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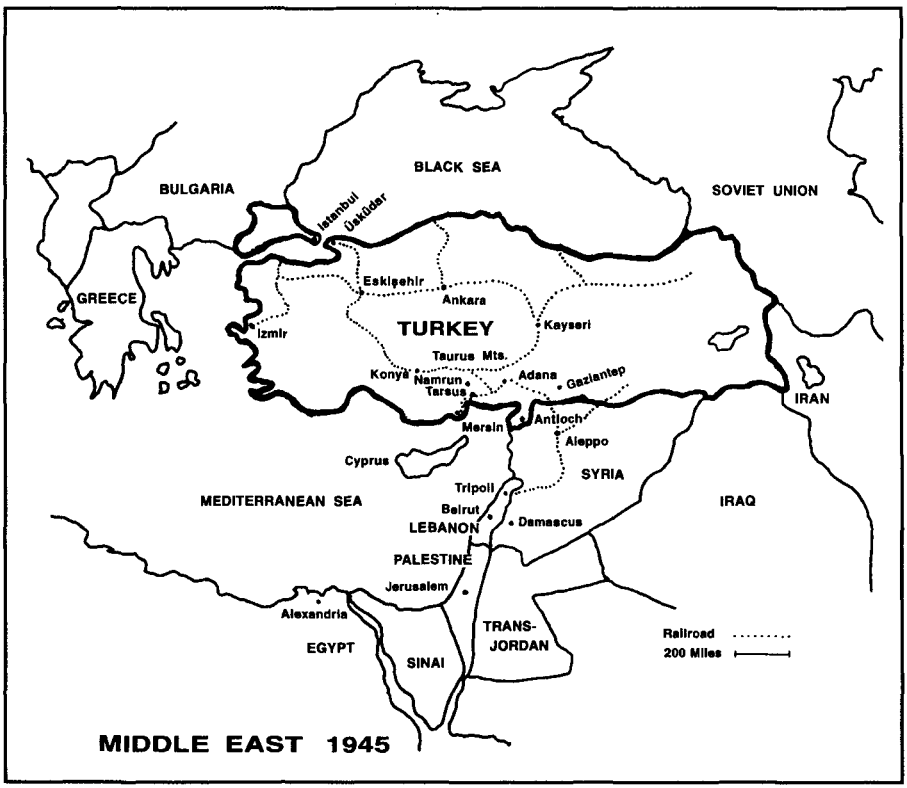

MIDDLE EAST 1945

LETTERS FROM TURKEY

1939–1946

by

Georgianna Mathew Maynard

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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CHICAGO • ILLINOIS

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 94-69122
ISBN: 0-918986-96-6

The Oriental Institute, Chicago

Published 1994. Printed in the United States of America.

Front cover illustration: Collage of postmarked envelopes
Back cover illustration: 1991 photograph of the author

The assistance of the following people is acknowledged in the production of this volume: Professor Robert D. Biggs, the Oriental Institute; Virginia Canfield; Cheryl Corey and Davis Scott of McNaughton & Gunn; Irv Diamond; Thomas A. Holland, Oriental Institute Publications Coordinator; Christopher G. B. Kahrl, Oriental Institute Publications Assistant; John Larson, Oriental Institute Museum Archivist; David Mathew; Cathy Novotny-Brehm; and Thomas G. Urban, Oriental Institute Senior Editor.

Printed by McNaughton & Gunn

The paper used in this publication meets the minimum requirements of American National Standard for Information Sciences—Permanence of Paper for Printed Library Materials, ANSI Z39.48-1984.

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PREFACE

When I tell people that I spent most of my career in Turkey, teaching English and providing library books to Turkish children, the usual remark is "What an interesting life!" It had its moments. While in Turkey we took walks in the village near Tarsus, where every dog along the way was passport-control; treks in the mountains; walks to the electric plant where one could join the populace in tut-tutting over the broken flanges of the turbine of the oldest electric generator in the Ottoman empire and speculate as to how many weeks it might be before it would work again; and attended parties for the children that might feature a solo played on the shepherd's pipe. These are the life-events that are recounted in *Letters from Turkey.* Also there are accounts of exploring Istanbul, the Krak de Chevalier in Lebanon, and four fabulous days in Jerusalem, when one had to present ration cards before the waitress would place an order for a meal.

The years covered by the letters are the first seven of the thirty-eight that I spent in Turkey with Dick, my husband, who was the best traveling companion, always ready to see "What was on the other side of the wall." Dick had been in Turkey before. He was born of missionary parents, then stationed in eastern Turkey. He had lived in various places in Turkey, completed high school and college in the States, and returned to Turkey for a term of four years as a teacher in Tarsus College. He was invited to return, with a wife, for a longer commitment. We set sail for Turkey one week after our wedding.

The letters were written to my mother and father during the first seven years of our career in Turkey. I went out to Turkey with my mother's blessing. She had always had a keen interest in the ancient East. Travel in Egypt was her dream. I tried to share the sights and scenes with her. The beginning and the duration of World War II during these years added a dimension neither of us had anticipated.

Several letters were written by Dick, two by his father, one by his mother, and at least one by my mother, which I have included because they add much to the narrative. My letters were addressed to "Mother and Dad." I have omitted the salutations and the signature which was usually quite formally, "with love, Georgianna." My mother saved the letters, and the envelopes on which she recorded the date it was received. Delivery time varied between a record breaking ten days and six to eight months, with one limping in six years plus a few months after it had been written!

I have not included all of the letters but have selected portions of them, quoting just as they were written, because I feel that the impression of the moment is a truer picture than that of recollection many years later. I have tried to select those portions that describe the country as it was then, that tell of the way we lived, the people we knew, and the school which eventually dominated our lives. Turkish words are explained, an occasional comment is added *in italics* to complete a sequence of events. Sometimes I have summarized a period of weeks or months to maintain continuity.

The letters tell what life was like—not just the glamour, but the everyday coping with the Turkish language and wartime shortages of supplies, as well as the exciting excursions to Istanbul which is without doubt one of the world's most romantic cities, and travel by train to Beirut and by air across Turkey when the planes flew low enough to permit counting the sheep on the hillside.

I am deeply indebted for encouragement to the Docents of the Oriental Institute Museum who have admired the "travel" letters that have appeared in the Docent Digest and to my niece who took an earlier draft as her guide to Turkey last year! I wish to give special thanks to my brother, David Mathew, for making the map and designing the cover; to Virginia Canfield for pointing out sloppy grammar and making other valuable suggestions; to Irv Diamond for putting the whole on to a computer; to Cathy Novotny-Brehm for a final proofreading; and to Thomas Urban of the Publications Office of the Oriental Institute for his careful editing and for seeing the book into print.

Chicago, October 1994

ONE

GETTING THERE

Letters from August 1939

The adventure began on August 12, 1939. We sailed on the S.S. Rex, *the flagship of the Italian lines. We had been married just one week. The events of that intervening week were finishing the packing and departure, events that do not really enter this story. But one word: The departure by train from Sterling, Illinois was in a drizzly rain. It admirably suited Mother's mood, but not ours. The departure from Chicago that evening when we were poured onto the train for New York by a bunch of friends, was anything but somber. There was a great deal of laughter and shouting and jokes about our five-year honeymoon, for our first term in Turkey was to be five years. That changed.*

We were going to teach in the American College, a secondary school for boys, in Tarsus, Turkey (see Appendix 1 for a discussion of the history of Tarsus). The school was under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of the Congregational Church. Dick had been a teacher there, was offered a long term appointment if he wished to return as a married man. Our tentative plans moved fast. The people of the school had seen my picture in his room, so the suggestion was not entirely in the dark.

I wrote long letters home, trying to tell all about the new things that I was seeing. It is these letters that have become this book.

On the Rex, *we went aboard early and alone. To our surprise we were called by a reporter from the Rockford Morning Star who took our pictures. I would remember what I wore that day, even if I did not have the picture to remind me. The reporter was kind enough to give us time to change. I put on the "going-away" dress, a gold colored light wool, with a full length coat and purple belt, and the little hat that I felt was the last word. There we stood, waving to New York, on the empty decks of the great ship.*

My recollections of that voyage are of a table in one of the deserted salons where I assiduously wrote thank you notes for all the collection of wedding gifts. We had a supply of trays to stock a small restaurant because our friends thoughtfully considered them easy to pack. There was a complete for twelve service of silver, our chosen pattern which I still enjoy. There were household linens, much

appreciated and also packable, and table linens. While I wrote, Dick sat nearby reading Gone with the Wind. *Of course, there was a swimming pool, which we had virtually to ourselves and the gymnasium in which we could ride the "horse" and use other equipment. There were a few organized activities, but we took very little part in them. We did not need other people. We had each other.*

Dick watched the news reports that were posted daily. I have to admit, I really did not know why it was so significant that Germany and Russia reached an alliance that August.

We transshipped in Naples to the Esperia, *a lovely little white ship of the Adriatic Lines that would take us to Beirut by way of Alexandria. We were spoiled by the* Rex *where we had been given a first class cabin complete with three attendants who had no other passengers to look after. On the* Esperia, *the cabin was tiny, tiny. I have learned since that it was a perfectly normal shipboard size. Deck space was limited and the food mediocre. One can hardly live at the peak on a tourist class ticket all the time. The comedown was painful.*

August 20, 1939
From the *Esperia*

I saw my first Italian city. I was not too wonderfully impressed, although in justice to Genoa, I must add that we did not see the best part of it.

We walked up from the dock through an open square and then on up, really up, some little side streets so narrow and steep they had no vehicular traffic at all. We came across a funicular railway station which said trains went to Rigli. We had no idea what "Rigli" might be, so we got on a train to find out. We rode through a tunnel in tiny little cars which did not seem big enough or strong enough to make the grade, but they did. We transferred halfway up and from then on we could look down on the city of white and pink plaster buildings. The funicular stopped so we assumed we must be at Rigli and got out to explore. We were at the top of a ridge, with the city proper below us on one side and what might have been suburbs extending into the valley and mountains on the other side. A castle complete with drawbridge was up the road so we climbed still higher. Above the drawbridge was a quotation from Mussolini and a little farther on signs saying this was military zone and it was forbidden to carry binoculars or cameras. Then we noticed radio and meteorological equipment on the top of the castle, and another building beyond. Since we had a camera and also time was running

short, we explored no further but went down the way we had come.

I gave up all thought of shopping after the struggle to buy stamps from a tobacconist, not a post office. My first encounter with an unknown language was a bit staggering. Dick knows no Italian, but gets his wants understood by a combination of French, English, gestures, and a few Italian names. It is truly an international language which I will learn to use before long.

Alas, it was a long, long time before I was able to master that international language. However, I learned a great deal from Dick of the fun of simply setting out to "see what is on the other side of the wall." No wonder I miss the best traveling companion!

Alexandria was my first city in the Middle East. I was all eyes and ears and yes, nose, too. This letter was written several weeks later on October 15, 1939 from Tarsus to accompany a few pictures. It is included here to complete the account of the journey.

The *Esperia* of the Adriatic Lines from Naples to Beirut came into the harbor early in the morning of August 21, 1939, in time to see the British navy finishing up the morning scrubbing and a good section of it putting off in small boats for shore leave. The flag in the foreground belonged to one of his majesty's ships. The yacht in the center belonged to the king of Egypt. The harbor was busy. Ships from Greece, Rumania, the Egyptian green and white flag on some, and most pleasant sight of all, the stars and stripes on a Standard Oil boat busily refilling a Greek passenger steamer at the dock along side ours.

The British navy was well represented. There were a number of destroyers, a couple of airplane carriers with planes circling about like homing pigeons, and one submarine tender with its little ones along side. All this display of might was rather impressive to us. We found out later that they had been in Alexandria for several months and were no longer of any interest to Egypt.

When the *Esperia* finally was tied up at dock, our first job was to find a good guide so we would not waste our one day in this new land. While Dick bargained with the one recommended by the purser, I watched the "night-shirted" dock hands unloading the cargo of potatoes we had brought from

Italy. I was fascinated. Men with long striped cotton galabias flapping about their bare ankles lugged the heavy bags along the dock or drove gayly painted wagons to and fro moving bales of cotton from here to there. Around the gang plank, almost before it had been started out from the ship, a motley crowd of beggars and vendors of postcards and souvenirs had gathered.

Negotiations were finally arranged for the guide, complete with car and driver. Hajji Sayed Mohammed, Dragoman No. 20, was "licensed to make all arrangements for the comfort of tourists, desert camping, visiting Upper and Lower Egypt." He was equipped with well-worn letters of recommendations from satisfied customers for years back. He wore a neat white suit. He had a white turban wound around his fez as befitted one of his rank as a *hajji*. His English left a little to be desired in coherence and grammar, but was understandable. It took a little explaining to convince the Egyptian policeman that two people could travel on one passport and that one shore visa covered those two. After he had looked over all of Dick's comings and goings for the past two years and the appended page that included me, he let us pass.

We were escorted through the rabble to a bright red touring car, several years past its prime but still impressive. Our tour of the city began.

We were tourists now, plain and simple. We were shown the king's palace, an immense pile of architecture, a new wing under construction to add to its already rambling acreage. Across the street were the royal garages, where we were told, were housed forty cars, all red. Our guide had once had the honor of almost being run over by the king himself, for he is a fast and reckless driver.

Then we rode along the new and magnificent boulevard along the sea. It was very clean and modern, the sea refreshingly cool, for although it was early in the morning the day was very hot. The modern section of the city, as I look back now after six months in Tarsus, was very modern indeed. There were many cars, many shops with plate glass windows, sidewalks, and a crowd of people as average in appearance as a crowd in New York.

We stopped to see the king's mosque, and the one next to it now being built for the new queen. On the guide's suggestion we took a picture. More interesting than the white mosque

in the background is, I think, the vendor with his cart in the foreground. He was selling ripe dates—red, sticky, covered with flies.

We rode past the Royal Gardens where the military band had just finished the morning concert. At our request we hunted up the post office, for I had notes and postcards to be mailed. The post office, definitely, was not on the showing list. It was dark, dingy, and very dirty. Selling stamps was one of the least of its activities. At one small window hidden away in a corner we could get the necessary stamps. Gladly we made our escape into the open air. We had not stopped more than five minutes, but there was a swarm of beggars around the car. After the last little boy was shooed off the running board, we were on our way to the other tourist sights—the sphinx, Ptolemy's pillar, and the excavations called catacombs.

We took pictures of ourselves with the sphinx, doing justice neither to me nor the sphinx, but a good view of the base of Ptolemy's pillar. The nose of the sphinx had been knocked off. Our guide said the Romans did it, in a tone of utter contempt and disgust. The upstart Romans had no appreciation for art, came in and practically ruined Egypt, they and the Jews for whom he shared an almost German contempt.

We took a picture of the guide to send to him for his file of testimonials to be used in luring other unsuspecting females to hire his services. It did not get mailed and now it is too late, so it can go into the scrapbook with these others. As the sun grew hotter (and we had the top of the car put down) Sayed Mohammed put a handkerchief under his fez which explains the Arab-like headdress.

The "catacombs," the little sphinx, and Ptolemy's pillar have been enclosed in a little park. We were able to dispense with the offered services of the several guides at the gate. We met some of our fellow passengers from the *Esperia* in their clutches.

The excavations were long deep caves, dark and damp. Niches in the walls were pointed out as the burial places or shrines. Here our faith in the guide's knowledge of archeology suffered a setback. "How," I asked, "did the archeologists know that in this particular place they would find the buried sacred bull?" for that was the prize treasure of all the diggings. "They looked in Baedecker," answered Dragoman No. 20, licensed

to conduct tourists in Upper and Lower Egypt. We made mental note that we too would look in Baedecker the next time we wanted information about ancient sites.

From the park it was a natural progression across the lawn to the museum where the relics were on display. Museums at best are confusing. This one was cluttered and unlabeled. We looked at busts of unknown Greeks, tear glasses, those tiny fragile bits of things from ancient tombs, and as a climax the statue of the sacred bull taken from the catacomb we had just been in. I stepped back in surprise. No surely, this more than life-size thing had not been found complete in every part after several thousand years! But there it stood on all four legs, both straight horns pointing into the air. A monstrous thing. Closer inspection, a second glance was all that was needed: The largest part of the animal was reconstruction, only bits of the original bronze were there.

We took a quick turn through the Royal Botanical Gardens. All the parks are Royal something or other. We eschewed the Royal Zoo. We asked if we might see a mosque. It was simpler than I had thought for here Hajji Sayed Mohammed was back in his own country, so to speak. We left the main streets of the city, stopped in front of a simple narrow doorway. I had expected at least one archway. We went up one flight of stairs before we began to be in the mosque.

Here on the second floor level was a room-sized court open to the sky. In the center was a pool where the faithful washed before prayers. Either too many of the faithful had bathed here recently, or the pool was not large enough. The stench was terrific. On one side of the court was a school room. It was from that direction that a bedlam noise had been increasing as we came up the stairs. Rows of little boys, all in long cotton galabias, stood up at rows of desks, reading aloud for all they were worth. The teacher, he looked to be in his early twenties, stood in front of the class on a raised platform. Lessons stopped when we passed, resumed again noisy as ever when we left. Somewhere on our way to this little court our party had been increased by the addition of the headman of the mosque. He was a very dignified old man, and a lackey who tagged along to carry our shoes.

At the threshold we all took off our shoes. Dick and I with shoelaces to be untied had the most difficulty. The others merely stepped out of loose sandals. The lackey had none on.

I remember how cool the grass mats felt on my stockinged feet.

The room we entered was a large square one, almost devoid of decoration. The walls were whitewashed plaster, the ceiling very high. Grass mats covered the floor from one side to the other. I had expected to see rich carpets, many ornaments. The simplicity was refreshing. At one end of the room, in the direction of Mecca, there was a small niche in the wall lined with blue tile. A little before this and to the right was a pulpit from which the *hoja* read when there were Friday meetings in the mosque.

The other end of the room was open to a sort of balcony which apparently had access to the street from the other side of the building. There were several men there praying, their shoes laid beside them. We passed unnoticed and unnoticing.

Opposite the door we had entered was the entrance to the minaret. We were honored by being allowed to climb it. This was a small circular staircase, built around a central pole. Our shoes were returned to us on the bottom step and we followed the *hoja* up. The first door led to the roof, from which the daily calls to prayer were made. Slits of windows lighted the steep narrow staircase. We climbed up and up, past another door. That was the first balcony. Round and round the pole, up and up and up. My legs were growing tired. I was ashamed to admit that the old man ahead of me and the old guide behind me could climb stairs so much more agilely than I, but still we went up, past a second balcony. At the very top, about six stories high, there was a small platform from which the *muezzin* gave the call to prayer on special holy days.

We went back to the *Esperia* for lunch. Our guide said that he would take us through the native bazaars in the afternoon although that was not part of the original contract. We realized later that he would get a good commission from the shopkeeper on any purchase we made. Unfortunately, we had not enough Egyptian money to make any purchases and so developed an amazing sales-resistance for deeply scented perfumes, lovely brass trays, and coffee grinders.

While we waited for the guide, we watched a couple of Egyptian sailors saying their noonday prayers on a nearby barge. The first rather hastily stepped onto a lower step, sloshed his feet in the water, returned to the deck to kneel and bow in the direction of Mecca three times. The second fellow, clad in

a short shirt of coarse cotton cloth (it looked like gunny sacking) stepped to the same platform, washed his feet with great care, his hands, and face. On the deck of the barge, he knelt, hands stretched out above his head, bowed three times, rose to his feet, knelt again, and repeated the prayers. This went on for some time. I think he went through this routine nine times in all. Such devout worship was a little incongruous in the crude setting. Devotions finished he went back to his work.

Shortly afterward the guide came to get us. While Dick went below to get the camera, I talked with him. He asked how long we had been married. I told him about three weeks. He piously wished that Allah would give us many sons!

The bazaars were a confusing mixture of strange sights and sounds and smells. The odors of the East are more characteristic than language or costume—more nauseating and shocking to one newly come from the cleanliness of America. The smells were of stale food, fresh, too-ripe fruit, bits of garbage in the street, heat and unwashed bodies, and deep musky perfumes. Now perhaps I would not even be aware of these odors, but Alexandria gave me my first sight and smell of the East, and I was impressed.

"*Salaam alekum*" ... "*Alekum salaam!*" all along the way. Sayed Mohammed was apparently a well-known personage. From almost every shop, in every section he was respectfully greeted. We were very glad to have him with us. Without his authoritative and protecting guidance we would never have escaped the beseeching hands of the beggars nor the importunate shopkeepers. If by chance we lagged a few steps behind, seemed for a moment to be alone, we were at once surrounded by beggars of all types and descriptions. I was too disgusted, revolted, to pay much heed, so I cannot tell now whether the beggars were women, men, or children. Many of each, I am sure.

We passed through the tailors' section. Sewing machines lined the streets. Men busily stitched fancy braid and embroidery on short jackets. A pressing shop—I looked twice to make sure that I was not looking at a picture from an old geography book. But sure enough, there was a man pressing a suit with the long handled iron which he pushed about with his foot, the suit spread out on a mat on the floor.

In the fabric section I saw where the cotton galabias came from. In high piles, reaching from floor to ceiling, except that

they were on the sidewalk, were bolt upon bolt of the stuff—white with brown stripes or a tiny figure, black stripes or blue. There were many women making purchases. The women were in groups of two or three, as women shop anywhere. They were not accompanied by their men folk as is so common here in Turkey. These women were protected by their black robes and thin face veils which hung from gilt nose pieces. Seeing them, I felt cool in my short summer dress.

We stopped at a perfume makers to admire the realistic reproduction of flower scents which he had achieved—roses fresh from the garden, violets, and lilies. But we escaped without being sprayed too liberally. On the floor of the shop we noticed bundles of little sticks. We thought they must be sandal wood, or some other exotic herb. Our guide explained that those were the toothbrushes, produced a well-worn one from his pocket and smiled broadly to display the wonderful results of such a method of tooth cleansing. His smile showed as many gold replacements as natural teeth.

Next door were open bins of herbs ground for medicine and some, we were told, were guaranteed to make women fat.

The entrance to the Algerian bazaar was almost blocked by an array of glassware in the street. Here the awnings and mat roofs made almost a covered street. There were cheap manufactured things hung in a confusion of cups, tea glasses, and plates.

We saw some dolls, celluloid ones, and that started us to look for others more characteristic which we might send for your collection. Sayed Mohammed took us to the shop of a friend where he was sure we could get them. The proprietor was at the mercy of his barber's razor but directed his apprentice where to find the dolls. After much searching he produced several of the "Egyptian Ella" type which you could get at any carnival from Alexandria to San Francisco.

We took a picture of three shapely ladies who stopped to test the grain from a vendor's cart. They would not have liked having their picture taken, but we think they look very well indeed. Solid black mounds.

We went back to the ship, very happy that it was in Tarsus and not Alexandria where we would live, in Turkey and not in Egypt for that ancient land (judging from the brief glimpse we had) has superimposed a bit of European culture over a time-worn rotten social structure.

I wonder if I would think the same about Alexandria if I saw it now, after a couple of weeks in Tarsus. I would probably see many different things. One's perspective does change. The next time we are in Egypt I hope it will be to see the pyramids, the desert, and a more favorable view of the people.

I did get back to Egypt, 40 years later, and it had improved!

One remark about Alexandria I never forgot. Somewhere along in the suq, *I asked Dick if Tarsus smelled like this. He answered, "Yes, only more so!!" And he was right!*

Dick's mother and father had come to Beirut several years before at the end of a long career in the Near East, mostly in Turkey. Father Maynard was then teaching at the American University of Beirut. Among other volunteer activities, Mother Maynard was teaching at the Armenian high school. It was a happy landing despite the fact that Dick's trunk fell in the water! We never trusted a baggage net after that. The trunk was fished out, but since it had to be opened and dried out, it seemed best to take all three of our trunks to the Maynard's apartment instead of leaving them in transit at customs. Three hamals (porters) carried them on their backs more than a mile. One of these was the trunk that the American Express boys in Sterling had said was too heavy for two of them to move up five steps and into a truck!

At that time the Maynards lived in a large apartment in Ras Beirut. I remember the cool marble floors, the lovely wide balcony that circled all the high-ceilinged rooms with their ceiling fans.

August 25, 1939
Beirut

We were so eager to get ashore that the lines for passport control seemed absolutely endless. Dick's mother and father were on the dock to meet us. We could see them, and wave.

The Maynards are the grand people we knew they would be. Mrs. Maynard accepts her brand-new daughter, just as if she had always known me and had a part in the arrangements from the beginning. I like her very much, find her easy to talk with, well informed on all manner of subjects but in no way dogmatic or dictatorial. I know we shall be great friends.

Father Maynard is a delightful person. He has a quiet manner which is rather deceiving for he likes to talk and tells fascinating tales of life in the Near East—both past and present—for it is almost thirty years since they came out. Al-

ready I feel that I have known him a long, long time. There will be no "in-law" problems in this household. You will have a chance to meet them sometime and I know you will like them a lot.

The Lebanon was under French mandate at that time so French was the official language. There was a fascinating mixture of European and Arabic ways and manners.

August 30, 1939
Beirut

I have written of our arrival here but not yet about the city. Beirut is built on a rocky point out into the sea, that is West Beirut where the American University is located; the old part of the city extends inland on lower ground, but still on the point, with the sea on both sides. The campus of the university slopes very steeply down to the rocky shore. There are more trees here than anywhere else in the city. The grounds are laid out in quite the approved American collegiate plan, with walks, wooded spots, a few gardens here and there, square efficient looking yellow brick buildings with red tiled roofs, connected by a sweeping Italianate stairway. This is the American part of the city.

There is a French section. Here are the gendarmes, the soldiers in khaki uniforms, administration buildings, which like most administration buildings are meant to impress rather than adorn the community. The Lebanon and Syria is a French mandate and French is the official language spoken. Most of the Arab shop keepers know at least enough to handle business. We stopped at a fruit shop one evening to buy peaches. The Arab vendor understood very well what kind of fruit we asked for in French, but when we asked also in French where we could find a flower shop, he no longer spoke the language.

English is spoken a great deal. Most of the shops of any size or importance have at least one man who can speak English fluently. In the fruit and vegetable bazaars, English suffers the same limitations as did the fruit vendor's French, but it is adequate for all simple dealings.

I went shopping with Mother Maynard Friday morning to see just how it was done. We rode on the funny little tram car

downtown for three piasters (about one and a half cents) because we rode second class. Had we ridden first class, that is had seats with reed upholstered backs, it would have cost three and half piasters.

We got off at a square called Bab Edris where the best riots of Beirut are held occasionally. All was very calm and quiet, the ten-cent store on one corner, an office building on the other, a Parisian perfume shop, and a restaurant, just like any city in America or France. But down the other street from the square, the shops were quite different. They were tiny places, not more than eight-foot frontage. A bakery, a jeweler, and a linen shop here. We stopped at this last one to get some gifts to send home. The stock was rather low, which the proprietor explained was due to the tourist trade. The workers could not keep up with the demand for souvenirs. They had beautiful embroidery work on luncheon sets, nightgowns, slips, and blouses, embroideries at unbelievably low prices. For instance an embroidered slip cost about one and a half Lebanese pounds, $1.10 in our money, but while the workmanship was exquisite, the style was notably minus.

However, we will never get the morning's shopping done if we stay in the linen shop, so on around the corner, into what seemed to me an alley. It was the fruit and vegetable bazaar. There was a row of tiny stalls the entire length of the block, with stands built out from each one on which to display goods or the merchant to stand. There was a narrow walk between the rows of racks, just about wide enough to pass one person, if the path were not all taken up with a mud puddle or some squashed fruit. Every now and then there was a meat stall with whole or partial carcasses hanging out in the open air. These were indeed most unappetizing, with no attempt to cater to the American conception of sanitation. Needless to say, we did not buy our meat from them.

Mother Maynard picked up a peach from one of the trays to test its ripeness. Immediately the vendor was before her, sack in hand, with "Bon jour, madame, how many madame?" and a ragged little boy with a basket as big as he was strapped on his back was on the other side begging to carry her bundles. These basket-boys are a pathetic nuisance. They are apparently about seven to twelve years of age, unspeakably ragged and dirty. They had long wicker baskets slung on their shoulders, so long they almost touched the ground if the boy

were a little one. They made themselves a nuisance by obstructing the very narrow path in the market and by begging to carry bundles at every turn, but being children after all, they had such appealing looks one could not help feeling sorry for them and giving them a bundle or two to carry for a tip of a few piasters.

The vegetables displayed were not unlike our own, with sweet corn notably missing. Zucchini, yellow squash rather than our green hard shelled kind, large and small green beans, dry beans in the pod, and the usual beets, carrots, onions, and tomatoes. There were huge strings of garlic hanging conveniently overhead. The fruit stands were supplied with a more varied assortment, a few new to me. There were quantities of grapes, round ones and long ones, white and purple ones; peaches, the last of the plum crop, ripe figs, usually one cut to show their juiciness and messiness; and melons cut to show their meatiness. The melons are about the same as ours but with a smooth yellow rind. Honeydew melons are also in season, along with custard apples and prickly pears. The watermelons are all of the small round variety, but they are not sold in the bazaar but at stands and shops handling them exclusively.

We worked our way slowly along this blocklong vegetable-fruit stand, buying a little here and a little there. At the end I was amazed to see nationally advertised brands of tomato soup and canned peaches arranged on neat shelves and under cover. In quite the approved American fashion, this shop had an enclosed case for meat. The packaged goods and canned goods were imported from America, France, and England. Across the "aisle" from this shop was a very modern meat market, where Mrs. Maynard bought her meat from glassed refrigerator cases, weighed up on scales which undoubtedly had "Toledo" on them.

That was the morning's shopping. We wandered about the town, a small portion of it, on several different errands. The shops were all small, only a few of them had glass windows. There were many rug stores, deep holes in the wall with beautiful oriental rugs hung about the doorways and a brass tray or samovar to give "atmosphere."

In the European manner there were photographers, stationers, curio shops, and a few selling ready-made dresses. The

whole town seems to be an indiscriminate hodgepodge of things French and things Arabic.

The costumes of the people are in that category. One could write a book on what the well-dressed Syrian wears and still not cover the various types and combinations one sees on the streets. Here is everything from strictly Moslem to strictly European. The weirdest of all was the woman in short Parisian dress with head and face closely veiled in the approved Moslem fashion and the corresponding costume for men—the baggy trousers worn with an English tweed tailored jacket.

We bought some dolls, which I am sending, to show the old style of dress for both men and women. Although they are not so commonly seen in the cities now, the villagers and bedouins still wear the same type of clothing. The lady doll has a black skirt over many other skirts, a black cape affair covering head and shoulders, and over head and face a thin black veil. We have seen women here in Beirut dressed exactly like this, although it is a matter of civic pride to say they are no longer so common, or perhaps one does not notice after becoming familiar with the scene. The man doll is a priest of some rank, shown by the white turban around his fez and the rosary beads he carries. Otherwise his costume is duplicated many times on the streets here. He is quite an elegant gentleman as you can see by the braid on his trousers. This style of "droopy drawers" as we call them is worn by men of all ranks, made in all kinds of material and with varying numbers of patches. It is amusing to see "droopy drawers" topped by a wide twisted sash, a nicely tailored coat and on the man's head the white cloth of the Arabs held in place by heavy black bands. It looks as if "East had met West" after all, and the "twain" had met with rather dubious sartorial results. I had not intended to get involved in the clothes problem again. There is so much to see and tell you about, but the climate is such that bedtime is always most welcome.

During our time in Beirut I was introduced to one of the joys of the ancient lands: picnics among the ruins. An account of our trip to Baalbek for a picnic is given, below, in Appendix 1.

Oddly enough the letters do not mention how we received the news of the German invasion of Poland and the outbreak of the war that was to become World War II. I do remember the feeling of horror, of disbelief. Mother had been right after all. And here was I, having disobeyed her after a fashion, traipsing off to an unknown part of the world. Nothing could be done then or later.

We made one trip to the mountain resort, Shemlan, where a number of missionaries had gathered for vacation. I was introduced to many friends and acquaintances whom I do not now remember but I do remember the grape-leaf dolmas! Driving back to Beirut after dark in the blackout (headlights were painted over with bluing) was such a horrifying experience that we did not go to the mountains again.

We could not avoid the drive along the coast to the railhead at Tripoli. We took a bus. Its eerie blue light flashed against the white walls of the village houses, or disappeared into no light at all in the long road tunnel. Just after that, some engine trouble developed. The driver, with his cigarette dangling from his mouth, opened the hood and leaned over the engine from which gasoline fumes rose. We let ourselves out the rear door and walked a hundred yards back down the road. The trouble was fixed and we proceeded on to Tripoli and our night train to Adana, Turkey.

We had a Wagon-Lit compartment. All the comforts of Pullman! A plush upholstered bunk, the back of which opened up to make the upper berth, pulled out to be one bed. Tiny nets against the wall held personal belongings. Most amusing of all was a small round plaque with a hook for the hanging of the gentleman's watch. In the connecting washroom, a "vaso" was under the sink. The best feature was privacy. I remember Dick's remark that we had better enjoy this for we would not be traveling by Wagon-Lit very often after we were off expense account.

Next stop: Turkey!

APPENDIX 1

A Trip to Baalbek

I wrote this account during our time in Beirut, in late September 1939.

Once upon a time when the Romans ruled most of the known world and all of Asia Minor, Baalbek was a resort of considerable importance. It had been a famous place of wor-

ship for centuries before. Its claim to fame now is the magnificent ruins of several temples, archeological rumor taking them back to Phoenician times although so early a date is not definite and is generally frowned upon in the best circles.

The name of Baalbek, however, appears in Egyptian and Assyrian inscriptions. It was assumed to have been the place of Baal worship for the inhabitants of the Beka'a. The Greeks identified Baal with their own sun god Helios, naming the place Heliopolis. About the first century A.D. the Romans came, building their temples. It is these three, to Jupiter of Heliopolis, Mercury, and Bacchus, which form part of the ruins on the acropolis that have attracted tourists from all over the world.

From about the seventh to the fourteenth century the acropolis was used by the Arabs as a fortress. There are evidences of this occupation—parts of the cornice of the Temple of Jupiter destroyed by catapults, arrow slots in the rearranged walls, and a moat which replaced the magnificent stairway leading to the temple area.

However, the ravages of time, earthquake, and battle were not enough to destroy completely the work of the Romans and in 1905 excavation was begun by the Germans, now continued by the French government.

Those are the facts, the background, and the reasons for the trip. I will try to fill in other salient bits as I go along, for like most writers of travel yarns, I got out the guidebook and the typewriter in the same draw.

We had hired a car for the day. After the usual amount of delay when we were properly stowed in and our picnic baskets had been properly upset in the trunk, we thought we were off. But the driver had other ideas. He drove around a back street and picked up his cousin in a pair of white baggy pants and a white knit shirt. He looked as if he just started dressing. The cousin took the wheel and bought gasoline for the car. It was during the time of government rationing of gasoline so that the whole procedure may not have been as senseless as it seemed. Apparently the man in the white droopy drawers was the gas fixer-upper of the family, or perhaps the driver had already had his ration for the day and could not himself purchase any more. At any rate, we picked up our driver from where he had been lurking and were merrily on our way at last.

We drove right straight up the side of the Lebanon Mountains, or just as nearly straight up as a road can go. The Lebanons do not seem to be high mountains until the car begins the long, steep climb. The drive up from Beirut to the crest of the range has little to recommend it as a Sunday afternoon drive except the beauty of the backward view of the sea and the city. Cars are few here and pedestrians and donkeys know that they are perfectly safe in the middle of the road or any other section of it they may choose. A ride is made hideous by the constant shrieking of horns. The roads themselves are good. The French have taken care of that. They are at present better patrolled than usual by gendarmes. Everywhere, especially going up, we passed truckloads of workmen under military supervision bound for somewhere ahead. We soon found out about their destination.

The mountains are barren. The guidebook says more tactfully that "there is no vegetation." But since he wrote several years ago I believe erosion has progressed to such an extent that there is no longer need for tact. The mountains are barren outcroppings of yellow rock, patches of bare soil. Here and there a planted grove of cedars in a conscious effort to reforest the mountains relieves the dull monotony of the yellow earth. There are also a few olive orchards and in the valleys vineyards, but looking off over the distant view one has the impression only of dull yellow-gold hills worn down by time to a soft rounded outline.

There is still "gold" in those hills in the resort trade which no doubt is not far different from that during the Greek and then the Roman occupation. The only difference is that now the French are overlords, and the visitors are American and English as well as Egyptian and Cypriot. We passed many little villages exactly like resort towns anywhere in the world, with swimming pools, cafes, and even slot machines made in Chicago, Illinois!

We passed the hill upon which Lamartine meditated. I hope he had a pleasant time for it seemed to me a singularly unbeautiful spot to choose, beyond sight of the sea on a level only with more barren mountain tops. But whatever its charm, we did not stop to discover for we were on our way to Baalbek.

We shortly did discover, however, the reason for the military trucks and the road workers. At the crest of the mountain, the road was torn up. There was no possible detour,

there was no one-way arrangement. All we could do was to carry on, bumping over the new road then in an ungraded state. The French, at war with Germany and expecting sudden attacks from no-one-knows-where, are putting all roads into order as quickly as possible.

At intervals on the ascent, we had passed the track of the little cog railway that crosses the mountains. It is about the size of a toy train, looks as if it could be great sport to run it around the backyard, but the little thing bravely chugs along taking a whole day between Beirut and Damascus, about 140 kilometers. Many tunnels have been built, bridges and trestles to make its way a little easier. At each tunnel entrance or tiny bridge a French soldier stood guard. Our driver said they remembered dynamiting those tunnels during the last war and were not going to give anyone else a chance now. Not quite sporting, I would say, but common sense. There was no apparent need for such precautions, but Syria and the Lebanon were preparing for any emergency.

At the crest of the Lebanon range now below us was the Beka'a. I did not realize for a long time what was strange about the scene. Then the difference became apparent. It was green! There were shades of green in the valley, the green from tilled fields and trees, shades of green I had not seen since America. The Beka'a is a narrow valley between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon. It stretches north from Mount Hermon about a hundred kilometers and is about 3,000 feet above sea level.

From our vantage point we looked down into this fertile valley, seeing its neatly laid out fields and villages as from an aerial view. It apparently was very rich land, undoubtedly being farmed in the same way since the days of King Solomon. The fields were small, the wheat already harvested, the tiny vineyards showing green. There were no isolated farm buildings. Tiny villages of a dozen houses or more were the homes of the laborers.

The Beka'a has been getting some unwanted attention recently. Taxed with the question of settling the newly arrived refugee Armenians from the Alexandretta region, the French government thought of the fertile Beka'a as a location for them. But of course the land was already owned, mostly by large landowners who did not wish to sell. That was of small consequence. The government condemned a certain amount

of the land, then at condemnation prices bought it up and distributed it in minute parcels to the refugees. There is a question as to how effective this measure will be in caring for the Armenians, for although it has been fertile, the Beka'a is very old and can support only a limited number. However, it is a solution for at least some.

We passed an Armenian settlement down in the valley. There seemed to be about a hundred one-room houses all built alike, all of cement blocks, with the attendant amount of dirt and clutter about. In all justice to the refugees, I hasten to add that there were signs of effort. An attempt to make the one room livable and to make a living from somewhere. On the same subject, although it does not belong in this trip, we went through the Armenian high school and a church in Beirut where a number of refugees are temporarily encamped. Their camp was as clean and neat as one could ask for. The people seemed happy and friendly, definitely intelligent.

(The Alexandretta region was the Hatay which had been part of the mandate but had recently been acquired by Turkey.)

Back to our journey to Baalbek. The traffic was interesting. The little donkeys continue to amuse me. They are such perky gay looking little things with their very long ears and their very big loads. Frequently camel trains passed us, a tiny donkey leading the gangly animals. A camel seems to have less interest in life than any animal I have ever seen. He would sulk with a pack or without it, if a man led him or a donkey, and if no one led him he would just stand still. Most of the Arabs walked beside the donkeys, but occasionally one would be riding, nonchalantly swinging his feet over one side, his heelless slippers dangling precariously. No one was in a hurry to get anywhere at all, nor in any hurry to get anything done.

Crossing the Beka'a we saw an old threshing floor, quite as in Biblical times. This one was a flat open space off the road, about a quarter acre I think. Four or five different groups were threshing at the time we passed, and there was room for others. A horse, donkey, or a camel drew a heavy board over the grain to break it up for winnowing. The board, roughly sled-shaped at one end, was shod with flints. A man usually rode to give added weight. The biblical descriptions are more accurate than I can give for we had only a passing glance. The method is still quite the same, although now some pro-

gressive farmers have introduced machinery. The American threshing machine is used occasionally in Turkey and possibly in more progressive areas of Syria. The only machine here was a sort of drum arrangement used in place of winnowing by hand and wind.

Farther on, cutting northeast across a little higher plain, we passed large vineyards where grapes for wine were raised. It was interesting to note that the grape vines were entirely on the ground. They were trimmed in such a manner that one master vine formed a sort of support for the bearing end but there were no wooden frames whatsoever. Unabashed by such lack of ceremony the vines were bearing plentifully.

Then we came to the bedouin encampments. The occasional flocks of black goats we had passed on the way down the hills had suggested bedouins but had not prepared me for the blackness of their goat-hair tents. They are of blackness such as one sees in no other fabric, possibly due to the addition of grease and soot to the original color of the goats' hair. The wandering Arabs we encountered in these bedouin encampments were not the romantic types I had envisioned meeting.

The tents for the most part were quite large in area covered, about high enough for me to stand up in. They were all open on one side, the open flap forming a kind of porch. From what we could see in passing they all looked crowded, messy, and uninviting. It may be that the far-famed sheik of Araby had a different kind of a tent—or better housewives taking care of it.

The flocks were scattered about in all directions, black goats and sheep. Strangely though pastured together and watched by the same shepherd, the goats and sheep did not mingle and seemed to move in their own groups. There was no visible grass or vegetation for them to feed on. From somewhere they dug up enough to eat, living no doubt quite as precariously on the edge of starvation as the shepherds themselves.

Suddenly, someone said, "There is Baalbek, you can see the columns of the Temple of Jupiter!" The only columns I could see were very small things and they belonged to a tiny Moslem shrine. In the farther distance, rising majestically were the stately Roman columns. I began to realize why we had made the long trip. The columns were impressive even from the distance of several miles.

We drove through the modern village of Baalbek which is no longer of any interest or importance except to those who live there. The ancient ruins have been restored to a certain extent to make it possible for the layman to have an idea what it was once like, but not enough to destroy the atmosphere of great antiquity.

My feeling at the first sight of the ruins is hard to describe. It was one of awe and stupefied amazement when I realized that those same stones had been placed, those same square rooms had been used by Roman priests in the second century. In my imagination I could see the procession of white clad figures weaving between the pillars of the hexagonal court of which we could still see the outline, through the archway to the court of the temple, past the clear cool pools to the Temple of Jupiter, rising in a many-columned facade from the stately stairway.

The whole place gave an impression of grandeur. We entered from the front where the stairway had been removed by the Arabs to make a moat around their fortifications. Above the moat are towers, still showing the carving on the walls and molding beneath the ceiling long since gone. Through the thick stone walls are narrow slots for arrows.

From the propylaea, this first court, we entered the hexagonal court of the temple area. Originally surrounded by columns, the walls are niched to contain statues. All that now remains is a vague marking of broken pedestals and empty cornices on walls smoothed by time. The hexagonal court opened into the altar court, directly in front of the great Temple of Jupiter. This rectangular court also contained a series of niches for statues all along the walls. Once a portico supported by granite columns stretched along the wall. All that remains are the fragments of the columns strewn in archeological disarray over the open space. The two pools, one on either side of the court, are quite well preserved. The wall of one of them, about eighteen inches high, is richly carved with the gayest Tritons, Nereids, and mermaids which could be made in stone.

The remnants of the monumental stairway leading to the Temple of Jupiter rise from this court. The steps are cut from huge blocks of granite, three average sized steps to one block about eight or ten feet in length. Originally they extended the

width of the building, a hundred and sixty feet, but at present are badly worn, serviceable only in spots.

Just at this time in our ramblings the sun was directly overhead. Even the Arab who was carrying our lunch baskets began to wilt. The thought of cool water and something to eat was more appealing than the columns of the temple. Up a few steps, through what had once been a wall, and we were on a platform from whence the Arabs may once have hurled rocks at the enemy far below. Now it was shady and cool, a trickling fountain came up from somewhere and we were content to ask no more. We lunched and dozed, watching salamanders crawl in and out of the slots in the two-foot thick walls.

After lunch we began a really serious investigation of the remaining six columns of the Temple of Jupiter. The temple originally had seventeen on either side and ten at each end. Of these only six on the side wall are still in place and still support a richly carved cornice. The pillars are more than sixty feet high, made in three sections. These are held together by ingeniously designed bronze sockets which can be seen in some of the fallen pillars. These very bronze sockets are the cause of much of the destruction for the Arabs used the metal for arrowheads, hacking at the columns and breaking them down to obtain it.

The columns are topped by Corinthian capitals, a frieze of alternating crouching lions and bulls, a beautifully carved cornice, and above all this a very practical gutter for rainwater. At intervals were lions' heads, the open mouth a spout for water. One of these heads, which had dropped unbroken to the ground, gave us an excellent opportunity to examine it. The carving was wonderfully true and exact. From its location at the very top of the temple one might have granted the liberty of a little slipshod work but not so in this case. Every line was precise. The head itself was about three cubic feet, but the block of cornice of which it was part was about ten by ten by six.

The guidebook quotes one John Malala of Antioch, who lived in the seventh century: "Aelius Antoninus Pius built at Heliopolis in Phoenicia, in Lebanon, a great temple to Jupiter which was one of the wonders of the world." The remaining fragments show that it must once have been truly magnificent.

Only a little way from the Temple of Jupiter is a Temple of Bacchus in a most remarkable state of preservation. This is a

much smaller one and no doubt was built at a later date. The architecture had changed from one of grandeur to a more ornate style. The most interesting feature of this temple is an arched roof of stone between the flanking row of columns and the wall of the building itself. These immense blocks are carved with most delicate geometric designs, busts, and figures. Some of them remain in place where the carving, unmarred by the elements, is still as fresh and clear cut as it was centuries ago.

The door of the temple, according to the guidebook, and according to our observation, is by far the most interesting part of the whole structure. It is a huge square entrance, the stones on either side, for about two feet, are profusely carved with an artistic and fragile design. Here are bacchantes, satyrs, and genii. There are also lizards and birds scarcely more than an inch in size but exquisitely carved and mingled with a running decoration of vine stems and leaves in which the veins are shown with microscopic accuracy.

Inside the temple, wall niches for statues are still visible, with a cornice over each one. The altar is also carved profusely with bacchanalian designs but here less well preserved.

By this time we had been impressed by just about all the ruins we could stand and began looking for the arrows which marked the way out. There were underground passages in an "H" formation under the acropolis and it was by one of these that we made our way back to the twentieth century. On the way we stopped to see the little rooms built in the walls which had once been used by the priests of the temples.

We thought we were back in the twentieth century. At least there was a car waiting for us, but only a few steps away women were washing grain in a creek by a primitive method which must be almost as old as the temple itself. They built small dams with stones, lined the pool with cloth and dumped in the newly threshed wheat. Any grains which might be washed downstream by the running water were caught in a sieve held by the vigilant peasant. Well soaked the grain was heated in huge stone caldrons lined with copper placed nearby on the riverbank. The deep yellow wheat puffed up like rice when thus steamed, tasted a little like popcorn. This was the first step in making bulgur, a standard cereal food of the peasants of both Syria and Turkey. It would be spread out to dry in the sun, stored, and ground as needed for pilaf.

A few steps down the road, under the wall of the acropolis was a tiny mill run by water power grinding wheat between two rough-hewn stones, perhaps as old as the temple itself.

That is the strange part about the Near East: it is so modern with good French roads, American cars (we made the trip in a Plymouth), airplanes, electricity, and so many of our modern ways; the ancient ruins from past civilization; and the primitive ways of the people all working along side by side. It is hard to know which one will prove the stronger and in another hundred years be a relic for future generations. Will it be the French roads? The people still washing grain in the creek and grinding their wheat at a water mill? Or will it be the Roman ruins surviving all? Who can tell?

That was our trip to Baalbek. The drive back was by the same route, stopping only at Zahle for tea. It is a little mountain resort like all other mountain resorts so far as I could see. It is of special interest to the Maynards Senior for they stayed there in 1915 on their way out from the interior of Turkey. But that is part of another story and this one is already too long.

So, suddenly we were back in Beirut.

TWO

SETTLING IN

Letters from September 1939 to January 1940

We reached Adana in mid-afternoon. At that time, Adana was a low-built, mud colored city of perhaps fifty or sixty thousand. It was the main city for our area of southern Turkey.

That afternoon we began the first of many hours spent in the station for it was here that one either going to or coming from the south changed from the Express to the local train for Tarsus and on to Mersin. The Express was the through train, part of the famous Berlin-to-Baghdad line built by the Germans during World War I. There was nothing to recommend the station, either from the standpoint of architectural interest or comfort. There were a few benches along the track, there was a shelter from the sun. I do not recall even a refreshment stand although there must have been one.

We were met by John Scott and Ruth Haas. John had been Dick's colleague during his last year in Tarsus and his companion on an extensive European bicycle tour. He had one more year on his three year term in Tarsus, but he returned after the war with Gwen to whom Dick had delivered the engagement ring. Ruth Haas was an older woman. She must have been about fifty-five at the time. Her husband was the "Haas Doktor," of the American clinic in Adana. (The name, Haas, had a meaning in Turkish. It meant "real" or "genuine." Hence the beloved doctor was known in both English and Turkish as the "Real One.") He had spent World War I in Adana, while Ruth was in the States with their young children. She had no intention of leaving her husband alone again. She was a woman of indomitable courage and resourcefulness whom I learned to love and admire. But that first day, all I could see was the grim expression caused by her ill-fitting false teeth.

After an almost interminable time, the train for Tarsus came. We were off for the last section of our journey "home." The Woolworths met us at the Tarsus station with the school car. It was a Model A Ford touring car. We appreciated the gesture of goodwill, but the realization that this was the best that the town had to offer was a crushing blow. The alternative to this car would have been to ride in a phaeton, a two-horse carriage. In fact, very soon after that the car

was put up on jacks for the "duration" for lack of gas for civilian use. We became very familiar with the "carriages" that took us to and from the station. Roads were almost nonexistent. Travel between Tarsus and Mersin on the coast about eighteen miles away and Adana inland about forty-five miles was by train.

The arrival in Tarsus was a plunge into reality. I struggled to keep the letters cheerful and upbeat, but I was lonely. My life was dull. There was no other way to put it. Dick was off in class all day, five and half days a week. Eventually I was to study Turkish, but no one had time to give it a thought then. Most of the people were so old! I could not teach music as had been hoped. No one thought of anything I could do except to get my house in order. I set about that with a will.

I determined then, that if I ever had it in my power I would never put a newcomer's wife into such a situation. Perhaps I over did it. I was laughingly accused of giving the women assignments before they had time to unpack their carry-on bags.

The erratic state of mail did not help my peace of mind. I did not know until the 30th of September that Mother and Dad had received my letters from Beirut let alone the ones sent from along the way or from Tarsus. After receiving letters written September 7 and August 29, I wrote:

September 30, 1939

About worrying: we do not blame you in the least. In fact, I was worried because I knew you would be. All the time we were both thinking exactly the same thing and our mental telepathy did not quite crash through. We might be able to do better next time, only there will not be a next time, for you will know that reports about no ships sailing and Americans coming home, etc., only mean provoking delays. They have never been known to be deadly. I will know that you are not worrying about us and so will be able to enjoy the sights and sounds and smells and write bigger and better reports for the *Gazette*.

Mother edited my letters from the trip out, pure travel accounts, and they were printed in the local newspaper. Although I joked about it, the letters were really written for Mother and Dad, not the Gazette. Thus, I am quoting from the originals which are somewhat more revealing than the edited versions.

I do not think I have told you much about the apartment because I did not want to write down my first impressions for fear they would stick. But now I can face the place without a shudder. I can tell you first, second, and third impressions.

We came in just after dark on September 20 and were escorted to our door by Mr. Woolworth and Ilyas (the gateman) with our bags. No chance to be carried over the threshold of my new home. But really, I am just as glad I did not get carried over the threshold as it was then. Once upon a time there had been a huge double door in the center of the building, but some Scotchman had the brilliant idea of removing one-half and replacing it with a screen door. We entered by a door, half screen and half planks, thick enough for a jail. The windows in this country are built without sills, so seven bald eyes stared at us, draped inadequately with too short and narrow bits of cheesecloth. This was to be our living room. It contained an ancient Victrola, a moth-eaten cot, three or four chairs of various vintages and design. That was the worst, but of course, the first, room we saw. My audacious ideas about decorating a house in Turkey just curled up and died on the spot. But before I go on with the rest of the rooms, I will add that more ideas have risen from the ashes of their funeral pyre.

Our bedroom was in quite usable condition, equipped with two beds under mosquito nets, a dressing table, and a chest of drawers. Most important of all was the closet which Brother Dave designed to be cut from the adjoining room. Closets are not a feature of Turkish homes. The little study off the bedroom which had been Dick's in his bachelor days was also in fairly good condition. It was improved a great deal by removal of a bit of gingerbread decoration from the bookcase.

Mrs. Woolworth had most thoughtfully arranged for our comfort: hot water ready, towels, soap, an earthenware jug of drinking water, all the things that delight the heart of a traveler after a long dusty journey.

The bathroom had been put in before our arrival. Minimum in size, it was equipped with a wood-burning water heater, tub and shower, and a very adequate linen cupboard, washbasin, and toilet. The floor—I will never forget—was gray cement, raised a stumble-step above the hall floor.

For a day or two I wandered from one room to another mourning the death of my decorating schemes and seeing no possibility of making this high ceilinged (fourteen-foot) monstrosity into a home. The more I looked at the windows the worse they got, each one at a different angle, leering at me with an impish expression.

Finally light came. We could go ahead with our original plan, dividing the big room (it had been a school assembly hall) into living room and dining room by means of low bookcases and cut off a hall by means of a narrow partition. The windows could be evened up by putting valence boards at the top, an even distance from the floor. I borrowed Mr. Woolworth's typewriter and steel measuring tape and went to work. First, we wanted a carpenter; then an electrician to put in wall plugs here and there; a painter to transform our dead white or sick yellow walls into something more pleasant. I presented what I thought was a rather elaborate plan of remodeling. Mr. Woolworth read it, said *pek iyi* (OK)! I had expected a good deal of deleting but none came. The next morning Mr. Woolworth came with the question, "Do you want new windows in the living and dining rooms?" New windows could transform the whole room. I spent the morning looking at pictures of houses, particularly at windows. We decided upon casement windows for a maximum of air and light.

Things began to look better. The pillar in the middle of the floor ceased to be an obstacle to be ignored and became an interesting architectural feature which we would build around, emphasizing the arches that unevenly stretched across the width of the room. The electrician came with his crew and lights went in where there had been no lights before. Wall plugs were installed to accommodate future lamps. To be sure, all the wiring is in pipes crawling like snakes around our walls, but with painting they will crawl into the walls. The plugs had to be placed a meter from the floor because there is a law. "Children playing on the floor might get shocks." Some of the great porcelain outlets landed up one meter, some three quarters, and some one and a half. That did not matter.

The plasterer came making a frightful amount of dust and dirt, but smoothing off cracks, holes, and a broken wall. The carpenter came. Our front door was returned to normal.

It really is going to be fun to fix up the place. Dick is just as anxious to have it attractive as I am. He is a perfect dear about going with me to look for materials for this and that. He explains to Turkish shopkeepers that his wife wants curtain material, but that she will not look at net or voile or brocade.

Painting is going to be an adventure. One cannot buy paint ready mixed except in imported paints at imported prices. I

think I shall try my hand at ten cents worth of pigment, a little white paint, and see what happens. Of course, we will have a painter for the big jobs of walls and ceiling, but I want to paint a bit of furniture on my own.

Our trunks arrived on Wednesday from the customs and we planned to leave them until morning before we opened anything. But we hurried back from dinner so we could dive into the kitchen box and see what we had. It was almost as much fun unpacking things as it had been unwrapping them when they came as wedding gifts in white tissue paper. Most wonderful was finding all the thoughtful things you people had put in: the tool box with its assortment of nails has been a lifesaver already. The many old sheets included for cleaning rags have come in for their share of dirty work. One of them is covering my brand-new ironing board.

That was the type that sits between two chairs, a plank of mulberry wood of which I still have a chunk, now reduced to a chopping board.

We spent one evening unwrapping the silver. Spread out in all its grandeur, it was an impressive array. At least, Dick and I were impressed and gloated over it as a miser might gloat over his gold.

Yesterday, September 29, we had tea in our own house, served on our own dishes, stirred with our own spoons! We could not wait until we were able to cook regular meals to use our things. Such silliness from a sedate married woman! "Famous firsts!" We are already planning our first party which will really start us off in the social life of the community, to be just as soon as our house is in order, perhaps around Christmas time or maybe New Years.

October 8, 1939

We just heard the American news broadcast on NBC's shortwave program to England and the empire. It was good to hear an American voice again, telling about debate on the neutrality law, and a calm and plausible story about the Iroquois incident. One's mind becomes accustomed to a way of thinking, I believe, so that it is easier to understand the meaning of news in American. Then we heard the British news telling that the queen went to church in Westminster Abbey,

and Sir John Simon watched baseball at "one of our aerodromes."

All this on Miss Towner's radio. We began today having our meals with Miss Towner who also "feeds" the tutors. Up to this time we have been eating with the Woolworth family. Our kitchen is M. Depond's bedroom.

Our radio, bed, and stove have arrived in Beirut, but further than that we do not know. We are impatiently waiting for them to arrive in Mersin where they will be assessed for customs. I am especially anxious because I want to go to Mersin again to do some shopping for such imported luxuries as good scouring powder. More especially, I want to start the dolls from Syria on their way.

The weather continues to be hot and dusty. There have been no rains. I do not care for rain as rain, but I am anxious for it now. Every time I suggest that I would like to get some pictures of the campus or of Tarsus, or do a bit of sightseeing, I get the answer, "wait until after a couple rains, everything will look better." I am waiting. We will be here long enough to see just about all there is within walking distance forty times over.

I think I mentioned the "hill" without taking time to explain that it really is a particular hill with particular importance. It is the archaeologists' hill, just over the wall and across the road back of our house. From one side it looks like any artificial hill. We would call it an Indian mound and an end to it. From the other side, it is obvious that it is not just ordinary for that side has been dug away revealing portions of ancient walls. On the cut side one can see the different layers of earth, then a layer of stones in more than natural order, a sort of gravely fill and the same repeated all over again. Here Roman ruins are a mere nothing, much too new. The archeologists are digging for Hittite remains. The general level is now about fifty feet below the top of the mound. At one place a little sheet of iron covers a spot higher than the rest. It is a mosaic left in tact for later study while the digging goes on to earlier strata. On what is now the lowest level are more sheets of corrugated iron covering what we are told is a manger remarkably similar to those in use today. Unfortunately, the archeologists are in America now so there is no one to explain to us the significance of each wall and rock.

To complete comments on the archaeological work: This dig was under the direction of Hetty Goldman of the Princeton Institute of Advanced Studies. Her assistant was Theresa Goell who went on to do the excavation at Nimrud Dagh. Machteld Mellink, recently retired from Bryn Mawr, was with the group for some time and Arlette Cenani who later became Mrs. James Melaart. Our acquaintance with these women came later. Miss Goldman was very proud of the fact that this was a dig directed and staffed by women. The digging continued, after 1947 for a few years, until it was so deep that it hit water. Eventually, the hole was filled in and the hill became a city park.

Last night we went downtown after supper to get some tobacco for Dick and some cookies for tea today because we had been forced to have tea without cookies on Saturday and everyone knows that tea without cookies just is not right. Anyway, we went to the center of town. The street lighting in Tarsus is not too good so that nighttime excursions are infrequent. The barbershops were the only shops open and they were doing a thriving business. It appears there is a law which allows only barbers to stay open on Saturday night. That is the day on which most all the men of Turkey have their weekly shave. A five-day growth of beard is part of the modern Turkish costume for all but the white-collar class. The fruit shops and the vegetable market and the notions stores were all closed up tight. These shops without doors do close up "tight." A sheet of corrugated iron is pulled down and padlocked to the sidewalk. Effective but most destructive to the interest of window-shopping.

The coffee houses are very dull and uninteresting looking places—for men only. Most of them have large windows so that from the street I could see all that they had to offer. For all the far-sung fame of Turkish coffee houses, I could see nothing about the ones in Tarsus to inspire praise. They have small tables, straight chairs, a number of *narghiles* (water pipes), and various games. Backgammon is the most common. Some of the more modern and progressive ones provide a radio with news. Students and women are not permitted in coffee houses. Because backgammon is the game most associated with them, the sound of the pounding of checkers is enough to send a supervisor around to see what game is being played in the school playroom. Of course, it is the betting on the game that has given it a bad name.

Of Turkish coffee I have a better opinion. I really do like that, although oddly enough I have had it only once in Turkey. It is made in very small quantities, two or three of the small cups at a time. Sugar and the powdered coffee are mixed, water measured by the serving cup is added and brought just to a boil when the pot is snatched from the fire. The process may be repeated three times (for good luck) and presto—there is the stuff well known to be "thick as molasses and almost as sweet." That I think is a mistaken description. The coffee when it is served is naturally thickened by the floating grounds, but by the time it has cooled enough to drink, the grounds are well settled to the bottom of the cup. As for the sweetness, it varies with taste. The usual proportions are one teaspoon of coffee and one of sugar per cup. The result is slightly oversweetened for my taste. It can be made with little or no sugar at all. The only objection I have to Turkish coffee is that it is served in such a minute quantity that greedily I always try to get the last drop above the settled grounds, sip too much and spoil the whole taste!

Work on the apartment moved along slowly. The sink was installed in the kitchen, now vacated by M. Depond. The painter mixed paints in the bedroom from which all furniture had been removed to the kitchen at the far end. I managed to get the shade of blue I wanted for the bedroom. I asked for sunlit sand for the study. We got the sand, without the sunlight for which we had to depend on the yellow curtains. Then Isa Usta, the school carpenter, came and spent a whole week with us. He built the partition that was to cut off the entry hall by a coat closet and form display cupboards in the dining room on the other side. It looked as if we were constructing a factory. Fourteen foot ceilings do reach high up. Isa Usta had been able to get some boards of kiln-dried gurgen *(beech) for the tops of the book cases that would divide the dining room from the living room. Then one morning early, we were awakened by a pounding in the living room. A stranger, who turned out to be the assistant carpenter, was pounding away with a crowbar at the wall under the first window. The new frames had been completed in the workshop.*

It should have been a simple job. The walls were of chatta, *a kind of half-timber construction of wooden beams and frames filled with rough stones, plastered both inside and out. Except for the supporting elements, any part could be removed and an opening enlarged.* But *once the plaster was off these walls, the supporting*

beams showed the damage of termites. They collapsed into piles of dust! There was nothing for it but to jack up the second floor of the building, remove our walls completely, and rebuild them! As a result, our newly defined living room was a scene of desolation. Piles of rubble were everywhere. Opened trunks were hastily closed, the newly installed bookcases were protected by whatever covering we could find. An obstacle course was formed between the current bedroom and the bath. Then the city's electricity failed! This was not uncommon, but for a first, it could not have been worse. I made my way across the room without walls, shielding my candle from the winds, put it carefully on the floors so I could turn on the bathroom light, and nothing *happened!*

Encouraged by these signs of progress, we decided it was time to order furniture.

October 21, 1939
Dick wrote to my parents

We celebrated my birthday (the 18th) by going to Adana and ordering some furniture. I was interested to note that all the good upholstery fabric came from England. In all the stores they advised us not to get German fabric as it did not wear well. We did, however, get some German linen the other day for curtains which is very attractive. Our house is going to be quite international. Besides all the things we brought from America, we have some French china, Syrian mosquito net, German and English upholstery material, Russian thread to sew the curtains, and Rumanian kerosene to cook with, to say nothing of the numerous local products.

The furniture we ordered that day was two chairs, a love seat, two small walnut tables, and a side table with drawer, also walnut. This latter is the only piece still in my possession, still in use. It was too lovely a piece of wood to abandon along the way. For all of this, and I assume that the fabric was within the budget, we paid about $200, the amount left in our "outfit" allowance. Delivery was promised at Bayram *(Holiday). We failed to ascertain which Bayram was meant assuming the nearest one, October 29. It was the November 13–15 one that the furniture maker had in mind!*

So that you will not think we had our heads in the clouds completely, I quote further from Dick's letter.

Things here seem to be going along on quite an even keel. If it were not for the delays in the mails and the news in the papers and over the radio, we would not realize that there was a war. Turkey seems to be adopting a more or less neu-

tral attitude although in sympathy with England and France. Last week we felt some concern lest she should ally herself with Russia, but now that she has signed a treaty with England, all is serene. The feeling around here seems to be that the war will remain localized in Western Europe. If worse comes to worst, we are in a very good position here. The town of Tarsus is not important enough to be bombed. If the Mediterranean is closed we can always leave by way of Baghdad, the Persian Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Pacific. There is a direct train connection between here and Baghdad. I notice that you mention fluctuations in commodity prices in the United States. To that extent at least we are further from the war than you. Except for a few articles that are imported, prices here have remained steady.

Construction work in our apartment moved at a slow pace. I still remember the horror with which I saw those window frames come in to be installed. They looked huge. And they had bars! The very thought of living behind bars made me scream. There was nothing to be done about that. All first floor dwellings had barred windows! Besides, these bars were part of the bracing that held the frames securely on the square. They were installed.

Valence boards were made and curtain rods concealed behind them. These were the iron rods used in reinforced concrete. Perhaps in the cities one could have purchased something more decorative, but in Tarsus we made do.

Then began the great curtain making. The next several letters were full of curtains. We bought a plain neutral tan, thirty-five meters of it, at the almost unbelievable price of forty kuruş a meter. (Exchange at that time was about one Turkish lira to the dollar.) Mother had sent a booklet on the subject of draperies, and floor length drapes were agreed upon. At the same time, we heard from the Maynards of Beirut that they could come up for five days at Christmas time. Company coming! No delays allowed. We bought a rug. It was a small kilim of absolutely dazzling colors. They faded. We were of the school of thought that rugs first were floor covering, and secondarily collection pieces or heirlooms. Tarsus did not offer much selection, so we postponed any thought of buying a large rug until we could get to the markets in Istanbul.

But this early fall, we also bought a Sirt blanket.

These are made from undyed goats hair—white, gray, brown or black, with a long hairy nap. (Actually they are woven flat and the nap is brushed out.) The patterns are simple, a medallion or the weave and lay of the hair making the de-

sign. We got a black one with a white medallion. It smells just like the fur blanket we used to have at home. Dick says it is goat and I say it is mothballs. But it is pretty and soft. We are already planning to bring some home for presents. You have something to look forward too.

Incidentally, that one, our first, we did bring home and gave away forty years later.

Here let me introduce the people with whom we would share work and fun-and-games in close association for the next seven years. William Sage Woolworth, a tall, red-haired man whose fluent Turkish was tinged by a Brooklyn accent, was the director of the school. (His title Mudur *in Turkish sounded very much like "My dear.") He had been in the country since 1920. Pauline Woolworth had come to Turkey about the same time. They were one of the Mission couples who met and married "on the field." Dorothy, their older child was waiting for a visa to return to her school in Beirut. Bob, known then as Bobby, was several years younger and would continue correspondence school at home for several more years. The Woolworths were about forty-five years of age. To my eye at that time they were definitely in another generation.*

Grace Towner, a maiden lady of advanced age, probably fifty, had come to Turkey in 1912. She had been head of a girls' school, now closed, in Adana, staying there all during World War I. Now she taught preparatory classes (i.e., beginning English) and English literature. She was a large woman of great dignity. She needed only to look over her glasses and the little boy in the fourth row sank into his seat in terror. But not always. There was the youngster who refused to be thus cowed. He hauled off and hit Miss Towner! Of course, he was called into the principal's office and was asked if that was the way he treated his mother. "Yes, if she does not do what I want, I hit her!" I will not give his name, this "boy" is now a prominent petroleum engineer. No doubt he would deny the story.

There were other teachers: John Scott, already mentioned, and John Stene who were young, about our age. M. Depond, the French teacher was Swiss. He was with us for one year more. These men had dormitory duties in addition to classroom teaching. Other members of our American community were Dr. and Mrs. Haas in Adana. Dr. Haas saw fifty or sixty patients a day and was unwilling to close clinic on a weekday. Hence we celebrated all holidays on Saturday evenings and Sundays. Also in Adana were the "Cotton Clarks," who were beginning their fifth two-year term with the Turkish Agriculture Department, working on the development of cotton.

Of course there were several Turkish teachers of whom you will hear from time to time. Ferit Bey taught geography and history and Ahmet Bey, Turkish language and literature. Etem Bey was the Turkish vice-principal. At that time, 1939, the enrollment was somewhat under one hundred, about half of them boarders.

October 23, 1939

There are few birds in the town. Boys with slingshots have taken care of that. But we are wakened every morning and serenaded all day by the morning doves. Someone started the story that they say "bulgur is good, bulgur is good." All day long I hear that and I am just about to decide that bulgur's not good, and I will invest in a slingshot!

Saturday night, the *Halkevi*, the community house of the People's Party, had a party for the teachers of Tarsus, including of course the Americans. Eager to see what a Turkish party would be like, I insisted we should go in spite of reports that they were very boring affairs. Just after we arrived everyone sang the national anthem as though it was a funeral march, but by many repetitions everyone knew all the words. We sat at little tables around the edge of the large bare room. We wanted to be inconspicuous, but we were ushered to a table next to that of the guest of honor. The vali (governor) and an official party had been inspecting schools in Tarsus and so were present in all their glory. It was not a lively party. We sat, the Woolworths and Dick and I, at our little table. Most of the women were grouped together at one end of the room. There was no moving from table to table, only two or three couples were dancing. But after all, mixed parties are comparatively new in Turkey and Tarsus is ultraconservative. We sat. I listened to Turkish when the father of a student stopped to talk.

Presently, the vali got up, with his party, and motioned us to come for refreshments. Mrs. Woolworth and I were put at the inside of the U-shaped table, directly across from the vali. We were introduced, of course, and I stupidly knew not one word of Turkish to say to the man. He was really very friendly, seemed intelligent, poised and undoubtedly was bored, but he gave no sign of it. These higher government officials appointed from Ankara are the best educated men in the community. I knew that we were being highly honored and real-

ized that I must learn Turkish if I am to meet such situations as graciously as Mrs. Woolworth did.

The method of serving was typical. The table was set with places but no chairs. We all stood. Tea was passed around. Sugar wafers and apples were on the table. We held our tea, balancing tea glass and saucer waiting for the vali to give a signal. There was very little conversation of a strained nature. We returned to our table to sit until the end, for no one leaves early from a Turkish party.

This was the pattern of community affairs. They were not very active. Weddings and private parties, of which there were a few, were more lively. Obviously, I was not so keen about the second party. However, we frequently had to go as a duty.

By this time I was into Turkish lessons. Ten hours a week. At that rate I should have really accomplished a lot. The going was rough. My interest in the language, I fear, was given second place to my concern about the house.

November 26, 1939

I feel that now I am really beginning to understand a little of the language which only a patriot calls beautiful. One of my teachers is Halide Hanim who teaches fifth grade in one of the government primary schools. She speaks no English at all. You can imagine what fun we have. "What is this?" "It is a pen." "What do I do?" "I open the door," etc. until I think that my tongue will never get back into position again to say "how do you do?" in English. Halide is about my age, I think. She is very much interested in the American things which we have about. The picture of you, Mother, comes into the lessons as *"annemin resim var."*

I studied grammar from a little book, outdated even at that time, by Prettyman, with Kayhan Bey, a graduate and neighbor. There was no really good Turkish-English dictionary available. But thank heaven, and Atatürk, the letters were Latin letters, not the Arabic script that had been used in Turkey until about ten years before.

With the living room cleared of rubble, an excavator's job, and the windows in, we became more than ever anxious about our furniture. Dr. Haas' man in Adana has asked about it several times, but always with the word that it was not ready. However, when we were in Adana on Sunday for Thanksgiv-

ing, we saw it in the shop window. It was more than ready. It is already dusty. We left word that we would pick it up on Wednesday.

Two little boys about nine years of age were busily polishing wax into the arms of the chairs when we got there. They kept on polishing until the stuff was loaded onto the wagon. The two armchairs were covered in a mottled tan fabric. (I thought it had a tweedy look.) The couch was covered with a blue-gray mixture lightened by an orange thread here and there. We were very pleased with the job and congratulated ourselves on the fine choice of colors when I happened to catch sight of the back of one of the chairs. I almost disowned them then and there. On the back, the furniture maker had put purple! Not just any nice dull purple. A blaring royal shade! He seemed to think it was quite in order, and showed us some orchid he was putting on the next order of chairs, the fronts of which were to be covered in blue. I am surprised that the Turkish flag is not purple for that seems to be the favorite color of the people.

The dining room table, a round Mission oak, came from the Adana hospital as did a wood-burning stove. This was all piled onto a one-horse wagon, the universal carriers at that time. The driver sat on our love seat for the trip. I think it must have been a more comfortable one than usual for he came in bright and early and very cheerful the following morning.

Somehow by the 25th of December, or the nearest Sunday, when we celebrated Christmas and the Maynards came up from Beirut, everything was in order. No wonder Turkish language study did not progress very well.

I did know enough Turkish, however, to go shopping on my own while Dick waited at the station for the train from Beirut which of course was a couple of hours late. Shopping was an adventure. We bought our tea from a book dealer who had learned to blend tea when he was a prisoner of war in Egypt (World War I). We bought our spices at a hardware store, identified by the scent of freshly ground cinnamon that vied with the odors of turpentine and the colors of piles of pigment for paint. These shops and in fact most others in our big town of Adana, had no glass windows or display fronts. The goods were out in the open, halfway into the street. Halide Hanim told me that if you walked into the shop, if it had a front door, you did not bargain but asked " ... verirmisiniz?" *(Will you give me ... ?) But if the shop was approached from the street, the customer standing outside, then bargaining was entirely correct and one could say more curtly "* ... var mi?" *(Do you have ... ?)*

Of course, I preferred the kind I could see into, take time to dredge up the words, and twist my tongue around to an approximation, screw up my courage and go in saying, "Ince kayat var mi?" *or whatever. My Turkish was a weird sounding thing. It surprises me more than it does the shopkeeper when I come out with something understandable. I looked long at a window full of cologne and knew very well that they had it in stock before I went into the shop to buy some for Dick to use as shaving lotion. But I was quite speechless from surprise when I got the answer "var," to my question did they have it?* "Var" *literally means "There is ... " but it goes for all sorts of uses.* "Yok" *means "there is not" and is one of the most used words in Turkish. Anyway, I also got two glass pitchers, some notebooks, and a can of olive oil, and myself back to the station where I expected to find the Express and our guests alighted.*

Here I should launch into a discussion of Turkish trains, time tables and the system in general. One word describes it all: "Late!" I joined Dick in the station buffet where we drank coffee, then tea, then coffee, read a Turkish jokebook, were joined by Mr. Clark who was meeting his wife, became familiar with the officer at the next table and the man and woman just beyond him. We all waited for the Express for two hours! But when it did come it brought the Maynards as we hoped. After some further delays we got to Tarsus at ten-thirty, instead of the six-thirty planned.

Saturday was full of excitement—the excitement that goes with the day before Christmas, for we celebrated on Sunday. The last minute wrapping of packages for the Woolworths, Haases, and Clarks, the filling of nut baskets, mysterious goings on in the other part of the house from which I was excluded, and popcorn to be strung for our tree.

Yes, we do have a Christmas tree. Since there are many restrictions about cutting trees, the Americans have boxed trees which can be brought in from the garden for the occasion. We have blue lights and popcorn. The popcorn man has a grain sack full of the white fluffy stuff which he sells by the measure, mainly to the Cretans of this section for it is not a Turkish delight.

Saturday evening was Christmas Eve for us. A buffet dinner at the Woolworths followed by a Christmas tree with presents for all of us. By that time our party was sixteen. The Clarks (the Cotton Clarks) and the Haases from Adana in addition to the usual Tarsus group, plus the Maynards from Beirut. It seemed as if Dick and I got more than our share of

good things: from the Woolworths two footstools covered with saddle bags, a brass sheep bell to hang at our door. Bobby had made us a pair of bookends with a steaming tea pot cut from brass nailed on the wood, and Dorothy brought us brass finger bowls from Beirut. Miss Towner gave us a pair of old saddle bags, old in the way that means excellent workmanship and colors rather than used. Dick gave me a white Sirt blanket for our bedroom floor and we gave his folks a gray one. There were frames for my Audubon prints and a coffee set—tiny cups and a jezve of turquoise blue. I gave Dick a tea set but not the kind he meant when he said he wanted one. In Turkey, tea is served in glasses about the size of our juice glasses so that was the kind Dick got. There were some pictures from the photographer, John Scott.

The Maynards brought us luxuries for the pantry: bananas, grapefruit, American tea, and Maxwell House coffee in a vacuum can, mapeline and candied ginger, a tin of ham, and some bacon. Funny little things that are just *"yok"* in Turkey. On Christmas day most of these were in the customs house in Mersin whence the basket had been sent by a suspicious official. Dick got it all out of hock and tomorrow morning we will have sliced bananas on our cornflakes.

Sunday noon there was a big dinner with turkey, dressing, and plum pudding. But best of all a sense of well-being and thankfulness that we were Americans and could share our traditions even if we were in Turkey. Dr. Haas told about the enjoyment some British prisoners of war had making their Christmas pudding when they were in Adana during the last war (World War I). But two days before Christmas the prisoners were ordered out to build roads. They took the makings of their pudding with them and we hope that they had a chance to eat it. Turkey was not very kind to Britain in those days and the fate of the prisoners was a hard one.

Sunday evening Dick and I did our share in the weekend round of entertainment. Realizing that everyone would get up from dinner groaning and saying he would never want to see food again, but at six o'clock would listen for a supper bell, we planned a simple tea for six-thirty. There was tea and coffee, some of our homemade peanut butter and marmalade which I had made earlier in the week—the making for sandwiches—and lettuce salad. It must have been exactly the right menu and the right amounts for when we cleared away there

was one piece of bread left and two shreds of lettuce. It was fun getting out all our pretty dishes.

On Monday we four Maynards had breakfast at our house, the first regular meal we have had here. I felt like a juggler whisking the milk off the fire to put the coffee on, and that into a thermos while I fried the eggs. At that time we had only one Primus for cooking. Now we have another Primus and are starting to have all our meals here.

Yesterday again we went to Adana to meet the Express and again the Express was two hours late. It is an awful waste of time to sit in railroad stations, but it seems to be a part of traveling on the one-track Turkish line. We saw the Maynards comfortably aboard. It really was grand that they could come for the holiday. Having once had company in our new home, we feel more than ever established, Dick and I, as a family unit.

It seemed so natural to us that we had a two week vacation at holiday time that it was only years later when government regulations made it impossible for us to set our own school calendar that we realized what a luxury it was.

November 1939–January 1940

A summary of housekeeping from the letters sent during these months

Now into the kitchen. It was a long rather narrow room running the width of the building. The sink had been installed between two windows and was flanked by a sink-high table at one side and a tin-covered table at the other. Cupboards were made out of two old wooden lockers, one for supplies and one a broom closet. On the opposite wall, a glass-fronted bookcase held dishes. Next to this, on the inside wall was another tin-topped table for the Primus stoves, which you who have gone camping in the old days may remember. They burned kerosene under pressure, had to be lit by heating the element with alcohol, and gave only one degree of heat: HOT.

We also had a *maltiz*, a three-legged brazier for charcoal. This was started outside of course, and when the coals were glowing red it could be brought into the kitchen. Excellent for long slow cooking or for grilling steak at the table, and for making toast.

Of charcoal, it was not in briquettes. It was chunks of wood, branches and chips. I wrote ruefully, "The local cooks put a few coals in the *maltiz*, a little charcoal on top, let it smoke a while outdoors, and they are all set to cook the family dinner. I use a bit of paper, a lot of kindling, put the chimney on and take it off, fan a little, open the draft, close it, and after fifteen minutes of petting and pampering one piece of charcoal will catch and presently settle down to a nice even glow. Perhaps such a fire needs to be talked to in Turkish. I will study hard."

Ilyas Effendi, the market man picked up our orders, written in a little notebook, in the evening. Groceries appeared by magic the next morning. I have kept the market books all these years just for such a possibility as this, of comparing prices, of seeing what we ate and when.

Our first order: twenty-five kilograms sugar, six oranges, one lemon, one citron, one package matches, one kilogram American nuts (peanuts), tacks (I trust I included a sample); brass polish, and a letter to be mailed. Here was the beginning of the marmalade and the peanut butter we had on Christmas day!

We settled into a kind of pattern. We had four fresh *coreks*, (bagels), for our breakfast, a half loaf of bread. (Astonishing for most Turks ate at least a kilogram per person per day. They had bread and other food). When bread was rationed later in the war years, it was a real hardship for them.

Our market order from January 1, 1940 shows some of the prices we encountered for food and other necessities:

1 *Marul* (romaine lettuce)	0.025
1 kilogram meat (beef roast).	0.220
8 stamps @12.5 Kuruş	1.000
1 kilogram carrots	0.060
1 kilogram milk	0.100
2 baskets	0.100
1 tin (5 gallon oil tin)	0.400
1 tin kerosene	2.500
Hamal (porter)	0.025
Total	4.430 Lira

First the money: The lira at that time was worth just a little less than $1.00. To make for a little saving, we decided to call it one to one. Hence, our daily expenses, including a whole tin of kerosene, were quite moderate. In fact, very low. I

would like to do a day's shopping at that rate now! No wonder we were really distressed when wartime inflation hit.

What we got for our money: The lettuce was good. The meat, beef during the winter only, was not. We seldom asked for a piece defined as a "roast" and never assumed that it would be tender. My cookbooks were full of hints on how to cook tough meat. Foreign postage was twelve and a half kuruş. The carrots were *not* good. They were red, coarse, heavy. They were the basic ingredient of a kind of candy called *Cezair helva.* Then they were very good. Yellow carrots were a luxury we bought when we went to the port city of Mersin, stored them in sand in one of our empty oil tins.

Milk: Ilyas found a milk supplier by watching the cows come home from the fields in the evening. He followed the most likely one. It took several days to find a good supplier, who would not water the milk! It was delivered fresh each morning. The first task of the day was to boil the milk. Pasteurized? Unheard of then.

The basket: obviously for carrying the load. The empty tins are of some interest. The five-gallon oil tin was the ubiquitous container. The grocer used them for rice, cheese, flour, dried beans, or paint pigments. The tinsmith cut them and fashioned them into all sorts of useful gadgets and containers. Our need for containers (nothing came in packages) was great. We painted some for wastebaskets, topped one for garbage; cut some in half for storage bins; pierced holes in one to make a ventilated bread box.

One tin of kerosene! A few days later we ordered five tins. Lucky move that, for before the spring of the year 1940 kerosene was practically off the market. We stopped using it for cooking. When our handsome kerosene stove with three burners finally arrived in April, it was little more than a kitchen ornament until after the war (World War II). Sometime during that winter, from somewhere, we brought in a wood burning cook stove. It occupied one end of the long room. This stove also heated the kitchen. It was convenient to have unlimited cooking space, limited only by the fact that we had to conserve wood and could not get coal. We did learn about stove polish! I thought it had gone out of existence in the time of my grandmother. Black Silk Stove Polish, was it not? with the logo of a black silk hat?

The hamal: this very small amount, usually it was five kuruş, brought groceries to our door. The whole load came from the market in a hand-cart delivering supplies for the school boarding department.

On the 10th we had the luxury of "filetto," steak. This was one of the two exceptions to tough meat. It was the eye of the round. We sliced it and broiled it on our trusty charcoal grill, brought right up to the table. I can still taste that good meat. Later we tried *pirzola* (chops), but they cost as much as the filetto, and we preferred beef. We also risked a cabbage, asking for a small one. Cabbages came in the size of prize-winning Alaskan ones! The large loose leaves were excellent for making rolled cabbage dolmas.

Vegetables and fruits were definitely seasonal. During the winter, we had the greens: spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, and lettuce; carrots and beets (white and not very good), potatoes and onions for roots. No broccoli, no brussels sprouts, no celery except the root. Fresh fruits were oranges, tangerines, and apples. There were dry vegetables: varieties of beans and lentils which I had never met before and could not find in my cookbooks. The dried fruits, apricots, prunes, figs, and raisins were excellent, but fresh oranges at two or three cents a piece took the prize.

It was a happy day in April when new peas appeared. For about two weeks we had peas almost everyday. Then they disappeared. The season for peas was over! By this time, we had watercress, spring fruits starting with loquats (called *yenidunya* = new world) and plums followed at the end of May by cherries and apricots. Summer vegetables had arrived, too: zucchini, green beans, cucumbers, peppers, eggplant, and tomatoes. Never did we have tomatoes and lettuce at the same time. Only parsley continued all through the summer. With excellent tomatoes, who cares about garnish?

On the 10th of June, I ordered four kilograms of ice to be delivered at four o'clock. Ice-cream in the making! On the 15th *"şeker para,"* extra good apricots, and ice at four o'clock. More ice-cream. It must have been a Saturday.

Ice was available. It came from the market in a little block tied with a string, dripping happily all the way through the streets. We did not have an icebox until later the next fall, when we were able to buy one in Istanbul from an American. But even once equipped with an icebox, the old fashioned

kind with a drain out the bottom to which we attached a pipe leading under the porch, we were not able to keep enough ice to carry over for a full day and night. During the hot months from May to October, we never tried to keep perishables from one day to the next. Our method of daily deliveries made it possible.

Meat was priced by the kilogram. An American once trying to explain our system of different prices for different cuts got the classic answer: "Thank God, we are honest! We do not charge according to the design." No meat was kept overnight. Hence only small animals, goats and sheep, were butchered in the summer.

Remember: All that I say about supplies, is the picture of fifty years ago. Conditions are *very* different now, both regarding seasonal cutoffs and refrigeration and distribution.

We adapted. We adjusted. We made our own baking powder. I remember the search for the confectioner who used cream of tartar in making his candy and was willing to sell a hundred grams or so. Soda (baking soda) and cornstarch which were the other ingredients were more easily obtained. For molasses we had *pekmez*, a grape syrup that was better than a substitute. I would use it in place of molasses any day. During a sugar shortage which seemed to go on for five of the seven years I am thinking about now, we developed the most amazing collection of recipes for molasses or very low in sugar. When flour became almost unobtainable our own cakes were a treat. Baklava was "bootlegged" in plain boxes sold under the counter by a pastry shop-turned-notions-store. We made our own vanilla flavoring, too. Somewhere I have the recipe.

It is time to come out of the kitchen and join the king who is his counting house, counting out his money. I include the notes and prices only to contrast with the present scene. The Turkish kuruş is just about as extinct as was the "para" of the Ottoman empire when we were in Turkey.

Tarsus offered few temptations to spend money!

APPENDIX 2

An Essay on the History of Tarsus

I include an essay on the history of Tarsus written at the suggestion of several friends.

Tarsus is a name to conjure with. Mention Tarsus to any educated person and he will give a nod of recognition. Often however, and I sometimes think it is a sign of great honesty, that person will say, "I should know, but why?"

The popular fame of Tarsus is due to St. Paul, the writer of letters. He said, "I am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city." Cilicia was a Roman province in the southern part of what was then Asia Minor, is now the country of Turkey. It may have been "no mean city" in St. Paul's time. That was not true when we got there in September 1939. We used to refer to it as an "overgrown village." A little history first, and then I will try to remember how it looked.

"Tarsus was the city (of the Graeco-Roman world) whose institutions best and most completely united the oriental and the western character," W. M. Ramsay said in *The Cities of St. Paul.* "Now since the country south of Tarsus has been allowed to relapse into its primitive state of marsh, the climate of the city is doubtless more oppressive and enervating than it was in the Roman time, when the marshes had all been drained and the country was entirely under cultivation. But, at the best, the situation of Tarsus must always have made the climate relaxing and the city could not have retained the vigor that made its citizens widely famous in the ancient world, without the hill town or hill residence so close at hand which prevented the degeneration of Tarsian spirit through many centuries."

There we have it. *Eski-Tarsus*, Old Tarsus, on the hills was the bedroom suburb which housed the up-and-coming citizens. No wonder we found part of a triumphal arch and a piece of Roman road up there in the fields. Ramsay points out the size of the Roman city, saying that wherever you dig, from the hills two miles north of the present town to the lake

and marsh five or six miles south, you come upon remains of the ancient city. Whenever there were excavations on the campus of the American College, we hoped for, and feared, the discovery of substantial ruins that would delay construction. Thus it was fortunate that the school was situated over what had been the stadium of the city. There was, still is, a honeycomb of passages under it. The lake and marsh which Ramsay refers to had been drained and planted to a eucalyptus forest by 1939.

Tarsus came into historic documents on the Black Obelisk of Shalmaneser, king of Assyria, about the middle of the ninth century B.C. Obviously it had been a city worthy of note. Early legends describe its "founding" but Ramsay points out, an ancient city was founded over and over again, by rulers who were builders, or merely at a time of change of administration. It is certain that when the Ionian Greeks came there was an indigenous population with whom they merged, identifying their gods with Tarsus deities. It was only the Jewish element which remained separate. Ramsay adds, however, that "in Tarsus, so far as the scanty evidence justifies an opinion, the Jews seem to have been regarded in a less degree than elsewhere as an alien element."

Alexander the Great spent some time on the Cilician plain during the year 334 B.C. before the battle at Issus, farther along the Mediterranean coast, which saw the beginning of the complete defeat of the Persian empire. He, or his scribes, complained about the mosquitoes! Some things do not change for centuries!

The Seleucid rulers, who followed Alexander, built or rebuilt and renamed cities, usually incorporating the family name of Antioch. But some of the cities which had a long history and local pride soon returned to their ancestral names. Tarsus was one of these. Coins show that for a time it was called Antioch-on-the-Cydnus.

During Roman times, there was a substantial, recognized Jewish community in Tarsus. Not only do we have Paul's proud assertion of his position, but there is evidence of a community. That, however, along with the honorable position and the university which had produced the philosopher Athenodorus of Tarsus, had disappeared by 1939.

Before we leave the ancient city, there is one more notable association I wish to mention. Anthony and Cleopatra met

here. Lagoons connected Tarsus to the sea. We used to take visitors up to the hill behind the school, point out the greenery of the market gardens, and ask them to imagine the glory of Cleopatra's barges floating in. Anthony had told her to meet him here. Little was he prepared to meet the extravagant luxury and the charm which was to so influence his career and, in fact, the history of the Roman world.

With the decline of the Roman empire, the trade which had made Tarsus important, declined. It was still at the end of the road through the Cilician Gates, the pass through the Taurus Mountains by which all the conquerors had come from the interior. This pass was the only one for vehicular traffic until well on in the twentieth century, but trade lessened. Justinian rerouted the Cydnus River to avoid floods. The harbor silted up. The Arabs invaded, in 660 A.D., spreading Islam. Tarsus was destroyed, but rebuilt a century later by Harun al-Raschid who transformed it into a military base for raids against the Byzantine empire through those same Cilician Gates. One gate of his city wall, the western one, is still standing. By popular legend, it had become either the Gate of St. Paul, or of Cleopatra. Never believe the local guide!

In 1097 the Crusaders occupied Tarsus, which by then had been reconquered by the Byzantine empire. They left one mark upon the city, a small church, long since a mosque, built in Norman style. It was a pleasure to recognize those narrow pointed windows, so redolent of church architecture. But interestingly enough, it was at the door of this mosque that I first became aware of the almost automatic gesture of the Moslem Turk who turned his vizored cap back to front so that his forehead would be free to touch the ground during prayers. The "hat reform" had been made some ten years before 1939, abolishing the fez and the turban, but it was still new enough so that someone always remembered "grandfather" who would not go out on the street because he would not be seen in the headgear of the infidel.

When the Ottomans conquered the area, the capital of the province was moved to Adana, about forty miles to the east but still on the plain below the mountains. Tarsus sank into the doldrums and it was still in this long sleep when I found it. Michael Gough, writing about Tarsus in the 1971 edition of *Encyclopedia Britannica* reports that, "Modern Tarsus is a

wealthy commercial center." My picture of it that hot September was not so optimistic.

We had one day in Alexandria and we explored the city. We had a couple weeks in Beirut and absorbed its atmosphere. We came to Tarsus to live. It was many months before I got away from the school compound to explore the town. There would be plenty of time. We could wait for better weather.

It is unfortunate that most new teachers arrive in Tarsus in September, which is, in fact, the worst season. The dust is thick, there has been no rain since April. The heat is still oppressive. But eventually, the rains came, and some days of winter sunshine. We got out from behind our walls.

Tarsus at that time was a city of thirty thousand inhabitants. The boys explained that since we had three pharmacies, and the law allowed one for each ten thousand inhabitants, it must be that size. Looking at the space occupied, very much smaller than that of the Roman city, it seemed unlikely but was probably a good guess. There were two major industries in the town, two factories that made a kind of unbleached muslin cloth called "Amerikan." One was Rasim Bey's at one side of town and the other was Şadi Bey's on the other. It amused me that a man whose name was pronounced "Shoddy" made cotton cloth, not shoddy. We used to see the women coming from the factory at the change of shifts, wrapped in the local *charshaf*, an all-enveloping sheet of black and white checked cotton material. The other employment for the uneducated women was housework. The school was an attractive alternative.

Daily marketing was done by the man of the family, or in the case of those of us at the school, by the school market man. He would pick up our market list, written in a notebook the night before. Then by magic our groceries appeared on our kitchen table first thing in the morning. I found among my papers a slip written in the old Turkish characters for the benefit of the hamal (porter) who made the deliveries. It said "bride's house."

A few forays into the market convinced me that this was a necessity as well as a luxury. The only "modern" part of the market was the butcher's section. Here the shops were built of cement blocks, had glazed tile walls and running water, but no refrigeration. The carcasses of sheep or goats, beef only in the winter, hung at the front. The shops that sold the

organic meats were even worse. Here the lungs, heart, and liver hung like a protective curtain. Sheep heads were sometimes available here, more often at a special shop that handled only that item. It was many months, years in fact, before I ventured into a meat shop, but I had to pass them on my way to the main shopping street, where there were a few stores with glass fronts. These were the pharmacies, and the one dry-grocer who handled a very limited selection of tinned goods.

The central vegetable market had not been built then, so vegetable sellers were scattered about the neighborhoods. Here an effort was made to make things look attractive. The apples were polished and the pears piled high on their wicker trays. Vegetables were definitely seasonal. We had spinach in the winter and squash (zucchini) in the summer. We never had lettuce and tomatoes at the same time. More about food appears in the letters.

The part of downtown Tarsus I was most apt to frequent was the cloth market. Now if that brings to your mind the extensive fabric stores of the shopping malls, erase the picture. These shops were shed-like affairs, about eight by ten feet, with a wooden floor one step above the dust of the road, completely open on the front. My favorite one, owned by the brother of a student, was on the corner, so it had two "display windows" The most attractive cloth was hung at the corners, supported by a pile of bolts up to the ceiling. There was no doorway. Closing was complete, by a roll-down corrugated iron shutter. One stepped in from the street. Here I looked for curtains, and found cotton prints; for slipcover material, and found a red plaid from Russia; I had no need of silks but those I could have had, more likely of Turkish make than of other fabrics. Such is not the case now. The textile industry of Turkey has caught up with the modern world. Of cloth rationing, which came during the war years, I will tell later.

There was the grain market—a cobble-stoned square with its piles of sifted wheat. One kind of wheat was for bulgur, one for finest flour. Alas, the wheat grown in Çukurova does not make very good flour. Hence the regulation that bakers should use the local flour resulted in rather poor bread. Most of the wheat was made into bulgur by the same process I described where we saw it being made near Baalbek. The ce-

ment tennis court of the school grounds was an excellent drying area!

Near this market were the shops that had agricultural supplies: embroidered grain bags and hand-woven straps for donkey harness, coils of rope sold by weight, and flints for the threshing sleds. The mud roofs sprouted bright green grass in the winter, always reminding me of the sparse hair on a bald head. The streets were often filled with parked *arabas*, the two-wheeled one-horse cart that was the vehicle-of-all-work; patient donkeys waiting to have their saddle bags filled with luxuries such as sugar and soap that could not be found in the village.

Tarsus did have its charms. It was neither so modern as to be a small copy of a European city nor so backward as to make it impossible to continue our way of life. On my first furlough, I talked at length about its charms. On the second, I was so eager to overlook the difficulties that I oversold myself. Return that year was a greater "culture-shock" than I had in the beginning.

If you visit Tarsus now, you will find little that is mentioned here. The clock of the main mosque that strikes the hour twice is still there. The grain market has been given over to vegetable stands. The streets are paved. The dust and the mud are gone. Trucks have replaced the *arabas* and vegetables and fruits know no season. The "hill" that was excavated down to the Neolithic period and the water level has been filled in and become a park, but the view of the lagoons-become-market-gardens is still there. The ghosts of Paul and Anthony and Cleopatra still hover.

THREE

THE NEW LIFE-STYLE

Letters from January 1940 to May 1940

Dick wrote to my father telling about the disastrous earthquake that had occurred in eastern Turkey late in December. Between fifteen and thirty thousand people were reported killed and many thousands more homeless. The whole country canceled New Year celebrations that year and set up refugee camps in the safer, warmer areas. International aid poured in. From that we benefited by being able to purchase five-pound tins of good Wisconsin cheddar cheese. The villagers, for whom it was sent, would not eat it but we were assured that the money we paid for it went into supplies that they did use. I took up the account of our life and wrote to Mother and Dad:

January 7, 1940

There was a Christmas song-service and party for the Armenian community of Tarsus at the Woolworth's. There are now about thirty Armenians in Tarsus where there was once a large congregation. The group last night was an unprepossessing one. Several of the women had fine features, almost aristocratic, but so careworn and haggard that any semblance of onetime beauty was lost. The men for the most part were coarse, heavy-featured, and unkempt. I found the essence of garlic overwhelming. There were also a number of babies. One was a healthy round-cheeked little fellow whose mother fed him quite unembarressedly every time he squirmed or squealed. Our American version of Chinese checkers seemed to make quite a hit with them. But after one man had finished a game he asked Mr. Woolworth, "Just how do you play this? How do you put your money on it?" No game is considered really worth playing unless there is some way of putting money on it.

On Saturday of that week, I entertained Mrs. Matthews, the wife of the British Consul from Mersin and her eight year old daughter, Hope. By chance, both Miss Towner and Mrs. Woolworth were away. The Matthews represented the British

empire in Mersin in the winter and in Trabzon in the summer. They were an important part of the "foreign" community of our part of Turkey. It was a treat for me, the youngest and newest of the Tarsus ladies, to be able to entertain.

Dick mentioned that the war was very far away from us. Only rumors such as that Stalin had died and there had been a revolution in Germany reached us—both bits of wishful thinking.

We celebrated Christmas on the 10th of January, 1940. That was the day that our Christmas mail arrived. There had been dribbles before, but the real mail bag came on the 10th and was duly acknowledged. How very important were those letters. Sterling was still a part of our world. Dad had asked about the magazines we were getting so we wrote out the list:

In addition to *Time*, we have the *Saturday Evening Post* which comes every week on more or less the same day it is delivered in the U.S. for that is their boast. Then there are *Reader's Digest, Good Housekeeping, Better Homes and Gardens*, and *American Home* to see that I keep my husband comfortable and well fed. *Mademoiselle* comes to insure my keeping him in love with me! You see, we are in no danger of boredom. Everything will be perfectly lovely if some kind friend sends us a package each month containing twenty-four hours for the reading of all these! We are tickled to have them. Each one is read in due season.

The ultimate use of several of these magazines is of interest. The Mademoiselles *were a wonderful source of conversation with my Turkish teacher, Halide Hanim. We pored over the newest, with longing. Then they were sent to the Girls' Trade School where they were pattern books for the girls who were making their own clothes. As the war progressed and materials became scarce, they resorted to ingenious methods of making the most simple unbleached muslin that was made in Tarsus into a plaid by drawing threads. I went to some of their style shows and was proud to see what they had accomplished. The* Posts *accumulated in our storeroom for some years and eventually were handed out to the boys as "bribes" to keep them from cutting up the library periodicals.*

The Islamic holiday, in Turkish known as Kurban Bayram, *the Feast of the Sacrifice, came in the middle of January that year. It commemorates the sacrifice offered by Abraham. In Islamic tradition, it was not Isaac but Ishmael who was offered and replaced by the animal. Pious Moslems have their animal properly butchered and*

the meat given to the poor, over and above what can be used at a feast for the family of course. This year, 1940, the Turkish air force asked for the skins of the sacrificed animals that "they might be turned into airplanes to defend the Turkish nation against being a sacrifice to the foreigner."

Of course, this was only one of the methods of raising funds. The national lottery also was for the benefit of the air force.

There are other times of ceremonial sacrifice, too, as we learned when we were able to build a new school building. One is at the time of laying the corner stone and another at the raising of the rooftree. There also might be personal events such as recovery from a long illness or being saved from an accident that are occasions for sacrifice. The imam comes and with great ceremony, cuts the throat of the sheep or goat. Of course, the workers are happy that day.

We took advantage of the four day holiday that came with Kurban Bayram. We went to Iskenderun and Antioch.

January 25, 1940

It was dark and rainy when we started. As we got into our carriage, feeling much abused at having to start so early, we saw two peasant women coming to market with their laden donkey. One of the women was carrying a baby. They had probably started long before daylight, sloshing through the mud and wet, to spend the day standing in some muddy market place. By contrast, we would soon be riding in a warm, dry train. We forgot about the early hour and regained our holiday spirits.

Our route lay across the plain to Adana and Toprakkali, across the end of the Taurus Mountains where they run into the sea and into the Amanus Mountains, to Iskenderun at the head of the gulf of that name, the eastern end of the Mediterranean.

The plain was dull in its midwinter sleep. Here and there a farmer was plowing with water buffalo or seeding his fields, scattering broadcast from a seed-bag at his belt. An occasional field was already green with early wheat. The long spiky leaves of asphodel gave a promise of spring.

The plain was dotted with ruins. Crusader castles perched on hilltops and every now and then bits of Roman aqueducts. Near Ceyhan we could see the ruins of the Snake Castle stretching down a ridge like a wounded snake. At Toprakkali is another castle of that name; meaning earth castle. I think the name refers to its earth-like appearance rather than con-

struction. It is made of black stone which fades into the hilltop.

The train stopped at Dortyol, tucked under guarding mountains. The best oranges of this section are raised here. Then we were on the sea. Near Payas, where the mountains meet the sea, the railroad uses the same cut made by a Roman general for the passage of his troops. The route was a more important one when Cilicia was a Roman province than it is today.

The train was full of Bayram tourists who, like us, were going down to see Turkey's newest province. The Hatay region was given to Turkey as part of the Turkish-French agreement of last summer. It had been part of Syria, under a League of Nations mandate to France as States of the Levant. A plebiscite was held, but I think there is little doubt that a good many Turks from other areas swelled the count for that occasion. We were eager to see just how far modern Turkish reforms had been enforced, what marks of French occupation were left.

Iskenderun (Alexandretta) was closed up tighter than a New England town with Sunday blue laws. It was the first day of Bayram. The town is built on a point into the gulf, surrounded by malarial swamps on the landside. We walked from one end to the other in about twenty minutes. Except for well-paved streets and a few substantial government buildings it was very much like any other Turkish town. There was a small bazaar now protected by corrugated iron shutters, but many of the shops appeared to be permanently closed. The buildings for the most part were whitewashed mudbrick or stone with limp balconies hanging over the street. Along the waterfront was a splendid promenade lined with palms and beyond were the fishermen's boats, their nets hung out to dry.

The harbor facilities were impressive. Huge warehouses stretched for a mile or so out of town with substantial office buildings between. But the tenders were drawn up on the shore where they seemed to be comfortably settled for a long repose. There were no ships at all in the harbor. We wondered how many of the twenty-odd warehouses were standing empty too.

Later when we saw the city again on a normal business day our first impressions were confirmed. There was very little business going on. There were a few shops which still had

remnants of French stock: a glass display counter for Lentheric perfume now used for Turkish cigarettes, etc. The city seemed to be taking a long winter nap.

Sunday morning we took places in a car for Antioch. The road—one of the fine French-built roads—led almost straight up over the mountains, if one can ignore the many, many hairpin turns. The scenery was lovely but without the ruggedness of the Taurus. Many peaks were snowcapped, but they were always above and beyond us. About halfway we passed the crest of the range and began the tortuous winding descent to Lake Amuq and its surrounding marshes. Beyond, on the other side of the valley was Antioch-on-the-Orontes. The Orontes River goes the wrong way. It makes its course to the sea in the opposite direction from that of most rivers in the region.

From a distance, Antioch faded into the hillside. As we drew nearer tile roofs and stone buildings began to disengage themselves. It is a very, very old city but has kept up-to-date. The old and the new mix charmingly and Antioch seems very much alive.

At the hotel, we got a comfortable room with a stove and view of the river. The former did more to make our trip enjoyable than the latter. The people at the hotel spoke Turkish, but there were traces of French occupation in the uniform of the maid, and a French sign here and there.

Our first walk Sunday took us through ancient cobbled streets, passed stone houses with tile roofs all climbing up the hill from the river. The combination of Sunday and Bayram closed the market section completely, but the children were all out. Many, many children in bright colored dresses—reds, purples, and greens—made a dazzling array of color. The veil and the fez are gone. But we saw men wearing Arab headgear, sometimes with a cap on top, sometimes underneath. And there were a few men, probably Arabs, wearing long skirted robes over their baggy trousers.

The old streets were all built of cobblestones with a gutter running down the center, but remarkably clean. Far beyond the present limits of the city on the crest of the mountains are remnants of the old city wall and the ruins of the castle. The present limits are marked by a fine modern road, the hospital, and the barracks.

In the afternoon we called on the Littles, missionaries from the Irish-Presbyterian church. We were interested in their reactions to the Turkish occupation. Since most of their friends had been among the Christian Armenians and Greeks, they found the changes hard to reconcile with progress. Many Armenians have left, going to the Lebanon where the French government is trying to find homes for them. Greeks have also left, for political rather than religious reasons. Those remaining are not very happy about becoming Turkish subjects, sending their children to Turkish coeducational schools. Prices have gone up since the occupation, whether because of the Turkish control or the general inflation due to the war one cannot be sure. It depends on one's point of view.

Several years after that time, Mr. Little was in jail! He had been caught smuggling gold and jewelry concealed in typewriters to some of those old friends who had fled the Turkish occupation.

Monday we walked out to the gate through which the Crusaders had entered the city. At this point the city wall dipped into a deep ravine. Had they not had help from inside, the route would have been impassable for an invading army. The old Roman road is now a cart track along the side of the hill, traveled mostly by peasants with their donkeys. Supports for the gate, huge stone blocks, are still standing.

We were interested too in a series of shallow caves cut into the sheer face of the mountain. Apparently they had been tombs at one time although now they are completely inaccessible. The arena where Ben Hur's famous chariot race is supposed to have taken place is out beyond the city. Few ruins remain and we did not try to find it.

We did start toward Daphne. It was a valley once sacred to the goddess of love, a place for orgies. In ancient times its location would have been better known. The hotel man told us it was only a little way beyond the barracks, a short walk. Others said it was a couple of kilometers out of town, near the village of Harbiye, but no one knew just how far. It sounded easy, so we started to walk.

The road was built for automobiles. Now it is mainly used by horses, donkeys, and foot travelers. We passed a group of peasants cutting reeds for their houses, their horses loaded down with the long unwieldy stems dragging on the ground as they walked. Groups passed us, turning to stare as we

stared at the backs of their brilliant coats. In sections longer under modern Turkish rule men's clothes have become drably Westernized. Here we saw the brilliant coats with woven pattern in the back, and long striped robes of the Arabs.

We walked for miles it seemed through the countryside. Where there was enough soil over the rocks, fields were ready for spring planting. Wooden waterwheels stood ready to irrigate during the long dry summer as they had for centuries. A father and his two sons passed us, each bent under a load of sticks from up in the hills. The three loads represented a day's hard work and perhaps a week's fuel supply. A very modern sign told us that we were in the confines of the city of Harbiye. All we could see was an occasional tile roof peeping over a high stone wall. Harbiye did not seem to be at home that day. Far ahead of us, up one hill and on the crest of the next, we saw what we took to be a modern hotel at Daphne. Tired feet and growing twilight prompted us to turn back. The triple waterfall and the valley of the goddess have waited a thousand years or so, perhaps they will wait until we go again to Antioch.

The next day Dick hunted up the police to get us properly checked out of the town. We have a little yellow passport which states who we are and why. Every time we leave Tarsus, the police make a record of our going, our arrival is certified at the next town and permission for departure granted. Then we come back and are duly "signed in" at Tarsus. It reminds me very much of signing in and out of a girls' dormitory, a necessary nuisance.

We came back the same way we went, by car to Iskenderun, from there by very crowded train to Tarsus. Most of Çukurova seemed to have been down to the Hatay for the Bayram and all were coming back on the one and only train. There were soldiers, in their winter uniforms two sizes too large, smart looking officers, peasants with baskets and babies, and a whole throng of second classers, like ourselves, looking for a place to sit. After considerable switching back and forth an extra car was put on the train and we were off. It was fun to go, but more fun to come home.

We went to Antioch a good many times in the course of the years. We did get to Daphne, when we had our own car and before it was ruined by the city water system. I remember being given a fresh sprig of maidenhair fern. Later visits also included the museum in

Antioch which has an excellent display of mosaics. Many of these had been excavated in the summer of 1939, just before Hatay became Turkish. The excavators' share were in crates strewn about the campus of the American University in Beirut when we were in the city that fall. But Turkey does not lack for Roman mosaics.

January 29, 1940

We had a visit from an Englishman who remarked that London was quite the same as usual. Except for the blackout at night, one would not know that a war is in progress. But at night, the usual fog combined with the dim lights makes the streets more perilous than the Western Front. "Rationing has presented no difficulty to me. I always have butter and marmalade for breakfast toast, and bacon," he said.

February 11, 1940

Among the important things I forgot to bring with me were recipes for cookies. Mother, will you send me your recipe for anise cookies and Grandma, could I have the magic formula on which you made the sugar cookies. I am looking forward to the time when I will have an oven. In the meantime, I steam my cakes and call them puddings, deep-fry doughnuts, or fritters.

Confessions of a bride: the soup story. The meat situation baffles me. Feeling it was my duty to keep my husband healthy, and the book says that vegetable soup is the way of doing it, I bravely decided on vegetable soup for Friday evening. I ordered soup meat. The first thing that greeted my sleepy eyes on Friday morning were three great bones, the biggest bones I have seen anywhere outside of a lion's cage, cracked and ready for souping. I researched soup in my three cookbooks. But the bones were too big. By the time I had them in my biggest pot there was not room for the meat or the water! So with only one of the bones (it was a shame to throw out the other two which were a gift from the butcher) and about half the meat, I put the kettle on the *mangal*. It kept quietly singing to itself all day. By evening the whole apartment smelled of bay leaf and clove. The kitchen fairly reeked and leaked of soup. Plus the usual carrot, onion and

potato, and a little rice the soup was heartily healthful—was and is for there is enough left in the pot to feed us all next week.

The mangal *mentioned here is a charcoal-burning* maltiz, *a three-legged sheet iron brazier, excellent for slow cooking, for making toast, and grilled steak. The* mangal *usually referred to the oblong brazier used for heating a room.*

Cemile, whom we privately call Geranium, came to clean as usual. She started in the study end of the house and worked through to the kitchen. Not wishing to interrupt the even course of progress, I have made no changes in the routine. Whether it particularly needs it or not, the study gets cleaned first, then the bedroom, and so on.

This story is told of the Woolworth's maid. It illustrates the dangers of changing routine. While the Woolworths were away for a year, the Carletons lived in their house, changing the use of rooms, but keeping the same maid. They made a living room of what had been the guest bedroom. It took Mrs. Carleton half the year to convince the maid that the living room should be cleaned everyday and not on the once-a-week schedule set for the guest room. When Mrs. Woolworth returned, reestablished her arrangements, the guest room continued to be cleaned everyday, the living room once a week!

We let Cemile blithely go her way.

After she had emptied the last wastebasket Saturday morning, Cemile seemed to have something on her mind. Since her Turkish and mine are not of the same variety (Cemile was from the Cretan Greek-speaking community) it was a little while before I understood that she was talking about aprons. After much gesturing, long and rapid speeches on her part, I got the idea that I was to make her an apron. It is the custom here to furnish aprons in lieu of uniforms for one's maid. Having decided to adopt us, Cemile thought that she should have an apron like the one the Woolworth's maid has. The matter had been discussed in kitchens and laundry and the decision reached that perhaps I could make an apron having produced curtains a plenty. Next week I go into the apron business!

Very soon after this, Cemile began as our regular part-time helper and then as full-time. She was with us for ten years, leaving only when she got married.

This morning, oh how I wished I had watched more closely when the quarter of beef or the half hog came from the farm to be carved and cured. Our erstwhile painter came around with a wild boar which he had shot out in the vineyards. Pork in any form looked good to us. We got a three kilogram section which in a Christian country would have become a smoked ham. I made sausage instead. I remembered that you packed sausage cakes in grease to keep them. Lacking the big earthen jar you used, I put the sausages into jelly glasses, filled in the cracks with the sweet hot lard. It took me most of the afternoon. But oh, how good. I had forgotten that roast pork was the next thing to ambrosia. We hope Painter Abdul goes hunting again.

April 8, 1940

We were interested in the clippings you enclosed of Turkey in the headlines. Strange how differently the same facts can be interpreted. We heard about the German "spies" being fired from government employ, but with just about the same excitement as America's efforts to return the Germans from the Columbus. It is quite true that the French have many troops in Syria, but since they have been there in large numbers since last August we saw nothing alarming in the addition of a few more. Turkey is calling up the regular class in April instead of September. That is strikingly unusual. Kayhan Bey, our Turkish teacher, goes for his military service in April. Everyone talks about the "spring," but spring is here and nothing has happened yet. We all live in hopes that nothing will.

Turkey, the neutral, prepares for the worst, hopes for the best.

We celebrated Easter at the Woolworth's home that year, with communion service on Saturday night. The familiar room was decorated with calla lilies from the garden in great green glazed jars of local pottery. I apologized for not giving any of the East for my readers. Tarsus is just hometown to us now. Glamour has moved back beyond the hills.

Dick and I went to the market to buy some nails and some tacks and the little piece of embroidery enclosed. I should make you guess what it came from but that would not be quite fair, for whoever heard of a grain sack with embroidery

on it? Except in Turkey. That is really what it is. We used two bags to cover our woodbox. It looks like a Whitman sampler box grown up. It should hold toys or something more exciting than wood.

We got the bags in one of the funny little shops that have intrigued me ever since we came to Tarsus. All along the front are hung hanks of rope of various sizes and descriptions, saddle bags, feed bags, and colorful bridles. Inside there is an amazing assortment of homespun blankets, curtains, the real folk art and products of the country. During harvest season there will also be baskets of flint chips. These are used in the sleds that are on the threshing floors. The grain bags come in the natural color and in black. The proprietor proudly told us they would shed water and would last for twenty years. We believe him. The hamals who carry charcoal have black bags embroidered like these, and the horses tethered near the grain market eat their noonday lunch from similar feed bags.

April 16, 1940

We were shocked and horrified to get the news of the German advance into Denmark and Norway. We greeted it at first with disbelief and then began to listen to the radio with eagerness. Miss Towner gets all the news which is available in English so we have become her star boarders at newstime. The news is usually from London, the overseas service of BBC. The English are pretty well pleased with themselves and do not hesitate to tell the world that they are, but we will give them that privilege so long as they really are able to do something to help Norway. This British pride is leavened by a dose of French news now and then which is just as big in figures but less bombastic in tone. Last night we heard the German broadcast too. It was interesting to hear the same attacks described as victories which the British had just claimed. We can imagine the screaming headlines with which America greeted this news. We heard, I think it was through Germany, that America and Canada were about to go to war over Greenland! However, all is quiet in our part of the world as I am sure it is in yours. We will leave the subject of war up to the news correspondents.

The clippings from the *Tribune* about Turkish attitude toward the allies deserve comment. So far as we can tell, too, this is substantially correct. There was formerly a strong affiliation with Germany, in that many imports, especially tools and machinery, came from Germany. Now that the official attitude has changed, and imports ceased, the people in general are following suit. France and England have become the big brothers. But please do not quote me. I would hesitate to say what was or was not an "attitude of the people" under any circumstances.

Spring vacation came and with it an opportunity to visit the Maynards in Beirut. The train went by way of Aleppo, a city I introduced as our newest "friend."

May 4, 1940

Recounting a trip to Beirut begun April 24

We got to Aleppo about eight in the evening and went directly to the Hotel Claridge, a nice English name in a French-Arabic city. The railroad station must have been built by the Turks for it is far out of the city.

Our hotel was just a block from one of the main streets. The main streets were easily identified by the tramlines and the large imposing buildings of modern French design. We passed several open-air cafes, of the men only Eastern type. Here Arabs in their long robes and flowing headdresses sat peacefully puffing their narghiles. We called them all sheiks because they looked so romantic, like something from a movie.

We saw a light coming down the middle of the street. Then we saw a man under it. It was a weird sight. Here was a man with a headlight. He needed one for his tray of sweets balanced expertly on his head extended three feet in every direction.

In the shadow of a blocklong building we found the French sidewalk cafes. There were three or four of them doing a leisurely business. Here we ate ice-cream and watched the French officers pass. Their uniforms were as varied and almost as colorful as the Arab garb. There were some in navy blue with festoons of white cord, there were distinguished old gentlemen in khaki with a veritable rainbow of decorations, and smart looking young men with walking stick and gloves,

and two or three ribbons. It seemed as if every man whose uniform indicated any rank at all had his share of decorations.

Then there were the sober citizens in fezzes and the street vendors. One had an armload of neckties, another several hundred little brass rings for Primus stoves. I have left out the newsboys, but they are always with us. Papers in French or Arabic for yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Arabic just does not look right on a newspaper. The screaming headlines in heavy black characters look like designs copied from an old brass tray.

In the morning, in order to "do" the city properly, we climbed first to the citadel. The citadel still dominates the town although its present garrison is a handful of Syrian soldiers and a few army mules. The castle is built on a hilltop, completely surrounded by a steep dry moat. Although grass has grown between the facing stones now, it would be a difficult climb from the moat to the castle even without the welcome of arrows from above. There is one gate on the street side. It is a stone tower three stories high, guarded now by a custodian who sells tickets on Tuesday, Friday, and Sunday. A causeway connects with the gate of the citadel itself. This was built by the Arabs around the twelfth century. By far the most impressive part of it is the gate. It seems to extend for a mile, dark winding stone corridors lighted only by small holes far above. There were frequent sockets for iron doors, only one pair still hanging. Each turn of the corridor was guarded by turrets, slots in the wall high above from which missiles could be rained upon an intruder. At the inner side of this gateway was a small shrine, the tomb of St. George!

On the crest of the hill, the castle buildings are quite badly ruined. From the minaret of the old mosque, however, we got a panoramic view of the city. There were the flat roofs, the narrow streets, and sun-parched barrenness of most Near Eastern cities. Wandering through the center of the town on a level with the rooftops was a stretch of green grass. It was the top of the covered market!

After that outside view, I was more eager than ever to see the real covered market. This one in Aleppo is one of the most extensive in use today. These covered markets, you know, were built in the good old days when protection from bandits was the responsibility of each shopkeeper. Banded together

and literally under one roof, the merchants could readily defend themselves. It was Sunday, but there was no sign of holiday in this strictly native section of a Moslem city. Friday is the weekly holy day.

It was cool and damp in the market. It took a few minutes for our eyes to become accustomed to the dim light after the glare of the streets. Then at once we looked up to see whence the filtering of sunlight came. The roof was vaulted. Down the center, roughly one in front of every shop, that is about six or eight feet apart, were square windows, unglazed of course. As if even this scant amount of sunlight were too much many shopkeepers had shades to keep the light off their wares. These shades were ingenious arrangements, a board the same size as the opening suspended just above the heads of the passersby and rigged with cords so that the shopkeeper could regulate its angle to deflect the noxious rays of sunlight.

Compared to the Aleppo *suq*, Marshall Field's just is not in the running in regard to the variety of goods sold under one roof. We entered by way of the ready-to-wear and fabric section. The ready-to-wear consisted of miniature robes for the six year old who dresses just like his father. There were rows and rows of little shops piled with bolts of the striped cotton stuff. Hanging in front of the shops in gorgeous array were bright scarves, kaffiyeh, of Persian patterned prints, bright plain colors, hand-blocked black and white or red and white. These are the head scarves of the Arab men. Here and there hung something that looked like an old fashioned bell-pull, a long narrow strip with a tassel at one end. There were red ones, orange and black and white ones. These were belts, fitted with a pocket for money. They are fastened around the waist by three leather straps and buckles, the remaining length wound around and the tassel tucked in.

I bought a red one. Today it is a holder for my yardstick.

Down a side street we saw rows of tailor shops. A little farther on and we were in the woodworking section where stacks of thin wooden boxes lined the walk. What use is made of these boxes, I do not know, but they are made in great numbers. There are small ones which would hold about a quart, graduating in size to a five or six quart measure. Some are fitted with a screen bottom for sieves.

I found out later that these are the food storage boxes. The sieves are very efficient sifters. I wish I had one now.

We had to walk on one side of the path here for twenty meters of tent cloth were being measured out. Hanks of rope in all sizes hung from doorposts. One shopkeeper was out for lunch. He had hung a net over the open front.

The market was full of people. Bedouins in camel's hair abas, town Arabs in long robes and fezzes, women enveloped in black robes. Seeing these women always makes me feel very free in my short skirts and simple hats.

Yes, I wore hats in those days!

There were spindly legged boys in short trousers and French berets. The usual sprinkling of beggars, but more annoying the persistent guides. One we could not escape. He followed us or we followed him. I do not know just how we happened to get together, but he led us to the shop for which he was a runner.

This one was outside the bazaar, very much like an Oriental gift shop in Chicago or New York except that its stock was larger. There was a confusing array of brass trays, bowls, and vases. They brought out for our admiration exquisite silks all hand woven, unbelievably soft camel's hair blankets. Our sales-resistance could not face up to this test. We bought, because Dick liked it, a leather chair which comes apart and folds up like a camp chair. (We learned later that the design was copied from the camp chairs brought in by the British during the last war.) And we bought, because I could not resist, a bit of hand-woven silk with woven-in design of gold lighted by specks of green and red and blue.

The chair has long since departed this life and been replaced several times; the red silk covers two cushions on the couch today.

Back in the *suq* again, we found ourselves in the food section. Green vegetables looked fresh in this damp cool atmosphere. We stopped to watch a baker. He pulled out a wad of dough, shaped it into a ball, flattened it on the paddle end of his long stick, and deftly slapped it against the wall of his clay oven where it baked for a minute or two. With the same gesture, he pulled out the baked loaves, tossed them into a basket for the hungry public. These loaves looked like cushions but the shape does not matter if the loaves are light and fresh. (It was pita bread, of course.) We turned away from the

bakery. A *kabobci* across the street wanted our attention. He was sticking little bits of meat on spits to be broiled on his charcoal grill. But it was too near lunch time for raw meat to be an appetizing spectacle.

Around another corner we found the shoe department. Red shoes, yellow shoes, big shoes, little shoes, high boots or low ones—whatever you might want or need for your feet was on display in front of some shop in this street. Most of the shoes were of the style the Turks call *terliks* and we call mules. They are made without heels and the back of the shoe is folded in so that the wearer's heels are not confined. How these shoes stay on is one of the mysteries of the Orient.

From here we went back to the French section of the city where we had an excellent dinner in a restaurant cafe called the Dixie!

In the afternoon we drove out to the American Boys' School which is a joint project of the Presbyterian and Congregational Missions. We visited the Carletons and looked over the fine new buildings which have just been completed. The school has boys from fourth grade through high school. Its official language is English; French is compulsory and Armenian is an elective for most students. Oh, yes, Arabic comes in somewhere in the curriculum being the second official language of Syria.

We left Aleppo that evening on the night train to Tripoli. Dick had warned me that I did not know what it was to ride on trains until I had ridden all night on a Syrian train. Now I know. The coaches were made sometime back in the Dark Ages before the anatomy of the human body was known. The seats of straw are harder than boards. The back not only rises at a right angle to the seat, it bulges out, making it impossible to sit, lounge, or lie down with any degree of comfort. I found an empty bench in the women's compartment and had a few hours of reasonable comfort. Then at Hama, in the cold gray light of four o'clock in the morning, our privacy was interrupted by men putting their women on the train with baskets and babies. To protect the women from the men, or to keep us from intruding on the overcrowded masculine sections, we were locked in. I spent the rest of the night watching a baby alternately sleeping and being fed, listening to drowsy conversation in Arabic.

We got places in the bus at Tripoli, finished the journey to Beirut in comfort, and arrived about ten-thirty Monday morning.

We went directly to the Maynard's new house. That is new for them, since last fall. They have an apartment, the second floor of a house on campus. The first two floors of the house belong to the elderly Mrs. Crawford who lives on the first. The whole building will revert to the University on her death. The third floor belongs to another faculty family. All three places have their own entrances and their own gardens since the house is on the side of a steep hill. From the Maynard's level there is a beautiful view of the sea, the mountains, and the hillside covered with nasturtiums.

I could not add at the time of writing in 1940 that the view also included in the near foreground at the waters edge an antiaircraft gun under its camouflage net.

The next day we started our shopping. We found the selections of materials not as good as expected, but I did get some linen for a dress and a dressmaker to make it up for a very reasonable sum. In other lines too, we noticed a much smaller stock than in the fall. Wartime regulations make not only shipping difficult but international exchange impossible. At the college store, which deals largely in American canned and packaged goods, the stock is just what is on the shelves—rapidly becoming exhausted. Danish hams were also among the missing.

On Wednesday there was a reception at the Riggs' house. I am afraid I did not introduce them to you when I met them last fall. The Riggs have been in Beirut and the Turkish area for many, many years, going back to the days of the Ottoman empire. The Istanbul branch was visiting the Beirut branch of the family, hence the reception. Like most parties of this nature, the guests of honor were the only people we did not get to talk with. We met many whom we had met last fall and many new ones. We were invited to teas and luncheons. It was fun—that is Mother Maynard and I had a grand time while the men became bored and gradually worked us toward the door.

Thursday, the Riggs of Istanbul came to dinner so we did have a chance to talk with the guests of honor after all. Mrs. Crawford was also there. She reminds me of our old friend Auntie Bushnell. Mrs. Crawford came out to the Lebanon long

before the French had built roads, when all travel was by horseback, a two weeks journey from Beirut to Damascus and longer on to Palmyra. She told many interesting anecdotes from the far past. She heretically opined that Syria was about as well off under the old Turkish regime as under the present French one.

On Saturday we made an excursion to the Krak de Chevalier, a crusader castle midway between Homs and Tripoli, a one day trip from Beirut. The Maynards had been there several years ago, talked so enthusiastically about the castle that they got themselves in for a return trip, and enjoyed it as much as we did. We drove along the sea to Tripoli (the end of the pipeline from Iraq and of the railroad) and then cut inland, heading a little north toward Homs. The country was beautiful. I am glad I had a chance to see it in the spring. From my first impression of last fall I thought all Syria was a desert. The hills were green with new pasturage and young wheat. Here and there some black tents made up a bedouin encampment or some villager who moved out to be nearer his field for spring planting. The fields were tiny, not big enough to hold a tractor and plow, even if they had one. The shape of the patch seemed to be determined by the will of the oxen and the stones that were in his path. Looking from above, there was a crazy-quilt appearance to the countryside.

The Krak is located on the summit of a rather steep hill. It is protected on three sides by the precipitate slope as well as an outer wall, moat, and inner fortifications. The castle was built by the Hospitalers in the middle of the twelfth century. They were originally under the rulers of Tripoli. Their main occupation was to make life uncomfortable for the princes of Homs and Hama. The castle was never really taken; toward the latter part of the thirteenth century the garrison surrendered after a siege of many months and was granted free passage out of the country providing it would stay out. The guidebook says no more about the knights. From that time on the castle was an Arab stronghold. When castles went out of style, a village moved in. The vast courtyards, the filled-in moat, made fine gardens for the villagers. They in turn were moved out by the French government a few years ago and the castle partly restored.

More recent research on my part has revealed that the legend of invincibility is just that. In truth, the gate was breached, the enemy

poured in, and all those unfortunate enough to be found between the walls were taken prisoner or executed on the spot. Only the handful of the knights who had been in the Keep were given safe passage to the coast.

The restoration was skillfully done and not very extensive. The Krak de Chevalier is said to be one of the best preserved castles in the world.

We entered by a strong gate erected by the Arab conqueror about 1290. It still bears his inscription. But although we were now within walls, shut off from the outside world by three feet of stone, this was only the beginning. A vaulted passage way as broad as a street, paved with rough cobblestones, led up and around the outer battlements. There was a gate leading to the inner citadel, but that comes later. On the outside of this passage were large, earth-floored rooms which had been stables for the horses of the four thousand knights. The outer battlements were a wall about twenty feet thick, topped by seven turrets. Inside this wall, just like a picture from a book of fairy stories, was the moat filled with water. The water was slimy and green, the moat partly filled in, the aqueduct now only a remnant, but there was enough to make the picture complete. Grim stone walls reflected themselves in the quiet water a hundred feet below. We circled the outer wall and entered the central citadel.

Here was space to house a whole town, as indeed it had. Massive halls, high vaulted ceilings, double walls, and a liberal assortment of arrow slots on all outer walls. Like a jewel in this setting of yellow masonry and stone there was a tiny courtyard, green with fresh grass, and a cloistered walk. There was something strange about finding these carved pillars, pointed arches, and trefoil windows in the midst of utilitarian battlements. Perhaps even the knights needed beauty which they had made. There was a small chapel, long since become a mosque, stripped of all Christian symbols. Beyond the courtyard and the cloister was a great dining hall, and then a hall which may have been a dormitory. Along one wall was a row of stalls, the toilets, drained to the outside wall, flushed by rainwater.

There was a storeroom with rows and rows of huge jars set into concrete now become rock. The "keep" rose high above the paved court. It commanded a magnificent view of the lush green countryside, although it must have been a bit too open

to drafts in the winter, too exposed to the sun in the summer for complete comfort.

The next time I see a castle of any kind, I am going to take a measuring tape along to get some idea of the real size of the rooms and halls. I realize how little I can tell you of the actual size of halls at the Krak. To say that they were immense is just another adjective and if I were to estimate in feet, I would be so far off I would give a false impression too. But imagine all of our house as one room. That would be about a third of the great storage room of the castle, except that here the ceiling was not much more than seven or eight feet high.

It must have been a bleak life, that of being shut up in a castle. One would weary of looking at the eternal hills, and the open spaces within the walls would become woefully small. I am glad I was not born in the age of castles-for-living-quarters.

A chapter in the saga of the dolls.

May 9, 1940

This week, feeling much like the farmer who set out to harvest his fields himself after friends and neighbors did not come to his assistance, I took the doll box to the post office myself. I was determined to mail the thing, so I explained as best I could that there were two dolls which I had purchased in Syria and which I wanted to send to America. All this created much interest. Do they not have dolls in America? Yes, but not this kind. The package clerk looked it over carefully, got out books which he read thoroughly, looked for blanks which were not to be found, produced other blanks which I filled out. Finally, after about forty minutes he decided he would better have a look at the inside of the package. He smiled over the dolls. He thought the *hoja* was very good indeed, with his turban-wrapped fez and his prayer beads. Then he retied the package and it was weighed. I looked hopeful.

Now they would tell me how much the thing would cost, and I could get on with my shopping for to tell you the truth I was a little bored with the Tarsus post office by this time. But no luck. Tomorrow the missing blanks would come from Mersin. I should come and fill them out. Then the package would go. I was writing the last chapter. I felt pretty proud of myself. I came home and bragged a little.

Next day Dick and I went down together to fill out the last set of blanks and to pay up. There was more reading of books, looking up of shipping lines. The package would have to go to Mersin customs for approval and then be opened again in Istanbul before it left the country. It might and might not go, and then the cost would be something above thirty liras. That seemed excessive since we valued the dolls at four, the package weighed less than a kilogram. The helpful clerk came up with another suggestion. We could send it by sample post, without value. But then the package must be wrapped in paper. At this time it was in a cloth bag. So home we came with the package.

Wednesday, again I rewrapped the box, this time with string and good heavy paper, and sent it down with Ilyas to be mailed by "letter post." But this time the Head of the Post Office had been reading books. He had gone one paragraph farther. The package must be mailed from Mersin where it could be inspected by the customs, etc., etc., etc. By that time I was too disgusted to listen even. The dolls are here and *inshallah* (God willing) sometime they will get to you. I hope the one mailed from Beirut has arrived safely. So instead of writing the last chapter, I can only write another interlude on the doll story.

These are the dolls for Mother's collection which were purchased in Beirut in August of 1939. I delivered them seven years later.

May 12, 1940

This week we have again taken to listening to the radio at every moment. We have spent most of this evening at that occupation. We listened first in unbelief and then with growing horror and indignation as we realized the truth of the invasion of Belgium and Holland.

My first thoughts, being selfish ones, were thankful that war was not yet in this section of the world, and that up to now America was safely out. The future: I can only guess just as you are doing, and hope and pray. Radio news, of course, you have had at the same time we have, except that you get the broadcasts for America which we hear only in fragments, listening more credulously to an American voice when we do get one.

But all that is quite beyond our small destinies. The only thing we can be sure of, as you said in your last letter, that no matter how slow our mail becomes, we know that somewhere on the high seas or in some mailbag on a wharf, our letters and our love are on their way.

Yesterday was a big day. A very big day. Our "stuff" came, that shipment which had been on the way since last September, which had been the subject of so much conversation, so much correspondence, and finally duty. Father Maynard has been working all winter, with the aid of various men from the University, to get the proper permissions to transship at the same time that a boat was leaving for Mersin. Just before we left for Beirut, the goods arrived in Mersin. It was just long enough for Dick to see a commission agent and get him started on the Turkish brand of red tape. Costs were amusing. Our bed, the mattress and springs, cost seventy-five liras, the radio about twelve, the stove and oven, eight. We paid eight liras for revenue stamps on the papers and a commission of about the same.

After three more days the things got to Tarsus. That night we slept the sleep of those who rest on Simmons mattresses. It was wonderful!

The kitchen has been remade completely. The shiny white porcelain stove (a three-burner kerosene stove) fit into the nook left for it, looked a little disdainfully at our tin-topped tables, and then decided they would not be such bad companions after all. The oven is the most thrilling toy I have had since my first toy tea set. I watched baking powder biscuits puff up last night. I am going to have fun now!

I wrote about a Turkish wedding which I described as "not a wedding with all the trimmings such as Elizabeth Hungate's but it accomplished the same result of making a man and a woman a couple." Elizabeth's was a wedding which was grist for a good many conversations in Turkish class.

May 27, 1940

Etem Ongun is the Turkish assistant director at the school. For many years he has been engaged to Muazzez Hanim who most unfortunately for the poor lover is connected with *the* prominent family of Tarsus and the apple of her mother's eye.

The family would periodically decide that no mere man was good enough for so lovely a maiden, and the engagement would be off. Then by dint of great labor and many gifts, Etem Bey would regain the lost favor of his lady love and both would wear rings again. A few months ago the whole affair suffered one of the periodic cancellations. But when we went to Beirut we were commissioned to buy two pairs of Kayser's sheerest silk hose and an elaborate set of Elizabeth Arden cosmetics. It must have been this that turned the trick. Last Wednesday we received an invitation to the "*nikkah.*"

It is a little difficult to translate *nikkah.* The dictionary calls it the contract of marriage. It is strictly a legal procedure, the only marriage required by law in Turkey. It is really the combination wedding license and a marriage by the Justice of the Peace, with about as much glamour. The invitation specified "*nikkah salon*" of the city hall. Thence we went at three o'clock.

We arrived just as the bride and groom were driven up in the one limousine in Tarsus. The bride wore a navy blue ensemble with a long coat of net and lace. She wore a smart hat of navy blue felt. The groom was pale of face, conventional of dress.

The *nikkah* salon, more frequently used for council meetings than weddings, was crowded with the elite of Tarsus. Chairs were passed over the seated people as each new guest arrived. There was the local colonel and his lady, the mayor and the former mayor, all the teachers of the Orta School (where Etem Bey also taught), Dr. Ali Bey and Madame, Fevzi Bey, Şadi Bey, who owns one of the cotton mills, uncle of the bride, Faik Bey, friend of the groom, etc. Cigarettes were passed. We all sat waiting, wondering. The mother of the bride came. She wore a black kerchief closely tied about her face, a long black coat reaching to her ankles. A place was made for her in the back of the room, near us.

There was a slight commotion in the front of the room. We stood to see, if we could, what was going on. The bride and groom were seated at a table, an official of the government opposite them. A question was asked, an answer given. A folio-sized book was produced and signed. Two witnesses were called up. They signed. We looked at the mother of the bride for an indication of the next move. She made no move, looked as bewildered as the rest of us. Candy, Jordan almonds, and

more cigarettes were passed. The bride and groom left. A few couples from near the door slipped out. Then everyone followed.

At the head of the stairs outside, the happy couple stood shaking hands. Someone had given the bride a huge bouquet which interfered with the hand-shaking. We paid our respects and went on, following the bride's mother. The whole affair lasted about twenty minutes, completely devoid of emotion or pageantry. The couple are now married in the eyes of the law. Later in June they will have what they call the "wedding." It will be a party with a few speeches. There may be a religious service also but that is not very common anymore.

We had a great deal of respect for Etem Bey and enjoyed Muazzez Hanim. She had one fault, however. She always insisted that we eat and eat again—more than ever we wanted on the rather frequent occasions when she invited us to tea. I always vowed revenge when she came to see me. No luck. She was either "fasting" or on a diet at doctor's orders!

When Etem Bey was transferred to another school, in the Izmir area, I believe it was, he resigned from the system. He died several years after that. Muazzez Hamim did not speak, literally, for more than a year after his death. It was a little difficult to keep up a friendship under those conditions. Family fortunes declined. One sorrow followed another, but we did keep contact until the last surviving member of the family, an adopted daughter, moved to Istanbul.

They were, as I said, related to the most prominent "old" family of Tarsus. We used to say of them that they were like the Bourbons, they never learned and they never forgot. When their house was condemned for lack of repair, it had actually become a hazard, they allowed the city to destroy the front half and simply moved in to the remaining bit! But all that was many years later.

FOUR

SUMMER 1940: MOSTLY TOURISTS IN ISTANBUL

Letters from June 1940 to August 1940

It is now June 1940. School classes have finished, also a grueling two weeks of exams. At that time every class had final exams. In the Turkish subjects, these were oral. One boy at a time was called into the room, given three questions on which he would be quizzed and a few minutes in which to prepare. There were three examiners, the teacher of the class and two from outside the school. I can remember the poor boys pacing the garden paths waiting their turn for this mental torture, book in hand, mumbling quietly the dates of history or the geographical facts that might be asked. Exams for the English classes were written, but these too were given by three teachers, although of course the class teacher had a good deal more to say about the questions and the grading than either of the examiners. Since we were the only English speaking school in our area, our teachers acted as examiners for each others' classes. Hence, although Dick may have taught only two or three classes on his own that year, he had to be on duty as an examiner for a number of others. I, not being a teacher, had no responsibility.

We had to be in Istanbul the last week in June for the Annual Meeting of the Near East Mission. Dick was a delegate. It was this Annual Meeting that had decided our fate in 1939 by voting that we could be paid out of "Washington Funds," reparations due to the Mission from World War I! The Mission had kept us waiting so long, (it was not until the 14th of July that we knew we had been accepted) that I went with certain old resentments still unresolved.

In the two weeks of free time, despite the heat, we planned to complete painting the woodwork in our apartment. This meant the huge room divider, the inside of the cupboard side, the baseboard, and the floor. At that time, one did not buy a can of paint and a brush. Rollers were unheard of. We bought cans of bezir yag *(linseed oil), packets of pigment (surprising how much red and yellow go into cream colored paint), and turpentine. We mixed our own.*

Was there something else in it? I have forgotten now, but I can remember the huge five-gallon tins being stirred and strained. It was heavy work. But we were young.

I thanked Dad for "another spot on the rug" which we are going to look for in Istanbul. The folks had sent us checks from time to time which we designated "rug money."

June 3, 1940

Received July 29, 1940

The world now comes to us through our own radio. We have calmed down to only one broadcast a day. The world situation does not look comfortable, does it? It is very difficult to believe all the reports we hear; more difficult to imagine what will happen next. We, like you, are watching "postman" Italy with the greatest concern, for we do not want our mails slowed up. However, should Italy get into the war, taking all her ships to home ports, I know our mail will find a way out through the East for that route is still open. It would be long in miles and in time. We would be just as happy reading about your Easter bonnet on the 4th of July as the day after you wore it. Nevertheless, let us all hope that at least a few nations can preserve their national sanity.

We are very glad, very, very glad that you are no longer worrying about our personal safety. We are not going to get in the way of anybody's bombs.

John Scott had completed his term and went home that June. The American consul warned us that if we wished to travel to the States by "normal" transportation this was the last chance. John left by an American Export ship. It was the last to carry civilian passengers from the eastern Mediterranean for many years.

June 9, 1940

We all have to talk about it sometime, so it might as well be now: this war. It just will not stay out of our lives even if we are little people and live far away from it all. You have heard that Americans are leaving Turkey. We run across that report everywhere. A villager in Gözne asked the Woolworths when they would go. People wonder why we are painting our house because we will be leaving soon. It goes all the way from your report that Turkey has ordered us out to their interpretation here that our government has ordered us home.

We have had no official order from either our own or the Turkish government. The advice about "normal transportation" was the most. We are making plans for next year. By the way, I will teach ten hours of typing. We stocked up on sugar and kerosene for the coming year. These two items are fairly high now and are expected to go up as they are government monopolies. We have also bought soap.

There are a lot of rumors but you can sift the truth out I am sure and not believe everything you hear. Tarsus is just about the safest place that one could find. It is not on a main highway even. No one comes here if he can help it. Long before the enemy begins "mopping up" the Tarsuses of the country, we will be sound asleep in our beds in Sterling. You will see.

I went on to tell how I was going to can apricots and peaches, make plum jam and cherry sunshine.

The summer fruits are in season now. The market is flooded with little yellow apricots, not-so-ripe peaches, red, yellow and green plums and cherries, black and red. Vegetables are also coming in: tomatoes at last, green beans, peppers, zucchini, and the much loved eggplant. Before we leave I will have to put up what fruits I can for the season does not last long. Tomatoes will wait until fall.

By June we knew that Italy had declared war. Since our mail had come through Italy, this was of immense concern to us. We sent a cable home. We went on planning and painting. The Turkish army called-up two classes of reserves, but in a country that has universal military service it did not cause more than a ripple.

June 17, 1940
Father Maynard
Writing from American University of Beirut

Dear Mr. Mathew,

The report which Mrs. Mathew heard about the Americans leaving Turkey has nothing to do with the war. I might say further that Mr. Clark, the cotton expert of Turkey whom Georgianna must have mentioned as living very near to them, said last Saturday when he left us with Mrs. Clark after a vacation with us, that they were "going now to return to Turkey, the safest country in the world."

There has been talk that Turkey would not allow foreigners whose support comes from abroad and who are sent out by organizations in foreign countries to work in Turkey. The missionaries have not been informed that there is such a law nor that they will have to leave. If they do have to leave, there will be no danger connected with their leaving. Their departure will be handled in an orderly and courteous manner. They could stay with us until they were ready to go to America. Were there no other route by which to return home, they could go from Damascus (only two hours from Beirut) by bus to Baghdad in twenty-four hours and thence to Basra on the Persian Gulf; then to Bombay by steamer and so on across the Pacific. That route is certainly safe.

Americans stranded in foreign countries, people without money, are tourists. Those who have business abroad and orderly connections find a means of securing the necessary funds. Such persons as missionaries are never cast off in helplessness. Usually they discover their own best route and then secure funds from the mission treasurer. Mr. Fowle, our treasurer, was in Turkey during the whole of the last war, as I remember. He is very skillful in securing and handling money.

We can understand how you and Mrs. Mathew must feel. Our parents were fearful about us during the last war. The possibilities of danger are naturally much magnified in the mind of those who do not know what is happening. Those who are going through the experience do not worry much about the situation. They usually see the next step.

It looks to us as if few Americans realize that these are perilous days for America. Hitler will never be contented with anything less than the whole world if he wins in this war. I would like to see America enter the war as a belligerent and fight for her own life just as other countries are. If soldiers are not necessary, as they say, all the better. But on a war basis the production of munitions could be wonderfully speeded up.

Cordially yours, Harrison A. Maynard.

This letter was received in January 1946! It had been "lost" behind the counter in the Cairo post office.

June 24, 1940
From Istanbul

There was of course, much hurrying and hustling at the last minute to get the blankets packed in naphthalene, the rugs safely away from mice and moths, and the pictures off the walls out of reach of silver bugs. But leaving Cemile to finish up, we got the 6:40 from Tarsus. At Yenice, a half hour wait extended to two and half hours. We watched an army officer having his boots polished and workers being packed into boxcars. In Turkey, the rail-riding of itinerant workers is done away with by furnishing them very cheap transportation in boxcars. The fare is well below third class fare. Friday morning there were three carloads of workers going to Ulukushla just the other side of the pass. Men, women, and children, bags and bundles of bedding, baskets of provisions were piled in. A colorful helter-skelter mass.

Our train was rather crowded, but we found two seats in a compartment already occupied by two young men, an old villager who slept and snored all morning and, "Auntie." Auntie changed her costume from "town to country," removing a black kerchief and putting on a white one. Then she put her head on the table and proceeded to be audibly as miserable as possible for her twenty-hour journey.

From Yenice almost at once we were in the foothills, climbing rapidly to cross the Toros (Taurus) Mountains. Soft, rounded hills soon gave way to jagged rocky cliffs, pines, and scrub oak coloring the gray-brown. A glimpse of a beautiful green and gold valley was blacked out suddenly for we entered the first tunnel. From then on, we were in and out of tunnels for three hours or so. Mostly in, it seemed. We had glimpses of the Pozanti cliff, sheer face of rock rising high above the valley. Among the peaks above us were patches of snow, a little drab from age.

We were on the "Posta" and that does not mean fast. We stopped at every village which could afford a station. At many there seemed to be no village at all, only a lot of little boys with baskets of plums, cherries, or apricots, trays of *boreks* or rolls and cheese. At Pozanti the böreks sold like hot cakes are supposed to. They were good. At Ulukushla on the other side of the pass, we lost the laborers' cars but acquired another collection of soldiers. All the soldiers in Turkey seem to be going from here to there and back again, some with full

equipment of canteen, knapsack, and bed roll, some with baskets and bundles.

We were now on the famous Konya Plain, the central plateau of Turkey. Luck was with us. A quick summer shower cooled the air and settled the dust. We ambled across the plain at an easy rate for the train was not in the least ashamed of its two-hour lateness. Here, the story goes, the track was built at so much per kilometer; hence the superfluous number of twists and turns. Here too the scenery was lovely: wild flowers in abundance lined the track. Brilliant blue, purple, red, sunshine yellow spikes, and the familiar white Queen Anne's lace. There were long-legged black and white yellow-billed storks in the wheat fields. Many areas of untilled land supported only a scant growth of weeds. Rocky hills broke the levelness. Towards evening the shifting lights and shadows made an ever-changing picture, rimmed with purple hills.

About nine o'clock we came to Konya, once the center for the Whirling Dervishes. Now it is an important stop for the Posta. Most of the people in the town came down to see the train and paced back and forth on the station platform. Soldiers walking by saluted into space, I thought, until I saw a sergeant leaning from the window on one side of us and a captain on the other. (No air-conditioned cars. Everyone leans from a window in most entertaining fashion.) Here the train showed some interest in schedules. It cut an hour and half stop to forty-five minutes. From then on we slept until Afyon at five o'clock the next morning.

The dervish orders, among them the Whirling Dervishes, were outlawed by the secular state. It was one of the reforms of Atatürk's Republic, an effort to break with the conservative hold of the past. More securely in control, the government later allowed "demonstrations" of the whirling which became a very popular tourist attraction. Obviously the skill was not developed in two weeks just for the show. To the best of my knowledge they are still performed during a week in early December.

Afyon was a nice stop for first thing in the morning. A new station, built only a year ago, in replica of the Ankara station, was clean and shining. The town was a mile away down a tree-lined avenue. A little castle topped an inaccessible hill.

We breakfasted on a glass of tea, fruit, and sandwiches from our lunch basket. At Afyon, "Auntie" left and we had the compartment alone for most of the day.

"Afyon" means opium. We were not surprised to see fields of poppies along with wheat and pastureland. As during the day before, we wandered across a plain cut by hills of rock. On Saturday we lunched in the dining car in solitary state. Only the officer whose boots were polished in Yenice shared the services of the car. It was an unexpected luxury. Meals are from a lunch basket from necessity as well as choice on most trains.

Towards late afternoon we were in mountains again. Low, soft mountains on the northern side of the Asia Minor plateau. Here we began to see the truck gardens and orchards which supply Istanbul. It was an encouraging sight.

We passed the village called Inonu, near which the battle of Inonu took place. It was from this battle, in which he was an officer, that Ismet Inonu, the president of Turkey, took his name.

About five o'clock we came to Izmit, the Turkish naval base on the shores of the Marmara. Here the train filled up again. Sailors and commodores joining the soldiers and their colonels. More saluting, more bowing, more baggage. A couple of army officers and a navy man in our compartment discussed the international situation, but we were beyond caring about that. We counted the miles and the stations until we could leave the train. We followed the shores of the Marmara through a district similar to the suburban section of any city.

At seven twenty, only twenty minutes late, *mashallah!* we pulled in to Haydarpaşa station. Across the Bosporus, silhouetted against the red of sunset were the minarets and domes of Constantinople! Description of that fascinating city will come in the next few letters.

Once or twice that summer we had a chance to send some letters through the diplomatic pouch. One arrived in six weeks, one in fifteen days. I mentioned that airmail might be worth trying as it seemed to come through better than before Italy entered the war. It came by "clipper" to Lisbon and then by British plane to Alexandria. But I added "airmail has not been very successful from Tarsus. They have not heard of clipper ships down there, not even the four-masted kind." We began marking our letters "Atina-Roma-Lizbon." The route seemed good for a while.

My summary of the first Annual Meeting I attended, is, I think, a pretty good one. I will quote it here, and not repeat it for each of the succeeding six meetings which we attended.

June 30, 1940
Üsküdar, Istanbul

Each station of the Near East Mission sends delegates. We have work in Greece and Syria as well as Beirut and the five stations in Turkey. Dick and the Woolworths are our delegates. I am an "appendage."

For a week we have been meeting as the "Mission," as a "committee," as separate committees, as a baseball team, at a grand ball, a tea party, and even a golden wedding. It is remarkable how many different roles the same actors can play. All week we heard reports followed by prayer and sometimes by a hymn. It seemed almost sacrilegious to pray after the financial report, but the honesty of the treasurer was not mentioned. Daily devotions every morning were a recess from discussion and from knitting. I think we sang every hymn in the book, some of them twice. But now the work is all finished. The sweater is not.

The following letter tells too well the uncertainty of the mail!

July 21, 1940
Rumeli Hisar, Istanbul

Mail is in such a funny state these days I do not suppose you will be surprised at the Greek stamps on this one. I am sending this to some of the American Board people in Greece, to go by airmail from there. I hope it reaches you in good time. I have sent letters by regular post, said to be routed through Siberia. They may reach you sometime although I heard yesterday that mail was in Moscow—waiting! In case this is the first letter in sometime, I will make it a resume of several. ...

P.S. Things happen fast nowadays, so please disregard the first paragraph of this letter, regarding mail from Greece. I just found out today that Turkey will accept airmail for America, sending it by train to Athens and thence by plane to Lisbon and New York. Be sure to let us know how soon this letter gets to you so that we will know the route is really open. Mail from America has come through in six days!

During the July and first half of August in 1940 we had almost free time. Although we were living in the "rumor capital" of the world, we spent our time exploring the ancient city of Istanbul. Rather than giving the letters as written, in bits and pieces, with much repetition, I have amalgamated the story lines from several of the letters sent during these two months. For example, the story of the purchasing of the rug is told all at once although the discussion of the purchase occurs in several letters spread over several weeks. Likewise, I summarized the housekeeping situation, adding a few indelible memories.

July–August 1940
A summary of a variety of topics
from the letters sent during these months

I am going to put myself in that class of young people who seem to have no concern for world affairs. I am not going to mention the war or the "situation in Europe." I have more interesting things to write about.

The school in Üsküdar where the Mission meeting had been held is on the top of a hill in that suburb, on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, the river-like strait that divides the city but connects the Black Sea and the Marmara. Rumeli Hisar, where the Birge's offered us their house for the summer, is on a hillside on the European side, a bit farther up stream. We took a taxi down the cobblestone streets of Üsküdar to the boat landing only to discover that we had missed the one ferry that would take us up the Bosporus and across to the other side. The only other arrangement was to go up the Asiatic side to Kandili and then cross in a small boat.

This we did. The landing stage at Kandili was a cement block, anchored out from shore, connected by a gangplank with the dock. We loaded our bags from this bouncing platform into a rowboat. The Bosporus is not wide at this point, but the current is so swift that rowing across required considerable maneuvering and took about an hour. We passed under the towers of Rumeli Hisar, a castle built by the Turks during the siege of Istanbul in 1453. With two hamals to carry our bags, we made our first ascent of the hill which was to become familiar during the summer.

One becomes view-conscious in this city for almost every window frames a delightful picture of sparkling hues, red-tiled roofs over white houses, round-domed mosques and their

spiring minarets, sail boats in the harbor, and green hills beyond. It is a truly beautiful city.

After a Fourth of July reception at the American consulate, we went to the boat landing of Beşiktaş. We passed a tomb. It was that of the sixteenth century Turkish mariner, Hayrettin Barbarosa. His enemies called him a pirate, but to his people he was a hero. This was Seaman's Holiday so his tomb was decorated with elaborate wreaths. It seemed to me a little strange that a modern city of tramways and steamboats should remember a pirate of so long ago. But then I saw another picture that made me think it was not long ago at all that the admiral had been sailing. A row of deep-hulled, high-masted sail boats were drawn up on the beach next to the ferry landing. Wearing skull caps, wide bright sashes holding together their ragged garments, a row of hamals were unloading gravel from the boat, carrying it in deep baskets strapped on their backs. Just so they might have unloaded treasure ships four hundred years ago.

I will try to describe the city as we saw it from the top of Galata Tower, built in the fourteenth century as a Genoese watchtower and still used as a fire watchtower. We were on the highest point in the city, having come up ten stories from the hilltop street. Just in front of us the Golden Horn cuts the old city into two sections. The new bridge divides the inner harbor from the anchorage in the Bosporus. In the latter are the big freighters and tankers flying British, Greek, Rumanian or Turkish flags, the white Russian passenger steamer and innumerable ferryboats that ply up the Bosporus and across to the Asiatic suburbs. The inner harbor is full of tenders and rowboats like dragonflies skimming the water. Here are the little ferries that go up the Golden Horn to Eyub.

The old Byzantine city and the old part of the modern city is on the point across the Horn. There the skyline is one of domes and minarets, low flat roofs, and the clustered cupolas of baths. Out on the point are the palace grounds, now the museums and park. Next is the squat dome of Hagia Sophia with its four slim minarets. Nearby is the Sultan Ahmet Mosque famous for its six minarets and blue tiles. There are the domes of the great bazaar where every humble shopkeeper knows enough English to say "Look Madame, this is lovely, Madame." There is the great Suleymanya Mosque built by Mimar Sinan, the best of Turkish architects of the period of

Turkish greatness in the sixteenth century. This mosque is really remarkable for its stained glass windows, fine calligraphy, and the tiles.

Marking the edge of the city, as it has for centuries, is the many-towered wall. This wall was built by the Roman emperors, stormed by Arabs and Turks, finally broken through in 1453 when Mehmet the Conqueror attacked it with cannon. Beyond the wall, just at the end of the Golden Horn, we can see the domes of Eyub. Those little domes are the tombs of princes and potentates, for this is a very holy spot in the Moslem world. Under the largest dome is said to rest a disciple of the Prophet.

Coming back to the part of the city just below us, on the Galata-Pera side of the Horn, the skyline is very different, cubistic blocks, apartment houses, and here and there a church steeple. This is the modern side of the city. Here streetcars control the traffic, taxis dart about in wild confusion on the steep narrow streets. Here are the large stores with show windows full of "latest fashions," placards for summer sales, the movies, hotels, and restaurants. On up the Bosporus are the suburbs, once only summer homes of the wealthy. We cannot quite see the towers of Rumeli Hisar, the castle just below the house we have for the summer.

Across on the Asiatic side is Scutari (Üsküdar) and Haydarpaşa with its German-Gothic railway station. Beyond on the shores of the Marmara are the bathing beaches which have done so much to make our summer enjoyable.

We began our "touristing" by going to Hagia Sophia. Guidebook in hand we admired the ancient doors, set in a modern portico. Hagia Sophia is no longer a mosque but a museum. To a student of Byzantine art and architecture it has probably increased in interest with the removal of each Arabic sign and the uncovering of each new Christian mosaic, but to me it was a disappointment. It was an empty shell, drained of life. The rugs which are so important to a mosque are now removed. The great green plaques which hung so conspicuously above the pillars, proclaiming in gilded Arabic the greatness of Allah and his prophet Mohammed, are now stacked inconspicuously to one side. The alcove pointing toward Mecca is slightly off center for the church was built to point to Jerusalem. The *Hoca*'s pulpit rises steeply on the Christian altar. We saw the pillar marred by the Conqueror's sword, the

print of his bloody hand high nearby! The tradition is that, having overcome the powerful magic of the Greek priests, Mehmet the Conqueror rode his horse into the sanctuary and left these marks high on a column. Work of reclaiming the mosaics and frescoes in the dome of Aya Sophia is being carried on by an American scholar, Professor Whitimore. After being covered by plaster and centuries of dust, the Trinity over the imperial doorway and the gold crosses in the arches gleam like new.

From here we went to the site of the Roman hippodrome. There in black marble is a monument built about 1910 to honor Kaiser Wilhelm; the obelisk of Thutmose III brought from Egypt and erected here by Theodosius in the fifth century, on a base which displays his exploits; another ancient obelisk of Constantine denuded of its bronze plates; and the serpent column which once held a Delphic cauldron.

On one side of this little park, which is one end of the hippodrome, is the Sultan Ahmed Mosque with its six minarets. In the year 1626 the Sultan completed the building of this mosque to be greater than Aya Sophia. The dome is larger by some two meters. He built around it six minarets, a number until then reserved for the mosque of Mecca. In order to appease the irate clergy, the Sultan caused a seventh to be built in Mecca. We found no guard and no guide so we removed our shoes at the door and padded softly into the church-like atmosphere. This mosque—sometimes called blue, sometimes green—is notable mainly for the tiles of turquoise glaze which cover its pillars and line its walls. There were a few men here not praying but chatting in a most everyday manner. Rugs covered the floor, very big rugs and rows of tiny prayer rugs pointing to Mecca. Most of them are well worn for even bare feet wear out rugs in time. There was a "box" which the Sultan could enter on horseback. Above was a latticed balcony for the ladies of the harem.

On to the covered market. Like Aleppo, Istanbul has its old bazaar under vaulted roofs, but it is not as extensive nor as truly "local" in character as the Aleppo one. We left the sunshine of the outside, but except for the vault overhead, we might have been on the Grande Rue. To the right was a glass show window full of ready-made hats, to the left a case of

shoes. But not all the bazaar was thus. A little farther in we passed the leather workers' shops where bundles of skins were piled high, some freshly dyed red or yellow. We found ourselves in the rug section and from then on we were caught.

We decided to begin looking for the rug. We felt baffled, scarcely knowing where to begin in the maze of rugs folded pattern in, piled all around us. But we had decided to look for a Sparta (modern) rug in an odd shade called *gulkurusu* (dried rose). The first shop was unproductive, but two Americans coming out of a rug shop seemed to set the whole market a twitter. *"Buyurunuz, bay effendi!"* "Come right in, sir," from one side. "Right this way, Madame," from the other and an importunate dealer was at my elbow. We picked up "grandpa" in the next shop. He was an Armenian somehow connected with the trade, who would tell us all the true facts of rug buying; he liked Americans because his two sons were American citizens living in New York. He told us their address and asked if it was a nice section. We assured him that it was.

We went to the wholesale dealers and then to a small shop where we saw *our* rug, at least we think it will be our rug. After a couple in the color we wanted, and many we did not, had been unfolded before us, we asked for one of which the pattern and color looked interesting from the wrong side. It was a Sparta, bearing a seal of the Chamber of Commerce guaranteeing it to be first quality. The background is old rose, the pattern is of the Persian seraphim design. The wide border is mainly a Persian blue. It has a sheen like silk, a deep springy pile that will not show foot prints. We sat admiring, unable to conceal our enthusiasm. Then the bargaining began. Coffee was ordered. Sparta rugs are sold by the square meter and the price being negotiated is the metric one. Our rug is eight square meters so I was kept busy multiplying the various figures mentioned. The dealer was very anxious to make a sale, claiming he had not made one in three months. It is entirely possible because few people are buying rugs now. We left, however, before a final bargain was made, feeling we had been under pressure long enough. It is difficult trying to reach a fair price, to sympathize with the difficulty of the shopkeeper, and at the same time protect our own interests.

Today we were in an even worse situation over a brass tray. The asking price was ridiculously high, quickly came down to a reasonable one and then the pleading began. The

account book for June was shown. Only five or six sales. We almost felt we should buy for charity's sake whether we could use the tray or not. But we escaped.

Later: We bought our rug at last. When the bargaining reached what now seems an unbelievably low price, we took the rug to the Bible House offices where we could see it in more natural light. It still looked good. We went back to pay the merchant. He ordered coffee at once, knowing a good thing when he saw it coming. After a little desultory conversation, we paid the money. The merchant took the bills, rubbed them over his face, muttering a prayer; something about may Allah give me happy use of this money. Then he ceremoniously passed the money over our faces, saying, "May Allah give you happy use of your purchase!"

We left the bazaar and headed for the museums where we could not buy anything even if we wanted to. Unfortunately, both the antiquities museum and the palace were closed. They had been since last September, so we went into the old Church of St. Irine which housed the military museum.

I just read that the church is being converted into a concert hall. The Janissaries had long since moved out.

Not on the usual tourist route is a visit to the Service Center Camp (YWCA) on the shores of the Marmara. The camp is in an old *yali*, former summer home of a wealthy Turk. There were open tents on the lawn. We swam, lunched with the girls under the trees, and while they had "rest period" we went calling.

Next door to the camp is another huge white *yali*, palace-like in size and gleaming splendor. The daughter of the house wanted to come to camp. That furnished a reason for a call and simple curiosity the motive. We walked through the beautifully kept garden where roses, dahlias, and daisies were blooming in cement-curbed beds. The lady of the house met us graciously, had deck chairs placed under the pines where we sat talking. She was an unpretentious woman, carelessly dressed. Only her charming manner gave her claim to the house. He husband was gruff, surly, quite uninterested in a group of foreigners. Yildiz (Star), the daughter in question, was a shy girl of twelve. Candy was passed, then coffee, and

later cold water. We were about to leave when the Hanim suggested we might like to see the house. We certainly would!

Up a broad flight of stairs, through carved doors, we expected grandeur. The hall was marble floored, the ceiling ornamented with gilt and paint in regal style, but empty with an unlived-in bareness. Two rooms were furnished only with beds and wardrobes. The homely disarray of scattered clothes was in awful contrast to the majestic size of the rooms. On the third floor only one room was in use: linden tea drying on the parquet floor. From here was a most magnificent view up the Marmara, the Princes Islands, and the mountains beyond. A living room large enough for a hundred guests was sparsely furnished with a few pieces of wicker. "We just camp here in summer," the Hanim explained. Imagine "camping" under gilded ceilings on marble floors, with the ghosts of Sultans and Grand Viziers about!

We did a good deal of wandering. The only way to see a city is to walk it, especially on the cobblestones or the street that is made of steps. There are sights and sounds that make any street a little carnival, that make hurrying difficult and just looking rewarding.

The vegetable market in downtown Istanbul deserves a word since I gave you so much detail about the one in Beirut. First of all, its location is back of the small covered market, called the Spice Bazaar or the Egyptian Bazaar. Of course, there are many open-air vegetable markets around the city, but this one is most convenient for us. There is a "just in from the country" feeling about it. Any man with a basket of peaches or eggplant can set up shop until his goods are all sold.

All the vendors are equipped with two-pan scales and a limited number of kilogram weights. A purchase of less than a kilogram requires higher mathematics. The street is lined with big tray baskets on portable stands. Every time a wagon comes through—which is frequently—confusion is fearful and wonderful to behold. Melons are sold from pushcarts. At this season, winrows of empty melon rinds are a hazard to the pedestrian. But this is a big city. We bought coffee at a large establishment where four electric grinders work all the time, filling the air with the fragrance of coffee and a frightful din.

Eggplant is one of the favorite vegetables in Turkey and is available in quantity now. They are usually the long slender ones, excellent for making dolmas. Every other passenger on the ferry leaving town has his little string of shiny dark purple eggplants tied up like fresh fish.

Then there are the boatmen. They row around the ferry landing standing in a boatload of peaches, pears, or other fruit. The name of the fruit is quite lost in their enthusiasm for quoting the price. *"On-besh, on-besh, on-besh!"* means that something is on sale for fifteen piasters a kilogram, but one must look at the load in the boat to see what it is.

The vendors on the bridge are most amusing. When we first came, all the little boys and the big boys on the bridge were selling mirrors. Now some of the more enterprising have added combs to accompany the mirrors. Others have branched out into razor blades, or bouncing toys on elastic strings, or an armload of belts. Always in the center of the bridge is the cookie department. Three or four little boys stick to the same box of biscuits day after day. Cold water, or they say it is cold, is sold by the glass from a leaf-covered can. My theories about sanitation have prevented my patronizing these salesmen, but their cool green leaves and rattling glasses are good advertising.

In 1940 we went to Yedi Küle by tram.

This is the castle of seven towers at one end of the city wall. The wall was built first by Septimus Severus in 196 A.D. to mark the defended city from the open country. It was enlarged and repaired and rebuilt after an earthquake in 447 A.D. to defend the city against Attila the Hun. Parts of it still stand in spite of sieges by Arabs and Turks, weather, and earthquake. The castle has been added to by the Turks who built three more towers and walls. It was used until comparatively recently (as late as 1878) as a prison for distinguished prisoners such as ambassadors from unfriendly nations and unnecessary sultans.

The castle is now a museum which means that the stairs leading to the walls have iron handrails and bars are placed across the occasional wide windows of the towers to keep the curious from falling into kingdom come. The stairways in the towers are in the walls which are a good two meters thick.

The holes which once supported rafters are visible, as well as the narrow windows and the holes in the walls which were the fireplaces. In the most recently used tower, the floors are still intact. Here we saw the very convenient slide for removing heads and bodies. They were dropped into a deep well. An underground stream carried them out to sea.

It has been almost five centuries since 1453, since the Christian Byzantines were in possession here, but the marble lintel above a door still shows a perfect Greek cross. High up on the much altered facade of the "Golden Gate" is another cross.

This Golden Gate was the triumphal entrance for the Byzantine emperors. It was used only when an emperor was crowned or when he returned victorious from war. It must have been magnificent, of gleaming white marble with suitable inscriptions and banners. Now the heroic arch is walled up leaving only a man-sized gate. Unlike the earlier citizens of the city, we walked out by this gate.

When the Birges left for vacation, I took over the management of the household which consisted of two cats, one dog with fleas, one second-maid (the first was on vacation), one part-time gardener, and Dick and me. Shopping in Rumeli Hisar at that time was done at the kitchen door. We had daily calls from the dry grocer, the green grocer, the butcher, the milkman, the vegetable man, the bread man—not to mention the dustman who comes to empty the ash can. Of course, all the miscellaneous peddlers who have baskets of peaches, melons, or cherries, carrying their scales in their hands, came too. The result was that the maid spent the morning "receiving." But for all that we are grateful for there is a very steep hill between us and the village market.

August 15, 1940
Tarsus

The middle of August our vacation ended. The two day train trip back to Tarsus had two notable points. One was two melons shared with us by a fellow passenger; it was the very best honeydew melon I have ever eaten. The other was a day in Ankara.

To anyone who has been in Ankara recently, this description of the city of 1940 will be almost unrecognizable. It was "unfinished" with parks that seemed too extensive. It has been finished and rebuilt. The parks are almost lost in the mass of construction.

We reached Ankara at seven o'clock in the morning, left at nine that night. Ankara, as you know, is the capital of the Turkish Republic. Having served that admirable purpose, the city crawls back into the shadow of the old castle and fades away into the desert. Just why Ankara was chosen as capital of the new Republic I do not know. It certainly had nothing to recommend it except the fact that it was remote from any foreign influence. (That and remoteness from the Ottoman court plus the railroad were, in fact, the reasons for its selection.) Situated in a semiarid plain surrounded by mountains, it is hot in summer and cold in winter.

Here the Turkish government has built a city according to plan, laid out with wide boulevards, spacious parks, and impressive public buildings. Now, it is true, the parks seem a little too extensive. They are great empty spaces almost in the country. The railroad station was naturally the first of the new buildings we saw. It is modern in architecture, functional in design. From the station a broad boulevard leads to the "main drag," Atatürk Boulevard of course, and to Ulus Meydan, National Square.

While we were wandering about we heard the strains of martial music, an appropriate accompaniment for this official city. Pretty soon, sure enough, there was a parade. A military band was leading. Soldiers in tin hats, globular canteens bobbing on their backs, were tooting for all they were worth on trumpet and clarinet. Following them a group in the uniform of regular soldiers with full equipment, then a large group of young men in the trim dark brown of cadet officers. They put a wreath on the equestrian statue of the Atatürk, made two or three speeches, and marched away again, the band playing and every shoe squeaking in perfect time. We found out later it was the ceremony for welcoming the new class of cadets from the Istanbul military lycée to Harbiye, the Turkish West Point.

We took a bus (a very modern bus too) out to the government buildings which are some distance from the center of town. Everything is very new, not quite finished in fact. The great gold and black door of the Department of Justice building gleams in impersonal splendor. No walk or drive leads to it. Inside the white marble corridors blaze with newness. We came to that particular building because we wanted to see Dick's friend who was Director of Prisons a few years ago. We

found that he had been transferred to the Post Office Department as Inspector of Post Offices and was at that moment on a tour of inspection in eastern Turkey. That finished for us any thoughts of official business. We had hoped to check up on the progress of our radio permit, but lacking friends in court, official dates, and numbers we could do nothing.

We lunched at an outdoor cafe along the boulevard. It was pleasantly cool there in the shade of the vines and potted trees. In the afternoon we went to a movie. It was a double feature of pretty poor American films, but one of them was in English. We alone laughed at the funny cracks, but the "ohs" of the audience as the plot thickened showed that language was no barrier to their enjoyment.

FIVE

THE GLAMOUR OF DISTANT PLACES FADES

Letters from September 1940 to April 1941

September 29, 1940

School opened on September 24 and I had classes to teach!

My typing classes. Did I tell you about my ten little typists and how they grew into fourteen and now to nineteen? I thought once, a long time ago, that teaching typing would be a simple matter of two classes at the most. But, like all other enrollment in the school, typing has grown too. I now have three sections of beginners and one of advanced. I am enjoying it immensely. The boys are fun to know, are almost too enthusiastic now about the new toys they have to play with. A few personalities stand out almost at once. You will hear more about Hilmi who has a pet squirrel which helps him type and Faik who is awfully annoying and likable at the same time, and Muzaffer who wanted to quit because he could not write "paper" without making mistakes.

A further note about Faik. He was a loudmouth. He used to make us very angry by talking about "My uncle, Hitler." I do not believe he was any more a Nazi than we were, but an adolescent show-off. His last name was Findik which means hazelnut. His father ran a pastry shop in Mersin. Later, when flour was rationed for bread only, the Findik pastry shop lived up to its name. All the cakes had the same taste: hazelnut flour!

Of Hilmi and his pet squirrel I do not now remember anything more. Muzaffer became a very good friend with whom we kept in touch until his untimely death some years later. We thought he was thoroughly modern in his outlook, but when he told us he was happy to have his family choose his wife for him, we thought again. It turned out to be a happy marriage.

Another first that week was my first meal with the boys in the school dining room. At that time the boarders had assigned seats, classes were mixed up so that there were two preps, a first class, a second, and an older boy at the table

where I sat. The one teacher in the dining room let them in and dismissed them when most of the tables seemed to be finished. They were polite but hungry. On Saturday, when I took Dick's day, the meal was a hurried affair with train-catching madness in the air. About half the boys go home for the weekends, leaving on a noon train. (Yes, we do have classes half-day on Saturday!) I enjoyed these contacts with the boys for I had known many of them by name only before.

October 27, 1940

You mention sometimes that your letters seem to be filled only with household details, seem dull to you. Alas, true of mine also. I feel very guilty for I no longer seem to see or do things which go into making up interesting letters. The glamour of distance, of time and space, have receded beyond the hills. Your letters are always the most exciting and delightful reading that comes into this house.

I included Merry Christmas and in a postscript added Thanksgiving. The letter was received December 31!

November 5, 1940

Tarsus, sitting in the sun

We spent most of a morning in a meeting discussing salary problems. I like these committee meetings because they give me a good time to knit. I do not have many thoughts on the subject of whether Ahmet Bey should have a raise or a cut, so I can concentrate on purl one, knit two, increase every fourth row.

Cumhuriyet Bayram was celebrated with parades, speeches, and decorations. We were decorated, too, and our banners were the most original and our lights the brightest in town. The school's decorations are about the same every year. On the big building, the four-story skyscraper of Tarsus, are hung lighted numerals for the year of the Republic. This was the XVII year. The gate, an impressive iron gate set in the stone wall, is wreathed with branches of myrtle. There also hung flags, the bright red Turkish flag which lends itself well to decorating. Above the street, stretched from our wall to

that of the Pasha's "khan" across the way are red banners lettered with some patriotic thought. Last year it was something about the "youth of our nation is the hope of our country." This year, we are more warlike in all respects, "We trust in our army."

The parade to the *meydan* (city square) was not very well organized. Each school brought its representatives as was most convenient. The little tots from the six primary schools were interesting as very little children always are. They were all dressed in gray uniform smocks, but the little girls had distinguishing hair ribbons. There were green ribbons from the "Green School," purple from the "School under the Hill" and red and yellow from "The School of the Turkish Hearth." The scouts, boys and girls, came in neat khaki uniforms marching behind their banners of the owl, the bear, and the fox. We asked one of the boys what the scouts did and he said, "they have uniforms, they do not do anything." The Orta (Middle) School outdid itself this year with a float. Two girls draped in flags stood on a cart holding the emblem of the Peoples' Party, the only political party in the country. Around the float walked other girls in peasant costumes of the old days and in the uniform of the school to show modern times. Our boys, of course, were the best looking group, the best trained in marching, and as befitting the highest school of the city, carried the biggest flags with the most gold fringe on them.

There was only one Orta School and no Lise at that time. Now there are about ten Ortas and at least four or five Lises and a comparable increase in the number of primary schools.

There were speeches, mercifully short for no one could hear. We clapped on signal, enthusiastically if we saw one of our boys on the platform. In less than an hour it was all over.

We had the first of many picnics at Kiz Kale that 1940 Bayram. This was one of the places Dick had visited and had been most enthusiastic about when he was in Turkey before, so I was very eager to see it. Since it was very important in our later years in Tarsus, after roads and cars became available, I will include the description here. Some of you, my readers, will remember it!

It is located about fifty miles from Mersin along the sea. The name, Kiz Kale, means Maiden's Castle. There are many in Turkey, but this is the original one! It was probably built

by the Armenian kingdom in the eleventh-twelfth century. The castle on the shore was once surrounded by a sea moat long since filled in. About half a mile offshore on a small island is another castle of the same period. Here the cut stones that formed the window frames have been removed, leaving great gaping holes. The usual legend about the maiden and the snake, but we will skip that. On the hillside back of the castle are innumerable tombs, chapels, and monasteries for this was a holy area, sacred to St. Thecla.

There is a beautiful sand beach in front of the castle. We swam and lunched. On our walk around the castle we were joined by a watchman whose duty was to watch the castle, but instead he watched us. No pictures—we might be spies! The long arm of the law was there to prevent our mapping this bastion of Turkish defense! We made a circuit of the outer wall, looked down into the deep moat cut through bedrock. We ducked down a worn stone staircase and crossed to the inner wall. Somewhere in this vicinity there must have been a beautiful Greek temple, for thrown helter-skelter into the walls of the castle are carved capitals, marble blocks with Greek inscriptions, and whole rows of fluted columns stuck crosswise in the walls. The despoiler of temples is being despoiled in turn. There would be no loose stones around at all except for the fact that most of the people in that region are Yuruks to whom a goat's hair tent is home.

Kiz Kale for many years was almost the private preserve of the Tarsus school. Then alas, roads were improved, and a developer opened a motel there. We had to move on.

During that last week in October, our other tutor arrived. John Burns had no culture shock on entering Turkey. He had come by way of India, not alone but with Dr. and Mrs. Nute who were returning after furlough.

The letter ended with an extra amount of love, in case the censor spilled some of it on the way!

November 10, 1940

Dick was sick abed on Thursday. Fortunately he was up again by Friday. He is dosing with quinine for what appeared to be a slight touch of malaria, the national ailment in these parts. Dr. Haas is quite concerned by the rising cost of qui-

nine for it is the cure for malaria and if taken in proper quantity is a sure cure. But naturally the people can seldom follow it for long enough even when the price of the medicine is low.

We did have to treat malaria for some years. It was dreadful to see a great strong boy shaking with uncontrollable chills and a few hours later burning with a high fever. Attacks came on at the change of season; hot to cold or cold to warm. We had our supply of quinine, but that ran out. In an old medicine chest somewhere in the school storerooms, I found a box of quinine powder. I had no capsules in which to pack it, so I tried to make little bread pills, in the hope that Dick would be able get them down. The experiment was NOT successful. I do not think my dear one ever quite forgave me, for as you know, quinine is the most bitter stuff in the world.

On Sunday we had a party to celebrate the birthday of Dora Shank, a nurse from the American hospital in Istanbul, who was visiting Miss Towner. After dinner, old favorite stories were dusted off. The one Miss Towner told bears repeating even now. She was a young woman, new to Turkey at the time. She had gone up to the mountain village of Namrun to visit old Mrs. Christie. Sitting on the porch of the cottage with an old village woman one afternoon, she saw young Dr. Nute, Mrs. Christie's son-in-law, coming up the road and waved to him. The village woman asked if he was her husband. Miss Towner understood the question to be "are you a teacher?" *Hoca* means teacher, *koca* husband. She answered, "yes." Then the usual question, "How many children do you have?" Miss Towner, still thinking of the school, said two-hundred-fifty or so. The village woman muttered an amazed *Mashallah* (God be praised)! and departed hastily to spread the great news.

On Fridays the Turkish lesson is geography. Both Halide Hanim and I find it more interesting than the fifth grade reader. There are more conversational spin-offs. It seems that we are in the very best section of Turkey as far as climate goes for we do not have the heavy snows of the east nor the severe storms of the north section on the Black Sea. The strangest climate in the country is in a small section on the Black Sea in the lea of the Caucasus Mountains. Protected from the severe winds, the weather there is mild enough to permit the raising of oranges and other citrus fruits. Under government encouragement, they are even now experimenting with tea growing in this section.

The tea experiment met with marvelous success. All the tea in Turkey now comes from that area. It has also provided a cash crop for an otherwise impoverished population.

Preparations for Christmas were underway. I ordered a desk for Dick. The carpenter would make it out of walnut, but would it be the right size? Would it have the right drawers that did not stick? I can remember now how I agonized over that decision. It turned out to be a carpenter-made desk, of walnut; serviceable but no beauty.

December 2, 1940

The past week has been involved with nothing but curtains: blackout curtains. I began to feel like an actress to whom life was one curtain after another. The illusion was heightened when Dick arranged spot lights in the kitchen so that the light would not shine out. There are six windows in the kitchen. We were all equipped now to make our house fade into complete darkness. There are heavy blue curtains in the kitchen, a little dull but not unsightly. We are very proud of the inconspicuousness of our other preparations. We hung taut black curtains under the drapes in the living room. They could easily be removed in the daytime. We have no blue-shaded lights or rug-draped windows. Now we are ready for the Government to tell us that they were just fooling and we do not need to be blacked-out at all. I really have plans of making some sport clothes from the kitchen curtains and mop rags from the black stuff. I feel I have been making decorations for the Witches Hide-Out!

It is very difficult to say just what "conditions" are. Our letters may be censored but are not that I know of. The picture changes from day to day. The invasion of Greece caused a tremor of alarm through the country and now loud cheers for each success. The movements of Bulgaria are the subject of speculation both in government and coffee house. One does not know where lightning will strike next, but when the world gets through with all this blood-and-thunder business, it is going to need a lot of people who can still think straight to help get it back together again. Those people are you, Mother, and you, Daddy, who have always been known as the salt of the earth. We can actually do very little, but we can keep from wasting our emotions in sentimentality or undermining our courage by worry.

Some organization in town is having a "ball." Halide Hanim thinks that we should go because she wants to see my "ball gown," which I mentioned at one time because it looked like a picture in a magazine. I do not think we will go. The prospect of modeling a three year old formal for the edification of Tarsus does not compensate for the prospect of being bored for an entire precious evening.

We are planning a Christmas vacation trip to Beirut during our winter break, beginning December 28. The Maynards want us to represent their far-distant family. We want to see the city lights, a dentist, and the Maynards.

Christmas of 1940 was a merry old time. We had the tutors, John Stene and John Burns, help us make wreaths and string popcorn. We entertained the Station for Christmas Eve buffet at which we served Boston baked beans and brownbread with cranberry chiffon pie for desert. All were very happy.

We left on the 28th for Beirut, starting with a one-hundred-sixty minute wait for the Express. That was not unexpected. I used the time to write a quick letter home that arrived on February 7, 1941 with a very strange postmark: "Zemun" written in a strange alphabet. It took some detecting to discover that it was the airport in Sofia, Bulgaria, that now handled mail from Turkey!

The Express was not three hours late. It was five hours late leaving Adana. Then about one hour on the way, the engine broke down and we lost another hour. A self-respecting train would have made an effort to pick up lost time at the border crossing but not the Express, especially when it was bringing the new French high commissioner to Syria. He had to be received, in the rain, at the silly little border post of Meydanekbes. In Aleppo, we all had to wait on the far side of the tracks while his honor was kissed on both cheeks by the Aleppo dignitaries and a drenched guard of honor who could not have been any more enthusiastic about the show than we were. It was then two o'clock in the morning.

We checked our bags with a hamal and went to a hotel. The refugees from Europe, probably Polish for they were the ones who were fleeing at that time, sat on their suitcases. That scene has stayed in my memory—the plight of the refugee. They dared not leave their only worldly possessions. I doubt they got much rest or comfort that night. They had probably been traveling for a week or more by that time, with very little comfort along the way. Some would go all the way to South Africa, some would join the Free Polish forces in Beirut.

In Beirut, we entered the social whirl. There were teas, dinners, receptions, Mother Maynard's "at home." We were instantly part of the English speaking community. Conversation of course centered on the progress of the war and the mail-that-did not-come, the developing shortages.

Two events were outstanding. One was a wedding. The Bishop of Jerusalem came to perform the ceremony. The Chapel of St. George was down on the water front. The rain was so heavy that one could hardly tell where the sea began and the street left off. The bishop stood at the doorway, his ample robes spread wide while the bride removed her rain soaked oilskins and in that shelter adjusted the white satin gown and the wedding veil. Then with all the dignity of the Church of England, the bishop led the procession down the aisle, the bride on the arm of the senior lady member of the British Mission. The waiting groom was himself an Anglican clergyman, a well-known authority on Islam.

The other event has an interesting sequel. The Dormans who had lived in Beirut for years and years proudly presented their new daughter-in-law at a reception and a few nights later at a musical at which she sang. The young Mrs. Dorman and I were just about the only women of our age group at either of those parties. Her son, Peter, is now Director of the Epigraphic Survey at the University of Chicago's "Chicago House" in Luxor, Egypt.

December 9, 1940

Letters from August 5 and 12 came through with lots of clippings. No censorship. John Stene said it was not fair. Here we got half the hometown newspaper and no one looked at it. He got a slim love-letter and the censor read it!

Because these letters had been written at the time of our wedding anniversary (August 5), I also got into a sentimental mood and wrote:

We too spent the day, August 5, saying "just one year ago this day!" After almost four months on the second year, I think I am qualified to say that it is even better than the first. "They lived happily ever after" is an understatement in our case. Something about how their happiness increased with each passing month would be more accurate.

The year 1941 began with a number of disturbing letters. I wish I knew what was written that elicited this answer from me. I quote it now because it says quite well, how we felt.

January 19, 1941

An apology and an explanation. I am sorry that I have seemed peeved about your eagerness for news and your anxieties for our welfare. I did not mean to be impatient. I am only so anxious that you should not worry for our life here is unbelievably calm. That is the reason for the lack of understanding, our awful calmness. We are removed from groups of people who are actively interested in the war in any way. Our news comes from the well-controlled Turkish papers or the equally controlled British radio. This last batch of American magazines, together with the letters for several months back have convinced me that things are happening in America of which we know nothing. I wish I were there. I do not like to think of my country going through a psychological change and leaving me out of it. I feel as Mrs. Thompson (an English woman) did this summer when she said she wished she were in England now. There will, she felt, be a different England when the war is ended just as there was a different England after the last war. She did not want to feel as out of the swing as did those who were out of England in 1914–1919. The same will probably be true to a lesser extent in America. It is hard for us to appreciate the psychological slant that has been built up by press and radio. We are under different influences so our opinions have been conditioned in a somewhat different manner. Please do not be hurt if we seem to fail to understand. We will try to keep up with you. As I have so often said before, do not worry about us. We are very safe and secure. We are benefiting by the friendliness toward America which the allies of Britain are feeling now.

I join with you in your prayers that this muddled up world may sometime right itself so that we little people will be able to get our mail and our packages through in reasonable time. So that our minds will no longer be shocked and our hearts torn by tales of cruelty and suffering. I think it will be a long time before that happens. But in the meantime we can, I think, do more by keeping our emotions under control, to preserve the status quo in our own lives. We may be called upon to restore sanity to our nations. Let us form a non-worry pact. Pacts are the thing to form nowadays. This will be

one not to be broken by any changes of fortune. We will not worry about your becoming ill or unhappy. You will not worry about our being caught in any mad rush for safety. OK?

At this point, it might be interesting to jump ahead a few years to another war situation. I happened to be in the States during the summer of 1950 when the Korean war was just beginning. Mother deplored the fact that I would be out of the country during another war. "You will not be part of your own country if you miss yet another war," she said.

Oddly enough, we felt very comfortable on our return after World War II. Like America, we had been very much involved, albeit from a different perspective. It was "our war." My friends wrote from sixteen different addresses. We wrote from one. They saw their husbands off for parts unknown. Mine was with me. When the draft came for men of military age overseas, Dick went to the Consulate in Iskenderun to register. He was the only man in his area of draft age. We debated long and seriously as to whether or not he should ask for a deferment. The school staff was at a very low ebb at that time. He was carrying a heavy load of teaching and responsibilities. It would have been very, very difficult if he had been pulled away. But we decided against asking for any special privilege. I still remember talking it over. I can almost pinpoint the spot in our garden where we were standing when together we reached this decision. When eventually the results came in, Dick's draft board was in Washington, D.C., he was given 4-A. I think that is the right one—a status that said "exempt for essential services abroad." We were as proud as we were pleased.

But Mother was right. There were changes going on in our country of which we were not a part. However, it was not the Korean War but the whole Vietnam situation—the fighting, the conflicts, and the protests that passed us by. We were not involved. To this day, I find that for that era I am "out of tune" with my contemporaries and very much so with the younger generation who were directly involved.

To go back to the calmness of Tarsus in early 1941. I had to return Dad's gift checks. The banks refused foreign checks due to the uncertainty of the mails. It was embarrassing, but I remarked that these gifts would be triply rewarding when we finally spent them. We had spent them once for our rug and would spend them again for American goods when we got home.

SIX

THE WORLD SWIRLS AROUND US: WE SIT ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

Letters from May 1941 to November 1941

The letters had fallen into a pattern. A paragraph of acknowledging whatever mail had come in. Then a paragraph or two of comments on what had been in the letters. For Mother, at this point, it was about the dolls, the doll talks, and the original All-American dolls she was making and selling so successfully. For Dad there were comments about the garden. The seed he had sent us I planted much too late for Tarsus spring. Eventually, we did have a decent garden, but it was not for several years. Then I went over the week, day by day, trying to find something in each day that would provide a bit of interest.

May 7, 1941

We have a dog! You have probably smelled it already, for my hands are faintly doggy. Mr. Matthews, the British Consul in Mersin, has just been transferred to the foreign office in London. (I suspect that was a kind way of saying he was being retired.) They had two thoroughbred Cairn terriers. We were offered both, but said we would take the younger one. We did not want to take on a twelve year old, half-blind animal for our first.

Cairn terriers are about as homely as dogs come. Not as ugly as a Scotty but a little more ratty in appearance. What our dog lacks in looks, he makes up for in pedigree. His father, Michael of Ballyron, is registered with the Picadilly Kennel Club, whatever that may mean. I take it to imply that Mike is a *real* dog. Gypsy, Gyp for short, is a year and half old. He is about the size of a Scotty, but thinner and with a pointed nose and the most expressive straight tail. Cairns are rabbit hunters among the rock heaps of their native Scotland. Lacking rabbits, Gypy has discovered the school's oversupply of cats. You will hear a good deal about Gypy so be prepared.

May 11, 1941

People who are planning to leave Turkey this summer change plans hourly. First it will be via India, then through Siberia, or perhaps Egypt. So far no one has left. I will give a letter to Stene to mail for you in the U.S. (He only got as far as Istanbul where a love-interest held him.) Miss Burnham is leaving too. It is too late to get a letter to her. (But we did see her on her way through and gave her a letter for Brother Dave. I doubt it arrived any sooner than by our regular route.)

On Saturday we went to the station to see the Matthews off. They have a long trip ahead of them. They will go by train to Egypt, that is, as far as the train goes, then by ship to South Africa, and by another ship to England. We took Gypy to see them and to have a last visit with his father, Mike. The young dog was very excited, licked Mike ecstatically and was not the least bit interested in coming home with us. He spent the afternoon looking for Mike under all the chairs. Gyp seldom sits under a chair, because that was Mike's place. He takes his post just behind my chair.

We heard many months later that the Matthews did get home safely, but every night on the Atlantic was spent with life-jacket on and emergency kit in hand. No pleasure cruise that one.

May 23, 1941

The news which has been coming from Syria has not been cheering to us and I do not suppose it has been calming to you. We have heard that English and American citizens have been leaving by the hundreds. I cannot vouch for the hundreds, but it is true that families, especially with young children, have been leaving. Father Maynard wrote that there were a few days of panic among the foreign community but that panic was calmed at a general conference and plans were made. The Maynards plan to stay in Beirut.

We were shocked by the turn of events there and the fact that many of our friends were going home. But it was the sort of feeling one has when a long established and trusted business firm shows that it is made up of human beings as well as sound principles. We had come to look upon Beirut as being as stable as our hometowns in America.

Many of the families in Istanbul are leaving or planning to come to the interior for the summer. We are lucky. We are already in the interior and we have our own *yayla*, mountain resort, to which we can go when the heat becomes oppressive.

In June 1941 world events moved fast. Rumors moved faster. We stayed.

Lynda Blake and her three children came in, not from Izmir where they were stationed, but from Beirut where they had gone planning to continue to the U.S. The options were a long and indefinite wait in Jerusalem or Alexandria or return home and see what happened. Lynda chose the last one. She came back to Turkey. Jack Blake had remained in Izmir. Lynda decided to take the children to Namrun, the mountain resort near Tarsus, and be joined there by Jack and plan what was the best action. We were invited to go along.

We got the best car Tarsus had to offer, a 1932 touring model Ford. Although I described it, I do not know how we managed—with bag and baggage, supplies and typewriter, two children, and four adults, we bounced over the unrepaired road. One of the young Blakes stayed in Tarsus until his father came, but our maid, Cemile went with us. Once in the village, the driver refused to go up the hill to the cottage, so we hired six donkeys in the market square and to the delight of the local population, we set off. We had come for mountain climbing but we had not counted on this trek first off.

June 23, 1941
Namrun

Our date of departure was doubtful until the last minute. A regulation long on the books about foreigners in villages was suddenly put into effect. We had to have special permits from the local governor. Were they afraid of spies? or parachute troops? Anything was possible. We almost believed the story that a tax-collector riding his donkey under a big black umbrella was attacked as a paratrooper!

At that time in remote Turkey news was hard to come by: We were stopped at one coffee house. Was it true that the Germans had sunk the Turkish fleet? That we could deny. An anxious old village woman, wrapped tightly in her shawl, asked fearfully if it was true that Turkish soldiers were going to India! Namrun, the larger village where many Tarsus people summered, had one battery powered radio. At news time, not a man in the village could be found at home.

I will not go into details of our picnics and hikes. It was the usual routine of camp living except that we could not go out of sight of the police station in the valley.

There was a hail storm one evening and we groaned at the thought of the overripe wheat being beaten down and threshed out before cutting. After the shower Fatma came in smiling, the young Ali on her arm. She was not at all disturbed by the storm. She said they could not work in the harvest fields for a couple days but everything was alright. That is one advantage of hand-methods over machinery. The grain is gathered almost stem by stem and cut with care. If it was lying flat, it was just picked up and then cut.

When we were up here for the weekend (in November of 1939) I wrote about Fatma and her new baby. Her husband, Mevlut, has been the watchman for the property for many years, since the death of his father who had had the position before him.

Mevlut is now in the army doing his long postponed military service. His wife, burdened by the year old Ali, aided only by two young brothers-in-law and an aged mother-in-law, is left to get in the harvests. It is a hard position but the young Fatma goes about her work philosophically. Just the other day there was a letter from the absent husband which Lynda read for her. She told us that the substance of the letter was an appeal for money, a hard thing to ask from any villager who sees very little cash during the whole year. We bought more promptly than we may have otherwise, the pieces of homespun and embroidery which Fatma brought in to sell. It was not charity. The embroideries were typical of the patterns of that village, really attractive brilliant reds, blues, and the ever popular 'shocking pink.'

There are many men in the army this year who can be ill-spared from the fields. The road to Namrun has not been repaired because there is no labor to be found. There are other evidences of the difficulties arising from a large army. A special tax has been levied to aid the families of those in the army. The princely sum of four liras a month is given in the cities. This is about four dollars, perhaps a little more in purchasing power. The soldier is paid just about enough to buy his cigarettes and a postage stamp to send a letter asking for money once a month.

You have probably noticed that the last three or four letters have had an extra stamp, in addition to the usual ten kuruş. That is a stamp for National Defense. All letters, whether local or foreign, must have this extra postage.

July 2, 1941

We came down from Namrun by *kamyon* which I thought meant a kind of bus. I discovered that was wrong. What we call a station wagon here goes by the picturesque name *kaptikach* which might be translated as a-pick-up-and-go, but a *kamyon* is anything from a truck with seats in the back to a truck with no seats at all. Ours was of the latter type. We had the two front seats beside the driver so we rode reasonably comfortably, appreciating the 1939 Ford engine, the broken front spring, and every hole in the road. It had not been improved by recent rains.

After we had bounced along for a couple of miles the driver stopped to pick up other passengers, let some out. His assistant removed a few stones from the road and we went on until it became time to look at the broken spring. I do not know just when the break had occurred, but the driver had become an expert at jacking up the front end, crawling under the truck, and pounding the leaf of the spring back into place with any stone which happened to be handy.

We were something short of halfway when we met the *kamyon* coming up from Tarsus. We transferred a passenger from it. He looked like a nice enough person, but we did not know his plans. He explained first that a certain coffee house up ahead was to be boycotted because the proprietor had refused to do anything about repairing his stretch of the road. We picked up a gang of youngsters, ten or twelve of them, and presently came to the place marked detour. That is, the children, the new back-seat passenger, and others put up a stone barricade across the main road which would have passed the coffee house. At the other end of the "detour" they rebuilt a similar barricade of the stones which had been thrown aside.

The next stop was at the usual halfway house where we expected the customary ten minutes. We had an hour and a half. Our new passenger was also interested in road construc-

tion. He directed the truck to unload the wagon, the baskets, and our baggage which it was carrying and pick up a load of dirt to be hauled some distance ahead. All this took a good deal of time, for though the village children were willing workers, their equipment was slight. Two shovels do not load dirt onto a truck very quickly. Things were duly piled on top of the new load, and we went merrily on for another five kilometers. By this time of course, it was well into afternoon by the clock, but Dick and I had not had lunch which somewhat marred our enjoyment of the unloading process. We did admire the small stretch of improved road and wished the contractor much success. He was a landowner from Tarsus who had decided there was more than one way "to skin a cat." If the government could not fix his road this year, he would. May his tribe increase!

There was no heavy road machinery in Turkey at that time. That came in after the war, with the Marshall Plan.

Road tax was levied on all able-bodied men. It was quite possible to buy-off the hours or days required and that was done by most of the city men. It then fell to the lot of the cash-short villager to work out his tax. He brought his pick and his basket and worked on a stretch of the road. Vehicular traffic was mercifully light. Cause and effect!

The rest of the summer was a quiet. Dick and William Sage divided the two months taking care of the school. Registration was good. Repairs and cleaning up had to be supervised. I went to Gözne with the Woolworths. Letters trickled in. Our first censorship seal from the Union of South Africa, printed in Afrikaans and in English, gave us a clue as to the route our letters took at that time.

My letter of July 29 contained a page of news from Greece where our American colleagues were still allowed one house at the Orlanda Childs Pierce Memorial school while they waited for a permit from Berlin to fly to Lisbon. That school had the newest buildings of any American Board school. It was taken over by the Germans, used, or misused, as a hospital for the duration. When we saw it a couple years after the war, it had recovered its plumbing and a little of its paint. It had scarcely recovered its polish when it was taken over by the Athens airport. The school has been rebuilt elsewhere in the city.

July 29, 1941
Gözne

Allow me to quote at length from one of Father Maynard's recent letters. It is a great example of Maynard style of "understatement."

Harrison A. Maynard (writing from Beirut)

Dear Children:

We have been rewarded for staying by having all the comforts of home and none of the discomforts of travel and of hotel living. On the other hand we have had pleasant experiences with the people and we have seen many new things. For example, at three o'clock one morning I saw a small navy engagement just off shore from our house which gave the house a terrible shaking. I can testify that this engagement was soon after incorrectly reported over the radio from Boston. I heard the broadcast myself. We saw "flares." They are the most beautiful fireworks I have ever seen, like great slowly falling stars half the size of the moon and every bit as bright, if not brighter. Each flare comes down with its own little parachute. One I saw sailing or floating down magnificently between two clouds.

Since writing the first page I have been downtown. The streets were full of people in a happy and expectant mood. The last Vichy forces were hurriedly getting out. Any irregularities which might have occurred during the interim of the departure of one army and the arrival of another were prevented by a large number of native police: Syrians. They did their work well. The order was perfect. Suddenly there was a whish of four or five old, dusty, well-worn cars and the British had arrived. I hurried over to the government buildings near at hand, to see what these invaders looked like. They looked just like the Britishers I saw during the last war, and they looked alright. These men were Australians. Near one car was its army chauffeur. In front of him was a policeman, holding back the curious crowd. So the soldier was being protected by a policeman, but he seemed quite self-possessed. Later I learned that these men were only the advance forces, who, probably with a good deal of good judgment, came in suddenly and occupied the whole city as a gesture against any disturbance. They were prepared to prevent it.

You may wonder how we occupied ourselves during the five weeks of the war. First of all, in the daytime we went about the city as usual, for, with rare exceptions, the daytime was perfectly safe. We established an "At Home" day on Wednesday afternoons and helped to relieve the tension. Mary gave two or three mornings a week to Red Cross sewing. A few people who lived near military objectives came to spend the nights with us.

Five p.m. still of the 15th.

We have just made a tour of the city with the Dodges to have a look at the troops who have been coming in all day. In the main square of the city the people were welcoming them and carrying them around on their shoulders. Out where it was quiet we stopped and chatted with them. They seemed very much pleased to have someone to talk with. Some of them have been in Libya, in Greece, in Crete, back to Egypt, and then here. We urged them to drop in and have a cup of tea if they came near the campus.

We are quite aware that the war is not over yet. Think of us as being here, not wandering about, for we are looking for ways of staying, not of leaving.

Yesterday and the day before we had the privilege of again watching ships coming into the harbor. One of the interesting features of our location is the view of the sea from our balcony. It seems almost at the door.

A few of those who left for Palestine in May have now returned. We look for others. (Father Maynard had explained earlier that the panic was caused by the fear that U.S. would enter the war at a time when the Germans [Vichy French] were in possession of Syria, making all Americans liable to internment.)

Last night we had some friends in to dinner, among them the Secretary of the YWCA. She said that their messenger boy had been given a day off to see the British come in. He seems to be of the breed of Edward Bok. Thinking the incoming troops would be thirsty, he provided himself with several bottles of beer (Bok sold water on the street cars) out of which he made a lot of money, aided, as he said by his knowledge of English. On being asked where he learned English, he replied, "In the YWCA." Thereupon followed a long argument, the soldiers maintaining that he meant the YMCA and he insisting that it was the YWCA. In any case, he came back with

a lot of money. The implication seems to be that he made the money for the YMCA. How would this do for propaganda in a money raising campaign for the YW!

Sincerely,

Harrison A. Maynard

I am sure that Father Maynard will be glad to have us share his letter with you, but I would suggest that you do not have it published. Too much chance of misunderstandings. I hope that by this time people know we are in Tarsus, in Turkey. I would not want them to think that we were greeting the British in that city.

That was the model we had before us! Earlier, writing in June, he mentioned bombing attacks. "We just stay inside the house. They are noisy but not dangerous. In fact, I can even go to sleep during the bombing if it lasts long enough."

About us, he remarked, "Richard and Georgie seem hardly to know there is a war going on." Obviously, a slight exaggeration.

Dick came up to Gözne for the month of August. I made culottes from the kitchen blackout curtains and looked, Dick said, like a member of the home guard in that outfit which had a blouse of the same material. We no longer needed blackout curtains.

August 18, 1941

We made up for the quiet month of July by taking as many picnic trips as we could crowd into the month. The one to Ayva Gideye is worth recounting.

"Ayva Gideye" might be translated as the "Pass of the Quince Tree." This little village is beyond Gözne, a resort for the lower income groups and those who have small fields which they work in the summer while they live in Mersin in the winter. There is a small winter population but most residents are summer people. We had the usual donkey for our load of baskets and to spell off on the walking. Gypy proved a most accomplished circus dog, enjoyed riding the donkey as much as sniffing along the roadside. We went beyond the pass and were about to turn off the main path in search of a spring and an eating spot when a villager coming up from behind, said, "Oh, you do not want to turn off there, the *best* water is down this way. I will show you." So he showed us.

When we came to a steep place he said "the child" had better get off the donkey here. The *child* at that time was me! Imagine the poor man's embarrassment when he found out my attentive companion was my husband and not a big brother! I was flattered and forgave his interference with our picnic for he stayed with us until we had lunched and napped and started home again.

The hillside where we picnicked was much like the White Pines near Oregon. There are the same type of trees, the same thick bed of needles, but of course, a much more natural situation. No W.P.A. bridges or benches. The "good water" was cool and clear, directly out of the rocks, not built up as a fountain as is so often the case here.

It was not until November of that year that I sent several pictures taken in Gözne, but for the sake of continuity, I will include them here.

One was a picnic parade. Gypy and I riding the donkey.

The others are of the *harmon* on the Gözne property. "*Harmon*" means "threshing floor." It is one of the Turkish words which we use as if it were English because it seems to fit better and is easier to say.

It was a pleasantly hot afternoon in early July. The hard earth floor was covered about a foot deep with soft fragrant straw, already broken into small bits. The boy drove his two old nags around and around and around, stopping every now and then to reverse so the horses could change outside position. The wooden sleds are fitted with flints, the wood polished satin-smooth by much use. This is a first-class *harmon*, having two horses and two sleds. The horses are wearing the heavy wooden saddles on which loads are tied or a small rider may perch. Ahmet Ağa, who rents the field that surrounds the house, is the owner. This is a private *harmon*. In many places several farmers or a whole village will share the same *harmon*. Ahmet Ağa is on the far side of the circle tossing up the wheat piled ready for later threshing. A period of foggy weather has caused the wheat to begin to mildew and some has sprouted whitish shoots an inch long. A few days in the open sunshine will dry it out so that only a small proportion was lost. Of course there is not such a thing as a reaper in the village. The grain was half cut by a hand sickle, half pulled up by the roots, and carried to the *harmon* where it was piled in a wall around the circular floor. The two kinds of wheat to

be threshed here were carefully separated. From one the family will make bulgur, from the other flour.

A couple of days later I went back with the camera again. Ahmet Ağa was winnowing. The grain was piled into a long heap at one side of the floor. The remaining floor was swept with a broom until the bare earth seemed clean enough to eat on. Starting at one end of the heap, Ahmet Ağa walked backwards down the length of it, tossing with easy rhythmic sweeps. He used a wooden pitchfork. He sank up to his ankles in the soft mass. There was a light fitful breeze from the sea that day so he had frequent pauses for rest while he waited for the wind.

The winnowing took a day or two. Then there was a real party for the sifting and gathering of the wheat. The women joined, actually doing most of the work. They used sieves about a yard in diameter with light wooden frames, tossing them lightly from one hand to the other. The wheat was packed in long bags of black homespun, carried off by the horse. Then the straw was bagged and carried away. When the *harmon* was finally cleaned off, one could scarcely find a handful of chaff for the chickens.

Word began to trickle in of what had happened to the American refugees. Some, after a long wait in Jerusalem, got passage to Australia. Others went by way of South Africa, but all of this was hearsay. Such information was carefully censored.

The last week in August, Dick went to Istanbul. It was the Mission meeting, much delayed and much smaller than usual, for business only. I did not like being left without my husband and determined that next year I would do something about staying in Tarsus. I would install air-conditioning perhaps! That was a joke. Air-conditioning has come to Tarsus, but not in our time.

September 10, 1941
Dick writing from Tarsus

Dear Mother and Father Mathew,

I got back from Istanbul on Saturday where I went to attend a meeting and get some dentistry done. It is a relief to get back to the peace and quiet of Tarsus. In Istanbul rumors come out every hour on the hour and everyone seems to pass from a state of excessive pessimism to one of excessive optimism several times a day.

We have every expectation of a very busy year. We are able to take an entering class of only thirty-five boys, and we have already had a hundred and fifty applicants with more inquiries coming in everyday. It is rather difficult to turn down some of the applicants as they bring every kind of pressure to bear. Our enrollment should be about one hundred sixty-five. At present we lack a mathematics teacher but hope to get one from Syria before the beginning of school. Some of our textbooks arrived from India. I am afraid we will have to begin school without the books from America.

Mr. and Mrs. Woolworth are trying to get supplies for the school. Everything is very expensive and many things are difficult to obtain. I expect the supply situation will improve as crops this year are reported to have been good. Probably it is too much to expect that there will be any improvement in prices. We have been getting a ration of two-hundred-fifty grams, about half a pound of coffee a month. Fortunately the other day we were able to get two kilograms unroasted from a merchant who had been hoarding it, so we will have coffee every other day for a while. We have a good stock of cooking oil, soap, sugar, and kerosene on hand so have not felt much of a pinch as yet.

From the reports on the radio it sounds as if the war seems closer to you in America than to us here. When we were away from the radio in the mountains, reading the papers about the war, it seemed like reading a history of some past war, so little did we feel its influence.

Affectionately,

Dick (Richard E. Maynard)

And I wrote:

If silk stockings are the only thing which will be missing from the American market, it will be fine. But I do not like the idea. I had planned to celebrate my arrival in New York buying a dozen pair and getting a permanent wave!

When I did get home I got that stocking substitute, leg makeup, instead!

But of local supplies, the situation was serious. Dick's optimism about the good crops was well founded, but alas, the government bought up all the wheat and distributed it to the cities: Istanbul, Ankara, and Izmir and of course, the army. The mayor of every other small town in Turkey had to go out and bid for what was left

so that his community would have bread. You can do almost anything to the Turkish people: Tell them how to dress and how to speak, but when you take away their bread, even the government is asking for trouble!

September 15, 1941

I hope that Dr. Beuhler has had news from her children. (Dr. Beuhler was a friend of Mother's whose children were Greek citizens, living in Athens.) A woman reporter, Neila Cook who writes for *Liberty*, came through here this week bringing reports. She said the food situation was really bad—the rich do not get enough to eat and the poor are starving. The reason: looting. I will not repeat other things she said, for I got them only second hand and her article will appear in *Liberty*. Do not believe everything you read, especially if someone tells you there is an article *all* about Tarsus. The woman was here for about six hours.

Your comments on the indecision in America prove what I thought was the situation there. We of course have felt from the first that our country was a part of the world and so it must do its part in this world mix-up. But there have been so many years of feeling that we were set apart, that we could live without another country's trade, it takes a long time to get over that. When I think that war might mean Dick and Dave would have to go, I do not want that. But when I think of my country sitting off by itself, singing "I am a little candle burning in my corner" I do not want that either. It is a mess.

The Clarks who were here for the weekend, have shipped their heavy baggage to Tucson, Arizona. They themselves will leave on Saturday. They do not just know how or how far. First they will head for Syria, Beirut, and then Haifa. From there they will be able to arrange passage from Egypt either to Australia which they would like, or around Africa, a more difficult trip. Mails are so slow that they found it impossible to make any arrangements before leaving Turkey. They will take chances. Reports are, however, that it is easier to get passage on a boat from Egypt than it was earlier in the summer. It will be an interesting trip for them since they are in no great rush to get back. After ten years in the East, a month more or less does not seem to matter after all.

They finally did get to America, six months later, so much for sending a letter by fast special delivery! Their route was around South Africa, up the coast of South America, and then to the eastern coast of the United States. Of course, by the time they landed in New York the whole situation was different.

September 21, 1941
Received September 22, 1942!

Mother, I quite approve of your way of dealing with rumors, namely: giving a party. We had to think hard to recall whence and when came the August rumor that Turkey was to be requested for the Dardanelles. That had no more foundation than most rumors apparently, for nothing has happened yet. We expect to have a quiet winter now since the season for beginning wars is well passed. The roads in this country are not good even for a horse-drawn cart after the rains begin. Continue to deal with rumors in the same way. Bravo!

That letter was censored twice: once by the Anglo-Soviet-Persian Censorship. Nothing was deleted. Perhaps they felt that the time lapse was sufficient to invalidate any coded messages referring to class schedules or Dad's experiments with raising flax.

September 25, 1941

School opened yesterday. There was the usual amount of confusion and weeping over grades and classes not passed. I thought the dormitory was full to bursting point last year, but this year, fourteen more beds have been added. It is rather unusual too that we have all of our teachers on hand for opening day. Practically all, that is, for one Turkish teacher is yet to be appointed. John Stene stayed in Turkey, but at Robert College, not at our school. (We discovered later that there was a lovely young nurse at the American hospital who was the reason for the defection.) To take his place in mathematics Miss Long, who used to teach in the girls' school in Athens, is coming. She will be a pleasant addition to our small group.

My own work (teaching) will start tomorrow. I do not know just what I am supposed to do in my classes. Dick wants me to take part of a course in Preparatory English which he for-

merly handled alone. He may regret his decision, finding it easier to teach the boys directly than to teach me first and then undo whatever faults of pronunciation I get across to them. After about two lessons, I will probably find it so interesting that I will wonder why I was ever afraid to undertake a class.

This was the first of many long years in teaching beginning English. At that time TESL (Teaching English as a Second Language) had not been heard of. We adapted several British systems and worked out our own methods. I became so "set in my ways" that it was difficult for me to accept the linguistic methods that later came from the States.

Typing classes will begin on Monday. I have about the same number of students as last year, but because we have more typewriters now, there will not be as many sections.

I insist upon counting teaching as only the minor portion of my "work" for I consider housekeeping a dignified profession. Cemile is back with us again, proving more valuable than ever. Dinner was good this noon! I have turned over to her two-thirds of the cooking: breakfast and dinner. I get supper and make the cookies and trimmings. This arrangement is an economical luxury. The Turkish dishes which she can cook so well are less expensive than our American ones. Planning meals this year has another facet in addition to color and variety and nutrition. Now we must carefully consider costs. Prices are up 50% for most items, 100% for some. It is a game that I play with my menus and market book.

If mails continue to be slow, think of us carrying on as usual in Tarsus. Classes will take up most of our time. But we plan a goodly number of picnics, because Gyp likes to run in the fields, and some horseback riding because there are many places just beyond walking distance which I want to see—the canyon and the villages in the foothills. (Wishful thinking that.) We are very happy and very well.

October 12, 1941

This is a good day to start a letter to America. If Columbus could find the continent in 1492 perhaps this letter will be able to find it all alone in 1942. But after listening to the news, one wonders just how much progress we have made.

I have just come in from a walk. Miss Towner laughed when I asked her to join us in a walk in the "country" because to her, as to me, that means big fields of corn and wheat, red barns, cattle feeding in the meadow, and white farm houses. The "country" here means the gardens just on the other side of the hill where the roads are ankle-deep in dust, lined by irrigation ditches full of ten-foot tall reeds. The houses are those of the Arabs built of stone or mud, with beehive ovens in the yards. No one was baking bread today. They all seem to have done that two weeks ago.

The bread, if I have not mentioned it before, is made in small balls of flour and water, flapped from hand to hand until it is paper thin. Then it is laid on a cushion, thrown against the hot inside wall of the oven, and a minute later pulled off by means of the same cushion. The women make a stack of this bread, a four- or five-week supply at one baking. It never gets stale because it tastes stale from the beginning. When it is used, it is sprinkled down as we sprinkle clothes for ironing, becomes limp and pliable. Thus it serves as spoon, ladle and napkin. Very efficient, do you not think? Our neighbors in Gözne were amazed that we were so extravagant as to buy bread from the baker everyday. They baked only two or three times during the whole summer.

I have become a real teacher now so that it seems as if the entire week was spent in classes. Of course, there were not that many. The prep class is getting along at a prodigious rate. They know about fifty words which include ant, hen, tin, tent, and hat. For one class I recalled my experience as "property" for high school plays and gathered some props. I had a hat, a net, a tin and the usual pen, pencil, and paper. We had much fun, the class and I. I felt like a magician as I put things into and pulled things out of my hat. It was an old black felt sailor hat, not much good for more than demonstration purposes now. I will not dare to wear it after the way the class laughed when I put it on my head by way of illustrating that sentence stressing the prepositions.

This playing with the hat and all the other properties became my trademark. When I was in Turkey recently (1989) the grown-up boys I used to teach still remembered and laughed about those games.

On Friday after school, Mrs. Woolworth and I put on our best bib and tucker and went calling on Rabia Hanim and her mother who has come down from Istanbul to keep house for

her. Rabia (Bayan Erzla) is our teacher of Turkish history and geography who took Ferit Bey's place last year. She had great difficulty finding a suitable place to live. Last spring she decided that her mother should come down and keep house here for her and her younger brother who would go to school in Adana.

They have a little apartment of two rooms and a kitchen on one side of a court. It is on the second floor of an old house. The ground floor of these buildings is given over to storage, it is considered unhealthful for living quarters. The room we sat in was a combination bedroom, living room, and study. The beds were folded and stacked against the wall, with bedding piled in one corner to form a low couch.

Rabia Hanim's mother was keeping the fast of Ramazan, and indeed she looked a little strained and tight-lipped for it was late afternoon. This fast you know prescribes that one shall not eat between sunrise and sunset. When sunrise comes at four-thirty in the morning, it means a pretty early breakfast. Sunset is sounded by the cannon firing over our heads at five-thirty at this season. At the school none of the students is fasting this year although there have been some in other years. But the cook, a truly faithful Moslem, keeps the fast. I recall nothing else of what we talked of during the call.

October 17, 1941

Dick and Gyp and I had our outing on Saturday. We walked along the back streets of the town because we did not want to attract more attention than necessary with our strange dog on a leash. But it did not work. The town was full of cats and of children—the cats which interested and the children who were interested in, the dog. It was an Indian-summer sort of day. The roads were dry but two of the six inches of dust had been laid by recent rains. The mountains were blue-hazed in the distance, with white patches of snow on the farthest range. Ziyaret Dağ seemed just a run and a jump across the next field but it was a good ten kilometers away. That is one of the strange attributes of that mountain, it always looks close and it always looks the same from all sides.

We went to the water works—a complete plant except that there is no water there. Five or six years ago the city of Tar-

sus began installing a new water system, sadly needed. It appears they started with the pipes first, which are laid throughout the city. Then they built a huge reservoir on top of a hill two or three miles outside the city. They built a house to hold the pumps and filters which would be necessary. And then when nothing more could be done but put the water in, the water was not there. The artesian wells proved too expensive and the government would advance no more money for bringing water from the river and installing the equipment necessary. So the iron pipes rust under the ground. Water is unfiltered from the river which flows spasmodically, about six inches above ground. We buy drinking water which in theory at least is brought from springs.

On the way back through town we again attracted a following of youngsters. They showed each other the dog and asked, "Is it a bear? or a dog? or a rabbit? or a monkey?" Some little girls who called me *Teyze* (Auntie) asked, "Does he bite?" and ran off to chase a cow instead when Dick answered for me that "Of course he bites."

October 21, 1941

I postpone my trips downtown. I do not have to wait for a car because it is only a five minute walk to the market, but I plan each thing I will get and look up all the words before I go. Then when I get to the market, naturally, I forget all the newly acquired vocabulary and rely on "this" and "that" and what I hope is an intelligent look. But every trip is worthwhile. This time I found some sweet potatoes! A pushcart salesman had a stock of the funny looking things which he was trying to persuade the populace were quite as edible as the white potatoes. For some reason the sweets are not known or used around here, but occasionally come in from the once-French Alexandretta region. A sample potato baked in the nearby oven was passed around. I trust that my purchase of two kilograms was helpful advertising, too. I also found yellow carrots! Of these I bought as many as I could carry and sent Ilyas for more the next day. I put them away in sand against the day when only red carrots will be in the market. The red carrots differ not only in color but in texture and flavor, being very coarse and flat tasting, not at all good raw. I

could not resist the long green peppers which claimed to be sweet. I put one in the stew the other night, absentmindedly licking my fingers after I had cut the pepper. I burned my tongue! The pepper came out of the stew before it was served.

November 2, 1941

On Wednesday morning the 28th of October we all paraded down to the city square for the official review of Cumhuriyet Bayram and the speeches. That is, the school paraded and Bobby and I walked down as camp-followers. When all the school got together lined up we realized how much bigger it was than last year. There were about a hundred-and-fifty boys ranging from the flag bearers of the last class down to the little prep boys who have just graduated from playing in sandpiles. Perhaps I am becoming accustomed to this type of demonstration. Although I could not hear the speeches any more than any other year, I found the whole thing rather impressive. There must have been nearly two thousand students ranged around the *meydan* from the nine primary schools, the Orta School (Middle School), and from ours which is the only high school in the city. Each group had its school banner and Turkish flags of suitable size. The uniforms of both boys and girls of the primary schools is a smock of plain gray cotton. The little girls' organdy hair ribbons were bright.

Most of the spectators were gathered on the artificial hill which has been built at one edge of the *meydan*. The mass was brilliant with new dresses of electric blue, purple, saffron yellow, and chartreuse green. After the speeches, the flag bearers from all groups assembled and led the review. In addition to the schools there were the sports club, the scouts, the civil defense workers, and units from the factories. It was nearly an hour before the last white bow had passed.

November 18, 1941

Cemile brought your letter of October 19 to our breakfast table today. She was as proud as if she had cooked it up herself on the old wood stove. We were even more pleased.

On Sunday we went for an all-day drive to the famous Cilician Gates. The reason that Tarsus became a city in the

long, long ago was because of this pass through the mountains. The importance of Tarsus as a transshipping point has declined only since the railroad has taken most of the traffic from the ancient highway. We undertook the trip with some misgiving, knowing that a day-long ride on a Turkish road is not a pleasure trip. But this was not really a Turkish road—it was part German and part English. The Germans were the engineers and the English prisoners-of-war did the work, in 1916–1917. No doubt there were Turkish assistants, too. They laid down a well-graded road, which has been kept in excellent repair, comparatively speaking you understand.

"The Gates" of course you know from ancient history on down. This is the one pass for wheeled vehicles from the Cilician plain to the other side of the mountains. Two other passes are only usable for animals. The whole length of the road from Tarsus to Gulek is through a valley. At no place did we seem to be climbing although gradually the mountains on either side of us became higher and more wooded. I have often wondered how one knew when a "pass" had been found but now I know. It is the wind. We wound through a steeply walled canyon where the road had been made in part of the riverbed, rounded just one more rocky bend, and the wind from the snow fields was upon and around and in us!

The Cilician Gates is really a very apt name. At several spots an iron gate could easily have been hung from one rock wall to the other. The only possible route, except that of the crow, is the riverbed or the road. The pass is about seven kilometers long. At the far end is a ruined castle built by Ibrahim Pasha when Mohammed Ali took this region around 1825–1830. The castle looked deceptively accessible, but I never got that far. Dick and the men did, but found only the usual brush-filled ruins. I followed a goat path to a ridge well above the road from which I could admire the view. Ahead in the distance were the snowcapped ridges of the high Taurus. This early in the season snow was sparse on the south side, fading into the tan of the shingle slopes. Nearer, huddled in a valley were the tin roofs of Birecek, a summer village. Just below were the multicolored fields, some cleared by fall plowing. There were the bright greens of fallow fields putting forth new growth since the rains had begun; brighter green circles marked where there had been a threshing floor in the summer. All shades from red to brown showed fields ready for

winter planting. From far off these fields looked smooth and fertile. Close at hand they seem mere rock piles.

In a pine grove on the ridge were fifteen or so iron cannon, some of them now half-buried by earth and pine needles. There were cannonballs both of stone and iron, scattered down the slope. Naturally, we spent a lot of time speculating about how many well-placed machine guns could hold the pass against a tank advance and how effective would be air attacks. But I do not think tourists a hundred years from now will find half-buried tommy-guns. At least there are no signs of them now.

On the way back we stopped at a neat little cemetery for fifteen German soldiers, one English corporal, and a Pole who died in 1916–1917. It was quite different from the Turkish cemeteries where untended stones totter and lean in all directions. This cement-walled plot was planted with century plants, iris, and one tall cypress. But war cemeteries, no matter how small and neat, are now the source of solemn thoughts when one considers how many more have been made through all the world. We all pray for a solution to this waste. May it come to an end soon.

And so must my peaceful letter. Dick has already gone to bed and it is time for me to get a good start on another day. There will be more next week about the inconsequentialities that make up our lives.

SEVEN

THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED— THE UNITED STATES ENTERS THE WAR

Letters from December 1941 to July 1942

December 9, 1941

All day Sunday we had no electricity so the radio was silent. In the evening, Dick and I took the boys to a movie. There were lights in that section of the city. That was how it happened that we were anxious to hear the ten-thirty news from London, expecting some new developments in Libya. We heard instead that Hawaii had been bombed. We were shocked, horrified, dazed. We want every scrap of news BBC will give us but the elements are not cooperating. Radio reception is poor. At best, they would not tell us the things we want to know. What are people doing? What are they saying? Where is the Navy? But most of all what is the war going to do to you people? What changes will you make? What will it do to the country? Oh! this is no time to be away. It is on you we will depend for a lot of information.

I feel as if I ought to write a letter of condolence, and at the same time one of congratulation. There is no longer any doubt about America's position now or later. And yet to have one's country at war—it is all very awful.

The letter continued with the usual acknowledgment of mail received. Some books had come through, some patterns for dresses. An oft repeated caution about the publication of my letters in the local newspaper. I was NOT to be considered an international authority.

Remember our first doll venture; sending friendship dolls to Japan! Of all places! But I am glad we did. It makes us still feel sure that not all of a country can be militaristic. Perhaps a few of the little girls who got our dolls will remember us too and will help us patch up the wounded world when an understanding can be reached. What a strange international family you must have now. With the Pole and the Russian

speaking again. The French and the British cold. The Irish left to squabble alone! I am sure you have only the best of the Free French, the Free Dutch, and Free Greek. Do they wear a "V" for victory?

I have just heard that airmail is still going via Lisbon so I will send this letter by that route.

Actually, it went by way of Baghdad and arrived March 3, 1942.

We are no longer as near to the battles as you are. Our news is all distilled by BBC. We long to be in America. It is going to be strange to come back and have had no part in the "war effort." We will be oddities. Were it possible we would come at once, but we have obligations here which cannot be left. Everything is quiet, going smoothly.

January 5, 1942

An interesting comment regarding mail—not ours: I saw an "air-graph" letter. This is an airmail arrangement for the British troops in the Middle East. The letter had been written on a full-sized sheet of paper and then photographed. When delivered it was on a small page about one fourth the original size but clearly legible. The men here are allowed one form a week. The number increases with the danger of the position up to unlimited forms for those on ships at sea. A fine system. I wish we had it.

We went to Beirut to spend part of the holidays with the Maynards. The trip started with the usual delay of five hours which meant arrival in Aleppo at eight-thirty a.m. instead of midnight. Not an unwelcome change.

Aleppo is the most interesting city I have ever seen. There are more identifiable different costumes in that city than any other.

Here about an inch of writing at the bottom of the page and the same at the top of the next had been cut off by the censor. It had evidently been a description of the various types of people seen there.

That was Mother's comment. Mine: I am sure I described among others, the various uniforms represented by the British forces on leave in Aleppo from fighting in the desert. It was an R&R station. We met a number of these men at the open house which the American ladies of the college had for them every Sunday afternoon. It was my first meeting with the rangy Australians. My comment that these men, who had been at Tobruk, preferred the activity of the

front lines to the quietness of Aleppo did not pass the censor. Of course, soon after that these troops most eagerly sought return to defend their own country.

Our visit in Beirut was much less the social event it had been in former years. Many of the families were gone. We shopped but found prices so high that I did not even buy stockings, although the prices that I quoted as an item of interest were removed by the censor! Dick had a suit made of good English cloth and well tailored, a luxury unobtainable in Turkey, and I bought a pair of white shoes for summer.

January 11, 1942

Our trip back was an eventful one. We encountered all the bad luck possible short of a train wreck or being snowbound for a week. There was a most unusually cold winter in the Near East. There was snow in Beirut, a snow that stayed on the ground for the first time in twenty years. There were snows in Turkey too, in the mountains of severe proportion and record-breaking cold. That had something to do with the difficulties of our trip. But the trouble began even earlier.

There were just no such things as sleeping compartments available on the train to Aleppo from Tripoli. We decided sitting up all night would not be so bad and determined to risk it. But we could not even find a place to sit when we got on the train. We finally worked our way into a first class compartment which was already occupied by the four people for whom it was set up. They had planned to take the afternoon train to Aleppo but because of a flat tire had missed it. They were in an unusually good humor for people who had waited seven hours in the station buffet. We made ourselves reasonably comfortable. In the middle of the night, at Homs, more cars were put on and we found a compartment for the four of us. Mrs. Woolworth and Bob were traveling back at the same time. But then the heat went off. There is a wind on the Aleppo plain that is cold even in the summer, and when it whips across fresh snow, it is positively frigid.

We reached Aleppo at nine a.m., only two hours late. The Taurus Express was scheduled for seven but that was the least of our worries. It had not been known to be on time for a year. After the usual amount of confusion, a car was designated as the Turkey car. It was such a car as I have never

seen. It must have been built for the Imperial Railways of the Ottoman empire at the height of its glory. Every inch of space which could hold a bit of decoration was ornamented with flowers: morning glories on the ceiling, nasturtiums on the wall, and wild iris in the panels below the windows. But the designer had forgotten the seats. They were made in the puritanical pattern which insists upon a ramrod back. We did have an excellent meal in the diner which improved the complexion of things immensely.

We arrived at the border post of Meydanekbes, only four hours late, but icy cold. It was strange to see the English flag over the customhouse, and Australian soldiers with fixed bayonets watching the trains come in. They were not at all displeased that yesterday's and today's Expresses came at the same time. The other train was a conscienceless twenty-four hours late. Here we changed cars to a modern Turkish one. The Australians were very kind, helped us with our baggage. They are friendly men, just like Americans we say, meaning a great compliment.

Four hours we sat on the sidings, first on the Syrian and then on the Turkish side of the frontier. We knew we had missed the regular train for Tarsus, and the second choice, but there was still a third which would get us home about one-thirty a.m.

Getting off at Adana was rather a feat. There was such a crowd of returning students, anxious parents, and other travelers that our baggage was snowed under before Dick could get it off the racks. With only the loss of Dick's hat, we reassembled for the last lap. But the buffet man said there were no more trains that night. It was nine-thirty. Then a trainman said the same, and when the word finally came from the headman we believed that the schedule was changed. Just at this season, when the trains are full and behind schedule anyhow, the government made drastic cuts in the number running! So we spent a comfortable night in the hotel, getting to Tarsus about noon next day. Home was happy.

The boys recounted their adventures of trains held up by snow for two days, but the worst news of all was that there had been ice in Tarsus for four days. The orange crop was still on the trees, frozen! We philosophically resigned ourselves to eating frozen oranges and such dried fruits as we could get for the rest of that season.

Bread rationing was announced:

Sometime soon we are going to have bread tickets which will entitle us to 375 grams of bread per day, per person. That sounds fairly generous to us; it is about three-quarters of a pound. But to the people it is a very, very low amount. The boys in the school eat about half a kilogram per person per meal. The average workman's lunch consists of a kilogram of bread, a few olives, and a little cheese. We are still looking for an adequate explanation of the shortage in this country. Perhaps it is "the war."

Our upper-class boys were called upon to assist in making out the ration tickets. Addresses had to be included along with the identity card which every citizen had. The addresses were often strange: "fourth house from the mosque in Pine quarter" being one of the simpler ones, or "the white house across from the public bath." When Mrs. Haas came down for a party or a station meeting, she brought her own bread!

January 27, 1941

There is one drawback to being a housewife. It does not supply much material for letters. I usually take the dog out for a walk in the early evening when the boys are having supper. In other times, I used the evening walks as a time to think out annoying problems. Now I do not have any to think about! I can devote my entire attention to seeing that the pup has a good time, but I cannot see him much because he is just the color of twilight and shadows. We walk across the volleyball courts that make up the center of our campus, past the wood pile, through the row of lemon and pine trees, to the walled-in football field. There Gypy searches out the corners where he once found a cat, where a toad used to tease him by disappearing in the grass. I walk up and down the center of the field and wonder when the rain will stop, or what we can eat tomorrow. Life is like that.

February 16, 1942

In regard to writing a magazine article. Sometime I will try. I was probably better qualified to write when I had been in

the country only six months. Now I have reached the Junior year of my stay and I know how much I do not know about everything. Also there is another disturbing factor. One develops loyalties, call them prejudices if you wish, and one is no longer sure that "quaint" and "queer" and a mild laugh will describe every unusual custom. We want the people here to understand America as it really is (to us) and we want the ones in America to understand what we think is the real Turkey. Thus the problem of magazine articles becomes increasingly difficult. However, I am determined to try. I will sometime soon.

That was fifty years ago!

The week was routine except Saturday when I had a date with my husband for the movies and supper out. It was quite as exciting as when he used to call for me at the apartment. We went to Mersin on the three o'clock train which covered the twenty kilometers in one hour! The speed of our train service always astonishes me. It was raining when we arrived, enough to give the sea a curtained look and make the ships look larger than they really were. By the fortunes of war, Mersin has now become one of Turkey's few free and busy ports, quite a contrast to the early days of the war when it was deserted for months on end and the commission men moved out for lack of business. A recent shipment of Japanese cloth, the first in ten years a merchant said, is replacing the cheap native cloth which has become scarce. The merchants did not expect that we would buy it, but we did. It had been in Egyptian warehouses long before Japan was an enemy.

We had tea at Findik's *pastahane*, the cake shop, which is now living up to its name. Nuts are unrationed. The cakes are made of hazelnut meal and almond—a distinct improvement too, we think, for we did not care for the overly decorated imitations of French pastry that they used to make. Then we went to the movie where we munched pistachio nuts, scattering shells under foot as liberally as the next person. The film was an Italian one—more trafficking with the enemy. Do you suppose we will be blacklisted? It was called in Turkish *Il Traviata*, featured long selections from the opera which were exceptionally well done. It was all in Italian with French and Turkish subtitles which made it understandable. We enjoyed it and also our dinner at the hotel. Here we profited by the

influence of the British guests and had beefsteak. The English also have introduced toast into the Turkish menu, but not warm plates nor hot food. Our dinner was cold but edible. The whole trip was such fun that we have determined to repeat it soon!

March 3, 1942

This week the government, through the schools, has asked that all extra ground be planted to vegetables, potatoes in particular. Consequently, the largest school yard in Tarsus will be plowed up and planted by the schoolchildren.

When divided up, our space will be adequate for one hill per boy.

But it is possible that the program is aimed toward the parents of the schoolchildren as well who are urged to plant flower gardens to vegetables. The food shortage in this country still seems to have something fishy about it since we were led to believe the country supplied its own needs. Nowadays one can say not only is "no man and island," but also no country is an island unto itself alone.

With more joking than knowledge we planted half a kilogram of onion sets today. We are going to put in some potatoes before the end of the week. I wish I had paid more attention to the methods you use, Daddy. It is too bad one never knows what information will come in handy. Gypy, too, enjoys gardening. He is doing his share. Almost everyday he comes in with a very dirty nose after dinner. He has planted enough bones now to raise a young cow. We hope for a tasty stew next fall!

March 16, 1942
Dick writing

School is going along in pretty much of a routine fashion. We are pretty busy as we are short handed. Some people say that we will be able to get at least one new teacher out from America for next year. Teachers in schools abroad are supposed to be granted exemption from military service. I am rather skeptical. We hope that perhaps we can get someone

from Syria to help out. Mr. Woolworth expects to go down to Beirut in the spring to look over the prospects.

To complete this story, Wm. Sage Woolworth did go to Beirut and he did find a teacher who was pleased to come to Tarsus. He was a Danish fellow who had come through Tarsus a couple years before, on a walking tour of the Near East. He had been unable to return home because of the German occupation of Denmark, and being a conscientious objector he did not wish to enroll in any of the "Free" Forces.

I remember two things about Mr. Forchammer. First, the way he liked his tea with three or four spoonfuls of sugar of which half was left in the bottom of the cup! I could have forgiven him the extra sweetening, but I could not forgive him the waste of our precious sugar.

One time, Mr. Forchammer met a fellow Dane who was traveling in southern Turkey. How he enjoyed talking his own language with a fellow-countryman! This fellow said he was as an expert in eel fisheries. It seemed a very strange expertise to take him into the border area between Turkey and Syria, but stranger things had happened. When this gentleman was on a Turkish coastal ship coming down from Istanbul, he had swum in the harbors, until he was stopped by the police who said he was measuring the harbors, that he was a spy. Ha, ha ... ! But the laugh was on us. A few weeks later, the man was arrested. He was accused of spying! He had been measuring the harbors and he was sending out information of interest to Germany over the land border between Turkey and Syria!

All that spring our letters seemed to be an exchange of horror stories about shortages: sugar rationing in America, bread rationing in Turkey; shortages of binder twine in the U.S., of rice and macaroni in Turkey. It was a game to see if one could get ahead of the next price increase. When we could not get salt to make ice-cream, I began thinking of what might be next in the semi-essential line that would either go off the market or triple in price. Matches! I bought a quantity. Two days later the price doubled! I built up a repertoire of molasses recipes, for our local and available pekmez *was an excellent substitute for molasses and for sugar. We got along.*

In the letter he mailed on February 1, Dad had enclosed a dollar bill so we could send more airmail letters. The censor in Cape Town very kindly registered the letter and we received the dollar! The cost of airmail was only part of the problem. It was not very effective. Our letters at that time were marked "By Air: Jusqu'a Johannesburg," but most of them went by way of Baghdad. Mother was afraid of the censorship. Apparently someone had told her how strictly letters were read. There were some remarks that were so

obscure they were unintelligible even to us. I wrote at length assuring her that nothing had been deleted nor any comments made about either the length of our letters or the content thereof. At that time, the lowest form of human life was the censor who remembered and told what he had read!

March 17, 1942

The officers of the military garrison in Tarsus entertained the community. It seemed to be largely the teaching and the military community. It was the first Turkish party which I have really enjoyed. There was good music by a pickup band of four pieces and considerably more dancing than was usual. Dick and I did not feel at all conspicuous.

There was a lottery with many prizes. I think there was a prize for every ticket sold. The first one was a long string of beads which somehow got lost at the colonel's table but turned up later on the three-year old daughter of the military vet. Numbers 1 to 10 got celluloid animals. Mine was one of these. Then there were ten little whistles. After that a bunch of blue beads, the kind of blue buttons which the little children wear to keep off the evil eye. The following prizes were safety pins so that the beads and buttons could be properly worn. The final prizes were hairpins. Not even the bald-headed man at our table who won a hairpin felt cheated. Then the orchestra started the Zebek, a popular folk dance. A minor officer, who looked as if he had spent his life soldiering, got up and without a smile began the intricate and graceful steps which are part of the dance. He was soon joined by an officer of higher rank but less skill who followed the same movements. The seriousness with which they wave their arms, snap their fingers, and point their toes always amuses me. Neither dancers nor audience see anything the least bit ridiculous about it. Imagine the effect at an American party if an elderly gentleman, perfectly sober, took the floor in his ordinary business suit and started doing a solo dance!

The military garrison at that time, was a transportation unit. We could look from our classroom windows into the khan across the street where many of the men and horses were housed. The soldiers were those poor recruits from the mountain villages who were so sorely missed in their own homes and fields. They often spent their time spinning. It seemed such an unmilitary pursuit. They

looked unmilitary, too, in ragged uniforms that never fit. At that time it was said that given the condition of roads and equipment, it would have taken six months to move a regiment across the country and by that time the "war" would be over.

Mother mentioned Dr. Beuhler's children who were in Athens. When we heard that we might be able to correspond with them, through the Red Cross-Red Crescent, we wrote for their address. Before it came that rumor proved to be false. A little later, we heard that we could send a five kilogram food package if we got the right papers through the Red Crescent and customs. I plagued everyone until I got the papers and prepared a box of food. I filled four of the precious five kilograms with beans, feeling that would give the most nourishment. I took the box to Mersin customs, only to find out it was then impossible.

Someone told me that the thing to send to an area of shortages was a semi-luxury item such as almonds or dried fruit. I was embarrassed but we had no opportunity to befriend these poor people with a more acceptable gift. We did get one or two brief communications to them. After the war they were able to join their mother in the United States.

The letters from home began to tell of our contemporaries who were going into armed service. Among them was Dick's brother Ed who had volunteered for the Navy. I gave special prayers for his safety. Another brother, John, joined up at about the same time, also in the Navy, but we did not hear about that until much later.

May 24, 1942

You may have heard through bulletins from Boston that a party from Istanbul started for America several weeks ago. The last word we had was that they had arrived in Karachi, presumably in time to get an American ship sailing from Bombay. The Birges, Mrs. Fowle, Miss Lee, and Miss Fosdick were in the group. Dorothy Woolworth did not make connections with them. Her folks are relieved now, but they do not know how they will feel in a couple of months. She is ready for high school and it is time she got to the States. It does not look as if we will have any of the spring excitement we had last year, none of the questions of whether to go or not to go or where to go. I do not believe anyone else is even thinking of leaving Turkey and if they are, I am sure they intend to stay away for the duration. We are glad our furlough has not come up at this time for it would be a hard decision to make. Per-

haps when our turn comes conditions will be settled and travel will be fun again!

Late in June, 1942, Dick and I went to Istanbul for the Annual Meeting of the Mission. The unusual part of this expedition was the return trip, by air. In one day we accomplished the journey that had required two and a half days going. Turkey from the air in 1942 was a little different than now. We flew so low we could really see it!

July 9, 1942

The only disadvantage of air travel is the location of the airport which of course is very far out, and we had to start early. But when we got to the suburb of Yesilkoy the service began. Our bags were carried to the bus which whipped us across the tracks to the airport. We were weighed in as well as our baggage. I was not allowed any extra on my low weight so we paid for the baggage. The plane left on time. That is a fact worthy of note in this country of late departures and later arrivals. It was an English ten passenger plane with very comfortable seats and windows for all the curious passengers. There was cotton for the ears and paper bags for airsickness. We used the former but not the latter. These things are quite ordinary but one does not expect to find them in Turkey any more than the porter who carried our bags to the bus and did not demand a tip.

We flew over Istanbul so low that we did not get a good panoramic view. We followed the Black Sea coast and for a while could see both the Black Sea and the Marmara. The whole map of Turkey was laid out below us, a gigantic relief map in brilliant colors. The valleys were green, cut up into tiny fields, the hilltops yellow and uncultivated. As we got farther toward Ankara, over the high central plateau, there was very little green. The mountain ridges were as clear-cut as the schematic drawings in a geology book illustrating dry erosion. The landscape was all in shades of brown, dark coffee brown for the cultivated fields which looked large even from above; a somewhat lighter brown for the dried up vegetation; on the higher ground and for great stretches, dull sand color where there had been no vegetation either planted or natural for years past. We got to Ankara at ten-thirty, just

two hours from Istanbul. A bus took us into the city and picked us up at three in the afternoon.

We had time for a leisurely and delicious lunch at the Wagon-Lits restaurant where the price was listed T.L. 1.65 but "an increase for the high cost of living" was added to make it two liras. (!) The meal was well worth it. We spent the rest of our time wandering along the shaded boulevard which stretches out to the government buildings, now far in the country. Ankara has a long way to grow before it fits into the clothes cut out for it, but someday the big park in the center of town may seem a wonderful example of foresight. Now the "Ankara yacht club" on the lagoon seems the height of extravagance.

Ankara has grown into the "clothes cut out for it" and even extended far beyond. No more open country between the center and the government and even the president's house that was five miles out of town is part of the city.

Again the plane left exactly on time at four o'clock and we were in Adana at ten minutes to six. The land we passed over from Ankara south was even more dry and deserted than that to the north. The even brown was broken by a great white rimmed salt lake which stretched for miles. The ground was level and there was no sign of village or vegetation. Then almost suddenly, the wall of the Taurus Mountains was in front of us. There were little patches of snow on the landward side. The plane began to climb and at about 20,000 feet leveled off to cross the mountains. We have a feeling of ownership born of familiarity about these mountains, so we were proud to see that even from the air they looked good and that there was some green on their slopes. We were both so intent on seeing if we could locate the Cilician Gates just below us that we forgot to take a larger, longer view. The foothills were greener, stretched farther onto the plain that I had realized.

Adana was surrounded by the green of its vineyards. As we came lower we could see the little houses, beds atop, that are summer homes of many. We could also feel the warm air come in great draughts.

As expected, it took another two hours to cover the last fifty kilometers to Tarsus, but we were so glad to be home we did not mind at all. Gypy fairly bounced with eagerness to greet us.

July 12, 1942

Mother, I give you a view of romantic Turkey. I have just looked over the skyline of the city of Tarsus tonight and decided that it is perhaps one of the more unlovely sights in the world, one which you can live very happily without seeing. There is, for example, the four-poster bed on the neighbor's roof. Sure it has four posts, and the fact that they are in the natural tree-curves does not detract from their function to hold up the mosquito net. Then there are the roofs of the sheds around the khan across the street. All are made of corrugated sheet iron all at a different angle. The second floor balcony of a house down the streets has more scallops than the architect intended and he put in enough! But of course, I cannot dissuade you. So we will settle down to the business of getting the war won and over with as quickly as possible. Because you could not come now and unless we win the war I do not think you will want to.

I feel so awfully out of things when I think of winning the war. I do so absolutely nothing, not even saving toothpaste tubes! Some of our good missionary friends think that work out here should be ranked with military service (especially for conscientious objectors), but I do not think we have sufficient influence to call that our "war effort." At least I do not. The most influence I have is to keep Dick reasonably happy so that he can work better.

I shall spend the summer mending Dick's undershirts. The man who said a "stitch in time saves nine" was a master of understatement when it comes to mending jersey knit. Nothing comparable is available so I mend.

I made shorts that year and even bras for myself. For the shorts, I was able to rip apart a pair that had passed their usefulness. For the bra, unwilling to part with even the remnants of a commercially made one, I worked out a pattern by pinpricks. Constructing a bra is, I discovered, a very intricate process. Mine were reasonably satisfactory, but never again. I also made my dresses, usually cotton ones and once a wool suit, but I think that came a year or so later.

August 30, 1942
Namrun

Dick's Mother and Father came up from Beirut for the month of August. We had arranged to borrow the Nute's cot-

tage in Namrun. I was so eager to impress my mother-in-law with my efficiency at housekeeping, that I fear I over did it. But the month was a pleasant one. In characteristic Maynard fashion, Father Maynard was prepared for any eventuality such as the closing of the border. He brought a large suitcase of winter clothes, but not all the way to the mountains. He said they had fled so many times that he was taking no chances. Their first departure was on a routine furlough from Bitlis in eastern Turkey. They never returned there. Then there was the journey across Siberia by train, and later a midnight flight from the Bolsheviks in the Caucasus when they were working with New East Relief in that area.

Namrun was the village resort where we had gone with the Blakes in June 1941. The property was on the ridge, just below the castle. There were three cottages. One was reasonably new, built in international mountain resort style. The second was a rather dilapidated village house of two rooms. The third was a larger village house with a large balcony. We put the folks and Mme. Bonnal, mother of our French teacher, in the main house. Dick and I had the second one. We offered the third to the boy who came up with us to help Cemile in the kitchen and to do errands. For one night he slept there, locking all doors and shutters. Then he asked if he could not sleep in the main house, next to Cemile's ground floor room. He was afraid of "Jins."

Last week we asked the *bekci*, watchman, to take us up to the snow caves. A couple of little boys in the market have had a good business this summer selling snow. They have the hard packed cakes of snow in felt bags, shave off a little into a copper bowl and pour over it a little sugar syrup. It is a fair substitute for ice-cream. They said the snow came from a cave which men entered only with the aid of ropes. It was high up in the mountains and very dangerous! Naturally, we wanted to see. Because our *bekci* was one of the "brave" men the chance of going with him was too good to miss.

Ali said we would start in the morning when the sun came over the pear tree. We tried to set a time by hours, but he said he did not know when it was seven o'clock. He had no watch. He told time *ala Turka*, by God's time, the sun. The bargain was for two horses up and one back. I had the best riding horse in the village, a little sorrel pony whose only pace

is a good fast walk. Dick rode and walked alternately, using one of the horses which was to bring back a load.

I expected to see Ali weighted down with snow equipment such as picks and shovels and buckets. The only thing visible was a stout pole which he picked up from the woodpile in the yard, almost as an after thought. We rode alone for about an hour through the pine woods. Ali told me the names of some of the trees which unfortunately I have already forgotten except the tall spruce with candle like cones called *iledin.* There were cedars and firs of sizes from scrub to real tree. The underbrush was prickly oak and a kind of low growing myrtle. The path was well traveled with a fairly good padding of red earth over the stones.

From a side path three men joined us. Had they not been introduced at once as friends, the other snowmen, we might have thought they were brigands armed with sticks and knives ready to waylay us. The toughest looking of the lot, a black-bearded fellow who wore his peaked cap sideways, told Dick they were the only men in the village who were brave enough to get the snow. We learned later that this was his first trip and his job was to pull the bags from the top. These men had two horses and a donkey which very soon took the lead of our little procession and held that position most of the day.

We rode always upward through the forest, winding back and forth. At the tree line there was a solitary grave of piled up field stones. Several years ago, a Yuruk camping higher on a mountain peak had been killed when his tent was struck by lightning. A little farther on Ali left the path, went scrambling down a rocky slope looking for something. I thought a spring, under the big stones. He came back with a couple bunches of leaves which he said were *dagh chay*, mountain tea. It makes a kind of spicy tea served frequently in the mountain coffee houses. Unfortunately, we lost the specimen before our botanist, Mother Maynard, could analyze it. Well above the tree line, after we had followed the bare edge of the hillside for a half hour or so we came to a big spring called YabOlugu. We were following a kind of pass between two mountains. From here on, the path was less distinct but still steeply up, following a now dry river course. After a particularly difficult stretch over boulders, suddenly a perfectly level field opened in front of us. It must have been a mile long by a quarter mile wide, with good springy soil. The thin grass had been cropped low

by the goats of the Yuruks who were even then preparing to leave camp. We asked if they had butter, but they would not sell what they had. It had been packed away for winter use. This place was a real *yayla*, a high pasture. Ali said he would be happy if he had a field like that for wheat, but this place was too high. Winter wheat would freeze before it was covered with snow and he could not get there early enough to plant spring wheat.

Our trail led on up for another half hour or so. Suddenly the lad with the donkey stopped, said this is the snow cave. I looked around but I did not see anything different about the place, nor even any snow. We were at the top of the pass in a little circular opening between the peaks. Then Ali led us over to a place where we could see the snow. Sure enough, it was snow, white and clean but fifty feet below the ground in a natural well.

We gave up all thought of making snowballs when we saw the method of descending. The young man took off his shoes, and barefooted slithered down the sheer side of rock, disappearing under the shelving overhang. Ali made more preparation. He put on thick woolen socks, bound rags over these and then a pair of rawhide sandals such as the villagers sometimes wear. Then he too disappeared into the well. The other men tossed down thick felt bags and arranged the ropes for pulling up the snow. We could not see the men working for they were under an overhang. Presently the first bag was ready, a block about five feet by two by one and a half. A good stout rope was looped around the upper end. One man stood on the rock shelf part way down and pulled and guided the load while the fourth man pulled from the ground level. It was a stiff job for the snow weighed more than fifty pounds and there were no pulleys or tackle to help. The bags were already sewed together when they came up. It was almost two hours before the eighth bag came up with the sack needle in the top of it.

While the work was going on, Dick and I wandered off. We were having lunch on a mountain peak when a quick shower sent us under our black tent, Dick's raincoat. Clouds were drifting around us and it was cold up there. We tried to see the mountains of the next range but got only a little glimmer of pine clad slope through a break in the clouds. Even that

much gave us a feeling akin to that of discoverers when they find the long sought new range.

When we came back to the snow place, the eight bags were arranged in pairs on the ground. We asked for a little piece of snow to take back, got four times the amount we could carry in our tin box. Then Ali looked around for something in which he could carry snow home for his children, found a little cloth bundle. He threw something on the ground which I thought was another dirty rag. He filled the bundle with snow. Ali said his feet were cold as he took off the many wrappings, but the barefooted man made no mention of cold feet. Then the men sat down to eat. Ali picked up the dirty rag and ate it along with some grapes. The stuff was bread! The kind that is made paper thin and crisp, dampened down before eating.

The horses were loaded and here the stout stick that each man carried came into use. The stick was put across the saddle lengthwise and the bags of snow tied onto it so that the load was high on the horse's back. We had gone only a little way when we "ate rain" according to the Turkish expression. We slipped and slithered over the rocks. Where there had seemed to be no soil at all on the way up there was suddenly thick mud which gathered on our shoes to twice their size. There was no question of stopping for there was no shelter anywhere. Each man followed his horse, hanging onto the tail. With a lot of "hisht" and "hoist" or sounds to that effect, we scrambled down. I could not figure out whether the shouting was for the benefit of men or beasts, but I think it was for the morale of both. I wrapped the raincoat around me but still got well soaked. The men put sacks over their heads and shoulders and remained reasonably dry. The shower did not last long. In about a half-hour the rain was over.

When we reached the now deserted *yayla* the donkey, again in the lead, began to run. He raced awkwardly across the field under his heavy load and then began to bray. He could not bray and run at the same time so he turned back toward us and stood braying in his loudest donkey tones as much as to say, "this is a nice place and I did not at all like the road you just brought me over." It was a good comic relief for all of us. We plodded on in better spirits. One horse caught his load on an overhanging tree, started to slide down the mountainside and was righted with difficulty. Otherwise the trip home was uneventful. Dick and I took a shortcut home

while the men went directly to the market to sell their snow or set up shop for the next day. We came in with our horse but not on it. Six hours riding was too much for my unaccustomed legs.

I wish you could have seen me last week when I came home from Monday's expedition to the canyon. Or perhaps it is just as well that you did not. I had a beautiful black eye. I fell off a horse! Smart thing to do. We had the sorrel pony again, saddled this time with Dr. Nute's English saddle which we found in the cottage. At a halfway stop, the boy who was along as owner's representative had been playing with the saddle, but I thought it was alright when I got on. We went down a couple stone steps, the saddle slipped and the next thing I remember was looking up at the horse who looked awfully cockeyed with the saddle blanket over one ear. Dick came to my rescue with iodine and the scratches on my face were dabbed until I felt as if I was wearing war paint, my right eye gradually closed but did not bother any so we went on with the picnic. That was a week ago and now I have only a slightly tender eyebrow to show for my pains. I am sure it was my early training in tumbling that made it so easy to fall and get up again. Unfortunately, that training did not extend to horsemanship.

The canyon is a place of fame hereabouts for in the good old days Dr. Nute and Dr. Haas and families used to camp there. It was the only place where the doctors could vacation away from patients. I think the most enjoyable weeks of Mrs. Haas's life were the ones she spent in the canyon camping with her husband and children. It did not seem that we had done justice to Namrun country until we had seen the Canyon, this particular canyon of the Cydnus.

We organized a real expedition to make the three hour trip. Father Maynard looked like Don Quixote on his horse, the one that did me dirt. Mother Maynard and Mme. Bonnal each had a donkey and a third one carried the lunch baskets. Dick, John Burns, and I walked around the edges and the *bekci*'s boy came along to look after the horse. About halfway, by arrangement, we met two of our students and the man who was to be guide. They had among them two shotguns, one hunting dog, and one horse. We felt like an invading army when we all dismounted at Sinop Kalesi, a tower, and swarmed over the battlements to look for signs and remains

from former inhabitants. All we found were good evidences of recent occupation by a large number of sheep.

We crossed a sort of open plateau where a whole convention of Yuruks had gathered and pitched their black tents. The women were dressed brilliantly, wearing long striped aprons front and back. Even the little girls had headbands made of silver coins closely sewed together. The men were nondescript, neither Eastern nor European, but wholly shabby. We were much surprised to hear "Good morning" from one of them. And then he asked, half in English, half in Turkish, where we were going. We said "Bahce." "Oh, Bahce good, good." That almost exhausted his English vocabulary but in an effort to impress his companions he tried to continue the conversation. Dick, who is an expert in broken English, had some difficulty trying to figure out a comment on the war which seemed to be that we, the English, were bombing Germany "plenty much." The man had learned English in Egypt where he had been a prisoner-of-war during World War I.

I wish I were good at describing scenery. I would like to give you a complete picture of the road we followed down to the canyon for it was one of the most beautiful and interesting that I have ever traveled. We went down steadily for an hour and a half, the cliffs constantly rising above us and the river always seeming to fall farther and farther below us. The trail was good, even built up with logs and retaining walls at some of the steepest places. This was the direct route to the lumbering camp at Bahce. The forest was mostly of pines, a thick carpet of needles on the slope and little underbrush. The air was damp with the never-touched-by-sun scent about it. Here and there were clumps of fern glistening like emeralds on the red-brown earth. Still we went down. A little creek trickled over rocks and then lost itself. Gyp stopped to drink. The rest of the party were three folds of the path below us. We crossed a log bridge over a side ravine but our path went steadily down. The donkeys bounced down the steps somewhat like a dog, planting both front feet firmly, they would bring up their back feet with a jerk. The horses walked slowly, feeling their way. The cliff opposite us rose sheer and straight. We could no longer see the top nor yet could we see the river which we knew was somewhere below us. Finally, the path leveled out for a stretch, one last plunge and there was the

river. It was a puny little trickle by comparison with the grandeur of the setting which its ancestors had made for it.

We were so pleased to see the river, so relieved to find that it was really there after all, that we did not think to go on further but made camp at once. We roasted kebabs at a little fire between stones. Lunch was comfortably cleared away and we were safely settled under a thick-branched cedar before the afternoon shower came up. This time we all kept dry.

Thinking long about the hill we had to climb, we started home as soon as the rain stopped. The donkeys plodded up quite willingly at first, but as the climb grew steeper and they grew tired, the stops were more frequent. Now when a horse stops you can whisper in his ear and he will go on if he can. A donkey is different, he will wait until he is sure there is no cure, his load will not be lightened and there is no other road. Then in his own good time and at his own pace, he will go on. Talking or beating, pulling or pushing are alike of little use. But our time up was only ten minutes longer than the time down. The last traces of my black eye and the last bits of stiffness are now worn away, but we will remember for a long time that beautiful canyon which quite deserves its reputation.

EIGHT

THE YEAR OF APPRECIATING ALL SORTS OF THINGS

Letters from September 1942 to March 1943

That year we added ten more beds in the dormitory, bringing the boarder enrollment up to eighty-four. That was a lot of BOY to put under one roof. They were in two large open rooms, privacy only the locker for each.

September 23, 1942

We finished up our Christmas cards on Sunday. Do you think they will arrive by the end of the year? I am afraid some of our friends will think we are just a bit early for 1944. But we hope the Tarsus postmark will be legible enough to show our good intentions. We did not send any cards last year and then regretted it when we began getting cards in March.

Ramazan began last week when the cannon on the hill sounded sunset. The moon was just a fine pale line in the sky, but in Egypt the good men and true had seen it a day earlier, so their Ramazan began a day before ours. I have almost become accustomed to the sunset gun and do not jump quite a foot when it goes off. But when the charge of charred burlap landed just in front of us, both Gypy and I ran. At night the drummers go around warning the faithful when it is time to get up and eat, and the cannon is shot again in the morning when it is time to stop eating. I thought I heard it once, but it was too dark to see what time it was and I have not heard it since. I have come to the conclusion, too, that during Ramazan is not a good time to go shopping, especially in the afternoon. By the time the shopkeepers have been fasting all day, with not even a cup of coffee to brighten their spirits, they are in no mood to deal with fussy customers. The fast seems to me unnecessarily difficult, but many people keep it to show their strength if nothing more.

The big event in Tarsus this week was a funeral. The Pasha, by name Sadik Eliyeshil, died in Namrun, and his body

was brought to Tarsus for burial. We have always been interested in the Pasha and the doings of his family, not only because they are important people in town but are also our neighbors just across the street. From the Woolworth's front windows we could watch the excitement. There was a great honking of horns and loud weeping when the little procession of cars came down from the mountains. As the green covered casket was carried into the house every man nearby tried to help carry it. This gesture is to help the dead man on his way into the next world and to gain some sort of merit for the living. All morning there was a great deal of commotion in the street. The factory was closed for four days and the workers came to mourn in front of the house and to show respect, although from the stories one hears few of them had any reason to love the old man. Then there were children from the school which bears the Pasha's name and the curious and the beggars and the sellers of ice-cream.

About twelve-thirty some order was established and we all went to the windows to watch. In front was the brass band, followed by the flower bearers. There were wreaths and palm branches but not many since there is no enterprising florist in town. Then on either side of the street were soldiers lined up, next schoolchildren in neat gray uniforms, a home-guard unit from Rasim Bey's factory, and then the guards from Şadi Bey's factory all in the uniforms used only for Bayram parades. Behind these two lines were the onlookers. An important-looking man checked on arrangements and then the casket was carried out, this time covered over with a Turkish flag. Again there was no lack of pallbearers, but great confusion as every man tried to help. The women of the family were all on a balcony watching, some weeping loudly. Women, in general, do not go to the mosque for the funeral and almost never to the cemetery. The procession moved off in a disordered but quiet mass. They would go to the mosque for noon prayers and then to the cemetery. In this hot country where embalming is unknown, burial is always the same day as the death and it is only with special permission that the body may be moved from the town where death occurred, as in this case. There is much to be said for such speed and simplicity.

September 27, 1942

On Wednesday the boys came back in force and began registering. Dick and Mr. Woolworth had one very, very busy day, and the tutors in the dormitory had their hands full assuring all the fond mammas and papas that they would take good care of the dear little fellows. But naturally when a mamma is sending her twelve-year old away for the first time, she wants to be sure that he will be tucked in at night.

Wonder of wonders, all our teachers are here on time, except of course the military teacher, who has not yet been appointed. We have a new Turkish teacher, a young man who has just finished school and military service. He will take the younger classes' Turkish which last year was unsatisfactorily taught by substitute teachers. Mr. Forchammer, the Dane, finally got through from Palestine. He had planned to get here by the first of September, but because of visas to go and to come and all the red tape he was delayed for a couple of weeks.

On Thursday, classes began with a loud ringing of bells and singing of the national anthem. It seems strange to have our lives controlled by bells again. At any rate, I had class at the second ringing of the bell after noon. The bewildered young preps did not know where they had class. In fact, most of them did not know that there were such things as classes. But by that time they had learned six words. We stood and we sat. He stood and he sat. I wrote and they wrote. I was so tired popping up and down from my chair by the end of the second hour that I was glad to find a chair at home and stay put for a while.

By the second day of lessons the prep class began to take shape and a few names became linked with faces. We have Gabriel, of celestial glory, in the class. His mother is Catholic and his father Greek Orthodox, so they compromised and sent him to a Protestant school. There are the usual number of Kemals, Mustafas, and Bakis. A couple Adnans, a name that sounds like adenoids to me every time I say it. The class seems promising although it is too soon to say. It should be good for it was carefully selected from the best applicants judged by all grades. Of course, that does not mean a lot when, as in one case we know of, a grade can be changed to give the boy a high enough average to get in. We will see how they work out.

The reputation of the school had begun to rise to new heights. The demand for education was increasing. Of course, English language was an important factor, but also the success of our graduates in university entrance exams was well above average. Selection for entrance at that time was based on primary school grades. It was amazing how many of the boys had had absolutely perfect marks during their five years of primary school! Several years later, one of the graduates who had entered in the early 1930s said, "If my father had told my primary school teachers that he wanted me to enter the American College, I would have been failed. Now mention the college, and failing grades are immediately erased from the record and pek iyi *(very good) is entered for every year."*

Soon after that Dick worked out a more reliable system of testing and entrance examinations were given for all the American Board schools with whom we were associated. We usually took one in ten of those who had applied.

October 19, 1942

Thank you for sending the clippings from the *Gazette*. We both laughed about the headline regarding "high prices" that the paper gave to the article. They did not know, nor did we then, what prices could do. If they were high then, they are "exalted" now. We have almost come to the conclusion that we will eat now and balance the budget after the war. Not quite though, for we are still a little above the red line. But I do wonder, seriously, how the common people get along, the working people who had to skimp to stretch their income before. Of course, practically all salaries have been raised, but not in proportion to the rise in the cost of food. The worst part about the whole situation is the fact that the government has apparently washed its hands of the whole affair.

It was about this time that we hired a laborer for the day to do some work about the place. At noon he asked us to pay him for the half-day so that he could buy something to eat. If we had not happened to pick this man from the row of laborers that day, he would have gone hungry.

October 26, 1942

I have mentioned *yerli mal*, locally made cottons, prints, which we used to get at very reasonable prices and use for all

purposes around the house. It was not the best quality so I did not use it for dresses, but for aprons, pajamas, and even for some decorative purposes it was entirely satisfactory.

For more than a year now *yerli mal* has been sold through only one store which is open to certain groups of people on certain days. In Mersin, every time I have seen the place it seems to be village-day and all the villagers in Icel are trying to stock up. But since this is the only simple cotton one can get, it is worth waiting for. In Tarsus the cloth is distributed to various shops and sold from there by ticket only. How to get tickets? It has been a puzzle and a problem. We sent Ilyas who brought back several contradictory tales and then Mr. Woolworth got interested. He was somewhat interested anyway since he had just gotten five-hundred meters of cloth on special order for the school. He discovered that all *memurs* (that is government employees stretched to the nth degree) were to be given fifteen meters in three five-meter pieces. We began figuring; our present needs did not call for thirty meters but we would take it anyway. Pajamas for Dick and nightgowns for me and aprons for Cemile. We might even get a pillow cover for Gyp out of it. So very gayly, Dick and I presented ourselves and our papers at the proper office. It was a cheap little office like most of the offices in Tarsus. At the first desk we were asked what kinds of cloth we wanted and we specified the only three of which we knew the names: shirting, print, and unbleached muslin. We also found out that the fifteen meters was per family and not per person. However, at the next desk, ten piasters worth of charity stamps were attached to each of our tickets, and we paid for the stamps at a third desk.

Then we bought our ration of cloth. It is not very good shirting. In fact it is very bad, but it looks as if it will wear until every bit of color is gone and then wear some more. That for pajamas. The prints were of three patterns: orange and green, orange and black, and green and orange. I took the orange and black because the green already looked sickly faded. The *cabot* was about what we would call the fifteen-cent grade of muslin but its uses are legion and I was glad to get it. After the *memurler* have been outfitted, the cloth will be rationed out to other occupational groups for as long as it lasts.

We observed the uses to which these prints were put. Sometimes a whole family would be outfitted in the same print; one good way of keeping track of the boys and girls who belong together. Some of the girls at the trade school did ingenious things to vary the plain muslin by drawing threads, to simulate a plaid, or embroidery to add a design. It became patriotic to wear yerli mal. *When made by a good dressmaker and worn with pride, it served very well.*

I am puzzled now as to why we seemed to have so much concern with mending or replacing clothes. Two factors: hand laundry was hard on garments. This was not the careful delicate hand-laundry with Woolite one thinks of but the boiled and bleached and pounded method only one step from the riverbank. And, of course, the synthetic fabrics of nylon and polyester blends were unknown.

November 4, 1942

On Sunday we had a very interesting visit with Mr. Johnson at the Seven-Kilometer Camp. You probably have heard about the British government's building a road for Turkey, from Mersin through the Cilician Gates. It is part of the policy of pleasing the Turks and keeping them neutral, with also a look toward military objectives. The result has been a swarm of Englishmen in Mersin and around all summer. Mr. Johnson, who is in charge of the construction of a section just outside of Tarsus, sent his car in on Sunday afternoon and had us taken out to the camp. (Our car has long since been sold.) The road out that far is finished with the exception of the approaches to bridges and culverts. It was wonderful to ride through Turkish countryside at the dizzy speed of forty miles an hour, in a car with real springs even if one of them was broken.

Because of the broken spring we did not get to ride farther up the road but spent the afternoon looking over the camp and listening to Mr. Johnson tell about his problems with his Turkish workmen. The buildings of the camp look more permanent and of better construction than many houses in Tarsus. Mr. Johnson's horse had a stable which was larger and cleaner than a good many village houses. I think the horse had more food than such a family too. It was really a beautiful animal. There were tents for the workmen, and the machine shop. The English mechanics and engineers live in wooden buildings designed for summer comfort. Their drafti-

ness will be another incentive for getting the work done quickly. It is supposed to be completed by the end of December.

The English government is furnishing all machinery and equipment as well as the technical advisors for the road construction. The Turkish government insists that the drivers of all machines must be nationals. Mr. Johnson says the Turks are the best mechanics in the world because they can make a car go with so many parts missing an English driver would call it junk. Yet they are the world's worst because the Turks can make junk of a very good machine quicker than any others.

One of the biggest problems of the job, so we gathered from our afternoon's conversation, was stealing. Anything removable would be removed and sold, from tins of gasoline to the gas from the tank, spark plugs or the belt from a rock-crusher. Of course, most of the machinery came from the U.S. or Canada via Cairo and spare parts are a long time away. Mr. Johnson told of buying the belt for his rock-crusher three times, but fortunately the third time he also got the man who promptly left his employ. A number of our boys worked with the English this summer as interpreters. Even one boy who had just finished the preparatory year got a job. His record has surprised us all.

We had tea, with white bread baked at the camp oven. Supplying bread is part of the payment of the workers, and they get some made from good Australian white flour, which is the most desired bribe on the part of officials.

This camp continued for the duration of the war. A year later there was only one "soldier in civvies" there, Ronnie, the surveyor.

November 16, 1942

We have moved into winter quarters this week. Sounds like a circus does it? We have condensed all three rings of our circus into one little room. Wood is so terrifically expensive that we decided it was foolish to even consider heating our big room everyday. We are going to use the study where we have a tiny stove that gets red hot on three sticks of wood. Of course, we are quite on top of each other. Dick with his school papers, Gypy and the bones he tries to sneak in, and I with

my endless darning of socks. But we are cozy and warm. I think we have the only fire in Tarsus tonight for it is not what the people consider at all cold weather, but we do.

I have mentioned our garden several times. While the vegetables were a complete failure, we did have a riotous crop of flowers in the spring. The garden was sadly parched when we returned from summer vacation. I left a few zinnias which looked as if they might return to life. By November, I was rewarded with gorgeous bouquets. The calendulas could stand both summer heat and winter cold. I remember having them almost all year around. We set up a cold frame to raise early seedlings, had a good start on petunias when the snails discovered them. Then began the "battle of the snail." We had found, scattered around the school grounds, some iris which had not bloomed for ages due to overcrowding. We separated them and were rewarded by tall bearded iris to remind us of home. The iris were usually considered a cemetery flower. We enclosed our garden with a chicken wire fence on which we tried to get vines to grow. The brilliant blue morning glory was the most successful. I discovered that a bud picked in the evening would be in full bloom by breakfast time. What a joy along with our morning toast!

Dr. Haas who was an avid gardener, had a roof garden because he would be besieged by after-hours patients if he worked in the open courtyard on the ground level. He told the story of a Sultan's gardener who said when he died he did not want to go to heaven but to Adana because you could raise any kind of flower there. True perhaps, given time and water.

November 30, 1942

My typing students are really good. Some of the boys in the upper section are better than I am. Please do not tell them so. They all type with a great deal of noise!

Since the keyboard, French with Turkish additions, was quite different from the one I was accustomed to, I had learned one sentence with which to test a machine that was said to be out of order. I could type with great speed, and noise, "This is a sample of the work of this machine." Today the boys have a barrage of computers!

I am pleased with the progress of my beginners in the prep class, too, and not at all displeased when it turned out that the cause of a feud in the dormitory was an assertion that the preps were better students than the first class.

I think in another week everyone of them will be able to say "The pencil is in my hand" and not "My hand is in the

pencil," but it is a long pull to get the subject at the beginning of a sentence and not lost in its trail of modifiers. A verb in any location other than the end is heretical while a preposition that is not attached to the noun, or at least following it, is too revolutionary to be countenanced.

I knew enough Turkish grammar by this time to know the source of these errors. However, I never used Turkish in the classroom nor did I try to teach grammar at this stage of language-learning.

December 13, 1942

While I have been "confined to quarters" by strep throat for two weeks there seem to have been two topics of conversation which took up the attention of the school and the community. One of our boys was sick with a fever which might have been typhus and the father of another boy had just recovered from typhus so the harried city doctor, needing to report some action, said the school must be disinfected from top to toe, literally. The boys' clothes were all boiled and what could not be boiled was steam-pressed. The boys themselves underwent similar treatment and all had their heads shaved. Of course, shaving of heads is an annual spring ritual but it did arouse some objection at this time of year. Varied shapes of skull came out from under the mops of hair. The younger boys have by far the best shaped heads. The lad who was said to have had typhus has recovered now. We will never be convinced that the diagnosis was correct or that he got it from here in any case.

The other topic of conversation has been a tax. This is a property tax on capital. I have never heard of such a thing but Dick says it is not without precedent but should be used sparingly. It seems as if everyone in the country who owns more than the clothes he wears must pay a tax on his property. Some of the figures are fantastic: six hundred thousand liras from a merchant in Mersin, twenty thousand from a small business man here, something near a million from one of the local factories, and the school, twelve thousand. All this is to be paid in cash within fifteen days; in another fifteen days with penalty and after that worked out. You can see how it would absorb the attention of business and the related community. Some say it is aimed to reduce prices. So far no ef-

fect, except on gold. And some say it is to withdraw money from circulation. It is too soon to tell what the effect will be other than to cause a very anxious Bayram.

This tax was the infamous Varlik Vergisi *which was assessed so unequally that it bankrupted many minority businesses, especially the Jewish ones, and caused an international reprimand for Turkey.*

I have forty-four letters from 1943. What happened to the other eight? Perhaps they were not written for life became more complicated during that year.

January 7, 1943

You certainly do deserve a reward somewhere this side of heaven for your letter writing. I have ample evidence here. When we got back from Beirut we had *six* letters waiting for us. These were from September 13, 21, 28, October 12, and November 10 and 15. What happened to the letters in between remains to be seen. Apparently the dam is broken. I hope that is true for your side, too. I will, as of this new year try to write more regularly and more certainly on Sunday evening.

We spent the whole afternoon reading your letters. It was fun!

I searched for some notes I made in Beirut of things to tell you about but, of course, could not find them, But I did find a lira note and this five piaster "piece" which might interest you. I think I mentioned that the small change situation is very bad. The coins are worth more as metal than as money. Last summer people were using stamps and streetcar tickets as currency. Now there is plenty of this paper money in five, ten, and fifty piasters so that it is possible to make a purchase of under a lira. Of course, the stuff is filthy within a couple of days after issue.

There are many things I would like to tell you about that might be considered of military importance so I will save them for a future time. I think it is safe to say that we met representatives of the army in Aleppo, the RAF and the navy in Beirut. The men were all interesting, but I had better not repeat what they said about what.

I do dare to mention the blackout and the strange appearance it gives to the city. The first time I was out alone at night

happened to be when I came from the beauty parlor after getting a permanent. I stood in the dark doorway for a few minutes trying to see in the blackness of the side street and wishing I had eaten more carrots more recently. I stumbled up the steps along the sidewalk taking advantage of the dim light from a passing car to see where I was. Only the light of a cigarette saved me from walking straight into a hamal with a Christmas tree on his back. On the tram street the light was a little better, all rather a dismal blue. Once on the campus (American University of Beirut) I got on very well by making my feet think for themselves: so many steps on pavement, so many more on gravel, and then there were the white buildings of the observatory and the white lines along the steps going down to the folks' house and I was home. That night must have been unusually dark because later excursions into the blackout did not seem so difficult or so hazardous. And they say that Beirut is light compared to England!

This brings to my mind, however, the method we used when we came home from the cinema after the trams had stopped running. We attached ourselves to the noisiest and largest group of soldiers we could find and walked behind them down the middle of the street keeping well away from the lurking shadows of the doorways.

In "The House of Exile," Nora Waln mentions the tempting foods which were sold from wheelbarrows and vendors along the streets in prewar China. I thought of that often as I walked down the streets of Beirut sniffing the tantalizing odors. The men here do not use wheelbarrows but that is the only difference. The vendor's equipment is usually a tall three-legged stand on which he puts a large tray. When he moves position, he carries the tray on his head, the stand in his hand. Because it was Bayram (holiday) time there were lots of sweets for sale. The most tempting to me was a very rich candy called *helva*, made from sesame seeds and sesame oil. The pastries all looked pretty greasy so I was quite willing to leave them in their glass-covered trays. The most savory odors came from the frying of meatballs. The trays for these vendors were very large indeed for there had to be room for the parsley and onion garnish as well as a little space for the cooked meat and the preparation of the raw meat. By presenting a flat loaf of bread (pita) purchased from another stand, one could be served up with a well-balanced meal. Had I not heard about standards of cleanliness, I would have dined then and there,

adding a savory red beet. The beets may not always have been freshly boiled, but they were always steaming hot, and served with just a bit of salt.

There were the vendors of nuts who had trays divided into many tiny compartments for *leblebis* (roasted chick-peas), leblebis and currants, squash seeds, and a few of the more expensive peanuts, almonds, and hazelnuts. Chestnuts are a specialty and seemed to be sold exclusively at night when the charcoal roasting fire made a warm glow in the darkness. These merchants had an ingenious way of meeting blackout requirements. They had little oil lamps or candles shaded by a paper sack. I expected to see a glowing sack burst into flames at any moment, but none ever did. The whole effect at night was that of a long Halloween parade.

We did not shop as much as usual in Beirut. Stocks of imported goods are dwindling fast and prices of the remaining items are out of all reason.

January 10, 1943

We had a call from a village woman, the mother of one of our boys. I was glad that Dick was home to talk with her, because I could not understand the village Turkish. Since she had just given us a dozen eggs and a bottle of olive oil, I wanted to be as cordial as possible. We were amused at the mother's telling that her son said she should not call on us because she did not have a coat or a black kerchief, but her husband insisted that she was a village woman and was expected to dress like one. How like a twelve year old boy anywhere, to want his mother to look like all the other women and to be a little ashamed of her because she did not.

January 18, 1943

We have some new words to put on the envelope now. The post office seems to think it has found a new route for our airmail letters. It is now Cairo-Lagos-Port of Spain-Miami. We will be interested in hearing how fast this route is and if it seems faster than the Cairo-Lagos decoration. It should be better than the "Jusqu'a Johannesburg." Your last letters mentioned the year-and-a-day route. I hope we beat that now.

We are amused at the deletions by the censor which did not fool us or anyone who is at all interested in reading the entire letter. Father Maynard said that the censors were mostly local people and so followed the letter and not the intent of the law, sometimes cutting out perfectly harmless things. I am glad too that we are in a neutral country.

Food rationing is becoming a frequent topic of conversation. What is your sugar ration now? Is it the same as at the beginning or has it been doubled? We have heard that the allotment was increased so that it was really quite adequate. Being good Americans we like to see how it feels and try to put ourselves on the same amounts. But when our supply of cheap sugar is gone, I think we will be on a ration of practically none at all. We will learn to drink our tea and coffee straight and our yogurt unsweetened. But do you not find that restrictions on food increase your enjoyment of what you have? Dick and I have never enjoyed eating as much as we do now when every meal is a challenge. It is amazing how good pork and beans can be, when the pork is only in our imaginations. We savor every ounce of marmalade on our toast because we know it will not last and then no more.

Last week nothing happened—except rain. Noah had nothing on us with his forty days and forty nights.

On Sunday we had dinner with Miss Towner. It was fun to go out to dinner even if it was only to the apartment above us. Of course, we talked shop. What could be done to make this boy work, and how could we get rid of that boy who worked but could never learn. I spent the rest of the day reading the Sunday papers. That for me is not the *Tribune*, but the set of prep exercises which I give on Fridays and want to get back on Mondays.

January 25, 1943

On Sunday we all went to Adana for Sunday dinner with the Haases. There was not much to be said in Station meeting about a letter from the Board asking our opinion of missionary associates of other races. Since there is no color prejudice in this country, colored people are called Arabs, we decided a teacher of that race would be able to do effective work. I do not think the problem is one of immediate importance

since there is no chance of getting any people out to the schools for some time.

We talked a good deal about the *Varlik Vergisi* which was levied on Dr. Haas. This tax has been variously described as war profits tax and other high-sounding names. In execution it was grossly unfair. The law was very loosely written, leaving all administration to local authorities. Some businesses were taxed twice their total value and available resources. Sums in the tens of thousands must be paid in cash in a very limited time. For those who are not able to pay there is labor on roads, in the far eastern provinces. This pays eighty piasters a day toward the tax. Imagine working off ten thousand liras at that rate!

Sewing—mending and make-over—shared time with correcting papers and planning meals. Who said anything about the glamour of foreign lands? Let me tell him now that small town life is small town life no matter what the name of the country. It is only getting from there to here that is glamourous. But of course, there are things that are fun to see just because of the contrast such as the carts piled high with cabbages drawn by water buffalo caked with mud up to their bellies. Or bundles of leeks standing in a dirty stream to freshen up before they are put on sale. We do not see or mention such common things in our own country, or the equivalents of them. I am getting off on a tangent that might go on forever. Midwinter dullness.

February 2, 1943

No mail. Nothing new about that. The time between letters does not seem as long now as it did that first year. But every letter is just as welcome.

There has been big excitement in our part of the country this weekend. This is world news now and so it is safe to tell. All day Saturday and Sunday we heard reports of planes landing at the Adana airport and of trains being held up for hours. On Sunday it was known that the President of Turkey was in Yenice (the rail junction) and of course rumor had it that Churchill was too. We speculated and surmised until we had exhausted all possibilities. For once, rumor turned out to be truth. Local trains were held up so that a special train would

not be delayed on the one-track line. It is exciting to think that such important people met, that history was planned at the dull little village where we have spent so many hours waiting for trains.

But since we know as little as you about what will happen, I will not even venture to speculate. Perhaps by the time you read this letter, the meeting will have been forgotten in a press of more recent news and activity.

Later reports and developments did bring out one fact from that meeting. If Turkey was to have the favor of the Allies, she had better do something about the inequities of the Varlik Vergisi. *It was modified to a certain extent.*

The past week has been a big one socially. I made three calls but one of them did not take. I hate calling so much that I think I deserve credit for the attempt to see Halide Hanim. The other call which I made alone was to Nermine Aydin who is the sister of one of our boys. We met in Namrun last summer. She had come to see me a couple weeks ago. Fortunately, she speaks some English, better than my Turkish so I felt very friendly toward her. But who could be very friendly sitting on a stiff chair in the stiff atmosphere of the "receiving room." I guess it is a matter of upbringing because the other guest at the Aydin's seemed to enjoy herself very much. We, the other guest and I, were served coffee and then after a little while tea and cake. The cake managed to be light in spite of the ordeal of baking at the bread-oven in the market. But I do not like the custom of serving only the guests. I feel as conspicuous as if I were eating on a stage. It is much more pleasant not to be the sole center of the hostess' attention. I noticed one nice little custom which I have seen but not registered before: the hostess herself always serves the guest. The servant may bring the coffee or other refreshment to the door of the room but she never comes in. At this place, the maid announced her presence by pushing the door open just a little so that she could not be seen. Nermine took the trays and served us. There were tiny little napkins of silk with unbelievably fine ancient embroidery to catch the crumbs of cake, and atrocious huge modern knives and forks with which to eat it.

The other call was with Mrs. Woolworth to see Muazzez Hanim. A couple weeks ago Muazzez had sent me New Year's greetings and a lacy knit doily. I think it was in return for a

small gift I brought her from Beirut when I was singularly unsuccessful in doing the shopping she requested. Still, I owed her many thanks. Muazzez and Etem Bey have finally gotten back their own apartment in which they lived for only ten days after they were married. Muazzez went to the hospital for an operation and Etem Bey into the army for a year and a half. When they got back to Tarsus they found that the sublessee had more claim on the place than they did and they have only now succeeded in getting him out. We again admired the new furniture and rugs which had been stored. Of course there were two other guests, cousins of a sort, since most of Tarsus is related to the Pasha's family. The atmosphere was congenial, the chairs more comfortable than the usual ones.

I did not understand a lot of what the talkative guest said, but she seemed to be very witty and everyone laughed a lot. Again we were served both coffee and tea. There were two cups of tea for Mrs. Woolworth and me, for Muazzez Hanim knows our greedy ways. The usual one cup is only an appetizer. We had cheese sticks which were very good along with the tea. Of course, we had to stay until after the other callers had left and that made us feel more than ever like old friends, smacking our lips over the inevitable bit of gossip. The talkative woman was recently married for the second time, and her family did not approve of the new husband. So that was really a fun call.

February 8, 1943

When you read this letter in the blazing summer sun you will find it difficult to believe that I am still suffering from cold feet. The winter winds still blow although the spring sunshine warms us well at noon. It will seem even funnier to you that your letter of August 10, 1942 has just been read. Dick said the other night he was sure the censor was delighted to get my letters and know how the sweet peas were coming along. I am sure he is and no doubt you are, too, glad to get the latest garden bulletins. Really, the garden seems to be the only thing that changes from week to week and is therefore the only source of news. The sweet peas are headliners again. They are reaching for the fence.

February 15, 1943

Tonight we are learning to appreciate electricity. The current went off yesterday morning and has not been on since. They say something about a wheel is broken and since it is underwater, there is some difficulty in repairing it. One report says that it cannot be fixed until summer when the water level goes down, and other reports put the time at different lengths. We shall see. If I had my choice of only one modern convenience, I would find it very hard to choose between running water and electric lights. You know the joy of carrying a lamp from room to room as well as the fun of carrying water so you could probably be better able to decide.

The week was such a one that you could read any letter and know about it: Nothing new or unusual.

I have usually omitted the purely personal and sentimental parts of the letters to Mother and Dad. I include the following birthday greeting to my mother to illustrate the close family ties that survived the long separation.

February 24, 1943

Happy Birthday, Mother! I am afraid it seems as if I let the important date February 19 pass unnoticed. That is only because I have been so negligent about writing that I did not get to the special letter I planned to write. I am sorry. Now, on just any old day, I want to send you our very best wishes for the coming year. Congratulations, many happy returns. You have mentioned several times your threescore years as if you were really becoming venerable in the Chinese sense, too old to do anything more than be titular head of the house and receive the honors of the younger generations. But we know that is not true. It will take many more than threescore years to put you in the ranks of the inactive. I am sure that you are doing as much as anyone in the war effort, in keeping up civilian morale and in preserving all the pleasant customs which we feel are so much worth fighting for. Because you do not do it in a uniform or with a blare of trumpets it is all the more effective. You must now be able to appreciate a bit of immortality when you see in Dave's home the ways in which your life is being extended, where the new grandson has taken center stage. And if you could see our home, too, you would

see much more than I can put into letters of the ways in which your example has influenced us. That sounds as if we thought you aged which is not true at all. There will be many more birthdays and some which we will celebrate together when we will recall all the pleasant things of home and eat the cakes just-as-good-as-mother-used-to-make because Mother is still making them. Happy, happy birthday.

When I come to write a history of my life—if I ever do—this year will be called the Year of Appreciation. Especially during the past week, we have specialized in appreciating things: electricity and running water, and warm spring weather. First, we are still without electricity. We thought that it would only be a matter of days when the lights went off last week. Now it begins to look as if the report that repairs could not be made until the water went down in the spring was exactly true. We are becoming a little accustomed to carrying our lamps and living in a dim cathedral light at night. More serious is the problem of water which we pump by electricity to our high supply tank. The men had a couple days of hauling water from the cistern and filling our bathtubs and any other containers we could find. There came a day too when the water in the cistern gave out for the city plant which supplies us also pumped by electricity. We began to wonder whether it would be better to move nearer the river or move the river nearer to us by barrels full. Fortunately that night the cistern was filled. The next day two laborers hauled water to a tank from which the windmill could pump it to a supply tank, and our water faucets ceased to be mere decorative units and functioned again. We use water more sparingly and more gratefully now.

We are learning to appreciate mail this year too. But we do not have an opportunity very often. We get just enough to make us impatient for the letters that have not come yet.

February 28, 1943

This week has had more adventures in the food line. You will begin to think that all we do is eat and sleep. First of all, Miss Towner discovered a Hungarian couple in town who have been curing wild boar meat like ham. We were delighted for pork in any form is a very pleasant change from the not-too-good beef and the stringy goat. The Hungarians said that they

could not get animals early in the winter when they wanted them and now it was almost too warm to cure the meat and they are offered one almost everyday. We should have been prepared by that remark. The next day a man came around to sell us a wild boar! He said he was not dealing with the other foreigners anymore. The Woolworths had the dirty job of skinning and cutting up the animal. When they got ready to divide up, there were thirty kilograms of good meat and fat for each of the three families. You can see what we will be eating for the next few weeks! The ancestry of this animal must have been domestic pig not very far back since it had layers of fat and the meat is as white and tender as any well-bred porker's meat. Or have we forgotten what good pork should be?

I spent most of Saturday in the kitchen cutting up meat. I got out all the charts I had of how pork should be cut. Cemile was much impressed when I told her that in America meat was always sold by the cut and not by the kilogram with or without bones. I was so pleased at having a chunk that could be recognized as a rib roast and another as a fresh ham, that I could not bring myself to cut them up for sausage. I put most of it down in brine, but it will soon have to be packed more permanently. Cemile was most interested in the trying out of lard which is occasionally used here for "medicinal purposes," probably like goose grease. The poor girl had to smell all the pork cooking and serve us a most delicious roast, but was most insulted when I told her to try some. She probably thinks she would die an instant and horrible death if she ate it. But their prejudice is our gain.

Last night the tutors had dinner with us. Mr. Forchammer regaled us with accounts of buying pork from a strictly Kosher market in Palestine and told about how horse meat was held in the same abhorrence in northern Europe as pork is here, because it had been the sacrificial meat for the pagan gods. I think the horse meat may have been looked down upon for other reasons also.

About the wild boars: They lived in the eucalyptus forest in the marshy land between Tarsus and sea. It was a wild and thicketed place planted to drain the swamps. From their hiding places, boars invaded nearby gardens causing havoc. Hunting was a popular sport. So it was hunters doing their civic duty to protect the gardens who brought us "pig meat" which only the unbelievers would eat.

The cold roast was excellent for sandwiches and sandwiches demand a picnic so on Sunday we went picnicking. The sun had to do with it too, for it was one of those lovely early spring days when the sun is warm and seems to pour vitamins into one by the bucketful. It is the season for anemones, those famed "lilies of the field that toil not, nor spin." We found a big patch of them along the railroad embankment and stopped there for lunch. The mountains were directly in front of us, white and blue-shadowed in the sun. The plain and the foothills, all drab and brown, faded into insignificance in front of the whiteness. We located Baldy and Namrun and the shaved-off cliff opposite which we call the Elephant. To the west of these was the long unbroken line which looks the same from all points of view and is indeed the mountain wall which makes the three small passes so important. To the east of Baldy was the deep cut of the Cilician Gates, the only real pass through this part of the Taurus. Far off, a little to the southeast, we could see the tips of the Amanus range near Piyas and Alexandretta. It was such a day, and such a view, that one understood well why the psalmist wrote "the hills whence cometh glory."

We went on to see what was being done at our ailing electric plant. This, by the way, was the first electric plant in the Ottoman empire. There was more activity here than we expected to find. The race had been drained, and a gasoline pump was busily putt-putting away trying to pump dry a well below river level. We could look down into the turbine shaft and see where parts had been broken and gears jammed up. Two weeks they said would be needed for repairs, but I am looking forward to something more like two months. At least now we are satisfied that something is being done and so we feel better about carrying our lamps and candles. Most of Tarsus was out having a look too, the women and children picnicking in the little park while the men walked around and talked knowingly of turbines and blades and dynamos of which I doubt they knew much more than I.

March 15, 1943

There have been no letters this week. But last week's letter of January 18, which brought the double news of Sally's pass-

ing and little Davey's arriving, has given us much to think about. I cannot put it out of my mind. If thoughts have wings, Brother Dave knows that I am thinking about him, hoping he will find great happiness with his young son, which in a small measure may assuage his great sorrow.

Dick spent hours working on accounts and I worked on a sermon. There are not so many of us anymore, and it seems as if our turn for Sunday church comes around in an awful hurry this year. But this sermon is an original one for our joint meeting which will be in Adana next week. If I spent half the time in constructive thought that I spend in feeling inadequate and cross because I have to do it, I might get a good deal more accomplished. Making sermons just is not my line. I finally decided that this would be a good season to talk about the beauties of nature. I spent an enjoyable Saturday afternoon reading Thoreau and Emerson. I pounded out a sort of talk. It is not very good, but perhaps if I let it mellow for a week it will pass.

As for making a talk about Turkey when we get home: that will be quite a different business. I will have something really definite to say.

NINE

Summer Travels to Gözne, Beirut, and Jerusalem

Letters from July 1943 to September 1943

July 2, 1943

Late in June, Dick went to Istanbul for the Annual Meeting of the Mission which I have mentioned before. The seven trains per week to Istanbul had been cut to three. Space was limited and even a month in advance nothing was available. Dr. Haas knew a man at the British consulate in Adana who was in charge of arranging travel, so he appealed to him. All seemed well. Four days before departure, it was reported that there were no places. Then he thought of flying to Ankara, train from there. No space. Dick, with his best Turkish manner, went to Adana to arrange for himself. He not only knows the language, he knows the manner, too: when to be polite, when to drop names, when to use threats, and when to show hurt feelings. In the end, he did get a place on the plane and took off the day before to be in plenty of time; one does not risk delayed connections under such circumstances.

I do not think much of "living alone." I simply do not like it. Gypy and I wander about not sure of what to do when. Meal hours have become erratic. If it were not for Cemile in the kitchen, I probably would not eat at all.

One afternoon when I was having tea with Mrs. Woolworth, Ahmet, the gateman, announced that I had callers who had arrived "by automobile." The last time we had had visitors who arrived by car, it had been the American ambassador and his family. My callers were not so illustrious. It was Mrs. Locke of Smyrna, her daughter and son-in-law, the Parkinsons, from Mersin. They had borrowed the engineer's car to come up from Mersin where Mrs. Locke was visiting. They really came to see Dick, for he had been a classmate of Mrs. Locke's son at the International College of Izmir. (Note, Smyrna is the old Greek name for the city, Izmir the modern

Turkish one. But the English community was always spoken of as the Smyrna-English since it antedated the Republic by several generations. Hence it seems appropriate here.)

This is an excuse to put in a word about the British community that had grown up in Mersin. From being a sleepy port with nothing in the roadstead, Mersin had become the only open port in Turkey. As such it was of strategic importance. A number of British officers (in civilian guise) were stationed there. Mr. Parkinson (hush, hush) was with British intelligence, very secret, very important. Of course we did not mention this in letters at the time.

July 4, 1943

Mother Mathew writing from Sterling, Illinois

This you see is the nation's birthday, one which was celebrated without the accustomed noise and flare of fireworks. There is too much real need for the fireworks elsewhere. We, the plain people, have contented ourselves with family gatherings, picnics, and such, and as many could, stayed at home to avoid congestion on the trains. Traveling has become a real problem. Taking the motors off the road has of course made the railroads more necessary. They in turn are overcrowded with hauling servicemen from here to there and back again, so Mr. Civilian and family stays put for the duration. That is the theory. But we did put our red coupons together and gathered for the annual Fourth of July picnic at the farm.

About thirty-five or forty of the Mathew clan were out today, mostly the older members and the very young. The boys of the right age are off in various jobs for their Uncle Sam. David Wylie is in Washington becoming an adept at radar, Lloyd is a Seabee out on the West Coast, all three of Amy's boys are out West too and even the second generation has a few representatives. Still there were enough pretty girls and eager younger boys to make a merry crowd. Cousin John was given leave to make a flying trip home before going overseas.

About mail: I bought a new packet of airmail stationary last week and on it was printed a price list of the postage to various countries. For the first time, they listed seventy cents as the rate to Turkey, all air routing. A second list mentioned twenty cents in addition to the regular mail which would be part way by steamer. Now this may have been true all along and the office force here had not found it out. Anyway, you seem to have gotten a part of our mail at least. Your letters have come irregularly, some still missing, that is if you have

written approximately once a week. Some mail has more stamps than others but I have not yet mastered the various values. How much is a kuruş and how many does it take to make a piaster and how many piasters would equal our mail rates from here?

At that, we are ever so much more fortunate than those people who do not hear at all. A family here has two daughters in the Philippines, and the only word they have had is indirectly, the girls are not allowed to write and the parents have no way of knowing whether they get mail from here or not. The family who sent the dolls from Shanghai have, through the Red Cross, given a hint as to their welfare but nothing more. There are of course many hundreds of others but these we know.

Hurrah for our side. C.R.M.

Notes on the stamps: I do not wonder that Mother was confused about the amount of postage we put on our letters and about the value of a "kuruş" and a piaster. We did not really mention liras in those days, for a lira was worth as much as a dollar and a dollar was real *money. But to clear up the questions: The stamps on the envelopes seemed to total about fifteen kuruş. Piaster was a term left over from French influence. As we used it, it was the same as a kuruş which was the Turkish word for the smallest coin then in use. One hundred kuruş made a lira. One kuruş has now disappeared from the Turkish vocabulary for inflation has reduced the value of a lira to about ten cents or less. In addition to the postage stamps, which were almost always Atatürk, occasionally Inonu, who was then the president, there was a National Defense stamp of two kuruş.*

Turkey had not yet learned the value of commemorative stamps for this and that special occasion. When they did, the new stamps came out frequently. Unlike American stamps, they often went out of date. One could not hoard specials and think they were good for postage a year or two later.

July 25, 1943

The print on this letter is badly faded. New typewriter ribbon needed. But also the lines of some chemical that streak diagonally across the page to bring out any secret writing, do not help. Here is some of that letter:

Of mail received, we have a miscellaneous assortment. Magazines of November 1942 coming on the same day as March and April 1943! Books ordered for last school year are

coming in good time for the next one. But none of these packages have postmarks to indicate where they have been sojourning all that time. Letters are up to the middle of May. I shall consider nothing lost until at least a year has passed.

I have finally gotten to Gözne. Neither Cemile nor I could think up any reasons for delaying, and Tarsus was getting pretty hot, so we came up on Monday the 19th. We had a great time getting here, but after one whiff of the clean mountain air, I decided it was worth the trouble. "Transportation" is getting to be as ominous a word to you as it is to us, so you can understand how difficulties develop. Fortunately, Dick went down to Mersin with us. We had reserved places in a truck coming up from the "Doch" (Dodge) garage since no buses are running this year. The garage said their truck was broken, but we were to go by another one. That settled, we went out to have lunch and wait for a couple of hours.

We had lunch at the same garden restaurant where I ate the hot green peppers when I first came to Turkey. Instead of giving us a menu, the headwaiter asked if we would not like to see the food in the kitchen. I expected something like a cafeteria counter, but followed farther and farther back into the dim rooms until we were in the steaming kitchen. It is quite the custom here to look over the food before ordering, but I had never been in a kitchen before. There were big trays of stuffs that looked almost all alike to me, and smelled hot and oily. There was eggplant mixture with meat and tomato, kebabs roasted or broiled, and several dishes that were "stew" to me. The waiter pointed with pride to a roast of lamb surrounded by sick-looking pieces of fried potato. He thought that such "à la franca" food would appeal to me instantly. But what I did like were some fluffy white *boreks*. They are a kind of pastry like a very rich biscuit dough (filo) baked or fried with a little cheese in the middle. We had these *boreks* made from white American flour. A real treat. Then delicious tomato *dolmas* which had been baked with a sprinkling of cheese on top, instead of the usual boiled *dolmas* which we have at home. While we ate we watched the waiters cutting watermelons at the cashier's desk. That seemed to be the only dessert offered. The melons disappeared with the same speed as the proverbial hot cakes.

After lunch we went to a coffee house in the park by the sea. Poor Gypy had a bad time. He had not been allowed to

chase the four cats that wandered under the tables at the restaurant and here again, he had to sit under our chairs while two big black cats made faces at him from a safe distance. For entertainment we watched a bunch of little girls having a bath in the sea. The oldest of the group was about twelve years of age and the youngest, two. The younger girls took off all their clothes, stepped gingerly into the shallow water. The two older girls tucked up their skirts and acted as bath attendants, pouring water with great enthusiasm from the shallow bowls used at the baths. The baby was soon spread out to dry, but the older girls played in the water for an hour or so. Cemile and I thought of sending Dick to join the little boys farther down the beach while we cooled off with the girls.

We got back to the garage only to discover that there were no places with our name on them. We had our choice of riding on top of a load in the back of a truck or in a private car if other passengers could be found. We took the latter. Thus we arrived in Gözne in style.

August 25, 1943
From Beirut

It is amazing how the climate of Beirut has changed since we were here in the summer of 1939. It does not seem at all too hot now! We have gone swimming a couple of times at the University swimming place. That too is improved. There are new beach houses at the edge of the campus, the cleanliest I have seen anywhere. There is no roof. The sun beats in with a ferocity that would kill any microbe, and the swimmer, too, if he lingered long. There is no beach. Cement walks have been built over the rocks to a pool deep enough for swimming. The water was warm, like doubly salted soup.

On Saturday we all went to a movie at five o'clock, so we could get home by the last tram at eight o'clock. But Dick and I wanted to sample the night-life of the town so we went to a later show on Monday. We found that there was not much life, although plenty of night. We walked straight home along the tram street so that we would not get lost, for each dark alleyway looked more menacing than the last. The sound of military boots behind us was rather comforting. The blackout is almost as effective as a curfew. There are a few cafes open

at night, but they are so heavily curtained that they must be steaming hot. Most of them seemed closed at eleven o'clock.

Yesterday we hired a car and went to the mountains. Mother Maynard wanted to see the Y.W. camp at Dour el Choer (Schwaer) since she is on the Board. That was only the excuse. The real reason was that the folks wanted to show off the Lebanon mountains which we did not properly appreciate before. We do now. The villages of gray stone houses with red tile roofs look substantial and prosperous, far beyond the wealth of the terraced fields. Tourist trade is more lucrative than farming. It was strange to see monasteries and church steeples and not a single minaret. There were many hotels and good roads. In the high reaches there are even some wild areas and peaks high enough to tempt climbers. Reforestation has added greenness, but the mighty cedars are almost all gone.

Dick and I made our long planned trip to Palestine, and the following two letters interrupt my account of the Beirut vacation.

The following letter was received September 20! It contains the first part of the account of our trip to the Holy Land.

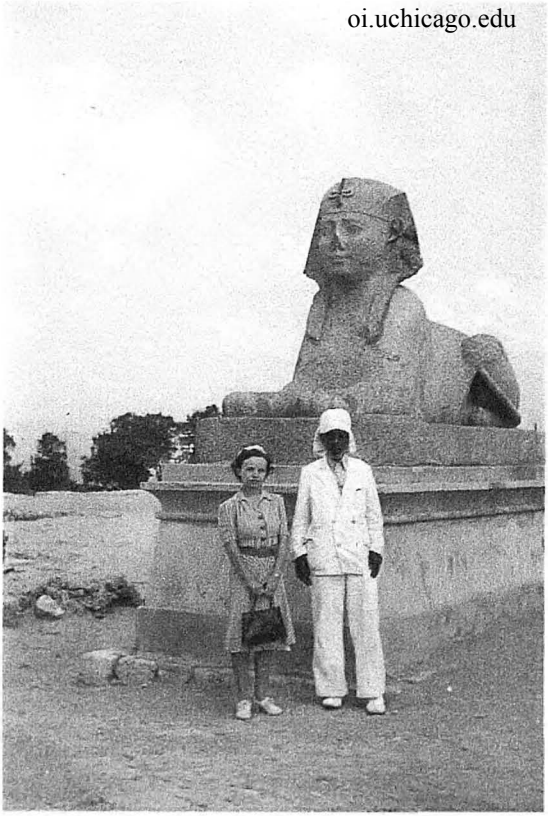
September 3, 1943
Stamped Approved for Pouch
American Council General, Beirut

We really did get our long-promised trip to Jerusalem. We feel as if we had been playing the game for a long time and finally won, for getting a place in a car is almost as difficult nowadays as getting one of the last three chairs in the game. We went down on Friday, driving along the sea, through extensive olive groves. We stopped in Sidon, which alas, has lost all its Phoenician importance. It is now just a dull dirty city. Tyre has suffered even more, is not even on the main road. We saw it on its headland a half-mile away. The greatness of these cities is all in the museums of the world. There was no reason to stop.

Haifa looked like an interesting modern town when we got there a little after noon. But we changed our minds a bit when we began hunting for ways out. We had planned to take the Jewish bus to Tel Aviv, spend a couple hours there, and go on to Jerusalem in the evening. We forgot about the Sabbath

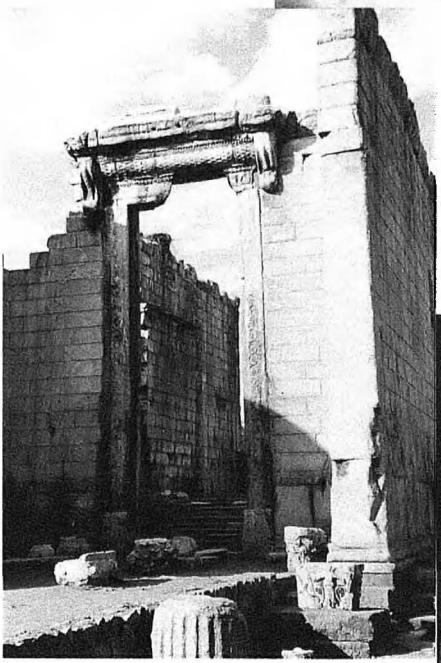
The adventure begins as Dick and Georgie Maynard wave good-bye to New York from the deck of the *S.S. Rex* in August 1939

The photographs credited to the Oriental Institute were taken during several expeditions in Turkey in the 1950s and 1960s, variously, by Pinhas Delougaz, Hans G. Güterbock, Helene J. Kantor, James E. Knudstad, Carl Kraeling, and Gustavus Swift. [*John Larson*]

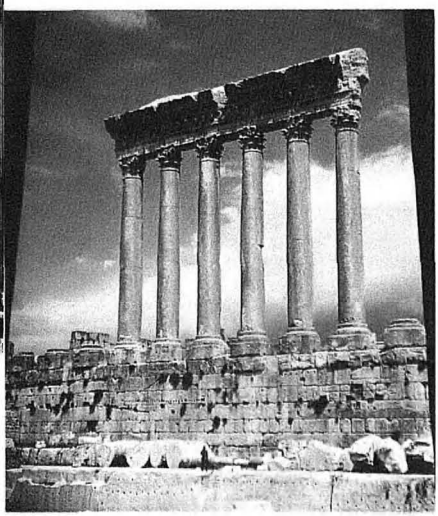


Georgie and guide, Hajji Sayed Mohammed, in front of the small sphinx in Alexandria, the first Middle Eastern city visited by Dick and Georgie. The guide informed them that the Romans knocked the nose off the sphinx

The city of Beirut as shown on a postcard mailed from Beirut on August 30, 1939

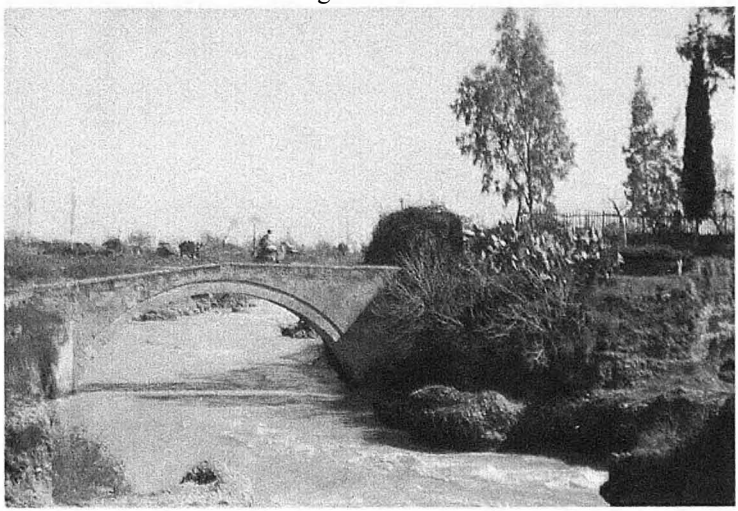


The Temples of Bacchus (above and left) and Jupiter (below) among the ruins at Baalbek



A modern (1939) marketplace in Beirut, as shown on a postcard

A view over Tarsus towards the mountains which emerged in the background during the winter. Stickler Hall of the American College, the tallest building in Tarsus, is on the left



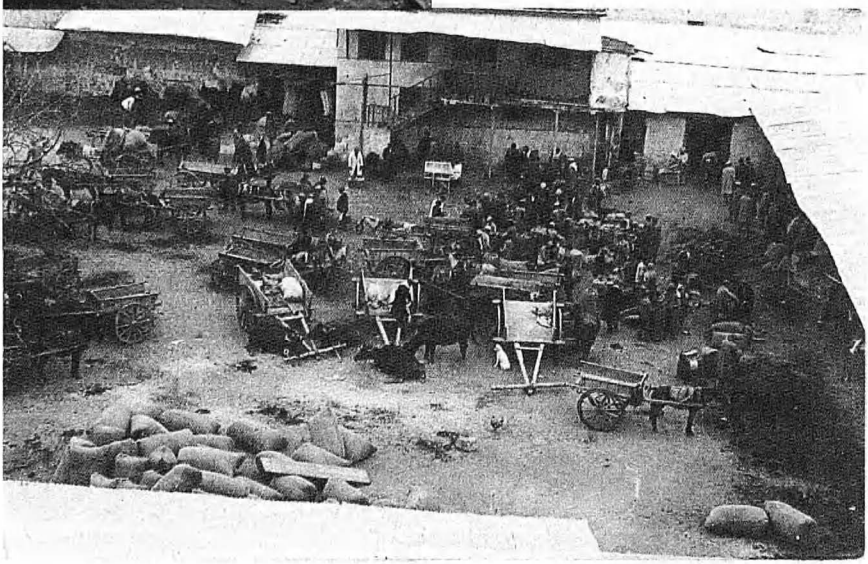
A Roman bridge near Tarsus that survived until a flood in the 1960s washed away its approaches

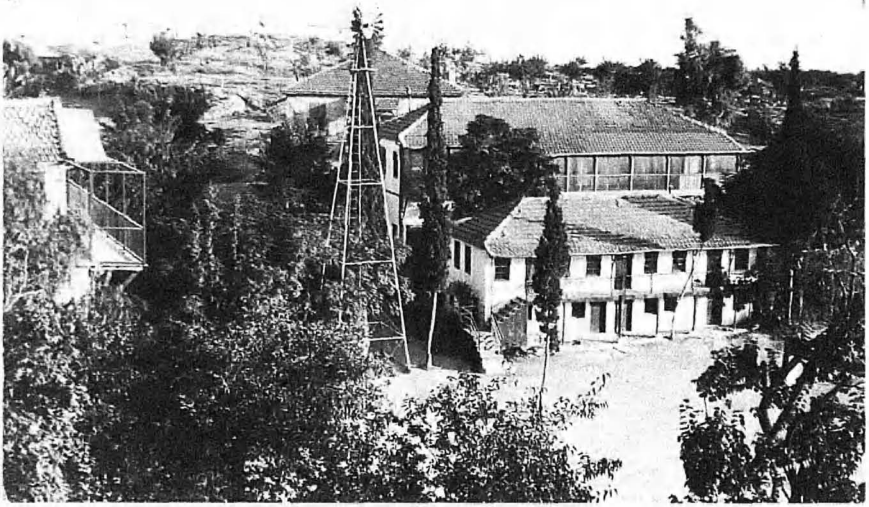
The Tarsus Gate, also known as Cleopatra's Gate and St. Paul's Gate, was actually part of Harun al-Rashid's defensive walls

Above: The coppersmith in Tarsus who custom made pots, cups, and pitchers

Left: The train station at Tarsus, where many hours were spent waiting for trains that were usually late. Photograph courtesy of Fred Shepard

Below: Dick and Georgie's neighbors in Tarsus, a khan that later housed a cavalry division. Photograph courtesy of John Scott



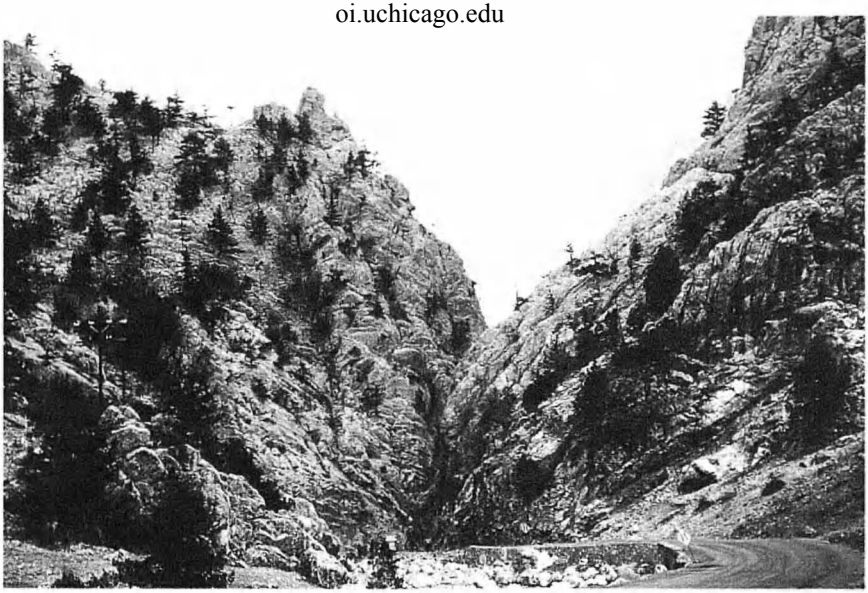


The campus of the American College in Tarsus. Dick and Georgie lived on the first floor of the building behind the light colored, smaller building in the foreground, which blocked the Maynard's light and view. The smaller building was replaced by a modern building, called Maynard Hall, dedicated in 1989. Photograph courtesy of John Scott

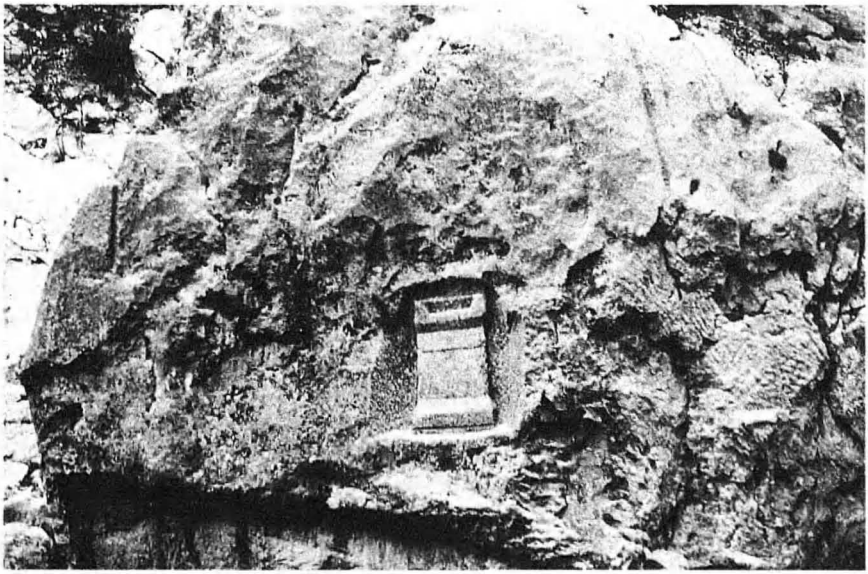
A volleyball game on the campus of the American College in Tarsus; Dick and Georgie lived on the first floor of the building at center. Photograph courtesy of John Scott

Students of the American College in Tarsus on parade. Photograph courtesy of John Scott

Parade watchers in Tarsus



The Cilician Gates. The only pass through the Taurus Mountains for wheeled vehicles until modern times. Photograph courtesy of the Oriental Institute

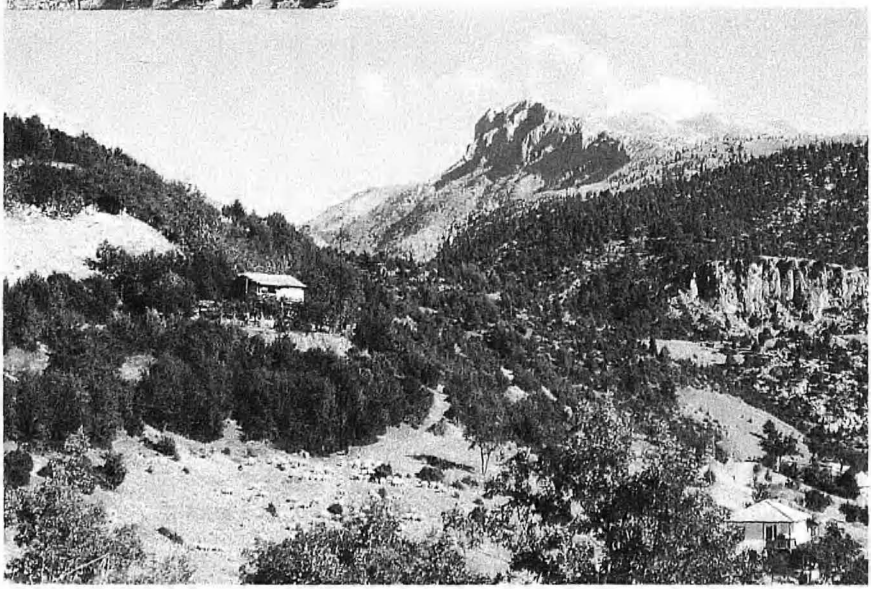


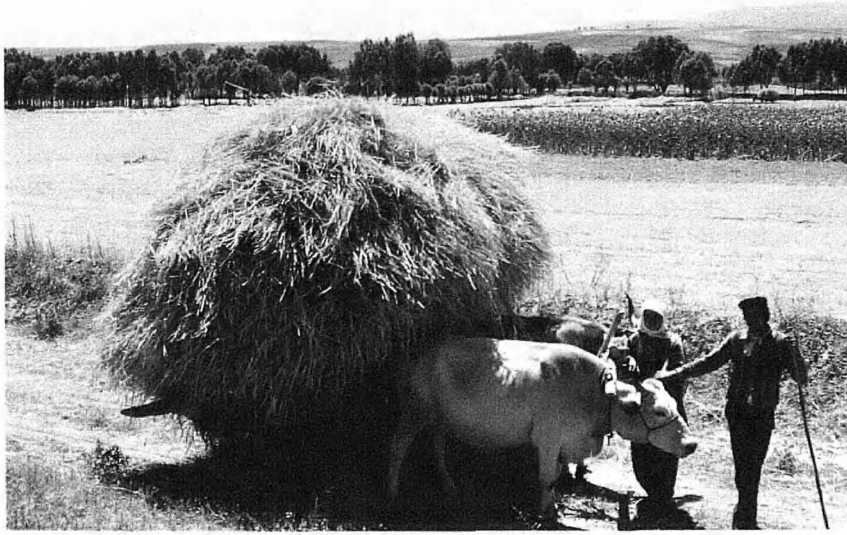
The mark left by Alexander the Great on a boulder near the Cilician Gates. Every invader in antiquity passed through these gates. Photograph courtesy of the Oriental Institute

Above: A coffee house stop on the way to Namrun. From left: Miss Towner, Dick, Georgie, and John Scott. Photograph courtesy of John Scott

Left: The *bekci* (watchman), his wife Fatma, and one month old son. Photograph courtesy of John Scott

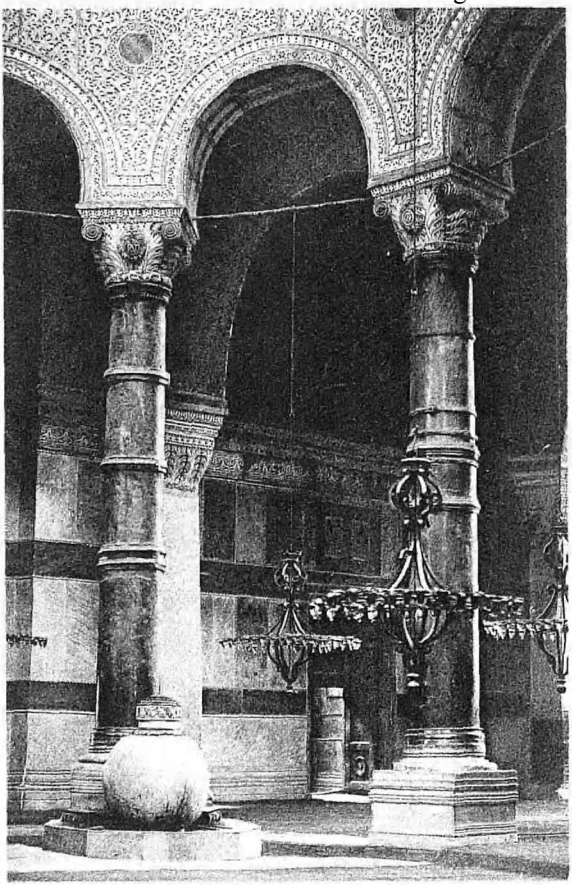
Below: The village of Namrun in the Taurus Mountains, as viewed from the Nute's cottage. On the right is the mountain informally called "The Elephant," on the left, "Baldy." Photograph courtesy of Fred Shepard





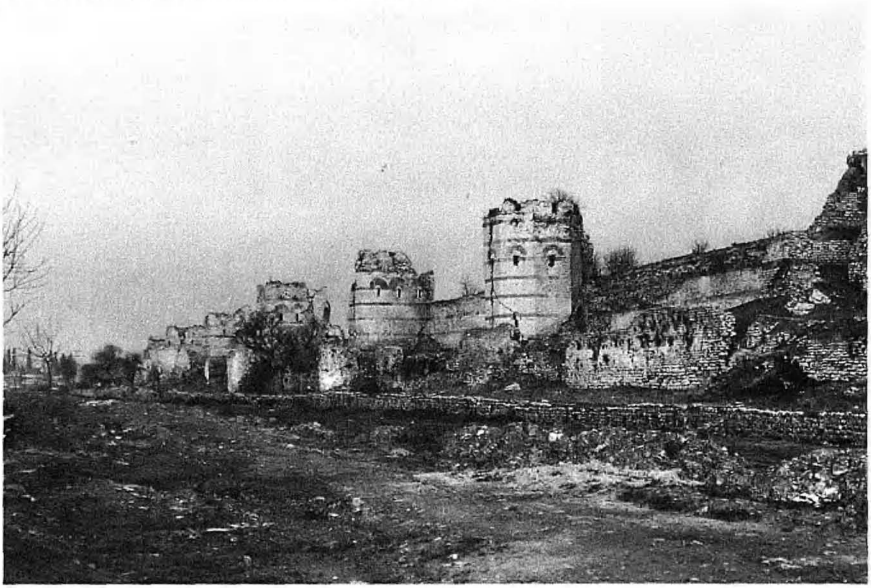
A harvest from a distant field on the way to a harmon (threshing floor)

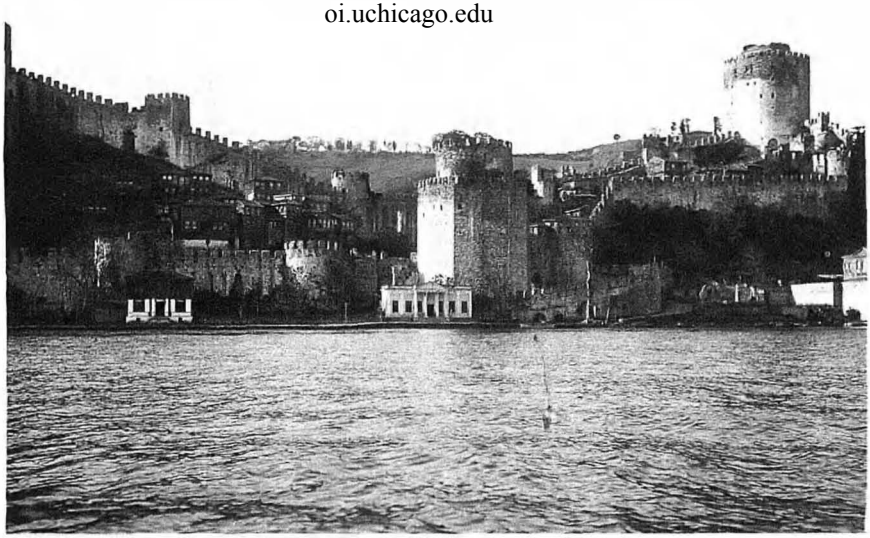
Workers winnow (right) and thresh (left) grain at a harmon (threshing floor)



Left: The interior of Aya Sophia in Istanbul. The church was built by Justinian and became a mosque after the Moslem conquest

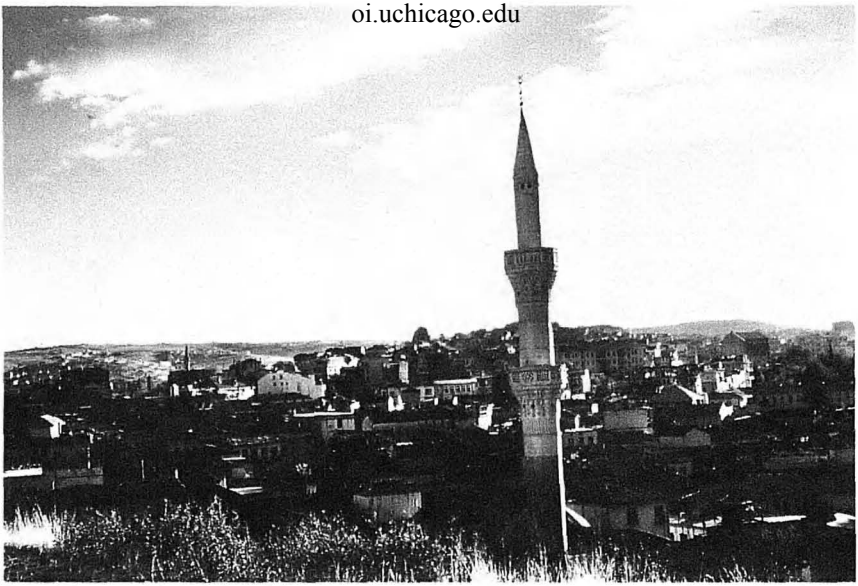
Below: The ancient walls of Constantinople built by the Romans and finally breached in 1453 by the cannons of Mehmet the Conqueror



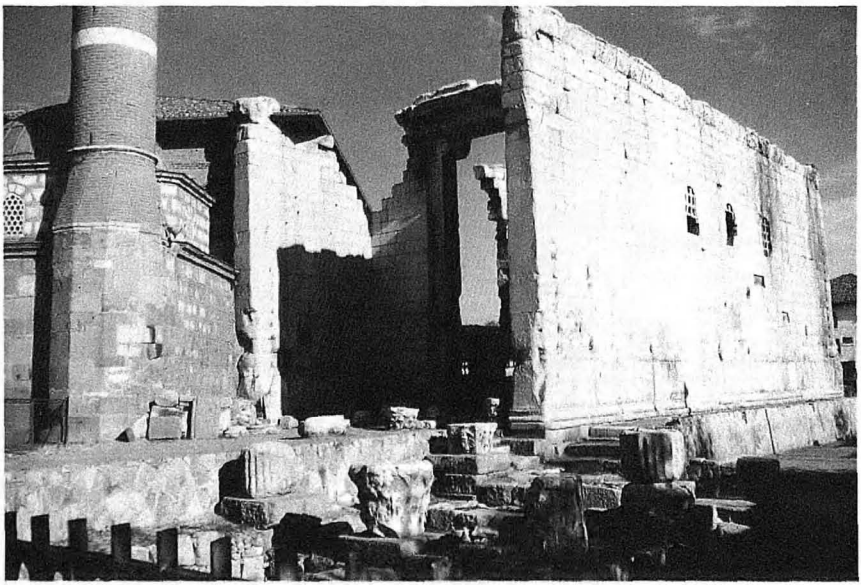


Above: The castle, Rumeli Hisar, on the European side of Istanbul built by Mehmet the Conqueror in 1452

Right: A view across the Bosporus from the European side of Istanbul

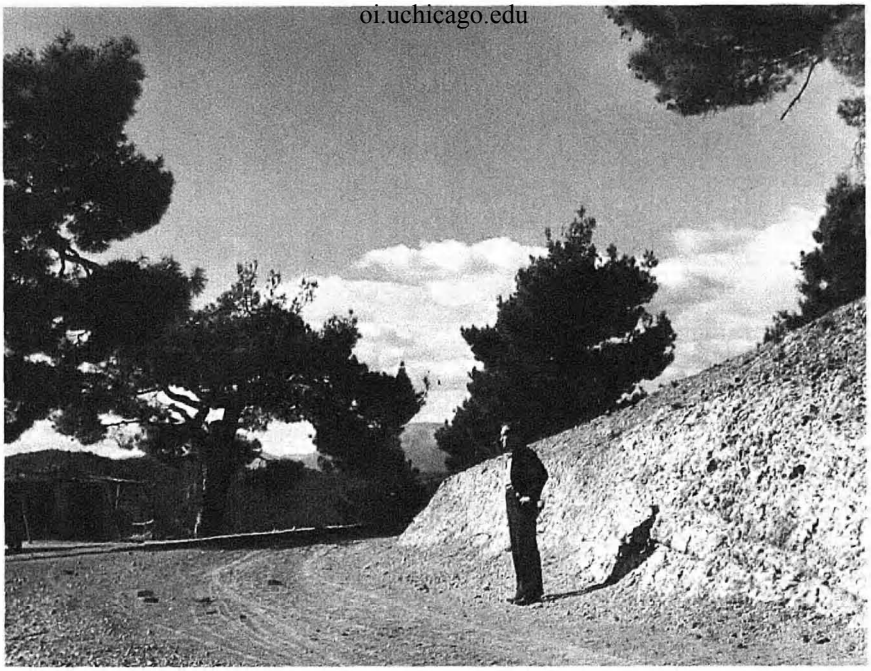


The modern city of Ankara, shown above, was "unfinished" in 1940. Photograph courtesy of the Oriental Institute



The Temple of Augustus in Ankara. Photograph courtesy of the Oriental Institute

Street life in Bethlehem, 1943, as shown on a postcard



Dick on the road to Namrun, November 1939

Dick and Georgie at home in Sterling, Illinois, August 1946

which begins at sunset. No buses would leave Tel Aviv for Jerusalem since they could not get in before the deadline. So we had to buy half an Arab taxi and true to form wait an hour in the sun. Our impression of Haifa became one of heat.

I am ashamed to say that I slept a good part of the way over the rocky hills of the Holy Land, and came to life only when we reached the coolness of Ramallah where we were to stay at the Friends Girls' School. (Mother Maynard's cousin was head of the school. Although she was not in residence at the time, this contact assured us a welcome and a place to stay.) Ramallah is about ten miles out of the city so we did not see Jerusalem the Golden until the next day.

That evening we went to a Moslem wedding, two in fact. We were just a little too late to see the groom bring his bride home, but we were in time for the rest of the third-night celebrations. I went into the women's room with a teacher from the school while Dick sat on the porch drinking lemonade with the men. The bride was very young, not more than eighteen. She sat with downcast eyes and placid face while one after another of the women came up to her, reciting a long harangue in Arabic which appeared to be a ballad composed in her honor. Not once did the bride look up or show any sign of emotion. She wore a black dress, typical of the village. The front was completely covered with red and gold embroidery. Chains of gold coins hung around her neck. On her head she wore a headdress banded with gold coins, very attractive against her shiny black hair. Over this she wore a shawl of white silk embroidered with big red flowers like a Spanish shawl. It probably came from Japan. The other village women wore similar dresses, undoubtedly their own wedding dresses. The mother of the groom managed the affair, looking regal and important in her black velvet. The bride's mother was not present. By custom she will not call on her daughter for a week. Presently, the groom came in and took his place by the side of the bride. He wore European clothes with only a white *kaffiyeh* to show his group. Then the dancing began. First, the groom's mother took off her shawl and, taking the ceremonial sword, danced in the two square feet of space which was opened up in front of the bride. Music was provided by the singing of the women. Then an aunt of the groom took up the sword, changing the tune to an amusing ballad which was something about "your mother was a thief. She came to

my camp and stole a sheep." She stopped from exhaustion, and the guests applauded with a wail like the howl of jackals. After three or four dances, the party broke up.

Poor Dick, who had been thoroughly bored by the long hours of sitting with the men with whom he had no common language, was quite disgusted with the hostess-teacher who did not know that a man would not be welcome at a Moslem wedding.

Outside we heard more music, so we went to an open square where the men were dancing on the first night of another wedding. Here men were in the majority. We stood watching for some time.

Next day, Saturday, we approached Jerusalem from Mt. Scopus. To our right was the Mount of Olives. Directly below was the old city, crumpled together inside its walls. The Mosque of Omar was the most outstanding building, for it alone of the sacred places is surrounded by open space. On the hills to the left and ahead of us was the new city with square modern buildings. We went first to the C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Department) to get a permit to leave the country. The office is in the Russian compound. I was startled to see a bearded Russian priest in long black robes and pointed cap with a large gold cross hung around his neck going into an office from which only the sound of a typewriter came. But in the back of this building was a chapel of the Russian church,

The new city, almost entirely Jewish, was closed tighter than a Puritan New England town on Sunday. Even the restaurants and cafes were shut. Country-cousins that we are, we window-shopped with great delight. It was fun to see good looking clothes in well-decorated windows. I nearly lost my eyes looking at dresses and summer suits which seemed to me to have come straight from Fifth Avenue, at only $35 or $50. I will tell you about the other clothes later.

We went through the Jaffa Gate and were soon in the narrow, dark streets of the old city. We thought we had been in the East long enough to become acquainted with its smells but never have we been in a city so filthy. More than its religious relics, I shall remember the smells of Jerusalem. We saw a good many soldiers with maps of the city in hand, besieged by armies of little boys promising to guide them to every known place, so we retired to the quiet of a Moslem

cemetery beyond St. Stephen's Gate before we got out our map and traced the Via Dolorosa.

We walked through St. Stephen's gate, coming from the Mount of Olives to follow the path which Jesus is said to have trod after he was arrested in the Garden of Gethsemane. There are fourteen marble plaques in the walls along this way, the Stations of the Cross. Although its authenticity is highly doubtful, it has been a path for pilgrims for centuries so we too sought it out. The first plaque marked the location of Pilate's Forum. Here an old man who spoke only German, showed us the two modern chapels, the bits of ancient church wall incorporated into them, and the four square feet of Roman pavement now built in to the courtyard in front of the Convent of the Sisters of Zion.

We followed along the Street of Bad Cookery, so named by the Crusaders. Judging by the smells which pervaded the atmosphere, the street still lives up to that name. By many twistings and turnings we finally found our way to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. I do not know exactly what I expected to see, but it certainly was not a courtyard filled with iron buttresses. The ancient building, which has been frequently closed as unsafe, was at last open.

We were stopped at the gate by a Moslem policeman who wanted to be sure that we were not Jews. I think it was Dick's wearing khaki shorts, the "uniform" of young Jewish men, that made him especially hard to convince.

With difficulty we shook off the offers of guides in this ancient building that is more museum than place of worship, more full of superstition than of religion. Consequently, we missed a number of the chapels and grottoes. The dome over the sepulcher has been condemned so we could only look through the scaffoldings to the marble covered tomb. The church, as you know, is built on the site of Calvary discovered by Helena, mother of Constantine, about 300 A.D. Conveniently nearby were found the three crosses, the tomb of Christ, and all the other spots connected with the crucifixion. The building has been assembled, so to speak, of different buildings built at different times by various Christian sects. We saw Coptic, Armenian, Greek, and Roman Catholic priests. More evident were guides hurrying groups of tourists from chapel to chapel and grotto to grotto. We found one small Latin chapel, it may have been the spot where Christ appeared

before his mother Mary after the resurrection, but here was seemly religious quiet. Two nuns were reading their prayers at the back of the room. A couple of soldiers were praying at the alter. A priest came in with a key to unlock the frame around a picture of the Virgin and to add a gold pin to the already overflowing case of gold and jewel offerings. The icon was half picture, half-statue, so that every finger of the hands was covered with rings, the background was entirely made up of gold hearts and the dress so covered with jeweled pins that none of the original could be seen. I lit a candle at the altar, because it seemed the thing to do, and said a little prayer for peace.

That afternoon we sought out another "tomb of Christ" at Gordon's Garden Tomb. By studying the outline of a hill said to look like a skull (I could not see it), Gordon, the General Gordon of Egypt, felt that he had discovered the true Calvary and found nearby a rock tomb. There are no churches here, only a pleasant garden kept up by an endowment from England. The guidebook says this tomb was probably used by Franciscan monks of the twelfth century. At least it is a tomb of the type used at the time of Christ. It was easier to imagine the burial here than in the marble-paved church.

To be continued in another letter.

September 8, 1943
Written in Beirut but mailed from Turkey

There is so much to tell you about the trip to Palestine that I will have to be brief if I expect to get it into the three pages I can send from Turkey. I hope this letter will not arrive too long after the one sent earlier.

It did. This letter arrived March 14, 1944!

Our second day in Palestine was Sunday, by chance the date of a festival in the Greek Orthodox church, the Assumption of Mary. This holy day had been celebrated by the Roman Catholics two weeks earlier. We went to the little Church of the Virgin outside the walls of the old city. It was at this spot that the apostles were said to have laid the body of Mary. The church is almost entirely underground, being reached by two long flights of steps. The air was heavy with incense and warm from the many candles and lamps burning at the altar.

On this day all the lamps were lit. There must have been a hundred or more hanging from the ceiling. Special services were continuous. We stood for a while at the back of the crowd, listening to the Greek service and watching the priests in their gorgeous vestments. There were no seats. The crowd was restless but quiet. There were two other chapels here, perhaps those of the Armenian and Latin churches, but they were dark for this was the day of the Greek Orthodox. As we went out two women were placing lighted candles, one on each step down toward the altar.

Just a few feet up the road we came to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Church of the Agony. That is, it was the garden and the church which the Franciscans have built on the sight which they consider true, while a little farther up the hill there are the Greek and Russian gardens. A group of Polish soldiers who had been here for services were coming out just as we went in. The church itself is quite new. The windows are all of purple glass, which on this bright day gave a pleasantly subdued religious light. Just before the altar, surrounded by an iron railing and blue-glass lamps, is the stone where the three disciples slept while Christ prayed—or is it the stone where Christ himself knelt in prayer? It depends on the guide. The garden does contain a few ancient olive trees surrounded by beds of zinnias and marigolds, beautifully cared for but most unbiblical.

From here we climbed the Mount of Olives by a steep road that was flanked on both sides by high walls and cemeteries. Not an olive tree in sight. We met two men leading camels and they at least might have come from the New Testament. I stepped back against the wall to give them plenty of room to pass, for a camel at close range seems enormous and his softly padding feet need the whole road. But the second beast turned toward me. I thought of all I had heard of the ill-nature of the camel. This one seemed to be trying to get a bite of my hair. All he wanted was a bit of the green bush growing from the wall just above my head.

At the top of the Mount of Olives we went into a little mosque from whose minaret one can get a recommended view. We preferred this to the two hundred and fourteen steps of the Russian tower. The view was really wonderful. On one side we could see the whole city of Jerusalem with its domes and spires and square-built apartments. On the other side

we looked across the barren hills to the Dead Sea, a tiny blue patch in the heat-haze, and the mountains of Moab and Gilead. It was all dull brown and barren. It must have taken a great faith, or another season of the year, to make anyone regard this terrain as a "promised land."

In an inner court of the mosque is a tiny chapel, all that is left of a church which once marked the spot of the ascension. For a piaster (four cents) the guide of the mosque gave us an olive branch and showed us the footprint Christ made as he ascended to heaven. By great stretching of the imagination, the mark in the rock could be said to have vague resemblance to a footprint.

We returned to the city by the Mount of Olives Bus Company, passing the new and impressive buildings of the Hebrew University and the British War Cemetery where the graves were marked by slabs, not crosses. Were some of these non-Christian soldiers? We thought that a good enough explanation but we did not check on it.

Now I know that the usual Jewish tombstone is laid flat. But interestingly, in contemporary war cemeteries, the rows of crosses are punctuated by the star of David. I was young and not too well-informed in 1943!

We felt that we had seen enough churches for one day, so we went to a movie in the afternoon. We saw Walt Disney's Fantasia which you may have seen a year or so ago.

Monday morning we took a bus to Bethlehem. The buses go every fifteen minutes so we did not need to wait long, although the waiting was not dull. There were some women from the village in traditional Bethlehem costume. Over the usual long black dress they wear a short jacket usually of black velvet heavily bordered with gold braid and on their heads a cone-shaped cap covered by a white scarf.

It was about a ten minute ride. Bethlehem, which turned out to be a good-sized town, spread out over the hills. It was not at all like the little village we made from boxes and put against a cloth-draped hill as the background for our Christmas nativity scene. But on the other side of Jerusalem I did see a village which was exactly like the one we fashioned, even to the one larger building with an arched doorway where we placed the Christ-child and the adoring shepherds.

The Church of the Nativity, like so many of the churches in Palestine, is the joint property of the Roman, Greek Ortho-

dox, and Armenian Catholic churches. The main altar is bare, to be ornamented by whichever of the churches is celebrating a holy day. I expected to see some decorations left from the Greek Orthodox celebrations of the day before, but there was nothing.

This church was the most impressive of all the old churches we saw. Outside of course, it was such a conglomerate mass of buildings that it had lost any architectural unity, but inside the parts were so divided that we could see them one at a time as units. The church, one of the oldest in the world, was built by Constantine in 330 A.D. Although there is probably not a single stone or bit of wood left from that date, the plan of the basilica is preserved. Four tall columns of red stone support the vaulted roof of dark English oak. There are faded ancient mosaics on the walls above the columns, too faded for our untaught eyes to decipher. The nave seemed immense, impossible to think that it could ever be filled but Mother Maynard said that on Christmas Eve she had seen it so jammed that to move was impossible. Before the altar is the Grotto of the Nativity, lined with white marble with a gold star indicating the exact spot where Christ was born. A few steps away is the marble-lined manger where the Christ-child lay. Here a lamp is always burning and a nun keeps constant vigil. Although the only resemblance of this marble place to the cave of the scriptures is the fact that it is underground, the site has been accepted by pilgrims for eighteen centuries, a better record than that of most other holy places.

As usual, we had no guide but when we began speaking Turkish with an Armenian priest from Istanbul, we were sure we would not miss a single thing. I noticed that on this, the Armenian side of the church, the floor was covered with old Turkish rugs. We saw a grotto or a chapel for every event connected with the birth of Christ: There was the place where Joseph received the glad tidings from the angel, there was the spot where the wise men knelt, the place where Joseph was warned to flee into Egypt, the stairs up which the Holy Family fled at night, and a place where children were killed by the order of the wrathful Herod. Just for good measure, there were tombs of a couple of hermits and several saints whose names I do not recall. I hope I do not sound sacrilegious. There was just too much; all under one roof. It smacked of superstition rather than religion.

We walked a little way beyond the curio shops that surround the church to look at the hills of Bethlehem. The hills as I had thought of them were softly rounded with stones a little concealed. Not so. We wondered where any poor shepherd could find food for his flocks. There was not a green thing in sight. But of course, it was midsummer and the Christmas story takes place in December when the hills are no doubt fresh and brilliantly green.

The chief industry of Bethlehem, at least in the neighborhood of the church, is the making of pins and trinkets from mother-of-pearl and from olive wood. The mother-of-pearl conveniently comes from the country of one's birth, be that Australia, New Zealand, or New York State. The olive wood at least is local.

On the way back from Bethlehem we passed the tomb of Rachel. As soon as we saw the crowds there, we gave up any thought of stopping. It was just a little tomb, not different from those erected to a Moslem saint on almost every hilltop. It was a square brown stone room covered by a round dome, entered from a square portico in front. The place was full of Jews, some weeping and others praying. This day, the 30th of August, was a special day of prayers in memory of the Jews who had suffered during the war. They, indeed, are deserving of prayers. At the time it seemed strange that people should come to the tomb of Rachel, so long dead, to say these prayers, but as I think of it now, I find not much difference between that place and the spot where Joseph was warned by the angel.

In the afternoon we wound our way through the evil-smelling streets of old Jerusalem to the Wailing Wall. We could not stay there long because a young Jew, Hebrew prayer book in hand, told Dick he should have a hat on! After all the care I had taken to have my head and arms covered so that we could go into churches! This place was the strangest sight of all. The wall, undoubtedly ancient, now forms part of the base for the mosque area of the Mosque of Omar. It is just a narrow little court between two high walls, guarded by two English policemen. There were a number of men there, with their prayer books in Hebrew characters, some leaning against the wall droning prayers, some merely wailing, while others stood against the opposite wall looking at the stones of Solomon's temple. I suppose they had dreams of past and future greatness as they stood there.

Tuesday morning we spent getting a French visa to return to Beirut. The hazards of travel are multiplied many times in these war days so we always feel better when we have visas in our passport. Then we did our shopping carefully getting only shoes and socks which would cause no comment at the border since they would be on our feet. Wrapping paper of any kind was practically nonexistent. One purchase I made caused a few moments of concern. I bought a pink girdle. That, in my open net-bag was embarrassing. The shopkeeper kindly dug out a small bit of newspaper with which to cover the nudity of my purchase.

In the afternoon we arranged with a tour agent for a car to take us to the Dead Sea. Buses were so crowded that this seemed a better way. The other passengers in our car were two young Canadians up from Cairo on leave.

The road from Jerusalem to the Dead Sea is a truly remarkable one. Starting at twenty-six hundred feet above sea level it descends to twelve hundred eighty feet below. Unlike most mountain roads, there is not a bit of upgrade on the way down. We wound around one curve after another, always down. It is no wonder that the wayfarer found by the Good Samaritan was robbed on this road. It is through wild, desolate country. After Bethany on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives there was no village and only a few scattered houses until we reached Jericho. The mountains were barren rocks, not a hint of vegetation, uniformly dull yellow brown. We passed the cutoff which leads to the tomb of Moses, situated on this side of the Jordan so that the Moslems might have a place of pilgrimage and a feast at about the same time as Easter. We went down to the Jordan River at the Allenby bridge and walked across to say we had set foot in Trans-Jordan thus adding another country to those we visited.

At this point and at this season, the Jordan had nothing to recommend it as a river, not to mention a holy one. It was gray with mud, narrow and slow between its reed-grown banks. We went back through modern Jericho to the site of the ancient city. The excavations are meaningless to the uninitiated, showing bits of mudbrick and stone walls which might be almost anything. Professor Garstang, who made the most recent excavations, explained the collapse of the walls at the time of Joshua as the result of an earthquake. But we wondered why anyone would want to fight for this sunbaked

bit of desert. It did have water, but was terrifically hot. The modern Jericho is kept alive by irrigation. Its oranges are famous and its banana groves extensive. We had some fresh dates here, a little too sweet for our taste although they were hard and unripe yet. From here we went four or five miles to the Dead Sea. The country around is covered with a white salt crust. At one end of the sea are huge chemical works where the various important minerals are extracted. And of course we went for a swim. At least we went into the water. Every newcomer was warned not to get water in eyes or mouth. It burned terribly and tasted more bitter than quinine. It was so filled with salt that it had a milky appearance and one could not see the bottom even at the shallow edge. I tried to swim but found it impossible to keep my feet underwater. It was a unique experience.

The next day we came back to Beirut. We did not see nearly all of the country, not even all of the places we wanted to see, but we will go back again when the war is over and transportation easier.

Ha! We never did get back to Palestine. And now it is Israel with a whole new set of visa and transportation problems! Perhaps sometime ...

A postscript to the Palestinian account was in a letter written some weeks later, in a discussion of food rationing. Mother had mentioned the "point system" in use in the United States. I recalled that we had been given coupons of various point values when we entered Palestine. Whenever we ordered a meal in a restaurant we had to give the waitress the proper number of coupons, even before she would place the order. Her equipment included a pair of scissors, more important than the usual notepad.

The following letter concludes my account of the Beirut vacation.

September 9, 1943

On Saturday we went up to Baakline for the weekend. Mother and Father Maynard felt that they needed a change of air, and they wanted us to see the village they had enjoyed so much earlier in the summer. It was quite different from anything in the Taurus in Turkey. In the first place, the road was good. We stayed at a pension run by Mr. Holenkoff, a Russian, where the other guests were from the University. The

place itself had been a hospital of the Anglican mission, closed some fifty years ago.

Baakline is a Druse village. The Druses are a sect of Moslems whose beliefs and practices are closely guarded secrets. The women were carefully veiled, usually wearing a white veil but otherwise not much different than other Moslem women. The men, however, had a characteristic costume. They wore fezzes with a spotlessly white turban around. Over their long gowns or black shirts and baggy trousers, they wore short-sleeved striped jackets. When it was cold they covered this with a shapeless black *aba* which reached the ground. This is made from a wide strip of cloth, full width for the back, two panels for the front, has no sleeves or armholes. It is the same kind of overcoat the Arabs use although theirs is usually brown camel's hair cloth. It fits with the grace of an envelope.

Dick and I went down to Beit Edine, a neighboring village which had been the summer capital in the days of the Ottoman regime. There is an old palace there which has been partially restored by the French. After seeing it, I am quite willing to believe the stories of Oriental grandeur and luxurious scenes in Hollywood harems. The palace was built in 1780, occupied by Emir Bishara until he was exiled in 1840, when the building was taken over by the Turks. The rooms were immense, marble-floored. The ceilings and doors were inlaid wood. The harem which is in a separate part of the building, entered by a heavy bronze door, was magnificent. In the grand salon there was a fountain in the mosaic floor. From the big bay window at one end of the room there was a beautiful view of the valley, the mountains, and the sea beyond. All along the wall was a built-in marble bench which it was easy to imagine covered with a profusion of satin cushions.

The bath in the palace, Turkish style of course, was big enough to cleanse a city. There was a special room for those who were waiting, little niches below the benches where they put their shoes or bath-clogs. Another room was especially for massage and there were four or five rooms for private bathing as well as two large ones with bowls for ten people arranged around the wall. The heating room for this place was the size of the furnace room of a hotel. The size and the splendor of this bath made us realize how important an amusement bathing was and, in fact, still is.

The second day in Baakline, we walked down into the valley below the village. There were many more olive trees here than on the Mount of Olives. The whole steep hillside was terraced, each tree carefully spaced and cultivated. Some of the terraces were so small that they could support only one tree. None of them were wide enough for more than one row. The trunks were gnarled and old. They did not seem to belong with the fine silver-gray-green leaves. It was a truly lovely picture.'

September 21, 1943

We have been back in Tarsus for a week now and it almost seems as if we had never been away. Vacations do have a way of slipping into the past so quickly when there is a great deal of work at the home end. We watched the mail pouring into Beirut post office for the last ten days we were there, and had our appetites all whetted for a goodly supply when we got home. We were not disappointed. We had all four of the June letters so we saw you from spring into summer in one reading, and a stack of magazines. All this and school opening! It is not fair. We should have an extension of vacation to read our mail. Perhaps this was to help us celebrate the opening of the Mediterranean and the invasion of Italy. You may be sure, those are events we watch with eagerness since they have an immediate effect on us.

Beirut has its own rationing problems. The University people get their wheat whole and uncleaned. They can then make it into flour, breakfast cereal, or whatever they wish. This makes one appreciate bread! They also get a certain portion of corn or barley with the wheat. The folks have no difficulty disposing of their surplus of these grains as gifts to gardener and servants. Meat is rationed by days, four meatless days a week. When Ramazan, the month of fasting, began meat was sold everyday. Seems like a contradiction in terms does not it. But I guess the authorities figured that if people fasted all day they needed a good meat-meal at night. I do not know how Mother Maynard managed it, but she certainly gave us good meals and plenty of them. Tarsus now seems like the land flowing with milk and honey by comparison. That is the chief value of travel.

A note on the use of the whole-grain wheat that Father Maynard got. He had some of it coarsely ground, or rather pounded, and that made his hot cereal. It required a long, long cooking, overnight preferably. We followed his example and had the same healthful breakfasts, adding figs to sweeten it in lieu of sugar. We gave up the tradition of hot cereal when we no longer had a stove that held a few coals most of the night!

We have had every conceivable kind of journey from or to Beirut. This last one was no exception, adding some differences. We were fortunate in getting places on the Wagon-Lits so we traveled comfortably. The bus trip to Tripoli, the railhead, we made in the daylight, a first going in that direction. There were people out gathering the salt from the square flats built along the seashore. The railroad station is six miles from the town, a closely guarded military zone. The only thing to do was to sit in the fly-infested coffee house across the road and wait for the train to be opened.

We got to Aleppo almost on time the next morning. The night train takes twelve hours to make the run the day train does in four so it should not be late but often is. We went into town to see friends but we did not risk being away long since the Baghdad train might make a mistake and come in on time. It did not. We trickled along to a little town near the border where we stopped for so long that we asked why. "Oh, half the train had to be left behind because the engine could not get it all up the hill. We are waiting for it." Sure enough it came chugging along at last. We were due in Adana at eight-thirty in the evening, but we hoped we would get there in time for the four o'clock train the next morning. We did not. But we did get the six-thirty and were home for late breakfast. It was quite different from the arrival in Tarsus just four years ago this month.

Since we went to Beirut at least once a year during the time the folks were living there, we had a variety of trips, giving us some of our best stories. They could not always be written because of censorship.

There was the one from Damascus to Aleppo behind "the little engine that could" on the narrow gage line. It tooted merrily at every mountain until it got out of the way.

There were the Australian soldiers who helped us transfer to the Express of the day-before-yesterday. They were on Rest-and-Relaxation leave from the desert campaign. I could not describe the hours spent at that border outpost when the cars were guarded by fierce

little soldiers from Indo-China, then part of the French empire. To use Father Maynard's phrase, they were "unspeakable" for we had no language in common. The glare of their bayonets on the ready-cocked rifles was enough to keep us in our place.

One evening passport controller outside the long tunnel on the road from Beirut to Tripoli counted his collection of papers, counted the passengers, frowned, and looked most ferocious. He had ten passports. There were eleven passengers! We looked worried, too, for we had a train to make. How could we tell this "unspeakable" Vietnamese that there were two of us on one of the passports? At that time, when visas cost money, we had one passport. In fact, I was probably no more than an "appendage" on an added page. It was a delicate international maneuver to show this enforcer of law and order, who could not read any known language, that we were really all accounted for.

The best story was about the time we "defeated" the British army. It was after the Free French and British took over control of Syria and Lebanon. Our passport was picked up at the border by a French official and we were to get it when we got to Aleppo from the British office. But it was not there. We did not mind too much missing the day train for we had friends we were happy to see. When we got back to the station in good time for the night train, our passport was not there! We became alarmed. An American passport was worth its weight in gold for any enterprising spy. The passport office had not received ours! Where was the French official? Off duty! Find him! And the British army did. He was riding into town on his motorcycle. The passport was in his pocket. With ten minutes to spare, we got into a free compartment, the one at the end of the car which had only one bench for three passengers at most. We took possession, feeling that possibly we could, after all, forgive the combined bureaucracy of the Free French and the British, when a sergeant came up to the window and told us that the compartment was reserved for the military. There was no sign, we pointed out, and we did not want to spend the night in a crowded compartment with six other people or with me locked in the harem compartment with women and children. Then we saw the officer nattily swinging a swagger stick. We were just annoyed enough by the worry we had been caused that we said we would move if the officer asked us himself. He did not. We spent the night in comfort! He had the company of the six Arabs.

TEN

A MORE OR LESS ROUTINE YEAR

Letters from September 1943 to September 1944

September 24, 1943
Received March 14, 1944

School has started in earnest now, with all the classes underway. So we are ready for our first vacation, a two-day holiday the end of this week. It seems strange to have time off so early in the year. Şeker (Sugar) Bayram at the end of Ramazan is a "must" holiday. Next year it will move up thirteen days and so will be safely out of the school year for some time. Holidays are fine when one is on the receiving end but it is a bit of a problem to work in the necessary number of class days around the many holidays we have to give.

The boys began coming in last week, but yesterday, registration day, they came in droves. The campus is not our private park anymore. Gypy has had to tell his friends, the cats, that he can chase them only at meal hours now when the boys are all in the dining room. It seems frightfully noisy and the weather has suddenly turned hot again. I do not believe there is anything unusual about those phenomena.

I started typing classes yesterday, gave my usual pep-talk about how the work was important and must be done in businesslike fashion. I am better satisfied every year that the boys get off to a good start, but when the second year class comes in, I wonder what I am doing trying to teach them anything. They know as much as I do about typing already. The poor beginners are struggling to make their fingers move one at a time. They work as if they wore mittens and they try so hard.

The prep boys are in the "What-is-this? That-is-your-pencil" stage. My voice really gets a workout. I feel as if I had been eating sandpaper when I come home from class. Progress is as good as could be expected. I have not yet divided up the class into individuals but I will get acquainted with them soon and so will you. Some of the boys from last year's prep class

have come in to get story books to read. They are quite grown up, in the exalted position of First Class this year. Some have grown so much that I find it difficult to recognize them.

Most of my thought and attention last week was concentrated on entertaining a painter. I had the house properly upside down to receive him. It has taken us four years to get over the very bad impression of painters which we got from the man who did our work then. This painter was different, was really an *Usta*, a master workman. The other one, you may remember, came to us with the recommendation that he had just whitewashed the city slaughter house.

The other day I read an article about the uses of the American flag. It must have been in a July magazine. It reminded me of the time last summer when we saw an American flag flying above a camp. I did not know I could get such a thrill from seeing the stars and stripes. It did look good. Of course, we all know that it is the best designed flag in the world. Other people's flags are alright for identification. The Turkish flag we see so much everywhere that it does not seem to have any special meaning. To see our own flag, a nice big bright one out in the open air, I confess it made me a bit homesick and very proud. We saw a few of our fellow-countrymen but none to speak to. They looked so tall! I remember the first time I saw Australians, I thought they were giants. These fellows looked like bean poles. We are so accustomed to the shorter stature of the people here. Dick is an average height among the Turks and I am not as conspicuously short as I am at home.

I remember that flag! It was at an American Air Force camp near Haifa on the way to Jerusalem.

October 11, 1943

When I wrote last week, I complained about the unseasonable and unreasonable heat. All that is different now. Summer finally broke. We had a good soaking rain Saturday night. It is wonderful what a change in the weather can do for one. We breath deeply. The dust has been washed out of the air. We feel more alive, eager to do things.

Week before last we entertained Yakup, our school secretary and his bride. We both had such a good time, we deter-

mined to have our small parties more often. So this week we invited the tutors and Ahmet Bey who is living on campus this year, leaving his wife and the new baby in Istanbul. I asked Cemile to stay so the meal was good and well served. It was a wonder too, that the many cooks did not spoil it—but we did not have broth. Late in the afternoon we were all bustling about the kitchen which had seemed large until then. Dick froze the ice-cream. I made a fruit cocktail. Cemile fried the tiny meatballs which she makes big as a minute and oh, so good. But the really exciting part of the evening was not the food but the conversation!

It was a rarefied atmosphere! So rare I did not breath in it most of the time. And of course, was in Turkish. Ahmet Bey is a man of about forty-five or so, has been a teacher here for twelve years. He is really an asset to the school, a gentleman and a scholar literally, but inclined to lecture both in and out of the classroom. He is reading now a nine-volume work on the Koran. Over dinner we discussed the Koran and the Bible. Ahmet Bey was both open minded and informed. Religion has not been outlawed here but since the beginning of the Republic when the church was divorced from the state, religion has been soft-pedaled. Our other guests left early. Ahmet Bey stayed and talked with Dick about philosophy and collective conscience, and other esoteric subjects. I listened you may be sure and understood a sentence now then.

October 18, 1943

I have just reread the week's mail, all four of it, and it was wonderful! July 6, 12, 26, and September 6. This last one came with only ten cents in postage. The other stamps had fallen off before it reached New York, according to a rubber-stamped message on the envelope. Could you arrange to have that happen again? It did make for speed.

You asked one time what our Danish friend thought about his homeland now. Absentminded scholar that he is, he was the most excited person I have ever seen the day he got word from his twin brother that he (the brother) had fled to Sweden because he had seen more of German might than he wanted to see, during the occupation of Copenhagen.

Mr. Forchammer is now concerned about his mother and father who are living in retirement near that city. But he had word from them that all is well. Formerly, Mr. Forchammer had no sympathy with the Free Danish movement, thought that it was wiser to follow the king's example and preserve what integrity was left to the country. That is all changed now, and I think he might have joined a Free Danish battalion had he not been under contract here, even though his talents do not lie in the direction of things military.

October 31, 1943

On Friday we celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Republic. It entailed a two and a half day holiday to which we did not object any more than the boys did. On Friday there was the usual parade of all schoolchildren to the city square, the usual speeches which no one could hear because the public address system does not work. The new *kaymakam* (central government official for Tarsus) walked around the field giving holiday greetings to every group. From that we got a big laugh, Dick and I. It was ten o'clock in the morning, bright warm sunshine, and here was the *kaymakam* in full-dress black, white tie, and tails, and tall silk hat! The rest of his party were in business suits except the police chief who was draped like a Christmas tree in red and white cords. The celebration did not take long and the boys marched by in good order, (ours the best looking, of course) and then they made a wild dash for the train and an extra day at home.

In the evening we went to an *Aile Balosu* at the *Halkevi.* That is, a Family Ball. The Halkevi is the building of the People's Party, the organization that manages most of the social functions of the town. The invitations were issued sparingly, but we got them without any trouble. Among the notes were these: dark clothes must be worn; the invitation is good for one man and two women; schoolchildren may not come; men without women may not enter; and the invitation must be presented at the door. Our party consisted of four men and two women, but when we presented ourselves we all got in. Yakup and his new wife, the new Turkish teacher, Mr. Forchammer, Dick and I made up our group. The party was

fairly gay. Are Tarsus parties improving or is my taste regressing? I think it is a little of both.

On Wednesday, we had a bridge game. A young Englishman, Ronnie, is alone, holding down the Seven-Mile Camp near Tarsus. M. Bonnal met him and invited him one evening a couple weeks ago. He talked steadily for three hours. We did not attempt bridge that evening, but on Wednesday we interrupted the conversation with an occasional "two no trumps, three spades." We play about once every three months, so our bridge is not good. Another game has been arranged for this week.

Ronnie was a surveyor. It was from him that we learned that the camp was not simply there to provide a parking place for the road machinery that had been used in repairing the road through the mountains which the Germans had made during the last war. This place was fully surveyed and laid out to be a field hospital if there should be an expedition across Turkey to attack the Germans in the Balkans. No such campaign developed. Possibly I got too close to military secrets. This letter was decorated with a numbered stamp as well as the usual repaired ends of the sliced envelope.

November 7, 1943

This seems a funny season to be scattering poinsettias and Christmas cheer, when I have just carved up the jack-o'-lantern and we have not lit a fire yet, when I scattered radish seed in the garden and gathered a couple violets along with snapdragons in spring pastels. But I am afraid I have already delayed too long and you will be making Washington cream-pie, cutting a shamrock, or dyeing an Easter egg before you read this. Just in case there is still time, and this letter does get to you sometime before Christmas, I hope it does a little to help make this one of the never-to-be-forgotten years.

The page is decorated with a poinsettia sticker and red ink Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

I introduced Ahmet Bey, our senior Turkish teacher a couple of weeks ago. He has always been very polite and carefully limited his Turkish sentences when he talked with me, but never a word of English. I was tremendously surprised on Bayram day when he began talking in English, carefully but correctly. He said that he had determined to speak English

after he had been here for dinner and he and Dick talked the whole evening in Turkish which I did not understand. I think that after he heard the kind of Turkish I used that evening he decided anyone could attempt a foreign tongue.

The result is even more amusing: Ahmet Bey is giving a course in English! With the inclusion of me, it has developed into an English-Turkish course. It is great fun. Rabia Hanim has studied a little and is anxious to continue, and Addia Hanim, Yakup's bride, wants to learn English. I think Raşit Bey will come too and Mr. Forchammer who wants to learn Turkish. Ahmet Bey has an English-Turkish grammar from which he asks questions in the appropriate language for each pupil. We translate the question and then answer. So far it has been easy. I have given the Turks as much fun trying to teach me to pronounce an umlaut "u" as I have had teaching them to say a "th." We will see how long we all keep at it.

To appreciate this situation, you really should see the people. Ahmet Bey, a gentleman of the old school, with immense dignity but also a sense of humor that came out now and then to the astonishment of us all. Rabia Hanim was our young woman teacher of history. She had completed University training and taught a year or two before coming to us, but she was definitely young and attractive. Teaching was the road to social mobility and she was taking advantage of it. Addia Hanim was perhaps nineteen, an unsophisticated girl from eastern Turkey. I doubt if she had had more than a high school education. Mr. Forchammer, the Dane, had come to us from Nazareth where he was caught by the war when on a walking tour of the Near East. That should have indicated an adventurous spirit, but I seldom knew a more stolid individual. We were a motley crew as we worked with Prettyman's grammar!

I started with the usual comments about mail and censorship.

November 22, 1943

Now for the problem which I can postpone no longer. I am getting positively Turkish in my desire to avoid writing bad news. Thereby hangs another tale which I will tell you later. But first, about furlough and coming home and all that. I have scattered hints, not really meaning to but they slipped out. So of course, you know that we cannot count on getting home this year even if it is five years after we came out, and we really did plan to, and the time seemed so frightfully long,

and still does seem too long. The situation is this: The Woolworth's furlough was due in June of 1943, ours in 1944. Well, in the meantime we lost two tutors (both to Istanbul, but we will not mention that) and we have not had adequate replacements. Mr. Forchammer is doing his best but he cannot replace an American tutor, and Mrs. Haas is a perfect dear, but she is not quite the same as a young man. We are after all a boys' school. Miss Towner is very tired. Her furlough is also overdue. We could not find anyone else to help out the staffing problem. So the Woolworths did not leave in '43. That automatically hangs us up for a year, assuming that they go in '44 and return a year later. It is all frightfully annoying. We do not see why the Board cannot get someone out to keep the school running efficiently. Of course, they come back at us with Pollyanna remarks about how other mission fields are getting along, and how difficult it is to deal with Washington, the draft and all that.

A line was cut off the bottom of the page at this point.

I censored that last line myself. You may be sure the furlough situation is one about which we have long and heated discussions and make plenty of nasty cracks about various of our associates and the Parent Board in Boston. There is no need passing that on to you. Do not worry. We are going to get home sometime. I have no intention of waiting forever, and two years after our furlough is due looks to me very much like forever. As a bit of present day comfort: you know sailing these days is not the pleasure cruising we had on the way out, and I am not a very good swimmer. We will do all we can to be as young and spry as when we left. I am not at all concerned about your growing too old for fun. It is more likely that Dick and I will be the settled old stick-in-the-muds.

I have not handled the problem awfully well, but I hope you will understand. You see, it simply is not a thing *we* can decide one way or another. We are part of a school. Dick's an awfully important part, and I am important to him. So unless we want to break faith with the school and break the spirit of our agreement, if not the letter, we have no choice but to wait until arrangements can be made to carry on. You will understand, I know.

I said I was going to tell you a tale about not telling bad news. It is a custom in all these countries of the Near East to try to say only what the listener wants to hear, without too

much regard for truth. So it is extremely difficult for them to tell of the death of a near relative. Some of our boys have come around weeping, asking permission to go home at once. They have just had a letter saying mother is "ill" and they take it to mean "dead."

Rabia Hanim's older brother is in the Turkish Air Force. Last spring she had a letter from her younger brother saying he had just seen a friend from Istanbul. The friend had been in Izmir for some celebrations in which the Air Force took part, said he had seen the brother, in fact, saw him go up in his plane but did not see him come down. Rabia drew conclusions, tried to hide the letter from her mother. So Mother read it, promptly fainted, and took to her bed for two days. "Son was dead!" That helped a lot. The fact that he had not written for three weeks seemed the only additional proof that was needed. Telegrams are slow these days, so it was four or five days before Rabia had a wire from a very much puzzled and very much alive brother in Izmir, saying merely that he had been busy and would write. The truth of the matter was that aviator brother, who is an instructor, had turned his plane over to a student who made a crash landing and was severely burned although not killed. The brother had not even been in the plane at the time. How much better if they were accustomed to straight forward messages whether the news is good or bad.

I told you about Ahmet Bey's course in English. He reads a sentence in Turkish and the English students translate it. Then he reads the English for me, and I translate it back. It is great sport. I know all the words, since I have studied the book before but I very much need the practice in piling up syllables for Turkish is an agglutinating language like Latin. Here is a sentence: *ARKADAŞlarimizi GÖRecek misiniz?* All it says is "Will you see our friends?" I have put the roots of the words in all caps so you can see how much are additional endings. Both teacher and I are very proud of the fact that I have learned to say *mumunuzu* (your candles, accusative case) without stuttering. I know enough to appreciate the instruction now.

I had a most wonderful gift last week, too. This one will make you smile. Our English friend, Ronnie, who has been in to play bridge, brought me a couple kilograms of white flour! Mutual Aid Program. Maybe he was tired of our whole-wheat

bread sandwiches. It hardly seems right to see flour that is as white as this paper. It seems to be stuck full of little signs that say "I will make good pie crust," "I will make good biscuits," "I will make some cookies that are really crisp," and "I will make cream puffs like so!" I have not decided yet just which it will be, but it must be something good for Saturday night's bridge game.

January 9, 1944

Today is the second Sunday in 1944—and it still seems strange to write '44 which is an indication that I have not written the date on as many letters as I should have.

In the last letter, I told you about our Christmas celebration but not about our Christmas bouquet. Three of our boys, two of them twins and the third so alike he might have been a triplet, brought a huge bouquet. Their father is the mayor of Tarsus so they had access to the park. No ordinary citizen could have produced such grandeur. Now, a Turkish bouquet must be made in only one way: a tight corsage, circled with arborvitae if no other greens are in season. In the center of ours was a huge red cockscomb. There was a row of white roses around it, a row of pink roses and another of white, a final edging of zinnias and pink geraniums and the inevitable green lacy border. We had enough roses to turn our place into a flower shop when I opened the mass and gave each flower a chance to breath. Three such bouquets must have denuded the park, for one came to Miss Towner and one to the Woolworths as well as to us.

One evening Ronnie, who is no longer alone at the camp, brought in a couple friends, a lad from Devon and a man from the northernmost tip of Scotland. We had some difficulty understanding him at first, he spoke so fast and with such a burring roll. We are having great fun getting acquainted with the King's English. Ronnie has promised to bring a Yorkshire man and a Londoner too, so that our education will be complete. We enjoy knowing these Englishmen, who are so different from the consular staff and the English who have spent most of their lives in Turkey, for several generations.

The discussion of various accents came up when Ronnie told us that we spoke like Englishmen, and we returned the compliment

saying that he sounded like an American. We were pleased. He was not!

On Thursday we went to Mersin intending to see a movie, but when we discovered that the show was a Turkish one, complete with much Eastern music, we contented ourselves with buying a couple English books and coming home by an early train. There is a new *vali* (governor) in Mersin who has the reputation of being a "builder." He saw a picture of Nice, so the story goes, and said that Mersin should be like that with rose arbors and beaches all along the sea. As we picked our way through the mud of the back streets we wished that the cement going into the supports for the roses had been put into sidewalks and that the little trolley hauling gravel had been directed toward the holes in the street instead of to the foundation of the new Halkevei. Local opinion is somewhat divided. Those who received a winter supply of wood from the trees cut down favor the plans, but those who did not (including us) bemoan the loss of summer shade from the ancient eucalyptus trees and wonder how long it will be before the ornamental palms can rightly be called trees.

January 16, 1944

Last week, Mr. Woolworth came over one evening to ask about something, water pipes freezing, I think, and he had in his hand a letter with the familiar red, white, and blue border which I have come to associate with your letters. I wondered why Mr. Woolworth was putting last things first, talking about the less important pipes when he had an important letter there. I did not pay much attention until I managed to figure out that the address was hand written and not in the right-hand writing at that. Serves me right I suppose for being so grabby, but that was as near as we got to getting mail this week. I hope our letters to you are coming through.

This letter written January 16 was received July 7!

That brings up the subject of the weather which as yet is not censored in Turkey. Dad's careful notations of the temperature on the back porch created little holes in his letters.

This week we have had some really cold weather, cold for us in our openwork summer houses. For two nights now the temperature has been only one degree above freezing. Since

all our water pipes are outside and most of them on the exposed north side of the building, another two degrees down would cause havoc.

We have had fires in most of the classroom stoves, especially in the morning. Yesterday at the second period when I arrived at my prep class, late of course, there was the usual cluster of boys around the stove. I sent them all to their seats but one tall boy would not be shooed off. Then I noticed that he was standing in a Statue-of-Liberty position holding aloft the torch. This one was all smoke and no flame. The pipe had been jarred from its connection in the wall up near the ceiling was pouring smoke into the room. Everyone in the class was enjoying the show immensely. All except me. I hoped only that the walls were thick enough to hold in our noise. In due time the handyman came, looked over the situation and returned a few minutes later with a ladder. Then the gateman came in with a box of wood. I sent him away, in all the wrong tenses, so he came back a minute later. This time I succeeded and he left. Helpful Huseyin left the ladder to obscure the best part of the front blackboard and popped in again with the box of wood. I assured him that we were all "warm as toast and brrr ... did not want fire anymore." That settled, we got on with the lesson which ended with sitting-up exercises for all.

Ahmet Bey brought us a present of Haci Bekir candy when he returned from Istanbul. That is the same as saying a box of Fannie May, only better. I had sent a pair of wool booties to the six month old son. I began my acquaintance with Haci Bekir's even before I reached Turkey. In Beirut the Princess Fatma (English by birth and princess by marriage) told us about Haci Bekir's candy kitchen when they would bring out the huge pots and set them up in front of the shop before holidays. I can see the crowd of befezzed little boys standing around watching the sticky *lokum* plop-plop in the kettle. The candy is not so good anymore, according to the Princess, now that it is made in a sanitary kitchen with electric mixers. It tasted pretty good to us. *Lokum* is the Turkish delight, you know, which consists mostly of cornstarch, sugar and a little fruit juice. Sometimes it is flavored with rose water. That kind I will pass by. But it may be filled with pistachios and of that I never have enough.

Here is the end of the lokum *story. Some years later, Dick and I left Ankara by train for Europe and then on to the States. We thought that there would be diners on the train, so we had not provided ourselves with lunch as we usually did. Friends, who saw us off, piled our compartment with boxes of* lokum. *After one meal there was no diner. We did not stop in Belgrade long enough to change money, nor in any of the other countries. For three days, we ate* lokum! *When we got to Munich, we had had enough to last a lifetime. The hotel maids must have been astonished, and I hope they were delighted, for we left large boxes at every stop along the way to the coast.*

Yesterday I cut out some new slips. I do not think I have told you about the adventure of buying the material in Mersin. I asked for "opal" cloth which I think is a trade name you may know. Here it has come to stand for a fine muslin suitable for underwear. To my surprise I found a really good piece of English make and was trying to decide how much I would need when the clerk asked with a bit of hesitation, "Now what are you, I beg your pardon, going to make?" I told him slips which I thought was quite obvious. Then he helpfully suggested without any further begging of pardon, that I might want some other color for panties and other personal garments. Orchid, blue, and green are the favorite colors here. I still prefer white.

The "I beg your pardon" business is sometimes awfully funny in Turkish since it is not considered quite polite to speak of animals, especially donkeys. Once last summer a young woman came to call with her mother-in-law who is an old friend of the Woolworths. She was on her best behavior. Somehow it seemed appropriate to her to tell a story about animals which went on pointlessly and endlessly something like this: "The, I beg your pardon, donkey said to the, I beg your pardon, cow that the, I beg your pardon, rooster, saw the, I beg your pardon, dog talking with the, I beg your pardon, horse, about the mistress of the house." As far as I could figure out, the mistress of the house was the only character who was not quite all she should have been. She should have "begged our pardon."

Just at this season, when no one would be coming down from the mountains with charcoal, our supply was exhausted. I spent a couple weeks getting Ilyas prepared for the task of finding some for us. I knew it would be a bit difficult. The day finally came when I scraped the bottom of the box. We usually buy in the spring a supply to last through the year, but I

have used more than usual this year. Ilyas first had long and sad tales about people getting up at five o'clock in the morning to wait for the charcoal sellers, and then not getting any. I was about to cancel the order and make out somehow when he came back from the market with another story. The city was giving a certain amount of charcoal to the schools and if we would just have Mr. Woolworth write a paper it would be easy as pie to get all we wanted. I did not like that plan either, since I do not like to trade on the prestige of the school to get things for our private use. So that was that. But at noon a cart loaded with three bags of charcoal drove up to our door. One bag was for us, where should they put it? and yes, the mayor had said to deliver it here. We showed the man where to put it and paid the bill. The next day I asked Ilyas what he had said that got the coal so easily. He had told them that we were so hard up for lack of charcoal that we had been using wood to iron with! And the funny part of it is that it was almost true. Cemile had preferred putting wood coals in the iron than to bother with the dusty stuff scraped from the bottom of the bin. The irons here, you know, are about the size of a large steam iron and are filled with live coals of charcoal that burn away merrily, spilling ashes hither and yon if I am using the iron.

Although I had an electric iron, the current was so weak that I could not use it without interfering with everyone's radio reception.

It was not until about ten years later, when a hydroelectric plant had been built in Adana, that the whole of Çukurova had sufficient electricity to make electric irons a usable convenience. I remember gathering the old irons that the school laundry had used, and saying we would put them "in a museum." It did not occur to us then that these hated objects could become decorative planters or door stops.

January 30, 1944

Sunday afternoon. It seems a very long time since I wrote last week all the way from winter to spring. Today is the third day of bright warm sunshine and there is a different feeling in the air. The wind is coming from the sea instead of those snow-covered mountains that still loom above us as forbidding as icebergs, touched now by the blue shadows of early evening.

There is another sure sign that spring is almost here, a sign more reliable even than the first violets. The boys are playing the "stick game" that is a forerunner of marbles. The game may have a name in Turkish but I do not know it. It appears every year at just about this time and the click-clack of the sticks is the loudest noise we hear today, next to the arguments over the score, that is. Each player has two straight sticks. One is laid over a little hollow in the ground, or supported on a couple logs from the woodpile. (I have stumbled into the holes and over the logs often enough to remember to avoid them now.) Then with his other stick, the player lifts the first one into the air and bats it along. Sometimes he hits it two or three times before he gets in a good whack that sends it sailing. It is a game of considerable skill. Next in season will be marbles, played just the same as our boys at home play. And the teachers have to collect just as many marbles which cannot stay in pockets during class time. Then along in the early summer, when it is too hot for these violent exercises, we will have a season of top-spinning. This of course appeals mostly to the little boys whose enthusiasm knows not the limits of recess time. They will dash down to the garden between classes, winding the string as they go, set the top on the ground for a minute and scoop it up on the palm of a hand, rushing back to class just before the last bell. We have a number of tops around the house left from last spring's collection of those that appeared too often in the classroom.

The all-season game is volleyball. This year there has been more interest than usual in football, too. The game here is like our game of soccer, more strenuous but not so violently rough as American football. It is interesting that all countries speak of "football" as a great game, but everywhere it is quite different. The Australian version is not like the English and the English is not like the Turkish nor in any way resembles the American. Our kind of football seems to be as much our own as baseball.

It is interesting to note that basketball had not entered the sports lexicon at that time. Later it became the *game. Wisely, the first one introduced to Turkish schools was volleyball, a non-contact game. International games must not have been within my ken at that time, but now I do not wonder that they create such mayhem and havoc.*

In every school there are teachers whose reputations long survive them. Here there were a pair of tutors named Shel-

medeen and Matteson whose exploits have been referred to so often that I think a statue should be put up in their honor. They got the boys to speak English during games; they made the printing press work; they joined the business men's club in town; and rode horseback all over the countryside; etc. Today one of them came back to Tarsus. I felt as if I was meeting someone as fabulous as Paul Bunyan when I met Shelmedeen and true enough it did seem incredible when he said he had left New York ten days ago, had spent a week of that time in Cairo waiting for the plane to Adana. No ordinary person does that even in these speedy days. He is on some high priority government mission. Conversation was divided equally between his questions about what had happened in Tarsus during the nine years since he left and our questions about what has happened in America during the last three months since our last mail.

All our letters at this time were censored twice, opened and resealed at both ends. If there is a stamp on them, it is usually in Arabic. This one had in addition a stamp with the crown of England and the word "PASSED." I wonder if it had anything to do with the paragraphs that were circled by a pencil line, for I broke a long-standing habit, and said something about politics. Was Wilkie going to be nominated by the Republicans? Would MacArthur leave soldiering long enough to take up politics?

March 13, 1944

This is the Nth edition of the *Tarsus Weekly Chronicle*. It would be interesting to know what number, but I have completely lost count.

FOREIGN FLASHES: A message from Greece, dated October 5, was that the children of your friend were well. The letter read as follows: "Please inform our mother that we are all very well. Our address has changed. Inform our mother. Have written her many times. We all thank you. Dan." The new address was the same as that given on the letters forwarded to you several weeks ago. Form for an answer was enclosed and will be returned this week with such reports as I can get from your letters. No doubt they have also had letters from their mother since this time.

American news was limited to two Christmas cards. We have developed a great appetite for mail which we hope will be satisfied this week.

POLITICAL NOTES: What does Turkey think about the Allies now? What is going to come of the rumors that the government is to change? What attitude has been adopted since the Military Mission left Ankara and Lend-Lease and other shipments to Turkey were stopped? As Mr. Matthews, the former British Consul would say in strictest confidence, "there is only one man in Turkey who knows. That is Ismet Inonu (the second president of the Turkish Republic) and he has among his other sterling qualities the one known as tight-lippedness."

WEATHER: Weather today really makes headlines. A sudden and violent hail storm caused the death of two persons in Tarsus and thousands of liras in damage to tile roofs and glass windows. (The deaths are in the rumor category. The damage we know from first hand.) I was in class when it became so dark the boys could not read the questions on the blackboard. Then there was a great noise and I could not imagine why my voice seemed to be a whisper. Then the hail came. The class swarmed to the windows, but not quite out. Hail landed so thick on the sheet-iron roofs across the street that it looked like snow. The din was terrific. In less than ten minutes the sun was out bright and warm. Recess was declared immediately so that some boys could rush to the dormitory to see what damage had been done while others went out to have a snow fight with the ice pellets. The largest hailstone we found was as big as my fist, weighed almost a hundred grams. There were many like that. Our house was singularly lucky. Miss Towner, on the floor above, had the task of placing pails and pans to catch the leaks. Chunks of tile littered her porch floor. The men replaced one hundred-twenty tiles on the roof above the dormitories this afternoon, stripping the woodshed to do so. The other roofs have not been tackled yet but we hope they are not proportionately bad. We have a few tattered bits of screening, but fortunately no windows broken except those in the cold frame which was demolished.

Being able to look ahead, I can include a sequel to this hail storm. Many years later we were digging the foundations for a substantial building, the second one the school had been able to build in de-

cades. Everyday Dick and I went out to look over the piles of dirt brought from the twelve foot trenches. We sometimes found bits of early Islamic pottery, an occasional piece of Roman ware, and a good many clay pipes. We told some visiting servicemen from the American air base about our "excavation" so they went out to look through the rubble. Very excited, they came back with pieces of red tile, engraved with hearts. A real find! We could not tell them that those were the fragments of our broken tiles from the great hailstorm which had been dumped in that corner of the campus, made in Marseilles about 1920. But do not archeologists always go for the "city dump"?

GARDEN NOTES: If I had written yesterday, I would have told you at length about our promising garden. Today it does not look so promising, more like a cock with dragging tail feathers. We had four boxes in the seed bed all covered with the green mist which we identified as zinnia, marigold, and cornflower. Every inspection last week revealed four or five new specks. Growth will not be so rapid from now on. Every bit of glass was smashed, shattered and ground into the boxes of seedlings. This is once when I am more pleased with the slow growers than with the infant prodigies.

LIBRARY NEWS: We cannot keep enough books on hand to supply the demand. I am proud of that record. For the past several years I have had a sort of lending library for the boys of the lower classes, giving out supplementary reading books, graded within their English vocabulary. This year there have been so many requests for books that all the specially revised ones have been read, and I have resorted to such aged third grade readers as I can find in the ancient and unused library. I spent one dusty afternoon reading the *Jones Third Reader*, and *Stepping Stones to Literature, Grade Three*. The school had a fairly large library assembled when it was an academy and theological institute. The only books I found of date later than 1913 were publishers' samples. Consequently, no boy would venture in the "library" unless he were a senior and a very brave one. Most of my "customers" are from the First class (second year of English).

They like tales of Christopher Columbus, William Tell, King Arthur, and even the brave fireman as dished out to third graders. I always said I wanted to be a librarian and not a school teacher! But except for providing the books and seeing that they are returned in approximately two weeks, I have not

done anything to promote the library. Reading has become the style this year. I am so proud of the boys.

DECORATOR'S CORNER: After three curtainless years, the kitchen windows are about to receive a set of curtains. The promise of them was enough to get the windows polished, glass, frames, and all. Since we remodeled the kitchen to accommodate the wood stove, putting in six windows instead of three, I have not had any curtains. At long last I discovered that I can make half curtains for the elongated casements, using the same material as before, the American dainties that you tucked into the packing box at next to the last minute. The mathematics required to convert three pairs of three-quarter curtains into six pairs of half curtains required trigonometry and advanced geometry. It has taken me all this time to work out the formula.

ENTERTAINMENT: Hostess whips up pudding while guests play bridge. I did not budget properly our ration of bread this week, so that there was not enough left to make sandwiches when our English friends came in Saturday night. They came early. Fortunately, M. Bonnal was here so while the four men played bridge, I made a steamed pudding. I pressed into service again a variation of the recipes you sent sometime ago, for making individual puddings in custard cups. They steam up in about half an hour, invariably turn out well. It is an excellent substitute for oven-cake and much better for the fuel supply. I got to play a little bridge too, making a grand slam for the first time in my life. I had not bid it, not trusting the erratic enthusiasm of my French partner.

Ronnie Hollman came in again on Sunday planning to see a football game which had been played in the morning. We entertained him instead with our collection of American stamps. He found them interesting, quite a contrast to the King George's of England. He is going to get us some South African stamps which I will forward to more ardent collectors.

SPORT NOTES: Tarsus College played the Commercial School of Adana in volleyball and football on Sunday. The home team neatly won the volleyball, but lost the football, 4 to 2. One of the star players of the Tarsus team, expecting the game to be played in the afternoon, had gone home for the weekend, intending to return after lunch. By special agreement, he was allowed to enter the game at halftime. In his haste, he could not find a uniform, so appeared clad in a long

sleeved undershirt and white shorts. There were several tense moments when the spectators were more concerned about Faruk's pants than the location of the ball. The voluminous shorts were finally anchored in place by a necktie and the game proceeded without incident.

If our readers are not bored to death by this issue of the *Chronicle*, we will promise them another next week.

March 26, 1944

Hooray! We got a letter! What fun and excitement. Yours of December 13 came limping in today. I knew that you had not deserted us, but I had begun to think that all the planes that carried mail had been fitted with bomb bays and had been dropping letters all along the way. My faith is restored. Wish I could do something about the drought of mail at your end of the line.

For the past two weeks we have been getting funny little dribbles of mail. The seventh installment of a mystery serial came before the first. But when Miss Towner mentions the complete lack of mail during the last war, or in fact of any information from a friendly country, we stop complaining about the delays and irregularities we must suffer during this one.

One afternoon last week Mrs. Woolworth and I called on Raşit Erman's wife. He is our new Turkish teacher. He spent fourteen years teaching Turkish in Soviet Russia in the Baku region. His wife comes from there. She is an interesting woman, quite tall and slender with a quick smile and a sense of humor that is not at all Turkish. At least she is quite different from the usual Tarsus women. Raşit Bey was in the university in Istanbul for several years, but because he was not given the recognition for his foreign experience which he thought he deserved he was willing to come here. We hope very much he will stay.

Although Tarsus is not a war-boom town, the housing situation is terrible. After much searching, Raşit Bey finally found a little apartment without electricity or running water. We have heard a great deal about the disadvantages of the place and the dissatisfaction, so Mrs. Woolworth and I were interested to see how it was. The disadvantages are there alright. They

have one lovely sunny room furnished with three chairs and a table loaned from the school which is the receiving room. A tiny hall room serves as kitchen, dining room, and study. We saw a pile of notebooks on the table there so it was identified. In the bedroom trunks and other luggage form the furniture except for the beds which are also loaned from the school. Water must be brought in by *tenekes* (five gallon oil tins) and kerosene for lights is obtained on meager and irregular ration. When I begin complaining about the inconveniences of our house, I will think of Raşit Bey's and keep quiet. They seem to making the best of it like good sports.

Bayan Erman admired my hat, now six years old but it was quite a hat in its time. Then she said that she had not brought any hats with her from Istanbul for her husband told her that the women did not wear hats in Tarsus. She wears a gray coat and matching scarf on her head when she appears on the street. Still the children stare at her, looking her over from top to toe. Raşit Bey, with husbandly lack of sympathy, says, "See how much worse it would be if you wore a hat!"

You are probably as muddled up about names and titles as I was when I first came to Turkey. I speak of Raşit Bey and Bayan Erman, Ahmet Ağa and Muzzazez Hanim. The confusion is the result of the old and new forms used side by side. Surnames are quite new in Turkey, having been generally adopted only about ten years ago. Some prominent families did have surnames, mainly from the village which they owned. But most people were known only by their first name and some word of identification such as the doctor, the teacher, the baker, etc. For a person of some position, *Bey* (pronounced bay) is the title used after the name. *Hanim* (hanum) is used after the name of a woman, married or unmarried, and sometimes the word is used with no name as we use "madam."

In the new style, *Bay* (by) is used before the surname as we use Mr., but by way of compromise it is sometimes used before the given name. *Bayan* is the equivalent of Miss and Mrs. *Baylar, Bayanlar*, Gentlemen and Ladies, is frequently seen in announcements and invitations. Because we are accustomed to surnames, we find no difficulty in speaking of Bay Ongun, but if we wish to find him in the town, we must ask for Etem Bey.

To add to the confusion, some formerly military terms such as *Pasha* are now used in civilian life to show respect. Hence,

our neighbor who owns one of the cotton factories in town is always spoken of as Mehmet Pasha. The term *ağa* (pronounced something like ahya) used to designate the headman of a village. It has now been demoted to being a title of respect for a worker. Thus our gateman is known as Ahmet Ağa. *Usta*, I think I have mentioned before, is the title for a master workman. Our carpenter is Isa Usta. Then there is *effendi*. It used to mean "gentleman," a little like sir or esquire. It has now been demoted too and is used to show respect for a worker. So we address the market man as Ilyas Effendi. All is now clear?

To make things more interesting, the names: Ibrahim of course you recognize as Abraham. Nuh, is Noah, what else would it be? But Ilyas, Elijah; Isa, Jesus. These names are considered old-fashioned and are not used now as much as they were formerly. They give a very interesting evidence of the fact that Islam accepts the Old Testament prophets and even Jesus as a prophet, although neither the last nor greatest.

New names often are made up of Turkish words, Öztürk being the most common surname especially among people whose ancestry was from Crete, Albania, or another ethnic group. It means "real Turk," *Er*, meaning man is often added to a word to form a boy's name Ergun, Erol, etc. And then there were the names from history, the new sense of Turkish nationalism that accepted all the tribes of Central Asia of Turkic origin. One year we had three Attila's in class, a Kubilay (Kublai Khan) and Cengiz (Genghis Khan). We learned not to laugh when we heard a toddler on the beach being frantically called "Attila, come here!" when all it made us think of was the menace whom we would wish to avoid.

April 27, 1944

Three wonderful letters. But we still do not know what you did for Christmas. It seems as if all the boys I knew at home are now in the military somewhere in the world, and all the girls are staying at home having babies!

Don Webster stayed with us while he was in Tarsus. He had been in Izmir for three years before the school there was closed and so he knows the Maynards from way back. He is

now the Cultural Attaché at the embassy in Ankara. His aim is to establish cultural relations with Turkey, exchange students and literature, similar to the exchanges with South American countries. The part of his program in which we are most interested is his effort to get teachers for the American schools here. Just now he is doing a lot of traveling about the country, visiting schools and Halkevis everywhere. I think he really enjoyed settling down for two days, having more or less American food. We did enjoy his visit, asked innumerable questions about what was going on in America during these exciting times. Don left the States last December so he can bring us up-to-the-minute news!

We had a faculty meeting last week for the express purpose of having an official communication read to us. It was direct from the Minister of Education and was read to all schools in the country. The general idea was that these were troubled times in the whole world. Turkey, as a neutral nation was flooded with propaganda from all sides. All students and teachers should refrain from political activities and should not be influenced by propaganda be it Anglo-American or German. That was all very sensible. But it makes me smile, since the government has officially proclaimed its friendship with the Allied cause. Of course, here at the school, we go our own sweet way.

The British government has an organization called the Council for the Propagation of English Culture and the Teaching of the Language. They laughingly tell us that most of their students want to learn English so they can go to America. Hollywood is there, and it is a long way off.

June 11, 1944

In lieu of new letters, I have just reread your letter of February 21 which we received several weeks ago.

It is so funny to read about snowstorms and a white world this evening. Our summer has come at last. We have had an unusual delightfully cool spring. Except for a few warm days in April when I put away the blankets in a premature rush, we have not had any heat at all until this week. It has been grand except for one thing: the flea season has been lengthened beyond reason. It is not just the dogs that suffer, but,

perish the thought, we do too. If we walk through the grass between our house and the storeroom we come in with our ankles covered with tiny black specks that turn out to be alive. Do you know of any way of annihilating these pests besides just waiting for the hot weather to finish them off?

These were pre-DDT days!!

I have just stopped to listen to the news. You will indeed begin to think that we are the only people in the world who are doing business as usual if I do not say something about the news and the trend of the war this week. We have listened constantly to get every bit of news the BBC gives out. We have joined our prayers to those of the rest of the world that this terrific fighting may soon come to an end, that the new world to emerge from the war will prove worthy of all this sacrifice. In our eagerness for news we have begun listening to the German news also. Sometimes it is more comforting than our own. If they report no gains, we know they have had some losses. Just tonight a German war correspondent tried to tell a gullible public that Allied air superiority and bombardment from the sea did not bother them at all. This invasion news is what we have been awaiting for a long, long time. Now that it has come we recoil in horror from imagining the cost in human life. We admire greatly the courage of the men fighting there and are proud that many of them are our countrymen.

July 18, 1944

We have decided that people who complain about the heat of Tarsus need our recipe for summer comfort. First of all, you select a house that is not crowded in among all the others, and be sure that it has big windows on all sides. Then add to that house a screened porch. Have supper of ice cream served on that porch, and before you know it, you will be wondering if the sweaters can be pulled out of mothballs! It really is delightful. So far the days have not been hot either. When the inevitable sirocco comes, we will hibernate (or is the word estivate?), but up to now, it has not been too hot to work.

We look up at the length of screening and thank our lucky stars that Dick had the job done when he did. We would not be able to get that much screening now for love-nor-money.

In the evenings a couple little chameleons crawl along the screens, having very good hunting among the bugs which are attracted by our light. Gypy finds it great fun to follow their searching from his side of the screen, or he sits just inside his door, ready to dash out at a moment's notice if any untoward sounds develop on the road at the back of the garden. Dick is reading and here am I. It is all very peaceful, quiet, and remote.

At the Üsküdar school they were having furniture reupholstered and slip covered so we were reminded that our chairs were threadbare in spots. I could not quite see my way to spending five-hundred lira for material though, so my search was a long one. At one very swank shop, just by way of explaining what I wanted I asked if they had cretonne. The clerk said "no," but not very emphatically. I looked at a couple other pieces of stuff and waited. Pretty soon he brought a much rumpled sample from his pocket. It was an English chintz! I said I could not use that color. So with a shifty glance, he surreptitiously brought a sample of upholstery linen from the other pocket. Strictly black market. I left to think about it. I wish I had gotten up on my high-horse of honor and told him I would have none of his illegal dealings for I knew I could not pay the price he would ask. The government is making a belated effort to control prices. Hence some old stocks disappear from the shelves and inventories, to be sold secretly to special customers. I did get some locally made cloth in a large plaid design originally made for table covers, and it serves our purpose very well.

On Tuesday we went up to Adana to see Mrs. Woolworth off on her long journey to America. I said at one time that I would not believe she was really gone until I saw her on the ship. The train does not count. I can hardly believe that she has not just gone to Beirut for a vacation and will be back in a little while, a feeling which is supported by her lack of determination. However, once on the way she may find it easier to keep on than to come back.

She had hoped to spend the summer in Gözne as usual, and set out in the fall when travel might be easier than now. But for some reason still unknown to us the children have been unable to return from Beirut. All travel from Syria to Turkey is barred except for official travelers. Hence Mrs. Woolworth decided she had better go down where the chil-

dren were and wait with them, and the others who are on the trek this year. So far we have heard that Mr. Burns has sailed, but others are in various points between Beirut and Alexandria and Cairo. It is not an auspicious season for travel. We may even be cheated out of our trip to Beirut if the border is not doing two-way business by the end of the month. We would be embarrassed to get down there and not be able to get back.

Greetings to all friends and much love from us both.

We did find the heat oppressive and after all I did go up to the mountains, but Dick could stay only for the weekend.

I received this penciled note from Dick. I was in Gözne.

July 31, 1944
Dick writing

As everyone is writing his family, I will too in case any gossip reaches you. As we were coming down the hill above Dalak Deresi the steering wheel broke and we rolled over and landed against a tree below. Fortunately, nobody was hurt beyond a few bruises. I did not even get one of these bruises. We are now sitting at the Dalak Deresi coffee house bargaining for animals to take us down to Mersin.

We should get there early this afternoon. Seeing as I went on an animal it is quite in order to return on one. I am returning with the same crowd I should have gone up with—the Chalfouns. We were six in the car but M. Chalfoun was the sixth this time and is taking pleasure in pointing out how right he was in insisting that they should only be five coming up.

Obviously, I had not been as brave about the summer heat as I thought I was. I think that was the time we walked up because the horse which drew the cart we had hired for our baggage and a little riding, seemed about ready to collapse at the least bit of extra load. I do remember telling Dick to be sure to go down in the *car that was making the run that year. His note was the first word that came to the village about the accident. I refrained from giving advice after that!*

August 4, 1944
Beirut

We really managed to make the trip from Gözne to Beirut all in one week, although at times it looked as if it would take even longer. The distance measured in miles is really very little, perhaps four hundred miles, but it was the distance measured in social advancement and way of life that was so great it took us all this time to traverse it. Mr. Woolworth and I left Gözne Monday morning in a car which was being delivered to the garage for essential repairs. Consequently our progress was slow and cautious in the extreme, to which we objected not all. I spent the rest of Monday checking up on the house to see that it was all there. It was.

On Tuesday afternoon we packed again and left at three o'clock with a little misgiving about making our train which was to leave Adana at five-thirty. We might have stayed in Tarsus that day and most of the night. The Express was eleven hours late. We left at four a.m., having spent the evening with Dr. Haas. This time the train did have a good excuse and so we were willing to forgive it. There had been a wreck on the line.

We passed the Turkish customs without a question. A few words of Turkish help and we had nothing questionable anyway. The "invasion" on the Syrian side was really amusing. First there came the guards to stand on the car platforms, as if anyone would want to get off at that deserted village. Then there were the French to sell us a visa, another group to ask about our money, someone else accompanied by four guards to take up passports, two or three others to ask if we were smuggling goods into the country and if so what. We said we were not and they believed us.

After an hour or two of this came a much embarrassed noncom to say that we would have to wait there at Meydan-Ekbes for four hours or so. The engine had broken down and we had to wait until the other one came back. I have never been in any place that so closely resembled an oven as did that steel car in the blazing afternoon sun. But at least we were better off than most of the passengers for we had some fruit left from our lunch of the day before. It was the only food on the train since the diner had been taken off on the Turkish side. Eventually, the good engine came back and got us into Aleppo in record time, so that we could see the night

train for Tripoli pull out. We had all night in which to get our passports back and our money collected. We spent the night with the Carletons at the American Boys' School of Aleppo. They are used to it since every traveler from Turkey stops at their place. The next morning we came on to Beirut only one day behind schedule which is not at all bad in this day and age.

Friday morning I went with Mother Maynard to the Red Cross sewing at Mrs. Dodge's. The University ladies do the sewing for a couple hospitals in this region. It is a good practical kind of sewing like turning shirt collars, mending, and making pajamas and mosquito nets. I spent the morning darning socks. That is a job at which I feel very competent after long practice. I quite understand, Mother, why you do not feel enthusiastic about rolling miles of bandages so many miles away from any possible use for them. But here the work seems really worthwhile. You know that a darn is much more comfortable than a hole in the sock on some convalescent's foot.

While we were there, Mrs. Dodge mentioned that the restaurant at the Y hostel (which by the way is on the campus), needed help. It sounded rather fun, so the next day, I appeared for duty. Two very nice English women are running it. They have a staff of local helpers, but they like to have some women around to lend "charm" and to help in rush hours. I have gained much merit among the family by my willingness to help. They do not know that it is fun to see people—just lots of miscellaneous people—after a winter in Tarsus.

What I could not say in the letters was that Beirut was an R and R station for troops from the fighting in North Africa and those stationed in Egypt and other spots. I remember trying to pretend I was a USO girl, making conversation and exuding charm, but at most lunch hours, I was so busy carrying plates back and forth that I did not add much more than a smile to the service.

Something strange happened to the letter of August 14. Most of the first page was gone.

August 14, 1944

We had great fun removing blackout curtains last week. It was much more fun than putting them up five years ago, I assure you. How appropriate that we should be in on both

the beginning and the end of that plague! We were interested in seeing what changes there would be in the city when we came home from the cinema on Saturday but the difference was not very great. The city must be "fresh-out" of light bulbs for there were very few street lights on. A few cafes looked more cheerful but the greatest improvement I noticed was that you could *see* what the food vendors had on their trays and did not need to go only by smell. They used to have candles hidden under paper sacks and a trayful of intriguing odors. Now they have lamps, and not so intriguing sheeps' heads on display along with tomatoes, slabs of flat Arab bread, and everything needed for a balanced diet. Ramazan has begun, and with it the temporary lifting of meat rationing. It is a heyday for those sellers of midnight indigestion.

Mother Maynard frequently entertained men who were on leave in Beirut, so it was not at all astonishing that a young New Zealander whose name was Maynard looked her up and was made welcome. We sought in vain for a common ancestor. We decided if there had been one he came over with William the Conqueror in 1066. Dick's branch of Maynards are known to have been in the Boston area since 1634. The New Zealand cousin's grandfather went out in 1860.

August 27, 1944
Brummana

On Wednesday last we came up to Brummana, a town in the mountains. There is an English Quaker school here which this summer has been turned into a hostel for missionaries from Egypt, Palestine, and any other accessible place. The rates are within the range of our pocketbooks which is not true of any other pension in the region. Mother Maynard arranged to exchange houses with the Turtles (director of the school), an arrangement thoroughly satisfactory to both parties for the Turtle boys wanted sun and swimming and we wanted cool air and mountain walks.

I am coming to have a great deal of respect for the beauty of the Lebanon Mountains; I concede them certain advantages over the Taurus. First of all they have good roads and transportation. We made the trip up twenty-seven hundred feet in less than an hour. Here you live in real houses or pensions

with electricity, running water, and all conveniences instead of the semi-camping way of life in our *yaylas*.

This morning we are sitting on a west-side balcony from which we have a magnificent view. In the foreground are the pines, cushion-topped and shiny green with new growth. Large sections of the Lebanon have been replanted, not with cedars but with long-needle pines. The new trees are not impressive yet but give them another twenty years or so and they will be. The trees here in the school ground are majestic patriarchs. After sliding over the tree tops as they descend into a steep valley just below the house, the eye jumps at once to the flat point on which is sand-colored Beirut stretching into a pale haze in the far distance. It looks as if one could jump from a nearby ridge directly into the water.

The village of Brummana is approached from Beit-Mary across a ridge wide enough only for the road. Where it widens a little are the houses of the village—but at no place are there more than three parallel streets and that only for a short stretch. On either side are steep-sided wooded valleys. There is a little terracing for gardens and vineyards. Most of the land is reforested. The only apparent industry is catering to tourists and that is lucrative indeed these days. There are three or four large hotels here and a number of smaller pensions in addition to private summer houses. The buildings, all built of cut stone roofed with red tiles, give an air of substantial prosperity even to the smallest two room cottage.

To give you a further picture of the type of country hereabouts, here is another story: We set out from our back door following a road at the edge of the compound, desiring to get far off the beaten track. We turned right and turned left for about fifteen minutes and were just at the lower buildings of the property, a two minute walk down the inside step-path. We followed the road a little farther until it threatened to plunge into a village coffee house. We turned off onto a goat path, slipped along the pine needles on the steep hillside for twenty minutes or so, getting farther and farther away from everything, in a really wild and untramped forest. We rested from our exertions, sat on some rocks and planned the kind of car we would have in the postwar millennium of peace, plenty, and prosperity. When we turned to go home, there, not a hundred yards up the hillside was the wall of the school. We were back in five minutes!

Visiting in Beirut has not been good for me this year. There are so many comforts and conveniences available here that we do not have, that I began to look upon Tarsus as the jumping off place of civilization. But up here at Brummana I have met missionaries who cheerfully live in places far worse. There is a couple from Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, a more forbidding, inaccessible spot I cannot imagine. There is a family who spent many years in Amman in Trans-Jordan, who calmly say they lived without modern comforts as the local people did. One woman works in an oasis in Egypt, sixty miles from anywhere, and her only English-speaking companion is so deaf she cannot carry on a conversation anyway. I am ready to go back to Tarsus now and count my blessings!

September 5, 1944
Beirut

We saw the Nichols on Thursday. You heard before about Mrs. Nichols' journey back to Beirut, but not any of the details. When she landed by plane in Lagos, she was told that the only flights out were for the military, and she might have to wait for six months. There was one other method of transportation—an Arab "bus" across the desert. It was a "bus" by courtesy only, a truck with seats on top of the load or with the driver. Mrs. Nichols spent seven days or rather nights traveling on this truck. The nights were too bumpy and the days too hot for much sleep. Just across the border of Sudan a very kind British resident put her on a plane which just happened to be leaving for Cairo. But people who saw Mrs. Nichols when she arrived in Beirut wondered if she would recover and felt she would not have survived another two days on the "bus." It was a trip I would hesitate to undertake and I am sound of limb and burdened by many less years. However, she laughs about her trip—the idea of a grandmother riding across the desert accompanied only by six Arabs! And she is very glad she took the available transportation. She seems now to have recovered quite completely from the journey, but is still bothered by a stiffness of the recently broken leg. I am glad that you met such a charming and enthusiastic representative of the Near East missionary group. Unfortunately we do not all come up to Mrs. Nichols, but some approach her standards.

Here in Beirut, the Nichols have a large apartment more in the town than the University. They have a roof garden where we ate and talked. From there we could see the neighbors. We looked down into a compound where a hundred and fifty Kurds live in eighteen small rooms which look about as healthy as stables. The worst of it is, that these people have lived there for years. They just do not seem to know any better. The men are the porters and longshoremen, making good money now. They buy gold bracelets instead of water for their wives.

Mrs. Nichols is trying to teach the children the value of cleanliness, showed them their own faces in a mirror for the first time. That reminded Mr. Nichols of a story which one of the pastors tells in Arabic and makes a good tale of. Perhaps it will not lose too much in written English:

"An old man from a village came into Beirut some years ago. While he was looking at pictures in a shop he picked up a mirror, and exclaimed with tears in his voice, 'My father, my dear old father!' He bought the 'picture,' carefully carried it home, and stole a glance at it now and then during the evening. His wife's curiosity was increased when he carefully hid the picture under his pillow that night. Next morning, she took it out and stole a look. 'So that is the reason he spends so much time in the city. He is seeing *that* woman is he? Ugly thing!' Next day the wife showed the picture to her mother-in-law, asking what she should do about her unfaithful husband. 'So that old hag is the one he visits in the city!' said the mother-in-law and decided the priest should be consulted. The priest took one look, and said, 'St. Anthony, beloved St. Anthony! God be praised, we must put this picture in the church.' So there it was put at the altar. When the people saw it, they too were overjoyed. 'All the saints! A picture of all the saints in our church!'"

Vacation ended and we returned to Turkey where I took on that "job-and-a-half" which I expected when Mrs. Woolworth left. She did go on to America, having picked up the two children in Aleppo. They had a wait in Alexandria, but sometime in August William Sage got a one word telegram, 'Love,' and he knew they were off.

ELEVEN

THE BOARDING DEPARTMENT and TWO VICTORY CELEBRATIONS

Letters from September 1944 to July 1945

Back in Tarsus, we had a healthy accumulation of mail, including five letters from home, which were duly acknowledged and duly commented upon.

September 12, 1944

Now for the week: The first part of it was so long ago and far away it does not seem to have existed. We found Tarsus at its absolute worst: no, there could have been a couple more things wrong. First of all it was hot. There is complete blackout in the country although not in Beirut and even England is talking of lifting it. We have shaded down our lights until they are sure not to give any light to anyone, least of all to us. The electricity has not been worth more than one-candle power anyway. Something is wrong with the beautiful new water system and instead of having pure water, we have none at all, unless you count the dark brown soup that is hauled in by barrels from the river. There! I feel much better. I have listed all my woes. Down on paper they do not make a very impressive list do they?

I have been terribly busy getting the work started in the school. The only way I can justify myself for giving all the hard work to other people and reserving the inspection trips for myself is to say that I do all the worrying! So, I have been doing that strenuously for the past five days. I have never thought much about how the school kept clean or what had to be done before the boys arrived. I am learning, fast! It is as if my house had grown twenty times during the summer. I am getting as familiar with the fourth floor dormitory as with our own bedroom. I have just remembered that climbing steps is said to be good for the hips. Perhaps I had better go up right now and see if that top window was washed!

You are going to hear a lot about the Boarding Department this year. I will introduce the cast of characters next week, when I have more idea exactly who it is going to be. We have to hire a new woman this year to help in the kitchen. Imagine my embarrassment when an applicant came whose Turkish was no better than mine. She preferred Greek and I, English. Our meeting of minds was not perfect!

September 20, 1944

Assuming that you have had last week's letter you have spent a whole week feeling sympathy for me because I have to struggle with heat, blackout, and no water, and I do not know how many other things I complained about. I hasten to assure you that most of those troubles have vanished and the others diminished. Water came in last Sunday. Never before did water pouring into a cistern sound so beautiful. It had been a whole month since the city began repairing the water pipes. Although we were here for only two weeks of that time it was quite long enough. The women who did the cleaning were so saving of the precious water which had been hauled in that they wiped desks and tables with dirty water. Now they have to do the job all over again. The heat is gone too. It is too early to hope that we will not have some more really hot days, but there have been a couple little rains.

Yesterday I put some flour out in the sun to get the bugs out. After I went to bed I remembered that it was still out, but so sure was I that it could not rain in September that I left it. This morning I had a nice tray full of paste. No great loss, and I think I will try the rainmaking charm again.

The blackout is still with us. According to the paper it will be until the "bandit nations are stripped of their power." It does not seem to me that they have much power left. I am rather expecting that about Cumhuriyet Bayram the government will make big talk about having saved the country from "a fate worse than death" and withdraw the blackout order. In any case, it is not so much of a bother in cool weather.

It makes a lump in my throat to realize how disappointed you both are that we are not coming home this year. Or rather did not come. We are just as disappointed as you are. The subject of furloughs and people planning to leave next year is

one which I am not yet able to discuss dispassionately. There just does not seem any way out. Mr. Woolworth is anxious to get home to join his family and to see his parents again (they are both well past eighty) and I would feel like all kinds of a heel if I insisted that we should go before him. We have our fingers crossed and we are doing everything we can to get replacements sent out. The great day will come sometime.

You hoped that we had enough to eat. I guess I forget to mention it when things cease to be in short supply. I still wear the same clothes!

It is time now to introduce the characters in the new chapter of our book called "The Boarding Department." I have become better acquainted with them during the week. First of all there is the cook: Said (saa-eed) Usta. He is really great, knows his cooking trade, and is not above turning his hand to other tasks too. Today he helped me put up blackout curtains all over the school and then replaced a screen and fixed up the stove that was using too much fuel. He is a Christian, from eastern Turkey, speaks Arabic as well as Turkish. When he gets excited his words come out with a roll and rumble that makes me smile inwardly because he is not a big man and usually talks very quietly. He was with us last year.

Ilyas, the market man, came back this week, bringing us a Malatya watermelon, but not the kind which is half a camel-load, but still extra good. And a little bag of dried mulberries which his little boy had collected especially for "the woman who walked with the little dog." We fuss about Ilyas but his never-failing good nature is appreciated.

Huseyin, the man-of-all-work, is a brother of our Cemile. Unfortunately, he does not have her even disposition and Dick must speak severely to him at least every three days. He works well thereafter.

Ahmet, the gateman is another whom I think you have met before. He has done everything except sit at the gate during this week of violent cleaning.

The women are my special "crew." I suspect I am going to have a little problem with the oldest of them. Inayet was Mrs. Woolworth's right-hand helper, but she fits better on my left. Her special duty is the school laundry which she has managed for years and I think when the work starts in her own department she will work very well. Sittika Hanim is one whom I did not know at all before but I have grown to like her. She

is another Cretan. Often she does not understand a word of my most impassioned Turkish. She, like Inayet, is little in build but strong and a good quiet worker. She has done all the dirty work of cleaning although her special province during the school year is the dining room. For the part-time helper we have had a young woman named Selver whom I would like to have full time but it is said that she is not "a good girl." With all our boys around we cannot risk one of her reputation. Dick put an end to her career when he condemned her by saying she came into his office like an American woman! She is too bold for us. Kemalia Hanim gets her old job back only if she appears for work on Friday morning. I almost hope she does not turn up until Saturday and that we will be able to fill her place before then, as a lesson to the other workers. But I hate the thought of starting a new cleaning woman. Fatma Hanim, another Cretan, is starting tomorrow as cook's helper. He will have to struggle with her limited Turkish and not I. So there we are.

From my point of view this week, by far the most important part of running a school is having clean classrooms and a good staff to keep them that way. I have not had an extra moment to think about the more serious problems of teachers. Next week perhaps I will be able to introduce you to the new teaching staff and tell you what subjects I am going to have this year. If it is hygiene, letters will be short. The most I remember of that course is that I got queasy over a discussion of burns. But I still believe that the more one has to do the more he can do. I have set an early-to-bed schedule. So now,

Good night and much love.

A word about the Cretans: I should have mentioned a long time back that there had been an exchange of populations after the end of World War I and the end of the fighting with Greece. The Moslem population of Crete and the Christian population of this part of Turkey were exchanged. The best workers, the best artisans in our part of the country, were of this Cretan stock. The men in general spoke fairly good Turkish, but the women often spoke only Greek, or very limited Turkish. The school workers were largely from that group. It was a sort of self-perpetuating closed shop, for friends recommended friends. We did not want to support ethnic cliques but it certainly eliminated one area of disturbance.

As for Inayet Hanim, I was right. She was a "jewel" in her own department. We both learned to count in Turkish that year! We spent

an hour every Sunday afternoon counting the dirty laundry that the boys turned in to be sure that we could come up at the end of the week with the same number of socks, clean then, and the same number of shirts and pajamas. The laundry was all done by hand. The clothes were dried in open sheds. Some winter weeks, when it rained everyday, those heavy pajamas simply did not dry. More than once our living room, with the stove going all day, was pressed into service as an extra drying room.

October 2, 1944

We were interested in the clippings. The Sterling boys certainly are getting scattered all over the world. I hope they give good accounts of themselves there, as well as a good account of "there" when they get back home. Our little town is being forced into an international outlook. I am sorry that it took a war to do it.

Another week was lost in our account, because I just could not write last week. In fact, I felt that I was doing well just to live through the week. It was hectic!! Imagine housecleaning enlarged twenty times. Of course, my difficulties were increased by my all-unknowingness. Never will there be such a week again.

I found brooms and pails and mops, cloths for scrubbing, cloths for polishing and cloths for washing windows and cloths for dusting desks until I was ready to scream if anyone asked for a cloth to tie around a cut finger. Cloth is one of our severest wartime shortages. I climbed to the fourth floor dormitory and the third floor tutor's room, hung blackout curtains in the study hall and sun curtains in the classrooms, waxed patriotic and found an Atatürk picture for each room and trailed around to see that they were hung, until I was a candidate for a wheelchair every evening. I rattled huge bunches of keys, trying to look executive, but actually wondering whether it was better to look in corners and find them dirty (to the sorrow of the women who said the room was clean) or to ignore the dirt for another year.

I discovered that the first step in the process of having flour made is to wash the wheat. My cleaning crew took a morning off and washed three bagfuls. Then all the pots and pans for the kitchen had to be counted out. I did not know what to call them. My list will not do me any good in the

spring. How can I remember which was a pot and which was a kettle? Anyway, I did live through the week of preparation, and things were in very good order on the day school opened.

The cook was delighted to be allowed to stay in his kitchen and rattle pots and pans all day long. Sittika Hanim felt as if she had come back home when she could fix the tables in the dining room. The new Fatma, with the great booming laugh, settled down in front of a big basket of onions, and I think she is still peeling them or is this another basketful. Things began to run on a reasonable facsimile of routine.

During that week, just to keep life from being dull and too quiet, Mr. Forchammer came in, so weak from an attack of malaria that he could hardly walk much less undertake his journey to Istanbul where he has a job at Robert College. I figured that if I was going to have to nurse him, I would rather have him in our guest room than in his old room off the dormitory, so he was around for most of the week. A more boring guest I hope never to have to entertain. Then M. Bonnal wanted meals with us because Miss Towner was not ready to serve him. One of the boys got malaria with an alarmingly high fever. He has become a fast friend because I doled out his medicine and tried to make him comfortable. That was Sunday. No day of rest.

Registration was on Monday but a good many mammas and papas brought their darlings early. The campus was a swarming hive. A very disorderly one at that. I could never tell when I would have to put down my bunch of black curtains and bed spreads, wipe a smudge off my nose, and try to remember my best "company" Turkish. Fortunately, I do not think many mothers realized that I was the one who would be responsible for the comfort and well-being of their darlings.

Our cleaning woman had not appeared by this time, and as I said before, I was determined to fire her the minute she did come in late. On that terrific Monday of registration a new Cemile started working. She was a dear old grandma, her skirts tucked into the usual droopy pants, a scarf tied tight over her hennaed hair, the whole costume topped by a bath towel as a shawl. She looked strong, cheerful, and willing. I supplied her with the requisite number of cloths (what again!) and an apron and showed her the rooms to clean first, and whom to ask for help. I went back an hour later, found that she was sweeping the bottom step. I complimented her on

working so well. But Cemile was not happy. She was afraid she could not do our work. There were too many men around and she was ashamed having all the boys look at her. Straightway she took off her apron, took up her towel, and left. We all took time out to have a good laugh, and I was willing to forgive and forget when Kemalia came the next day and said she was ready for work.

We served the first meal on Monday noon. It seems a long time ago, a year or so, instead of just last week. Already I can whip up a menu in Turkish and make out a market list for a hundred people in, well, in about half the time it took me a week ago! You would laugh if you could see me in my "pantry" measuring out supplies. I dive head first into a deep barrel and come up with a little rice. It ought to fill a couple dolmas. I put it on the scales and I have forgotten the weight of the pan. Take the rice out and weigh the pan, then find the miscellaneous bundle of iron pipe that weighs five kilograms. It falls off, spilling the weights which balanced the pan. Find them again. The rice does not even cause a tremor of the balance. Dive into the barrel again. Seventeen and a half pounds of rice makes an awfully big pile, but it serves my "big family" with only one pilaf. It would last my "little family" for two months.

Our school dining room is on the first floor, in the middle of the building that was the original vineyard house on the property. On the campus side is the dark kitchen, with a great wood burning stove at one end, a round table for food preparation and the workers' meals at the other. The women usually sit on low stools while they peel potatoes, wrap dolmas, or make meatballs from the great trays of mix that the *Usta* (master cook) places before them. They sort rice in the doorway, where the light is best, spreading it out on large white cloths.

On the street side are the three big storerooms. One is full of junk which I am going to mine this year. One has big cupboards where the dishes and linen are stored in summer. In the center one are dozens of barrels and tin-lined boxes where we store rice, sugar, lentils, beans, dry groceries that we buy in hundred kilogram bags that come in on the back of a hamal. No wonder he wants a ramp with cleats instead of steps! There are five gallon oil tins of tomato sauce, pekmez (grape molasses), cooking butter and olive oil and feta cheese.

To make travel hazardous the floor is strewn with onions escaping from their pen. From the ceiling, a hanging shelf is draped with strings of sausages, matches, tea, and our little short brooms to keep them from the mice.

It is here that I commune with the mice every evening and weigh out the ten pounds of sugar for breakfast tea. Come and have lunch with us next week!

October 15, 1944

We are *kusmuş* with the post office. That is, we have broken off diplomatic relations and are no longer on speaking terms (to use the boys' slang). They have not been able to produce any American mail (except for one Christmas card) for a whole month. We do not like it. Unfortunately, the clerks do not seem at all perturbed by our attitude and continue to sell stamps to those who have letters ready for them. I was not one last week.

October 29, 1944

It is time to say Happy Halloween. Have you persuaded the sugar ration to stretch to enough cookies to ransom the captured gateposts? There is a little smoke in the air of evenings here, a slightly acrid smoke from the burning cotton husks, but it serves very well to remind me of the smell of burning leaves that I love so well. Then I sniff for the tang of frost and the hint of crispness in the breeze. That is gone for it is still almost summer—warm. It is in the fall that I want most of all to be home and in the country with you, Dad.

I have just completed the higher mathematics that attend my job as dietitian for the school. We have very few boys left this weekend, since it is a holiday today, so I have had to weigh out 27/98 of the usual sugar. I am going to be able to toss off the plans for a church supper Ala Turka without more than a moment's thought when I get back. But I will not say the same about cooking it, unless I can bring Said Effendi along with me. My job this week has been routine. Perhaps I am learning to take in stride two cases of stomachache (at death's door according to first reports); two lost shirts and holiday parade coming up; salt tears shed by one of the

women who thought she was doing more than her share of the work. She was the very one I thought was not carrying her fair share. I am beginning to realize that along with Shakespearean literature, the theory of teaching typing, the courses in meal planning and home nursing, that I should have added one in business management and diplomacy! Perhaps it is just as well that I had no inkling when I was in college of the amount that I would have to learn afterwards.

Time out at this point to listen to the news. Are not the reports from Greece most heartening? I am sure that your doctor friend is besieging the post office to know when regular communications will be established. M. Bonnal has made inquiries of the Red Crescent (Turkish Red Cross) here, but so far no answer. I am sure there will be UNRRA people in very soon if they are not there already and that then communications will be established. I hesitate to offer further forwarding of mail from here since our own is so held up at the present time. But assure your friend that we are still ready to help if we can.

A discussion which aroused considerable heat in our American group was the date of Thanksgiving. We want to invite a group of young Americans who are in Adana to share the feast with us. We could not decide whether for their benefit we should relax our custom and declare holiday on that day, or would they enjoy turkey and trimmings just as much on the following Sunday. I rather favored the Sunday because I suspect that the other American group will thus get two Thanksgiving dinners. I remember the first Christmas we did not celebrate on the 25th. Dick and I had a private feast. I am not so sentimental about "days" now. The spirit of the occasion can easily be shifted.

I am glad Mrs. Nilson gave you some blue beads which you turned into dolls. I had never thought of them as raw material for your creations. I will send home a bunch at the earliest opportunity. You know, it is not only the donkeys that wear them but the babies as well. It amuses me to see a neatly dressed, modernly outfitted child sporting a blue bead attached with a huge safety pin to the back of his bonnet. Also there are "conversation" beads which irritate me no end when fumbled in the hands of a young man. They might do very well as head or the body of a lapel gadget. I will be on the lookout for a good string.

Almost a month of school has gone and I have not told you yet about our other teachers for this year. Perhaps the subconscious has made me avoid that unpleasant subject. We were only four to stand in front of the ranks of students at the Bayram celebrations this morning: Mr. Woolworth, Rabia Hanim, Dick, and I. Miss Towner was away for the weekend and M. Bonnal in Mersin. That is our full-time staff at the present time. You see why we could not come home this year. We also lost both our Turkish teachers this year. Ahmet Bey decided fifteen years were long enough to be away from the city and that he should make a change now or never. He was very nice about giving early notice, but we were slow in getting his replacement and only this week signed up a young man who is not yet released from military service. Raşit Bey began adding demand upon demand when contracts were under discussion so we took advantage of his final one to rid ourselves of a not altogether satisfactory teacher. He was accused of being too Communistic although he seemed to us just a man with one interesting period his life, that of having taught in Azerbaijan. His successor, who is due in a couple weeks, is one of our own graduates. The others know him, although he was before my time. He has been a judge in Kilis, a little town on the border, and wants to come home to Tarsus. I hope he will not be disappointed in his hometown when he sees it again.

Rabia Hanim was a young woman who had come to us the year before to teach history and geography. She lived alone that first year, but the second year her mother came to keep house for her. She was very carefully correct in all her behavior for a young woman in a boys' school had to watch for the slightest irregularity. I recall her first talk at the Atatürk Memorial Day. It was a funeral oration. Atatürk, "the Father of our Country," had been dead only a few years and was highly venerated. His feet of clay had not become apparent then. Several years later Rabia Hanim had the misfortune of having one of the boys fall in love with her. He tried to commit suicide. The boy graduated, and Rabia Hanim had to find another school.

On the English staff, we have been getting invaluable help from Mr. Caldwell of the British Council. He is English by birth, but has lived in Texas, in Mexico, and more recently in Greece for a number of years. His home is listed as Vancouver, B.C. He is a man of forty-five or better, a man of judgment

and observation. His wife, who comes up with him from Mersin sometimes, is much younger, a Maltese of Izmir, interesting and attractive. We wonder how such a match came about for they have been married less than a year, having met in one of Mr. Caldwell's English classes. Mrs. Caldwell speaks English remarkably well although a trifle self-consciously. I think French is their home language. We have had some pleasant evenings together, look forward to another tomorrow. We do not want to think of the time when Mr. Caldwell's regular work will take up more time and he will have to give up his hours with us. Mrs. Haas of course comes down from Adana every week too, to inspire the boys with the wonder of science. Miss Long, a refugee from our sister school in Greece, is with us to teach math. She hopes to be in Athens by Christmas! Of yours truly, you have heard before. And the better half is better than ever, doing more than seems possible including keeping me happy.

This letter was crisscrossed with chemicals to bring out any hidden writing. No doubt the censor found the material so dull he could not believe that something more was not hidden between the lines!

November 19, 1944

One afternoon this week while I was standing in front of my class, most awfully bored, telling the boys that they should not be bored with the exciting story of King Lear, I saw the gateman come in with an armload of mail. I could hardly wait until the bell rang to rush home and see what our share had been. Nothing there. So I rushed over to Mr. Woolworth's office to see if it had not been sorted yet, still feeling sure that there were at least seven magazines and almost that many letters for us. Nothing! It was worse than nothing. It was only a load of blank forms that had to be filled out for some department or other! That ought to teach me not to look out of the window, when I should be imparting knowledge to my eager students. (Oh yea?)

But I am still sure that this week we will get the letters. I do want to get you beyond the heat of the summer before it is time to imagine you trimming the Christmas tree. No doubt you are already stuffing the Thanksgiving bird. Count off a wing for me in '46. I bought a turkey the other day, the kind

spelled with a small "t." The more I think about this gobbler the more skeptical I become as to his edibility, but I am counting on the weeks between now and Christmas, weeks of inaction and food, to soften him up a bit. It looks as if we would be a very small and select group this year. We are counting on Dick's folks coming for the holidays, so nothing but the best will do. My only thoughts about Christmas so far have been followed by a groan and sigh. But just today the *Grand Idea* came to me. I will make it a Kitchen Christmas. We have a holiday coming next week and I can sneak off an afternoon to make some of those delectable spice drops Grandma used to make. Fruitcakes are possible too, if I can find one without too much sugar-consuming candied peels. Cemile (poor girl does not know it yet) can make some peanut butter. Father Maynard has been awfully complimentary about my marmalade. Presto! As I write more ideas come and there is practically the whole problem solved. Nothing will delight my handsome husband more than a full cookie jar. The fact that white flour has come on the market and the rumors that sugar will be lower in price makes all this possible. Writing it to you makes it seem feasible.

Last week I had the boys write compositions about how something is made. A good many of them told how to make bread. All of them started with taking the wheat to the mill to be ground. Beginning at the beginning for sure. One boy did a very good job of telling how to make the thin bread which is as thin and crisp as a piece of paper. I will quote it, corrected of the most glaring mistakes, but it is his story.

"This flour is mixed with salty water. Then one of the women kneads it so that the flour becomes an elastic dough. She divides the dough into pieces. The piece will be as large as an orange. Then the woman lays a piece of cloth on the ground. Around the cloth the smooth boards will be put except on one side. On each smooth board the women put one piece of the dough. Every woman has a round slender stick two centimeters in diameter. Its length should be about one meter. She spreads some flour on the piece of dough. Then she turns the round slender stick on it with her hands. By the movements, the dough becomes a circle. When it will be about thirty or forty centimeters in diameter she wraps it around the stick. Then she moves it under her hands back and forth. After three or four movements she takes the dough

off the stick. If it needs, she spreads some flour on it and again rolls it. She tosses this circled dough under her hands back and forth so that the dough becomes as large as one meter in diameter (thirty-nine inches). When it is like that, the woman lays it aside on the cloth. The circled dough is piled there.

They then begin to light the fire. Around the fire there will be three stones so the iron sheet can be put on the fire. (This iron sheet looks like an inverted plate.) One of the women takes the circled dough with a slender round stick over the iron sheet. She has another slender stick. With this stick the woman turns the bread. When it is cooked, she lays it on a large copper tray or a wicker tray made and used especially for this purpose. Here she piles the bread. It "bakes" in about one minute.

Soon the women take the bread off to the place where they want to keep it. From this pile everyday they take off some bread and spread on each sheet some water so it becomes damp and soft. Then they eat the bread with their food."

This is the bread we ate at the mountain resort in the Lebanon. I think I mentioned it then, but we ate it crisp.

Speaking of things learned: It amuses me that I have learned that "sesame," from the Ali Baba story, is not just a magic word but is the name of a very respectable grain from which an oil is made. We call it *tahin.* The boys will have some for breakfast tomorrow, mixed with *pekmez.* Sesame also goes into a number of different kinds of candies of which I am very fond perhaps because I like the magic word. Ali Baba's name too has become clearer to me for *Baba* simply means "father" and is the title given to any simple old man.

Enough. Much love and best wishes for whatever holiday is in season.

That holiday must have been Easter. The letter was received April 16, 1945!

November 30, 1944

You wondered if Turkey's finally throwing in her lot with the Allies would make any difference. Apparently not. I think, had it happened a few months sooner, there might have been military activity through parts of the country. Now no one

except the Turks seems much interested, and they not very much. We felt as if the blackout was imposed by some stubborn deputy who said "let the people feel it" and was unwilling to admit his foolishness. However, the people feel as if they have suffered in the war. It amuses me because I realize how very little of war we have had. Inconveniences of course, but there are a good many of those in Turkey at its best. The price situation here can be blamed as much on the government's disinterest as on the fact that armies are playing along its borders. Of course, the Turkish army has been partially mobilized since the beginning and that is a real hardship, especially for the women of the country who must not only carry on the businesses their husbands left behind but make enough extra to send them spending money.

Cemile's youngest brother will finish his term in a few more months, a relief to both of us, for I do hate to see her sending half her salary each month to a soldier who should have been paid a living wage. Of course, there are certain aids for soldiers' families and it is not fair to the government not to mention them. But a few kilograms of sugar and a little wheat at a reduced price do not go very far toward supporting a family.

As I read this, I am astonished at how completely matter-of-fact we had become about the very real hardships which the war years had brought. I guess it was because they came on so gradually. There were no dramatic bombings or burnings of cities. What brought the situation to our attention was an incident several years after V-E Day. Two Americans who were with refugee work in Europe came to Tarsus to visit. We took them up on the hill, to see the view. They expressed astonishment at the conditions of the people who gathered around the strangers. They said that such a scene in Vienna would have been called a first class emergency and would have sent out calls for immediate aid. Another difference was the base from which this destitution had grown. We, and Turkey along with us, started from a much lower base to begin with. A malnourished barefoot child on a wet winter day did not seem out of the ordinary.

December 18, 1944

We looked at a calendar last night and realized that we had just one week in which to get ready for Christmas. It is difficult to build up the old Christmas spirit when not a single store has a card out nor a red ball, and the newspapers do

not continually remind us of the diminishing number of shopping days. No need to worry about avoiding the rush, either. I can do all my shopping tomorrow afternoon: slippers and a fountain pen for Dick, stockings for Mother Maynard, and the best figs and raisins for Father Maynard. The fruitcakes and cookies are ready!

What has really got me going round in circles is the thought of supper Christmas Eve and then big, big dinner the next day. Miss Towner is going to be away, so that leaves ours the only house for entertaining. The Haases will be down. (Dr. Haas has finally been persuaded to take the day off, so we will celebrate on the 25th), and Mme. Bonnal will be here. Mr. Woolworth has agreed to sleep the guests if I will feed them. For Christmas day itself we have asked the Americans from Adana, five or six young men with good appetites. Our little dining room is going to develop elastic walls, and our stove an extension. We will manage. You can tell from my worrying that I have not yet gotten out the pencil and paper and made my lists: do this on Friday, this on Saturday, and so on. I will do that as soon as I finish this letter and then everything will be easy.

Today we got the November *Geographic*, the first on the new subscription. It will be good to have that coming for another year. We do enjoy them and so do our friends. The cook has been studying English a little and asked me for some magazines the other day. I knew that something with lots of pictures would interest him most. What could be better that *Geographic* for pictures. Sittika Hanim saw them in the kitchen, and she very hesitantly asked if I had another one that she could take home for her grandchildren to look at. The oldest grandchild has just finished the second grade. I chose the most colorful pictures I could find and they were delighted. The magazine *Mademoiselle* has very nearly caused riots in Tarsus. I have loaned copies to Rabia Hanim and this fall gave her some of the old ones which I think she has shown around with unseemly gloating for one of the boys asked for some for his sister and Mr. Woolworth had a letter from the teacher of dressmaking at the Girls' Trade School asking how the college "sold" them. The end is not yet. I am waiting to see what effects there will be on the styles of Tarsus. I will have to be careful if I want to maintain my prestige. However, when

I come out in my new Montgomery Ward originals, I will have everyone green with envy!

Last week, Mr. Woolworth had a tea for the faculty and their wives. To the surprise of all of us, twenty-seven were invited. At long last we have our full staff for the year. There were the two new Turkish teachers, Kadri Kiper and Mustafa something-or-other whom we wanted to welcome to the circle so that was the reason for the tea. The music teacher comes up for only one day a week and the military teacher comes in for two, but they and their wives were included to swell the numbers. Bay Ongun and Muazzez and another teacher whom I have never met since he comes in for one hour a day, and the small American bunch all came. It was quite the gayest Turkish-American party I have seen, partly because the Turks so far outnumbered the Americans that we had to talk their language, and because Mr. Woolworth simply refused to let people get stuck in their chairs but insisted that they move around. I think everyone enjoyed it.

January 4, 1945
Mother Maynard Writing
The American University, Beirut

Dear Mrs. Mathew,

We have just returned from our visit to Georgianna and Richard. Your gifts to them arrived the day before we were leaving and you can imagine how happy it made us to be able to take them with us. After the Christmas day festivities were over Georgie turned to and in no time had them nicely fitted. Something new in these days does make one's spirits soar and I was very happy to see her pleasure in the pretty things.

Georgianna had the Christmas dinner. She will be writing about it. They arranged tables in their little dining room to seat nicely the twelve guests. The dinner was really delicious. The turkeys were done to a turn, mashed potatoes and cauliflower (deliciously tender), gravy—all perfect. Then came the pumpkin pies—really masterpieces.

It was a jolly party, even though our hearts are always heavy underneath with this awful war. President Dodge's younger son has been killed in action. How sad we feel for them. Dear Mrs. Dodge who never takes a minute off from helping and serving others. Such a sweet, dear boy, like thousands of others, only twenty years old.

One day we went down to Mersin for shopping and a movie. In spite of the rain which began in the afternoon we had a nice day. The drive in the dark from Tarsus Station in a Model T Ford car, leaky roof, loose curtains, careening through the deep puddles and soupy mud and bouncing over the rough cobble streets with plenty of fissures made an end of a perfect day since we arrived with no damage done.

A young teacher and his really lovely wife called on Christmas day when Rich and Georgie had gone for a walk with the dinner guests. So a few days later we sent word that we should like to call. The school gatekeeper piloted us to the other end of town to the house. We went up a narrow winding stairway into a small but immaculate receiving room filled with chairs, settees, and a table. Photographs and a picture or two were hung high up on the walls. We had a very nice visit using English and Turkish as the wife does not know English. She had been a teacher before her marriage. They have a sweet little girl. Then a few days later they asked to call fearing we, the parents, might go before they could return the call. We had another nice visit, the men finding all about the Turkish system of courts as the teacher is a graduate of the Law School of the Turkish University.

My husband joins me in all good wishes to you both for the New Year.

Very truly yours,

Mary Maynard

I remember that call. Our teacher's wife was a well-educated, personable young woman. As was customary, she served glasses of tea to us, the guests, and to her father-in-law. The old man accepted his, and then asked her to put in three lumps of sugar which she did. Then, "Stir my tea!" he ordered!

The young Americans who joined us for Christmas dinner that year were officials stationed in Adana, but it was not called a consulate then. It was the Ambassador's Rest House. It had been the German consulate. What a struggle the Americans had getting the swastika off the top of the flag pole! I do not vouch for the truth of the statement, but they said that they finally shot it off. Anyway, they came for the dinner which had traditional turkey with stuffing and a cranberry jelly made from kizilcik, *defined in the dictionary as cornelian cherry.*

That seems a good note on which to end 1944!

February 6, 1945

Monday afternoon, Miss Towner and I went calling. It is really a triumph to get us out, but we made it. Of the call there is little to say except that it was to the same Bayan Uygur on whom I made my first Turkish call six years ago, whose home impressed me so much at that time. We were received in the formal *muzafir salonu* (receiving room) this time and judging from appearances, even the mayor of Tarsus has not had a piaster to spend on upkeep for the springs were sagging and protruding from the chairs, quite like those in our house.

That call reminds me that I have not told you about another when Madame Ali Bey came to see us and told another interesting story. She and Erdem's mother (a prep boy's mother) were having a party that evening. They had wanted to have a party for a long time and finally hit upon an excuse. They would serve *ashure* in honor of the ancient festival of Noah which comes sometime in January. Not knowing how well we knew the story, Madame Ali Bey told all about how Noah built an ark and gathered all the animals together, two by two and put them in, how they floated upon the floods for forty days. By the end of that time the stocks of food down in the bottom of the ark were getting pretty low. But Mrs. Noah scraped the bins and found a handful of wheat, a little rice, a few dried peas, raisins, nuts, and even some dry beans, and a little sugar. She cooked this all together and made a dish that is known as *ashure.* It used to be served ceremoniously and passed out to all the neighbors. I wanted to ask if they would not revive that custom and send some to us but compromised by having it served to the boys the following Sunday. Then I forgot to go over and have a look and a taste. I would not suggest your sending the recipe to the *Tribune* until you have tried it in your own kitchen!

I do not think this follow-up on ashure *comes within the first seven years but the story is too good to leave out. One of my tasks for several years was organizing assembly stunts. Some were really fun, this one particularly. I decided we should celebrate Noah's day, which fell during the dullness of late January. We had a contest for a play about the last day on the ark. Then we would serve* ashure *as a surprise to the entire student body, not just the boarders who got it occasionally. I sent out a general announcement, asking anyone who was interested to meet me in the assembly hall at a certain*

day after classes. To my surprise, I found five or six of the older boys there, and one not very good student from the prep class. The older boys had been playing basketball, not exactly an approved activity in that place. We practiced the play; the not-very-good-student from the beginning class was given the nonspeaking role of sound-effects man, breaking a board to dramatize the ark crashing into Mt. Ararat on the last day. All went well. The program was a great success, the little dishes of ashure *a surprise and a delight. The question that remains in my mind to this day: Did those upperclass boys intend to take part? Or did they feel that was the price they had to pay for being caught playing basketball in the auditorium?*

On Wednesday, the city doctor came to shoot the school for the second time for typhoid. With that I had no part, except one SOS to supply cotton. There was one "operating" chair in the middle of the room and the poor doctor, not having that schoolteacher look, was having some difficulty keeping order. My fun came on Thursday when again we had some who were sick, or thought they were. Mindful of the disturbances of the week before, I went up with the midday soup. We had twelve little boys in bed then. They looked positively angelic sitting up in bed, each with a plate of soup in front of him. Was it pain from the injection or the more painful thought of being pulled out of bed and sent to classes that made them all so quietly well-behaved?

After this we had inoculations on a Saturday morning. Any discomfort was cured by an aspirin or two, and a game of basketball or football.

Saturday is the day usually set aside for the sewing on of buttons but this week the end-of-the-quarter grades came upon me more suddenly than I had realized and I spent the day correcting papers and making out grades instead. About the fourteenth time I correct "my mother, he" I begin to wonder about the possibility of teaching English at all. Then along comes a paper such as the one of Ahmet Koc whose father makes the candy in the mountain village of Namrun. Not one single mistake in the whole twenty-five sentences. My faith is restored and I hope that the gods that send boys to school will send us six on Ahmet's pattern next year.

Ahmet, when last I knew, was a professor at the University of the Bosporus, having completed his doctorate at the University of California.

March 27, 1945

I was glad to get your business card, Mother. I certainly would like to order an original character doll from you. I have seen a sample of your work. Mrs. Nilson was so very thoughtful as to send her jewel doll down this way for my inspection when her husband made a quick trip to Tarsus. I fell in love with that little doll. I can understand perfectly how you find it difficult to keep up with the demand. I am going to send you some "raw materials" in the line of Turkish beads, by the returning travelers. A threat to confiscate and send to America any beads that I see in class has been very effective in keeping them out of sight. Can you imagine grown men, and consequently boys who want to appear as grown men, fumbling beads in their fingers while they talk? Originally these beads were for prayers, telling the ninety-nine aspects of God in units of thirty-three, but now they have lost their religious significance. I can get some in the market which will make better doll parts than those seen in class.

Mother's "bead dolls" were just that, made of beads and buttons. The character dolls were larger with walnuts for heads and nylon wrapped wire bodies. Mother made all types of Americans. She entrusted her first check to her doll Abraham Lincoln. Her model of the famous picture of raising the flag on Iwo Jima was a masterpiece of realism.

We have had two days of spring vacation, and so it seems that we never did have school with classes and lots of boys. I spent the first half-day cleaning up the storerooms. We do not have either an attic or a cellar but the school is well equipped with storage space that is full of the accumulation of the ages. I finally made my way into some old trunks that all proved to be empty, left from the great exodus of twenty years ago, and I got to the very bottom of the boxes of rugs and mats, which according to the legend on the box, were used under beds on the floor. I hope we do not come to the point where we have to use them for that purpose again. A few more students may make it necessary, however.

Other letters telling of my "discoveries" in the storeroom seem to be lost. There were all sorts of odd things there—one being a crate of twill tape. It had come out to Turkey with Near East Relief supplies in the early 1920s, in such quantities that we were still using it twenty years later in place of string! Some Near East Relief supplies were of a more practical nature. Father Maynard told of auc-

tioning great bales of clothing to get money to feed the orphans in the Caucasus. But one shipload was of left shoes! That I believe was returned.

There were bits and pieces in a "costume box," robes with the shadow where an appliquéd cross had been removed from the back. One was of maroon velvet with gold braid although most were of cotton. It was years later, after I had found pairs of cymbals and large candlesticks, that I realized these had been ecclesiastical robes put here for safe keeping at the time of the Armenian exodus. Was that in 1917? The Armenian church by this time had long been used as a storehouse for grain. Eventually, these robes were made into 18th century coats for a production of "She Stoops to Conquer" at a time when cloth was simply not obtainable. Those coats, made by the Girls' Trade School, served many a dandy. The velvet robe remained to be worn by kings from Macbeth to Genghis Khan. Are they still there? I wonder.

There are just eight boys left in the boarding department for this week. Usually we would send them to the market for food during vacation, but since five of them are little fellows for whom we feel responsible, we have kept the kitchen open. It has been rather fun for everyone. To drop from cooking for a hundred to fourteen (including the workers) has been sheer play for the cook. I cannot measure out quantities small enough for them but that number to be fed from my kitchen would cause a mild panic. On Sunday, Dick and I had lunch with the boys and decided that they fared pretty well. On that day they had braised chops with tomato sauce, rice pilaf, lettuce salad, and walnut filled cookies for desert. The chops were an unusual treat for them, but they did not seem as pleased as I thought they would be. Dick praised the pilaf, made with butter, so much that I began to wonder if our house could afford that fat instead of the cottonseed oil we use for everything. The school has butterfat for pilaf, vegetaline for browning meat and thin cottonseed oil for frying, with of course olive oil for salads. We also get a special kind of *böbrek yağ* for making *böreks*. Tomorrow we are going to take the boys on a picnic because we want a good excuse to go ourselves.

April 2, 1945

Every time I hear that you have received a letter after a six month interval, a lone traveler, it makes me feel that I must make each one complete, recount the important events such as receiving and wearing the clothes from Wards. They came just exactly right for Christmas and have been worn just exactly right ever since. I even had new Easter finery from that package. The day was warm enough to wear the gingham pinafore while I hustled up the kitchen details. I want to be sure that you know about our great joy and approval of brother Dave's marriage. Jean indeed needs to be efficient, but it sounds like the perfect arrangement for them all. More recent important event was seeing your dolls, Mother. It was the little bead doll which Mrs. Nilson brought with her and sent down for me to look at and "please return." I did the former eagerly and enthusiastically, the latter reluctantly. The doll was clever and artistic beyond my expectations, although I know better than most what you can do. Now I have another reason for wanting to get home. I want to see your dolls, as well as to see the nieces and nephew, and the "home-folks."

That was a rather strange collection of highlights. The most important feature of our year is that it has not had any special crises. This year, which I thought would be so "hectic" has calmed down into a very good working routine. We do not try to do anything besides classes and school and so we, personally, get along very well. The school too has been able to meet the difficulty of finding teachers, Kadri Bey and Mustafa Bey and substitutes for the latter when he left for military service. The boys do not mind a few days holiday from some classes. I think all lessons will be squeezed in before the end of the year. Now it is next year that looks impossible. There is still time. We may find ourselves offered more teachers than we have money to pay for. Just now we seem to have enough money but that is only because each year we hopefully budget the salary and expensive travel of a couple American teachers. Next year we are going to have to have someone or else; Miss Towner is leaving, and Mrs. Haas who cannot wait any longer to see her growing collection of grandchildren, and of course, Mr. Woolworth is anxious and really needs to get home to be with his wife and family. That leaves Dick and me. Although we are pretty powerful, we do not quite see how we can each teach fifty odd hours, see that beds are made and

meals are provided, quarrels settled, parents interviewed, reports made, and visiting celebrities entertained. One woman, a Miss Yarrow who has been in Turkey before, has signified her willingness to come to Tarsus to teach math next year. We had begun to think that Tarsus was a plague spot.

Is not the news wonderful these days? You remember this is the season when the Americans and British crossed the Rhine and went "motoring" as the BBC put it, through the German countryside. It seems as if the end of that part of the war may well come in a matter of weeks. So we can begin to turn our complete attention to patching up the wounded world and making it a fit place for people to live in again.

The biggest news from Tarsus is that spring has come, just a little late but just in time for Easter and spring vacation. It was a wonderful time to work in the garden, or rather to spend time out there admiring and planting a little. We have lots of fragrant white stock and a few early snaps giving color. The iris will be out in a couple weeks and the Bermuda lilies. We will have a peach crop this year, too. It would take more than one hailstone to destroy all the blossoms. This year I have been working in the school gardens too, trying to get two little enclosures by the gate back into condition to be called gardens. At one time they must have been carefully planned and arranged for we have only to remove the excess of plants and weeds to find stone borders. I have succeeded at least in impressing the men with my interest. Now before they ask for an extra day off they conspicuously water the new plants and pull a weed or two. During vacation I had plenty of assistance too. A couple boys hung around so long I put them to work and they loved it.

It was so much fun having dinner with the boys, in a relaxed, non-classroom environment, that we decided to carry it a bit further and take the boys on a picnic, making a good excuse to get ourselves out also. We went out to the Barrage (dam) on Wednesday. One of the primary schools was having a picnic there too, if such it could be called. They had come out by bus, and the youngsters sat in neat rows around the teacher. We were very glad that our group was only eight and that they were old enough not to fall into the water. At noon Miss Towner came out in a carriage with the food. I had asked the cook to go with us, thinking he would like the outing, but he could not, being sick that day. In his place came Fatma

from the kitchen. She would not believe us when we said we wanted to make our own kebabs. We had the charcoal fire going in no time and the meat securely on the skewers. I had counted on Gypy getting the fall-offs, but the poor dog went hungry. We did some stunts, the boys had target practice with sling shots (prizes were the left over oranges) and all the usual picnic tricks.

For Easter weekend we had the usual services: a Good Friday service on Saturday night and the regular Easter and communion service on Sunday. Dr. Haas conducted the first, very simple and impressive. Mr. Woolworth managed a Sunday service in professional style, pomp and circumstance, as much as could be in his front parlor with calla lilies in the huge green storage jars that are used for jam in season. I have a preference for amateur church. On Sunday, four young Americans and the consul from Adana were with us. It was as much fun for us to see an American face and hear an American voice as for them to be in a home.

Now that vacation is over I have gotten out the lists, to see what is yet to be done. I discover that I have been a more successful executive than a worker. The "have dones" are accomplished, but the "do's" are not. I must put myself to work.

May 14, 1945

This has indeed been an exciting week. The big news of Victory in Europe put all other thoughts out of our minds for a couple days. I am sure you really had celebrations there with flags of all colors and descriptions floating from your windows. It was a great day! We hung flags too but they were all the Turkish ones, except the American flag which we had inside the house. It did look good to us. We did not want to risk arousing comment by hanging it too publicly.

But regardless of how we decorated for the Big Day, we celebrated (that is we Americans and British) quite the same as you did with a service of thanksgiving and very serious thoughts of how the new problems can be solved. Although there were persistent rumors on V-E Day that we would have a holiday, it did not materialize, so we had to cut school in order to go to Mersin where Mr. Woolworth led a service at the British consulate. I will send you my copy of that service

under separate cover. I heard parts of it from several broadcasts. It was I think sent out by the Home Office to all consulates abroad. There certainly is no doubt this time that the Germans are completely defeated, but it seems that the completeness of that defeat has piled trouble onto the Allies. I hope that the military occupation will not take too many of our troops for too long a time, for it is the trip home following V-E Day that appealed to us all. Perhaps even now you are welcoming the returning heroes.

Some emotions remain in one's mind for years. Along with the joyous celebration of the victory in Europe, I remember Dick's annoyance with those of us who went to Mersin to celebrate. Except for him, it was the entire American staff. The boys got their holiday after all, even though it was not an official one. We did not need to stay quite as long as we did, but the euphoria of the victory was too much. We had to share it with friends who had been even more closely involved longer than we had been. Dick, I am sorry. We should have declared a complete holiday!

The Japanese war now has jumped into the headlines of the BBC news. Up to now it has held second place. Let us hope that it can be speedily finished off.

On the same day we got other news that sent waves of excitement through the school. There will be no examinations in Turkish *kultur* lessons this year. Those were the examinations given orally by three examiners in the subjects of Turkish literature, history, and geography. They were a strain on boys and teachers alike. My joy is only a little less than that of the boys for I have been dreading the job of entertaining the visiting examiners like royalty, the style to which they have become accustomed. That means that our examinations will now be all over by the 9th of June, less than one month away.

I find it very hard to believe that the end of the year is so close, for this is the year that I dreaded so much. Like so many dreaded things, it has not been bad at all. For one thing, I have gained a good deal of confidence in my ability to handle any situation or ignore it. You will find me insufferably proud.

The Senior Maynards are in the process of disposing of household goods, packing, and sorting. They hope to leave by the middle of July, and with luck to sail directly to the U.S.

We have not thought very far yet about summer plans. Miss Towner and Mrs. Haas are definitely going to America, have

already begun to pack their trunks. I would be awfully jealous, but I know that next year at this time we will be doing the same thing. And like Mrs. Haas I will find it hard to sit still when I hear a boat whistle, no matter what boat or where it is going. Mr. Woolworth hopes to get off by the middle of the summer. We hope that he does, for his going will mean that reinforcements are definitely on the way. We cannot carry on next year without some new teachers, but the problems of closing the school are such that none of us wish to think of them. You cannot easily tell a couple hundred boys that their education must take an abrupt turn into entirely different lines, or end. I would not want to talk to the parents. Every now and then we get some bit of encouraging news from Boston, and perhaps the end of the war in Europe will loosen up the draft situation.

Between this letter and the next, think of us as being busy, happy, and content.

June 19, 1945

It is more than a week since school closed. It seems almost as if there never had been any boys around. On the other hand we have not yet put everything away for the summer so it seems that the boys just left yesterday. Last week was the week of the "Great Counting": I counted dishes, plates, cups, and platters and tried by computation and magic to make service for one hundred stretch to service for one hundred and ten. It would not do. I counted napkins and aprons, bedspreads, too, and now have our cupboards full to bursting of clean things. After a three-day washing, the women left for the summer, except for Inayet who takes care of Mr. Woolworth and will finish the mending. Kemalia Hanum, the cleaning woman whom we wanted to replace, solved the problem for us by saying that she was going to join her husband in Izmir. She said in parting that she had been very happy here. I guess she forgot that every time I saw her I scolded her about something or other. I said that I hoped we could find someone else who would do the work as well as she did. I preserved my honesty by adding to myself "at least that well if not better." The other women and the cook will be back with us next year.

I went to Adana to see what I could find in the way of dishes, especially cups. I was surprised that cups were the

one thing available, even more plentiful than saucers. The cups which I bought cost T.L. 1.20 and saucers for them T.L. 1.30. There were no dinner plates to be had, so those go on the Istanbul list where perhaps there will be bigger stocks. The only chinaware made in this country is of a very poor quality, but scarcity may force us to use that. I saw a stack of aluminum pans that I am sure would make an American housewife turn green with envy after your wartime shortage of that metal, and here at half the price of copper. I bought a lot of miscellaneous equipment, ran up a handsome bill in fifteen minutes, and congratulated myself on having found such an up-and-coming shopkeeper since the man we usually deal with was "fresh out" of everything. Then I asked for a receipt (required for government inspection of accounts). The shopkeeper gave me a paper and told me to write it out. I had never written one of the things, not even read them carefully, but on his insistence I put down the items and prices. Then I gave it to him to write the name of the shop. No, I should do that also, and the date on the stamp which made it legal. Here I had my man. I knew he had to sign the stamp. With painstaking effort he scrawled two initials! The man could not write—but he had the best stocked store in Adana!

July 8, 1945

Two weeks and no letters written. Sorry about that. To make up for the lost time, Mr. Woolworth will carry this at least part way and it may be faster.

It was not. It arrived October 8. There seemed to be no way to break the system. At least this letter was not censored, nor were any after that.

Two weeks ago today we were in Adana starting on our trip to Istanbul. We are really getting Turkish, for we must have our yearly pilgrimage to "the city" or we do not feel that we have really lived. Dick was going as a delegate to the reduced Mission meeting and I went along to keep him company. Our trip was more eventful than usual. We spent the first night in a battle-royal with bedbugs. It is odd that in all the times we have traveled on Turkish and Syrian trains this is the first time either of us made acquaintance with the little beasties.

We did not sleep much that night but made up for it the next day when there was not anything else to do.

After ambling in most leisurely fashion over the other side of the Ankara plain and the mountains of the Marmara coast, we got to Haydarpaşa station in Istanbul at two p.m. on Tuesday. Taxis are almost unknown on that Asiatic side of Istanbul nowadays, so we rode up to Üsküdar in a little surrey not much bigger than a pony-cart with fringe on top, all gayly decorated with bits of mirror and blue beads.

Dick kidded me a lot on that ride because the driver called me "mademoiselle" in spite of my increasing number of gray hairs. Of course, I beamed, just as I did when some little boys selling fruit along the train called me *abla* (big sister) instead of *teyze* (auntie) which is usually used for an older woman. With my thirty-second birthday only a few days off, I am especially conscious of these compliments.

I missed the first session of the meeting because I was anxious to start my visits to the dentist and I was more interested in seeing the crowds of the big city than in hearing a lot of dull reports. It amused me to notice how much I enjoyed being part of a mob of people pushing my way onto a boat, pushing my way off again, inching my way up to the bridge. There is no use trying to hurry in a Turkish crowd. It is a slow-moving packed unit that does not run up the stairs.

At that time all transportation between the Asiatic side and the European side of Istanbul and up the Bosporus was by ferryboat. The great suspension bridges were a long way off, hardly even dreamed of. Most of the ferries docked at the lower level of the bridge across the Golden Horn, which divided the older and the newer sections of Istanbul. This is the Galata bridge, which burned in May of 1992 and again in September. A beloved landmark lost.

My first errand that day was to get our tickets for the trip home. Luckily I got the same boy at Cooks who had sold me tickets the previous two years. He went out of his way to arrange for us the last compartment on the train we wanted. There are now half as many trains as in 1939 and more than twice as many travelers, so accommodations are at a premium. No need to tell you about making reservations early, though, is there? I spent my time just window shopping up and down the Grande Rue. There seemed to be more ready made clothes than ever, but my, oh my, the prices!

When we actually began shopping, we discovered that almost anything was obtainable in the city, if one looked far enough and was willing to pay the price. I found the dinner plates which we needed for the extra number of boys who are coming next year, and Dick found ping-pong balls although he asked at forty different shops to buy ten. Paper is the only thing that was really on the black market at very, very fancy prices. A shipload of paper from Sweden due this week will probably relieve the situation so that I will not be forced to write my letters on the backs of old compositions.

I attended the meetings on the next day. We discovered that our school was not the only one that was perilously near to closing if we did not get some new teachers. We are the worst off since we have had nothing but departures for the past three years and our graduates are not available to help out as they are for the girls' schools in the cities, Izmir and Üsküdar. The arguments were long and not without emotion. Fortunately for the peace and harmony of the Mission, a cable arrived that day saying that one Robert King had been appointed to Tarsus and also Miss Yarrow and that Mr. Blake who had been in Izmir would come if necessary.

King is a Negro, the first of this race to be appointed by the Board. He has got to be good and we have got to be good too and see that we do not add to his troubles. I think in this country, no one will think a thing about his color. Miss Yarrow has been in Turkey before so she knows what she is getting into. We are still hoping for two more young men but we can struggle along with the promised lineup.

The meeting finished on Friday and then the fun began. We, as a group, have grown younger during the year, so much so that not once did anyone suggest we gather round and sing hymns for a jolly evening. There was one evening of singing, but it was far from the sedate songfest of other years. The change was brought about by several new recruits: young people who were willing to give two or three years to work abroad. With these new people around it was inevitable that there should be a couple sight-seeing tours around the city under the expert guidance of Lyman McCallum, an old Istanbul-hand, who wanted to show things properly to his daughter who had just come back from Canada after six years away. Some of us who have been to the mosques before joined the tour for Lyman's stories are famous.

We went first to the palace grounds where the museums are, but unfortunately everything was so militarized that even the military museum was closed. We looked at the collection of cannons and from a distance saw the nine chimney pots of the Sultan's kitchen. Lyman explained that the first stove was where the food for the Sultan himself was cooked, the second for the favorite wife, the third for the ladies of the palace, and so on to the eighth which was for the scullions and the ninth for the ministers of state! We went from there around the back of Aya Sophia where we stopped to look at one of the minarets, the base of which is a flying buttress supporting the walls. The story is that the building was falling apart at one time somewhat before the conquest of Constantinople in 1453. The Greeks sent to the Turks for an expert architect to repair it. The architect did the job, and, much pleased with himself, reported back to his Sultan that everything was now ready for the conquest of the city. He said, "I have built the base of a minaret at Aya Sophia!" We walked around to the front of the building. The facade is unimpressive, altered as it has been so many times, buttressed here and supported there to hold it together. The dome of the building is unusually broad and shallow so that the weight of it constantly thrusts out onto the walls. Our guide pointed out a spot in the sand where plaster and scrap had been thrown when Professor Whitimore was working on the uncovering of the mosaics, and he said that if we looked sharply we would be able to find some tessera, the bits of glass, gold, terra-cotta red, green, and blue. We scratched around as enthusiastically as a bunch of hungry chickens and found bits to put with our treasures. The pieces, tessera, are little cubes of glass about a quarter of an inch square. Inside the building, I viewed with new interest the mosaics which I had not seen since hearing Prof. Whitimore tell about their construction and the work of restoration.

Dick and I had an appointment to call on our Turkish teacher, Kadri Bey that afternoon. On the tram we met a man who had "learned English in Brooklyn, see!" and was most helpful in telling us how to find the house. We admired the new baby. This is the little one who came ten days before she was expected, and so five days before the relative, who never did come to help. The new parents were so overwhelmed that they forgot about giving her a name. When they brought her

to a doctor in Istanbul for a checkup, of course, he wanted to know her name. All they could think of was the pet name they had been calling her, *Cankiz*, which is like "Soul child," so Can (pronounced John) she became.

On Sunday we went on an expedition to Sariyer to call on Ahmet Bey who is now teaching at Robert College. About half of Istanbul had the same thought that we did, that it was a good day for a boat trip up to the end of the Bosporus and that they would get first class tickets to be sure of a seat. After we stood up in a crowded aisle for a half hour, Dick suggested that we make a tour of the boat, and in second class there were seats for fifty, empty! Again, we admired the baby, a little boy going on two who would not talk to strangers but smiled in a most endearing fashion. Ahmet Bey seems quite content with his new position, but there were many things that he preferred about Tarsus, seemed genuinely interested in how we were getting along. We were pleased that he remembered the school so kindly. We were very pleased too by the friendliness and interest of graduates whom we met all over the city. Most of them who had graduated long before I came, but were still able to speak English very well, and had happy memories of Tarsus.

There were two holidays while we were in Istanbul which brought out rows of flags on ships in harbor. For Deniz Bayram (Sea or Navy Holiday) all the ships in the harbor were decorated; for the Fourth of July only one American ship in the Golden Horn. It did look good to see the American flag flying out so big and brave in the midst of all the pennants. Deniz Bayram is in honor of Hayrettin Barbarosa who is mentioned in our history books as a pirate, but in Turkish history as a great sea lord. There are those who call Drake and Hawkins pirates too. Near his tomb, Barbarosa, in bronze, leads the attack. There is a little park around the statue and the tomb, swept all slick and clean so that we could not even walk across it.

Mother had written about a hobby show she had recently attended, and I carried on the conversation.

July 31, 1945

Hobbies are strange things. I never heard before of anyone collecting buttons. The real lace I can understand. One of the

hobbies in this country is collecting "towels." I will let you worry about the quotation marks while I tell you of a conversation that occurred one evening when we were at Üsküdar. The vice-consul and his wife had come over to have supper with us. They have been in the country only since February. We asked about Mr. Barry who was former consul here, and a real student of Turkish art. Gladys remarked that he had a large collection of Turkish towels, some very nice ones indeed. Mrs. Consul was interested, sensing the domestic touch and said she had never seen such poor Turkish towels as are made in this country, she did not quite understand why a single man would wish to collect them! We smiled, realizing the lady's confusion and then all at once we tried to explain what we meant by Turkish towels which are really collection pieces. They are bits of exquisite embroidery, like so many pieces of handwork, the older ones being the best in design, color, and workmanship. The work is done on linen or fine cotton, an oblong strip with design at both ends. Miss Green explained that they were actually used for the hand-drying process and so properly deserved their name. In the old days it was an act of courtesy to wash a guest's hands, the servant moving around the circle with tall pitcher and basin, very lovely pieces of brass they were too, with one of these highly decorative towels over the arm. I have never had my hands washed in this fashion, but I have been presented with a damp napkin after refreshments of fruit. Sometimes the embroidery was done on a very long strip of homespun and these were used as girdles by the women. Part of every girl's hope chest is a collection of towels in the designs and stitches of her particular region. The modern ones are not so elaborate as the old, neither the design nor the cloth as fine. The new colors seem raucous: red, purple, and orange intermixed, but perhaps the mellowing effect of years has added to the beauty of the old pieces.

Consul Barry's collection of "Turkish towels" is now in the Art Institute of Chicago, where it is occasionally on display. My collection is still in my trunk.

This week I have turned designer and decorator. We have thought for a long time that the tutors' rooms needed attention and now seemed the best time to give it. I got out all the unused stuff I could find in the school cupboards and began designing curtains and bedspreads. I spent almost all day

Monday at my game, being very professional with samples of this and that draped over the broken mattress rack. I found a mine of good material in the old blackout curtains which fortunately were dark blue and not black, and some of a very heavy cotton twill. From the bundle of costumes I found a long robe of a print inspired by the Incas in colors that went very well with the dark blue for a spread and the unbleached muslin we had for curtains. For the other room, always too dark, I found some unused curtains of blue, green, and white stripe. In combination with the dark blue for spread it looked rich and for curtains sufficiently light. I spent the next two days sewing up my creations. I happened to bring home a piece of cretonne left from curtains which had been cut down. It was thrown onto a chair quite by chance, and looked so very good that it insisted on becoming a slipcover for a dull black chair in another tutor's room. For that room, larger and lighter than the others, I think I shall use the dark blue curtains as drapes, with big medallions of the cretonne. All this without the spending of a piaster except for thread, which by the way is our latest and most annoying shortage. But now I have met defeat.

I had to buy some new cloth today. For the sake of uniformity we provide the boarders with bedspreads made of white muslin with a red band. The muslin we had, but to find a red cotton that does not fade is another problem. I thought I had some, used it to trim Dick's pajamas and they came back from the laundry a uniform pink, quite possible IN bed but not ON! So I searched. I gathered up every bit of red cloth I could find: boy scout kerchiefs, signal flags, old banners, a half-dozen red coats again from the costume box. I washed samples of each with results varying from a pale pink to blood-red water. Then I went to the market with no hope at all. The very first cloth shop I passed down near the grain market, had some red plaid and some red stripe. Then I found a red with little white flowers painted on one side, and a red with rayon thread. Skeptically this time, I took samples, washed them roughly with soap and hot water. Not a drop of color out of any! If I had only had a little more faith in the Tarsus market I might have saved myself a half-day of fruitless work. Those spreads and strips have been cut now and turned over to the sewing woman for the making.

This was the first season of "decorating" tutors' rooms, a project which I continued for all the years we were in Tarsus. When materials became more easily available, I sometimes waited until the new teacher had arrived and asked his preference for colors. I would never have thought of orange, or of red for everything, curtains, spread, and lampshades!

V-J Day came quietly. We hung an American flag inside, not wishing to attract undo attention. There was no dancing in the streets, there was no one to dance with us. To Turkey, the war in the Pacific was simply too far away. Perhaps, too, we were emotionally exhausted. The teachers had not arrived. We did not know what the atomic bomb would do to the world.

There were a couple more letters written during the summer. I have one of August 8 sent by special carrier to the U.S. and mailed there airmail for six cents, but two cents more was due! Our messenger was Dr. Watson, retiring president of the American University of Cairo. Evidently, he too had been out of the States for a long time.

The letter was brief but it brings to my mind that bleak summer. Dick and I sat on our screen porch (which was described in detail sometime back), reading and planning how we would divide up the teaching that had to be done in English. He would take the math and science courses, and be acting-director. I would take the English language courses and the boarding department! Those schedules might give us time for a meal now and them, but very little left over for sleep. We really knew it would not come to that. The long hot days and longer evenings were dull. We welcomed the occasional visitor, such as Mr. Watson, who dropped in. Our usual company was the workmen: plumbers, carpenters, masons, and painters, all industriously getting in each others' ways.

We had news from the travelers. Mr. Woolworth left during the middle of July to await a ship from Izmir. He eventually gave up and took a Turkish ship to Alexandria and then on to New York on the much delayed Gripsholm *which was doing yeoman service worldwide in getting stranded missionaries back home. Dick's folks also went on that ship. The two women, Miss Towner and Mrs. Haas, after a wait of several weeks in Izmir, got a ship, but rather soon ran into a floating mine. They were unloaded in Greece, spent weeks waiting there for further transportation.*

The news that we awaited most eagerly came eventually in a cable saying that one Joseph Stewart had been appointed to teach in Tarsus. We knew nothing of him beyond the fact that he had to be masculine with that name. I will not tell you about Joseph now. That will come a little later.

TWELVE

THE SCHOOL CONTROLS OUR LIVES

Letters from September 1945 to June 1946

September 3, 1945

More news from the travelers. Learning of the way they have been delayed, postponed, and rerouted on their way to America makes us realize why our letters have been slow. Our private V-day will be celebrated when we get a letter from you in two weeks and you get an answer back in like time.

We came back from Talas earlier than we planned. We began worrying about conditions in Tarsus where we had left the school in charge of a student-secretary, the cook, and the gateman. We made the trip through the mountains in the daytime for a change. The mountains appear only in brief dramatic flashes between tunnels. A majestic cliff rises straight into the clouds, then darkness, black and sticky. A glimpse of a long deep valley with pines clinging to rock crevices. Darkness again. Then after one long tunnel, a longer view of the gently sloping valley and rounded hills. The passengers for Tarsus begin collecting their bags and baskets for it is just a few minutes from there to the junction at Yenice. We will not trade the rugged grandeur of the Taurus for any mountain range in the world.

Of course, that was by train. The present day traveler would more likely make the journey by car or bus, or even fly over the whole scene.

Today marked the end of vacation. The women came back to begin the cleaning up process and I began wondering how I would find enough cloths to keep them happy. I had a crew of five working today. Dick is jealous. Counting the two secretaries, he had only four men. But he has rung in another boy and the gateman will be back tomorrow bringing his total to six. I do not think that is fair! We do not usually have two secretaries. In fact we do not usually have any, being just on the point of getting or losing one most of the time. A student

has been doing the work this summer, and the new permanent man has come a little early to get onto the ropes. None of the worry of last year about whether the old workers would come and when, or trying to find new people after the work had started. Cemile's sister who worked here before has come back in place of the cleaning woman who left, and Cemile's cousin has come as a full-time worker in the laundry and kitchen. That leaves only two brothers in the family who do not work for us and one of them is a welder so I do not think we will need him, the other a foreman at the cotton factory. We seem to like that family. If the first day is typical, the school will shine. The women spent the day scraping paint off windows and trying to get it off the floors. They did a good job, too.

I am really looking forward to this second year in charge of the boarding department. I am going to try to correct the mistakes of last year and inaugurate some improvements. You will hear all about that later.

September 10, 1945

This is the three-day holiday which marks the end of Ramazan. It shifts around the calendar, being always the seventh month of the Moslem year. I did not realize before the special significance of this month. The tradition is that during this time Mohammed was alone in the desert, fasting and praying. The holy books of the Koran came down to him from heaven. There are special days, the fifteenth and the twenty-seventh among them, of great significance because of the messages received on those days. On the first day of Ramazan, the beginning of the fast, the Jerusalem radio sent greetings to all its Moslem listeners and wished them joy. I feel sorry for the people who keep the fast during these long hot days but observance seems to be greater this year than before. I suppose they get a certain amount of satisfaction and I hope a little spiritual enrichment from its observance. An empty stomach never seemed to me to be a good basis for religious contemplation.

Last week I did very little work. I have assumed my "executive" clothes again, and I find them uncomfortable. I feel rather a piker when I put my five women to work washing windows

and scrubbing floors and I come home to play around with a bit of mending or even take a nap. I go back a couple hours later to see if the job has been done well. As often as not, it has not and I have to think of ways of telling them that it must be done over without making them too angry. But the work has gone well, with even an excess of energy that has resulted in several broken windows.

It amuses me, and annoys me at the same time, to see some of the inefficient methods that they insist on using. I think the short handleless broom is the worst. Turkish brooms are very light, with feathery ends which I admit are good for gathering dust, but they are only about two and a half feet long. I cannot believe that the Turkish back is so much stronger than the American back, that a woman can sweep a large room bent double and do as good a job as if she could stand up straight. But my women think so. Our men have put handles on their brooms. The women much prefer to scrub floors by foot power with floods of water—alright if the ceilings do not leak.

There was a character in The Ugly American *by Graham Greene who won the undying gratitude of a bunch of women in Vietnam by putting handles on their brooms. I do not believe it! I nearly lost my entire staff by trying to do just that. And when I suggested a sweeping compound to keep down the dust when the men swept the classrooms, I had a strike of major magnitude and had to back down entirely.*

September 23, 1945

School opens tomorrow. Everything is ready *except* the teachers. Dick spent a sleepless night worrying about whether they would arrive in time. Two are on the way and a third is to start soon. I am not prepared. The excitement caused by many people around has addled my brain so I cannot think straight. I hope my thoughts clear up before Tuesday.

This evening I made out the first market list and the first set of menus for my hundred and twelve children. I find I do not tear out as much hair as I did last year on that task, but still, I have forgotten completely how much melon they need and I spent a half-hour on the bread order.

We have a full staff of workers already at work. We have more than a full quota of students. We shoehorn them into a

couple of the classrooms and a good many are here early. But the teachers have kept us on needles and pins. M. Bonnal was here last weekend only long enough to pack and get out for Robert College. We had to impress his mother to correct the makeup exams—but she had a sore foot. On Tuesday, she limped in and has been here ever since.

As a whistling-in-the-dark gesture, I went to Adana on Wednesday to meet the train from Beirut and bring home our teachers, although we knew it would be only by rare luck that they would come then. They did not. But my midnight vigil was not in vain entirely, for I met the American A.T.C. men in Adana also waiting for travelers who did not come. I poured out our sad story. They were most sympathetic and one fellow offered to correct the geometry makeup exams. I think I surprised him a little by enthusiastically accepting the offer and getting the papers on his doorstep the next day. This evening Dick has gone to Adana to try his luck, but this time we have two wires saying they are on the way. "They" are Harriet Yarrow and Bob King. Never will people be more welcome!

Week before last we had a bunch of guests from whom you have probably heard for they mailed a letter to you about October 6. Five Americans, homeward bound, escaped from their ship and from Mersin to come to historic Tarsus for a day. They found us in turmoil. The fresh paint on the living room floor was not yet dry, the furniture was all on the porch. We untangled enough chairs for a moment's rest and then we went off for a tour of the town. A boy was to guide, but I thought it much more fun if I did all the talking. We saw the few interesting antiquities and went shopping to the delight of every urchin in town. I felt as conspicuous as a Cook's tour in the market. We (they) bought saddle bags for pillows, for knitting bags, and even for saddlebags. In a two minute conference before I left, Cemile and I planned to enlarge the meal-for-two to serve seven. We gave them *dolmas* and *yogurt*, salad of green beans and peppers, baked apples with cream, served on the dining room table just where it stood out of doors. No one could accuse us of being formal or impressed by rank. These were diplomatic people. I wondered once what I would do if the touring senators stopped over in Tarsus. Now I know. I would give them dolmas and yogurt and apricots preserved in *pekmez*.

October 22, 1945

Now we know the war is over! This is in answer to your letter of October 8, 1945!! Is it not incredible?

Dick has really turned into an efficient executive, spending so much time in his office that I do not seem to see him at all. I am not used to having an office-husband. Thanks to him, the school has started really very well. Everyone seems happy; students and teachers alike. A couple graduates of several years ago gave Dick a very fine compliment when they said that the boys respected him, so they did what was right, not obeying from fear. Of course, there have been difficulties. We have practically a new staff which has to be taught the ropes but at the same time not be bound by them too closely.

I will introduce our new staff: They are an interesting group, make every meal at our house seem like a party. The foreign staff all have all their meals with us.

First, there is Mme. Bonnal whom we persuaded to take over the French classes left vacant when her son went to Robert College. We have wondered a little about the wisdom of that move, since Mme. Bonnal demands a lot of service, has many neurotic worries, and not very good discipline in her classes. But she does contribute an interesting "foreign" atmosphere to our group and a Parisian style although how she does that is one of the mysteries for her wardrobe is as old and threadbare as most of ours. The Bonnals, mother and son, are Parisian French but have some Greek ties and some property in one of the islands. Hence their long sojourn in these parts.

Bob King, the first Black to be appointed by the Board, arrived somewhat after midnight on registration day and spent the rest of the night in our guest room. When he got up about ten o'clock, I escorted him to his room off the dormitory. The boys were properly impressed. He immediately had *position.* He had played college football at Hampton Institute and more recently had been director of athletics at a YM.

Bob was not only admired by the boys, but the young women who had been in the party coming out that year also found him attractive. Two of them decided to come to Tarsus during the first vacation. One was teaching in Istanbul, the other in Aleppo. Bob was saved from acute embarrassment only by a cholera epidemic that closed the Syrian-Turkish border. Only the girl from Istanbul could come.

Harriet Yarrow had been in Turkey some years before the war, teaching at a school in Istanbul since closed. If she ever had a worry, she has not bothered to keep it or to air it before the assembly. She is thoroughly good company.

Harriet Yarrow is an ardent pacifist, who worked with the interned Japanese-Americans during the war.

Joseph Stewart had not traveled with the group. It was two weeks or ten days after school had started. We were at breakfast one morning, trying to figure out what kind of man "Joe" would be, for in addition to his academic qualifications the Board had told us only that he was very short of stature. Bob said he was not afraid of Joe's taking Harriet's affections away from him, because she would be unwilling to be seen in the market with him. People would say she was rather old to have so young a son. Then the doorbell rang. There stood our new teacher, all five feet of him, wearing a black suit, white shirt, black tie, white socks, black shoes, and carrying a black umbrella on a warm summer day. "I am Joseph Stewart," he said. "Joe" disappeared at that moment, never to return. "Joseph" had arrived. It was with difficulty that I composed my face to the seriousness the occasion required and brought him to the breakfast table to meet his colleagues.

On Sunday we were all imprisoned. All of Turkey was under house-arrest, for it was census day. The only people allowed on the streets were the army of census-takers recruited from teachers and students. We did not notice the inconvenience although it was a beautiful day and we would have gone for a walk otherwise. In theory, the census-taker saw with his own eyes every person whom he wrote down. There were the usual questions of name, age, and marital status, literacy and languages used. Some of our boys were assigned to the poorer Arabic quarter. One boy said that all his people told him their home language was Turkish, but if they could not say it in good Turkish, he put down Arabic anyway. The "Speak Turkish in Turkey" campaign has at least made them reluctant to go on record as using another language. At five o'clock a great whoop and holler from the boys told us that the whistles had blown and that we were free to go out. Can you imagine such a census day in America? It shows what a comparatively simple and well-controlled country is Turkey.

October 31, 1945

Vacations are a snare and a delusion, I have decided. This week we started out with a two-day holiday to celebrate Cumhuriyet Bayram and I am still left with the list of things I wanted to accomplish.

The Bayram was really a lot of fun. There was the usual parade and more than the usual amount of decorating this year. The *kaymakam* had asked that there be more flags out and that they be the regulation wool flags with the design woven in instead of sewed on. As a consequence we could not put up as many flags as formerly, but we had the brightest lights in town, for we had prewar bulbs for our number XXII, the twenty-second year of the Republic.

The weather was unusually kind on Monday, warm and sunny but not too much so. With the other teachers, I went down to the *meydan* and joined our boys in time to receive the greetings of the *kaymakam*. In the brilliant morning sunshine he did look funny in his full dress suit with the shiny top hat and extra long tails. I did not dare look at Harriet when he came along, for we had had such a good laugh when I told her what costume he had worn in other years. With the other dignitaries he marched around the circle of schoolchildren stopping at each group to wish them a happy holiday and to received in return a chorused "*Sag Ol!*" There were a couple of speeches which no one could hear because the public address system has not yet been connected. Then the parade of schoolchildren began. The Orta (Middle) School first, with yellow ribbons on the vizored caps of both boys and girls; then our boys marching perfectly (!) and a long, long line of little youngsters from the seven primary schools. Definitely there is no race suicide in Tarsus. The Sports Club, which our team had just tied in football, looked better in the parade than on the field. Two home-guard units from each of the factories marched past in full regalia, four guns for each twelve men, two nurses, and a first aid kit. And then the parade was over. We were free to go home and press our evening gowns for the ball.

On the way home we discovered that Rabia Hanim did not have a long dress but Harriet and I wanted to wear ours so we arranged to loan her one of mine. We were both delighted when she put on my organdy formal, the one I wore at Dave's wedding, and it fit her as well as it does me. I had the black

velvet to wear which I have been longing to show off for all these years. By the time we got our party collected, we were quite a contingent and arrived late enough to cause a stir. There were Rabia and her mother and brother; Harriet and Bob King; Bulent, a graduate who had called in the afternoon; Kadri Bey's niece; and Dick and I. Dick was sure that it was our lovely long dresses that got us a ringside table, and the special invitation from the *kaymakam* to join the first group at the buffet. I know it was the dresses that made us have such a good time. I watched the swirl of Rabia's skirts every time she danced and wondered if the dress did as much for me as it did for her. I pretended to be cold and kept my white bunny wrap on all evening, because after I got to the ball I was embarrassed by my too bare shoulders. We were planning means of polite escape when the *kaymakam* came to our table again and after a few polite remarks invited us to come to the buffet. We were overwhelmed by his kindness and it really was quite an honor. I was so proud of Dick who talked with the most important man in Tarsus like an old friend. Among the nice things he said was that although Tarsus did not have much to brag about, when people asked what was there he said, "We have a college!" We Americans are right on top of the list these days.

We celebrated Dick's birthday on the 18th with a chocolate cake and a couple of presents. Our "family" gave Dick a pair of saddle bags of very interesting Anatolian workmanship.

The 30th was Bob's birthday which we planned to celebrate in the evening after he had returned from a bicycle trip with the boys. Harriet made the cake this time, a really luscious affair. We had a plate full of little packages of all the Turkish delights we could find, wrapped appropriately in Halloween orange tied with black cord, topped with an orange and black cap Bob had been given at the ball of the night before. But the enjoyment of the party was marred for Bob had come in leaving four of the boys still on the road. We worried more than was needful, but not more than was natural. Three of the boys straggled in a little later, but nothing had been heard of the fourth who was last seen with a flat tire and no repair kit, well up in the mountains waiting for a car. When that car came in without the boy, Dick persuaded him to turn around again. He took the gateman along for he was not going to risk rousing suspicions by anything but simon-pure Turkish at

that time of night. They had a wild ride up the road, stopping at every village, waking every dog and the headman to ask if a boy and a bicycle were hidden away there. When they reached the point at which the boy had been last seen, there was no village in sight and Dick began to wonder if they would have to retrace their way, searching every ditch and canyon, but far off the road there were some houses. Sound asleep in a corner of that village they found the boy and delivered him home to his parents at twelve-thirty. That was one birthday none of us will forget for a long time.

There were other results, too: Never again was an expedition sent out with only one teacher. There were always at least two, for advance patrol and rear guard.

November 5, 1945

We have settled into our usual Tarsus rut. A good rain tonight makes the mud in that rut grasping and sticky, literally as well as figuratively. Mme. Bonnal apparently has been feeling the same way for she said that her life needed excitement. She longed for the days of Cleopatra. We contemplated the chilliness of sitting on the deck of a galley in the scanty costume which that lady is usually shown wearing. What do you suppose she did in the winter? Or did she only visit Tarsus in the summertime? I think I will take the modern life with its routine days, its ugly stoves, and its comforts.

Yesterday we had an interesting call from Ahmet Koc and his sister. Ahmet comes from Namrun, the mountain village to which most of Tarsus goes in the summer. His older sister, eighteen, has come down this winter to take care of him and the younger sister who is in third class of the primary school. The remarkable thing about Ahmet is that he is the best student who has come to this school in many a year. He is really outstanding. I do not believe he got a grade below the highest ten in all of his preparatory work. Now he is aiming to equal that record in the more difficult First Class. He can speak English better than some of the boys in the Fourth. His sister was simply delighted and no end impressed to hear him rattle off long English sentences in conversation with us. It is very unusual for a village boy to get anywhere in this school. We feel that the old saying that it takes three generations to make

an educated man is quite true. You cannot expect much from a boy whose father and mother cannot read or write. We notice a great difference in the ability of the boys who come from homes where education is taken for granted and if one parent knows a foreign language, that makes it easier yet.

Tomorrow I must see that Ilyas gets the rest of our onions and some more samples of rice. We buy several different kinds of rice: the best for pilaf, broken rice for soups, and another kind for the making of several sweets. Such are the thoughts in my squirrel-cage mind. None of them very good letter material you will admit. So for now, Loads of love and good-bye.

November 21, 1945

Regardless of what the calendar says about the 21st of December being the first day of winter, I do not believe it. The 21st of November is the first day of winter in these parts.

The cold, however, has brought with it compensations. We get the most wonderful view of the mountains in this clear weather. They seem to have walked up closer to us, every ridge in the foothills is clear and we can almost count the bushes of scrub oak. The higher ranges are white, smoothed out into curves accented by blue shadows, scarred only here and there by a steep cliff.

Last week's holiday was Kurban Bayram, that is the holiday of the sacrifice, to commemorate Abraham's sacrifice of Ishmael, not Isaac. I have probably told you before, most families kill an animal, a sheep or a goat, and distribute the meat among the poor. The skins of the sacrificed animals are collected by the Airplane Society which takes care of the widows and orphans of aviators, and I suspect buys a new airplane every now and then for they also sell many revenue stamps. This is really the biggest holiday in the Moslem calendar. All the boys who possibly could went home for the four days, leaving us with only eighteen in the boarding department. We tried to make up for their having to stay at school by giving them specially good meals. Boy-like, they ate what was put before them and said nothing. If they were pleased, that will come out years from now. I only assume that they were not displeased.

I was able to attack the pile of mending. In addition to my own household mending, I had the new football jerseys which

came apart after the first wearing. They made a formidable pile which melted rapidly with Harriet's help.

We should have made a lot of formal calls, but somehow did not get in more than one friendly call on the Kadri Beys. They are really delightful, and their six month old daughter is such a charmer that we want to keep up our acquaintance with her. She grows so rapidly we notice the changes between visits. We do not wonder that she rules the household. If Kadri Bey does not have a new suit, it is because of the baby. If they need a stove to heat their house this year, it is because of the baby. We were amused and pleased that they were pleased when a friend said she looks like an American baby. She does. She has been brought up by the "book," which may account for it. Most Turkish babies are raised on old wives' tales and rule of thumb and are a pretty sorry lot, pasty-faced and not very active.

Most of my reading this winter has been in notebooks written by the prep class and compositions by the Fourth. But I have managed to squeeze in one or two other books: "Anna and the King of Siam," and "The Egg and I." I have got to stop now and collect my thoughts for class, for I have been finishing this letter on Thursday morning. My problem: How can I make "in front of" and "at the back of" into exciting and meaningful phrases to the laddies whose English vocabulary is two-hundred and twenty-two words?

December 10, 1945

Teaching classes has been more fun than usual this week. In the Fourth class, we have come to a couple poems by Browning that I enjoy so much that the class just has to follow along. Today we read "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" with much discussion as to how fast a horse could gallop at night, on a poor road or no road at all. Unfortunately, I had not beforehand looked up the ride on a map. Tomorrow I will try to make the boys share my thrill of discovery in finding that those places still exist and that the road the riders followed is the road of today, one hundred seventy kilometers, covered by a galloping horse in nine or ten hours. I think they will be impressed. Then we are going to begin "The Pied Piper of Hamlin." Rats! What a joy to teach literature!

One of the enthusiasms which the new teachers brought with them was one for reestablishing the English Rule, that all boys should speak English when in the school grounds. It is rather hard to enforce and so has fallen into disuse. But this year each one of the teachers has taken one class as a special project. I have my beloved Fourths. We held one hilarious meeting during a class period last week when we "organized." We have two "Roving Reporters" who listen in to see what language is being used, and a committee of three to decide what "forfeits" will be paid. At the next class period we are going to have a very dignified boy recite "The Purple Cow," and a couple will read tongue twisters. I want to hear someone struggle through the intricacies of "Themisticles Thistledown who thrust thirty thistles through the thick of his thumb." I can hardly say it myself without getting tangled up. Perhaps it will not make them speak English much better, but it may help to enjoy it a little more.

Harriet is sponsor for the Fifth class. Under her leadership, they gave a party for themselves and the faculty last week. The ice-breaking game was really a wonder. It broke the ice alright and got us all in a real party mood before we knew it. When I came in, someone immediately shoved five peanuts in my hand. I had eaten a couple when someone asked me if I had been given peanuts. I said, "yes" in a puzzled way, and the boy asked for one of my remaining peanuts. Then he also explained the rules of the game. You must pay a peanut if you say "yes" or "no" to anyone. It is astonishing how hard it is to keep from answering a question with one of those words. "Did you go to the market today?" "No" and a nut is gone. "Oh, Mrs. Maynard" from across the room and I say "Yes? What is it?" Peanuts changed hands fast. I lost all mine and then gained five back. You cannot just sit in a corner and say nothing or you will have nothing to eat. After that gay introduction we had a very formal welcome from the head of the committee. Two boys put on a stunt in which they satirized everything in the school from the millstones in the rice, which "must be there to give us calcium, brother," to the fact that Mr. King promised lab experiments for two months before producing them. It was good for us. There were several instrumental solos, the most notable being played on the shepherd's pipes. Really it was just a little reed pipe but the music took one up to the bleak and barren mountain tops,

where a shepherd under his felt tent-like coat was whiling away the hours.

December 25, 1945

Have you felt all divided up today as if half of you were not with the rest of you? That is the way you should have felt. Your spirits were with us. You came in just in time for the breakfast grapefruit this morning and you have been with us all day.

Really, I have been sure you were here, ever since we got your cable this morning. It came through perfectly from "sterlingili" saying "Merry Xmas all well. Mathew." Even those last words added a lot, for we could see you all enjoying good health and good spirits. We put your presence with the other presents for the day.

We took Dr. Haas to the station at three o'clock, stopped off on the way home to wish Mme. Pruss a Joyeux Noel, and got home just in time to receive our teacher Kadri Bey and his wife. They had been gone only a few minutes when another Kadri Bey, who has always been a good friend of the school although never a student here, came to call. Your spirits enjoyed meeting these people too. We talked of the horrors of being robbed at night. Mme. Bonnal had been robbed of her bag and a hundred liras a couple weeks ago; of the horrors of a war with Russia which no one wants to see, not even the Russians I am sure, although they talk awfully big; and of the backwardness of Tarsus which cannot support even one good grocery store. Then it was time to feed the family once again on part of the leftovers. So here we are.

It has been such a lovely, peaceful quiet Christmas day, I am loath to see it end. I have been glad for a while to shut out all thoughts of the distressing outside world. But I know there is one matter you wonder what we are thinking about from the world news. What about these new Russian demands on Turkey? They want to rectify the boundaries of Georgia, they want to take two hundred fifteen kilometers of the Black Sea coast. In order to use the word "return" they go back to the Roman empire when that section was under the same provincial government as Georgia! It has been Turkish since there was a modern country of Turkey and although the section

has been sometimes disputed in the innumerable Russo-Turkish wars, Russia has never more than captured and lost it by peace settlement. The general consensus is that it is a bluff, a form of blackmail. Russia wants rights in the Straits and perhaps she should have them. But Turkey does not like the idea very well. So Russia wants to show just what she can demand if she wants to. It seems to me that Turkish reaction has been admirably calm. The Foreign Minister says the country wants to remain friendly with all her neighbors, that she intends to preserve her sovereignty, that she cannot consider as official demands from an irresponsible source, the Georgian historians. Only one old general said "fight," but what else would he say? And for what was war just fought and won but to prevent this sort of brigandage? We will wait and see and hope for the best. Do not quote me too extensively, certainly not in the paper for I am not a correspondent.

Now the day is over. We have listened to the news from Jerusalem. Your spirits are ready to flit back to "sterlingili," but I hope they will come again. You cannot imagine how many times during the day both we and our friends have said, "next year Christmas in America," and I added to myself, "Yes, indeed and Christmas with Mother and Dad and all the precious family!" It will be wonderful. Nothing short of a cataclysm can stop us!

January 3, 1946

Really, you frighten us with your reports of the clothes crisis. But Dick bravely says he will wear a blanket or at least blanket plaids if that is all that the men are wearing by next summer. We trust that by that time the large numbers of returning veterans will be supplied and that manufacture will have somewhat caught up with demand. Our eagerness to get back into real stores is great and so is our eagerness to see the doll store which you hold at the house.

I have told you about Christmas celebrations. No sooner did we have things cleaned up a bit than the Hannafords from Aleppo came. Really, they are Harriet's guests, but since they ate with us and spent a lot of time down here, they seemed like our guests, too.

You may have heard the name and even now be trying to place it. Howard and Ruth Hannaford are Presbyterian missionaries who were in Japan for many years, twenty-five, I think. Harriet met them in America when they were all working to help in the relocation of Japanese-Americans. Last year they were sent to Aleppo to help out at the schools there which are joint projects of the Presbyterian and Congregational Boards. They got into a difficult situation where "revolutions" and growing nationalism have kept the city in an uproar and the sudden illness and departure of the head of the Girls' School threw that organization into an upheaval. But in spite of not knowing well any of the languages useful in Aleppo (Arabic, Armenian, Turkish, or French) they have been able to get along and have really enjoyed their work and living in the dreamed of marble halls, which they say are *cold*!

In honor of the guests we ordered up some good weather but were only middling successful. They had one day of good Tarsus rain, the all day variety, one day of intermittent showers, and one day of our best winter weather. We all went on a picnic to Pompeyopolis. Our train was at seven forty-five, not an overly early hour, but we ran just in time to catch its fleeing coattails. In Mersin we picked up Mme. Bonnal and Bob who had been visiting there and the school secretary who had two carriages waiting for us. We went out to the ruined city about two miles from town. Jogging along in a carriage is such a nice leisurely way to travel, it fits in with visiting ruins.

There are many local stories about these ruins, but I think the authentic one is that it was a Greek city, named Soli. During the time of Julius Caesar there were a great many pirates along this coast. They would ravage the sea-lanes and then drive their little vessels into the innumerable coves and be peacefully plowing in the fields by the time the Roman navy arrived. Pompey caught up with the pirates and subdued them. So the name of the city was changed in his honor. There is not much of it left now, just a row of columns, a broken aqueduct, the remnants of a breakwater, and tiny harbor mostly filled with sand dunes. Some of the columns have fallen and been broken up into building stone, but others are still complete with Corinthian acanthus leaves and ornamental figures as well. On some were the Roman eagle, on others human figures, and on some lions and horses.

We felt like archeologists pointing out to each other the strange bits we had discovered that had been earlier discovered by every sightseer.

We reburied the bits of mosaic we had found. We were not digging for gold.

January 23, 1946

I had the most delightful breakfast on Saturday. It was a good beginning for that hectic day. There were three "heavy" letters as Harriet would call them. Important letters, one from you, one from Father Maynard, and one from Mr. Woolworth. It is so good to get fresh news from home. Your letter was from January 6. Now I know that the war is over. I will believe that Pan-American has a route which comes directly to Ankara. As yet I have not heard of anyone with a rank lower than Major General who has been able to travel on that plane but, as long as they will bring our letters in, I do not care.

Really, only half of Saturday was hectic. Dick went to Iskenderun on the first train at six-thirty to look over some goods that the Italian school had for sale. Unfortunately, the equipment they had was not the stuff we needed most, and the prices they asked were such that we could not afford to buy things we did not absolutely have to have. Dick's absence left a great many extra details for me. I had scarcely had time to look at the outside of the letters, when the calls began: a boy with a sty on his eye and another with an infected hand. I fixed them temporarily and got to class. (Yes, we had classes on Saturday morning.) Next there were a couple requests to be away for the weekend that had to be checked. I got caught in the office at recess time by a bunch of boys who wanted spending money. It seemed a reasonable request, but I had no idea where the accounts were kept and only vaguely where to find the money. I had to put them off until I had time to search. A couple more special requests had to be answered. I felt so foolish and so little standing behind Dick's big desk, trying to be as efficient as he is. Then I ducked out to another class, the preps, who were full of the old Nick because I was excited and because they knew the boss was away. I had time then to find the money and pay it out, but not time to see that dinner was properly served. I usually like to check on

meals. I did remember in time to get the boys' bath arranged. Routine helps a lot. The dogs and I relaxed all afternoon with a book. Dick got home at four a.m. that night and the house seemed complete again.

Every minute is so full. Even so minor an interruption as callers for an hour or two throws the schedule off. I have been guilty more than once of making a wry face when guests were announced and then regretting it most profoundly after they arrived. One afternoon our neighbor, Kayhan Bey's wife, and one Pakisa Hanum called. Pakisa Hanim is the one who "stole" the Nutes from us on two occasions when they were visiting here. She is a member of the most influential family in Tarsus, longtime friends of the school, but I had not met her before. Her twin boys are in the school. It required a quick about-face to meet someone against whom I had sworn undying hatred. She is really a helpless individual. The conversation was something like this: "The twins will not study their lessons. What can a mere mother do about it? They will not eat anything but fruit. Ah me!" (And just a few minutes before, Mme. Bonnal and I had said they looked as if they lived on sweets and candy.) "There is not any place in the town for boys to go. It is much more difficult to bring up children nowadays than it was in the old days!" (Ha, ha, to myself). "There is not any place in town for us to go, the ladies, that is. We never stay home. No wonder we were not in when you tried to call the other day!" Have you ever heard that before?

Pakisa Hanim had one of the first modern marriages in Turkey. It was just about the time that Atatürk was putting in legal reforms, among which was a change in marriage laws according to the Swiss code, when he visited Tarsus. Remzi Bey was one of the prominent citizens who greeted the Gazi. Somehow it became known that he was engaged, and soon to be married. "Ah ha," said Atatürk, "we shall have a wedding today! In the new style. Go and tell the bride. Twelve o'clock at the City Hall." Poor Pakisa Hanim never quite got over the loss of her proper wedding. Hers was only the nikah *which I described for Etem Bey and Muazzez Hanim, in 1940.*

The day before I was invaded by some other callers who left me even more baffled. An old friend of Miss Towner's introduced the mother of a boy who, I knew, had not been behaving quite properly, but I did not know the details of the case. I assumed that they had been in to see the director and just came over for a friendly call. But I got the whole story.

Behcet was a good boy; he never did anything he should not, he studied all week, and worked in the shop every Sunday, and he had been sick, ad infinitum. Oh, yes, also the boys persecuted him because he was of a different religious group than most of them. (This was something which I have never observed, by the way. Boys are teased and bullied because they are weak, because they are vindictive, or do not know how to take it, but I have not noticed that the Christians or other minority groups are persecuted per se.) Ah, woe is me! The peculiarities of my Turkish vocabulary made it possible for me to understand perfectly the destructiveness of field mice in the fields, but not the important fact that this mother had been sent for and had not seen the director. She thought I would do as well! (The boy's father died last year, so the mother really has rather a problem keeping track of her teenage son. Because men often married late, women who were much younger, there were many widows left to raise teenage sons.)

On Friday, Feyzi Bey and his wife came in just at tea time. I was so glad there were two extra cups on the table and plenty of tea in the pot. These are really delightful people, who get more joy out of life than most youngsters, although they are both well on in middle age. Feyzi Bey was a student and a teacher in this school long, long ago. He has a brother of Pakisa Hanim, but I believe they are not on speaking terms at present. Anyway, we found plenty to talk about. Feyzi Bey is going to be an importer but he does not yet know of just what: wallboard or canned milk or radios. He and his wife went up to Gözne by horseback a couple weeks ago and told us delightedly about their trip. We have all agreed to go up sometime in the spring. The Hanim was delighted when I told her to keep a booklet of crochet patterns I had loaned her. I must remember to send her some when I get to America. She gave me some very practical advice on a sweater I am making for Ilyas' little girl. So we all had fun that day.

January 31, 1946

I found an advertisement in an Istanbul paper for the American Export lines naming several ships which were leaving New York on given dates and would take freight in return

on given dates. Now that sounds something like old times. I never thought I would be excited at the prospects of sailing on the *Excambion* or the *Exminster* or *Exeter* or *Ex-something-or-other*, but now the very thought of any ship that will take us to America thrills me and more still, the thought that we might be able to book that transportation definitely two weeks in advance.

Dreamer!

Reports are that lots of people are waiting to go to America. We will have fellow travelers. Really, this year, I feel as if we were living half in America and half in Turkey. It is not a happy arrangement. We not only have all the problems of Tarsus but we are also concerned with the housing shortage in America, the scarcity of clothes, and the effects of the strikes on production of consumer goods. We are going to be in the market for a good many things and we do not want to find the American cupboards as bare as the Turkish ones.

I remember from last week one very disturbing incident that could happen only in Turkey or a country as bureaucratic. One afternoon, Dick said that an individual who was unshaven, wearing no tie or collar on his shirt, came into the office and said he was our new philosophy teacher, when were his classes? That was the first news we had of him. Later in the mail came an official notice from the local Director of Education, saying that this man was appointed from Ankara, was to go to work immediately. We wept and moaned to ourselves that we did not want any intruder; that our Kadri Bey was already doing a good job in those classes, even if he did not have just the qualifications the government insisted upon. Most of all, we did not want to have a teacher appointed for seven hours, officially appointed so that we could not fire him ever, but he could leave when he felt like it. We much prefer to hire our own teachers and have them full time, and then get approval and appointment later. But it seems to be the system in all the schools in this country, to have specialists who teach only a few hours in three or four different schools. What a mess! We agonized over it for a couple days trying to find loopholes in the law. We finally had to give up and accept. The man teaches in the lycée in Mersin. He had somehow found out that our teacher was not fully qualified and was therefore only a substitute. He had pulled strings in Ankara to get the appointment through without saying anything

to us about it. On second appearance he did not look so bad and we managed to put him off for a week until the end of the quarter.

The "hotel" has been functioning fairly well during the week.

The climax of the weekend came when Dick told me that the visiting volleyball team not only would stay for dinner but that the accompanying teachers would eat with us. We had agreed before to invite the director, if he came, but we were not quite prepared for five other teachers as well who arrived at ten-thirty on Sunday morning!

Cemile and I just tied our aprons a little tighter and looked at the roast already cooking to see if it would do for twelve instead of six. Fortunately, I had planned to serve leftovers for half the week. The players ate with the boys. It was easier to stretch their meal from forty-five to fifty-three by adding just a little more rice to the pilaf. I laughed a good many times to myself about the flurry caused by planning a dinner for twelve when one knows weeks in advance. Here I did not have time for any flurry but got table-boards, borrowed glasses, and counted all our plates to be sure we would have enough while I mentally went over the menu to see if our Turkish guests would find it not too strange and hoped that the pudding steaming would not fall or do any other uncooperative act. We finally ate roast beef, plentifully surrounded with roast onions and a few carrots, rice pilaf, radishes, and green onions; and for desert the steamed pudding with lemon sauce. A local shortage of sugar and coffee made after-dinner coffee impossible. During the meal of course, we talked about food and what strange things Americans eat, or do not eat. One man mentioned a dinner where four or five courses were served and then a sweet which he thought was the end but was followed by five more courses. I wanted to say, "Brother, when the sweet arrives after this meal that *is* the end, there is not any more!" At least, we all had enough and if the new philosophy teacher did not like American-style vegetables, it was because he did not know what was good and good for him. I was grateful to Mamure Hanim, another guest, for she was the gracious hostess all the time I was rushing about or still more wildly cudgeling my brain for polite Turkish.

February 13, 1946

Ah me! The time has come when I must recreate a few current events for the local *Tarsus Chronicle*. Most of the items will come under the heading of "little locals," although some world news has crept in to our great interest. Of that first: As I am sure you have, we have been listening to every bit of the United Nations procedure and Security Council debates. It is interesting to have a radio seat at the Council table, and to hear firsthand the speeches that make policy. We missed the debate on Persia, but we did hear some of the discussions of Greece, and now we are eagerly following the Indonesian affair.

On the local side of the news: We have had a sick boy, at least one, every morning for the past two weeks. Who said that it was young mothers-to-be who had morning sickness? It is also school boys on cold rainy mornings. But I cannot blame them much. Most of our little dears have spent a pleasant day in the infirmary reading *"Bin-bir Roman,"* the Turkish equivalent of Superman and Mandrake the Magician, conveniently published in magazine form. Those who are not up by evening we send home to their parents. I am a little worried about having flu cases around, since it is so contagious and can lead to so many complications. I am always glad to get them off my hands. One boy amused me. He got up at four o'clock, just after classes, with strict injunctions not to play football or basketball. But he did. I could see him from our window. The next day I expressed astonishment that he was not sick again after such strenuous play and started mildly scolding when he thanked me for taking such good care of him. What could I say then?

I made a few afternoons "free time" last week and got into the school library. I have thought for a long time that it needed first of all a severe pruning, so I went to work. I removed one whole shelf of Hebrew and one of Greek. I found a book in German on Persian, Arabic, and Turkish which we presented to Joseph knowing that he was the one person in Tarsus interested in that combination of languages. He was pleased! Then I tackled the science section. I found a 1904 dissertation on electricity which I consigned to the lower storeroom and a whole collection of physics and chemistry of like antiquity. Most of the books were given by Dr. Christie about 1895 and so were published considerably before then. I found it

hard to know where to begin and end on botany and geology which must have been the old man's favorites. The prize antiquity was in the astronomy section: Bowditch's volume on navigation published in 1826! My hope for the library is to weed out the unreadable stuff, make room for usable modern books within the realm and understanding of the boys, and then get those books. It is a two year plan but now seems a good time to start it.

March 26, 1946

I have a new postmark for you this week, for I am on a visit to Gaziantep. It used to be just Aintep but during the war against the French (which was just after World War I) it was such a brave and noble city that it got the title "Gazi" which in modern Turkish is the equivalent of crusader or hero. By whatever name, Harriet and I are here for a few days.

There is an American hospital on the top of the hill. Americans always do build on the top of hills in Turkey and usually add a windmill if not a flag. After only the briefest of guidance, I feel right at home for it is so much like all the other Mission establishments. The people are just as cordial and friendly as everywhere else. The Isleys, Mr. Isley is the business manager of the hospital and Mrs. Isley is a nurse, are leaving for America on Monday so are very much involved with packing, farewell calls, and feasting. We share in the latter, enjoying as much as if we deserved it, the pilaf with pistachio nuts and the excellent Gaziantep baklava served at almost every meal.

Pistachios are, by the way, are known here as *Ainteb fistik* (Aintep nuts).

Part of our journey was through a section of the country I have not seen before. We came from Adana to the railhead at Narlikoy and from there by bus over the dry barren hills. The colors and contours made up for lack of vegetation. There was the bright green of young wheat in the hollows, the red of plowed earth between the rows of dead-branched grapevines, and above strata of colors from purple to deep orange-reds, backed by a row of white-topped mountains. How can one describe a scene whose charm was color so fleeting and so changing it hardly seemed to exist?

My first impressions are of a substantially built prosperous town. After the casually tossed up mud and stucco buildings of Tarsus, I am impressed by a city built of stone, thick walls needed to withstand a cold winter. The people here complain that there is building in all other parts of Turkey but nothing new in Aintep since the French and Armenians left in 1922. I did notice that the Halkevi had a strangely church-like appearance.

Another pleasure was the companionship of Saisie Hibard, a young nurse, just about my own age. I realized how starved I had been for contemporary feminine conversation. Of course, whatever we talked about is long since gone. I do remember her kindness in taking us into the byways of the city, all the way down to the tannery works by the river.

The spring of 1946 brought a stream of visitors.

During the War years, all our contact with the home office in Boston had been by letters as erratic and as much delayed as our personal correspondence. Now, with the fighting ended and travel possible, the Board was anxious to have firsthand reports on what was going on in the stations around the world. Hence, we had visits from three delegations and from the secretary for the Near East area.

We were impressed by the importance of these visitors but we did not have time to worry about the impression we would make nor could we refurbish our worn old buildings for no amount of wishing could produce materials or money. They, the visitors, had to take us in all our shabbiness with such good will as we could muster.

Mr. Dudley, the first of these, was a proper New England clergyman, very stiff and formal. Joseph Stewart spent long hours with him. We discovered years later that Joseph was telling him what an incompatible bunch of heathens we were. Mr. Dudley was not unduly influenced.

May 10, 1946

This week's guest was Pattie Lee Coghill, one of the Board people who was touring India and the Near East. She was in Tarsus for three days. She looks just like her name—Southern and blond, and very feminine, not very young, but youthfully enthusiastic. She was a most delightful guest for she told us a dozen times a day that we had a grand school, an interesting group of people, and lovely boys. When a group of the boys said good-bye to her at the station with a box of

baklava and a bunch of flowers, she was thrilled beyond words. We beamed like proud parents. We showed her everything we could, rain permitting, of the famous city and, to us, more worthy college. I hope she will take back a good picture of the work and be able to tell America that Turkey is truly progressive and worthy of help, the best that can be offered.

Not included in the letter, but I remember clearly Pattie Lee's complete unconcern at sitting down at the table with a black man. She said there was no one freer than a liberated Southerner. That may not seem unusual now, but remember this was 1946, before Civil Rights and integration were much discussed. We had long since forgotten Bob's color. We did not expect that from Southerners. I should add, also, that the other Americans, military and civil, who met Bob as one of the Tarsus College staff soon forgot also.

Reverend and Mrs. Buckner Coe of Oak Park were introduced before their arrival, by Harriet who said they were really very important people *in church and society. I was properly impressed and a little worried about how to treat them. I discovered that the more important the person, the easier to entertain. After that I would have been ready to receive the King of England or the President himself.*

Miss Emerson, the secretary for the Near East, got to Tarsus after all the boys and the teachers had left. I recall with still vivid embarrassment, my first meeting with her. She had been the brunt of all our unkind remarks about that Board *in Boston that does not understand us. I was sent up to Yenice, the railroad junction, to meet her train and go with her to Adana where she would visit Dr. Haas for a day or two. Miss Emerson was a New England spinster, of the old school. I had no difficulty identifying her on the train that pulled in from the north. Somehow, in my excitement, I failed to get on that train! Instead I saw her pull out, for Adana, leaving me to follow by the next train a couple hours later. I was forgiven my ineptitude, and of course, we knew that Miss Emerson was not solely responsible for all our difficulties, so we soon forgave her and established a cordial relationship.*

June 9, 1946

Our week has been one of examinations, and then more examinations and examiners. Thank goodness, I did not have to take any of the exams and had to bring home only two of them to correct.

We have examiners to assist the teacher in all the Turkish subjects which have oral exams. It is the custom for the di-

rector to entertain them at lunch so we stretched out the table and seated twelve on Monday, eight on Friday, and have the same number for the first three days of this week. We have the main part of the dinner sent over from the school kitchen and supply special salads and deserts from here. It is really interesting getting to know the other teachers of the community, but as you can easily imagine, it is time consuming.

It is next morning—rather well on in the morning at that. I have two cherry cobblers in the oven for the delight of this noon's set of examiners. There will be seven of them three for history and three for last class literature, and the *yar* director, the Turkish assistant director appointed by the government, who feels that he must be around to see that the work is done well at this time of the year although we see little of him at other times. Enough.

We will see you soon.

THIRTEEN

TRAVEL—1946 STYLE

Letters from June 1946 to August 1946

June 30, 1946
ISTANBUL

Please excuse the pencil writing. I had a bottle of ink packed, but when Dick discovered that it was side by side with his suit which I had packed he took out the ink.

Anyway, the important fact is that I am a little bit on my way. It is so exciting. When anyone asks what I am planning for the summer, I simply beam and say, "AMERICA!" Dick will be here next week and with luck we will be off the next. You asked about when you should change our address. Really, I think you can stop writing to this country, after you receive this letter. We will hope to be traveling by then.

The last week in Tarsus was more than busy. (I have not written for two weeks again—for shame.) First of all, I had to pack away school supplies, see that curtains were cleaned, tied in bundles, labeled, and put away. Pauline Woolworth left the Boarding Department stores in such good condition for me that I could do no less for her. Then I had to put away the household things we did not want to carry home.

There was another consideration. I did not want to leave the house too unpleasant for Dick, during the next two weeks, nor too much for him to pack at the last minute. We hit a compromise.

On the last day I made some good-bye calls. I gave Rabia Hanim the formal I got for Sally's wedding. I did not think I would want to wear it again and she was very pleased. I purposely made my calls as late as I could because I did not want people to see me off at the train or make gifts. The plan did not work. Muazzez Hanim came to the train and gave me a very nice piece of embroidery and Fitanet Hanim gave me a box of baklava. Quite a number of boys were down to say good-bye. It really was wonderful to leave the ugly little city, with the thought of such lovely friendships in my mind.

I have never made such a pleasant train trip. In the morning I met the four delegates coming up from Syria—two old friends and two new. In the middle of the morning more friends got on in Kayseri. I wandered all over the train until the conductor got a little annoyed and said, "Where is your real place?" Later he thought it was as much fun as I did and gave me "permission" to see my friends. At Ankara some of the boys were down to see us and say good-bye.

I should have said at the beginning of this letter that I was going to the Annual Meeting of the Mission as the senior representative from Tarsus. In Dick's absence, I have been on the all-important Finance Committee that meets day and night.

I have learned a lot about how finances are managed. Every school is looking for repair funds and they are hard to come by now that the War Relief campaign is on. Do you know anyone who would like to give Tarsus new floors? Miss Emerson says we need them more than anyone. I feel good though for I got a fund from the sale of Urfa properties assigned to Tarsus to repair the toilets and bath. There were, at that time, a number of small funds, two or three thousand dollars, from the sale of property in stations that had never reopened after World War I. We used to say that the way to get hold of them was to be kind to Mrs. Lesley, the assistant treasurer, and she would pull something out of her drawers.

We spent an hour or two talking about what the Athens school could do with the Nissen huts the British have built while they used the buildings for a hospital. We talked a long time about how much it will cost to put desks and equipment back in said buildings. They had been occupied by the Germans before the British.

I made travel arrangements. One did not simply call the travel agent and have the choice of three or four airlines, with layovers in a variety of cities—Zurich or Paris, Frankfort or London. The first thing I did upon arrival in Istanbul was to hasten to the American Consulate and get our names on the list.

That encouraging advertisement for the Export line which I saw in January seemed to have evaporated. Perhaps it was for freight only.

July 1, 1946
Istanbul

It seems that the *Vulcania* has taken over the Mediterranean lines that the *Gripsholm* once covered. One poor little ship where there used to be fifty or more. We do not think of getting onto one of its infrequent voyages. The other choice is a Liberty or a Victory ship which runs on no schedule at all, carrying more freight than passengers, at frequent but irregular intervals from Turkish ports.

These ships land at ports, from Charleston to Philadelphia We cannot tell you where to meet us.

As for when, that is difficult to say. Dick has to make some arrangements for next year before he leaves—the new prep class, essential repairs, etc. That is why I came to the Annual Meeting to represent the school. A date in July, which we solemnly swear will not be later than the fourteenth (my birthday chosen as a lucky day). If at all possible, we will move that date ahead by ten days or so. We will be home in August, not early, not late, just August for now.

An airmail letter will reach you well before we do. Sailings are given as "the last of June" on "some ship." We will make it. We have applied for visas to Greece, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt so we will be ready to run in any direction—or all at once—as soon as we hear of a ship. Do what you can to keep those seamen happy until we get home.

July 7, 1946
ISTANBUL

Good news! We have the name of a ship and a port and a date of sailing—and a ticket assured. The good ship *Marine Carp* from Haifa on July 28! It is so exciting to have that much real assurance of travel that we have little regret that we must trek all the way back to Tarsus and then farther south. We are not at all concerned that the ship is a former troop transport said to be equipped with four-decker bunks and stand-up meals. In fact I did not want to go home in the same style in which we came out. I wanted contrast. We will get it!

We will wait here. Waiting is an essential part of traveling these days and we might as well do it comfortably. Dick arrives tomorrow and my world will be complete.

When I first got to Istanbul there was not a foreign ship in the harbor. I was greeted with the news that some people had been waiting for a month or more. Then the consul told me things did not look hopeful—but maybe. Now it is all set and we are sure of places.

On the Fourth of July we went to a reception at the consulate where we walked on real grass, drank ice-tea, ate ice-cream, and met our fellow Americans. The entire American community was small enough to be entertained in the consular garden and the grass survived. However, the biggest thrill of the day was seeing the American flag flying from the stern of two ships in the harbor. We were not so far away after all.

July 13,1946
Üsküdar, ISTANBUL

WE ARE SAILING TODAY!

Inshallah—God Willing! The tickets are in our pocket. The ship, the *Cotton Mather,* is due in port in an hour! It leaves at six o'clock—twenty days nonstop to New York.

This morning at ten o'clock I saw the consul and heard that the *Marine Carp* (from Haifa) was delayed ten days. I stopped at the Bible House office to give the bad news. We were consoling each other when a call came asking, "Can you go at five this afternoon?"

We have our exit permits in hand. (These permits expired within two weeks so one had to time carefully when getting them.) Thus we were able to leapfrog over a number of other less optimistic travelers. Mr. Fowle knew just how to cut through red-tape and get money changed and tickets purchased in the hour we had, before offices closed for the weekend. We were almost all packed, having had a similar alert (not quite so definite) two days ago. All these negotiations were made on the Istanbul side of the Bosporus, and we were staying at Üsküdar on the Asiatic side, a ferry ride away.

It will not be long now. We will tell you all about the voyage, the ship, and fellow passengers. Now I must call off our dinner engagements for tomorrow and run in circles for a

while. I cannot sit still. We will telephone as soon as we land. Do not worry—but do not count the days too closely.

I will have a Happy Birthday tomorrow.

Nonstop to New York on an empty Liberty ship! We had cabins in what had been the gun-crew quarters. The guns had been removed, but not the oil spill on the deck. The propeller rose from the water and roared like a caged lion. There was no shuffleboard on deck and no swimming pool, no deck chairs. But we were going home.

We were nine passengers, twelve being the limit a freighter without medical personnel could carry. There was the Turkish wife of the consul in New York who had been home for a visit. Her American wardrobe was an astonishment; there was a young couple, newly married, an American serviceman, and the daughter of a Jewish family of Istanbul. Her father had been one of those sent to Ashkale (the mines) for failure to pay in full the infamous Varlik Vergisi. She had an elaborate Turkish trousseau. I wonder how useful she found it when she got to her new home in Virginia. There were a couple of Turkish families who spent a good deal of time being seasick. We spent our time reading books from the crew's library. We played bridge with the radio operator and the young American. Meals were in the officers' mess. It was not great food, but it was all-American. The bride was distressed by the sugar in everything, including tomato catsup!

Walking the decks one night, Dick and I met a seaman at the prow, looking intently at the waves just ahead. He was watching for floating mines. We took lifeboat drills seriously. We were glad that our luck put us in the lifeboat with the chief engineer, who seemed the most reliable of the officers and the oldest. He was about forty. The average age of the officers was twenty-two. One seaman, who had been on the Murmansk run, came to every drill carrying his life jacket instead of putting it on as we all were told to do. He said it was dirty and he was not going to wear it. Having survived the terrors of the icy seas, he was not afraid of anything a warm sea could threaten.

We did not know until the day before, where we would dock. The captain was hoping for New York and a layover of at least a week. To his disappointment, we were directed to Brooklyn, for a load of coal. The Cotton Mather *would be off again in two days.*

August 5, 1946

We landed up a creek in Bushy. It was the most beautiful place in the world!

HOME!

Postscript

We went back to Turkey, to Tarsus, where Dick soon became principal of the school. I ran the Boarding Department for a couple more years, before we turned it over to a full-time matron. I built up a really respectable school library. In 1964 we moved to Üsküdar, Istanbul. I taught girls, and later became librarian there also. Dick was in general administration for all the American Board schools, of which there were then three. For five years we were in Izmir, at that time also a girls' school. We retired in 1977.

INDEX

GLOSSARY OF NAMES

Nermine Aydin—A local friend and the young sister of a student. Unfortunately, she married and left Tarsus before friendship with the Maynards could develop.

Dr. Beuhler—Mother Mathew's Greek friend whose children were living in Athens.

Ahmet Bey—An older man, perhaps 40, who taught Turkish literature at Tarsus American College. He organized English-Turkish classes in 1943 and left in the spring of 1944 to return to his family whom he had left in Istanbul.

Dr. and Mme. Ali Bey—The school doctor and neighbors and friends of the Maynards. Their son graduated from Tarsus American College in 1940 or 1941.

Etem Bey—Also referred to as Etem Ongun, the Turkish assistant director of Tarsus American College. His wife was Muazzez Hanim (Bayan Ongun).

Kadri Bey—Also referred to as Kadri Kiper, a Turkish teacher, 1945–47.

Reşit Bey—Teacher of Turkish, 1942–43. He had taught in Azerbaijan and was accused of having absorbed too much "Red." His wife was conspicuously a "non-Tarsus" Turk.

Feyzi Bey—A local Turkish friend and long-time friend of Tarsus American College.

Ruby and Kingsley Birge—Mission colleagues in Istanbul; they loaned the Maynards their house for the summer of 1940.

Lynda and Jack Blake—Mission colleagues in Izmir. The Maynards spent June 1941 with them in Namrun.

Gilbert Bonnal—Teacher of French at Tarsus American College, 1942–44. He had property interests in the Greek Islands that kept him in Turkey during the war years.

Marie Teressa Bonnal—Mother of Gilbert, who succeeded him as teacher of French in 1945–46. She added a touch of Parisian style and international atmosphere to the small group that shared the Maynards' table during the 1945–46 school year.

John Burns—A tutor in Tarsus in 1941–43 who traveled to Turkey by way of India.

Cemile—A young woman who came to work for the Maynards part time at first and later as Georgie's full-time stalwart assistant. She was with the Maynards for ten years, leaving only to be married.

The Clarks—They had names but were always referred to as "The Cotton Clarks" of Adana. Mr. Clark was an adviser to the Ministry of Agriculture on the development of cotton. They were in their fifth two-year term in 1939. While not with the Near East Mission, they were members of the Maynards' close community.

Rev. and Mrs. Buckner Coe—Visitors in the spring of 1946 from Oak Park, Illinois.

Pattie Lee Coghill—Visitor in the spring of 1946 from South Carolina.

Mrs. Crawford—The owner of the house on the American University of Beirut campus where the Maynards lived. She had been in the Near East since early in the century.

M. Depond—The Swiss tutor who taught French, 1939–40.

Mr. Dudley—Visitor in the spring of 1946 from the home office of the American Board for Foreign Missions in Boston.

Ilyas Effendi—The school marketman. His home was in Malatya, farther to the east, an area famous for the size of its watermelons and its fine fruits. He went home every summer and usually returned with presents from his garden.

Sadik Eliyesil—A local friend, whose name translates as "Green hand," was known as the Pasha and was an important citizen of Tarsus and neighbor to Tarsus American College. One of the primary schools bore his name, hence the girls wore green hair ribbons at the Bayram parades.

Mabel Emerson—Secretary for the Near East Mission from the home office in Boston.

Mevlut and Fatma—The watchman, and his wife, of property in Namrun owned by the Nutes.

Nels A. Forchammer—Danish tutor, 1942–44. He had been on a walking tour of the Near East when World War II started.

Dr. Cyril and Ruth Haas—Long-term missionaries. Dr. Haas was in Adana, Turkey all during World War I. He established a reputation among both the local Turkish community and the foreign community as the Real Doctor, the meaning of his name in Turkish. When his hospital closed because of the depression of the 1930s, he continued with a clinic where he saw between fifty and sixty patients a day. Ruth Haas taught at the girls' lycée in Adana and later came to teach biology at the American College in Tarsus, commuting from Adana for three or four days a week.

Fatma Hanim—A new worker on the staff of the Boarding Department in 1944.

Halide Hanim—Georgie's first teacher of Turkish who taught in an elementary school and knew no English at all!

Inayet Hanim—Boarding Department staff in charge of the laundry.

Kemalia Hanim—Boarding Department staff, the cleaner, who came late in 1944.

Pakisa Hanim—A local friend who was the sister of Şadi Bey and the daughter of the Pasha.

Rabia Hanim—(Rabia Erzla) A young woman teacher of Turkish geography and history at Tarsus American College, 1942–47.

Sittika Hanim—Boarding Department staff in charge of the dining room.

Howard and Ruth Hannaford—Friends of Harriet Yarrow, teachers in Aleppo, 1945–46.

Ronnie Hollman—The soldier-in-civvies surveyor at the Seven Kilometer Camp who frequently joined the Maynards for Saturday night games.

Bob King—Tutor at Tarsus American College, 1945–47. The first Black appointed to Turkey. He was immediately accepted by both the foreign and local communities.

Mr. Little—A missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church, he was stationed in Antioch. The Maynards met the Littles, briefly, during a visit to Antioch in January 1940.

Mrs. Locke—An English citizen, resident of Izmir. Her son had been Dick's classmate when he attended high school there in the 1920s.

Mabel Long—A Mission colleague who was a "refugee" from the American school in Athens. She taught mathematics at Tarsus American College, 1944–45.

Clara and Ezra Mathew—Georgie's parents, the Mathews of Sterling Illinois, to whom most of the letters were written. Clara's long-standing interest in the ancient world, especially Egypt, prompted the careful reporting of everything new and strange.

David Mathew—Georgie's brother, who then lived in Elkhart, Indiana.

Roger Matteson—A tutor in Tarsus, 1923–27, with Shelmedeen. Fifty years later he wrote his recollections of those years, clearly remembered, he said, because they were so important a chapter in his life.

Mr. and Mrs. Matthews—British Consul stationed in Mersin during the winter and Trabzon during the summer. The

Matthews gave the dog, Gypy, to the Maynards when they returned to England in 1941.

Dick Maynard—Georgie's husband, guide, and companion during all the adventures, a never failing strong support.

Harrison and Mary Maynard—Dick's parents. They lived in Beirut during the time covered by these letters. Dick and Georgie visited them there at least once a year.

The Nichols—Friends of the Dick's parents who also lived in Beirut. Mrs. Nichols was on furlough in 1943 and Georgie's mother met her at that time. Her return to Beirut was a heroic journey.

Dr. and Mrs. Nute—Mission colleagues stationed in Talas, Kayseri. They were very welcome visitors on their infrequent visits to Tarsus. They owned the cottage in Namrun which they made available to the Maynards.

John Scott—A tutor in Tarsus who completed his third year 1939–40. He had been Dick's companion on a European bicycle tour in 1938. He took some of the pictures that are included in this book.

Shelmedeen—A tutor in Tarsus, 1923–27, who was in Turkey as a wartime VIP in 1944.

John Stene—A tutor on short (three year) term at Tarsus American College, 1939–42.

Joseph Stewart—A tutor at Tarsus American College, 1945–47.

Grace Towner—A Mission colleague who had been in Turkey since 1910. She also stayed in Adana all during World War I, where she was director of the American girls' school. When that school was closed during the depression, she came to teach in Tarsus.

Isa Usta—The school carpenter. His name, Isa, meant Jesus; Usta was the title of a master workman.

Said Usta—The cook. A Christian from Mardin in eastern Turkey.

Don Webster—A former colleague of the Dick's parents in Izmir; Cultural Attaché of the American Embassy in Ankara, 1944.

William Sage and Pauline Woolworth—Mission colleagues. He was director of the Tarsus American College and spoke Turkish fluently with a Brooklyn accent; she managed the Boarding Department, took care of the tutors, and was an example of what a director's wife should be.

Harriet Yarrow—A Mission colleague and an experienced teacher, she was appointed to Tarsus in 1945 and was a most welcome addition to the staff which was at a low ebb. She taught mathematics, including the dreaded solid geometry which she studied all the first year, one lesson ahead of the class.

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