a splendid city with wide, clean streets lined with shops in which every kind of goods and provisions were displayed. In the tenth century Prince Vladimir of Kiev first introduced christianity into Russia thus making Kiev a holy place of pilgrimage. In summer thousands of peasants coming from all over Russia, faithful children of the Holy Orthodox Church, thronged the streets and jammed all the churches, monasteries, catacombs and other holy places to which we followed the pilgrims. We roamed the streets enjoying the local color and from the bluff on which the city stands looked down on the wide, swift flowing Dnieper. There we for the first time drank the delicious, fermented but non-alcoholic Russian beverage called kvass. Here I first learned the name Ukraine whose ruler was Hetman of the Cossacks.

After two days we traveled on to Moscow third class, a night and a day. Alighting at the station we took droshkies to our

hotel, the drivers in their thick, padded blue coats whipping their horses and driving like mad through the long, wide streets. At that time Moscow was half western and half oriental or Asiatic with the Asiatic appearance more apparent to us, a city of endless interest.. It seemed a city of churches, the most splendid of which was the Church of the Holy Saviour (later razed by the communists) and the most bizarre the Church of St. Basil. In the magnificent art galleries was saw wonderful pictures painted by Russian and foreign artists. The Kremlin was open to visitors and we roamed about as we pleased. Everywhere bells including the great bell with a crack in its side through we walked with ease. Telling the hours, a thousand bells would ring out over the city. Even the long Russian summer days were too short to satisfy our eyes with seeing all the strange sights of Russia's greatest city.

The evening of June 29 we left Moscow by train for Ostashkov, a large town in the province of Tver situated at the south end of lake Seliger, a beautiful body of water about thirty miles long but quite narrow with many deep indentations along its shores. At Ostashkov we boarded a steamer which served the small towns on either shore, and after about two hours of this pleasant travel we came to our destination, a landing called Bortnike, the name of the Ponafidine estate. There we were warmly welcomed and assigned rooms in the great one storey house in which the Ponafidine family had lived for generations.

The estate comprised about 600 desiyatins of land, 1500 acres, partly ~~is~~ cultivated and in part covered with magnificent forests of pine and birch. The principal crops were hay, rye, flax and potatoes. There was a large herd of dairy cows which

Mrs. Ponafidine herself supervised, shipping quantities of excellent butter to Petersburg. The farm was well developed with modern farm machinery, such as mowers, hayrakes, steel ploughs, cream separators, and the like.

The weather was perfect with long warm days and short cool nights. In early July it did not get quite dark even at midnight, the season of the so-called "white nights", and sitting on the porch we could read comfortably until ten o'clock, while at two in the morning it was quite light. In the fields the peasants worked in two long shifts sleeping from ten p.m. till two a.m., and again for two or three hours at noon. I took delight in going about the farm with Mrs. Ponafidine as she directed the workmen, most of whom were peasant men and women from a nearby village.

In the afternoons we frequently went for long drives with the troika, a small open wagon drawn by three horse^s, the larger middle horse trotting and the smaller side horses galloping. We sat back to back facing outward and while not a very comfortable way of riding it was exhilarating. In the mornings we would swim in the lake or sometimes go hunting with the Ponafidine boys - George, Alex and Oka. The forest roads and paths also lured me for long walks on which I was frequently accompanied by Miriam Hathaway, professor of mathematics at the American College for Girls; for she and two of her colleagues - Eleanor Burns and Isabel Dodd - were visiting the Ponafidines at the same time as ourselves.

The meals were our special delight, for the food was superlative and the conversation top level. Mr. Ponafidine was a scholar and linguist as well as an experienced consul general.

All his life he had been stationed in the Middle East, at Tabriz, Meshed, Baghdad, Constantinople, and in the course of his duties had experienced many adventures which he would recount in his fluent but quaint English. Mrs. Ponafidine was a superb story teller and had experienced almost as many exciting adventures as her husband beginning when she was a child in the mission station at Urumia. There were also plenty of books to read and for the first time I made the acquaintance of the writings of Sir Mackenzie Wallace who described for English readers the life of the various peoples of Russia and the procedures of Russia administration in the latter part of the 19th century. So important is this book still regarded by students of Russian affairs that it has been issued recently as a paperback in the Vintage Library. By all these experiences I gained some idea of country life in Russia - the hard lot of the villagers, the mujiks, the zemstvos and the problem of the education of the peasantry and the all pervading of the Orthodox Church.

With so much that was new and intensely interesting the month of July soon ran its course and the time came for us to say farewell to the Ponafidines and pleasant Bortnike and continue our holiday journey. Alas, two years later the First World War engulfed Russia and when the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917 law and order ceased and bands of peasants pillaged Bortnike. Mr. Ponafidine became blind and died; George was killed fighting the communists, and at last Mrs. Ponafidine with her two younger sons, after intense suffering, escaped through the snow into Finland. The story of these terrible times is vividly described by Mrs. Ponafidine in her book entitled : " Russia, My Home .

The four young tutors returning down the lake by steamer to Ostashkov went on from there by night train to Petersburg. I have always since been glad that I saw something of the great Russian cities before the First World War, when they were truly centers of culture and before the blight of communism overwhelmed them. We spent three long days in the city built by Peter Veliki in the swamps along the Neva. We joined the crowds promenading on Nevski Prospekt, visited the great cathedral called St. Isaacs, The famed Winter Palace, the prison fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, and even found time to make an excursion to Peterhof, the summer residence of the Tsar. At that time the traveler was able and free to go where he pleased in Russia without restraint or fear of the police.

In early August we went on from Petersburg to Stockholm traveling by a small but comfortable steamer flying the Swedish flag. Through a long golden summer day the steamer threaded its way among the numerous wooded islands on the coast of Finland. We stopped for some hours at Helsingfors (now Helsinki), where we caught a fleeting glimpse of the life in that clean and orderly city. The Finnish language seemed even more formidable than Russian and we could not make out a single word. When the waitress in an outdoor restaurant brought the menu card for lunch ^{the best we could do} was to point to an entry about half way down the list where we assumed the meat dishes might be; but, behold, when it came it turned out to be prunes with whipped cream.

We crossed the Gulf of Bothnia in the night, and when we woke in the morning our small steamer was being tossed about in a choppy sea, an uneasy motion which made at least two members of the party so seasick that the sole end of life seemed to be

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to rid the insides of an overpowering nausea. Fortunately we soon ran into the little gulf at the end of which is Stockholm, and once ashore in the cleanest and most attractive of cities we had seen health was restored, courage returned and the four travelers were again gay tourists seeking diversion.

After two or three days seeing the principal places of interest in and near Stockholm our party divided, Schwartz and Peckman going south by slow canal boat to Göteborg while Harold Scott and I set out for Mesnali in Norway to visit Clarence Johnson, who was still in the sanatorium there slowly recovering from tuberculosis. We spent two days at Mesnali, a quiet, remote hamlet in the Norwegian hills some sixty or seventy miles north of Christiania (now Oslo). Returning to Oslo we made our way by easy stages to Copenhagen and then to Berlin, where we arrived on August 20, meeting again our two colleagues who had preceded us. In the German capital we were diligent in visiting museums, the university, the Opera, Potsdam and in gaining such insight as we might into the life of the great Prussian city. One day we ~~visited~~ attended the Herbst parade of the Prussian army, where we saw about sixty thousand soldiers of all arms reviewed by Kaiser Wilhelm, who sat on a white horse not far from us surrounded by his staff and by the representatives of all the great powers. For the first time we saw the famous goose step as the soldiers passed the reviewing stand. Overhead there was one Zeppelin and several aeroplanes which attracted much attention. I have not visited Berlin since that notable occasion nor do I wish to do so. I saw the city in its greatness and have no desire to see it in its humiliation.

Owing to shortage of funds my three companions returned early to the college while I stayed one few days in Berlin, one night taking Eleanor Burns to the opera to see Dohengrin, and then going on to Leipsic - where I met up with Herr Künick - Dresden and Vienna for short visits before setting out for the college to arrive in time for the opening of the autumn term. From Budapest I found myself in the same sleeping compartment with Harry Barnum. The total cost of this long vacation journey extending over 82 days including travel for more than 4000 miles, hotel bills and sundry expenses was approximately \$250.

Classes in the new semester had just got under way when rumors of war in the Balkans filled the news with uneasy excitement. At that date my knowledge of Balkan history and politics was still rudimentary, but now, taught by crowding events, I learned fast. Taking advantage of the war between Turkey and Italy (1911-12) the four Balkan countries - Bulgaria, Serbia, Greece, Montenegro - formed the Balkan League for the purpose of wresting from Turkey all her remaining territories in Europe and dividing the same among themselves. On October 8, 1912, Montenegro declared war on Turkey to be quickly followed on October 17 by declarations by the three other countries. As the Balkan allies were well prepared for war in supplies, organization and strategic plans, their armies were quickly mobilized and made ready to attack. Turkey, on the other hand, was still not recovered from the war with Italy and so not ready either to attack or make a spirited defence. While each of the allied armies was attacking Turkish forces in Macedonia, the decisive campaign was being carried on in Thrace, where the Bulgarian armies, skillfully led, attacked first at Kirk Kilise in Eastern Thrace, where they routed the forces opposing them, then pressed

on rapidly to the neighborhood of Lule Burgas, where from October 30 to November 2 a decisive battle was fought resulting in the rout of the Turkish army. Made confident by victory the Bulgarians pushed on to attack the Chatalja lines, the main defenses of Istanbul, where the Turkish army now stood in strongly fortified positions. The sound of this battle could be plainly heard in the capital and I recall how, sitting in church Sunday morning, we listened with growing alarm to the deep booming of the guns which punctuated with horrid reality every paragraph of the sermon. For some days there was much uneasiness in the city lest an invading army should come marching in.

For weeks thousands of refugees, mostly peasants fleeing before the invading armies, had been pouring into the city. One afternoon with another of my colleagues, J. Wylie Brown, I went out beyond the ancient walls and there saw thousands of peasant families in their wagons who had arrived from Thrace seeking shelter and protection. They soon filled all the mosques, the mosque courtyards, vacant buildings, outhouses, every hole in a wall that offered a roof to shelter them from the cold and storms. Soup kitchens were set up by committees of foreign citizens where from time to time I went with my young colleagues to help in serving hot bean soup and bread to wretched, half starved men, women and children innocent victims of the fearful struggle taking place in Thrace.

Cholera broke out among the Turkish soldiers, thousands of whom were quartered in San Stefano about fifteen miles from the city. A good many Bulgarian soldiers seriously wounded were brought into Istanbul as prisoners and lodged in the Gülhane hospital, where they received the same surgical and medical care as the Turkish wounded in the same hospital. I visited

this hospital several times in company with a young Bulgarian teacher at the Preparatory School in Arnavutköy, by name Zarafinka Kirova, who visited the Bulgarian wounded to talk with them, write letters for them to their families and to ^{give} them such comfort as was possible. After peace was restored she was decorated for this service by Queen Eleanora of Bulgaria.

All that winter the Bulgarians pressed the siege of Adrianople until finally, and with some aid from the Serbians, the city was captured by assault on March 26, 1913. The capture of Adrianople ended the fighting in the First Balkan War. Peace negotiations were carried on in London where a treaty of peace between the Balkan allies and Turkey was signed on May 30, 1913.

When the college year ended in June, I set out for Paris where I proposed to spend much of the vacation studying French in a school of the Alliance Française. For the past two winters I had been exchanging English lessons against French with Adolphe Vermin with whom I had struck up a close friendship. After classes had ended for the summer he and I ^{out} set for Greece traveling on the deck of a small Rumanian steamer, a deck ticket from Istanbul to Piraeus costing only 12 francs, about \$2.40. I stopped off for two days in Athens and while there heard much excited talk of a new war between Greece and Bulgaria over conflicting territorial claims in Macedonia. From Athens I went on to Venice traveling with Harold Scott and Wylie Brown with deck tickets on an Austrian steamer, Harold and Wylie being also en route to Paris to study French. In Switzerland I stopped off for one day to visit Clarence Johnson, who had come down from Norway to Montana-Vermala in Switzerland to continue his cure now favorably advanced. And so after an interesting

journey of twelve days I arrived in Paris on July I ready to begin lessons in French with M. Villemin, the director of a small school connected with the Alliance Française, the address, 60 Rue des Ecoles. My colleagues, Harold Scott and Wylie Brown, were already installed in the pension of the school. The window of my small room looked out on the Musée de Cluny. Besides meeting our classes, which continued until the last week in August, we spent every free hour familiarizing ourselves with the great city leaving no museum, art gallery, church or any famous place unvisited. We went to the opera and observed the infinite variety of the street life, learned the subway and autobus systems and so could travel anywhere with ease.

had been raging

Meanwhile the Second Balkan War for weeks in Macedonia and Thrace, for Bulgaria, Serbia and Greece had come to blows over the division of the territorial spoils captured from Turkey. Serbia and Greece were in league to drive Bulgaria out of most of Macedonia. In the course of this bloody struggle Turkey seized the opportunity to retake Adrianople, while Rumania took advantage of the same situation to appropriate about 2500 square miles of Bulgarian territory in the Dobruja. Horrible barbarities were committed by each of the warring neighbors against citizens of its opponents. Immediately after the war a so-called Carnegie Commission made a careful and detailed inquiry into the atrocities committed in this frightful conflict. After an extensive investigation the Commission came to the conclusion that all four nations engaged in the war had been guilty of atrocious barbarities and that such were a concomitant of military and political policy in the Balkans. Shocking as these events were at that time they were soon to be eclipsed by the much greater barbarities perpetrated during the First World War.

The Second Balkan War was brought to an end by the Treaty of Bucharest signed August 10, 1913. The war had been caused by the criminal stupidity of Bulgaria's political and military leaders, King Ferdinand himself having the greater share of responsibility. The Balkan states at that time were like a clique of mean old men none of whom would compromise in any claims against its neighbors. Bulgaria's defeat and humiliation left her embittered and so ready to commit the greater folly two years later of joining the Central Powers in the First World War in the hope of thereby gaining Macedonia, the ambition that led to her ruin three times in forty years, leading eventually to communist domination.

In Paris I had followed with close attention the reports in the French and English papers on the progress of the war in the Balkans. As August was drawing to a close I decided to return to the College by way of Belgrade and Sofia in order to see friends there and learn more of the results of the war. I travelled from Paris via Innsbruck, Villach, Lyublyana, Zagreb to Belgrade, a long and tiresome journey third class with frequent change of trains, for there were then no through trains to Belgrade except through Vienna and Budapest, Croatia being only a province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. On arrival in Belgrade (now Beograd) I learned that cholera had broken out among the Serbian soldiers then being demobilized, and the following morning I discovered that train service between Belgrade and Sofia had not yet been reestablished, which made it necessary for me to find another route. I decided to return at once to Istanbul and try to reach Sofia from there. The new route would take me through Bucharest and Constanza. When my train arrived in the city of Szeged, a city known to fame as the place where Sultan Suleyman I died in 1566, it seemed likely that I would be quarantined because I came directly from Belgrade

where there was cholera, but when the health authorities learned that I was going on directly to Turkey they released me, much to my relief. I travelled a night and a day to Constanza where I found an Austrian steamer ready to leave for Istanbul, a ^ovyage of twentyfour hours. On the sixth day after leaving Paris I arrived once more at the College.

Having persuaded the college treasurer, Samuel Anderson, to give me an advance on my September salary I set out again for Sofia, this time via Burgas, a Bulgarian port on the Black Sea, from which there was rail connection with Sofia. In Bulgaria demobilization was also in progress. Freight trains crowded with soldiers had the right of way. On the passenger train, which was much delayed in leaving the station, I managed to find a seat in a second class compartment full of officers. There was no dining-car, and as I did not then know ten words of Bulgarian I had a hard time making my wants known even with the help of one or two officers who spoke some French. My food on the long journey was mainly chocolate, which I had brought with me, bread and some fruit, for I did not find appetizing the food sold on the station platforms to the passing soldiers. After a tiresome journey of thirtysix hours in a crowded compartment I arrived at last in Sofia at three o'clock in the morning.

In 1913 Sofia was a city of about 100 000 population, which had been the capital of Bulgaria since 1878. The royal palace stood in the center of the city. Until the two short but destructive wars crippled the economy of the country Sofia had become a comfortable and prosperous little city. I had a comfortable room in a small hotel and spent four or five days under excellent guidance seeing the sights of the city and its environs. The

The towering heights of Mt. Vitosha, 7600 feet high, were a wonderful back drop for the city, whose water supply came from the mountain. A short trip to Samokov, the principal station for the American Board Missions in the Balkans, gave me a first sight of a town which was to play a considerable role in my life at a later date.

Everywhere I found the people embittered by their recent defeats. In the First Balkan War Bulgaria's military leaders had shown professional skill of a high order which had caused the armed forces to be much praised abroad and her officers given high rating. By the Treaty of London Bulgaria had gained extensive new territories extending to the Enos-Midia line in Eastern Thrace. But in the Second Balkan War she not only lost the favorable reputation she had won in the first war but also, with the exception of Western Thrace, with its third rate port of Dedeagaz, all the new territory gained by the terms of the Treaty of London on May 30 was lost by the Treaty of Bucharest on August 10 of the same year. As has been mentioned already, she also lost a large area of fertile farm land in southern Dobruja which she was compelled to cede to Rumania, and this last was the bitterest pill of all. The second war cost the lives of thousands of young men uselessly sacrificed on the altar of Macedonian liberation or conquest, depending on the point of view. The memory of Bulgaria humiliated by defeat in the summer of 1913 has remained with me ever since that first ~~visit~~ September visit. I returned to the college by the route I had come, this time not alone, with my education in Bulgarian political sentiment considerably advanced. Harold and Wylie had returned, if I remember ^mcorrectly, by the Mediterranean, an easier route than I had taken but less edifying.

From the point of view of teaching and enjoyment of my work in the classroom the winter of 1913 - 14 was the best period of the three years of my appointment. I felt some confidence in my ability to teach English and elementary Latin. My knowledge of English speech, as well as ability to speak correctly, were much improved by lessons in phonetics under the skillful guidance of Professor Ernest Bradley Watson, the head of the English work of all grades in the college, who had returned in September, 1913, after taking the degree of Ph.D. in English at Harvard. He impressed on all the young teachers of English the need for clear enunciation and correct pronunciation of English sounds and words. My indebtedness to him in this respect can never be paid. Dr. Watson had come first to the college in 1902 as instructor in English. He left the college in 1923 to become professor of drama at Dartmouth.

In my third year, in order to earn some extra money, I agreed to teach certain afternoon a week in the community school for English speaking children - the precursor of the present Community School in Rumeli Hisar - then held in Bebek under the supervision of Mrs. Oscar Heiser, whose husband was American consul in Istanbul. The Heisers occupied the large old house in which Cyrus Hamlin had founded Robert College in 1863. There were about twentyfive children in the school, including both American and British and some children of other nationalities who spoke English. The head teacher was Alice Moore, whose brother-in-law, Mr. Kendall, was then engaged in directing the construction of the buildings at the American College for Girls in Arnavutköy. Later Alice Moore spent many years teaching in China. She was destined, however, to

Among these children I recall particularly the bright, intelligent face of Sarah Riggs, who was later to become one of the pillars of the American community in Rumeli Hisar, where scores of young teachers of all nationalities met for music in her hospitable home. These pleasant afternoon lessons brought me a net income of \$200., all of which was saved for necessary expenses the following year.

All this year my private studies were dilligently pursued, maily in Byzantine and Turkish history and in European affairs. The college library provided plenty of good books for my needs at that time. My reading in Contemporary European politics was confined mainly to the London Times, the Paris TEMPS, the Contemporary Review and other well known publications of that date. The position of the college on the most prominent promontory on the European shore of the Bosphorus naturally and dramatically stimulated an interest in the history and importance of the Turkish Straits as the most strategic and coveted waterway in Europe and just then the subject of much international under cover competition and which was to burst into reality a year later.

By my third year I had come to be thoroughly familiar with the historic monuments and places in the ancient city, for I had spent many afternoons and holidays with guidebook in hand exploring the great walls of Theodosius, the Hippodrome, the Byzantine churches, the cisterna, the great mosques and many other buildings or places of interest. I would take Murray's Guide or some other book on the history or topography of the city to be read at the place visited. In this way I gained a first acquaintance with nearly all the important places and

monuments in and about the city, all of which I was to study much more thoroughly and systematically at a later date. The great Museum of Antiquities, which contains so many notable objects and collections, was then at its best with nearly all collections on display.

In the spring vacation, 1914, together with four of my colleagues, but just which ones has slipped my memory, I paid a memorable for me visit to the site of ancient Troy, not as fully excavated and described as today. We took passage on a small Greek cargo vessel which would stop at Chanakkale, the principal port on the south shore of the Dardanelles. As there were no accommodations for passengers on the ship we had to make ourselves as comfortable as possible on the small deck, so spreading our blankets in a place sheltered somewhat from the cold April wind we managed to get some restless sleep. At dawn we were up to see the scenery on either side the famous strait, which is about thirtythree miles long and on the average two miles wide. The town of Chanakkale is situated at the narrowest point where the width is about fourteen hundred yards. As the principal outlet for the trade of a considerable area it was then, as now, a town of some importance, and from the town a dirt road led direct to the site of Troy. Immediately on going ashore we called at the local police station to let the officials know that we were tourists on our way to Troy, or Hisarlik, as its name is in Turkish. The police officials, always helpful to legitimate strangers, insisted on sending two gendarmes with us as protection. As we proposed to walk out and back in one day we set off immediately with our two guards. It was a lovely April day, such as is characteristic of the

of the shores of the Aegean region in the spring. The road lay through charming scenery with Mt. Ida rising in the background. The most delightful spot of all was in the neighborhood of the small village of Erenköy inhabited at that time mainly by Greeks. It was a fertile, productive region full of gardens and fruit trees in full bloom. Most of the party were familiar with the Iliad and the Aeneid and so felt the thrill of seeing with their own eyes Mt. Ida, the Simois and Scamander with the island of Tenedos off shore in the distance and near the plains of windy Troy where the Myrmidons had battled for ten long years. Agememnon and Achilles, Priam and Hector, not to mention Helen who was the prize they fought for, became real and lively characters in our imaginations.

We made the long walk in five hours. With our books and maps we examined the ruins laid bare by the excavations of Schlieman and ate our lunch sitting on a projection of a Trojan wall. As there was no shelter at Troy where we could sleep, we were obliged to make the long journey afoot back to Chanakkale, where we arrived at dark, our two poor gendarmes being left far behind, for their ill-fitting boots made it impossible for them to keep us with us; so at Erenköy we paid them well and said goodby to which they joyfully responded güle, güle. We found beds in a small hotel and slept as only those can who have spent ten hours walking in invigorating air.

Next day we got passage on a Russian ship filled with pilgrims returning to Russia from Mecca, Jerusalem and Mt. Athos, for they comprised Moslems, Christians and Jews. The ship swarmed with them - men, women and children. Down in the hold, which we tried to penetrate, the smell was so terrific that after

five minutes we rushed back on deck where we spent the afternoon and night wherever we could find shelter from the chill north wind. I remember sleeping on my blanket spread over a warm steam pipe. Morning found us entering the harbor where our ship anchored off Galata. Since we were not coming from abroad landing formalities were soon over and we were on our way back to the college after one of the most delightful, though arduous, excursions of my three years, and leaving with me a lively recollection of the historic city with tales of which Homer has charmed millions.

That spring Dr. David Starr Jordan, the noted president of Leeland Standard University, was a guest at the college. I recall clearly a speech which he made in a college assembly, in the course of which he said that war had become so costly that it could not, in his opinion, be financed. A great advocate of peace among nations, he was basing his hope in some degree on the false premise that war had become too costly to be waged for any length of time, and this was in the spring of the fateful year 1914.

The trip to Troy was my last excursion in the region of the Turkish Straits in the three-year period of my instructorship at Robert College. In the course of the winter I had made one important decision and one even more serious commitment, both determinative of my future happiness. The first was that on returning to my native land I would enter upon the study of theology, if possible, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the second was the plan to get married in June, the trip homeward serving as a honeymoon journey. The College would pay for my return ticket according to contract, and I thought I could

scrape together enough money to pay for the ticket for the bride. And since savings must be accumulated to keep us going for a while after arrival in the home country, all my earning efforts in this third year were directed to that end. I proposed to earn by extra work at least enough for current expenses and thus save my entire cash salary, which was not on a princely scale, being only \$500. for the third year of contract. As extra work I taught in the Community School in Bebek, gave private lessons in English and corrected copybooks and papers in the English department, meantime living very frugally. By these efforts I managed to accumulate \$800. which stood to my credit in the Bursar's office on the first of June. I almost wondered whether a teacher could amass such a fortune honestly in a single year. So ~~At~~ in June I had enough money to pay for the bride's ticket.

Meantime I had registered as a student in Andover Theological Seminary, one of two schools of theology in Harvard University, the other being Harvard Divinity School. As the practice then was I soon registered in both. It was a choice I have never regretted, for I found there an almost perfect opportunity for study in a wide range of subjects.

The wedding of this departing instructor and Zarafinka Kirova was set for the 19th of June two days after my last examination, and it was to be celebrated in the home of Professor and Mrs. Stephen Panaretov. Professor Panaretov was the head of the department of Bulgarian and Slavic languages at the College, at that date one of the important departments of instruction, for boys from Bulgaria constituted nearly twenty percent of the student body. A graduate of the College in the

class of 1871 he spent all his life to 1914 in connection with the College. He was an able scholar, linguist and lexicographer. In the autumn of 1914 he was appointed the first Bulgarian Minister to Washington, a post of much responsibility which he filled with distinction. Mrs. Panaretova was an American who had come to Turkey to teach in the American College for Girls in Uskudar. Her maiden name was Lydia Gile. The Panaretovs had one son named Cyril, who was killed in the First World War in 1915. The Panaretovs had been guardians, friends and sponsors of Zarafinka Kirova while she was first a student and then a young teacher in the Girls' College. For this reason the wedding was to be in their hospitable home.

The ceremony was at one o'clock so the bride and groom could take the Austrian Lloyd Steamer scheduled to leave at 4 p.m. for the Piraeus and Athens, the first stop on the homeward journey. All my colleagues turned out for the ceremony which was conducted by Dr. Charles Anderson, a saintly man who long been professor of English in the College. The house was decorated with sweet peas, the bride carrying a great bouquet of them. The wedding march, the words of the minister, the faces of assembled friends have become an indistinct memory. Goodbys said and rice scattered, the young couple were glad to go aboard the steamer and so set off on life's momentous journey. As said of another couple and might be said of them:

"The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide. "

As it turned out the honeymoon journey was memorable in more ways than one. The first stop was at Athens where we saw again the remnants of Attic civilization. Then we went

on the Brindisi, so following Virgil on his last journey to Rome, traversing the Ionian Sea renowned for mal de mer. From Brindisi we traveled by train to Naples for a short stay and then to Rome. While en route to Naples we learned a new and fateful name : Sarajevo. The murder of the Austrian ArchDuke Ferdinand and his wife by the Serbian terrorist Princip on June 24 began the series of events which led to general war in Europe five weeks later, causing the remaining weeks of our honeymoon journey in Europe to be overshadowed by the ever darkening clouds of threatened war. Constantinople, Athens, Rome - the three most historic cities of the ancient world - were included in the journey so notable to us. It was our first visit to the Eternal City with its Forum, its world-famous monuments and wonderful museums containing the art of all ages. We went on via Florence and Venice to Lucerne, where we spent several days. From our pension we looked out on Mt. Pilatus and nearby Rigi was an easy climb to grand views.

On July 22 we went by train to Mannheim, where, next morning, we took a steamer down the Rhine to Cologne. The steamer was crowded with tourists and other travelers, all reading papers in various languages instead of looking at the superb scenery, for the war danger had by this time become ominous. We got most of our information of events from the Paris Herald and the English papers. After a short stay in Cologne primarily to see the famous and beautiful cathedral, we went on by train through Düsseldorf and Essen to Amsterdam.

While we were seeing the sights in and near the quiet and thriving capital city of the Netherlands the great catastrophe, which was so soon to overwhelm Europe, pressed daily nearer.

We made an excursion to the Hague, principally to see the Peace Palace built with money given by Andrew Carnyegie at a time when it was still possible to dream of the peaceful settlement of all international disputes. On July 29 we went to Rotterdam from where we were scheduled to sail for New York on the 30th. After spending a day going about the city, toward nightfall we went aboard our ship, the Potsdam of the Holland-America Line. The papers had kept us informed of the tenseness of the political situation, and yet we had little realization of the conflict so rapidly developing. The Potsdam sailed toward midnight as scheduled. Later we learned that it was the only passenger liner that sailed that weekend from a north European port, all other sailings being cancelled at the last minute. The afternoon of the 31st we stopped at Boulogne to take on passengers coming from Paris, and from them we learned of the general mobilization of the French armed forces leaving the public services all but paralysed by so many men leaving instantly to join their regiments. The war had become a reality.

In those days there was ^{no} radio. The ~~daily~~ news received daily by wireless was posted on the ships bulletin board and with this we had to be content. On August 4 we learned that Great Britain had declared war on Germany. And so began the greatest catastrophe in European civilization. One after another the mighty events of the first ten days of August appeared in briefest announcement on our bulletin board. An old, slow ship, the Potsdam took eleven days for the voyage from Rotterdam to New York. Much of the time the sea was rough enough to confine us to our second class berths with a persistent, though not violent, nausea. At last the tedious voyage came to an end

and we saw the Statue of Liberty standing before us as though to welcome us home. For me it had all the thrill of the first return to one's native land after a prolonged stay abroad, and for the bride it was the first sight of the America that had caught the imagination of every European youth: America the land of individual opportunity enjoying contented isolation from the political rivalries of Europe. We soon learned how fortunate we had been to have engaged passage on a ship of neutral Holland, for tens of thousands of our fellow citizens had the greatest difficulty and long delay in returning home that summer and autumn.

Immediately on our arrival in New York we set out for Tennessee, where my father, then seventyone years old, and my sister were then living. The war in Europe now seemed very far away. We spent a month enjoying the simple round of country life. As one just returned from three years in Europe I was considered locally to be an authority on European affairs now beginning to attract everyone's attention. There ^{were} many opportunities to discuss the war as to its causes and the possible results affecting the United States. From the outbreak of hostilities I was a firm supporter of the Allied cause, particularly the cause of Great Britain, for I had already come to the conclusion that the best guarantee, possibly the only guarantee, of peace and prosperity in the world lay in the firm union in spirit and policy of the two primary representatives of the English peoples, for if these two nations, heirs of the same political and cultural traditions, could not collaborate securely and heartily for the common good, how could other nations, divided as they were by barriers of tradition mountain high, be expected to work together for any concerted purpose.

Soon a new chapter in our experience was to begin.

In the summer of 1911 nine instructors were added to the teaching staff of Robert College. I give a brief statement about each excluding myself already sufficiently publicised. Harold L. Scott joined the French army in 1915. After the war he studied at Columbia University and then returned to the College becoming Principal of the Academy, Vice President of the college and was for many years the ideal Dean of a small college. Few in Robert College have ever won such high regard.

H. Stanley Schwartz spent his working years as professor of French language and literature in New York University.

J. Wylie Brown married Anna Welles, represented the American Express Co. in several places including Istanbul, took up ranching in the Southwest and now lives in El Paso, Texas.

Theodore Pockman returned to the United States in 1913, went into business but unfortunately died young of tuberculosis.

Clarence R. Johnson, already mentioned in these notes, died of tuberculosis in 1946. The last position he held was that of professor of Sociology in Bucknell University.

Major D. Griffith married Grace Kellogg, an instructor in the American College for Girls, returned to the U.S.A. in 1913, set out on a business career. I have lost track of him and do not know whether he is still living.

Vinton Tompkins married Ethel Frewen, taught in the Engineering School, transferred to the Socony Company with which he spent the rest of his life as construction engineer.

Charles Lewis returned to the U.S.A. in 1915 and eventually became professor of English literature in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland. I do not know whether he is still living.

My association with these young men in the years 1911-14 was one of my happiest experiences.

In my long experience in connection with Robert College I have always regarded the years 1909 - 1914 as the period in which the College most effectively fulfilled the purpose for which it was founded. The reasons for this are well known to persons familiar with the history of Turkey and the Balkans during the past half century. In 1909 with the forced abdication of Sultan Abdul Hamid II a period of freedom in education began which made it possible for Turkish students to enter the College as they had not been able to do under the regime of Abdul Hamid. This began a new era in the work of the College.

In 1909 the College received the large legacy from the John S. Kennedy estate which provided for that time a large endowment and made possible the founding of the Engineering School. Anderson Hall, the Social Hall and the Sloane Infirmary were also built in this period. Also in this period the College was practically autonomous in its administration and so able to set up the curriculum it desired and to teach with no state interference.

Further the College was fortunate in having an unusually able number of scholars and teachers on the faculty. I have already mentioned several of these but must add the following. George H. Huntington, then Principal of the Academy and later Vice President. Eventually he and Mrs. Huntington became prime supporters of the College.

Tevfik Fikret who was then head of the Turkish department and was the leading Turkish poet of his time, a man of high literary ability and skill. 1870 - 1915.

Bertram Van Dyke Post, then professor of Biology and physician to the College community (M.D.) He was a primary authority on the flora of the Bosphorus area.

George L. Manning, professor of Physics during the period. He had pursued his studies in physics in Germany for the Ph.D. degree and brought to the College students the broadest knowledge of his subject for that time. Unfortunately he died in the academic year 1914-15.

Charles E. Estes then head of the music work in the College and was the first to use the fine organ installed in my first year at the College. He remained with the College for forty-two years, retired in 1947. Now lives in South Berwick, Maine.

^{J₃}
Edgar Fisher, who came to the college in 1913 with his fresh Ph.D. degree from Columbia and succeeded Dr. Van Millingen as head of the History department.

Robert Berch Warren, who came to the College in 1912, became a captain in the American army in the First World War. Eventually he became a noted economist and statistician in the Institute for Higher Studies at Princeton. Unfortunately he died young.

This able faculty and staff, together with new ~~and~~ and up-to-date-for-that-time buildings and equipment, made it possible for the College to do high grade work in all departments of instruction. The Engineering School, under the direction of Dr. Lynn A. Scipio was just getting established in its useful career, in which at that time it had the field almost to itself in Turkey.

As is so often the case when one looks back in retrospect these three years of my experience may shine with an extra glow but in any way I look back upon them they represent three of the best years in my long process of education.

Boğaziçi Üniversitesi

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Scott Ailesi Koleksiyonu



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