A Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey

RIGHTS and

With the Compliments of the author and

FROM T

Alexander Haig

"Knandau"
Mill St. Knutsford, Canada.
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This sketch is filled out from pencilled jottings made in my hospital cot on board "H.M.S. King George Fifth" on route from Smyrna to Malta. It is written for my family, other relatives, and a few personal friends, and is not for publication.

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While the details of the events are still fresh in my mind, I will note down in the following pages the story of my experiences during the week preceding and the week following Saturday, September 9th, 1922, when the Turkish Kemalist troops re-occupied Smyrna.

During the fortnight preceding the occupation I spent a part of each day in the city, in close touch with the changing phases of the rapidly developing new situation. Each day it became more evident that we were approaching a crisis that was likely to have far-reaching consequences.

The mystery of a large and well-equipped army fleeing before another of not more than one-third of its numerical strength, after what was nothing more than an initial partial reverse near Afion Kara Hissar, left no end of possibilities for speculation as to the real cause and meaning of it all.

Would not the larger force realize the possibility of converting a rout into a victory, and at some point of vantage along the way turn on their pursuers before reaching the city ? There were Turks who feared this and Greeks who devoutly hoped for it, and indeed there were some unmistakeable evidences of an attempt to re-form the Greek army on the very confines of Smyrna for such a stand, but the effort failed.

Throughout the previous fifteen days there was tense excitement which by the Monday preceding the occupation had developed into a state of panic in the city.

Greek and Armenian refugees were now pouring into Smyrna at the rate of from seven to ten thousand daily, from the towns and cities in the Hermus and Meander valleys, being driven out from these areas by the retreating Greek army in its flight towards the coast. Both railway lines were being taxed to their fullest capacity to carry this living freight with whatever of their belongings they were able to bundle together in their hasty flight from their homes. So crowded indeed were these trains, even to all possible standing room, that some of the weaker among the refugees, including small children, perished during the journey to Smyrna.

While the trains stopped at Paradise station near the Campus, some of the College staff and students rendered valuable service in supplying cold water and other refreshments to the refugees who crowded not only the open spaces on top of the railway wagons, but also the couplings between the cars.

At the end of the previous week there had been disturbing rumors of the presence in the neighborhood of Oedemish, of a large concentration of chette bands who were expected to approach the city from the south, and might therefore , especially as they were largely mounted bands, reach Smyrna some days in advance of the main Turkish army which was approaching down the Hermus valley. In this case, the College Campus would intercept the line of approach of the chettes and be exposed to their depredations.

I discussed this possibility with one of my Turkish friends in the city who confirmed the report that there were anywhere from 3000 to 5000 of these irregular forces in the area referred to, and could with ease reach the city well in advance of the regular army Turks if they were restrained from doing so. He agreed therefore, in case either he or I got definite information of their approach, to come out at once to the camp and accompany me to go out and meet them as they approached, warn

them that the College was an American institution and that any interference with it would not only be resisted, but would create serious complications for the Turkish Government and also for themselves. Fortunately, as will appear later, they were held back by orders from military headquarters until after the arrival of the main army, and we were spared the necessity of resorting to our provisional plan, which might or might not have succeeded in its purpose of avoiding serious trouble with these irresponsible freebooters.

On Wednesday afternoon of this week word came up from the city that Mr. Sterghiades, the Greek High Commissioner, wished the College to take over the large Greek Orphanage at Boudjah with its 250 orphans. My colleagues who were in the city that afternoon and to whom the proposition first came gave assurance that some arrangement would surely be made whereby we could do so, and suggested the preparation of the documents for legalizing the terms of the agreement. On Thursday these were formally accepted by the College Cabinet, and Mr. Ray Moremen of the College staff was sent to Boujah to take charge of the institution and run up the American flag. On Friday morning when I went into the city for the formal transfer of the orphanage to the College, Mr. Sterghiades had already gone on board, but his ship was still in the harbor. After my signature to the terms of acceptance was appended the documents were sent on board for his signature; and I have good reason to believe this was Mr. Sterghiades' last official signature during the more than three years of his tenure of office as High Commissioner for the Greek occupation of Asia Minor.

The property now occupied by this orphanage was the beautiful residence and extensive grounds purchased by the Greek nation and presented to Mr. Venezelos in recognition of his services in adding Asia Minor to the Kingdom of Greece. It had been purchased about two years previously from Mr. Takvor Spartali, from whom I had bought the original home of the College in the city, more than thirty years previously.

Late on Thursday evening, September 8th, a verbal message came to us from Sir Harry Lamb, British High Commissioner in Smyrna, advising me that about 11 o'clock that night a special train was being sent up to Boudjah to bring into the city the British residents from that suburb, (which is only a mile and a half beyond the Campus) and would stop at Paradise station on its way back, to bring us and any other Britishers connected with the College, under the protection of the Consulate and the warships. It was easy at that point to decline the proferred protection, for I felt we were not taking any serious risk by remaining at our post.

Dr. Reed, my son-in-law, went over to the railway depot to say good-bye to our Boudjah friends as they passed through. The train arrived somewhat after midnight, and when a number of our friends who were in the train saw him and learned that we had decided to hold on, they left the train and came with him to the Campus where we shared our homes with them for the following week. It was on this Thursday while lunching with Admiral de Brock and his Staff on board the "Iron Duke" that I learned of the capture by the Turks of the newly appointed Commander in Chief of the Greek army, General Tricoupis.

Throughout this week frequent appeals came to me from Greek and Armenian friends, both in the city and in our immediate neighborhood at Paradise, for permission to come to the College as a place of refuge from impending danger. It seemed best however that we should not, at that time, encourage the desire to make our premises an asylum from threatened danger which had not yet developed. Every such request, therefore, was met with the explanation that, if and when, in our opinion, there was real danger to life, the American flag would be run up on "MacLachlan Hall", the main building of the College, and that this would be our signal of welcome to any and all who wished to take advantage of such protection as our premises afforded.

The reports brought into the city by the refugees from the burning towns and cities of the interior, of the excesses committed by the Greek army in its retreat, was usually made the basis of these appeals for protection. The immediate cause of alarm in these cases was the fear of what Smyrna as a whole might suffer at the hands of the defeated and demoralized Greek

troops, especially in view of the open threat, which for some time had become a commonplace by the Greeks, that if they had to leave Asia Minor they would make sure before doing so to leave Smyrna in ashes. There was also great fear of bitter reprisals from the victorious Turkish troops for the excesses suffered by their co-religionists in the burned cities and towns in the line of the retreat of the Greek army.

I doubt if this threat on the part of the Greeks to destroy Smyrna was ever a part of the official Greek program; and the plot to burn the Turkish quarter of the city, which became known within three or four days of the arrival of the Turkish army, and of which there seems to be convincing evidence, was more likely the plan of a local Greek organization. Measures, however, were taken (I understand by the allied representatives) which effectually prevented the carrying out of this crime.

By the Wednesday preceding the entry of the Turks, long stretches of the waterfront in the city were piled high with the bedding, boxes, and other paraphernalia of these unhappy refugees who now lived, slept, and ate by the side of their household goods. By Thursday afternoon the city was without government of any kind, apart from that which was nominally extended to it by the allies, whose ships were in the harbor; for the Greek officials had already taken their departure, and although a state of panic prevailed lawlessness was by no means rampant. Indeed, law and order prevailed to a remarkable degree until Saturday morning, a fact which was doubtless largely due to ignorance on the part of the populace generally that the Greek officials had already left the city.

Friday, the Armenian Archbishop, Tourian,[x] came to see me at Paradise, and we had a long conference on the situation. He was particularly interested in the fate of the 400 Armenian orphans who occupied our old College premises in the city. We shared this concern with him for various reasons, and especially as about thirty of the older boys were in the lower College classes and in our Agricultural Department. We had the added interest for the protection of our property. I therefore undertook to see the American naval authorities the following morning and request that guards be sent to the orphanage premises.

Only a few days previous to this the Archbishop had been greatly distressed by the energetic efforts of the Armenian General, Torcum or Torgum, in the service of the Greek army, to mobilize a military force from the Armenians of military age in his community to co-operate with the Greeks. This General succeeded in rounding up a considerable number of recruits, using, it was claimed, as his authority for doing so, a letter from King Constantine. I saw this General and something of the turmoil he was creating in the Armenian community one morning as I was passing the Armenian Cathedral and the Archbishop's Palace. It was only through the energetic protests of the Archbishop and his active interference in the matter with the Greek authorities that those mobilized were released, and the whole scheme fell through.

During Friday night we were disturbed by the arrival of a considerable body of Greek troops that encamped in the open spaces and roadway adjoining the Campus on the north and west. We awoke on Saturday morning to find ourselves so completely hemmed in on these sides that when I attempted to make my usual visit that morning before breakfast to the Agricultural Department I was obliged to abandon it, on account of the complete blockade of the road that separates the Farm from the Campus proper.

The Division here encamped, though wearied by days and nights of constant marching, seemed to be under very thorough discipline and was headed for the port of Chesme, but in error had taken the road to Sevdekoui instead of the one over the hill to the sea along which runs the road to Chesme. The error, it seems, had not been discovered until they reached Sevdekoui, and had cost them the loss of five or six precious hours in making their

[x] This Armenian Archbishop, Tourian, was assassinated in an Armenian Church in New York City in 1934 during a service, by young Armenians on political grounds. Some of the assassins were hanged.

return journey to Paradise which they did not leave until about 10:30 a.m. by which time the Turkish cavalry was beginning its entry into Smyrna from the opposite or northern side of the city.

I was interested to learn later that the officer in charge of this Division was Colonel Plastiras, who shortly afterwards became the hero of the bloodless revolution that followed closely on the return of the Greek army to Greece, and that deposed King Constantine.

On this Saturday morning, September 9th, in Smyrna, chaos and confusion were added to panic, and when I came into the city about nine o'clock from the Caravan Bridge side, abandoned horses, oxen, and mules wandered about the streets and approaches to the city; and various kinds of military transport equipment were strewn everywhere. Here and there street gamins were unwinding their koushaks (girdles) and lassoing these animals and either riding them about the streets or hurrying them away into side streets to their homes. Never was horse flesh so cheap in Smyrna.

The remnant of the retreating army, in every degree of exhaustion and abandon, were also wending their way by different streets to the waterfront. Here and there creaked and groaned a wooden wheeled ox cart piled high with household or military camp equipment, and in each case two or three soldiers, doubtless men who were no longer able to walk, were stretched on top of these slow-moving vehicles of eastern transport.

The general impression that morning among persons supposed to be well-informed was that the vanguard of the Turkish army would reach the city about Monday morning, the 11th.

One of my first errands was at the American Consulate, where I expected to meet the senior American Naval Officer, then in the Harbor. It was while I was talking with this gentleman in the office of Consul General Horton, we were startled by a mad rushing stampede in the street just outside the room where we stood and above the din could be heard the cry: "The Turks are coming". Incredible! It must be only another of those panicky rushes of which I already, within the past forty-eight hours, had seen two or three; for reasoning people had seemed to take it for granted that the Turks could not reach Smyrna before Monday at the earliest.

The panic and stampede, however, continued and increased; so I stepped into the hallway to ascertain, if possible, the cause of it all. There I found the Turkish cavasses of the Consulate resisting the pressure and appeals of the mob from without in the street; for, of course, the American Consulate would surely be a safe refuge at a time of such impending danger. All appeals for permission to enter were being stoutly refused. On inquiry from one of the cavasses as to the cause of all the turmoil, I was told that apparently Turkish cavalry were actually coming down the Quay from the direction of the Point. On being assured of this by someone who said he had seen them I remarked to an American junior naval officer who was then standing by me, that having witnessed the landing of the Greeks in May 1919 I would be interested to witness the coming back of the Turks, and at once received the suggestion that we go together to the Quay.

It was with difficulty that we were able to stem the tide of the frightened populace rushing up the Consulate street from the waterfront. But before we had passed more than half of the sixty yards that separates the Consulate from the Quay, we had the whole of the comparatively wide street to ourselves. Just as we reached the broad waterfront, the leading files of the Turkish cavalry, with banners flying, but with sabres sheathed and rifles slung across their backs, were passing before the end of the street on which the American Consulate is situated. At that moment the Quay, apart from the Cavalry Column, seemed quite deserted; but at once, in less time than it is taking me to type out these lines, other persons wearing hats (this is in the European quarter of the City) were here and there stepping out on the sidewalk, north and south of where we stood.

It was only when the keenness of our interest in the Turks had somewhat abated that we became conscious of a spectacle no less interesting than the one that had drawn us to the Quay; for between the long line of cavalry

that was close to the curb and the edge of the water, there straggled along the last remnants of the Greek army moving along in the same direction as the victorious Turks, but with a very different objective, namely, Chesme, some thirty miles further along, and their port of embarkation for Greece and home.

One's sympathies, under such circumstances, could not fail to go out to the "under dog", whether he be Greek or Turk. However unjust may have been the occupation of western Asia Minor by the Greeks in 1919, and however cruel the tragedy that accompanied the landing of the Greek troops in Smyrna, on May 15th of that year, here were men who at the call of "King and Country" had been fighting continuously, some of them since the beginning of the last Balkan war nearly twelve years before, for what they believed to be the just cause of their homeland, and who were now, through no fault of their own, obliged thus to drink to the last dregs the bitterness of defeat and humiliation.

Some of them seemed scarcely conscious of the fact that their victorious enemies were at their side, making their triumphal return into Smyrna. They, at least, seemed to pay no heed to them, and in turn, they received as little attention from the Turkish cavalry, except now and then, when one of these stragglers was observed to be still carrying his rifle; and then a trooper would break rank, and taking the rifle from the shoulder of the soldier, break it on the pommel of his saddle and throw it to the pavement. Even this seemed to be regarded rather as a welcome release from a burden than with resentment by the weary, footsore, Greek soldiers.

This happened twice while we watched the strange spectacle of victors and vanquished moving along the Quay in parallel lines. It was while we watched at this point that a bomb was thrown at the Turkish cavalry about one hundred yards from where we stood, from an upper window, at or very near the Post Office, without, however, drawing return fire from the Turks. A short distance further on , and a few moments later, a second bomb was thrown, and again from an upper window, on the passing cavalry, wounding an officer. This bomb burst within a very few paces of an English friend of mine who had passed along the Quay before us in his Cadillac car a few moments previously. Strangely enough, here again, there was no attempt at reprisal on the part of the troops, who continued their march quietly along the Quay to the Governor's Palace and the Barracks.

My officer friend and I then walked together northward along the Quay, meeting other bodies of cavalry, until we reached the Smyrna Theatre, which then, and especially during the following week, was the American Naval Headquarters on the Quay, and the scene of some of the most terrible experiences during the burning of the city, - particularly during the following Wednesday and Thursday nights. It was along this portion of the Quay that tens of thousands of terror-stricken men, women, and children sought refuge from their burning homes and from the hand of their enemy.

Business errands occupied my time for the next hour until I started for Paradise about 12:30 in the College car. Later I chanced to pick up Hussein, the College postman, who was my only passenger on the way home. An errand with my Oculist (one of my old boys of thirty-one years before) in the middle of the Armenian Quarter took me up through that section of the city. As we passed along, the streets were completely deserted, apart from the groups of mounted Turkish patrols who were moving about here and there, calling out as they rode through the streets: "Korkma! Korkma! bir shay olmayajack!" (Don't be afraid! Don't be afraid! Nothing will happen).

By the time we reached the Basmahane Station of the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway we found concentrated there perhaps fifty to seventy of these mounted patrols. As we approached with the car bearing the American flag a way was opened for us to pass through their ranks. At the moment of our approach a group of Turkish schoolboys were assembled and standing close by, apparently with the purpose of extending a formal welcome to their victorious troops.

From the street corner to the south of the station the broad thoroughfare leading up to the "Tilkilik" in the Turkish Quarter presented one solid mass of red fezzes as far as the eye could reach.

Turning this corner into the street leading to Caravan Bridge station, and thence to Paradise, not a living soul was to be seen. From this point to Caravan Bridge the population is almost entirely Greek, with only a very few Armenian and Jewish homes. The shops were all closed as were also the houses, with their shutters fastened and with no sign of life anywhere. We passed one dead body some distance along this road, but whether it was that of a Greek or a Turk I am unable to say.

After crossing the Aidin Railway a short distance south of the Caravan Bridge station, the roadway began to be strewn with carts and wagons, some of them still loaded with merchandise on its way to the city, and some of them empty; all of them where the cartmen on hearing the Turks were in the city had unhitched their animals from their loads and rode them away in haste to shelter and safety. Others again emptied their loads in the roadway and took their carts with them. From this point until I reached Paradise the road was strewn with transport vehicles and merchandise of various kinds. It was not until we were well on towards Paradise that we saw the first human beings in the person of a mother and her little girl, who were apparently quite ignorant of the cause of all these strange conditions.

Firing began in the neighborhood of Paradise just as I crossed the railway line at Paradise station, and by the time I reached the entrance gate crowds of people from that area were gathering in the short avenue that leads from the carriage road to the entrance of the College premises.

On the previous day, Friday, September 8th, at our request, twenty American sailors from the U.S. Destroyer "Litchfield" had been sent up to the College as a precautionary measure, to act as a guard in case of disturbances on the Campus. These were now in control and rendered most valuable service throughout the many trying days that were to follow. We had already authorized them to admit to the Campus, when the time came to do so, any and all, with the exception of soldiers in uniform, who sought refuge there, after the American flag had been raised on the main building; but that all so admitted must be unarmed.

Machine guns were placed in the driveway by the gate lodge, just inside the entrance gate, and the sailor guards undertook to search for arms all who should seek the protection of the College.

By the time I reached the Campus there was rather stiff firing on all sides of us, and so orders were given that the flag be at once hoisted. Immediately the flag appeared there was a rapid convergence of our Armenian and Greek neighbors in the avenue leading to the Campus where the guards, after disarming the panic-stricken fugitives, permitted them to pass in. Large stacks of arms were thus soon accumulated in one of the front rooms on the ground floor of the Gymnasium building, and these included every variety, from the old-fashioned blunderbus to the modern rifle, revolver, pistol, bomb , and knives of every fashion.

Many of those who sought refuge brought with them whatever of their personal belongings and household goods they were able to carry. Some of them brought their bedding and a sewing machine on their shoulders; others a loaded cart piled high with their household equipment, while other carts, loaded with transport of various kinds which had been on its way into the city, were now deflected to the Campus for protection. In many cases it was a horse, bearing all the valuable household possessions, led by the father and followed by the wife and children. Again it was a donkey similarly loaded that was being dragged along by the mother of a family, while at the end of a rope attached to the donkey would be a goat with its young, followed by the children of the family, each bearing some treasured articles, such as copper cooking vessels from their home.

It was indeed a motley crowd that very soon had congregated with us from every point of the compass. Of course, our well-to-do Greek and Armenian neighbors, merchants, lawyers, etc., were all included.

Cattle, sheep, goats, oxen, and horses were converging on us from all sides; but when these were in herds they had to be refused admis-

sion. Not so, however, when they were serving as beasts of burden to salve the personal belongings of the poor.

The women and children of those admitted this Saturday afternoon were given sleeping space in the College buildings while the men and boys were assigned places under the protection of the high south wall of the Campus. Among those received earlier in the week into our homes with our British friends from Boudjah were the Russian Consul General and his family.

By three or four o'clock in the afternoon the heaviest of the rush was over, though throughout the later portion of the afternoon and evening, as also on the following day, Sunday, others continued to come. It was quite impossible to count how many were thus under our protection, though a fair estimate would probably be about 1500 in all.

About four o'clock an American naval officer came up from the city to look into and report on the situation at Paradiso. I asked him on his return to Smyrna to have a request presented to the Turkish military commander for guards to be sent out to the College to help control the situation, especially in the area surrounding the Campus which was still much disturbed. In response to this request fifteen cavalrymen, commanded by a chaoush (Sergeant), reached us about nine o'clock that evening. This chaoush explained that during the past fifteen days and nights they had not been out of their saddles for more than half an hour at one time; and when we inquired if he and his troopers had eaten anything that night he replied that they had not; but that their horses were more in need of refreshment than they themselves were.

Soon, however, both men and horses were abundantly supplied with substantial fodder; and as soon as the chaoush was at liberty to discuss with me the disposition of his guards in the surrounding locality we decided that, as conditions were now somewhat quietened down and were likely to remain so until the morning, we would delay their active duties until men and horses alike had enjoyed a night's rest. The men were quartered in the Day Boys' large lunch room on the ground floor of the Gym. building, while the horses were tethered to the trees before the door of this room.

It was decided that early the following morning, Sunday, I should reconnoitre along with the chaoush the neighborhood surrounding the Campus and suggest where "Posts" should be placed, so that, with these as centres, the whole area could be most effectively patrolled by his mounted guards.

Sunday morning, September 10th, opened quietly enough with only occasional shots to remind us that the Cretans in the Kara Baghlaria district on the further or western side of the ravine which forms the boundary of the College Farm on that side (and between whom and the Greeks on the Prophet Elias side of the ravine there has existed for many years a kind of racial feud) were still on the war path. (Much of the firing the previous afternoon had come from this further side of the ravine.)

Immediately after breakfast I took the chaoush over to the farm which lies just beyond the western end of the Campus, and after explaining to him the sources from which our peace was most likely to be disturbed, suggested that among other points where Posts should be placed, one should be fixed at the Farm headquarters, and another at the College Settlement House near Prophet Elias. Word was now brought to us that there were some dead bodies in the roadway that separates the Farm from the Campus, and so, before returning we went along this road about a hundred yards beyond the corner of our premises, where we found the body of a lad of about fifteen, who turned out to be the son of one of the women who had taken refuge on the Campus the previous afternoon. A little distance further along this road was the dead body of a man from the neighboring village of Sevdekeui, who, as well as the boy, had apparently been sniped while trying to reach the Campus.

The bodies of two or three Greek soldiers were also lying in this road a short distance on the other side of the gate leading into the Farm, and it was clear that one of our first duties that Sunday morning was to see that these bodies received proper burial. On returning to the Campus I deputed some one to attend to this, suggesting that a Greek priest whom I had noticed among the refugees should accompany one of the American sailors who was put in charge of the burial party. They were, of course,

buried by the roadside where they were found.

About this time the Chapel bell rang for our usual Sunday morning service at 10:30, and almost at once the Chapel was overcrowded with our Greek and Armenian refugee friends. The service was conducted by Dr. Reed, Dean of the College, who preached a most helpful and appropriate sermon for a congregation assembled as we were that morning, under such very peculiar and trying conditions.

Immediately the English service was over, the Chapel was again crowded with Greeks and a graduate of the College, Mr. George Mylonas, conducted a second service for them in their own language. This service was scarcely completed when a new and entirely unexpected experience awaited us.

THE BATTLE OF PARADISE

Shortly after 12:30, and just as we were about to sit down to lunch, we were startled by the rattle of machine guns in our immediate neighborhood, the first result of which was to send everybody scampering under cover. It was some time before even those of us who ventured to remain in the open were able to diagnose the situation. Our first discovery was that the machine guns responsible for the sudden commotion were being worked from a position perhaps one hundred yards to the northwest of the Farm, on the rising ground beyond the high bridge that spans the ravine at this point. The next symptom of the actual situation was the bursting of shells, in close proximity to these machine guns, causing clouds of dust; and it was the direction from which these shells were coming that gave us our first definite clue to what was actually happening. For on looking southward in the direction of Sevdekeui, great dust clouds betrayed the approach, along the main road leading from that village to Paradise, of a considerable body of troops, which we soon learned was a Greek force of about 6000 with a field battery of four guns.

The action, which lasted until about half past three, at first placed only the Agricultural Department and the western end of the Campus in the direct line of fire between the opposing forces. But as it developed and the Turks brought heavier guns on Mount Pagus, the old citadel, into position and action , the whole of the Campus and all our homes were directly between the opposing forces, and consequently in the direct line of their fire. We realized this rather unpleasant, and yet excitingly interesting situation, as the shells whistled over our heads and when the rifle fire was cutting the leaves from the trees before our doors.

Earlier in the day most of the west end Campus people had left their homes and come over to our end. The Reeds and their guests, however, had remained, and in the opening phases of this action I took the College car and hurried across the Campus to bring them over to our home, which was then less exposed. They had taken refuge in their cellar, but were easily persuaded that our end of the Campus was "a better 'ole", and came back with me in the car.

For the first time in my life, and I trust also the last, I was able not only to watch a battle in progress, but also with the aid of a good pair of field glasses to study its developing phases from an exceptionally good point of vantage, viz: from the gallery windows of the College Chapel. From here the windows on the south side gave a very clear view of the Greek share in the action, as well as of the two lines of attack by the Turks. One of these was by their cavalry which passed to the attack from both the east and west sides of our Campus, and the other by their infantry, which, coming over the hill road from the Karatash side of the city, passed south behind the first low ridge of hills beyond the ravine.

It soon became evident that the Greek army was seeking to avoid a heavy action or a direct issue, and that its movements were being directed to escape by a road leading due west over the range of hills that now separated it from the sea, along which the road to Chesme and embarkation lay; while the direction taken by the Turkish infantry was as clearly with the

purpose of cutting off their escape in that direction.

The cavalry galloped southward in two separate columns with the evident purpose of outflanking the Greeks from the east, and so with the co-operation of their infantry hemming them in from both east and west. The movement of the main body of the Greeks westward toward the sea was screened by a low-lying hill, and it was more than two hours before it became clear that the Turks had succeeded in preventing the success of the Greek plan. It also became more evident that the main object of the Greek action, once it was joined, was to screen the carrying out of this plan, for apart from the shelling by their field battery only a very small proportion of their forces were actually engaging the Turks.

The heaviest part of the action developed about three o'clock and the suddenness with which the firing ceased gave ground for the supposition, which afterwards proved to be correct, that the Greek army had surrendered.

During the nearly three hours that the action lasted the shelling went on continuously, as did also the rifle fire, making our position on the Campus an exceedingly uncomfortable one; for although no shells fell on our premises many fell within a few yards of them, while hundreds of rifle bullets fell short of their mark and within our boundaries.

As I had disappeared shortly after the opening of the action without announcing where I was going, and remained at my chosen point of vantage until the firing had ceased, I found on returning to Kenarden Lodge that I had, quite unwittingly, been the cause of a great deal of needless alarm on the part of my friends, who could not venture to institute a search for me while the action continued.

In reviewing the situation that Sunday afternoon in the quiet atmosphere of the tea table and after the excitement of the previous hours, we suddenly realized that we had no news of our colleague, Mr. Ray Moremen, since he had gone over to Boudjah on Thursday afternoon to take over the Greek orphanage. Before going he had arranged with the sergeant of the American guards, one of whom was constantly posted on the College clock tower, a code of both day and night signals between the Campus and the orphanage, a distance, as the crow flies, of about two miles.

Inquiry brought out the fact that no signals had been exchanged during the three days and nights since Moremon had taken over his important charge, and it was clearly time we knew what was happening over there, especially under the conditions then generally prevailing in this whole area.

It seemed best, therefore, that I should take the College car and run over and at least assure Moremon that we had not altogether forgotten him. I left the Campus about five o'clock, and my brother-in-law, Mr. Frank Blackler, who was now our guest, decided to come with me and visit his house in Boudjah; and as we passed the railway station a German friend, who lives in Boudjah, asked if he might join us.

As we entered the village, a place of some thirteen to fourteen thousand inhabitants, a strange feeling took possession of us that serious events were either expected or had just taken place, for we could see no sign of human life anywhere in town. Doors, windows, and shutters were everywhere closed.

Our way to the Orphanage, which is at the other side of the town, took us through its main thoroughfare, and as we passed along it we observed two objects lying in the roadway a little distance ahead of us, which on nearer approach proved to be dead bodies. I drew up the car as we came alongside and at once recognized the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar DeJonge, old residents of Boudjah, whom I had known for more than thirty years. There were still, however, no signs of human life about us, and less than a hundred yards beyond this point I dropped Mr. Blackler at the front door of his garden.

From here I noticed that a Turkish soldier stood guard in the street about a hundred yards further along, and as I approached he challenged my further advance, even though a large American flag was conspicuously

displayed on the front of the car. On explaining who I was, we were permitted to pass on to the karakol, some sixty or seventy yards beyond, where there were gathered a few soldiers and two or three officers whom I saluted and received their recognition in return.

Here my German friend left the car; and having received permission from the guard on duty here to pass some distance along the street which at this point turns sharply to the right and to the entrance to the Orphanage, I passed on without making any attempt to inform myself of what had been taking place. Indeed, my one concern was to see Mr. Moremen and know how he fared, and then as soon as possible get away from what was clearly a very tense and possibly dangerous situation.

On reaching the large double iron gateway, with its small side gate leading into the Orphanage, it required fully five minutes to get any response to my continued heavy knocking; and when the response came it was merely the opening of a very small aperture in the strong iron shutters of the small gate, which was closed almost before I could explain my errand. I could only hope, therefore, as I heard the steps receding along the gravel driveway inside, that I had been recognized as a friend and not as an enemy. It was again some minutes, however, before the gateman returned to open the small gate barely wide enough to permit me to pass.

Mr. Moremen met me half distance along the driveway and reported all well, but disappointed that during the three days and nights since he left the Campus he had not been able to get any response to either his night flares or his daytime wig-wagging from the College tower. In explanation of the delay in admitting me he told me that about half an hour earlier there had been a sudden burst of rifle fire in the village, and that some villagers who had just sought refuge there by climbing over the high wall that surrounds the Orphanage grounds brought word that some people had been killed in the street, including an Englishman and his wife. (Mr. and Mrs. DeJonge referred to above, although generally regarded as belonging to the Boudjah British community because of their connection with the English Church there, are really Danish subjects).

I offered to bring Mr. Moremen back with me to the Campus, but he declined, saying that he would take his chances with those who now looked to him as their protector.

I returned to the Paradise road through the village by a more direct route, picking up Mr. Blackler at the back door of his garden, only to discover on reaching this road that it was blocked by ten or a dozen Turkish cavalry, who, we at first suspected, intended to prevent our exit from the village. I drew up the car on reaching them and suggested to them that they remove the bodies we had seen lying in the street - a proposition they showed no disposition to consider. We then hurried back to Paradise, glad to be out again on the open highway.

It was not until the following day that I got the details of the situation in Boudjah that had so perplexed us that afternoon, and as the account of Monday's experiences will occupy considerable space in itself I will now briefly relate what took place there that Sunday afternoon.

It seems that a small occupying force of twelve or fifteen infantry and about the same number of cavalry had been sent out that afternoon to take over the administration of the village. On reaching the western entrance, on the Paradise road, they were met by the Turkish inhabitants bearing a Turkish flag to bid them welcome. The troops, however, refused to enter the village (which is almost exclusively Greek) unless some Greeks should also come out with a white flag in token of surrender. The Hojah and his friends therefore withdrew, and shortly returned with some of their Greek friends, bearing the flag of truce as requested.

The troops now entered, and while making a tour of the village were fired on in the broad street of what is known as the "Apano Mahala" in the Greek quarter. The shots came from some of the houses in this street, and three of the Turkish soldiers were killed and five wounded.

At once the troops took the law in their own hands, and rushing about shot down anyone who happened to be in the street at the time. It was thus that my friends had been shot, and also six or seven Greeks in various parts of the village, only a few minutes before we entered.

So ended my experiences, so far as they are worthy of note, on Sunday, September 10th, the second day of the Turkish re-occupation of Smyrna, and one of the most exciting for me in all the thirty-five years of my life in Turkey up to this time. More trying days, however, were still ahead.

Monday, September 11th
A FRIENDLY INTERVIEW WITH CHETTES

About half past eight o'clock this morning, as I happened to be standing in front of the Gymnasium, two mounted men rode in, one of whom, a black Arab, shouted a "Good Morning" in English to everybody in general as they passed the Gate Lodge. They were rather disreputable specimens of cavalry, and as they rode on to the Campus I approached them and returned their greeting in English, only to discover that the free and easy "Good Morning" of his general greeting all but completed his knowledge of English, while his orderly spoke only Turkish, and I followed up the conversation in that language.

When I asked the leader what he wanted, he replied: "Oh, we were just passing and came in to see that everything was all right here." I assured him that we were quite all right and were not in need of help of any kind.

I then asked him: "Who are you, and where did you come from ?" eliciting the frank reply: "Oh we are chettes, and we came from Oedemish and Tourbali". He then recited some of their exploits during the past few days, and added rather boastfully the important information that: "We could have been in Smyrna two or three days before Mustapha Kemal, only we were not allowed to come", all of which specially interested me because it confirmed our fears of a week previously that those very undesirable bands from that area might reach us before the arrival of the regular army and make trouble for us on the Campus.

Immediately after disposing of these "gentry", I had a call from the Aide de Camp of General Mursel Pasha, who was commanding the cavalry Division of the First Army, which was now encamped on the Race Course, some six hundred yards to the south-east of the Campus. He presented the respects of his General and informed me that as our mounted guards, who had been with us since Saturday night, belonged to this Division of cavalry which was leaving our area about 10:30 that morning, he regretted the necessity of taking them from us. We were sorry to lose them, for they had rendered very efficient service during the thirty-six hours they had been with us.

I expressed our appreciation of their services and asked him to convey our thanks to the General. He then explained that Mursel Pasha would be pleased if I could make it convenient to call on him before he left the Race course, and I assured him that it would afford me pleasure to do so.

He then changed the subject of conversation by asking me who those people were about our premises, and I explained that they were mostly our neighbors, with some others who had come to us for protection on Saturday afternoon after the arrival of the Turkish army in Smyrna.

I further pointed out that we had been careful to disarm all who had sought refuge with us, and in evidence of this pointed to a pile of rifles lying over by the Gymnasium building. I explained to him carefully that, although we steered clear of politics and racial rivalries of every kind, our gates were always open to any and all who regarded their lives in danger, and further reminded him that, at the time of the Greek occupation in May 1919 we had similarly afforded an asylum to all the

Turks in our neighborhood.

This seemed to gratify him, but he again reverted to his original question, explaining that he had intended to inquire as to what Milet (community) or race our refugees belonged. In reply I explained that doubtless the great majority were Greeks, and the rest mostly Armenians. He caught at the last word "Armenians" with the rather pointed remark: "I am afraid if there are any Armenians you will have to hand them over." I gave no indication that the remark had impressed me, for it was a subject I did not wish to follow up at that moment, especially as we had a group of thirty or forty Armenian students then in the College. Instead, therefore, of following up this remark, which clearly indicated the Armenians were, for some reason which I could not divine, under some special ban, I at once suggested, as the College car was then standing at the door (for this conversation took place on the verandah of Kenarden Lodge), that he turn over his mount to his orderly and come with me at once over to the Race Course in the car.

I was frankly worried over his remark re the Armenians until some three hours afterwards, when the mystery, as will appear later, was fully cleared up.

My call on the General was of the usual formal kind under such circumstances; thanks on my part for the efficient services of his guards, regrets on his part for the necessity of withdrawing them, etc.

When I ventured to congratulate him on the swiftness of their campaign in getting through from Afion Kara Hissar to Smyrna in fourteen days, he corrected my figures to "fifteen days", and added the significant words: "Bizden diyil Effondim, Allahdan oldou". (Sir, it was not we who did it. It was from God.) This, I learned afterwards, was the explanation of their success given by many Turks.

In expressing his regrets for having to withdraw his guards, he suggested that I send at once to the commanding officer of the First Army and request that other guards be sent. When I happened to mention that I know General Nouroddin Pasha, he told me that it was he who was commanding the First Army, and that I should, in that case, go at once and see him personally and that he would surely give me all the guards I wanted.

Shortly after returning to the Campus, therefore, I went into the City to present my respects to Noureddin Pasha, who had been Military Governor of Smyrna during a portion of the time in 1918 when we had some two thousand British Military prisoners of war on the Campus, at which time I had come into close friendly relations with him.

On my way to the city that morning I found the carriage road strewn throughout with every variety of military equipment cast aside by the retreating Greek army. There was also loot of various kinds, doubtless the work of chette bands that began to reach the neighborhood the previous afternoon. Some of it was also clearly the property of refugees, which in their flight they had found too burdensome to carry further.

There were many rifles, transport wagons, and army supplies, with here and there a dead horse or mule. Among many articles of household equipment I noticed a number of sewing machines in the ditch at one point. As I descended the hill by the cemeteries there were quite a number of dead bodies lying in the roadway, all within a distance of two or three hundred yards, and apparently all Greek villagers, judging by their clothing. On my way back from the city I made a careful count of these dead bodies and found there were twelve or thirteen in all. Four days later, when I was brought into the city to be put on board warship, these bodies were still lying in the roadway unburied.

When I reached the Governor's palace where Noureddin had his headquarters and sent in my card, the French Admiral was with him, but he at once sent out his Aide, who took me in the adjoining reception room where we chatted together freely until the Admiral left. One of my first inquiries was as to how conditions in the city were that morning, and received the reply: "Not very satisfactory", and to my rejoinder, "Who is making trouble

for you, the Greeks?" his reply was: "No, the Greeks have been behaving very well, but the Armenians have been behaving damnably." To my query, "Why, in what way ?" came the following explanation: "On Saturday afternoon they killed some of our patrols with bombs. They did the same again yesterday, and a report has just come in that more of our patrols have been killed by them this morning."

He then told me that within two or three hours after their arrival in the city on Saturday two Armenians came to see Noureddin Pasha, who informed him that there existed in Smyrna an Armenian organization bearing a worthy name, but whose real object was to bomb Turkish troops if and when they returned to Smyrna. They further reported that there were about two hundred members in this organization, whose names they gave as also the address of their headquarters in the city. Orders were at once issued to surround and seize these headquarters, and on doing so large supplies of bombs were found, as also evidence that there were many depots of these bombs in various places throughout the city.

I had been shown one of the letterheads of this organization, and if my memory serves me correctly it bore the designation "Armenian Relief Society", which very naturally aroused the suspicion that appeals were being made by it to English-speaking countries for funds to carry on their criminal anti-Turkish propaganda.

I must add here, in all fairness to the Armenian community, that in so far as the existence and purpose of this organization were known to the Armenians of Smyrna, not only did they withhold their sympathy and support from it, but they also utterly disapproved and condemned it. Only quite recently a prominent Armenian of Smyrna and a graduate of an American College in Turkey, who had been impoverished by the Smyrna disaster and who regarded this organization as responsible for the terrible calamity that had overtaken his community there, told me there were members of that organization who had escaped and who still defended the purpose and the means employed by it to destroy Turks.

During this conversation with the Aide-de-Camp there was a great commotion in the street, and in response to my inquiry as to what it was all about he suggested that we step out into the large vestibule from the windows of which we could look down into the street from which the noise was coming. Looking down into the street, which here runs east and west, past the konak, we saw some four thousand Greek soldiers who had been taken prisoners the previous afternoon during the battle at Paradise. They were in ranks of four deep, closely packed together, and moving at somewhat of a dogtrot pace in the direction of the barracks into which they were passing. The street was packed with Turks, who were apparently jeering at the Greek troops, As we looked down on this solid mass of citizens and soldiers, it appeared as if each soldier had his hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him. I soon discovered this was not the case, and that they were simply holding up their hands and shouting something which I could not distinguish, but which the Aide explained to me was: "Mustapha Kemal, Yashasin". (Long live Mustapha Kemal) He then asked: "Do you know why we are making these Greek soldiers go through the streets thus and shout as they are doing?" I replied, "Yes, I think I do, for I was in Smyrna the day on which the Greeks landed and saw what happened to the Turkish officers as they were being driven along the Quay by Greek soldiers."

I confess it was a sickening sight, whether the victims were Turkish officers who were obliged to shout: "Long live Venezelos", or Greek soldiers similarly obliged to shout: "Long live Mustapha Kemal", and yet it is fairly indicative of the spirit of vindictive reprisal that has always characterized the relations of these two races.

As we returned to the waiting-room an orderly announced that the General would now be glad to see me. I was in some doubt as to whether he would remember me, but the doubt was soon dispelled; for on entering his reception room he came across the floor to greet me in the most cordial manner, and at once recalled some of our experiences together when he was Military Governor of Smyrna, nearly four years previously. He followed this up with some pleasant banter about the last battle of the Great War having been fought at Paradise. Then, in a more serious vein, he referred to the action of the previous afternoon as being a great surprise, not only to the Turkish command,

but also to the Greeks as well. He said he had very definite information as to the existence of this Greek force to the south of Smyrna, but had naturally taken it for granted, as the way was open, that it had escaped over the hills to Chesme. His first intimation that this was not the case was a telephone message from the outposts near our Campus about noon on Sunday that a considerable Greek force was approaching the city along the road from Sevdekeui to Paradise. Later he had learned from the prisoners taken that the Greeks were equally ignorant of the fact that Smyrna had been occupied by the Nationalists; and that the first intimation they had of the presence of the Turks in Smyrna was when they were fired on by their outposts at Paradise.

On explaining that our guards were being taken from us that morning he at once issued an order for others to be sent, and suggested that I call on General Kiazim Pasha who was to be district commander in that area; and a few minutes later, when I was calling on Kiazim, he received Noureddin's order for guards to be sent out to Paradise area. The failure of these guards to reach the Campus until a late hour that night was doubtless responsible for the serious depredations of the chette bands in our neighborhood that afternoon, of which the writer was to be one of the victims.

Immediately after my call on Noureddin Pasha and before leaving the Konak, I met a Turkish friend whose opinion and information I have always found worthy of confidence and who, on being asked how he regarded the situation in the city that morning, replied that it was not encouraging, and gave it as his opinion that the action at Paradise the previous afternoon had already had unfortunate consequences on the situation in the city, and would probably have more serious consequences. In explanation, he pointed out that up to Sunday noon , while there had been some untoward incidents, especially in the Armenian quarter, the general situation was pretty well under control. When, however, all the best disciplined troops then in the city were sent out to oppose the approaching Greek forces at Paradise, the less disciplined element in the army which was left behind, as well as the rabble in the city itself, being left free from military restraint, at once took advantage of the absence of the regular tr ops and began to create disorders; that since then the situation had steadily become worse and would probably continue to do so. I mention this because I believe it helps to diagnose the conditions which developed into the greater disaster of Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

I got back to the Campus that day, Monday the 11th, about one o'clock, and immediately on my arrival, before leaving the car, someone hurried to tell me the Agricultural Department was being looted. I at once called to Sergeant Crocker to bring two or three of his guards and come with me in the car. Osman, the College cartman, also joined us and we sped across the Campus to the western exit. Turning into the road that separates the Campus from the Farm, I began at once to blow the car horn to warn the plunderers of our approach and so enable them to get out of the way before we turned in at the Farm gate, some 200 yards along this road. On reaching the Farm house, which stands 100 yards along the avenue that leads from the gateway, we found the premises quite deserted; and although everything about the house and office was in complete confusion, apparently very little, as yet, had been carried away. It remained, therefore, only to instruct Osman to at once bring over the carts and have everything of value except the live stock, which then consisted mainly of fowls, brought over at once to the eastern end of the Campus.

I had had a somewhat strenuous morning, and after lunch lay down for an hour's rest, but had scarcely done so when some naval officers and Near East Relief Officials were announced. Along with these I found on the verandah an American Press representative, and had just joined this group in conversation , telling them of my visit that morning with Noureddin, when one of the younger members of the College staff came hurrying to tell me the chettes were then looting the College Settlement House at Prophet Elias, which is less than half a mile from where we were then sitting. I asked him to tell Crocker to get some of his men to go with him in the car and clear out the looters. He returned a few moments later to say that, for some reason which I cannot now recall, my request was not being carried out. I then

excused myself to my guests and begged them not to leave, assuring them that I would be back within a few minutes. I then took the car and, shouting to Crocker to get some of his men ready and meet me at the front gate lodge, found him there a moment or two later with five of his men fully armed ready to join me. Crocker sat with me in front, a second member of the group sat behind, while the remaining four stood, two on each side, on the side boards of the car, all with bayonets fixed.

As we hurried off the Campus we were quite a formidable-looking fighting aggregation, without the least suspicion, however, that our "bluff" would be challenged or that we were undertaking an exceedingly foolhardy enterprise, for which I was wholly responsible.

These American guards were sent us to preserve order on the campus and to resist, if need be, any aggressive attempt from outside to interfere with the lives and property of Americans on the Campus. In the previous instance, as also in this one, I had asked them to leave the Campus and so pass beyond the boundaries assigned to them by their officers. Earlier this same day they had responded to a similar call when Mr. Birge's house on the high road, leading to Smyrna, was being looted, and where, as at the Farm, the looters disappeared on the approach of the guards.

They had a perfect right to decline my proposition, but as the interests involved were clearly American, they, in their desire to render every possible service, assumed they were still acting within the spirit, if not within the letter of their instructions in gladly responding to my appeal.

When we reached the high ground about one hundred yards beyond the carriage road leading from the station, from which the Settlement House stands out prominently less than four hundred yards distant as the crow flies, we resorted to the tactics which had worked so effectively an hour and a half earlier over at the Farm, and again blew the car horn vigorously. Almost at once we observed two or three persons leave the premises.

The road from this point is somewhat roundabout but fairly good as it passes through the open fields nearly parallel with the railway and before it enters the narrow rocky lane that leads to the Settlement House some two hundred yards distant at its further end.

I stopped the car in this lane opposite an opening in the wall at a distance of about seventy yards from the building, and from here we hurried across the open field, approaching it from the eastern verandah side. Close by this verandah we had been sinking a well during the summer and the earth thrown out from it offered excellent cover for our guards. Sergeant Crocker therefore placed his men behind this point of vantage, while he took his position in the open a few paces in front of the southern verandah which is the front of the building and faces the Campus.

As I was the only person in the group who knew Turkish, it naturally fell to me to reconnoitre the situation. We strongly suspected that the two or three persons whom we had observed leaving the premises were not the only members of the band, especially as these chettes are usually in groups of not less than ten or a dozen, and frequently in much larger numbers.

The front door facing the south was closed and locked, as was also the door to the caretaker's rooms on the east verandah. The shutters and window of the office on this verandah, however, were open, and it seemed clear to me that it was from here the building had been entered. I began my investigations from this point and at once discovered, through the open door of the office leading into the main room on the ground floor, a group of seven or eight of these rascals.

From the window I shouted in not, I presume, a particularly friendly tone, and of course in Turkish, "What are you doing here? This is an American house. Get out of here". This scarcely persuasive invitation to "Get out" was met by the quick raising of their rifles to their shoulders, apparently by order, and I, of course, just as quickly dodged to the side of the window, or I would not be typing out this story. They also at once blew

a whistle, which we soon learned was for additional help.

I immediately called to Crocker that there were a number of men inside and that they were going to fight us.

By the time I got in the open between Crocker and his men, the chettes, who had made their exit from the kitchen door on the west side of the house, were beginning to appear in line in the open from the south west corner of the building, each man raising his rifle as he exposed himself and pointing to our guards behind their earthworks, for they had seen the sailors being placed there from their position inside the house. As they ranged themselves in line, some seven or eight in number, they were being joined by others who were running across the open from the neighboring houses in response to the whistle summons for their support.

The decision of the chettes to resist our interference had precipitated a situation with which we were in no way prepared to deal, even if we had intended to use force. We had put up a rather brazen piece of bluff, and the chettes in challenging us to "play up" had pricked our pretensions and placed us where a somewhat ignoble "crawl down" was the only means possible of getting out of an exceedingly bad mess, for which, as I have already indicated, I felt myself wholly responsible.

At this moment there did not seem to be a single chance that we could even "crawl down" with impunity. We had aroused the ire of a group of desperados, and in the savage fury that was evident in their faces there did not seem even a remote chance that one of us would escape alive. To attempt to cope by force of arms with our adversaries, who already outnumbered us by about three to one and who clearly had unlimited support close at hand, while we, seven in all with only five armed and at a considerable distance from all possible support (which was in any case only very limited), meant almost immediate annihilation; and this was clearly the purpose of the chettes on the slightest further provocation.

The two lines, with their rifles aimed directly against each other, were scarcely fifty feet apart, while Crocker and I stood in the open, quite unprotected, and just outside the line of fire of the two parties.

Something was bound to happen at once; and unless someone did something to save the situation there could be no possible escape for those of us who had taken the initiative.

It was Sergeant Crocker's presence of mind and coolness that tided us over this moment of supreme peril. Taking his revolver from its holster he threw it openly on the ground in front of him and held out both hands, palms upward, in token of our not wanting to fight. The movement was clearly observed by the chettes, and a moment later a single shot was fired from their side. (As Crocker and I compared notes afterwards we found ourselves in agreement that it was not fired at any of us, but in the air, and most probably with the intention of testing the genuineness of our profession that we did not want to fight.) Fortunately it did not draw the fire of our men, as it might very well have done to our complete undoing.

This act of Crocker's was immediately followed by a quick order to his men, "Retire, don't fire", motioning them back at the same time with his hand. At once his men began to step backwards, still, however, with their rifles levelled. Crocker kept repeating this order and the men steadily moved backward. They had moved only a few steps, however, when the chettes became more aggressive, moving forward along the south verandah and in front of it. This combined movement of the chettes forward and the Americans backward continued until the chettes had the full advantage of the cover of the earth from the well, while the sailors were now fully exposed in the open. Crocker's repeated orders to his men to retire without firing were continued until his men had backed a distance of more than forty yards. At this distance there seemed to Crocker a fair chance that a dash for the cover of a broken wall some sixty yards distant might rescue them from their impending peril, and the order was now given, "Wheel! Run! "

Unfortunately, before wheeling, a shot was fired, or it may be that two were fired at the chettes. This at once drew the heavy and continuous fire of the chettes on our men while they scampered over the rough, rocky ground that separated them from the vineyard wall referred to. Every moment I expected to see some of our men fall, but fortunately for us all no single bullet found its mark, and it was with great relief that I saw our men disappear behind this low broken wall. Here again, fortunately for us, they had two or three parting shots at their adversaries before escaping back to the Campus by the railway line.

The initial phase of the incident was now over, but the last shots of our guards had further exasperated the Turks, as Crocker and I were very soon to realize. They at once turned on us. Two of them from this time until the close of the incident gave their undivided attention to Crocker while all the rest, perhaps ten or eleven, rushed at me as I stood in the open.

In attempting to describe what took place during the next ten or twelve minutes, I must for the most part confine myself to special incidents and for the rest I would say generally that it was only the willingness of some of the group to listen to what I had to say in my defence, and by constantly dodging or warding off many of the blows that were aimed at me with rifles and a big bludgeon carried by one of the party, that I was able to hold out as long as I did.

Only one of the group was without a rifle, and this man carried the bludgeon referred to, which was about five feet in length and three inches in diameter. I at once recognized this stick as the one we had used to hang the steelyards on for weighing the lime the previous summer when building the Settlement House, and which had remained in the coal bin of the house since that time.

My defence was largely made up of arguments to convince my assailants that we had never intended to use force to drive them away. While those who were willing to listen offered no active protection against the assaults of the others who kept insisting that I should not be listened to but shot at once, and were every now and then getting in a blow at me, it was by keeping close in among those who were willing to listen that I escaped many severe blows.

At first no opportunity was afforded for explanations, and the most aggressive of the group that at once rushed at me demanded my watch, which was in the outer breast pocket of my linen jacket, the end of the chain being secured in a buttonhole, and which I at once proceeded to unfasten. I was not quick enough for him, however, and seizing the chain he jerked both watch and chain from me, breaking, as I noticed at the time, something in the process. "What else have you?" he demanded; and unbuttoning my jacket I handed him my pocketbook, which he put in his girdle without examining its contents, and then added, "Now your coat", which I next handed to him.

I remember wondering momentarily if this was to be the extent of my punishment, for at this point the whole group withdrew two or three paces, leaving me quite in the open and alone. Any question, however, as to their purpose was at once dispelled, for on turning my head I saw two of the number whom I had not yet observed, at a distance of five or six paces, in the act of raising their rifles and taking aim. At that moment one of our Turkish students, Zeki by name, who had followed us on foot by a shorter way from the Campus, came on them from one side, and throwing his arms across their rifles bore them down, imploring the men while doing so not to shoot me, and saying, "He's a good man, he's my Mudir". They desisted, but turned on the young man whom at first they were unwilling to believe was a Turk, until he showed them the national badge he was wearing on his coat-sleeve, to which was attached a photograph of Mustapha Kemal.

Meantime the others had again surrounded me and I was at once knocked down with a blow from a rifle or a club, but was instantly on my feet again, for I had not been completely prostrated.

Now for the first time one of them demanded who I was and what business I had interfering with them. Others insisted, "Shoot him at once", to

which I replied, "Very well, shoot me, I am not objecting, but let me first tell you what I want to say, and then if you like shoot me." Some of them said, "Yes, let him finish what he's got to say."

While I was trying to tell them who I was; why we had come; not to fight but to drive them away from this property which was American, etc, etc., the more aggressively savage among them kept insisting, "Don't listen to him", and kept trying, with more or less success, to get blows in on me while I dodged in and out among those who were ready, apparently, to hear my defence.

Every now and again during the next ten minutes, while I kept backing away and thus continuing to face my antagonists, the demand was being repeated by the more vicious ones that I "kosh" (run). I need scarcely explain that it was not bravery that saved me from yielding to this demand, but simply the instinct of self-preservation; for under those circumstances it was too painfully evident that the command simply meant, "Start to run away, so that we can at once shoot you down as you try to escape from us."

The more insistently I continued to walk backwards in disregard of their demands to run, the more fiercely insistent some of them became that I should run, and my only defence for disobedience was, "Am I not going ?"

Two or three times during the next few minutes I was felled or partially bowled over, but in each case was instantly on my feet again. I feel certain, however, that no one of those blows was intended to be a "knock out". They were simply playing with me as a cat does with a mouse before devouring it, for it was already apparent that the final coup de grace would be with rifle bullets.

By the time I had thus moved backward over about half of the space that separated the house from the point where we had left the car, one of them, pointing to my shoes, said, "We want these". I felt I dare not stoop down to unloose them, and so replied: "Take them". Two men at once stooped, and, cutting the laces, removed the shoes and stockings from both my feet. The man who removed my right foot shoe and stocking and who all along had been the most brutal, on taking off my stocking quickly seized his rifle and attempted to smash my foot with the butt of it. A quick movement of my foot, however, saved all but my great toe from the attempt. This was rather badly smashed.

A moment or two later I was vigorously assailed with the demand: "Hand over those men (our guards) to us at once or we will shoot you now." To which I replied: "How can I hand them over to you? I cannot even see them; I do not know where they are". This satisfied the more reasonable among them, who began at once to argue with those who made the demand, thus: "You fools, how can he hand them over to us ? Do you know where they are ? etc., etc."

There was quite a vigorous altercation among them for a few moments, which proved a very welcome and valuable respite to me. It was only temporary, however, and I was soon again in their midst, dodging, parleying with my tongue, and parrying blows with my arms.

Shortly before reaching the car one of them noticed that I was wearing a ring, and seizing my hand attempted roughly to draw it from my finger. I knew he could not remove it, and, fearing he would resort to a very simple method of possessing himself of the prize, I said to him kindly, "Please let me remove it", and with a little effort I took it off and handed it to him.

On reaching the car someone demanded: "What have you got in there? Bombs ?" to which I replied: "If you will permit me, I will show you", and walking around to the further side of the car, whilst the rest of the group ranged themselves on the near side of it, I raised the back seat and disclosed the usual equipment of pumps, tools, etc., etc. "See", I said, "there are no bombs there, are there ?" One of them, seizing the large brass wind pump, demanded: "What's this ?" And I proceeded to explain its use, while others made similar demands regarding other tools, etc.

This respite of perhaps two minutes enabled me to get my breath somewhat, for by this time I was all but completely exhausted. The width of the car separated me from them and there was no need for defence tactics. It was mainly these that were exhausting my strength.

As soon as their curiosity was fully satisfied I was again surrounded and the demand that I should run was made imperative. When I continued to evade the demand by backing down the narrow lane where we now were, some of them became fiercely insistent that I should run, and some heavy blows were inflicted to enforce obedience.

By this time both of my forearms had suffered badly, for they had been my only means of defence in warding off blows with rifles and the big bludgeon. My right forearm was bleeding freely, though the injury to it was quite superficial. My left forearm, however, which seems to have parried most of the blows, was in rather bad shape and it was many weeks before I got the normal use of the fingers of that hand as a consequence.

I was still insisting that they let me finish what I had to say before they despatched me, and was able to maintain this defence role for perhaps another five minutes or more, though all the while sustaining blows on various parts of my body.

Two special incidents only marked this last stage of my backward journey to the point where my strength and voice both failed me, and where the final coup took place. The first of these was perhaps 40 yards beyond the car, when almost completely exhausted again and surrounded by my assailants I suddenly noticed a bayonet thrust in between two men at my left side. Instinctively I clutched at it with both hands. The holder of the rifle to which it was attached jerked it back with the purpose of relieving it from my grasp, the result being that it came off the rifle and remained in my hands. Fortunately it was one of the old-fashioned, three-faced kind used only for thrusting, and so my hands were not lacerated by it. I held it for a moment only before letting it fall to the ground, and as I did so the thought flashed through my mind that more care would be taken by the owner next time to see that his purpose was not so easily frustrated.

Throughout all this experience the man with the club was very active and succeeded in landing many of his blows; perhaps because I was less on my guard against a man with a big stick than those bearing rifles and bayonets. This man, perhaps the oldest in the group, was constantly dodging behind me and succeeded in inflicting some permanent, though not serious, injuries.

It was almost immediately after the bayonet incident that one of the gang demanded my pants. Thus far my hat, coat, shoes and stockings had all gone, along with my watch, chain, pocket-book and money. There still remained my light summer shirt, somewhat torn and besmeared with blood, a close-fitting jaeger girdle, my short cut summer BVD's and my white linen summer pants, also besmeared with blood from a badly injured knee. Three or four times during the incident one and again another of the group had a turn and a twist at my girdle in the hope, apparently, that it would yield some money treasure; for in the East the girdle is usually regarded as the safest means of carrying money.

It was only a minute or so after my pants were handed over that I had quite reached the end of my tether and could offer no further resistance, explanation or defence of any kind, for my voice had given out as well as my physical strength.

The group was now also in unanimous agreement that their patience and mercy had reached the utmost limit. We had by this time reached a point about ninety yards beyond the car; and here two of them pushed me up against the broken wall on one side of the narrow lane. While this was being done, the same two men, who had evidently been detailed to despatch me at the beginning, were taking their positions directly opposite me across the lane and in the act of taking aim, when another, and the last of the divine interventions which had stopped in between me and death a number of times during the past fifteen minutes, again saved my life.

I was partially sinking against the broken wall when suddenly there rang out clearly the words: "Vourma, VOURMA!" (Don't shoot! don't shoot) and as I turned my head with the thought, after all is my life to be spared? Is this a real rescue? I saw, perhaps twenty yards down the lane a young Turkish cavalry officer reining in his horse suddenly from a sharp gallop. My eyes were on my executioners in a moment and they were now lowering their rifles. Again came the same voice: "Cheri Chekiniz!" (Go back). The young officer, who was wholly unarmed, was evidently in doubt as to whether his first order would be obeyed by these ruffians, and when he saw they obeyed followed it with the second order to retire, which was also obeyed by the whole batch moving slowly up the lane towards the car. He then hurried forward to where I was partially leaning against the wall and beginning to swoon. Seizing me, he drew me to his saddle and got my right arm over the neck of his horse.

At this point Sergeant Crocker, who was now in the open field beyond the end of the lane, and who on the approach of this officer was released by the two chettes who had stuck to him throughout, some considerable distance in front of me, seeing the new turn affairs had now taken with me hastened back to my rescue, and taking my other arm assisted the cavalry officer and his horse to carry me into the open field where I collapsed completely, but only for a few moments.

Crocker here again played the man. Shortly I heard him say: "Doctor, we can't take you back to the Campus without your pants; I will go and see if I can't find them." I protested as vigorously as I could that it was folly to attempt such a thing, and that I could be taken back as I was; that pants didn't matter now. He was off, however, and in a few minutes was back with them and with the help of the officer soon had me in them again.

The whole incident from beginning to end had been watched through field glasses from the clock tower of the College, and among the onlookers, fortunately, was Dr. Lorando, the College physician. Fortunately these friends did not attempt a rescue while I was in the hands of the chettes, for such an attempt would surely have proved fatal to us. As soon, however, as they saw the rescue by the cavalry officer, they hastened to my aid.

In the meantime Dr. Reed, who had been at the other end of the Campus and only now returned, on learning that I was in trouble, set out towards the Settlement House and was joined by another Turkish officer as he crossed the carriage road. These two were the first to arrive, and they had carried me only a short distance when we were met by Dr. Lorando and some members of the staff and students. The doctor, realizing the necessities of the case, brought with him first aid requirements. Hypodermic injections in arm and leg soon improved my heart condition, and I was in shape to be carried back to the Campus by the strong arms of the rescue party.

I was carried first to the verandah of the Lawrence house, where further first aid was administered and I was washed and bandaged up until I was made to look a little more "ship shape" before being taken over to Kenarden Lodge and home.

Looking back on the incident, it may be of interest to note that when, earlier in the week, it became likely that the exit of the Greek Army from Smyrna and the return of the Nationalists would be accompanied with disturbances, we placed an American flag on the verandah of the Settlement House. By Saturday, however, it had disappeared; and inasmuch as the walls of the building inside were somewhat decorated with Greek emblems of various kinds connected with the Boy Scouts and Girls Club organizations, it is possible the chettes regarded the contents of the house as legitimate loot and felt they were justified in resisting our interference with their looting operations. They also very probably regarded me as a Greek who was trying to defend his personal property with the aid of American sailors.

This, at least, added to the fact that looting was so general as to give the impression that it was with the permission of those in authority, is the most charitable explanation I can offer for the savage attack on me personally; for it is clear they regarded me as the chief offender against their liberties.

Sergeant Crocker had also been somewhat roughly handled, and besides losing his revolver, as above described, the two who had him in charge took his jacket, pocket-book, and one shoe. He recovered, I understand, the jacket and one shoe, but his uniform seems to have put some restraint on the treatment he received.

I have heard a disposition on the part of some of Crocker's fellow-countrymen to criticize him for seeming to leave me at the mercy of these heartless ruffians. Let me say again that it was only his cool bravery in the beginning of the incident that saved the lives of the whole party; and that from that moment to the close of the incident he was quite as helpless in the hands of his two assailants as I myself was in the hands of all the rest of the gang. Any further attempt on his part to rescue me would, without doubt, have at once proved fatal to both of us.

He played a brave, wise and courageous part throughout, and is deserving of the highest praise for his splendid achievement.

It was not until some days later that I learned how it came about that the young cavalry officer happened on the scene just when he did. When the heavy firing took place he was on the farther or Karabaghlaria side of the ravine, and at once hurried, by way of the high bridge, to find out what was happening. As he came along the straight piece of carriage road that leads to the railway station, he met one of the Armenian students of the College, and demanded of him what had been happening in that neighborhood. The reply was that the American sailors were fighting with the Bashibouzouks. "Where?" he demanded, and the student, Channes Simonian by name, told him. "Where is the road by which I can reach the place ?" he next asked, and on having this pointed out to him he sped off at a rapid pace, arriving, as I have already told, just in the nick of time to rescue me from my tormentors and would-be executioners.

I have not met this young officer since that day, but I confidently hope it may yet be my pleasure to meet him and not only thank him for his gallant rescue, but also afford him some tangible proof of my gratitude. (See appendix).

A sympathetic friend, to whom I was relating my experiences, expressed great pity for my physical sufferings during the incident, owing to the rough, inhuman manner in which I was knocked about. Let me, however, ask all my friends not to waste any pity on me on this account, for in all frankness I must explain, however strange it may seem, that at the time I was not conscious of any physical suffering. Even after my shoes and stockings were removed in the early stages of theiincident, and my bare feet were exposed to the rough, rocky ground, I might have been treading on soft velvet carpets so far as any consciousness of suffering from this cause was concerned. The psychological explanation of this fact I leave to the philosophers and experts.

When it became clear, after the first savage onset was made on me, that my last moments had come, I was far from a feeling of satisfaction that I was sacrificing my life in a worthy cause. Indeed it was rather a feeling of self-condemnation that momentarily took possession of me at the thought that, having spent the last thirty-five years of my life in the pursuit of what I believed to be a worthy purpose, I was now sacrificing it in a foolish attempt to save a paltry bit of loot. It was all a flash impression, but the acute mental pang it caused made a much deeper impression on me than the blows of my assailants.

The new guards who arrived shortly before midnight on Monday numbered between eighty and ninety. Early the next morning the officer in command came to see me and reported that his instructions were to place himself entirely under my orders as his Colonel. I was scarcely in a condition to accept such a responsibility, but explained in a few words what we expected of him and his men. He then undertook to make a sketch map of the area surrounding the Campus on all sides, and to indicate where he proposed to place his "Posts". He would then submit the plan to me for approval.

Monday evening and again Tuesday morning Military doctors came to present the respects of their commanding officers and their regrets for the treatment I had received; and further to offer their own professional services

in caring for me. I was being well cared for by Dr. Lorando, the College Physician, and was then in no need of further attention.

On Tuesday nothing of special interest happened on the Campus or in the city, and as this was the fourth day of the occupation some of us were optimistic enough to hope that, the usual Oriental three days limit for looting having expired at noon of this day, we were probably through with the worst of the ordeal, and would now see a general improvement in the situation.

Complaints now began to reach me that our new guards, many of whom were in the irregular uniform of chettes, were asking for and receiving presents (?) from some of our refugees. At the same time they were also apparently very active in holding up looters in the area they were patrolling outside, for within a short time after they took over the situation a very considerable amount of loot was brought to us and piled up in the middle of the campus.

There was, however, considerable apprehension concerning our protectors on the part of our 1500 refugees, and some of my colleagues urged that we ask to have them replaced by other guards. I agreed that their conduct, in asking presents from our refugees, be reported to the district Commander, and this was done, with the result that they were replaced by more disciplined troops.

By Wednesday morning the whole situation was so reassuring that many of our refugees were seriously considering returning to their homes. We welcomed such a prospect, for most of them had by this time exhausted the small stock of provisions they had brought with them, and it was quite impossible for the College, with its small resources, to provide supplies for such a company.

Miss Way, the College Matron, was providing milk supplies for the babies, and, with the help of some of the students, was also caring for the sick among the refugees.

The situation in the city had not visibly improved, and yet up to about noon on Wednesday a spirit of optimism seems to have prevailed, at least among the American Naval representatives; for about 11:30 a.m. they sent up a message to the Americans on the Campus counselling calmness and confidence.

Within two hours, however, a motor truck and automobiles were sent up to evacuate the women and children of the American community at Paradise. I had had two fairly comfortable nights and Dr. Lorando was quite confident that apart from the shock which had put a serious strain on my heart, my other injuries were so superficial that in all probability I would be able to leave my bed within a very few days. He and his family, therefore, left the Campus with the Americans about the middle of the afternoon , and a Turkish military doctor in the neighborhood at once took over my case. Our Boudjah friends who had been our guests since the previous Thursday, also left with the American women and children.

THE BURNING OF SMYRNA

About half past two o'clock, perhaps half an hour before our friends left the Campus, it was observed that the city was on fire. From my bedroom door, looking through the room across the hallway as I lay in bed, I could watch the smoke rise from the burning city. For some considerable time a single column of smoke indicated that the fire was localized.

A very strong southerly wind was blowing and continued to blow from that direction almost continuously throughout the next forty-eight hours. Once at least, perhaps an hour and a half after the fire started, the wind played some strange vagaries. From where I lay I could also see the large windmill by the Gymnasium facing on one occasion within a period of five or six minutes every point of the compass. I remember thinking at the time what a disastrous effect this strange wind phenomenon must be having in spreading the fire in the city.

Later in the afternoon Sir Harry Lamb, British Consul General in Smyrna, sent me his visiting card with the following message pencilled on it: 'Dear Doctor; we are now advising everyone to come in and embark today. Come in, unless you are determined to stay at all costs, to the Consulate, and you will be put on board as soon as possible." (The underscoring is his)

I had however, already quite made up my mind to remain on, and Mrs. MacLachlan had concurred in this decision, so the question did not have to be considered when the message arrived.

By nightfall the fire, which had begun on the south side of the Armenian quarter, had spread considerably east and west, while the strong south wind that was blowing had carried it much further in a northerly direction across the Armenian and over into the Greek quarter of the city. Throughout the night, as the fire raged, my room was lighted from the lurid sky above the City. Early Thursday morning I had two rather bad turns with my heart which gave me some concern. I said nothing of it to the Doctor when he made his morning call, but did mention it to my son-in-law, Dr. Reed, in confidence, with some suggestions in case of certain eventualities.

All day Thursday and again throughout Thursday night the fire raged, and we were glad to learn that our large group of friends from the Campus and Boudjah had been safely placed on board an American Destroyer, which had left for Piraeus Wednesday night.

Some of our Turkish students who went into the city on Thursday brought conflicting reports as to the extent of the fire. Most of these were greatly exaggerated, as I was to learn the following day from personal observation. Only two members of our regular staff remained in the city throughout the whole period of the fire, namely Prof. Birge and Hatem Bey, instructor in the Turkish Department, the former of whom was on the waterfront most of the time.

Again throughout Thursday night our Campus was lighted from the glare in the sky above the burning city. The situation at the College was quiet.

FRIDAY MORNING

About 9:30 this morning, and while the Turkish doctor was unbandaging my wounds, preparatory to the usual morning dressing of them, Commander Rhodes of the U.S. Destroyer "Litchfield" accompanied by another naval officer, came into the room and at once informed me that he was under orders from his superior to bring me and Mrs. MacLachlan into the city forthwith. I asked him if there were any new developments in the city to justify such a peremptory demand, and he assured me there were.

As they left the room and before making any reply, I asked to see Dr. Reed, who strongly advised compliance with the order. I was scarcely in a condition to resist it, and it was hard to have to abandon my resolution to hold on at all costs. To attempt to stand by it under such conditions would almost certainly be put down to "Scotch pigheadedness". Perhaps it was partly due to cowardice of having to face such an accusation, with a certain admixture of ordinary prudence, that finally turned the scale. Anyway, I told Reed to let Rhodes know that we would go an hour or so later, Reed agreeing to bring us down in the College car.

I was afraid, if it became known among our 1500 refugees that we were leaving the Campus, it would cause a panic of fear among them, and so tried to keep our departure as secret as possible, though I explained to those in our home that I hoped it might be possible for us to return that same afternoon, a possibility which I really entertained.

A suitcase each was all we attempted to take with us; for we had not the remotest notion in what direction or under what conditions we would travel, or indeed if we would travel at all. All we were sure of was that on reaching the city we would be put on board the U.S. Destroyer "Litchfield".

Meanwhile the Turkish doctor, though not understanding the conversation, realized from my attitude that something special was on, and when the officers left the room asked me what was the matter. I explained that I had been ordered to go on board an American warship and that I was reluctantly obliged to obey. His first impression was that we were not satisfied with his treatment, and he proceeded to assure me that if I remained he would guarantee to have me up and about in a few days. I was careful to assure him that I was fully satisfied with his treatment, and most grateful to him for it; and that after all I might still be able to return that afternoon.

After being carried down stairs I was able, with the assistance of a crutch and a strong arm, to walk to the car at the door, and we slipped away as quietly as possible about 10:30. I endeavored, as we drove out of the Campus and down to the city, to keep my mind as much a blank as possible.

As we passed over the brow of the hill and the eastern end of the city came into view, I was surprised to find that it had not been burned. Our way took us through this section, which bore evidences of having been pretty thoroughly looted. All the Daraghatch or northern quarter through which we also passed, had not been burned, though largely looted. The same was true of the better residential section, known as The Point, though here I saw no evidence of looting, except the Railway Yards, where everything seemed to be in great confusion, due doubtless to its being the place of embarkation for a considerable portion of the Greek army and transport equipment.

It was not until we came completely around the Point and reached the wide street known as the Bella Vista, on the waterfront facing west, that we came on the burned portion of the city. From this point to the National Bank of Greece on the corner of the street leading from the waterfront to the entrance to the bazaars, a distance of close on one mile and extending back eastwards nearly the same distance, comprising the great central block of the city, nearly a square mile in area, was a wilderness of burning and smouldering ruins.

Strangely enough, however, here and there along this portion of the waterfront, a residence, a steamship agency, or a warehouse, stood unharmed by the fire.

During our journey through a portion , and around the city, we saw much of the misery of the homeless multitudes. Our first contact with these was quite near the Caravan Bridge station, where we came on a group of anywhere from two to four thousand men, women, and children, moving slowly along the road northward, headed by an old man bearing a Turkish flag, but with neither soldiers nor police in attendance. They were apparently villagers from Boudjah or one of the other suburbs, and filled the middle and both sides of the roadway for a distance of at least one hundred and fifty yards. From what I saw further along the road, it seemed clear they were being guided to the open fields near Mersinli, where tens of thousands of the homeless were gathered, mainly from the city, during the next ten days or more. As we passed the Greek cemetery by Daraghatch we met a much larger mass of people, perhaps as many as ten thousand, also moving slowly towards Mersinli. This group was being led or guided by a very few mounted patrols.

It was not until we turned the point just north of the baths that we found the entire breadth of the waterfront one almost solid mass of humanity, which extended to the Bella Vista, a distance of perhaps 250 or 300 yards. As was the case with the other groups, so also here, and indeed more especially here, we had great difficulty in piloting the car, even at a very slow pace through the crowd. While there was a look of utter despair on many faces, for the most part there was little in the appearance and quiet behaviour of this great mass of people to indicate the terrible experience through which they were passing. I saw no soldiers or policemen in this great crowd on the quay, apart from a small patrol of cavalry that passed along just in front of us for a part of this distance and which helped clear the way for our car.

The waterfront before the burnt section of the city was then almost entirely free from people, apart from small groups from the foreign communities who were being embarked.

From in front of the Smyrna Theatre, where I noticed the charred skeletons of a number of automobiles and motor trucks, I was put on board the launch of the Destroyer "Litchfield" and conveyed to that ship, where I remained until about 6 p.m., when I was taken on board the British Battleship "King George Fifth", which was to be my home for about a week.

During the afternoon, from the couch in the Commander's cabin where I was lying, I was surprised to see a considerable group of our Armenian and Greek friends from the Campus on the deck of the Destroyer, and learned that they had been brought down in the navy motor truck and that on the way down the Rev. Hagop Yeranian, for many years pastor of the Evangelical Armenian congregation at Afion Kara Hissar, had died in the truck from heart failure and on reaching the waterfront had been buried from the Quay.

Somewhat later I observed that these friends were being sent back on shore. A very few however remained, four in all I believe.

It was about this time that the American senior naval officer then commanding came to me and explained that I had the choice of being taken on board the British Battleship "King George Fifth" or the British Cruiser "Cardiff". On it being explained that there was better hospital accommodation on the former and that it was going to Malta while the destination of the "Cardiff" was still uncertain, I chose the larger ship for my asylum.

The four persons referred to above (two students from the College, Mrs. Yeranian. and a graduate of the American Girls Institute) were now sent off in the ship's launch, but apparently were refused permission to land, for it was shortly after this that the same commanding officer again came to me and complained that these people were on his ship; that as they had been brought from the College Campus I must accept responsibility for them and take them with me on board the British warship; that he could permit only Americans on board the Destroyer; adding paranthetically, and by way of relieving me from an awkward position , that my temporary presence on the ship did not seriously disturb him.

I protested that I was in no way, directly or indirectly, responsible for these friends being brought from the Campus and placed on the Destroyer, and that in my present condition, not being able even to take care of myself, it was quite impossible for me to accept responsibility for the care of other persons.

Even if I had been physically capable, I had no means of knowing whether these friends would be accepted with me on board the "King George Fifth", and besides they were now safely on board an American ship. I learned later that they were eventually landed back on the Quay.

That Friday evening, after being comfortably settled in the ship's hospital, Surgeon Commander MacGiffin gave me a pretty thorough overhauling and then gave me the cheering assurance that by the following Tuesday he would have me on my feet again. By Sunday evening however when I asked him if I could still count on the fulfilment of his promise for Tuesday, he was less optimistic and said I might have to be patient for ten days or a fortnight. He gave me his personal attention, not only while I remained on board his ship but for nearly a fortnight afterwards at the hotel in Malta. Indeed, I could not have received more careful attention from him and his orderlies if I had been an Admiral of the Fleet.

The ship's Commanding Officer, Capt. Thessiger, was most kind in his attentions, as were also the other officers of the ship. During one of Capt. Thessiger's visits to my cot he told me the interesting incident of his meeting, as the Allied representative, the Kemalist army as it reached The Point, on entering the city on that September morning. He stood in the open as the cavalry approached, and on raising his hand they halted, the Commanding Officer in front dismounting and saluting as he came forward to meet him. Capt. Thessiger then explained to him that he had come there to inform him that the Greeks had abandoned the city two days previously; that since then it was in the hands of the Allies, who now turned it over to them. He further suggested to him that if they followed the waterfront all the way around by the baths they would surely meet no resistance of any kind, and that there would almost certainly be no incidents. As the cavalry approached this point their sabres

were unsheathed, but when the Commanding Officer remounted the order was given to 'sheathe sabres'. They then proceeded along the Quay in the quiet orderly manner in which I witnessed them nearly half an hour later, as I have already described. The tragic element introduced into this incident, as it has since come to me in one of its many fanciful versions, is that a Greek threw a bomb at the Turkish Officer as he was approaching Capt. Thessiger, blowing the former to atoms. There was surely enough of real tragedy during those days without inventing more, and yet this is a fair sample of much that has been told of the happenings in Smyrna during those dark days of September 1922.

He told me another interesting incident from his experiences during the fire, which I repeat here because it seems to confirm what was told me by the Aide of General Noureddin Pasha, on Monday morning, September 11th regarding the evidences discovered at the Armenian Revolutionary headquarters as to their having supplies of bombs at many points throughout the city.

In the earlier hours of the conflagration when he (Capt. Thessiger) was on the Quay, a gentleman who spoke English well but whom he thought was not an Englishman, rushed up to him excitedly, saying: "Sir, someone has placed a case full of bombs in the front hallway of my home, what shall I do?" to which the Captain replied: "The only advice I can give you is to keep away from your house in such a case".

On this voyage and during our subsequent sojourn in Malta for about three weeks, Mrs. MacLachlan and I were accompanied by Mr. Murray, a fellow Canadian of the College staff, whose services were invaluable in many ways.

During the first ten days or so after my rough handling by the chettes I could get comfortable rest only by lying in a particular position; and on two or three occasions I called the doctor's attention to a point in my back that seemed to be the source of the trouble. As there was nothing on the surface, however, to indicate anything more than the many other evidences of heavy blows, each of the doctors who in turn looked me over naturally diagnosed the trouble at that point as due to a particularly heavy blow. I had quite ceased to concern myself with it until one evening during convalescence at the hotel in Malta, while chatting with some friends in the hallway who had called to see me, I sneezed, and there was a rupture of some kind at the point in my back where the trouble had been. I was alarmed, and for a time suffered very incisive pains and could only with difficulty breathe. I was carried to my bed and the doctor hastily summoned, who almost at once discovered that my sneeze had again severed previously broken ribs. The ordinary bandaging support and two or three extra days in bed, and I had recovered my lost ground.

Our return to Athens as soon as I could move about somewhat freely with the aid of a crutch and a cane; my celebrating of "Founders Day" on October 25th by discarding my crutch, the 44th day after my "scrum" with the chettes; and our return to the Campus in the early half of November, belong to another chapter of my story.

A REMINISCENT SOUVENIR OF THE "SCRUM"

When the leader of the chettes seized my watch chain and tore it from the outer pocket of my jacket and from the button hole where it was fastened, I remembered noticing that something broke; and so, the second day after my return to the Campus, I visited the Settlement House with Zeki, the young lad who appeared so opportunely at one of the critical points during the incident. With his assistance I fixed the exact spot where I was standing when the rifles were levelled at me just after my watch had been taken. I located the spot in the hope that I might find some evidence that my theory of something having broken was correct. My effort was rewarded almost immediately, for on looking carefully close by my feet there lay, clearly exposed by the heavy rain of the previous day, the gold bar by which my watch chain had been secured through the buttonhole of my jacket.

Needless to say I attach a peculiar interest to this little souvenir of that terrible experience, found just two months to a day after the incident.

LATER - It is perhaps worth recording that on my return to Smyrna two months after the incident, the student Zeki, mentioned above, brought me a Turkish newspaper published, as I remember, at Angora, the new capital, shortly after the reoccupation of Smyrna, in which was recorded the report of an interview from the Paris "Figaro" between Mustapha Kemal and the representative of the Figaro which took place in Smyrna two or three days after my scrap with the Chettes and during the great fire. Among other questions the Figaro man asks the Ghazi: "Have you been able to control the Chetta bands in the neighborhood of Smyrna ?" "Oh, yes" the Ghazi replies, "we have had them entirely under control." Figaro man: "What about that attack on the President of the American College the other day ?" The Ghazi: "We caught eight of those rascals and hanged them." I am inclined, for some reasons, to think the Ghazi must have been misinformed on this point.

APPENDIX - Three years later - 1925 - I find my story at this point needs to be revised. A post parcel having come for me which had to be passed through the Customs, the College Cavas who passed it reported on handing it to me that one of the younger officials sent me his special Salaams. On inquiry who the person was the Cavas tells me that when he asked the man who he was he replied: "Tell Dr. MacLachlan I am the man who saved his life in September 1922 in Paradise when the Bashibouzouks were killing him." The next day I took the Cavas with me to the Customs house to have him point out the man to me, and although I could not have recognized him, a brief conversation with him regarding the incident left no possible doubt in my mind that here at last, after three years, was the man who had saved my life in the closing scene of my tragic experience at the College Settlement House on September 11th, 1922. His name is Ismail Hakku Bey. He was not a Cavalry officer but a Lieut. in the Infantry and had been in the service of the Customs for three years, since the close of the Greek-Turkish war, married and had one child. His explanation of his timely arrival on the scene is that he had been sent up from Smyrna headquarters that afternoon with dispatches to Boudjah, which, as I have indicated, was occupied the previous afternoon. He was riding up by the high road that leads past the cemeteries on the East side of the railway line, and as he descended the hill on the south side he heard the heavy firing off to the right on the west side of the line. He realized that something untoward was happening and at once decided he should find out where and what it was.

As the nearest crossing on the railway line is at the station more than half a mile further along this high road where another road turns sharply to the right and crosses the railway beside the Paradise Station, he at once put spurs to his horse and as he reached the crossing he saw the American Bluejackets with their rifles running south along the line. Realizing they must have been mixed up in some way with the scrap he was trying to locate, he reined in his horse after crossing the line and asked a man (evidently young Simonian, the student referred to) what had happened and was told that the American sailors were fighting with Bashibouzouks. On learning how he could reach the place he again applied his spurs and so reached me just in the nick of time to rescue me from my would-be murderers. His reply to my question as to why he had reined in his horse some yards before reaching me confirmed my suspicion that he hesitated mix himself up in a bad mess until he was sure that he could control the situation.

The day following this conversation with our rescuer, Ismail Hukku Bey, I left for Constantinople and while there purchased a solid gold hunting case Zenith watch, the exact counterpart of the one that had been presented to me by my daughter and son-in-law to replace the one taken by the Chettes in the incident on September 11th, 1922, and after having it suitably inscribed presented it to him on my return to Smyrna. Shortly afterwards, on learning that his salary at the Customs was only about 40 liras per month (about $30), I was able to secure for him a post with one of the American Tobacco companies operating in Smyrna at a salary of 150 liras per month.

In view of the Ghazi's statement to the representative of the Paris "Figaro" a few days after the incident that they had "caught eight of these rascals and hung them", I was anxious to learn from my rescuer if he had later been called on to identify any of those men or if he had any confirmation of the Ghazi's statement to the "Figaro" man. His reply to my inquiries on this point was in the negative, and that he doubted if he would have been able to identify any of these "rascals" even if he had been called on to do so. As Zeki's replies to these questions were to the same effect, and these were the only possible witnesses who could have identified any of them, there seems good reason to doubt the Ghazi's report that eight of them were hanged for this crime.

TEA ON THE TERRACE - AN INVITATION FROM MR ASQUITH

Never in my vainest imaginings had I ventured to visualize myself with such an experience coming within the orbit of my humble career. Appreciation of the invitation was enhanced by the intimation that his other special guest for the occasion was to be my dear good friend Dr. John Henry Jowett. We were to report in the Main Lobby where Sir Donald MacLean would meet us at 4 p.m. the following afternoon and conduct us to his room in the House. Dr. Jowett called me up at the Thackery Hotel where I was staying and we arranged a meeting place so that we could go together. The note indicated that after our visit and chat together regarding things in the Near East, the four of us would have tea together on the Terrace. It was to be my first meeting with Mr. Asquith, but Dr. Jowett had met him on various occasions. Sir Donald, also known to my companion, was on hand to meet us and our reception by Mr Asquith was delightfully informal and cordial. Indeed he and I remained standing together for some time; and the questions he asked revealed an intimate knowledge of the various racial groups in the Near East and of their inter-relations. Had his former associate, political rival and successor possessed similar statesmanlike intelligence of conditions in the Near East we Britishers who live there would have been spared some of the humiliating experiences that the blundering post-war Near East policy of Lloyd George had subjected us to, and, what is much more important, Greece and Turkey alike would have been spared disastrous national calamities.

When our chat in his room terminated Mr. Asquith expressed regret that a call to an important House Committee meeting after his invitation had been sent to us would prevent his having tea with us on the Terrace, but said that his friend Sir Donald would do the honors at the tea table and see that we were properly looked after . Weather conditions for this interesting out-of-doors social function in parliamentary life at Westminster were ideal, and our host spared no pains to give us the full benefit of its attractions. He selected a table at a remote corner of the Terrace which commanded a full view of the main entrance, in order that he might identify for us each of the more outstanding leaders in our political life as they made their appearance on the Terrace. It was a peculiarly interesting experience for me who had lived so far remote from such scenes, but familiar with the names of our parliamentary leaders, to have them one after another step into the spotlight for me that afternoon. We had arrived early in order not to miss any part of the show, and we were scarcely seated at our special point of vantage when our host called our attention to a gentleman who had just stepped on to the Terrace: "That's Mr. William Redmond, the great Irish leader", and so it was for the next fifteen or twenty minutes, as the leaders in our public life appeared on this show place to refresh themselves with "the cup that cheers but doesn't inebriate". One of our choicest experiences that afternoon was our hour of delightful fellowship with our host, Sir Donald MacLean, who at that time was leader in the House of Commons of his Majesty's most Loyal opposition.

When a few years later he passed from an honorable and valued service in the public life of his country to the higher service of his Master, the tribute to his memory presented on the floor of the House of Commons by Mr. Baldwin far surpassed anything I have ever read, coming as it did from the leader of one political party to the representative of the opposing party. He was not only a warm personal friend of Mr. Stanley Baldwin but was also held in the highest esteem on both sides of the House.

The incident recorded above took place as I now recall in the summer of 1922. I had brief sojourns in London in the summers of 1920, '22, '24, and '26, and cannot be sure of the exact date of this experience.

I MEET ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED BRITISH STATESMAN

I think it was two years after my visit with Mr. Asquith when I was again in London in the summer of 1924. that a note from my friend Prof. Arnold J. Toynbee. informed me that his friend, Lord Robert Cecil would like me to come to his home the following morning (Sunday) at ten o'clock to discuss a matter of interest to Turkey. Prof. Toynbee himself would accompany me and introduce me . I understand they were Oxford friends at Baliol and I took note of some of their intimacies during that Sunday morning visit. Shortly after being introduced and while we were still exchanging pleasantries, Lord Robert turned to my friend with "Say, Arnold, what exactly did I say to you when I called you up over the phone yesterday ? " "To be exact, as I recall it, you asked me if I could bring my friend, Dr. MacLachlan, over about ten o'clock Sunday morning. Why do you ask, Bob ?" "You're quite sure I said Sunday morning ? Because I meant to say Monday morning. The only difference to me is that I have promised to read the lessons at morning service, and I hesitate to beg off now at this late hour. However, we have still nearly half an hour at our disposal, which will suffice for our errand."

As Prof. Toynbee and I walked together that morning towards the Cecil home he told me his friend wanted to talk with me about the wisdom of inviting Turkey to join the League of Nations. When however, Lord Robert opened the question with me he put it in a somewhat different form: 'How in my opinion would Turkey regard an invitation from the League to join it ?

There were many reasons why I felt confident the Turkish Government would gladly welcome such a gesture of friendship and good will from the League, and it would please me if Lord Robert's name or that of some other well-known British statesman could in some way be associated with the invitation, especially as our post war attitude towards Turkey had in my opinion been most unfortunate and unfair. Our time for conference was limited and I was pleased to have Lord Robert share my views on these questions. I was deeply impressed with his personality and have since looked back on that Sunday morning visit as one of the high spots in my life experiences.

A GOOD JOKE AT THE EXPENSE OF A SMALL GROUP OF OUR TURKISH FRIENDS

Among other special regulations issued by the Government when Turkey entered the war on the side of Germany in November 1914 was one requiring the removal of all national emblems, pictures, etc of beligerent countries not only from public places but also from the homes of beligerents living in Turkey. The order had special significance in large cities and seaports like Smyrna where there were large foreign communities and individual interests.

The following amusing incident is vouched for by a member of the large British Community at Bournabat, a suburb of Smyrna where there are many beautiful English homes. Mr. H. who had always been a warm friend of Turkey and her people removed from his home all objects that might by any chance come under the ban of the Government order, with the exception of a large portrait in oils of Queen Victoria that hung in the library. When the five government commissioners made the round of British homes in Bournabat to see that the order was carried out, my friend who conducted them through his home brought them finally to the library, explaining there was something there which he was sure would greatly please them. Bringing them before the large picture he exclaimed "Ishte effendiler!! Kaiserun Boyouk Valedessa" - Behold, Gentlemen!! The Kaiser's Grandmother". The Commissioners kowtowed in approved Oriental fashion before her Britannic Majesty's picture and doubtless reported at headquarters this evidence of a broad international spirit on the part of their belligerent friend at Bournebat.

I CHOOSE TO REMAIN IN TURKEY AS A PRISONER OF WAR AND SOME OF THE CONSEQUENCES OF MY CHOICE

This choice was due to an admixture of causes, - perhaps in some measure to love of adventure. For it was evident that with Turkey in the war we would be much closer to the scene of action than if we were in the Western Hemisphere. Accompanying this was a feeling that the choice did not necessarily imply the hardships of a concentration prison camp. I suspect I also justified or excused this love of adventure, or to be in the midst of things seeing what was going to happen, by the fact that I was carrying responsibilities which I could serve much better by remaining at my post. There was also doubtless the hope that I would be permitted by the Turkish authorities to serve the interests attaching to my post, - this hope being based on my knowledge that they appreciated my services on behalf of the youth of their country, and that I consequently enjoyed the confidence of those in authority.

It will be recalled that Turkey did not enter the war until November 1914. Before she did so, many of my fellow countrymen, anticipating that sooner or later she would do so, and more probably on the side of Germany left the country.

AN UNEXPECTED OFFER OF DELIVERANCE

I was somewhat surprized to learn, some two or three weeks after Turkey entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, that apparently some of my friends in the United States, who knew that my sons were in the service of Turkey's enemies, were seriously alarmed concerning my personal safety. My first intimation of this came to me in a long telegram from the U.S. Ambassador in Constantinople in the following terms, "At the request of the Secretary of State, the Grand Vizier has generously given permission for you and your family to leave Turkey. Let me at once have the names and ages of those members of your household whom you wish to accompany you." Signed, Henry Morganthau.

While appreciating the concern of my American friends for my welfare, and grateful to the Grand Vizier for acceding to the request of the Secretary of State at Washington , the receipt of the telegram with its generous offer of release did not seem to me to call for a reconsideration of my original decision, and I replied to the Ambassador: "I do not wish to be delivered from my friends." As I was an enemy belligerent I realized that in all probability both the wire from the Ambassador and my reply would in passing the censorship be reported to the Government authorities, including the Governor General of whose friendship I had already enjoyed many evidences.

MY PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AS A CIVIL PRISONER OF WAR

Though registered as a prisoner of war and as such somewhat restricted in my movements, I was in all other respects as much a guest of the government as I was a prisoner of war. Nor did my case differ essentially from that of a large community of Britishers in that area except on the following occasion: -

British bombing planes from the neighbouring air base on the island of Mitylene, having on more than one occasion dropped bombs on the Turkish residential quarter of the city. the civil authorities required all able-bodied men in the British Community to live up in that quarter. They also notified the Mitylene air base of what had been done and of their purpose to keep these men there until they were assured this bombing would not be repeated. Two or three older men shared my exemption from this experience. This forced residence in the Turkish quarter lasted for about six weeks, but it was attended with no hardships, as they were comfortably housed and had food supplies provided from their homes. With practically no exceptions all British civil prisoners of war in this area were permitted to live in their homes and to carry on their usual vocations. I know of only two British families who were temporarily required to live in a village a few

miles inland for reasons which were apparent.

Not only was I permitted to "carry on" at my post, contrary to government regulations when Turkey entered the war requiring all belligerents connected with any kind of public institutions to be dismissed from their posts, but I was also permitted to take on extra duties, not wholly unconnected with Turkey's war interests, in behalf of some thousands of persons of various races, nationalities, and religions who were the innocent victims of war conditions in that area. Many times throughout the war years I had occasion to ask special consideration for these unfortunates from those in authority, and in no single instance were these requests denied. Almost invariably on such occasions the official appealed to - usually the Governor General of the province - made kind inquiry regarding my sons, who as already indicated were fighting with the enemy. It was also through the kind offices of a high civil official in the early part of 1918 that we were able to send our first letters out of the country to our boys, and they were the first letters received from us throughout the whole period of the war.

SOME POSSIBLE IMPLICATIONS OF MILITARY PRISON CAMP LIFE IN TURKEY

To say that one was a prisoner of war in Turkey throughout the Great War brings to the popular mind, at least in the West, visions of confinement in unsanitary prisons, or at best in unsanitary concentration camps, without sufficient protection from the elements and without sufficient nourishing food. Add to these impossible conditions the overlordship, in some instances, of a Turkish prison or camp commandant who divised and imposed on his unfortunat e victims various kinds of inhuman treatment and you will have a fair picture of what has been written in books or told in public or private by some of those who have ventured to tell of their experiences in Turkish prison camps during the Great War.

In relating my own experiences and those of others with which I am familiar, it is not my purpose to attempt to refute or deny the truth of statements similar to those above indicated. It is fair, I think, to assume that the narrators in some cases at least are faithfully presenting some of their experiences, and without any purpose or desire to misrepresent conditions as they obtained in some of the prison camps where they were interned. Some of those who have published their personal experiences indicate, however, that some of the most trying experiences to which they were subjected were the result of their having seriously violated prison regulations.

I know of cases of solitary confinement under unhealthy conditions with short rations, inflicted on war prisoners who were unsuccessful in their attempts to regain their liberty; and I also know of cases where prisoners who had no share in these attempts were made to suffer with their guilty fellow-prisoners who had failed.

One could wish, however, that experiences such as these were limited to Turkish prison camps. War time psychology, being what we too well know it to be, doubtless produced similar results, though perhaps differing in degree, in the various prison camps of countries on both sides of the great conflict.

It was my fortune during the closing months of the war to be associated with many hundreds of British military war prisoners who had been interned in the various prison camps in Turkey, and while there were those among them whose experiences would justify in considerable measure the above statements, it is equally true that the great majority of these prisoners while bitterly resenting some of the hardships and limitations which are the all but universal experiences of military prisoners of war in all countries, would vigorously deny that the published statements of some of their fellow-prisoners of the nature indicated above represents in any reasonable degree the conditions under which they were compelled to spend the months and long years of their internment in Turkish military prison camps.

Another important fact that became evident in the course of my interviews with prisoners from the various prison camps in the interior of Turkey in the closing months of the war was that conditions varied greatly

in the different camps and that they also varied in the same camp with a change of Commandants. Indeed, conditions seem to have depended almost entirely on what type of man the Commandant happened to be. In one of the largest and most important of the interior prison camps the Commandant added to his harsh and unjust treatment of the prisoners under his care the wholesale pilfering of food supplies, delicacies and clothing sent to prisoners from their friends at home. This continued until one of his prisoners by means of a secret code was able to bring the facts of the situation before the British home authorities. Representations were made through a neutral power to the Turkish military headquarters. An investigation followed and the guilty inhuman Commandant was brought to task and lost his post. This change of commandants changed the entire situation in that camp.

I know of another interior military prison camp in Turkey where the general conditions were not only tolerable, but also considerate and generous, as evidenced by the fact that after their return to England at the close of the war the prisoners sent to the Turkish Commandant through the writer a solid gold hunting case watch suitably engraved in token of their appreciation of the treatment they had received at his hands throughout their imprisonment. I have listened to similar testimony from British war prisoners who were interned in other prison camps in Turkey.

A STORY WORTH TELLING

Though myself a civil prisoner throughout the war I was in a position to be of service to British war prisoners. Under the terms of what was known as "The Berne Convention" there were gathered in a general concentration camp more than two thousand British military war prisoners in preparation for exchange. Here I was on intimate friendly terms with the Turkish Commandant, a Lieut -Colonel, who had seen nearly a lifetime of military service for his country.

One evening shortly after the arrival of the first batch of prisoners in this camp, I was in conversation with a trio of officers when one of them, pointing to the Commandant who was pacing back and forth some little distance in front of where we were standing, said, "We know that old Johnnie". In reply to my question as to how they had come to know him he related the following incident in which all three officers had shared.

"We were in a mounted unit on the Egyptian front in the spring of 1916, and on the morning of Easter Sunday some 300 of us were sent out to reconnoitre the enemy's front line position in the desert some distance south of El Arish, which is on the coast. According to our Intelligence the advanced line of the enemy was probably close on 15 or 20 miles east of our position. We rode out quite gaily early that morning across the desert, and believing that we had still considerable distance to cover before making contact with the enemy outposts we were suddenly surprised and chagrined to discover that we were already well within the enemy lines and with no chance of extricating ourselves.

"The Turks bagged the whole 300 of us, and after relieving us of our mounts started us off on foot towards their front line headquarters near El Arish on the coast. It was a long wearying tramp over the hot sand and under a burning sun. As we had set out that morning expecting to be back in time for our midday meal we were without rations of any kind. When we finally reached their headquarters that Sunday evening, having had nothing to eat or drink since early morning, you can understand that we were all completely in. When we arrived it was this old Johnnie we found in command."

At this point in the story I broke in with - "Well, how did he treat you ?" In reply came, "Finely - couldn't have treated us better. Provided facilities for a good clean-up. Had a splendid dinner prepared for us in his own quarters and had the band play for us while we were eating. It was the same story during the next day or so that we remained under his immediate care and when we were sent off under guard towards the Army's Headquarters up in Palestine he evidently gave special instructions to our guards to consult us as to the choice of route. Time and again we were

asked and permitted to choose a route that would take us through some place of special interest. Indeed, until we were turned over to other guards, it was like a Cook's tourist party conducted on foot."

I was sure it would interest my old Turkish friend, the Lieut-Colonel, to learn that some of those now in his keeping had been under his care earlier in the war. So, leaving my fellow-Britishers, I joined him as he still paced back and forth, and asked him if he recognized any of the three officers with whom I had been speaking. He replied "No", and added that he had never seen any of them before. I suggested that the next time we passed close by where they stood he take a good look at them. He did so, only to confirm what he had already said, but added, "Why do you ask me?" And on my replying that they had just been telling me they knew him and had good reason to remember him, he assured me they were mistaken, as he was quite sure he had never seen them before. I was about convinced by this time that it was a case of "mistaken identity". But it occurred to me to follow the matter a step further, and so I asked the Commandant if he had served down on the Egyptian front, and at once came the reply, "Oh, yes, I was sent down there after the close of the Dardanelles campaign." I now followed up with, "Were you at or near El Arish in the spring of (I think it was) 1916 ? "Yes" came his prompt response, "I was in command of that section of the Egyptian front at that time". It was by this time clear I was on the right trail and at once asked if his command had taken any mounted British troops prisoners. By this time he had become as keenly interested in the subject as I was, and at once replying in the affirmative added "I remember distinctly - it was on a big English fete day and quite a large band of cavalry that apparently was out taking exercise rode right in behind our lines; and of course my soldiers took them all prisoners." Then, suddenly grasping the point of my inquiry he asked, "Why, were these men in that bunch?" I replied that they were, and that they had just been telling me of the generous treatment they had received from him that Easter Sunday evening and how grateful they were for it, and glad that it was again their good fortune to find him in command in their present surroundings. He vigorously denied that his treatment of them on that occasion was in any way unusual in such cases and added, "I simply did my duty", and amplified the statement as follows: "I have been a soldier ever since I was old enough to enter the army, and in the many wars in which my country has been engaged throughout my military career, I have taken many enemy prisoners; but when they have become my prisoners of war, they are no longer the enemy. They are my guests."

IN STRIKING CONTRAST

It was only some eight or nine months after the incident recorded above that my friend, Lieut -Col. Salaheddin (Saladin) Bey and I found ourselves under circumstances in which our roles were in a large measure reversed.

One of the outstanding criminal aftermaths of the Great War, for which some of the allied powers were largely responsible, was the military occupation of Smyrna and Western Asia Minor by Greece. The main personal guilt for this seems to attach to two outstanding political leaders of that time, - Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Venezelos.

On May 15th 1919 under the aegis of the warships of the allied powers then in Smyrna harbor the Greek army was landed on the waterfront quay. No official statements of the dire consequences of this landing during the remainder of that day and the days following has been made public, though they are on the official fyles of some of the great allied powers. For the purpose of providing an intelligent background for recording this incident it is necessary only to explain that the former Commandant of the British military prisoners of war concentration camp at the American College in this neighborhood is himself now a prisoner of war on parole, and has escaped the tragic fate of many of his fellow officers of the Turkish military barracks in Smyrna. The writer in addition to his official job was still filling the role of a relief worker in charge of the American Near East Relief Unit in that area, and with headquarters in the American Consulate.

A few days after the landing of the Greek army and when the situation had somewhat quieted down, came a knock at my office door in the Consulate. In response to my summons, "Bonjour" (Come in) the door opened and there stood in it a Turkish soldier whom I did not recognize, but who evidently, as he stood there expected some word of welcome and recognition from me. I motioned him to a seat near me and as he approached and spoke a word of greeting to me I at once recognized the voice of my friend the Commandant of the Prison Camp. My first words were a warm greeting of congratulation that he was alive and apparently quite well. But just what had happened to him that had so completely changed his appearance that I had failed to recognize him ? He responded to my questioning look and embarrassment by stroking his smooth face. There was the clue to his complete incognito. That full black beard always carefully trimmed (and dyed); What had happened to it ? "Allah Kerimdir", (God is merciful). When the enemy took him prisoner a few days previously they tore out most of his beard and he had been obliged to shave off what remained. I was indeed overjoyed to find him alive, though I quite appreciated what it meant to a devout Moslem Turk thus to lose his beard. In a few brief words he told me of his distressing experiences at the hands of the enemy, again closing with "Allah Kerimdir". Once more I congratulated him and expressed my great delight in meeting him again.

Was there anything I could do for him ? "Yes" ! He was venturing on the strength of our former friendly relations to come to me for help. His splendid Arab mount was of course in the hands of the enemy. It was about all he had left and had been his most prized possession. He had been assured of his own impending personal liberty, and he wondered if I could do anything at the enemy headquarters to get his horse back. We had a visit together that more deeply cemented our friendship. A personal call at Greek military headquarters in the City, with an explanation and a request restored his prized mount to this worthy successor and namesake of the "Great Saladin" of the annals of the Crusades.

Recording this incident provokes questionings as to whether the "civilizing" pretext advanced by those responsible for putting this Greek army into Smyrna and Asia Minor was any more justifiable than the so-called Christian Crusades for rescuing the empty tomb of our risen Lord from the hands of the infidel (?) Saladin. One wonders !

I BECOME HOST TO SOME TWO THOUSAND BRITISH MILITARY PRISONERS OF WAR

During the early part of the summer of 1918 there came the chance for a unique service that was one of the most important of all the consequences of my choice to become a prisoner of war in Turkey. In April or May of that year vague rumors reached us of a proposed convention between the British and Turkish governments for the exchange of permanently disabled military prisoners of war Later information designated it "The Berne Convention". Our interest in it was keenly aroused when we learned that British war prisoners would be embarked at Smyrna. The possibility of seeing them and perchance communicating with them stirred us deeply. So completely had we been cut off from news of the outside world during the period of the war that my American colleagues did not even know who was commanding the United States forces in France.

One afternoon in the early summer of 1918 a French friend who also was a civil prisoner of war and who had maintained close personal relations with the Governor General, rode out to the campus and in conversation mentioned somewhat casually that His Excellency would like me to call on him the next time I was in the city. What could he possibly want to see me about ? I had many axes to grind during the war and had frequently appealed to him for favors of various kinds and invariably had found him most considerate. Had I been reported to the Governor for abusing the privileges I enjoyed ? I dismissed that explanation as altogether unlikely, as I had been scrupulously exact in meeting the conditions my imprisonment, so called, had imposed on me. I had declined to communicate with native spies who were in the service of the British outside, and I had tried in every respect to play the game fairly. Could it be possible that the Governor's request to see me had any bearing on the expected arrival of British Military prisoners of war ? That again seemed almost too good to be true; but the more I turned it over in my mind the more I came to feel that perhaps after all he had in mind some service

in behalf of these British fellow-countrymen of mine, that might bring me into contact with them and thus make it possible for me "to do my bit" in the Great War.

Before going to call on the Governor General next morning I told my American Colleagues of this strange request and of my suspicion and hopes as to its meaning. They fully shared my view and were unanimous in urging that I should seize the opportunity, if it offered, of placing all the facilities and resources at our disposal within reach of these prisoners. College would close shortly for the long summer vacation when our spacious campus and large buildings would thus be available for any helpful service.

When I called on the Governor, he received me in his usual cordial manner, motioned me to a chair close to him at the side of his large open topped desk, and after the formal greeting customary in the East, pushed over to me a telegram addressed to him from Gen. Enver Pasha, Minister of War, that in translation said briefly, "British military war prisoners will shortly arrive in your city. Make the necessary provision for their accommodation until they are embarked." He waited for my reaction, but there was no awkward pause, for I made no effort to conceal my keen interest in this confirmation of the rumor. Here was my opportunity and what I had hoped for. So, without waiting for any proposal from him, I at once took the initiative and suggested that in my view the exceptional facilities we could offer the Government in providing suitable accommodation surpassed any others available in that area. All this however brought no response from him. I therefore proceeded to enlarge in detail, on all the advantages the campus and buildings of the American International College at Paradise afforded for such a purpose. When I had finished he said calmly but without any indication that he had called me for this very purpose: "So you think the American College at Paradise is the most suitable place in this area to accommodate these British prisoners ? And then added with a twinkle in his eye: "And are you quite sure that when the war is over you will not claim that I seized the American College as a prison camp for British soldiers ?" I replied: "Your Excellency, I am quite sure I will not make such a claim and I want to further assure you that as a Britisher I frankly rejoice in this chance to be of some service to my fellow-countrymen. I am also glad to be able at the same time to facilitate your government in meeting the requirements of this telegram. I want also to assure you that my American Colleagues out at the College will fully share my own desire in this regard.

Without further reference to the matter he called for the military officer commanding in that area. This officer was a friend of mine and on joining us the Governor greeted him with, "General -----, our friend here insists that the American College at Paradise is the most suitable place for those British war prisoners when they arrive; so I turn over the whole matter of arrangements to you and him."

Thus it came about that although myself a prisoner of war in Turkey throughout the whole period of the Great War it fell to my lot to render a somewhat unique service to my own country - a service which was gratefully recognized in a personal letter of thanks from the British War Council in London after the close of the war.

Considerable time passed however before the first groups of prisoners began to arrive, but during the three months that followed, more than two thousand British war prisoners enjoyed the hospitality of the College. During these months our campus represented racially the British Empire in miniature; for we had soldiers from all parts of it - all the India races in their native costumes, Sikhs, Pathans, Gourkas, Hindoos, and Mohamedans - English, Scotch, Irish and Welsh - Canadians, Australians, South Africans, and New Zealanders.

THE SPORTS CHALLENGE CUP

An interesting souvenir of this service was presented to the College after their return home by British officers who enjoyed our hospitality in the form of a magnificent sterling silver Challenge Cup which holds a prominent place in the College Library. With its pedestal the cup

is twenty-six inches high and around its rim bears the following inscription in bold relief:-

"I WAS IN PRISON AND YE CAME UNTO ME"

On the face of the cup there is inscribed, "BRITISH OFFICER PRISONERS OF WAR SPORTS CHALLENGE CUP FOR BEST ALL-ROUND STUDENT OF THE YEAR", and beneath this

> "Presented to International College at Paradise, Smyrna, Turkey, by British Officers who with their men enjoyed the hospitality of the College, and experienced the splendid charity of the College Staff during the last and happiest weeks of their long captivity in Turkey through the years of the Great War - 1914-1918 AD"

On the opposite face of the cup is represented the main building of the College in relief while on either side of the pedestal base, on which the cup rests is a figure in solid sterling silver of a wounded British officer and on the opposite side a similar figure of a wounded Indian officer. The cover of the cup is surmounted by another figure in solid silver, representing an angel of Mercy with outstretched wings.

AN AWKWARD SITUATION

The vicious and other inhuman elements that too often characterize war are countered by some strange anomalies that not only in a measure offset these evidences of our purely animal instincts but also demonstrate some of the deeper and stronger elements of our common humanity.

The Great War afforded innumerable illustrations of this - some of them in the more remote areas of the great conflict. Here is one that occurred at Paradise, a suburb of Smyrna, Turkey in the spring of 1915. The writer is a Britisher, and among his Turkish friends previous to the war was a certain military Pasha who in the opening years of the conflict was the General in command of the Turkish forces in Western Asia Minor. The General's headquarters were at Baudjab another suburb of Smyrna only a mile and a half distant from Paradise. Our pre-war friendship was maintained notwithstanding the fact that my two older sons, at the outbreak of hostilities, had volunteered in Smyrna for service in the British Army; and with his knowledge were then serving with the enemy.

Shortly after Turkey entered the war, which was not until November 1914 my military friend and his aide de camp began to drop in on us occasionally about 4:30 to join us in our usual afternoon cup of tea; and it was on one of these occasions that the following incident occurred. Both of our Turkish military friends being passionately fond of music, we frequently, on these occasions, had some of our campus friends in to assist us musically in entertaining our guests. It so happened that on this particular afternoon one of the campus ladies sang that touching little song, "The Night has a Thousand Eyes and the Day but one, etc." It was beautifully rendered and both were deeply impressed. The General, who knew English, interpreted the thought contained in the double couplet to his aide and then both of them copied the translated lines into their note books.

Conversation then turned on the cruel exigencies of war in its separation of loved ones and blighting of cherished hopes; and as we chatted together it transpired that the General's Aide, Capt. Nouri Bey, whose home was in Damascus had a little baby daughter born to him more than two years previously during the last Balcan War, whom he had not yet seen. The fact that some of us were enemy belligerents of our Turkish guests could put no restraint on our sincere expressions of sympathy with Nouri Bey. It was while we still sipped our tea and discussed these deeper feelings of our common heritage that our pleasant intercourse was suddenly and rudely interrupted by a terrific explosion that shook our home to its foundations. Conversation however was only momentarily interrupted, for it was 'war time', though some of our little group doubtless suspected the possible meaning of this sudden shock. Could it be this was the beginning of an enemy bombardment ? Some of us clearly suspected it was, but for the moment no reference was made to it by anyone present. All doubt on the point was however soon dispelled,

for within a minute the second shell exploded. Here was surely an incongruous situation - the Turkish Military Commander in that area along with his Aide de Camp being entertained in the home of a British Enemy belligerent while British warships were beginning the bombardment of the Fort at the entrance to Smyrna harbor, and other strong military positions along the south shore of the Gulf of Smyrna, with only the narrow rocky ridge separating us from some of the positions being bombarded. When the second shell exploded the writer, as host, ventured to relieve the awkwardness of the situation by turning to General Pertev Pasha, in a somewhat forced casual manner, with "Your Excellency, apparently the enemy is getting lively this afternoon." To this came the response, "Apparently so" in the same casual manner. I, perhaps not unnaturally, expected that my attempt to relieve what I felt must be a trying situation for our Turkish guests, would open the way for them to immediately excuse themselves from our little tea party. Instead of this, however, our distinguished guest merely explained that the enemy ships were doubtless far out, near the entrance to the gulf and quite beyond the reach of any Turkish guns available, and that consequently they were quite unable to reply effectively to this unexpected attack on their military positions. Although the bombardment rapidly developed and continued heavily for more than an hour, it did not seriously interrupt our impromptu tea party and its musical program. No further reference was made to what was transpiring along the southern shores of the Gulf in such close proximity to us.

This social call at the home of a belligerent was in no way hurried to a conclusion, and when our guests finally said their adieus it was in their usual calm and polite manner and without any reference to the untoward incident which had doubtless marred the pleasure of the afternoon for us all. Having mounted their horses, it was with no little surprise I observed that, instead of hurrying direct to the scene of action, they returned as usual to their headquarters at Boudjah.

There is a sad sequel to this afternoon tea episode and other pleasant experiences with these Turkish officers, in the tragic fate that befell our good friend Capt. Nouri Bey, at the Dardanelles only some three or four weeks after the incident here recorded. Following the bombardment referred to above there was a considerable period of quiet in the Smyrna area and as the Galipoli campaign still held the centre of military interest in the Near East field of operations, General Pertev Pasha, with the consent of Enver Pasha Minister of War, paid a visit of observation with his staff to the Dardanelles front. Going by way of Constantinople they were approaching this comparatively limited scene of action from the East.

The Staff was mounted, and as they were proceeding to a position that commanded a somewhat general view of the whole field of action and which they wrongly supposed to be out of range of enemy gun fire, the General's Aide, our good friend Nouri Bey, who was riding only a few paces behind him, was hit by an enemy shell that blew him to pieces. We had come to know him so intimately and appreciated his many fine qualities, which included a deep religious life, that when the General, with the other members of his staff, returned, bringing the news of his tragic fate, we were all deeply saddened. Our sympathies went out to his wife in Damascus and the little girl who would never see her brave and worthy father who had thus given his life in the service of his country.

"YOU IMPOSSIBLE TURKS" AND HOW A DISTRICT COMMANDANT ENTERTAINED A BRITISH PRISONER OF WAR HEADQUARTER STAFF ON A TURKISH FETE DAY

It was my good fortune to be in close touch with the Turkish liaison officer with Gen. Townshend's Headquarter Staff during their imprisonment at Broussa, following the surrender of the British garrison at Kut. It will be recalled that Townshend himself had, by choice, his headquarters on the Island of Prinkipo in the Marmora, near Constantinople. My young officer friend had been educated in an American Near East College and enjoyed pleasant relations with his prisoner wards. The caption of this story was the common designation applied to their liaison's fellow-country when his charges found some of the prison regulations irksome. It was however always used in a spirit of pleasant banter, and was not resented by my young friend who had many interesting personal experiences as liaison between his wards and Turkish officialdom.

Here is one of them, an incident, which altogether apart from the humor of the situation is a striking illustration of the spirit of resentment which early manifested itself among Turkish officers and soldiers against the superiority swagger of their German allies - a resentment that throughout the war grew in intensity until in its closing years it found frequent expression in open defiance and violence.

Shortly after their internment at Broussa there was an important Turkish Fete day - the Sultan's birthday anniversary if my memory serves me correctly. The military commandant of the district was a Turk of the old school who wished to observe the proper amenities of the occasion, in case these distinguished military prisoners called on him, as the ranking official in the area, to present their respects. (There were four or five Generals in the group, Sir Charles Melles, General Hamilton, General Smith, General Evans, and I believe one more whose name I cannot recall.)

Being in doubt as to what kind of viand refreshments would be most suitable for his probable guests, the Commandant sent for my young liaison friend, who had already observed among his wards a distinct preference for whiskey and soda and of course passed on this information to the old Commandant. His next question was, "Could these be found in the Bazaars of Broussa ?" On being assured they were available my young friend was given authority to order for him a sufficient supply for all possible requirements of the occasion, together with suitable accompanying sweetmeats, etc. In relating the story my young friend expressed some anxiety lest the Commandant, having incurred this for him, serious expense, would not have the opportunity of extending his generous hospitality to his hoped for guests. All anxiety on this point, however was dispelled shortly after breakfast on the morning of the fete day when General Sir Charles Melles who was the senior officer in the group, sent for the young liaison officer and announced that at ten o'clock he would accompany the General in a call to present his respects and congratulations on the occasion, to the Senior Commanding Officer in the Area.

The call was somewhat extended and was most cordial, with frequent references to the stimulating refreshments.

"On our return", my young friend explained, "evidently the General let it be known among his friends how cordially he had been received and the kind of refreshments that were being served, for I was soon called by the other four Generals to accompany them on a similar errand. This time the call was more extended and the same cordial spirit and good fellowship with repeated indulgence in refreshments, were maintained. By the time I got this group back to our headquarters a much larger one was awaiting my services. This time it was the Colonels, and I had an unusually busy and interesting day as I accompanied them and other lower ranking groups of officers. The climax came during one of these larger group calls, I think it was when I accompanied the colonels.

"The Commandant was seated on a divan at the end of his reception room with a table in front of him on which the refreshments were displayed. The special seats of honor nearest to him on either side were occupied by some of his prisoner guests, as were also those on either side of the room at that end. In the midst of his reception of this group and when the same spirit of good fellowship was being enjoyed, the unmistakable sound of the arrival of a big Mercedes Car in the street below announced the arrival of the German officers. We all clearly understood what was happening though no reference was made to the fact, apart from the prompt action of the Commandant in hastily removing the refreshments and slipping them under the divan on which he sat; so that by the time his German allies had ascended the stairs and were ushered into the reception room every evidence of the refreshments had disappeared. On entering the room those two senior allied officers of the district clicked heels in approved German fashion. Their salute was returned in silence, and by a wave of the hand of their host they were motioned to the side line chairs beyond those occupied by the enemy British prisoners of war."

In relating the story of the situation at this critical juncture my young friend ventured to divine the spirit of resentment that must have possessed the German officers, in finding British enemy prisoners of war en-

joying the hospitality of one of their Turkish allies and occupying the seats of special honor, while they were relegated to seats of quite secondary honor. No words of greeting or congratulation of any kind were exchanged during the few minutes of unbroken silence that followed their stiff formal reception. Finally the German officers arose and, facing the Commandant, again clicked heels, saluted and took their departure as formally as when they entered.

Not until their big car was heard leaving in the street below was the stiff silent formality of the situation broken by the Commandant reaching under the divan and replacing the viands and drinks back on the table before him. This was the signal for the resumption of the spirit of good fellowship that characterized the reception of his belligerent friends by the old Turkish Commandant, throughout this red letter day in the experience of this group of British military prisoners of war in Turkey.

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN FROM BEHIND THE TURKISH LINES

Some suggestions in support of the claim that, although failing so disastrously in its direct objective, this campaign may yet be fairly regarded as one of the successful campaigns of the war from the British viewpoint.

Within hearing of the heavy guns on various occasions; familiar with the general contour of the Galipoli Peninsula from frequent passages through the straits during the forty years of my residence in the neighboring part of Asia Minor; as host during the closing months of the war to many British prisoners taken there; and as a keenly interested observer of the effects of the campaign on Turkish wartime psychology; and from a position of some vantage behind the lines together with my friendly relations with some Turkish military men who participated in the struggle - I venture to present some facts and impressions that may contribute to a better understanding of the value of that campaign on the ultimate issues of the war.

As an unsophisticated layman let me confess complete ignorance as to the merits of the conduct of the campaign in either its naval or military aspects on the British side. While I was in much closer touch with actual operations on the Turkish side the only official information I had of the progress of the campaign was the daily communique issued by the Turkish war office which was doubtless carefully edited and supervised by her powerful German allies. The unfailing optimism of those communiques, whose primary objective apart from reporting and amplifying Turkish successes in resisting enemy aggression was to maintain the morale of the populace and also of the soldiery in a struggle which altogether apart from its immediate and ultimate bearing on the fortunes of war on the Western front, was for Turkey a matter of life or death. These official communiques with their accompanying maps, even after being duly discounted for the reasons suggested and perhaps in equal degree by my own inherent loyalties and prejudices, were distinctly depressing. Quite apart, however, from these official sources of information I was receiving impressions which in increasing measure offset some of the discouraging aspects of the struggle from a British viewpoint. But again these received a rude shock when the official communiques heralded the complete overthrow of the enemy and his expulsion from the Galipoli peninsula; and it was not until after the close of the war in 1918 that we learned the truth of the brilliant and completely successful withdrawal of the British army from the Peninsula without the knowledge of the adversary.

In the meantime, however, evidences were multiplying that the much heralded overthrow of the British Army and the expulsion from the Dardanelles was not only at its best a "Pyrric victory", but also that the campaign, while failing in its direct objective had in large measure put permanently hors de combat the flower of Turkey's military forces. In stating that Turkey's military power was seriously broken on the Galipoli Peninsula, I am not simply expressing my own opinion, but also the expressed views of experienced Turkish military officers who had participated in it throughout and had survived the campaign.

Some time before the close of the Great War in 1918 I found myself in such intimate relations with some experienced civil and military officials that it was not only possible but natural for us to discuss in the utmost

frankness the war situation in general and also particular Near East phases of it as they concerned our respective countries. Here is a sample of one of these instances. My Turkish friend had served at Galipoli throughout that campaign and later was transferred to the "Egyptian front" where he served until Allenby's victory that closed that campaign in Palestine. Contrasting war conditions on the narrow confines of the Galipoli peninsula with those that obtained on the Egyptian-Palestine front, he described the latter as ordinary war campaigning whereas at the Dardanelles they were, especially for the Turks, extremely abnormal and all but impossible. The very limited area to which their fighting forces were confined made them an easy target for the enemy whose ships all but completely surrounded the western end of the peninsula where practically all the fighting took place, especially when enemy warships entered the straits and fought not only their shore batteries but also attacked their front line trenches facing west, from the rear. Not only had their front line trenches facing west to meet and repel the enemy front lines where each side had its own artillery support, but the enemy in addition possessed the tremendous advantage of having his long range warship guns quite beyond the reach of Turkish artillery, and always able to give unfailing and effective support to their land forces. "Indeed for much of the time with his powerful warships in the Gulf of Saros on the north side of the Peninsula and in the Aegean on its western front, together with others inside the straits on the south side and his aircraft overhead, the enemy was able to rain shells on us day and night, while practically our only means of defence and attack were from our trenches facing west and their supporting artillery." His brief summing up of war conditions for the Turks on the Galipoli peninsula was in these terms; "With the enemy warships practically surrounding us, his trenches with their supporting artillery facing ours on the western face of the peninsula and their airplanes overhead all simultaneously raining shells on us day and night, nothing could live on such a limited area." "Oh yes", he continued "at the Dardanelles it was a terrible hell for us all the time. Compared with it fighting on the Egyptian front was mere child's play."

As this view of the situation at Galipoli for the Turks became generally known , together with the presence of enemy submarines in the Marmora, destroying troopships and threatening the approach to the peninsula from the east side via the narrow Bulair isthmus, the difficulty of transporting troops, i.e. fresh levies to make good the constant and heavy wastage the problem of transportation became an increasingly serious one for Turkish Headquarters.

As the campaign advanced the prevalence of the slogan "No one ever returns from the Dardanelles" put a severe strain on the patriotism of Turkish soldiers whose units were under orders to proceed there. On one occasion a Turkish friend called my attention to a soldier whose right hand was bandaged and explained that "when he learned his battalion would almost surely soon be under orders to proceed to the Dardanelles he accidentally (?) shot off two or three of his fingers"; and added "There are many similar accidents among the troops earmarked for Galipoli." For a time about the only safe approach to the peninsula was over an Asia Minor route to the Narrows at Chanak. It was during this period a battalion was being sent via this route, entraining at Smyrna for the nearest point on the Smyrna-Panderma railway line, to march from that point to Chanak. The unit was maintained intact until it left the railway line; but during the overland march from the railway to the Narrows I was credibly informed practically the whole battalion deserted and only a mere "baker's dozen" arrived on the dreaded Galipoli Peninsula. There were many similar stories of desertion and self-mutilation among soldiers booked for the campaign, from which, it became a kismet - "No one ever returns."

Turkish unofficial figures of their total casualties during the Galipoli campaign vary all the way from 100,000 to 250,000. This campaign was followed by the much heralded "YILDIRIM ORDOUSU" or

THE THUNDERBOLT CAMPAIGN

I refer to this campaign because in its broad outlines it provides additional confirmation of the claim that Turkey's military power was broken on the Galipoli peninsula. The declared double objective of this "Yildirim Ordousu" was "to drive the enemy back across the Suez Canal" as a preliminary

to the conquest of Egypt, while another portion of this reconstructed army was "to drive the enemy from Mespot into the Persian Gulf." This twofold conquering campaign was much heralded and apparently impressed the enemy, as it was clearly intended it should. It was the recruiting for and the training of this largely new army that disclosed how seriously Turkey's military machine had been crippled and broken during the Dardanelles campaign. Up to this time the only military use made of the Christian subject races in Turkey was in road buiding and other auxilliary services. It was a long established feature of Turkish Government not to enlist Christians for any kind of military service. in lieu of which they were required to pay what was known as the "Soldiers' Tax." In this extremity of trying to reconstruct their army for this new venture, practically all able-bodied Christians of military age not already serving as road builders etc. were drafted for active military service in the fighting line. Many of the better educated young Greeks and Armenians were given a short officers' training course and were designated "Kandidat" officers. Although these "Kandidat" officers carried many of the duties of officers of commissioned rank, they did not enjoy the prestige authority or pay of commissioned officers. Many of my young friends served in this capacity on the Palestine front and were taken prisoners by Allenby's army. The estimate put on this much heralded "Yildirim Ordousu" by one of my Turkish friends, a seasoned old campaigner was "A ragtag and bobtail army. We never had an army worthy of our military traditions after the Dardanelles campaign."

It is I think, pertinent to ask at this point what would have happened on the Egyptian-Palestine front and on the Mesopotamia front had Turkey been in a position to throw the full weight of her unimpaired military strength against British arms in these regions ? I shall not presume to answer that question. It is however a question which I believe, must be given due consideration by the competent war historian of the future in any attempt to evaluate the Galipoli campaign as a factor in the ultimate issue of the Great War, especially in its bearing on the whole post-war situation in the Near East.

SOME INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON THE CAMPAIGN

I had no opportunity of discussing this view of the Dardanelles campaign with military men on the British side until the closing months of the Great War. To many of these who had participated in this struggle the view and argument here presented came with appealing interest and reason.

In the years immediately following the close of the Great War it was my privilege to contact some outstanding British naval officers, one of whom + had planned and participated in the initial naval side of the campaign. Another of them, a commodore, who commanded one of the battleships sunk in the straits by floating mines and who later as Admiral // was head of one of the departments at the Admiralty became keenly interested in this view and we had many opportunities of discussing it together. It was on one of these occasions while in his office at the Admiralty he suggested a naval colleague of his, the Admiral above referred to would be greatly interested to discuss my theory with me, and, taking me to his friend's department introduced me. I was already familiar with his name and reputation. As Chief of Staff he had planned the naval attack on the straits, but was not allowed by the home authorities or by his then superior naval officers to attempt his proposed bold venture of forcing the straits. His later naval exploits at Zeebrugge and Ostend won for him the recognition he so richly deserved, and which would seem to have justified the wisdom of his earlier ambition of undertaking to force the straits. Almost his first words of greeting were, "So you were behind the lines in Turkey during the war", and then added, "I am keenly interested in your theory as to the value of the Dardanelles campaign, and I'm sure it will interest you to know that you are not the only person who takes that view of it now; but I would like to hear from you the grounds on which you base your view and arrive at your interesting conclusion." In the conversation that followed I covered pretty much what I have written here, but with additional incidents and details. My distinguished listener evinced keen interest in all I had to say in support of the suggested theory. For

+ Admiral Sir Roger Keyes // Admiral Fitzmaurice

me, however, by far the most interesting feature of my visit was the story of his experiences in the earlier plans for a naval campaign. In brief outline his plan was to force the Narrows - threaten Constantinople - imperil the German domination of the Turkish situation, and thus eliminate Turkey from the war; with consequences which would have insured the shortening of the period of the Great War by at least two years. Military plans for a frontal attack on the Galipoli peninsula were still far from mature. The long drawn out preparations for a land campaign with bases in the Eastern Mediterranean would surely afford ample warning to Turkey of the intentions of her enemy and so enable her to make the necessary counter plans for defence. It was this young venturesome admiral's conviction that a land campaign with its doubtful issue would involve much more serious losses in men and material than his proposed naval venture, which would have all the advantages of a surprise attack. After a most careful study of the whole situation at close range he had worked out his plan which in its broad outlines might involve a loss in man power of as many as five thousand naval men and a very few naval units. Some of these latter would be of very secondary importance. Having completed his plans in careful detail he returned to London to win support for his proposed venture from the "higher ups" whose backing was an essential preliminary to the launching of the attack. It was at this point in his story that his disgust and impatience with the "higher ups" found frequent and varied expression, of which the following is a mild example. "But do you suppose I could get a patient or reasonable hearing anywhere ? In each individual case where I presented it, came the same raising of hands in holy horror at my suggestion that the successful carrying through of my plan might possibly involve the loss of as many as five thousand men! Even the success of my plan with its far-reaching consequences would be all too high a price to pay for the possible sacrifice of five thousand men". And then, as if to further emphasize the short-sighted, unreasoning attitude of those in authority, he added, addressing me directly, "You know what happened during the first fortnight of the land attack ! We lost fifteen thousand men and didn't get anywhere."

In answer to my question as to his proposed method of action came his brief reply, giving the possible number and type of ships to be employed. "The ships in close line, full steam ahead and fighting the shore batteries on both sides as we passed; and, of course, losing some of our units in the process, but getting a sufficient number through to insure the success of the venture."

A PERSONAL REFERENCE

Here let me digress for a personal reference to some incidents in a later phase of the combined military and naval operations in which my older and more intimate naval friend, who accompanied me on that occasion, participated. I had heard from other sources that when he was taken out of the water some two or three hours after his ship had been sunk in the straits he was still wearing his monocle. The story seemed so incredible, even though he was fortunate enough to reach the support of a life buoy, that I felt it must be a canard at his expense, originating with some of his naval friends. When I asked him about it in one of our intimate chats, his surprising response was: "Oh, I suppose its true; I often sleep with it in place." I then ventured a more personal inquiry with a commiserating suggestion as to how he must have felt with his good ship lying at the bottom of the Straits while he floated about helplessly on the surface. His response to this suggestion came promptly. "I'm afraid I cannot recall just how I felt regarding the more serious aspects of my plight or the fate of my ship and shipmates, but I have one very distinct impression that remains. A few days earlier I had received from friends at home a specially cured ham and had invited my staff to share it with me that morning at breakfast. And I distinctly recall my thinking while floating about after my ship went down, "What a strange contrast this to my planned breakfast party and our anticipated enjoyment of the specially cured ham!"

THE TAKING OF YESHIL TEPE (GREEN HILL)

Before leaving this brief review of my theory as to the value of the Dardanelles campaign it will be of interest to note the following reference

to what might have been a crucial turning point in the fortunes of the campaign, disastrous to Turkey. Here is the story as it was related to me at the time by a Turkish officer who survived the struggle. He was on leave in Constantinople with two of his fellow officers when word came that Yeshil Tepe had been occupied by the enemy. This position was strongly held by the Turks because it commanded the approach to the Narrows. With "Green Hill" in their possession the way was open for an immediate advance on the main defences of the straits which were not in a position to resist a vigorous onslaught from the land side. With such a prize practically within his grasp the enemy would doubtless at once press forward vigorously, seize the Narrows and thus open the way for his warships to approach and threaten the capital. He and his two fellow-officers who accompanied him were so sure theirs was now a lost cause they spent the night in a certain palace near the mouth of the Bosphorus, quite certain that by dawn if not earlier they would see the British fleet coming up the Marmora towards Constantinople. "Dawn came however and the forenoon passed without sign of its approach; and by evening came assuring word from the front that we had succeeded in bringing a whole Division from a considerable distance to thwart the further advance of the enemy. Later advices indicated the enemy had made no attempt to press forward toward the Narrows while the way was still open."

I at once became interested in the possibility of finding a counterpart of this story from the British side after the war. It would seem to be recorded in General Caldwell's history of this campaign, where he tells of the capture by the Australians of Lone Pine Tree Hill after a terrific struggle that caused such heavy losses and left the remaining forces so exhausted that they were unable either to consolidate their gains or make further advance, especially as there were no reserves available. Meantime the Turks by forced marches brought up a whole fresh Division, which had been held in reserve at Bulair, that effectively intercepted their further advance on the Narrows which had been their special objective in gaining possession of Lone Pine Tree Hill.

MY FIRST CONTACT WITH THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

A Surprise Request

In March 1919 a communication from the United States delegation at the Paris Peace Conference came to me via the American Embassy representative in Constantinople. The letter contained a request that I submit to the delegation my judgment on the wisdom of a Greek military occupation of Smyrna and Western Asia Minor as a Peace Settlement basis of the Near East situation. The exact nature and extent of the proposed military occupation were not indicated, but I was assured my comments would be held in the strictest confidence. I was requested to write my views freely and fully on this assurance. The communication further suggested that my views on any alternative settlement of the Turkish situation would be appreciated and held in the same strict confidence.

I gave some thought at first as to why I had been asked for advice on such a question of prime international concern and concluded it must be mainly due to the fact that during my long residence in the Near East I had not only cultivated and maintained friendly relations with the Christian and Jewish subject races of Turkey, but also with the dominant Turks; and had also tried with some measure of success to cultivate a spirit of better understanding among the various races and religions in that country. Indeed, some suggestion of this being the reason was indicated in the request from Paris; and while I was not unappreciative of the trust and honor involved, I was keenly sensitive to all the implications of venturing to give advice or express a conviction that might have far reaching consequences for my many Turkish and Greek friends.

No one familiar with the salient facts of the situation and with an unprejudiced attitude towards the common interests of Greeks and Turks could fail to regard the proposition, to put a Greek army into Asia Minor with anything but dismay. Whatever historical or ethnological claims Greece might

advance in support of such a proposition were far outweighed by the fact that the country had become Turkish by conquest and had remained so for many centuries. The traditional racial hatred between Turk and Greek had been intensified during the Great War by the pronounced active sympathy of the Greek rayas (Turkish subjects) in Asia Minor with Turkey's enemies and also by the deportations of these rayas from the country, or to Turkish camps in the interior. Some knowledge of the psychology of these two races made it clear that the Turks who are a proud race would never submit to Greek domination. Turkey had been all but completely outdone in the Great War, had lost two thirds of her prewar territory, and under the terms of the Armistice of Mudros which included disarmament had made her submission to her victorious enemies. It was clear that Greek political expediency and the claim that "to the victors belong the spoils", must be the basis of this criminal proposition. The claim that Turkey was not carrying out the terms of the Mudros Armistice and the arguments that were being presented at the Paris Conference in support of that claim by Greek delegations from Smyrna and Constantinople were equally without foundation; and I was fully aware of some of the discreditable means used to misrepresent actual conditions in these areas. In view of the traditional bitter hatred existing between these two races, in the case of Greeks based on long years of submission to Turkish misrule, it was not unnatural that Greece, with her old enemy all but completely prostrated and therefore an easy prey to her ambition to restore the old Byzantine Empire, should wish to seize the opportunity of striking a death blow to her prostrate enemy, and in doing so liberate her compatriots the expatriated Greeks of Asia Minor.

On the other hand there were elements of weakness in the Greek political situation that made it seem extremely doubtful if Greece, unaided, could carry to a successful issue the ambitious plan of conquest implied in the proposed military occupation. Political party strife between Venezelists and Royalists had reached a point where each was as strongly embittered against the other as they were against the common enemy, the Turks. In the Great War issue the Venezelists supported the Western Powers while the Royalists, under King Constantine with Queen Olga, Sister of Kaiser William, were as fully devoted to the cause of the Central Powers. It was clearly the Venezelists who were primarily sponsoring the proposition referred to in the communication from the American Peace Delegation in Paris.

There were many evidences that the settlement of the Near East end of the peace negotiations at Paris was being postponed from time to time at the Conference, a clear indication of divided consels on that question among the Great Powers. The withdrawal of Mr. Orlando, the Italian delegate, had reduced the "Big Four" to the 'Big Three" - Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau. Among the representatives of the smaller states Mr. Venezelos, the strong man of Greece, wielded by far the greatest influence on the deliberations of the triumvirate, especially when any Near East settlement was under consideration. He gained this strategic advantage through his all but hypnotic influence over Mr. Lloyd George; and in so far as this situation was understood among representative Turks it became a cause of growing apprehension of a settlement that would be wholly favorable to Greece and perhaps fatal to Turkey's very existence.

There were representative Turks with whom I had discussed the future outlook for their country whose chief hope lay in the willingness of either of two Western Powers to take over the supervision of the country for a period of say twenty-five years. During this period of tutelage Turkey would be able to develope democratic institutions and lay the foundations of constitutional government. These Turks believed that at the end of that period their country would be able to take her place among other progressive nations and carry on independently and successfully.

With this background of information and understanding there could be nothing equivocal in the nature of my response to the request. Here is a sample of some of the statements contained in it. "Of all the possible solutions of the Near East end of the peace settlement the one proposed is the worst. It cannot fail to be disastrous for both Turkey and Greece. Turkey will never submit to Greek domination. So long as a Greek armed force remains in Asia Minor we who are domiciled here will be doomed to live under bitter war conditions." These and similar statements were supported by arguments similar to those already indicated.

In the matter of suggesting an alternative solution, I ventured to indicate the view of some representative Turks among my friends referred to above in the hope that it might strike a responsive note in the delegation addressed.

When my statement was in final shape and before forwarding it to the Ambassador in Constantinople as requested, I decided to take into my confidence my American Colleagues on the College Staff and get their reaction to my statement on the question involved. Their unqualified and unanimous support further confirmed me in the view that my counsel was in the best interests of both Turks and Greeks. By way of a post-script to the statement I explained that the views presented had the complete and unanimous endorsement of my American associates.

It was with some chagrin that the first r eaction to reach me after the document was forwarded to Paris came from Athens about three weeks after I had addressed it to Constantinople. The reaction came in the form of a protest and a questionaire from the Greek press. It was clear from the protest and the five or six questions I was called on to answer that my confidential (?) statement to the American delegation in Paris had been reported back to Greece. I was soon made aware that I was under severe criticism in the Greek press for presuming to interfere with Greek rights and interests in Asia Minor, and I at once met the challenge presented in the questionnaire from the Press. The questions were all based on a false assumption, and by replying in full to the first and most important of them the remaining ones were without significance.

There seemed to be only one possible explanation as to how the contents of my statement could have been reported to Athens. That was the assumption that it had been forwarded to Paris via the State Department in Washington where suspicion attached to a naturalized American in that Department as having communicated the substance of my statement to friends in his fatherland.

MY SECOND AND MORE INTIMATE EXPERIENCE AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

Some three months after my statement had been forwarded I was called to the conference for consultation with the heads of the various sections of the American Delegation. Nearly three weeks before my arrival in Paris the fatal step against which I had so strongly advised had been taken . A Greek Army had been landed on the waterfront in Smyrna and with dire consequences which more than confirmed the wisdom and justice of the counsel contained in my response to the delegation's earlier letter. Practically no reference had as yet appeared in the public press regarding the shocking tragedies that followed the landing of the Greek Army in Smyrna on that fatal 15th of May 1919. This fact together with my suggested alternative proposition were probably the chief reasons for my being called in to confer personally with the U.S. delegation at the Conference. I was introduced to the various department heads of the delegation by Mr. Henry Morganthau, former U.S. Ambassador to Turkey. There were in all some four or five representative leaders in the delegation with whom I fonferred separately and in each case covered pretty much the same ground. Mr. Morganthau, who accompanied me throughout, occasionally asked leading questions to direct the line of discussion. No special interest attached to some of these conversations, particularly those with General Bliss, representing the Army, and Admiral - - - representing the Navy, whose name I do not recall but whom I specially remember as the man who, when he was appointed to an important U.S. naval command in the Great War, said he was equally ready and willing to go and fight the British as he was to fight the Germans. Very special interest attached to the first and last of these personal conferences, the former with Mr. Westerman, expert adviser to the delegation on Near East affairs, and the latter with Colonel House. In each of these cases the conference was extended. In neither case did Mr. Morganthau remain during the discussion, a fact that accounts for a bit of silent play-acting on the part of Mr. Westerman and myself in the presence of Colonel House, and of which he was not cognizant.

In my long and interesting conference with Mr. Westernan I found him very familiar with the various phases of the then Near East situation, and it was a matter of mutual satisfaction that we found ourselves in general agreement as to the best means of dealing with it. Indeed I think he was as fully competent to confer and advise regarding it with the responsible leaders of the U.S. delegation as I was. At the close of our interview he inquired if I was going to confer with Col. House, who, of course was Mr. Wilson's right hand man and exclusive adviser in the delegation. When I told him that the Colonel was the last on my agenda for conference and that I would probably be meeting him before the end of that same day, he became somewhat confidential and explained that he had been brought over as the expert adviser on the Near East situation; had then been at the Conference for three months and although he was aware the Near East problem had been under discussion in the main Peace Council on different occasions he had not once been called or consulted by Col. House, whom he had not even met personally. He then suggested that in my conference with the Colonel' I strongly emphasize certain aspects of the Near East situation which in his view would be more likely to contribute to a fair and just solution of it to all parties and interests concerned.

I CONFER WITH COLONEL HOUSE

After greeting me very cordially he added some complimentary remarks as to why he wanted to confer with me, especially in regard to the tragic developments following the landing of the Greek army on the Smyrna waterfront. I first of all suggested that I might more readily serve his purpose if he asked me questions. His response was, "N o, I prefer that you cover the whole situation as regards Turkey and Greece, and as you proceed I may interject questions." I had been speaking only a very few minutes when he broke in with, "I am going to ask you to wait a few minutes until I send for some one whom I wish to be present and get your views on this whole question. Meantime we can visit." It was only a short time until the gentleman was ushered into the room and introduced to me as the delegation's expert adviser on Near East questions. Neither of us by word or action gave any indication of our previous meeting and conference. The Colonel then explained to Mr. Westerman that he wished him to take as full notes as possible while I talked, and later on to have his notes transcribed in time for the special conference on the Near East situation that was scheduled for the following afternoon at four o'clock. I then reviewed the situation pretty much as I had gone over it that same morning with Mr. Westerman, stressing particularly the points suggested by him. We took our departure from the Colonel's office together and later congratulated each other on the success of our strategy.

A SURPRISING AND INTERESTING DISCOVERY AFTER TWELVE YEARS.

I made no attempt while at the Peace Conference to discover how and where the leakage occurred that put the contents of my confidential communication to the U.S. Delegation some three months earlier at the disposal of the Greek press in Athens. My original suspicion, referred to earlier, seemed to be the only possible explanation, and I was not concerned to pursue the matter further.

Some twelve years later however, I stumbled on an explanation that left no doubt as to the actual facts. We were now living in retirement at Kingston in Canada and in conversation with an old friend late one afternoon as we returned from a drive, I was told of her meeting with a very brilliant and interesting lady from the Near East whom she was sure I would be interested to meet. This lady and her husband had been living in the home of a mutual friend of ours in the city for some weeks, but my friend couldn't recall their name. The lady had written some very interesting books which my friend had read, and she wrote under a different name. I was keenly interested of course to learn that any persons from the Near East were living in Kingston, and more anxious to discover who they possibly could be. My friend had met them at an afternoon tea party. The lady belonged to the Near East but her husband was an American journalist. Here was a clue, and I was soon on the trail to their identity.

"Were the interesting books referred to written by Dimitra Vaka? And is she now Mrs. Kenneth Brown ?" "Yes, Yes", came the prompt reply. Did I know them ? "Only by reputation", was my reply, but I was most anxious to meet them personally, and within a few minutes was knocking at the door of their lodgings on University Avenue. The maid who opened the door said they were in and were occupying the front rooms upstairs. So I sent my card up; and promptly came a shout from the top of the stairs to come up. We greeted each other like long lost friends. What was I doing in Kingston ? "Why, Kingston is my home; but what are you doing here ?" Brief explanations followed; she and her husband were collaborating on what was to be her magnum opus and they had come to Canada from their southern home for the summer months to carry on with her biography of Mr. Venezelos, as she was his official biographer. I knew of her admiration for the great Greek statesman, for I had read her book, "Constantine the Traitor", the reference of course being to King Constantine of Greece. "We knew you were a Canadian but had no idea you were living in Kingston or we would have looked you up on our arrival." I explained that it was only a few minutes earlier I had chanced to learn of their presence in the City. "How fortunate!" came the reply, "especially as we are leaving tomorrow morning." She then added, "I have been suffering from hay fever and the doctor insists I must not remain here longer." "Have you had your supper?" I ventured to ask. "No", came the reply, "but we are just about to sit down to it." "Very good, I will hurry home and have mine, and we will expect both of you over at our home at 106 Barrie Street as soon as you can come, and we will have a wonderful Near East evening together." They were over by half past seven and from then until after two o'clock next morning we discussed Near East interests from both Greek and Turkish angles.

We had not gone far until it became evident they knew much more about me and my work and interests out there than I knew about them and their interests. The fact that we were on opposite sides of Near East politics only added zest to the evening's discussions, which were carried on in the frankest and most friendly spirit. She was a Constantinopolitan Greek, and therefore knew the Turks and their language and institutions from childhood. Had I read any of her books ? "Yes, I had read 'Constantine the Traitor'". What did I think of it? "A most thrillingly interesting book, though I do not agree with its findings." What did I object to in it ? "Most everything that is in it, and if I were a Greek and had the authority to do so I would have had it proscribed". Why ? "Because it presented and praised all Venezelists and their cause in such extravagant terms, and condemned the Royalists as a lot of unprincipled rascals, including the King, that an outsider who knew nothing of either political party might very naturally conclude that all Greeks must be a bad lot. I have many good friends in each party and in my view the Royalists are just as nice a lot of people as the Venezelists'. Such sallies from both sides were received in the same friendly spirit in which they were launched.

She knew of my relations with the Peace Conference, for she had already undertaken her present task and was with Mr. Venezelos throughout the period. When I aired my complaint about my confidential statement to the U.S. delegation being reported to Greece and my suspicion that the leakage was due to a naturalized Greek in the State Department at Washington, she promptly surprised me with, "You are all wrong there again." "Why", I asked, "What do you know about it?" And again frankly came her response, "Well, in this case I happen to know all about it, for I was one of the principals in the 'shocking' business". By this time I was impatient to get to the bottom of what for me was a twelve-year-old mystery, and urged her to proceed with her story. Here it is.

"You know, probably, that I was with Mr. Venezelos throughout the Peace Conference at Paris and also that he and Mr. Lloyd George collaborated very closely whenever the Near East settlement was under consideration. At the first meeting of the High Council after your confidential document came, when the Near East settlement was under consideration, and at which Mr. Venezelos was present, Mr. Lloyd George made a strong appeal on behalf of the Greek military occupation of Smyrna and its hinterland. When he finished his argument Mr. Wilson handed him your statement with the remark, 'There's what one of your fellow-countrymen thinks about it; and he has no axe to grind.

He has lived there for between thirty and forty years and has always been the friend of both Greeks and Turks'. At the close of the meeting Mr. Lloyd George carried your statement away with him and naturally showed it to Mr. Venezelos, who gave it to me to translate, with the request that I forward a copy of it to the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop of Greece at Athens. That was my part in the transaction and explains how your confidential communication reached the Greek Press."

AN INTERESTING COINCIDENCE

Perhaps this is the best place to note that Mr. Venezelos' official secretary[1] for some years, including the period of the Paris Peace Conference was one of my "old boys", a brilliant young Greek from the neighborhood of Smyrna who for some years after his graduation at International College was my secretary and right hand man in the business end of the administration office. It is also worthy of note as indicating the non-partizan attitude of the College and its services to both Greeks and Turks, that during the same period another graduate of the College, a young Turk[2], was Secretary to the last of the Grand Viziers[3]. He was also Keeper of the Privy Seal, and made the official translation of that criminal document that was forced upon the Turkish representatives in Paris, the Treaty of Sevres, from French to Turkish. He is a Smyrna Turk and subsequent to his connection with Turkish officialdom and the now defunct Peace (?) Treaty of Sevres was also my Secretary and office assistant for some years.

1 Mr. Kyriakos Tsolainos of Vourla, now for some years a member of a financial firm in Wall Street, New York.

2 Hairedin Bey

3 Ferid Pasha, as I remember.

FROM THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE TO THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE, LONDON

During my brief sojourn at the Peace Conference I chanced to meet two of the British delegates, but did little more than exchange greetings with them. In London I was the guest of an old friend[1] who for many years represented one of the Lonsdale constituencies in the House of Commons and when I was called to the Foreign Office I was introduced by my host. My first and most important conference was with Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Parliamentary Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who usually answers questions in that department in the House.

While our conference covered various aspects of the Near East situation it was concerned in large measure with the new and disturbing element introduced into it by the landing of a Greek Army in Smyrna. Various and conflicting rumors of disorders following the Greek occupation were reaching the outside world, though the Press of the Western Allied Powers was ominously silent regarding them. During the fortnight or more previous to our conference, the question was raised more than once in the House of Commons as to what had happened in Smyrna when the Greek army landed, to which only evasive or non-committal answers were given.

Our conference covered a careful review not only of my personal experiences throughout the day of the landing and the two following weeks up to the day of my departure from Smyrna, but also of my advice and efforts during the previous three months with the U.S. delegation in response to a request, against such a proposition. I reported my experiences with the U.S. delegation at the Peace Conference and expressed my opinion that the U.S. administration would not be averse to assuming responsibility for some kind of a temporary oversight of Turkey's interests, such as was indicated in my confidential communication; that responsible Turks would welcome such aid from either of the two Great Western Powers. His reaction on this point was positive and strong. There could be no question of the British Government

1 Joseph Bliss Esq. of Boarbank Hall, Grange over Sands, Lancs.

taking over such a responsibility for Turkey. Her nearest and most powerful European ally would object strongly while no reasonable objection from any quarter could be offered to the United States doing it. As I clearly had the ear and the good-will of the American Peace delegation on the Turkey situation, would I not return to Paris and press for this solution. I was not however, prepared to take any aggressive action in the matter. What I had done thus far was in response to the U.S. request; and besides I was of the opinion that the U.S. peace delegation was already in favor of taking over such a charge if the way opened.

At the close of a long and interesting discussion I harped back to the fundamental question: - "Why were the Greeks put into Asia Minor ?" And promptly came the reply, "I'm sorry I cannot tell you why, because I do not know. That was done over at Paris by the Big Four". And then, correcting himself, for the Italian delegate Mr. Orlando had already left the Conference, "by the 'Big Three', without our knowledge and without any reference to this office." And then added, "From the point of view of British interests it is the greatest blunder that could possibly have been made. It is certain to make serious trouble for us in Egypt, in India, in Mesopotamia, and wherever we have Moslem subjects." "Is it now too late" I asked "to correct the blunder ?" "Quite too late, I'm afraid", he replied, "for it is much easier to put an armed force into a crountry the way the Greeks were put into Asia Minor than it is to put them out."

At this point tea was served in his office, and while we sipped tea Mr. Harmsworth asked "Do you know our Mr. Van Sittart[1], head of the Near East Department in the Foreign Office ?" "No", I replied, "I do not know him." He then continued, "I wish very much you would go over this whole situation with him just as you have done with me " I responded with "I will be very glad to do so". He then asked when I could give Mr. Van Sittart an hour, to which I replied that I was entirely at his disposal when it suited Mr. Van Sittart's convenience. Could I give him an hour now ? "Certainly", I replied, and he at once sent for him and introduced me.

My host and I then accompanied Mr. Van Sittart to his office where I rehearsed the whole situation in detail as I had just done with the Parliamentary Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs. Two items of interest developed after we had finished with the main issues. As I had been rehearsing my personal experiences throughout the day on which the Greek army was landed on the Smyrna waterfront it all seemed strangely familiar to him. "Have you read the 'Statement of an Eyewitness' of what happened on that occasion?" I replied, "No I have not read the statement, but I dictated it", and then asked if he had read it. "Yes" he replied, "it is on our fyles". Here, surely, was another mystery, and I hastened to inquire how my statement prepared at the request of Captain Dayton of the American Dreadnaught "Arizona" for transmission to Washington on the evening of the Greek occupation had reached the British Foreign Office. His reply was interesting and illuminating as indicating the intimate relations existing between the U.S. and British Governments on such questions.

The other interesting item of this conference referred to above reveals how deeply political party strife in Greece was responsible for the military occupation of Smyrna and Western Asia Minor. Mr. Van Sittart asked me what I thought of Mr. Venezelos. I replied, "I have never met him, but I regard him as by all odds the greatest politician modern Greece has produced. I doubt if he is as great a statesman as he is a politician. He certainly possesses very unusual qualities for leadership and has in the past rendered invaluable services to Greece. In my view, however, he has made the most serious and criminal blunder of his whole political career in his insistence on a military occupation of Smyrna and its hinterland ." His response was, "Let me say to you in confidence, - In that chair where you are sitting his special representative here in England sat for more than an hour this afternoon as we discussed Near East affairs and at the close of our discussion I said to him in almost the identical words you have now used, that in my opinion Mr. Venezelos had made the greatest blunder of his whole political career in insisting on a Greek military occupation of Smyrna and Asia Minor."

[1] Later Sir Robert Van Sittart, Permanent Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs.

He then asked, "What do you suppose was the answer I got from him ? 'Mr. Venezelos had to get into Smyrna and Asia Minor or lose his position of leadership in Greece !!'" And added, "Greek Party Politics!!".

These more formal conferences with Foreign Officials were followed by brief interviews with some members of parliament.

"THE TIMES"

Shortly after the Conferences at the Foreign Office a note from the Foreign Editor of "The Times" asked if I could call on him at his office to talk over the Greco-Turkish situation. Much of our discussion concerned the tragic consequences of the landing of the Greek army on May 15th, and resulted in the rather unusual request that I prepare for his fyles a statement covering in general what I had reported to him, on the understanding that it would not be published, at least for some time to come, and might never be published; and adding, "We ought to have such a statement on our fyles in case the time should ever come when it might be in British interests to publish it". I wrote it briefly and hurriedly, with but little concern for literary style, for I had little or no interest in preparing a statement that had practically no chance of serving any useful purpose, because it revealed the facts of a most discreditable situation for which the allied powers and more particularly our own and the Greek Government were specially and directly responsible.

A LUNCHEON WITH A GROUP OF JOURNALISTS AT THE REFORM CLUB

It was about this time I received an invitation from Mr. Massingham, Editor and Proprietor of "The Nation", (afterwards "The Nation and Athenaeum") to come over to his office for a chat. Previously I had pleasant relations with him along journalistic lines, but had not met him personally. Our visit covered a lot of Near East interests and ended with an invitation to a luncheon at the Reform Club to which he planned to invite a group of his journalistic friends with whom he wished me to share much of the information I had given him. I would not be quoted by himself or his friends subsequently.

The luncheon proved to be a most delightful affair with some eight or ten 'Knights of the Pen' present. It was very informal throughout and I was kept busy talking and answering questions until after 3:30 in the afternoon. I have always since regretted that I did not carry away with me the recorded names of those present, especially as some of them at least were outstanding men in their profession. At this writing I can recall the name of only one who sat next to me, with whom I had some pleasant "asides", - a Mr. Brailesford, formerly an ardent Phil Hellenne who had been in the Near East. I still occasionally see articles from his pen on the Russian situation.

THAT UNPUBLISHED REPORT

As information of what happened in Smyrna following the landing of the Greek Army there on May 15th 1919 under the protection of the allied warships began to filter through to the outside world by various channels there developed a demand for an international, or rather an interallied commission of investigation. It should be said to the credit of the responsible allied powers that the demand for such a thorough official investigation was unanimous. There were reputable foreigners, friends of mine, living in the Armenian and Greek quarters of the City far removed from the waterfront area who were disposed to question or minimize the reported slaughter of Turks. It was with satisfaction therefore that I learned of the appointment of the interallied commission. I understand five commissioners were appointed who spent five or six weeks in Smyrna and some interior cities where similar attrocities accompanied the occupation by the Greek Army. The Commission, I am credibly informed, carried out its task in a thorough and painstaking manner; prepared a very full report of its findings which it submitted to the interested and responsible governments. However, not only has the Commission's report never been published, but, so far as I am aware, no inkling as to the general nature of the report has been allowed to leak out. These facts strengthen the suspicion that the earlier rumors and unofficial reports underestimated the extent of the slaughter of Turks, and confirm the fear that the implications of the report place a heavy burden of responsibility for what happened on the allied

powers themselves, whose warships anchored in the harbor , one of them with its stern tied to the quay, made no effort to stop the killing on the open waterfront before them. Copies of the Report are doubtless safely secured in the official fyles of the various allied governments. Would our Governments suffer by allowing the truth to become known ? I wonder ?

MY FIRST CALL TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON

Two important errands occupied my brief sojourn in America in the early summer of 1924. One of these was College finances, resulting in an assurance from the Hall Estate Trustees that International College was definitely "on the list" of their approved institutions in the Near East The other errand called me to the State Dept. at Washington in the interests of the ratification of the Treaty of Lausanne. This Treaty in a sense replaced the criminally unjust Treaty of Sevres that Turkey was required to sign after the Great War and that her triumphant victory over Greece at the close of the three and a half years' Grecco-Turkish war made it possible for Turkey to repudiate and to demand from her former enemies a fairer consideration of her rights. These she secured under the terms of the Lausanne Treaty which was signed by Mr. Grew, U.S. Ambassador to Switzerland and his country's official representative at the Conference, in August 1923. By the summer of 1924 the Treaty had not yet been ratified and the prospect of it securing the necessary two thirds vote in the Senate was far from encouraging. Vigorous anti-ratification propaganda was being pressed throughout the United States, and protest petitions were pouring into the State Department from various sections of the country, based largely on the claim that it would be a disgrace for a Christian Government like that of the United States to ratify the Treaty with such a degenerate people and government as that of Turkey (?)!! Among other groups and individuals sending in these protests were the fifty odd Bishops of the Episcopal Church of the United States. Among the outstanding opponents of ratification were Mr. Gerrard, former U.S. Ambassador to Germany and Mr. Henry Morgenthau, former U.S. Ambassador to Turkey. These protest petitions in many instances recited particular charges of the inhuman treatment Armenian and Greek Christians had suffered and were still suffering at the hands of Turks.

Officials in the State Dept[1] were disturbed by the steady inflow of these protest petitions. They were not aware of the inciting sources from which they were originating, though signed by persons and groups in public life. Nor were they in a position to question or deny the particular charges on which the protests were usually based. I was called for information and consultation regarding the truth of the various charges on which these protests against ratification were based. As a preliminary to any discussion there was placed before me a pile of these protest petitions and I was asked to go through them carefully. There was a striking similarity in the form in which many of them were presented and I had not proceeded very far with my initial task when I observed that a number of them bore in addition to the signature of the person or persons presenting them and in quite another part of the document two capital letters usually in the same type, which I suspected were the initials of a certain Armenian lawyer[1] in New York City who for many years had been very active and unscrupulous in carrying on anti-Turk propaganda. I was not in a position to refute many of the particular charges on which the protests were based, but they were all of such an extravagantly vindictive nature as to raise doubts regarding their truth in the mind of anyone familiar with conditions then existing in Turkay.

(1) It transpired later that this man Karindashian and his group were the inspiration and authors of many of these protests signed by such men as Mr. Gerrard and the Episcopal bishops.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE I WAS ABLE TO REFUTE IN TOTO

I found myself on familiar ground in the case of a protest based on a wholly false account of what happened to a large group of Christian girls - Armenians and Greeks - at the hands of a mob of Turks during the burning of the City of Smyrna in September, 1922. These seventy or eighty Christian girls were students in the American Collegiate Institute for Girls in that city. As the fire approached their school the protest stated they were handed over to the cruel, sensual rapacity of those brutal Turks and not one of these girls has been heard of since that day. So much for the charge.

Here are the actual facts. A few days before the victorious Turkish army reoccupied the city the school administration asked me to see the Senior Officer of the American Naval Ships then in the harbor and request him to send some guards to the school as a protection against possible disturbances while the city was passing from Greek to Turkish control. The request was granted and two bluejackets were sent, one standing guard at each of the two entrances to the school. The fire started some three or four hundred yards to the south and a little west of the school. The wind was blowing strongly from the south and as the fire spread in the direction of the school the teachers consulted as to the wisdom of taking the girls then in the buildings down to the water front, where they would all be under the protection of the U.S.Naval ships. The school had not yet reopened after the summer vacation, but a number of beneficiary girls had remained in the premises. In addition to these, other school girls living in the neighborhood came in that afternoon as the fire developed, until there were about seventy girls in all. When the American and other teachers present decided to go down to the Quay, a distance of about three quarters of a mile west of the school, the girls were put in pairs, and with the teachers walked down to the waterfront with one of the sailor guards in front and the other at the rear of the group. I was assured afterwards by the American teachers that notwithstanding excitement and disturbances in the streets at some points the girls marched through to the protection of the Naval ships without being disturbed or in any way molested. By the evening of that day the fire had reached their school and there was great fear the whole city might be destroyed. Under the protection and with the assistance of Naval officers and men, all these girls, including a Turkish girl, a former student, daughter of a former Mayor of the city, who happened to be in the school that afternoon, with their native and American teachers were put on board ship and taken over to Athens in safety and comfort. The School was reopened in Athens with all these girls present. There I had addressed them in their new premises.

It was clearly useless to spend more hours studying protest petitions founded on such baseless charges. In the conference with the officials of the Near East Division of the State Dept. that followed, note was taken of the evidence of the association of the New York lawyer from the Near East already referred to with protest petitions signed by Mr. Gerrard, former Ambassador to Germany and also with those coming from the fifty-odd Episcopal Bishops of the United States, secured through representations made to Bishop Manning of New York by this same lawyer.

On my return to New York I had opportunity to confirm suspicions regarding the character of this man. At that time an intimate friend of mine, Secretary of the American Armenian Association, with whom I conferred regarding him summed up his standing among the people of his own race and religion by saying that neither of the rival Armenian organizations in the United States would recognize him as belonging to their group.

A VISIT WITH A GREAT GOOD MAN

Shortly after this experience at the State Department I was returning to the Near East, and crossing from New York to Southampton on board the SS 'Berengaria". Some four hundred members of the American Bar Association were on board en route to London in response to an invitation from the British Bar Association. As many of the American delegates were bringing their wives along, and others their wives and daughters, they pretty well monopolized the cabin accommodation of that monster ship. I was travelling Second Cabin and had as my table mates two younger members of the American Bar. Among letters awaiting me when I went on board was one from an old and intimate friend[1], inclosing copy of a letter he had sent to a friend of his who was to be a fellow-passenger on board the "Berengaria", Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, who at that time was also President of the American Bar Association. Mr. Hughes was out of the city during my brief sojourn in Washington, but I met his representative, Mr. Grew, Assistant Secretary of State, and later U.S. Ambassador to the new Turkish Republic. My business on that occasion, however, was almost exclusively with the officials of the Near East Division of the State Department, of which Mr. Dulles was then in charge. The copy of my friend's letter to Mr. Hughes represented me under "colors" I would not venture to claim for myself. Knowing that Mr. Hughes was not at his post in Washington when I was there in response to a request from his department, the letter among other things mentioned that I was travelling on the same ship and that if he desired to discuss with me the Near East situation generally or the pending ratification of the Lausanne Treaty in particular, I would gladly be at his disposal. It did not seem to me likely that Mr. Hughes would, under all the circumstances, wish to talk "shop" with any of his fellow passengers, but apparently he did; for the second day out from New York I received a note from him asking me if I could conveniently come to his special reception room that afternoon about 3:30 for a visit and chat about Turkey. While I was gratified to have his note, I was a trifle nervous as to how I should find him in the matter of approachableness.

From the moment, however, of entering his room that afternoon he made me feel perfectly at ease. His warm handshake and cordial greeting, "How fine of you to come to me. I'm sorry I was not in Washington when you came, but my colleagues there have told me of the fine service you gave them, etc. etc."

I suggested he ask me questions, but he preferred I cover the ground as I had done with his colleagues; and as I proceeded he might interject a question. At the end of half an hour or more, I felt I had perhaps said enough and suggested I ought not further to encroach on his time; but he insisted that unless I had another appointment the rest of the afternoon was entirely at our disposal. He had given instructions there should be no calls on him and we were free to chat on together without fear of interruption of any kind. Later he had some questions to ask - some of them far removed from the subject in hand - and in the end led me into relating some of the outstanding experiences of my many years residence in Turkey. At intervals I tried to terminate my visit, but a question from my host would inveigle me into relating other experiences, some of them a bit tragic and thrilling. It must have been close on two hours before I observed with apologies there was little more than time left to dress for dinner. The way was now entirely clear to close what he assured me had been for him a deeply interesting and informative afternoon.

(1) James L. Barton, D.D.; LL.D., for many years Senior Secretary of the American Board and also chairman of the American Near East Relief.

A POMPOUS OLD JUDGE

At lunch next day my table mates whom I had been coming to know more intimately opened the question of the grand function to which all cabin passengers had been invited for that evening in the Grand Saloon - the reception for the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes. "Of course you will be on hand for that ?" "No, I don't think I will", I replied. "I have lost much of my earlier zest for such functions". "What!! Surely you are not going to turn down the chance to be introduced to the Secretary of State. It's the chance of a lifetime." I replied, "I have already met him." 'You mean to say you have met him?" - with a shade of doubt in the expression. "Oh, I spent nearly two hours with him in his headquarters on board yesterday afternoon, and had a most delightful visit with him."

That evening at dinner I appeared in dinner jacket for the first time since coming on board, and was greeted with, "You've changed your mind; so you are coming to the reception after all". "Yes" I admitted that on thinking it over I had changed my mind. "You know", I said "It's only fools who never change their minds and you see I don't want to be thought of as belonging to that category". I was planning to go in for a short time only; for the dancing end of the program would naturally be a long drawn out affair in which I had no interest whatever.

I didn't go up to the landing opposite the Grand Saloon entrance until some time after the function began, hoping thus to avoid what was sure to be a big rush for the first half hour or so. When I went, it was to discover that one of my table mates was in charge of affairs on the landing. There was apparently still no end to the long queue in pairs that reached far back along the passages on that deck. It was a discouraging prospect. To take the only place I was entitled to at the tail end of that long queue meant standing for a full half hour at least, and perhaps much longer - a demand quite beyond my powers of physical endurance at that time; and I was on the point of slipping away to my own end of the ship when I was stopped by my table friend who indicated there was another old gentleman similarly situated. My friend would do for us what he had been placed there to prevent others doing - place us in the queue on the landing, which as the "Saluting Base" was some forty feet inside the entrance to the Saloon would mean that we could expect to be presented within perhaps six or eight minutes. I thanked him for thus facilitating my case, and was introduced by him to the Pompous Old Judge - as a missionary from Turkey. So the pair of us were placed in the line with apologies to those further back. I at once tried to ingratiate myself with my mate, but my advances met with frigid responses. I ventured two or three different avenues of approach to his Lordship, but found him coldly indifferent in each case, and was soon forced to the conclusion that he was inwardly regretting his luck in finding himself on such an auspicious occasion paired with an old missionary from Turkey. Baffled thus in my attempts to be friendly with my line mate, and as we had already moved inside the spacious saloon, I was able to see the plan of approach and presentation. Opposite Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, who were on the right side of the line of approach, stood the Announcer. We were warned to have our visiting cards ready to be passed to the announcer as the pair preceding us stepped forward to be presented. The names and designation of each pair were being loudly and clearly announced, and I wondered if this was one reason of the Pompous Old Judge's apparent displeasure - having to hear His Honour's dignified calling associated with that of "a missionary to Turkey". The ludicrous side of the situation was beginning to grip me and I made one more final effort to get on even terms with the Judge as we approached the "saluting base" but I was promptly and curtly put in my proper place, all of which added to my enjoyment of the situation. We move forward, of course, only at intervals, and finally the pair in front of us moved forward to be presented, leaving us two old codgers fully exposed in front of the line. Immediately after their presentation Mr. Hughes glanced in our direction, and our eyes meeting he at once stepped forward, and greeting me most cordially turned to Mrs. Hughes with, "Here is the man himself", adding to me, "You know, last evening after we retired I regaled Mrs. Hughes for nearly an hour with some of those thrilling experiences of yours in Turkey, and now I want to introduce you to her. " She was no less engaging than her husband, and after the exchange of a few words I realized I was creating an awkward situation, and turning to Mr. Hughes remarked, "I'm afraid I am holding up the procession". His response in more

than a stage whisper in my ear was "Let-the-procession-wait". Then, taking me by the arm and turning me aside he added, "I'm going to ask a favor of you." (I could scarcely believe my ears) and continuing "Of course we have our very efficient diplomatic and consular representatives out there whose reports come to us regularly, but there are special situations sometimes, such as those you have recently been passing through, when I would greatly appreciate the opinion of one like yourself with long experience in the country and in close touch with the people and government. I am therefore going to ask if, when in your opinion any special situation develops in which a word from you might be of value to the State Department, you will be good enough to write me your view, I will value it highly. In addressing me, mark the envelope (so and so) and it will come direct to my hand.' I replied that I was honored in having such a request from him and would gladly comply with it. During these few moments, perhaps minutes, the pompous old Judge was standing alone in line, for we had not yet handed in our cards to the Announcer when the little tete-a-tete with Mr. Hughes interrupted the function. Perhaps I ought to confess that I was smiling inwardly at the discomfiture and chagrin of the Old Judge as he stood there waiting to be announced. Anyway he had been spared the humiliating experience of hearing his name and designation announced along with that of a "Missionary to Turkey". I dropped out of the line at this point, though farther along there were two other distinguished passengers, a defeated candidate for the presidency of the United States and his wife who were receiving the homage of the passengers.

MY SECOND CALL TO WASHINGTON

This came in the late autumn of 1926 following my retirement and return to Canada. Before going on to the U.S. Capital I was asked to meet a group of gentlemen in New York who would discuss with me the job I was to undertake for the State Department. I spent a good part of an evening with these four or five gentlemen in a business office in down town New York. The Administration at Washington was still Republican and it was interesting to learn on inquiry from these men that some of them at least were Democrats. Just why such a group should apparently be co-operating with a Republican executive was beyond my comprehension. By the time our conference was over and I learned what was to be the nature of my errand at Washington, it was a fair guess they were a group of business men some of whom perhaps represented large commercial interests in Turkey that must take precedence over their political party affiliations; for again my job was to facilitate the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty.

LOBBYING! - A STRANGE NEW ROLE FOR A MISSIONARY

The U.S. Senate being more or less evenly divided, there was no possibility of securing the necessary two thirds vote for ratification so long as the question was treated as a party measure. Here, apparently, was a group of business men who were prepared to assist the Administration in having the measure taken out of the arena of party politics and treated on the basis of international good will and good business. To this end it would be necessary to secure the pledges of some seventeen or eighteen democrats to vote for ratification when the matter was again to come before the Senate in the near future. Apparently the only possible hope of winning over democratic votes was to have a rank outsider familiar with the terms of the Treaty and the important interests involved. - commercial, educational, and missionary - in both Turkey and the United States, take on the job. Two or three gentlemen in the group would accompany me, look after my entertainment at the leading hotel, and make the necessary contacts and introductions to Senators. The list of those to be approached would be handed to me at the State Department where I would report every afternoon.

I was fully aware that Mr. Henry Morganthau, former Ambassador to Turkey was leading the Democratic opposition to ratification, and expressed my surprise, in view of his earlier enthusiasm for the Turks and all Turkish interests. In response one of the group said, "Evidently you are not aware

of the real cause of his present attitude of opposition to ratification." "No", I replied "I do not know of any adequate explanation". Here is the explanation given. "He was anxious to be reappointed as Ambassador to Turkey, but the Turkish Government on learning of it intimated to Washington that he would not be acceptable - he was a persona non grata " Of course there was a reason. It was clear, however, the general opposition to ratification was on political party grounds. The Republicans had refused to ratify the Democratic Treaty of Versailles and it was now the privilege and opportunity of the Democrats to refuse to ratify the Republicans' Treaty of Lausanne, - a somewhat ignoble - "Tit for tat - you killed my dog - I'll kill your cat" reason, the merits or demerits of the Treaty being quite a secondary consideration.

In Washington a better means of contacting Senators presented itself than the one previously planned. A letter from my American brother Charles advised me he had asked his friend, Senator Frazier of North Dakota to be on the lookout for me, and suggested I call on him at his rooms in the Senate House. When I did so I was most warmly welcomed, as his friend, Dr. Charles' brother . His rooms and their equipment were to be my headquarters and he would introduce me to any Senators I wished to meet. I naturally disclosed to him the nature of my errand and the important United States interests involved in the Treaty ratification, only to discover later that Frazier himself was on my list of those to be won over to its support. His unqualified support was assured at this my first interview. This undesigned means of contacting the other Senators on my list won the enthusiastic approval of my friends in the State Department, and also of the friends who had accompanied me from New York. During the following fortnight Senator Frazier's co-operation was of the utmost value in the successful carrying through of my mission. In some cases the introduction of my errand to Senators who had hitherto been stoutly opposing ratification was, "Oh yes, just what is this Lausanne Treaty ? With what country, and how do we come to be interested in it ?" One Senator, whose name is much before the public, greeted me with, "I am particularly interested to meet you, as you are the first person in all my years in the Senate who has approached me on a lobbying errand who had not a personal "axe to grind."

The experience throughout was a most interesting one for me. I had the pleasure of meeting other Senators than those on my list. A Message from Senator Borah through Mr. Frazier said he would be pleased, if it was convenient for me, to have me visit him in his rooms for half an hour the following morning. I was warned by a friend not to remove my overcoat on entering his rooms, as he always kept them as cold as an ice-box. I appreciated the value of the advice during that call. We talked but little of the Treaty as he was all for ratification and was well posted on the whole Near East situation. The weather was bitterly cold and as we left his rooms together to walk over to the Senate Chamber I noticed he didn't wear an overcoat. He impressed me more than any of the other Senators I had the pleasure of meeting personally.

As a rule interviews were limited to one daily and were invariably held in the Senate House offices of the person interviewed; and I regularly reported my findings every afternoon about four o'clock to the interested officials at the State Department. The merits of the case and the importance of the American interests to be served by ratification made my task in each case a comparatively easy one. My friends in Turkey were also being fully advised as to the actual situation - that party politics were the only real hindrance to ratification and that hitherto opposing Senators were easily won over when the facts were presented.

By the end of about a fortnight some fourteen pledges of support for ratification were secured, but at that point I was seized with an attack of 'Flu' and after consulting a doctor decided on an immediate return to my home in Kingston, Canada. Before leaving I wired my old friend, Dr. James L. Barton of Boston to come on to Washington and finish up my mission. A few hours before leaving I learned that Mr. Henry Morganthau had arrived from New York, and I realized that his presence on the scene boded no good for the success of my mission. So it proved, for I learned later that shortly afterwards he summoned a caucus of the Democratic Senators with the result that when the vote was taken in the Senate some time later only some five or six of my converts stood by their pledges. However, although Mr. Morganthau succeeded in thus again blocking ratification, the important American and Turkish interests awaiting

Treaty ratification were secured without it. An appreciation on the part of Turkey of the actual situation at Washington regarding the treaty opened the way for a Gentlemen's Agreement between the two Governments, each agreeing to accept the other's Ambassador appointment. Friendly diplomatic relations were forthwith restored, Americans and American Educational, Missionary, and Commercial interests were again on the old officially recognized basis, while the Tready of Lausanne is still unratified. Again all's well that ends well. I have not since met my old and valued friend, Mr. Morganthau.

OUR STORMY PREVIOUS AND LAST MEETING

It was in the spring of either '22 or '24 when I was crossing Europe on the Orient Express from Constantinople to Calais. The place was Nish in Jugo-Slavia, where the branch line from Athens joins the main line. The train stops there long enough for the through coach from Greece to be hitched on to the Express. Mr. M. I understand, had been for some time in Athens representing the League of Nations in some kind of relief measures for Greece. When my train stopped at the junction railway station I left my compartment to stretch my legs in a brief brisk walk on the broad railway platform. I had proceeded but a short distance when I met Mr. and Mrs. Morganthau. Our first greeting was in the usual pleasant manner. Almost at once however Mr. M. opened up on me a vigorous attack for remaining in Turkey using the strongest possible lauguage against the Turks and their government. At the first chance I ventured to defend my position and that of my associate American missionaries who, after carefully weighing all the pros and cons in the situation decided, all but unanimously, that it was our duty as well as our privilege to continue our services to the Turkish people because we considered the Turks just as much our brothers as were the former Christian subject races (Armenians and Greeks) and Jews in Turkey with whom our services had been previously associated. Instead, however, of calming him to a more reasonable view of my decision to continue to carry on in Turkey, my defence seemed only to add fuel to the flame of his resentment and he came back with, 'Look here Doctor, I'll bet you one thousand dollars to fifty cents the Turks will kick you out of their country one of these days', to which I calmly replied, 'If I were a betting man and could spare fifty cents I would take you up on that bet." At that point the merciful old bell on the platform began to clank, warning both of us our train was about to start, for otherwise I fear I would have been subjected to further abuse for my stubborn folly in remaining in Turkey. I have it in mind if it should be my privilege to meet and renew our former friendly relations, to tell him that as a rich man, a man of honorable reputation and a good sport, I think he should feel himself morally bound to hand me over that thousand dollars he wagered, in view of the fact that instead of kicking me out of their country I left some years later of my own choice on account of health and old age reasons, and when I did so I was tendered an official public banquet. The Turkish people and government officials with many expressions of gratitude and appreciation of my services to their country, were all in strange contrast to the fate predicted by my friend, Mr. Morganthau.

MY FIRST CONTACT WITH VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRES

It was about the mid nineties one day, as we were sitting at our noon meal in our dining-room in the old school building, two bright-eyed Armenian lads about nine or ten years of age were brought in. The pastor of the Armenian Evangelical congregation who brought them in announced them with: "Here are two new students for you!!" Curious to know what was behind his seeming joke, I replied, "Full pay, of course" for their appearance and equipment clearly put them in a very different category, and they were apparently too young for our Preparatory Department. Anyway, as we had no scholarship funds for beneficiaries, I could safely allow the pastor to relate their brief story. They were Muggerditch and Gourken, just arrived from Erzingan, where their fathers had been killed in a recent massacre, and therefore in Eastern parlance genuine "orphans". They were cousins and their mothers having no means for their support or education sent them out into the world in the hope they would somewhere, perhaps in Western Asia Minor find an orphanage or friends who would care for them. Erzingan their home, is some hundred and fifty miles or more south of Trebizond on the Black Sea. Their mothers had provided them with the outfits in which they now stood before us, wearing long gowns made of native home-spun with a light girdle of the same material tied about the waist. They had cotton underclothing and were bare-footed and bareheaded. In one hand each carried a small bundle of extra clothing, and under the other arm a roll of bedding. They had set out for Trebizond on foot with instructions to ask for the American Mission; and if there was such in Trebizand to go there. It took them some weeks to reach the Black Sea port, although they got an occasional lift by araba or caravan. Their supply of home food soon ran out but kind friends along the road provided additional supplies. Arrived finally in Trebizond in midwinter they soon found Dr. Langdon Crawford of the American Board Mission, but what could he do for them ? There was neither mission boarding school nor orphanage in the town. They would stand a much better chance of finding shelter and care if he could get them sent to Smyrna, some three or four days journey by cargo steamer. Fortunately there was a Greek boat in the harbor that would soon be leaving for Smyrna. He made an appeal to the Captain on humanitarian grounds, agreeing to provide them with food for the journey if he would give them passage either on deck or between decks. The Captain's responsibility ended when he landed them on the Smyrna Quay. The missionary, however, instructed the lads when they were so landed to go to the "Sailors' Rest " It was in this rendezvous for British Sailors and American Missionaries that the Armenian pastor found them.

No argument was needed to persuade us that notwithstanding the fact of our having no available resources to take on such cases, their claim, as they stood there, bright-eyed and attractive even in their unkempt clothing and bare feet, was irresistible. I told the pastor to take them to the kitchen and tell Ohannes, the school cook, to feed them. Meantime Mrs. MacLachlan went to our relief clothing depot - for I was already the consignee of bales of relief clothing from America to be forwarded to massacre centres - and selected complete outfits for both boys. Later in the afternoon they were put in charge of the Cavas for a thorough clean-up at the Turkish bath, from which they returned, after a visit to the barber shop, in their proud Western outfits.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS" ETC

These lads, the forerunners of many others from the same category whom we later took on at the College, proved the truth of this affirmation from the Good Book. They earned much of their way through College during the next ten years, proved excellent students, and the extra cost of their education during this long period, amounting to a total of $2500.00, was voluntarily taken over by a good New York lady, who on graduation presented each of them with a substantial cheque. They have both made good in their business careers; first of all, and for many years, in Turkey, and now for some years in New York city. Recently, when I arrived in New York early one morning at the end of a long railway journey from the Pacific Coast with important errands in the city awaiting my attention before leaving for Boston late the same evening, I was met by Muggerditch with his automobile at the Grand Central depot, placing himself and his car wholly at my disposal for my errands. More than forty years had passed since he and his cousin Gourken first stood before me and claimed my sympathy and confidence. "And Thou shalt gather it after many days" (in this case 42 years). It was a great joy indeed to visit his beautiful home in the Bronx and meet his splendid Armenian wife and their bright young daughter. Both lads took over the care and support of their mothers after graduation.

A WISE AND EFFICIENT GOVERNOR GENERAL

We were fortunate during the worst of the massacre period to have as our Vali Kiamil Pasha the Grand Old Man of Turkey who was five times Grand Vizier. For the Armenians, especially in some areas, this period was a veritable reign of terror. The knowledge on the part of the government of the existence and aim of the revolutionary organizations put all Armenians more or less under the ban of suspicion. Often with no sufficient ground for suspicion they were thrown into prison or exiled, and we were frequently in such cases called on to plead their innocence with the authorities. Here is an example of such cases. A pencilled note in Armeno-Turkish on brown paper was brought to me by a young lad from three Armenian prisoners, begging me to intercede with the government authorities on their behalf on the ground they were never in any way connected with the revolutionary organizations. Although the Capitulations were still in force, I had long since found a more effective way of securing favorable consideration for my appeals to the government than through consular or diplomatic intervention. I had always found Kiamil Pasha fair and considerate with my appeals, and I decided to use his kind offices in this case, but before making any appeal in their behalf I must first assure myself of their identity and innocence. My first request was for a permit to interview these men in prison, telling him frankly of their note to me and of its contents. The permit to see and interview the men was at once provided and I was soon interviewing them in prison. I assured them the only chance of my being able to help them was that they tell me the whole truth about themselves. They were all three weavers and sellers of alaja cloth and once a year with heavy loads of this homespun on their backs made the long journey from the Aintab region in northern Syria (the Central Turkey Mission of the American Board) to Constantinople, selling their wares en route. They had been picked up by the city police one evening in the neighborhood of the American Mission Church in the Basmahane quarter, and when the papers found on their persons had been taken and examined they were thrown into prison. One of them was a deacon in the Armenian Evangelical Church in Aintab and knew our College cook, Ohannes. Another of the trio had been for many years a cook in the Bartlett missionary family when they were in Caesarea.

Having satisfied myself as to the identity of all three and of their association with the American Mission community I next inquired as to the nature of any documents found on their persons when they were arrested. There was only one document, a letter from Mr. Bartlett to his former cook in which reference was made to an inclosed annual cheque. (It was a mission order for a Turkish Lira, Mr. Bartlett's annual Christmas gift to his former cook.) This was clearly the cause of their imprisonment. Revolutionaries caught redhanded with a document proving they were the recipients of funds from

abroad, posing as sellers of alaja cloth, but of course in reality revolutionary agents moving about among the local revolutionary groups.

I reported to Kaimil Pasha all details of my interview and my conviction they were entirely innocent of any association with revolutionary activities. His significant comment when I finished was, "Yes, your community fortunately has kept itself free from suspicion of revolutionary activities." And then added, "I will look into the matter". That same afternoon the three men came to thank me for my successful intervention in their behalf.

ABDUL KERIM ALIAS GARABET

This was a very unusual and delicate case and the appeal in his behalf came from his aunt who was matron at the American Girls' School in Smyrna at the time. Her nephew from Diarbekir, who had arrived two or three days previously on the French Messageries steamer from the south, on route to America, had been arrested by the police at the landing stage. The sixty gold liras he had on his person to enable him to enter the United States were taken from him and he was thrown into prison. He had become a Moslem at the time of a massacre and was planning to revert to his old religion when he got to America. He had secretly managed to get a message to his aunt from prison, describing his situation and begging her to have his case brought to the attention of the British Consul in Smyrna. She brought the appeal to me to intercede with my friend the Consul[1] as she feared the worst possible consequences to her nephew if all the facts in the case became known to the Turkish authorities. She was not allowed by the police authorities to see him or to communicate with him, which made her very apprehensive regarding his personal safety. It so happened that the day previously two Armenian friends of mine from the Central Turkey Mission area had called on me, who were fellow-passengers with Garabet alias Abdul Kerim, to whom he had communicated his story and the clever ruse by which he was now safely on his way to America and religious freedom. As a Moslem Turk he had no difficulty in securing a travelling Teskera to visit an aunt in Smyrna travelling by land as far as the little seaport of Alexandretta in Northern Syria and thence by sea to Smyrna, but planning to continue his journey on the same steamer to Marseilles and from there to New York. They passed on to me all the details of his thrilling story. While his steamer remained in port Garabet evidently decided that as he had succeeded so well thus far he could safely take the chance of seeing his aunt as a Turk, and got back on board, as his ticket read to Marseilles. I brought the case and the appeal of his aunt and himself to the sympathetic consideration of the Consul, who, however, felt that the religious element in it might so seriously complicate official interference in his behalf that it was doubtful if he could help in the way desired without precipitating a possible diplomatic incident, a responsibility he was not willing to assume. After further discussion and conference I suggested that I might decide to use my friendly offices with the Vali to see if anything could be done to help the case. He agreed that no harm could follow my discussing it with the Governor in a frank friendly way and commending Garabet to his friendly consideration. Without returning to report to his aunt the failure of my appeal to British Consular authority, I went direct from the Consulate to the Governor's Palace and laid the case in all its details as above related before the Vali, Kiamil Pasha. In referring to his change of religion I said, "Your Highness is doubtless aware that in some of the recent troubles in the interior some of the Armenians changed their religion". A faint smile and a nod was his only response to this remark. He gave me a most patient hearing throughout the whole story and at its close called the Chief of Police in my presence. The Vali, a native of Cyprus, spoke English well and we usually conversed in this language.

When the Chief of Police came in, kowtowing profoundly to His Excellency, the Vali said to him, of course in Turkish, "You have an Armenian prisoner from Diarbekir who arrived from there two or three days ago, named Garabet ----- ian. Bring him here to me." He returned in about ten minutes

(1) Henry Cumberbatch, afterwards Sir Henry.

to report there was no such person in the prison adjoining the Police Department where recently arrived Armenian prisoners were kept. The Vali insisted he must be somewhere in prison in the City, and added some details to the effect that he landed from the French steamer, giving the date, from the south and that sixty gold Turkish liras were taken from him when he was seized by the police at the landing stage. It then occurred to the Chief that he might possibly be in another prison, naming it. To this the Vali replied, "In any case find him and bring him here". Fully fifteen minutes passed before the officer returned again empty-handed, declaring there was no such person in either of the prisons and that he had ordered all the Armenian prisoners brought over to the Police department. The Vali then told the police officer to take me over and let me look them over to see if I could find the person I was looking for. I found quite a large, frightened crowd of Armenians in a room under guard of policemen, and spent considerable time looking them over and talking with them, until I was fully satisfied the man I wanted was not among them. At this point it began to look as if I would have to drop the case entirely. I had observed when the Vali spoke with the Chief of Police he used the man's Armenian name. As my quest had failed, I told one of the policemen on guard that the man I was looking for had another name also, "Abdul Kerim". He reported my remark to the Chief, who at once came to me somewhat excited to say, "No one is allowed to see the man you want. He was arrested on a wire from Constantinople. I have strict orders from there regarding him, and he is under special guard." I then suggested we return to the Vali, to whom he reported at some length in an undertone out of reach of my hearing. The Vali showed no sign of sharing his excitement, and when he had finished the "Grand Old Man" turned to me saying calmly in English, "Just leave the matter in my hands." The following day his agent brought me the good news that her nephew was out of prison with his tarbush - the insignia of his adopted religion - off, and in possession of his old Armenian name and religion. He also had got back his sixty gold liras; and one of the large Armenian firms in the city had given him a post as Cavas. Such cases as these indicate how widely varied were the services we were called on to render.

THE ARMENIAN WARTIME DEPORTATIONS - A WAR MEASURE

The tragic suffering of the Armenian people did not end with the close of the massacre period. They broke out afresh not long after the opening of the Great War. Responsibility for the deportations must be shared alike by the German High Command in Turkey and the War Ministry at Constantinople, though the latter must bear the onus for the inhuman brutal manner in which they were generally carried out. With Turkey on the side of the Central Powers, it is not surprising in view of all the circumstances that the sympathies of the Christian subject races in Turkey were with the Allied Western Powers. In some areas, especially along the western coast of Asia Minor, Greeks were included in the deportation orders. For these, however, there was the choice of going to the Greek islands off the coast of the Aegean, or to concentration camps only a short distance inland from the Coast, while Armenians were to be sent or driven to the Province of Zoar in Northern Syria, many hundreds of miles distant.

If the question is asked, "Were the deportations necessary as a war measure ?" the Germano-Turkish reply is a very emphatic "Yes", because the Armenians and Greeks were not only in sympathy with the enemy but were also actively assisting him with information that seriously handicapped Turko-German military operations. When it is observed that enemy forces, especially British, were established on the Greek islands off the Coast of Asia Minor, such as Mitylene, Samos etc., and that they were well aware the sympathetic support and co-operation of Greeks and Armenians in Turkish territories were at their disposal, it may be taken for granted they did not fail to take every possible advantage of their services. The complaint therefore of the German High Command to their Turkish allies, that it was impossible to conduct military operations successfully in their country where the enemy had so many thousands of active sympathizers everywhere, was in a large measure supported by the facts. Indeed I had personal knowledge of native enemy agents in our area. It is a fair question, however, to ask if the deportations were the only means of preventing this espionage, and to observe the great

and criminal injustice of imposing such cruel suffering on tens of thousands of innocent persons for the offences of a few. Fortunately the order was disregarded in some provinces. The province of Aidin is a case in point. Here the Governor General protested to the Central Government that the order was impossible of execution - that their own people (Turks) would not stand for it - that agents to carry out such an order could not be found unless they used the criminals from the prisons. To this protest came the reply, those were the agents they proposed to use; and apparently they did so employ them.

Months later, when heavy pressure was brought to bear on this Governor for his failure to co-operate with the Central Government, he selected, mostly from points outside the provincial capital, twenty-five Armenian families from those blacklisted as revolutionaries, and sent them to Afion Kara Hissar. Within three weeks twenty of the twenty-five families were back in their homes, and the remaining five followed not long afterwards. All this, doubtless with the full knowledge and perhaps the connivance of the Provincial Governor General. A member of the first graduating class of the College was included in this group of families.

MY QUONDAM FRIEND CHRYSOSTOM GREEK METROPOLITAN ARCHBISHOP OF SMYRNA AND HIS TRAGIC END

Our friendship began shortly after he took over his important office, and continued uninterruptedly until he espoused the cause of a group of more than one hundred Greek students in the College, who went on strike and left the College in February 1914 because the Administration suspended the activities of the Students' Greek Literary Society which had become a Greek political propaganda society. (See full account of the strike in "Notes on the Genesis and Development of International College"). We had often taken friendly counsel together and when the New Campus and buildings were inaugurated in the early part of 1914 he offered the dedicatory prayer. Again after the Great War I had him present and participate at the opening of the College Settlement House at Prophet Elias. Although disappointed with his support of the students who challenged the authority of the College to interfere with their national rights (They were mostly Turkish subjects and the College was functioning under a Turkish Imperial Firman) I was not altogether surprised because the Smyrna Greek Orthodox See had always more or less unofficially represented Greek political interests in Western Asia Minor and had long been regarded by the Turkish Government as a centra of secret Greek political propaganda.

Following the Greek student strike episode our pathways never seemed to meet throughout the whole period of the Great War. I knew he was actively supporting Greek political propaganda, especially towards the close of the war, and during the six months interval until the Greek military occupation in May 1919. In the morning of May 15th when the Greek Army was disembarked on the mid quay waterfront, he was present in all his Episcopal Vestments, including mitre and Shepherd's Staff, to publicly welcome the soldiers and conduct on the open waterfront a special service of Thanksgiving, while Turks looked on in glum silence. I was among the onlookers. One feature of the public rejoicing was the performance of what, for the want of a more appropriate name, appeared to be a war dance by the white-kilted Evzones. Stretched across the Quay was a streamer with the words "Kalos Eltheto", the equivalent of "Welcome", with a large bust picture of Venezelos some seven or eight feet in height, while the populace continually shouted "ZITO!" (Long live). The outstanding figure in all this acclaim exhibition was the Metropolitan Archbishop accompanied by the Bishop of Ephesus. It was from this point that he marched at the head of the Army in his gorgeous vestments along the Quay, a distance of approximately three quarters of a mile to the Barracks where the killing of Turks began. For the following three years and four months his "star" was distinctly in the ascendancy, at least on the Greek political horizon, and during this period we met occasionally, but not on the old friendly fellowship basis. The Greek occupation of all this area afforded him many opportunities to wipe off old scores against the Turks, and according to reports he fully availed himself of the facilities thus offered. Certainly,

had the Greek occupation developed into a permanent conquest as was intended, the Metropolitan Archbishop Chrysostom of Smyrna could fairly have claimed to share the credit for it all with Mr. Venezelos. Unfortunately for him the fates had not so decreed. By early September 1922 the whole Greek army of occupation was in headlong rout from the interior of Asia Minor towards Smyrna, pursued by a Turkish army of less than one third of the Greek numerical strength. An outline of my experiences at that time is recorded in these notes under "A Fortnight's Experiences". Here is an unrecorded experience during that period. For some days in succession, by special arrangement. I was meeting the British High Commissioner in Smyrna, Sir Harry Lamb , at 10 a.m. in the British Consulate to exchange notes and discuss the rapidly developing critical situation. On the morning of Friday, September 8th, as I approached the Consulate for our regular morning conference, I found an excited Greek mob of both men and women in the street before the heavy iron gates, shouting and gesticulating. The gates were securely locked and the Consular Cavases from the inside were resisting the demands of the mob. It was with some difficulty that I reached the smaller iron gate at the side leading to the British Post Office. I was there recognized by one of the cavases who unlocked the door and admitted me. Inside I met a member of the College Staff who is very conversant with Greek, from whom I inquired the cause of all the excitement. He explained that a short time previously the Archbishop had passed into the Consulate and almost immediately afterwards the excited mob gathered in the street making threats on his life and making the most serious charges against him. The mob evidently believing he was either seeking the protection of the Consulate or negotiating with the High Commissioner to have him put him on board a British Battleship and thus insure his escape from a threatening situation was demanding that he be refused protection. "He's the man that got us into all this trouble and now he's trying to save himself and leave us to take his punishment", was one of the charges shouted by someone in the mob. They were also demanding that he be handed over to them. Suddenly the mob rushed away to a street connecting this one with the parallel street nearer the waterfront. The explanation I got was that someone suggested he was escaping via the Consular residence and the parallel street to the waterfront and a British ship. They rushed away headlong to intercept and seize him. I soon learned he was still with Sir Harry Lamb and that our conference for that morning would have to be cancelled. When I called on the High Commissioner the following morning he reported the Archbishop's visit and appeal. "What did you say to him", I asked, and he replied, "I told him very plainly what I thought. 'What kind of a shepherd are you that in a time of danger to your flock want to run away and leave them ?' and blankly refused to be a party to such an unworthy appeal. I permitted him, however, to remain under the protection of the Consulate until the mob disappeared and he could return to his palace in safety." He apparently decided to try and make his peace with the victorious Turks and went to the Governor's Palace where General Noureddin Pasha was taking over the duties of Military Governor. Apparently Noureddin "was not in" to him when he called on Monday September 11 during the forenoon. His presence at the palace however stirred up some excitement among the Turks and those who accompanied him becoming apprehensive for their charge's personal safety tried to find safe convoy for him back to his official headquarters. It so happened that Professor Caldwell of the College Staff was close by with the College Car with its U.S. flag. On being appealed to Professor Caldwell took their charge back to safety.

The following day the Metropolitan again attempted to win the favorable consideration of the Military Governor, but was unsuccessful. His failure exposed him to the violence of a Turkish mob, that resulted in the most tragic consequences. For what happened on this occasion when he met the Governor I have the authority of a reliable Turkish friend. He was received very coldly and was not offered a seat. The Governor asked him a number of pointed questions, regarding false statements and reports he had made regarding Turks and their Government, that had brought great injustice and suffering on the Turkish people. He made no attempt to deny or defend any of the statements or charges suggested in the Governor's questions.

When no denial or reply was forthcoming the Governor said, "I hand you over to the people you have maligned", or, according to another version,

"I therefore hand you over to the mercy of the people you have maligned." It matters little, however, whether the word mercy was used or not. The Turks during these days were as little disposed to mercy toward the Greeks as the Greeks were towards the Turks three years and four months previously when the Greek army was permitted and assisted by the Western allies to occupy Smyrna. For what happened to the Metropolitan Archbishop after the Governor with a wave of his hand dismissed him from the reception room, my authority may be less reliable, though I have no reason to question it. Among those who sought asylum on the College Campus during the previous week was the Russian Consul General, Kalmykoff and his family, accompanied by his Turkish Cavas (a sort of practical flunkey). Having learned that he was present, here is his story as reported to me in response to my request.

"I was in the large hallway at the head of the main stairway when the Metropolitan came out from seeing the Vali. The hallway was somewhat crowded with all sorts of Turks, some of them threatening violence; and the fact that he was no longer under the protection of gendarmes was regarded as evidence that he had not obtained the pardon or protection of the Government. He was immediately surrounded by an excited mob that jeered and jostled him as he passed down the stairs to the lower hallway. From there he was pushed through the doors leading into the quadrangle, and thence into the street at the side of the Governor's palace, leading East. As he came into this street the mob increased in numbers and became more violent, striking him with fists or missiles and tearing his clothing. He was jostled and pushed along this street leading up into the main street of the Turkish business quarter , being buffetted all the while and occasionally struck with stones. More and more his clothing was being torn from him, and when the mob reached the street turning south and up the hill through the Turkish cemeteries and out towards Eshref Pasha he was driven up the hillside of Mt. Pagus in that direction, occasionally stumbling, but always rising and yielding to the pressure of the mob. By this time he was clearly reaching the limit of his powers of endurance and as he reached the point of the 'Eki Chesmelik' (the place of the two fountains) he fell and did not rise again. A considerable crowd followed that did not share in the violence of the mob. When he fell for the last time most of the remainder of his clothing was torn off and as I left a grave was being dug in the Turkish Cemetery at the side of the roadway."

While I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the above story in all its gruesome details, it seems to conform in general outline with reports current at the time as to the tragic fate of the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop Chrysostom.

BITTER REPRISALS

The above incident may be regarded as a bitter reprisal to Turkish officials on the Smyrna waterfront when the Greek Army of occupation landed there three years and four months previously on May 15th, 1919. On that occasion the Turkish Army officers who surrendered at the Barracks to the Greek Army were sent in small groups of from 3 or 4 to 6 or 7 under guard of two or three Greek soldiers along the Quay a distance of nearly a mile, to the transport that had just disembarked horses and other war equipment. These officers, including the C.O. of the district, Lieut. Col. Sulieman Fetih Bey, were compelled to march before their guards with both hands raised above their heads and to shout loudly either "Zito Venezelos!" or "Zito Hellas!" (Long live Venezelos! or Long live Greece!) When in the opinion of their guards this Greek acclaim was not sufficiently vigorous, they were urged to renewed vigor by a thrust from a bayonet, or other violent abuse. When they fell under this violence they were set upon by the civilian mob, despatched, stripped, and their bodies thrown into the sea. Seven Turkish officers succumbed to this violence on the waterfront before reaching the ship. For a day or so the C.O. was believed to have shared the same fate, but although severely wounded he reached the ship alive. From there he was sent to the Greek Community Hospital for treatment. The following Sunday afternoon i.e. three days after the event, as I drove slowly along the Quay in the College car, I noticed a little distance in front and walking in the same direction the tall, erect figure of an officer in uniform, in charge of two Greek soldiers. I remarked to the person with me in the front seat, "If Sulieman Fetih Bey were alive I would say that is he with

the two Greek soldiers." As we came closer up to them I noticed the head of the tall figure was bandaged and as we drew even I turned to look and to my surprise and delight it was the C.O. We stopped the car and I greeted and congratulated him on having escaped the fate of some of his staff. He explained that he was in the Greek Hospital and that his appeal to be taken to the Turkish Hospital, where the nurses and orderlies would understand him was refused. In answer to my question as to where they were taking him now, he replied that he didn't know, but understood it was for fresh air and some exercise. This, however, proved to be the last time that he was seen alive by anyone who had known him previously. Nor, so far as I have learned, has any information regarding the fate that befell him become known to his friends. I had come into close touch with him after the close of the Great War in settling a claim for three hundred Turkish liras which I presented to the Military authorities for expenses incurred in repairs and cleaning up the College premises after the embarking of the two thousand British Military war prisoners who for three months had occupied our Campus and buildings. He gave the claim his prompt attention and secured a cheque for the full claim within a few days. He stood about six feet four inches and was of striking personality and appearance. He had won my respect and confidence and I believe deserved a better fate.

A BRITISH INDIAN ARMY OFFICER TAKES OFF HIS CAP TO AMERICAN CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY

Under the terms of the Berne Convention between the British and Turkish Governments, permanently disabled military prisoners of war were to be exchanged. This convention was signed in the spring of 1918. Owing, however to some vexatious delays, chief among which was the unwillingness of the German naval authorities to exempt from submarine attack ships carrying British military prisoners of war from the port of Smyrna, Asia Minor (which had been designated as the Turkish port for embarking British prisoners) it was after midsummer before the first batch of these men began to arrive in Smyrna.

Some hundreds of British civilians, residents in Smyrna and vicinity, were under Turkish Governmental surveillance throughout the whole period of the war, and the arrival of their disabled soldier fellow-countrymen was anticipated with eager interest and excitement, even although it was realized these prisoners would still be under their Turkish prison guards until they were embarked on British ships.

We were then in the middle of the long summer vacation at the college, and it occured to the writer that the college premises at Paradise, a beautiful suburb of Smyrna, with its empty buildings and wide campus, offered special facilities for a military prison camp. During a friendly call on the Civil Governor of the Province, he referred to the expected arrival in the City of these British War prisoners. The way being thus opened, I ventured to suggest that our premises up at the American International College were specially suited as a temporary shelter for these prisoners during what was expected would be a very brief delay in Smyrna before being embarked for home (though it was nearly two months before the first British ship arrived) and that we would be glad to have them used for this purpose, especially if it would facilitate the Turkish authorities. The Governor General, who had recently been requested by Enver Pasha, Minister of War at Constantinople, to make the necessary arrangements for these military prisoners while they were in Smyrna, at once gratefully accepted our offer, and turned the whole matter over to the C.O. of the district along with the writer to arrange all details for housing them on their arrival. I was granted the privilege of communicating with them as a necessary convenience in carrying out details for their accommodation.

It was not until some weeks afterwards that I was advised the first batch of prisoners would arrive about four o'clock that afternoon. This first batch was made up entirely of about a dozen or fifteen officers, and as they entered the campus that afternoon they presented an interesting sight in their various uniforms, much the worse for wear, as most of them had spent from two to three years in Turkish prison camps, and among them somewhat conspicuously a young officer of the London Scottish in the Highland kilt.

I stepped from the verandah of Kenarden Lodge over to the driveway as they were being conducted towards the main building by their Turkish soldier guards and gave the group as they were passing me a brief but very warm word of welcome. They were startled to have someone address them in their own language, and they were also wholly at a loss to understand what the premises were to which they had been brought. The group suddenly halted, and the senior officer in the group, whom I was afterwards to know as Colonel Taylor, who had been military governor of Kut during the long and bitter siege that had proved so disastrous to British arms, turning to me said, "Sir, may I ask you what is this place to which we have been brought ?" And when I replied that it was an American College, promptly came his second question, "What is an American College doing in Turkey ?" I explained that it was one of a number of such institutions. This elicited the rejoinder, "Well, this is the first time I have learned that the American government was establishing colleges in Turkey!" When I replied that the American government had nothing to do with establishing them and had never given a dollar to any of them, he seemed more perplexed than ever and came back at once with, "Well then, how does this college come to be here if the American government is not behind it?? I replied that it had been founded by American private Christian philanthropy. This explanation elicited the further inquiry, "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that all these splendid buildings and equipment that we see here were provided by American Christian philanthropy?" "Yes, sir", I replied, "everything you see here has been so provided " Then standing erect and looking about him this old British soldier and officer lifted his cap, saying deliberately, "I TAKE OFF MY CAP TO AMERICAN CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY."

The arrival of these British and Indian military prisoners of war - - - during the following days and weeks to the number of about two thousand brought us our first contacts with the outside world during the years of the Great War. It was from these prisoners, for example, that we learned for the first time that General Pershing was commanding the American army in Europe, and they brought to us also many experiences of special interest which do not belong to this story.

PATRIOTIC PRIDE AND ITS CORRECTIVES

Canadians who spend their lives within the confines of our Great Dominion have abundant stimulus for pride of country, especially if they are intelligently familiar with its vast territorial area, its almost unlimited rich natural resources, and their healthy economic development; the brief, interesting history of the development of its governmental, industrial, educational, social, and religious institutions on the foundations of an expanding democracy. Nor will such intelligent patriotism suffer eclipse when Canadians go abroad, even when living in other countries among people who can point with pride to a historical background and traditions much more ancient and perhaps more interesting in some respects than that of Canadians.

For Canadians, however, and especially for those who live abroad, there is an extra-territorial stimulus to a broader patriotism. While he enjoys the right to say, "I am a Canadian", he gradually tends to use the larger claim "I am a Britisher". His right to that claim increases in value and stimulates his patriotism as from his experiences abroad he comes into a fuller appreciation of the position and the uplifting influence of British institutions and moral standards in world affairs. Indeed, pride in his British citizenship might result in being "exalted above measure", were it not for occasional correctives such as I have experienced in my forty years of residence in the Near East.

The first of these corrective experiences came to me shortly after the close of the Great War. What we regarded as the cause of right and justice had triumphed. The British Army of occupation was in Constantinople. My two sons were British officers in General Milne's Intelligence there, and one's British patriotism was unrestrained. It was the pride, however, that goes before a fall. We of the British and other belligerent communities in Smyrna presented Rahmi Bey, the wartime Governor-General of the Province and City of Smyrna with a testimonial of our appreciation of his excellent administration and of his generous treatment of us all throughout the war years, forwarding a copy of it to the Allied Army of Occupation in Constantinople.

As one of the most influential leaders of the Young Turk party then in power, he had strongly opposed Turkey going into the war on the side of the Central Powers and refused to share the responsibilities of the central government during the war. He accepted the Governor-Generalship of our province on the condition there would be no interference from headquarters with his administration. It was in this capacity that he had saved the twenty-five thousand Armenians of Smyrna from deportation. Throughout the war years he was pronouncedly anti-German and pro-British, and had protected International College against seizure by the Germans and again by the Turkish military authorities.

We therefore naturally expected that when he went to Constantinople shortly after the military occupation of the City he would be warmly received and welcomed by the British authorities. It was not only a corrective to our inflated patriotism but also a shock to our sense of justice when we learned shortly afterwards that more than sixty of the most influential Turks in the Capital had been seized, transported to Malta and thrown into prison there in the old citadel, and among the victims of this crying injustice was our stanch friend and protector during the war years, Rahmi Bey, Governor General of our province. Why this injustice ? No excuse has ever been suggested, nor was charge or complaint of any kind ever brought against any of them either before or during the more than two years of their imprisonment in Malta. A year or two later I was guest at a little dinner party in a private home in London. Among the interesting little group of guests were two Turks, one a Pasha of the old school who was Ambassador at Rome until Italy came into the war on the side of the Western Allies, the other a well-known Young Turk from Constantinople. There was also present at least one representative of the British Foreign Office and head of an important department there, who chanced to be seated at my right. It was during the Greek occupation of Smyrna and Asia Minor, and while the Turkish leaders referred to above were still imprisoned in the Citadel at Malta. Conversation was very frank and open on the whole Near East situation and on British relations to it. At one point, turning to the Foreign office official at my right, I asked why those sixty-odd representative Turks were imprisoned in Malta and detained there without any charge being brought against them , especially as we had entered into peace relations with Turkey on the basis of the Armistice of Mudros ? He replied that he knew of no reason for their imprisonment. I explained why I had a personal interest in the fate of one of them, our friend, Rahmi Bey, former Governor-General, through whose kind offices we, at the International College at Smyrna had been able to render such helpful services to more than two thousand British and Indian military prisoners of war, and which had brought to me a special personal letter of thanks from the British War Council in London. Was there no reasonable explanation why a man of his type and standing should be thrown into prison ? After some hesitation he asked, 'Wasn't Rahmi Bey one of the leaders of the Young Turk revolution in 1908, and wasn't he a member of the Young Turk or Union and Progress party in Turkey ? I replied that he was and that his share in the overthrow of the old Hamidian regime surely entitled him to our special favor and consideration; that he was the only leader of the Young Turk revolution and of the Union and Progress party who had been consistently pro-British and had enjoyed a worthy reputation throughout his public career. The Foreign office official however, could think of no sufficient reason for his imprisonment. I had already fairly well grounded suspicions as to who were responsible for the harsh treatment he was receiving under British auspices, but I was not able to confirm them until I met him in Smyrna some two years later, when we rehearsed in the most friendly way his unjust and unfortunate experiences on reaching Constantinople and later in the British Citadel prison in Malta, where for the first six months he was confined in a small cell furnished only with a small table, a chair, and a hard couch, the only light being from a window in the ceiling. He had protested against his narrow cell conditions and after six months was allowed somewhat more comfortable quarters and more exercise privileges in the open court adjoining the prison. He had no doubt that it was my friend the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop of Smyrna and Mr. H.S. of the British Consulate in Smyrna who were primarily responsible for his seizure and imprisonment, thus confirming my suspicions on that point. I made full use of the opportunity thus afforded me of informing him of my findings at the British Foreign Office, which in large measure absolved the Government of initial responsibility for the calamities that had befallen Turkey and representative Turkish leaders

following the close of the Great War, and placing the initial and real responsibility on the heads of Mr Lloyd George and Mr. Venezelos, where it belonged.

Another of these corrective experiences came to me in 1919 when British warships in Smyrna harbor, one of them with its stern tied to the Quay, stood by while many hundreds of defenceless Turks were being slaughtered on the waterfront by Greeks without making any attempt to stop the carnage. The humiliation to my British pride was not dispelled when a few weeks later, at the British Foreign Office, the wrong and injustice of it all was acknowledged and justly attributed to the criminal folly of the "Big Three" and Mr. Venezelos at the Paris Peace Conference. Nor was my humiliation alleviated by a study of the root causes of this grave wrong that traced them back to one of the iniquitous Pacts of the Great War years by which the Western Allies apportioned the territory of a yet unconquered Turkey among themselves; and won the support of Italy to their cause by pledging her the Western end of Asia Minor, including Turkey's commercial metropolis, Smyrna. It was when Mr. Orlando, Italy's representative at the Peace Conference, realized that the clever machinations of two astute politicians, David Lloyd George and Eleftherios Venezelos of Greece were gradually winning the support of the Conference to their scheme for a Greek military occupation of this area that would deprive Italy of her award under the Pact (I think it was the Pact of London) that the Italian delegate withdrew from the Paris Peace Conference. The claim of the other Conference leaders that the collapse of Russia, one of the signatories of this Pact, had made it null and void, was countered by Orlando in his claim that as Italy had carried out her part of the contract she was entitled to the reward pledged in the agreement. His return to Italy empty-handed aroused bitter resentment against her allies and determined Italy to help herself to that portion of Turkey assigned to her under the Pact. Measures to this end soon followed, with the report in Smyrna that Italian warships at Adalia on the southern coast of Asia Minor had seized that port, and confirmation of this with details came immediately. A group on shore leave from one of the ships deliberately created a disturbance with Turkish soldiers, thus affording a pretext for a landing in force from the warships to quell the disturbance and seize the port. While the Turkish Government hastily prepared and dispatched a protest to the Peace Conference at Paris against this violation of the Armistice of Mudros by one of its signatories, Italy, claiming that she was acting under the authority of her Allies, proceeded to seize one strategic point after another along the southern and western coasts of Asia Minor. Meantime a state of alarm bordering on panic was developing in Turkish government circles and especially in Smyrna, where friends were keeping me advised of Italian aggression which they were helpless to prevent. The responsible heads of the Peace Conference at Paris were scarcely less disturbed by Italy's independent action, and by the time she had reached and seized the seaport of Scala Nuova, only a short distance from Smyrna, some of them at least seem to have been seized with panic lest the seizure of Smyrna would follow, and they would have another Fiume on their hands. Italian aggression in Turkey however, was playing into the hands of the arch conspirators, Lloyd George and Venezelos, who found in the Italian threat to seize Smyrna the occasion to "save the situation" for the Entente Powers. If Italy were allowed to seize Smyrna she will have made good her permanent claim to Western Asia Minor. The only possible way of preventing such a calamity was to accept the generously (?) proferred assistance of Mr. Venezelos, a friendly ally, who had in readiness a fully equipped Greek army that could at once be thrown into Smyrna before Italy seized it .

Unconfirmed rumors that the largest of the Italian warships, the "Duilio", then in Smyrna harbor had 4000 marines on board and was only waiting for further reinforcements to seize the city, seemed to make precipitate action imperative, and so the peace authorities in Paris hastily decided on a Greek Military Occupation of Smyrna that resulted in the slaughter of many hundreds of disarmed and innocent Turks. It was also a matter of deep regret to me that the onus of the official negotiations with the local Turkish authorities devolved on the British, making it appear that we were mainly responsible for the whole unfortunate affair, as indeed we were in some measure. It was a cause of further humiliation to one's British pride to learn that our representatives felt obliged to resort to deception in the official announcement of Mr. Morgan to Izzet Bey the Governor-General, that the City would be occupied by the Entente Forces. For the next three years and more while Greece pursued her unauthorized conquest of Asia Minor, it was a constant

source of humiliation to Britishers in Turkey to see during most of this period Greek transport wagons carrying on one side a small British flag and on the other side the flag of Greece, conveying the impression to Turks and others that our Government was officially sponsoring Greek unrighteous aggression in Asia Minor.

Nor was Greece wholly to blame for this unauthorized use of the British flag, for there were well-grounded suspicions that while not officially sponsoring this war she was in large measure responsible for it. It was during this period when discussing its unfortunate influence on British prestige in the Near East with a British Government official in London, I ventured the remark "Well I am glad we are not in any way behind Greece in the whole unfortunate business", and elicited the significant response, "I wish it were so". It was therefore with some satisfaction, when I was in London in the early spring of 1922 I learned that the Greeks had recently been advised that British policy could no longer support her attempted conquest of Asia Minor. This reversal of policy naturally brought down Greek maledictions on the British Government; and it marked the turning of the tide of war in Asia Minor that resulted in the Greek debacle of September 1922.

ANOTHER SHOCK TO MY PATRIOTIC PRIDE IN BRITISH JUSTICE

Some three or four years after the close of the Grecco-Turkish war a new British Ambassador to Turkey spent a day or so in Smyrna en route to his new post at Ankara. He honored me with a visit and we enjoyed afternoon tea together at our home on the Campus. We found ourselves in happy agreement as we discussed the Turkish situation and the importance of our restoring and maintaining friendly relations with Turkey. When he left I accompanied him to his car. As he took his seat and was about to start I remembered an important omission in our conference. (I had received information from a friend in London that our Government was considering the propriety of a friendly gesture to the sixty odd Turks we had imprisoned at Malta, in the form of a substantial bonus .) So I ventured with "By the way, I forgot to ask you Sir R --, have you any confirmation of the intention of the Government to make a grant to those Turks we imprisoned in Malta ? Instead of giving me a direct "yes" or 'no" he countered with , "But why should we? Served them all d--d jolly well right". That was more than I could stand even from our accredited and titled ambassador, so I at once closed the matter and also the door of his car with, "Well Good-bye Sir R---. " I walked back to my study with a heavy heart, asking myself, "What could such a person do to restore and maintain friendly relations with Turkey ?" The sequel, however, proved there was no occasion for my despair. He had a successful career in his Ankara post and was later awarded the most important ambassadorial appointment in the gift of his government, where he is still (1937) carrying on successfully.

It is some consolation as one is obliged to experience such correctives to one's patriotism to remember that those here recorded were all the outcome of war conditions and therefore abnormal.

PROPAGANDA MISREPRESENTATION AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

A good deal of what has been written in these sketches is the outcome of a single unfortunate criminal decision of the Peace delegates at the Paris Conference when they not only authorized but actually supported the Greek military occupation of Smyrna and its hinterland with their naval ships. It is therefore fair to ask on what grounds, technicality , or pretext, was this occupation authorized and supported? Turkey had made her submission to her wartime enemies in the Armistice of Mudros nearly a fortnight before the Armistice on the Western Front on November 11th, 1918. Under the terms of that Armistice, Turkey agreed to disarm and measures were taken by the Western Allies to enforce that agreement. One of the allied officers sent into the interior for this purpose was my son, Capt. Bruce MacLachlan of the British Army. I do not have before me as I write a copy of the Mudros document, but the official note brought by Mr. Morgan, the British Commissioner from Admiral Calthrope on the Iron Duke, Senior Allied Naval Officer in the harbor,

to the Governor General about eight o'clock Wednesday morning, May 14, 1919, stated that "As from 12 o'clock in accordance with clause 7 of the Armistice the forts of Smyrna and the approaches to the City, with the City, would be occupied by Allied forces." Judging by the type of anti-Turk propaganda sent to the Paris Conference, it is a fair assumtion that under Article Seven Turkey bound herself to maintain law and order, including the protection of the Christian minorities.

I have intimate personal knowledge of two wholly foundationless reports to the Conference, both attributing terrible massacres of Christians, Armenians and Greeks while the Conference was in session. One of these reported the massacre of some twenty thousand Armenians, men women, and children in a group of Armenian villages in the neighborhood of Caesarea. My first contact with this report came to me from the Armenian Archbishop in Smyrna when I chanced to call on him one morning. He opened the conversation with. "Have you heard the terrible news?" I replied that I had learned of nothing special and he continued "The Turk is still the same old Turk - again massacring our people". "Where and when?" I asked. "Away in the interior near Caesarea about a week ago. In a group of some twenty villages with a population of about twenty thousand, the Turks went in and slaughtered the entire population." I asked if the report was official and if it was confirmed. He assured me that it was all too true. I expressed my deep regret and sympathy as best I could, for I was convinced of the Bishop's sincerity in regarding the report as authentic. Within a day or so the news was generally known , and believed by the Christian communities in the City and was published abroad.

Some ten or twelve days later there arrived in the City one of our Near East relief units from the neighborhood of Diarbekir in Ford cars and trucks. As they had come by way of Caesarea I at once endeavored to get further confirmation and details of this terrible massacre. In answer to my inquiries our relief workers explained they had passed through these villages about a week after the reported massacres were supposed to have taken place but had heard no word of them until they were nearing the coast at Smyrna. They had found the Armenians in this large group of villages prosperous and living in friendly relations with the Turkish authorities. There had been no Armenian deportations from these villages during the war. These American relief workers were satisfied there was not a shred of truth in the reported massacres, and I realized it was another case of anti-Turk propaganda to support arguments at the Paris Conference for the Greek occupation of Asia Minor as a civilizing influence.

Some months later there came to me an interesting sequal to this massacre in the form of a letter from an Armenian in the United States inclosing a cheque for fifty dollars for his brother, if by any chance he were still alive. The letter explained that his brother had lived in these villages where the terrible massacre of Armenians had taken place, asked me to try and find if his brother had escaped, and if so to give him the inclosed cheque. I was too heavily burdened with other cares at the time to undertake the quest and so turned the matter over to my son-in-law, Dr. Reed. He at once communicated with the American Board Missionaries in Caesarea who made the necessary inquiries and had no difficulty in finding the brother who proved to be one of the most prosperous men in the community. The brother in the U.S. was duly advised. The villagers know nothing of the "terrible massacre."

The other misrepresentation and greatly exaggerated report referred to above was concerned with a massacre of Greeks in the neighborhood of the College while the settlement of the Near East peace conditions was still under consideration at Paris. We were startled one morning on the Campus at Paradise with a report that a massacre of Christians (Greeks) had taken place at Boudjah, only a mile and a half distant from us, and one of the large suburbs of Smyrna. Boudjah is a large village of some fourteen thousand inhabitants, almost exclusively Greeks. The only Turks are the few families connected with the municipal administration. There were also a few British, American, and European families in the town. It seemed incredible that out of a clear sky a massacre of Greeks by Turks had taken place almost under our eyes; yet such was the report. It was difficult to learn details as to the number killed or as to how it had come about. By

noon of that day it was reported eight hundred had been massacred, and I am informed reports to that effect reached the outside world press and the Paris Conference.

About four o'clock that afternoon General Noureddin Pasha, Military Governor of Smyrna, called at "Konardon Lodge" to return the call paid him by Dr. Edward C. Moore of Harvard, Near East Relief Commissioner, and myself a day or so previously. Conversation in our drawing room naturally soon turned on the tragic occurrence at Boudjah the previous evening. He was deeply concerned, for he was the head of the Government, and immediately on the report reaching him in the city that morning he had surrounded the entire area with soldiers and police, and took all other possible measures to seize the guilty perpetrators of the crime. As we discussed the situation the College Physician, Dr. Lorando, whose home was in Boudjah opened the door, but on noticing the Governor withdrew. When I told the Governor who he was and that his home was in Boudjah, he begged me to call him in and I did so. In reply to inquiries the doctor told him the bodies of the victims could be seen in the Church of St. John, and that it was known who were the perpetrators of the crime. But on being asked who they were the doctor begged to be excused from giving the information, as it would endanger his life. At this point the Governor somewhat sternly demanded the information, claiming he had a right to know, as he was responsible for the arrest and punishment of the guilty ones. It was an awkward situation for me, as our doctor appealed to me in English to intercede for him, as he was afraid to become involved in the matter. He again appealed to the Governor not to involve him, and asked permission to leave the room. The Governor then suggested that I accompany him to Boudjah, as he wished to view the bodies of the victims. I would gladly go with him if he could delay until I conferred with a group waiting in the hallway with whom I had an appointment. I suggested, however, that my son-in-law, Dr. Reed, who spoke Greek, might be of more service. He at once agreed, and so Dr. Reed accompanied by his little son, Lachlan, went with the Governor in his car to Boudjah. Before leaving the Governor said he would come in afterwards and let me know what he found. In half an hour they returned. <u>There were only three bodies and there were no other victims of the massacre.</u> The Governor explained to me that he had made a careful examination of the bodies. Death in each case was due to a rifle bullet, fired probably from ambush, or at least from some distance, as there was no singeing of clothing. He was surprised to find the bodies were in no way mutilated, for, he added "You know in these racial feuds between the Greeks and our people the bodies are almost invariably mutilated."

By now I had become keenly interested in the situation and the following morning I called Dr. Lorando and assuring him I would avoid involving him in any way in the matter, asked who were the supposed perpetrators of the crime, and he gave me three Turkish names, saying they were gangers (section men) on the railway between Paradise and Sevedekeui and that their 'Yatak', or hiding place, was the little hut near Sevedekeui where the highway passes under the railway. The victims were Boudjah villagers returning from their vineyards a mile or two distant from their homes. He knew of no grounds for suspecting the Turks whose names he gave me apart from the belief they were bad men. I determined to follow up the matter for my own satisfaction, without informing anyone of my purpose. The Acting General Manager of the Railway at the time was a personal friend of mine, Mr. Holton, whose son later was on the College Staff. I therefore called on him at Ry. Headquarters and asked who the gangers were on the section beyond Paradise. He turned me over to the treasurer of the line, Mr. Caligas, who knew the men well. In answer to my inquiries Mr. Caligas assured me the men were quiet, hardworking faithful servants, who had been with the Company many years. Then in particular I inquired about the three men whose names had been given me. He then brought his pay sheets and after scanning them replied there were no such persons on that section and never had been.

The Government continued to press its search for the culprits for some weeks and finally reached the conclusion the perpetrators of the crime were Greeks, probably from one of the nearby Greek islands, or perhaps even from Greece, who had clandestinely landed on the coast and

under cover of darkness hid themselves in ambush close by the roadside where they waylaid these villagers. Having accomplished their purpose they escaped from the point where they had landed. They had thus succeeded in furnishing the anti-Turk propagandists at the Peace Conference in Paris with convincing proof that the Turk was unfit to govern his country or to afford the necessary protection to the Christian minorities, and therefore demonstrating the necessity for the Greek occupation of Asia Minor. There were many similar reports sent to Paris from this area. I have written of these two somewhat in detail only because they came within my personal experience.

HOW TWO BRITISH LADS GOT INTO THE WAR AND HAD A COMBINED MILITARY SERVICE OF TEN YEARS.

On the morning of August 5th, 1914 a mass meeting of the British Community in Smyrna was held in the garden of the British Consulate. Some hundreds of Britishers were present and there was great excitement. Our Government had declared war on Germany and our patriotism was deeply stirred. I was called on to address the meeting and made an appeal to the youth present to offer their services to their country. Calling for a show of hands, some eighteen British lads at once volunteered for service, among them my two sons, Bruce 20 and Grant 18. Following the meeting the Consul wired the British War office and asked where the lads should report for service. A day or so later came the reply: "Let them await instructions." A week - a fortnight passed and no "instructions" came. Surely the war office had forgotten all about the Smyrna contingent, some of whom at least began to fear the war would be over without their having a hand in it. Three weeks passed and still no word from the war office. By the end of the fourth week pent-up war patriotism had to find some way out of the disappointing situation. My boys came to me with an appeal that I see the captain of a cargo boat in the harbor that was loading licorice root and figs and within two or three days would be clearing for New York. (Turkey had not yet declared war). As the war office had clearly overlooked the offer of service from the Smyrna boys, the only chance apparently for our boys was to go over to Canada and come back to Europe with the Canadians. I yielded to their appeal for at that time I was ignorant enough to believe the war might not last beyond three or four months. The two lads came with me on board the "River Delaware" and I put up their plea to Captain Bowler. Unfortunately he was not allowed to carry passengers; and even if he took them against regulations they would not be allowed to land in New York, as only 'ships hands' could go ashore from cargo boats. Was there no way around such a difficulty ? The Captain was kindly sympathetic, but for a time could suggest no remedy. Finally turning to me he said, "Look here, if you are willing to pay their board for the 28 or 30 days of the voyage I will sign them on as "ships hands"; and though we have no passenger accommodation I will see that they get some sort of a shakedown in the little saloon here." The boys agreed that would be 'perfectly fine'; and two or three days later they embarked with the licorice root cargo boat for the war in Europe, via New York and Canada, a distance of some twelve thousand miles. Arriving in New York on a Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth day after leaving Smyrna, they made their way to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, where at the close of the service, they met our dear good friend, Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy, who took them home with her to lunch. The same evening they left by train for Kingston, Canada, where they registered as students at Queen's University, Bruce as a fourth year student in Arts and Grant as a Freshman in Science. Both again volunteered for war service overseas and took the O.T.C. training, but went overseas as buck privates in the early spring, Bruce with the Queen's Hospital Unit to Egypt and Grant with replacements for the P.P.C.L.I. (Princess Pats) to the Western front. After a year's service in Egypt, where he fell in with officers of the British Army, Bruce was offered a commission, where his knowledge of languages, Greek, Turkish, and French, would be of great service as a King's Messenger between Egypt and Greece. As his post with the Queen's Hospital Unit as bugler and postman did not call for any special language requirements, he had no hesitation in accepting the higher and much more responsible post in the Imperial Army Service. The duty to which he was assigned was under the direction of the Foreign Offices, Eastern Mediterranean Special Intelligence Bureau or E.M.S.I.B.

After five months of thrilling experience in this semi-secret service post, travelling in civies by any and every kind of transportation available, from naval ships to tramp steamers and sailing boats between Egypt and Greece, he was appointed to the post of Port Control at Piraeus the seaport of Athens.

Grant's service with the "Princess Pats" covered a period of sixteen months, much of which was spent in the Ypres Salient under the most stressful war conditions experienced by that regiment. He was a machine gunner and prouder of his first stripe as a lance corporal than of the Officer's Commission that came to him later from the British War Office. While he was still in charge of his machine gun in the trenches he received a message from the war office in London to the effect that they were informed he had practical knowledge of Greek and French, in which case they proposed he accept a commission and go out to the Macedonian front to serve with the Intelligence Corps under General Milne. If he had the languages indicated and could be released by his C.O. and was himself agreeable to the transfer to the British Army Service, he should report to so and so at the war office in London at his earliest convenience.

So it came about that both boys were transferred to service with the British Army for which they had originally volunteered in Smyrna. About eight months after his arrival in Macedonia he was loaned to Port Control in Greece and her islands which had been taken over by the British and French naval and military forces respectively. Of the fourteen British officers selected for this job were the two brothers, Bruce from Egypt and Grant from his post in Macedonia. Thus they met in Athens and for a time served together on port control in the Piraeus, the seaport of Athens, Grant later serving in control of the ports in the Island of Crete.

When Greece went over wholly to the side of the Western Allies in the war, thus disposing of any further necessity for control of Greek ports, which previous to control had been used as bases of supply for German submarines in the Eastern Mediterranean, Grant was transferred back to Intelligence on the Eastern or Bulgarian front under General Milne, where he remained until the colapse of that front near the end of October, 1918, which was the prelude to the Armistice of Mudros and the submission of Turkey. Bruce continued to serve in Greece with the Foreign Office E.M.S.I.B. until called to Constantinople after the Armistice where he also served with the Army of Occupation until January 1921, six and one half years after volunteering in Smyrna in 1914. Grant came to Constantinople with General Milne's Army of Occupation where he served in the Intelligence Corps until June 1919, nearly five years after he had volunteered in Smyrna. It was while he was with the Army of Occupation in Constantinople that Bruce was one of the British officers sent into the interior of Turkey to insure disarmament under the Mudros Armistice, and later was British Liaison Officer with the Archipelago Division of the Greek Army in its Asia Minor campaign. When Grant was demobilized in the summer of 1919 he returned to Canada to resume his science course at Queen's, graduating in that Department with the class of 1922. Both boys completed their military overseas service with various decorations from foreign governments. Both were mentioned in despatches; each was awarded the Order of the Redeemer; Captain Bruce received the Greek Military Cross, and also the Order of the White Eagle with crossed swords from the Serbian Govt for his services to King Peter on his arrival as a refugee with his defeated army in the Harbor of Piraeus, and later under similar circumstances for his services to the Crown Prince, Alexander, afterwards King Alexander, who was assassinated in Marseilles in 1935. Both boys in addition to the above have the following British medals: Both the 1914-15 -Interallied Service Medals and Victory Medals. (Order of the Redeemer by the Government of Greece).

We were cut off from all communication with them after Turkey entered the war on the side of the Central Powers in November 1914. When nearly a year and a half had passed without any message from either, we succeeded in getting an inquiry through to the war office in London, via the local Swedish Consulate and Constantinople Embassy. Nearly six months elapsed before a reply was received indicating, "M. B. MacLachlan, No.- - - Canadian Expeditionary Force Field Hospital Unit Egypt. Last report well. A. G. MacLachlan No. 11123 Canadian Exp. Force P.P.C.L.I. Western Front. Last report, well." That was great news for us though it was very meagre. About the same time however came a Swiss postal card with a strange handwriting on the address

side, but with homely messages on the news side clearly in Grant's handwriting with his signature but no place or date, and bearing the Lausanne postmark (Switzerland being a neutral country). Among other trivialities about his "new job and splendid boss" etc. he was well and happy - and "if you want to know where I am look at my bike." Thus we were able to locate him at a place near Ypres where his bike was made. Three or four such cards came within as many months, affording us great relief so far as Grant was concerned, but with no similar assurances from Bruce.

Chancing to meet two of my old boys one day in the city who were friends of Grant while in College and who were then in Turkish Military Service with the Censor's Department, they greeted me to say, "We are glad you have good news from Grant, but if any more p.c.'s come we will be afraid to pass them in case we may be discovered and get into trouble "

Not until Grant came back after the war did we learn the mystery of the postal cards. He had learned in some way that my friend, Rev. Dr. William Chambers, a Canadian Missionary in Turkey, was then living in Lausanne. He was able to get Swiss postal cards in Belgium and so wrote his messages on them, and signing them addressed the envelope to Dr. Chambers as an "American Missionary" care U.S. Consulate, Lausanne, Switzerland. Dr. Chambers realizing "Grant" meant our son, addressed the cards to me at Smyrna.

A FURTHER STATEMENT OF SOME OF THE IMMEDIATE CONSEQUENCES OF THE LANDING OF THE GREEK ARMY AT SMYRNA ON MAY 15TH, 1919

That evening I was asked by the senior representative of one of the great Western powers at that time in Smyrna harbor to prepare for him a "Statement of an Eyewitness" of what had taken place on shore that day for transmission to his government the following morning. That statement is on the official fyles of at least two of the great Western Powers. What is written here amplifies and continues that statement from the following morning and covers only a brief period .

Torrential rains had caused landslides on both the Caravan Bridge high road and the St. Anne's Valley road into the city, and I was compelled to use the rocky but more direct road into Smyrna via Eshref Pasha and the Turkish quarter. As I drove into the city that morning about 9:30 with the College car carrying a small U.S. flag in front, I found progress difficult at some points. Crowds of Turkish women and old men in terror for what had been happening the previous afternoon and during the night blocked our progress and implored some assurance from me of protection. Many of the old men had resorted to the device of pinning on their breasts paper Greek flags made with blue pencils. I assured them the whole situation had quieted down and that they could return to their homes without fear of further violence. The men were all bareheaded, as the Turkish red fez had marked them as the objects for violence during the shambles of the past day and night.

My first errand in the city that morning took me to the large Turkish Community Hospital which some time previously had been handed over to our American Near East Relief in Smyrna for use by our Hospital Unit. The killing had started only a short distance from the Hospital and I knew that our ambulance corps had been wholly occupied gathering the dead and wounded and bringing them to our Hospital and Morgue.

I found the emergency ward of our Hospital filled to overflowing with the wounded. On entering the large building, at the end of the short street as you pass in front of the hospital, which we were temporarily using as a morgue, I was confronted with a most gruesome spectacle. I had observed a long queue of Turkish women extending some distance into the street and on inquiry learned that from about eight o'clock that morning they had been passing through the rows of dead bodies in our morgue identifying their dead and having them removed to their homes. It was indeed a trying experience to stand there and watch this procession of grief-stricken women in search of the bodies of their missing ones. Our Hospital helpers who were in charge could give me no idea of the number of bodies removed during the previous two hours. The bodies were all naked and the wounds in most cases were from bullets, with only here and there a knife wound. In the single row of bodies that remained when I came on the scene there were forty-three. Some were identified and removed while I watched, - one the body of a young lad, a Jew, whose fair-haired mother cried out, "There's my boy". Most of these in the queue during my brief stay failed to find the objects of their search. It was not, however, until I turned my back on this sad spectacle as I was about to leave the morgue that my eye fell on a still more gruesome sight, for in a corner of the room there were piled up promiscuously portions of bodies, arms, heads, legs, feet, etc., etc.

WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO SOME OF OUR TURKISH FRIENDS

Concern for some of our Turkish friends claimed my next attention. A prominent Turkish family living in Geoztepe in the southern part of the city had long been in close association with the American educational institutions in Smyrna. I had already learned that looting and violence had been the fate of many of the wealthier Turkish homes in the suburbs along the south shore and as we drove along the tramway line I was stopped and greeted by bareheaded Turkish friends whose homes had thus been plundered. Arrived at the home of our special friends it was some time before my continued knocking on the iron entrance door received any response. Finally a servant opened a small slit for observation and at once reported my presence in the street. My call was a great relief after a night of terror and fear. I was indeed relieved to find all members of the family present and to learn that their

home had not been looted. How had they escaped the fate of so many other Turkish homes in that area ? Solely through the protection of the Greek family next door, who time and again during the night prevented the mob of looters from entering their home.

This is perhaps the right place to state that all the better class of Greeks in Smyrna not only had neither part nor lot in the tragic consequences of the Greek occupation, but also deeply resented and regretted the onus thus put on their community. It is doubtless also true that there were many similar cases where Greeks put restraint on those actively engaged in mob violence.

While it is true that those demanding and forcing entry to Turkish homes were Greek military uniforms and with the pretext that they were searching for arms, there is good reason to believe the report circulated at the time that many of those in uniforms were not soldiers but Greeks of the baser sort in Smyrna who had managed to secure uniforms in order to take advantage of the situation to enrich themselves from the homes of wealthy Turks.

Before leaving the home in Geoztepe I offered to be of any service I could. Would I be willing to take charge of valuable jewels and a considerable sum of money in gold ? I assured them any valuables or money would have all the security afforded by the big Near East Relief safe placed at my disposal in the U.S. Consulate. The older son, a former brilliant student and graduate of the College, had important errands in the city but hesitated to appear in the streets. I guaranteed him safe conduct for his errands and return to his home. We took with us the family jewels and gold and deposited them in the safe-keeping of the U.S. Consulate, where they remained for some considerable time

THE SEA GIVES UP ITS DEAD

Some of our Hospital staff had reported to me that the bodies of many of those killed on the Quay were stripped and thrown into the sea. I had ample confirmation of this, for some days following the occupation, as my only road into the city lay through the Turkish quarter and along the quay from in front of the Konak to the U.S. Consulate. Every morning these naked bodies were strewn here and there along the water front awaiting burial, and my attention was called to others washed up on the south shore along towards Karatash.

A TURKISH APPEAL FOR HELP

Three or four days after the landing of the Greek Army some Turks appealed to me for the use of our large Hospital ambulance for the purpose of gathering from some centres bodies that had remained unclaimed and of course unburied. One of these numbering fifteen bodies was at the northern end of the city near or in, the railway yards, the victims being for the most part railway porters from the interior. Another considerably larger lot were in a small ravine between Karatash and the Eshref Pasha quarter of the city on the south side, together with smaller groups in other places. The Hospital chauffeur took charge of the truck ambulance in carrying out this humanitarian service for the Turkish community.

Victims of that day and night of terror in Smyrna were not limited exclusively to Turks. Many Armenians and Jews wore the red Turkish fez for a head covering, and as this was supposed to be the distinguishing label for Turks only, some of these other races fell victims by mistake. The case of the body of a Jewish lad in our morgue at the hospital, previously referred to, is an example of this. I chanced to learn that the father of one of our Armenian students had been killed. He owned one of the quarries from which I had purchased stone during our building operations and I therefore had known him personally. On questioning the son I learned that it was two or three days before they discovered the body in the garden quadrangle of the large Greek Community Hospital in the centre of the Greek quarter. He explained that in following up clues they learned that his father, who always wore a fez, was sitting in one of the big cafes opposite the konak (Governor's Palace) where he frequently spent

his time when not busy in his quarry. He was evidently in this big Turkish coffee shop only a few yards distant from the Barracks when the killing began there. This popular gathering place was usually well filled, mostly with Turks, at this hour in the morning. Many were killed there and the bodies that had not been claimed that afternoon had been taken to the morgue and garden at the Greek Hospital. According to this young man, there were hundreds of bodies there and among them they discovered in the garden the body of his father. There were doubtless many similar cases where persons who wore the Turkish red fez but were not Turks were victims of Greek violence on that occasion.

In my "Statement of an Eyewitness" dictated on the evening of the landing, at the request of the representative of one of the Great Powers, I gave as my estimate of the number of Turks killed five hundred, as I now recall. Had that statement been written a week later I would have given as my estimate of the number killed 800 to 1000.

The Turks claim 3,000 of their people were killed in the city and its immediate environs within the twenty-four hours following the landing of the Greek army. That figure was based on the number of bodies found and missing at the end of that period. I have reason however, to believe that many of the "missing" had fled into hiding in the surrounding hills and were afterwards accounted for.

Looting in the Turkish quarter, however, continued sporadically for some considerable time. On the day I left Smyrna two weeks after the landing my attention was called to a serious case of looting by persons claiming to be agents of the new Government - a claim, I am satisfied, open to serious doubt.

SOME OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES DURING THE PERIOD OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE

This period covered roughly about a decade at the close of the last and the beginning of this century. Let me say at the outset that nothing I may put down here should be interpreted as an attempt to excuse or condone the sufferings of the Armenian people during this terrible ordeal. There are, however, some important facts connected with the massacres that need to be recorded for the information of Western Christendom. These considerations should afford some intelligent explanation of the massacres without in any way justifying them.

In the first place they were carried out under the regime of Sultan Abdul Hamid II, one of the worst of the world's reactionary despots, who made Turkey and her government a byword among civilized nations. So intolerable and unworthy had become his government that his own people, the Turks, arose in revolt against him in 1908, overthrew his authority, and a year later in 1909 expelled him bag and baggage from Constantinople. All the better class of Turkish people bitterly condemned not only his general political administration; they also condemned his Armenian massacres.

The general impression that got abroad in the world regarding the Armenian massacres was that they were essentially anti-Christian and due to Moslem bigotry and hatred of Christians. While it is true instances can be cited in different places where Armenians changed their religion and thus escaped death at the hands of the mob who were carrying out the will of the Sultan, it would be a great mistake to regard the massacres as the outgrowth of religious hate and persecution.

While various factors may be cited as contributing causes of the Armenian massacres, the most important and directly dominating cause was the existence and activities of the Armenian Revolutionary organizations. It will not, I believe, be denied that there were no Armenian massacres until after these Revolutionary organizations came into being. I am far, however from claiming that the activities of these organizations justified the massacres. Indeed I have always insisted they did not justify them, though they may in a measure explain them.

Before the Armenian revolutionary spirit became active in the late eighties and early nineties, Turks often referred to this subject race as the

"faithful Armenians". They are a clever race of people - shrewdly aggressive along commercial lines, and usually, in Turkey, to the disadvantage of their Turkish overlords in business competition. Much of the trade of the country was in their hands and there were many wealthy Armenians. Foreign commercial firms in Turkey, however, greatly preferred to carry on their business relations with Turks, for reasons which were not creditable to their Armenian competitors.

American missionary enterprise in Turkey was carried on for many years almost exclusively among and on behalf of the Armenians. At one time in the various schools sponsored by the American Board there was reported to be 35,000 pupils, mostly Armenians.

WHY THE ARMENIAN REVOLUTIONARY ORGANIZATIONS ?

As education spread generally among the Christian subject races, especially in the last half of the nineteenth century, and the younger generation came to realize the limitations and restrictions of living under such unjust reactionary governmental conditions, the desire for deliverance from these restrictions and the demand for a larger liberty were natural consequences. Much the same reasons were the inspiration for the Young Turk Revolutionary movement that came to a successful issue in 1908. Let me say here that my information regarding the aims and methods of these organizations is entirely from Armenian sources.

The objective of the Armenian Revolutionary organizations was an independent Armenia, originally a Kingdom and later a Republic, carved out from Turkish territory in Asia Minor. There were two rival organizations, - The Hunchagists and The Tashnagists,- both with the same objective but differing widely in the methods to be used in attaining it. Each believed the co-operation of one or other of the European great powers could be secured in attaining the main objective of an independent autonomous Armenia. They had their headquarters in Europe, a fact which unfortunately led many Turks to believe they constituted a real menace to the security of their country. The Armenian population was scattered throughout Asia Minor, some towns and areas being predominantly of that race. In these places, and especially in many of the cities there were large Armenian communities. In Smyrna, for example, which at that period was predominantly Greek, there was an Armenian population of twenty-five thousand, and in many of these centres there was a secret revolutionary group composed mainly of young men. One of these organizations was opposed to the use of violence in the attainment of its objective, the other advocated violence, even to the extent of inciting Turks to massacre their own people as the only sure means of bringing the so-called Christian European powers to afford them deliverance and establish them as an independent state under European protection. Unfortunately certain European states were in rivalry as to their rights and privileges as the sole guardians of the Christian subject races in Turkey. I will offer no judgement as to the nature of the motives of these claims further than to observe the open rivalry of these same European states for the lion's share of Turkey's territory just as soon as the long-awaited and hoped-for disintegration of the Empire left her at their mercy. The knowledge of this fact probably afforded the Armenian revolutionaries some ground for hope of active intervention on their behalf. A better understanding of these rivalries and the cunning diplomacy of Sultan Hamid the Second would have made it clear that the selfish interests of these European states would never permit any one of them to run the risk of sacrificing these larger interests by any attempt to lend military support to the Armenians in their independent political ambitions. It was perfectly clear to intelligent people in close contact with the situation that the existence and activities of these revolutionary organizations could only result in severe repercussions on the Armenian people. It was the fixed policy of the American missionaries throughout Turkey to warn their Armenian Evangelical communities to have nothing whatever to do with either the Hunchagists or the Tachnagists, and they wisely benefitted by this advice.

The existence of these organizations soon became known to the Turkish authorities and as their secret centres were disclosed, with in some

cases accumulation of arms, bombs, etc.,the discovery when reported to the Sultan afforded him a pretext for severe reprisals on the local Armenian community. He could be quite sure of a rabble element under these conditions being ready to carry out what they knew to be his wishes, especially when they would thus become the inheritors of the goods and chattels of the slaughtered Armenian enemies of their Padisha. One of the worst features of these massacres was the fact that too often it was the innocent members of the Armenian community who thus suffered, while those active in the revolutionary propaganda, their leaders and instigators, escaped the edge of the sword.

SEIZURE OF THE IMPERIAL OTTOMAN BANK IN CONSTANTINOPLE

When it became clear to the revolutionary leaders that no one of their rival guardian European Powers could be persuaded to actively support their cause militarily on humanitarian grounds, they resorted to what they believed would force intervention on their behalf. What humanitarian arguments could not accomplish, economic and financial interests would secure ! The plan was another of the criminal follies of the revolutionary leaders that was not only doomed to failure but also to reveal to the representatives of these powers in the National Capital how impossible it would be to co-operate with such a short-sighted group of revolutionaries even if they were disposed to espouse their cause.

They would seize the headquarters of the Imperial Ottoman Bank in Constantinople , fundamentally a Franko-British financial institution, and hold it as a ransom until the governments of these European countries pledged the revolutionaries an independent Armenian State in Turkey. The plan would also in their view so completely paralyse Turkish trade and commerce as to persuade the Turkish Government to grant the requests of the British and French Embassies. This foolhardy enterprise was actually put into execution.

A group of some fifteen men, mostly hamals (porters) from the interior, fired by the prospect of becoming national heroes and liberators of their subjugated race, under the leadership of two revolutionaries, seized the Bank. As a preliminary step they carried concealed into the bank a large supply of bombs, passing in and out by the main entrance past the armed Turkish guards, there being nothing in their appearance to arouse suspicion. When sufficient bombs and firearms were accumulated in the Bank, at a prearranged signal the armed guards were shot down and the bank seized. Other accomplices made known to the British and French Embassies their conditions of surrender, the alternative being the entire destruction of the bank and its treasures. Following the seizure, Turkish troops were rushed to the scene demanding immediate surrender, and in response there came hurtling from the upper windows a number of bombs on the closely assembled soldiers, killing many and wounding many more. As the situation became known panic spread throughout the city. As negotiations between the embassies and the bandits and between the government and the embassies dragged on without any prospect of the seizure accomplishing its purpose, it soon became a question of how to save the lives of the bandits without harm to the bank property. My impression is the negotiations lasted some two or three days. In the end the government agreed to the permanent banishment of the revolutionaries in possession of the bank. The French Government agreed to domicile them in Southern France and the two embassies with the aid of their "Stationaire" guards undertook to guarantee them safe conduct from the bank to the French Messageries steamer then in the harbor - the Turkish authorities concurring. When this steamer called at Smyrna, where it remained a good portion of a day, en route to Marseilles, I went on board in the hope of seeing and perhaps speaking with these brave but deluded Armenian revolutionaries. I found them congregated on the forward deck and as they were all Turkish speaking I had no difficulty in engaging them in conversation regarding their unfortunate exploit. I spent about an hour with them and got their side of the story in all its thrilling though painful, details. They pointed out their two leaders, who, however, did not seem to relish my intimate relations with their group of hamals, all still dressed in the usual porter's attire, while they were both dressed in European clothes, and gave the impression of being persons of some education. They did not join in our informal conference.

THE BURNING OF SMYRNA

The British Courts having decided that the burning of the city in which British Insurance Companies were deeply involved was an "act of war" or its equivalent, which released these companies from all liability, the question of responsibility for the fire may now be regarded as purely academical. In view however, of the fact that reports of the fire, prevalent at the time, ascribed the burning of the city to the Turks, and that evidence believed to support this claim was presented when the case was before the British courts in London, I propose briefly to review the salient facts in the situation which in my view places the responsibility for the great disaster, so far as human agency was concerned entirely upon other shoulders. (Let me say here parenthetically that during the greater part of the fire I was not actually in the city. The fire started about 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon September 13, 1922. and I was not in the city until about 11 a.m. Friday, by which time the fire was pretty completely under control. During this period I was hors de combat and could only watch from my bed at a distance of perhaps a mile and a half, as the crow flies, the smoke and glare from the burning city as they rose from behind the rocky ridge that lies between the College and Smyrna. I was however, constantly receiving news of the progress of the fire from students and members of the staff returning from the city.)

First of all let me refer to the report reaching the outside world at the time, to the effect that the Turks had burned the city. Even if there were no evidence to the contrary, is it conceivable that the Turks would wish to destroy the Commercial Metropolis of their country which had been forcibly wrested from their possession nearly three and a half years previously under such tragic circumstances, and for the repossession of which they had fought throughout those years and made such great sacrifices, now that it was again securely in their possession ? Nearly four days had passed since the Greek army in great confusion and demoralization had been driven out of their country, and there was no possible danger of the enemy attempting to recapture it.

The greatest calamity that could happen to Turkey and her people in this their hour of triumph and rejoicing over the recapture of Smyrna was to see the prize for which they had made such supreme sacrifice go up in flames. Having said this, it is only fair to add that there is one respect in which it may be fair to say that the Turks, being in possession of the City at the time of the fire were responsible for permitting it to be burned. More than four full days had passed since Capt. Thessiger representing the Allied Powers, had formally notified the leader of the Turkish army, as it entered the city on Saturday morning at 11 o'clock, that the Greek civil authorities had abandoned the city two days previously; and on behalf of the Allies he had handed it over to the Turks. The battle at Paradise on Sunday afternoon and other sinister causes had, however, seriously delayed the reorganization of the city and that of the Fire Department under efficient control; thus making it possible for evil disposed persons or groups who wished to create difficulties for the Turks, to carry into effect their nefarious designs. There is no shred of evidence to implicate either the Greek populace or the Greek army in the burning of the city. No part of the Greek army had been in the city for three or four days before the fire started and it was the Greek quarter of the city that suffered most seriously by the fire. Nor is there any evidence or suspicion attaching to the Armenian Community, as such, for being in any way responsible for the disaster. Indeed the visit of the two Armenian gentlemen to General Noureddin Pasha, shortly after the reoccupation of the city on Saturday the 9th September, and the important information they conveyed to him regarding the existence of a desperate revolutionary group, fully exonerated the Armenian Community, as they clearly intended it should, from any complicity in the calamaties that overtook the Turkish patrols and the city during the

next few days.

It is however in the disclosures made to General Noureddin Pasha by these two Armenian gentlemen that we are to discover the clue to the guilty perpetrators of the crime that brought financial ruin and great human suffering upon tens of thousands of the population of Smyrna. These miscreants had the advantage of a high wind that was blowing during the early hours of the fire to assist them in their diabolical purpose, and what was lacking they supplied by artificial means, designed to transfer their guilt to that of the Turkish soldiery. I understand evidence was presented during the court hearing of the case in London that seemed to prove beyond question the guilt of Turkish soldiers. This evidence I understand, was presented in good faith by persons whose testimony is entirely trustworthy and who saw persons in Turkish military uniform using petroleum and other inflammable material to spread the fire. There seems, however. to be convincing evidence that the persons wearing these uniforms were members of the revolutionary group reported to Noureddin Pasha by the two Armenian gentlemen already referred to above. and on page fourteen . The military uniforms worn by them were those taken from the bodies of the Turkish patrols they had destroyed with bombs on the Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday following the occupation. During the fire one of my friends on the quay observed what appeared to be a Turkish soldier trying to set fire to the passport and customs offices on the landing stage and called the attention of the police to what was happening. The culprit was seized and turned out to be one of this Armenian revolutionary group in Turkish uniform. Some weeks afterwards an Armenian graduate of one of our Near East Colleges, and a man of high standing and business reputation came to see me in Greece. I had known him intimately for many years as the managing head of a large business firm and owning a beautiful home, elegantly furnished. He had lost his home and was completely impoverished. In answer to my inquiry regarding his family came his response, "Thank God I have my wife and children, but we have nothing but what we are wearing, and to think that it has all come about through those d---d revolutionaries". I said. "Of course you mean the Turks", and very deliberately came his reply "No. I dont mean the Turks, I mean those d---d Armenian revolutionaries who burned the city."

Further evidence. if it were needed, to establish the complicity of this revolutionary group, is provided by the vigorous measures taken by the Turkish authorities through Armenian channels to discover and seize the perpetrators of the crime. An evidence of this came to me shortly afterwards in Greece. Our former Armenian College cook Ohannes Manoushagian was the Mukhtar (a kind of official liaison) of the municipality in the quarter where the fire started. His report to me of the severe measures taken by the police authorities to compel him to confess to them who the Armenian culprits were who started the fire in his mahal. His firm insistence of his entire ignorance as to the real culprits saved him on two or three occasions when he was taken from prison before a firing squad. Other Armenians in the neighborhood where the fire started shared a similar fate, and evidence of their experiences confirms the Turkish view that the bombing of their patrols and the burning of the city originated with the same revolutionary group reported to the Military Governor a couple of hours after the re-occupation of the city as recorded on page 14 of these notes. While there is evidence that a considerable number of these were seized and summarily disposed of, it is also clear that many of them escaped such a deserved fate.

Every possible effort was made by the Turks to prevent the spread of the fire and to control it. When I was brought into the city on Friday forenoon the fire was pretty completely under control; but the fire brigade was still fully engaged, and as we passed along the quay our car passed over a number of their hose drawing water from the sea.

OUR PIONEER ANCESTRY

As these sketches are written primarily for my children and at their request, it is a part of my desire that they be informed of our immediate family background at least from the time of its transplanting from the old world to Canadian soil.

On my father's side the MacLachlans came over from Scotland in 1821 from the Brig O'Johnstone near Glasgow. The family consisted of Grandfather Daniel MacLachlan, his wife, Mary MacDonald of the MacDonalds of Skye with their family of five children, including Malcolm, my father, then seven years of age. They crossed in the sailing ship "Young Norval" and made the journey to Quebec in six weeks and four days. The ship had a full complement of Scotch pioneers, all bent on making new homes for themselves in the back woods of Canada. There were two other families from the same parish, Kirkwoods and Patullos. all three planning to maintain their neighborly relations in the new land of their adoption. Grandfather was taken ill on the passage across and had to be left behind in Quebec in hospital for some weeks. Grandmother and her five bairns pressed on west with the Kirkwoods and Patullos to "Muddy York" on the northern shore of Lake Ontario where the City of Toronto now stands. There. a study of localities suitable for farming revealed a Township called "Caledon" in the County of Peel, some thirty-five miles north west of the hamlet of Muddy York. Caledon was of course called after their native Caledonia and the name of the Township fixed their choice of a locality in which to plant their new homes. There were as yet no roads and with their meager equipment they set out following "the blaze" as their only guide through the primeval forest to Caledon. There they settled in close proximity on what was to become their homesteads in the western portion of the Township. - the MacLachlans midway between the Kirkwoods and Patullos.

The first clearances on their farms were made by these pioneer families who also built their own log house homes, leaving openings for a door and windows. Boards, hinges and glass were not available and so slabs were split from trees; and a "lean-to" of these coarse slabs was the only means of closing the openings left for doors and windows. As all food supplies apart from the wild game available, had to be carried from Muddy York for a good portion of the first year, the hardships endured by these early pioneers should make their descendants proud of such an ancestry. The rich soil, however, was soon producing potatoes, corn and other grain, making them less dependent on supplies from the lake front.

The most important physical qualification for meeting and overcoming the primitive requirements of homesteading in Canada at that time was the ability to swing an axe effectively; and by the time my father had reached the age of fourteen years he had won a reputation in the neighborhood as an expert axeman, a distinction which he maintained throughout later years. By the time he had reached the age of fourteen he began pioneering on his own account by taking up a farm on the Erin side of the townline between Peel and Wellington counties.

A log building on the farm opposite grandfather's provided the original church and schoolhouse for the neighborhood, and in 1837 a plot of about two acres was set aside on the MacLachlan homestead for a Kirkyard. In the same year Daniel MacMillan, later the founder of Erin village, who married my father's sister Mary, built the stout frame church which still stands in the old Kirkyard and known as the Caledon White Church, or Melville Church. The building gives promise of affording sanctuary for worshipers in the neighborhood for another century, while the Kirkyard which holds the mortal dust of these worthy early pioneers is one of the most beautiful country churchyards in all the area. Quite recently (summer of 1937) I was present and shared in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the opening of this church.

On my mother's side the MacDonalds came over to Canada from Lagan Bridge, Inverness Scotland some twenty years after the MacLachlans and when pioneering conditions in our home area were considerably less primitive and strenuous. The family consisted of grandfather Duncan MacDonald of the Glencoe branch of the clan, and his wife Katherine MacDonald of the Clan Ranald, or Lord of the Isles branch of the tribe MacDonald; with their then family of four daughters of whom the eldest Christina (Kirsty) then twelve years of age was later to become mother of our family of seven sons and one daughter who died in infancy. My father by an earlier marriage with Jane Kirkwood had five children, two daughters and three sons, and it is of interest to note that the youngest of the four daughters, Mary, two years of age when the MacDonald family came to Canada, later became the wife of David Kirkwood, brother of my father's first wife referred to above. So much for our family genealogy on both sides.

The real object of this sketch however is to indicate the pioneering spirit and experiences of our immediate ancestry. As a young lad my father made the first clearance on his original farm in the township of Erin, Wellington County. On that farm were born in both families his ten sons and three daughters, all of whom, with the exception of my sister who died in infancy, shared in the rigors of pioneering farmlife in Canada, though knowing little or nothing of the bitter hardships endured by our parents. When we grumbled, as we often did, of our hard lot and the limitations of farm life, father would remind us of some of his early experiences of which the following is a fair sample.

While there were yet no roads, he would carry a load of maple sugar on his back, in the early spring, to Muddy York on the lake front, spending a night at Howland's Mill near the end of his journey. On the following day, completing his journey and exchanging his load of maple sugar for groceries and other home necessities, he would return with his new load to again spend the night with the hospitable Howlands. Then on the third day he would complete his return journey home, making a total distance of more than seventy miles in three days and carrying a heavy load throughout the journey.

It was a new day and a great advance on the original pioneering experiences of our parents when oxen came on the scene as beasts of burden, as much of a luxury to these earlier settlers as a driving horse and top buggy was to the country youth of my generation, or a Rolls Royce would be to the modern farming youth today. By the time my pioneering experiences began oxen had for many years been hauling cart and wagon loads of farm produce to grist mill and market towns much nearer home than Toronto. These patient beasts of burden had been the earlier pioneers' chief reliance during the stages of logging, underbrushing, and the uprooting of stumps from the fields; for in my youthful pioneering stumps had all but entirely disappeared from cultivated fields. Oxen were still, however, used somewhat for plowing and one of the proudest days in my early farming experience at the age of thirteen was when I first held the handles of a goose neck plow drawn by a yoke of oxen in the lower five acre field on the Cunningham farm - a second hundred acre farm purchased by father in expectation that some at least of his ten sons would continue to follow in his footsteps. A third farm of a hundred acres was soon added in the same vain hope. This farm, the best of the three, was a mile north of our home farm and there was built on it, mostly in my youthful days, a large cheese factory, a temperance hall (father being a keen advocate of the temperance cause), a large stone barn, the stone schoolhouse where all our family got their early education, a stone smithy with an attached home for the smith's family. On the long stone slab that forms the lintel over the large doorway of the barn there is engraved in Gothic lettering by our school teacher of that day and generation, Alex. MacMillan, the following couplet:

When this barn is well filled all snug and secure
Be thankful to God and remember the poor.

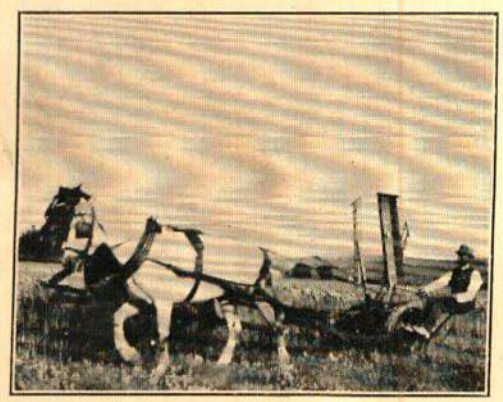
There also within a hundred yards of the old stone schoolhouse stood the home of the poet MacLachlan, my uncle, who in my earlier school days was called the "Burns of Canada". His courtings of the Muse of Poesy will, I am confident, be more generally known and appreciated than they are at the present time both in Canada and beyond it. In his "Idyls of the Pioneers" and other poems there is portrayed the spirit and heroism of our pioneer ancestry. Unfortunately copies of the last and most select edition of his poetical works, published by William Briggs, Wesley House, Toronto, 1900 are very difficult to find.

I do not wish to give the impression that early or later pioneer farming in Canada was all hardship and drudgery for there were what we then regarded as very real compensations and a great variety of experiences that kept life from becoming dull.

The thrill I got from seeing a railway train, for example, made me glad of the chance on winter Saturday holidays while at school to drive to Georgetown, our nearest point on the Grand Trunk railway, some ten miles distant, on top of a cord of stovewood, even in zero weather, sell the cord of wood for four dollars and then wait there long enough to see a railway train pass. This was more than ample compensation for such an experience, and I was also allowed as an extra reward, the privilege of spending ten or even fifteen cents from the four dollars I received for the cord of wood to buy food and other refreshments for myself.

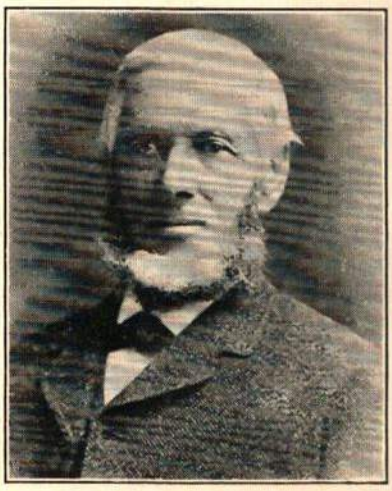
But apart from the great variety of farm work due to the seasons, the introduction of imported thoroughbred stock the first mowing and reaping machines, et cetera, there were also many experiences in my youthful days that kept farm life from becoming dull and monotonous and which were shared by the youth of the entire community. Among these was the weekly meeting of the Temperance lodge, the singing class, an occasional apple paring bee, or a "surprise party", and the Great Annual Day of Days, "Erin Fair" which for most of us was eagerly anticipated throughout the year.

Was it, I wonder, these early experiences in pioneer farming in Canada that were responsible for what I understand the scientists call a "Reversion to Type", when, more than half a century later I found myself enthusiastically absorbed in developing an Agricultural Department at International College, out in the Near East.



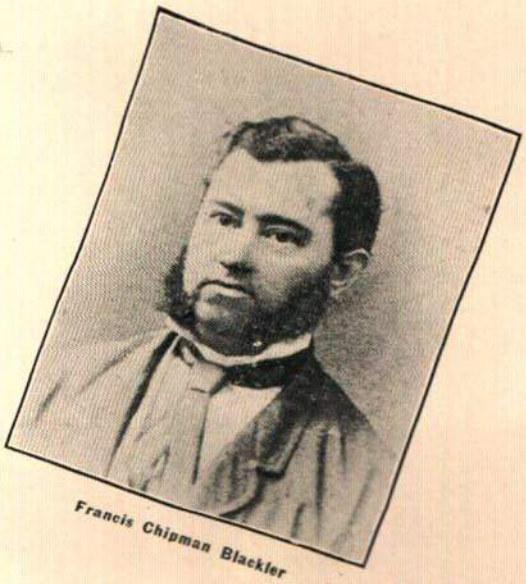
"REVERSION TO TYPE," after half a century.

Daniel MacLachlan



Malcolm MacLachlan

Christina MacDonald MacLachlan



Francis Chipman Blackler

Annie Boucher Routh Blackler

FAMILY REUNION DINNER AT KINGSTON, CHRISTMAS, 1935

Top Row: Arthur Lachlan Reed, Howard Alexander Reed, Ian MacLachlan.

Middle Row: Mrs. J. B. Spencer, Mrs. A. MacLachlan, Mrs. Ian Spencer MacLachlan, Mrs. Rosalind M. Reed, Mrs. Grant Snell MacLachlan, J. B. Spencer, Cass Arthur Reed, A. G. (Sandy) MacLachlan, Jr.

Front Row: Francis MacLachlan, A. MacLachlan, M. B. MacLachlan, Joan Anna Reed, A. G. MacLachlan.

Inset: (Left) Katherine Davis MacLachlan, (Right) Marian Rosalind MacLachlan.

NOTES ON THE GENESIS AND DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, SMYRNA, TURKEY

FOREWORD

The urge to put down in writing what is recorded in the following pages, came with the passing of our devoted friend and associate, Dr. James L. Barton, bringing as it did the realization that I alone survive of those who have been directly and continuously connected with International College since its beginning in 1891. Dr. Barton's association with it as a Secretary of the American Board, began only a very few years later. Another factor in this urge is the recent closing of an important chapter in the history of the College at Smyrna, Turkey, and the opening of what I trust will be a much longer and more significant chapter in its new field of service on the Campus of the American University of Beirut, Syria. It has seemed to me worth while to have in more convenient form than is provided in the file records of the past forty-six years, a brief record of the salient features of its genesis and development available for its new administration at Beirut and also for its ever changing Board of Trustees in America.

These notes have been written thousands of miles removed from either College or Board files, but will, I trust, be found in essential agreement with these official records.

Alexander MacLachlan

Balboa Island, off the
Coast of Southern California, U.S.A.
February, 1937.

NOTES ON THE GENESIS AND EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE, SMYRNA

A Personal Reference

Graduating at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1887, I left Canada for Tarsus, Asia Minor, in the autumn of that year, under appointment of a New York Corporation to establish there a Christian Training School, as a memorial to the Apostle Paul at his birthplace. Associated with me in that service was Rev. Harutune Jenanian, an Armenian who also was a member of the Class of '87 at Union Seminary. In 1890, finding it impossible to continue in association with my Armenian Colleague, I resigned my post with the intention of returning to New York.

At this point another classmate at Union, Rev. J. P. MacNaughton, an American Board Missionary at Smyrna, Turkey, who had heard of my plans to return to America, wrote me that he and his missionary associates there were endeavoring to persuade the Western Turkey Mission and the American Board of the importance of establishing at Smyrna a school that would afford educational facilities for the youth of Western Asia Minor and Greek areas, similar to those provided by American schools in other parts of the then Turkish Empire. And he further suggested that if I were willing to head up such a project, it would, in his view, greatly strengthen their appeal to the Mission, and also to the American Board to sponsor and finance the school.

I had by this time acquired some freedom in the use of the Turkish language and as the work would be educational, along the same lines that I had expected to follow at Tarsus, I replied to my friend's appeal, that if the American Board would undertake to adequately finance such a school and wished me to establish and take charge of it, I would be prepared to cancel my plan to return to America. When this was reported by my friends in Smyrna to the American Board, I received a communication from one of the secretaries expressing the hope that it might be possible to have the school project approved, and suggesting that in the meantime I accept missionary appointment under the Board, and await official approval of the plan by the Western Turkey Mission at the approaching Annual Meeting, after which it could be brought regularly before the Board for official consideration and action. It was not, however, until the summer of 1891 that final decision in favor of the project was taken by the Prudential Committee of the American Board in Boston, and in September of that year Mrs. MacLachlan and I arrived in Smyrna to establish the school which was to be our life work for the following thirty-five years.

Our Arrival in Smyrna

We were somewhat disappointed to learn, after our arrival in Smyrna, that the sum of One Thousand Dollars, "special appropriation" of the Board to establish the school and finance it during the first year, would not be available until January 1892. It was indicated, however, that this limited grant would be increased from year to year as the school developed. As it was important the school should open that autumn when the other city schools reopened, and as the building occupied by the Bartletts as their home, and in which their daughter, Miss Bartlett , had been carrying on Kindergarten work and training, and which had also been occupied by the Boys' School sponsored by Mrs. Bartlett. was available as a rental for the new school, it was decided to announce the opening with as little delay as possible.

The First American Boys' School in Smyrna Sponsored by the American Board

A brief word on this point is necessary to clear up a misapprehension based on the fact that the original Government permit for this school issued in 1891 indicates that the school was opened in 1879. This new Government order issued in 1891 required all private schools to have official authority. Faced with this requirement, it was realized serious difficulties would probably be encountered in obtaining an official permit. In earlier years private schools sponsored by missionaries of the Board in Smyrna and known as American Schools had functioned for longer or shorter periods. One of these functioned in 1879 and we felt justified in taking advantage of this fact to facilitate the obtaining of our official permit, especially as that school or its successor had been functioning the previous year. None of these earlier schools, of which there had been at least three, was sponsored or financed by the American Board.

A Personal Tribute to a Godly Woman

While it may not be fairly claimed that these earlier schools enhanced the value and importance of American Educational methods in this community, the local administration of the new school has always regarded its progress and prosperity as due in a considerable measure to the prayers of a Godly woman of great faith and clear vision, Mrs. Lyman Bartlett, who sponsored the last of those private schools. Her prayer vision was a Christian College in Smyrna. When we arrived there she was a great sufferer from a disease which shortly afterwards proved fatal, but she saw in our coming, as she expressed it, the beginning and the promise of an answer to her prayers.

Many years later, as plans developed for our ever widening service on the new Paradise Campus, our local Board of Governors decided the preparatory building, then being planned for, be designated "Bartlett Hall" in memorial tribute to Cornelia Bartlett.

Planning for the Opening

Teachers, some material equipment, and publicity, were therefore immediate necessities. The limited equipment of Mrs. Bartlett's Boys' School was the private property of the Bartletts, and was available for the Kindergarten training classes of their daughter. The two Armenian young men who had been in charge of the earlier school were graduates of the Dythinia High School; and teachers of higher academic standing would now be necessary for the new school. For publicity, in addition to press notices, a small fly leaf was published announcing the opening of "The American Boys' School"; for distribution in the city and along the two railway lines reaching far into the interior. A few discarded pine desks used in the former school were available for immediate use and as our Thousand Dollar appropriation established a credit with the purchasing department of the Board in Boston. I at once ordered a supply of text books, modern school desks, and a few small maps.

The law forbidding Turks to enter foreign schools limited our prospective patrons to Armenians and Greeks, almost exclusively; and the first statement in our publicity fly leaf "This School is Christian but non-Sectarian", met with strong opposition from my missionary associates in Smyrna Station, who insisted that the designation "Protestant" should be used. My contention as to the folly of using a word that was an offense to those of the old Christian Communions who were our prospective patrons, especially as I was not in the least concerned whether any of our students ever became protestants; and that the designation "Christian" contained everything that I planned to do in the way of religious training finally won out, but not until I had made it clear that I was unwilling to proceed with the project, if it

was to be used as an instrument of propaganda among the old Armenian and Greek Christian Communities. This initial declaration was continued in all subsequent catalogs for many years.

I was less successful, however, in my second difference with my missionary associates. Tuition fees in the new school were to be much higher than in the earlier private schools, in which very few indeed paid even the full nominal tuition, and some paid no fees whatever, especially children of protestant parents. In view of our very meagre resources I proposed to insist on our new full rates from all applicants, and that there be no beneficiaries, unless special funds for that purpose were provided. My missionary associates insisted that any boys from the earlier private school applying for entrance be received under the old conditions. As the financial handicap would thus be temporary and the question involved no serious vital principle, I finally agreed. Those who so registered were only a small part of the full enrolment that first year and only one of these remained to graduate some five years later in our then somewhat more advanced course of study.

Budgeting for the first Year

My missionary associates, basing their views on the experience of the earlier private school, advised me, in working out my budget for the first year, that while I would probably obtain a somewhat larger income it would be unwise to reckon on more than forty-five Turkish Liras for that year, say, about $200.00. Our actual income from students reached a total of 250 Liras, say $1100.00.

The Special Grant of $1000.00 from the American Board is discontinued

The cut of 50% in appropriations to Field work in all missions under the American Board in 1893 seriously threatened the very existence of the half dozen outstations connected with the Smyrna Mission Station. It had been indicated that the Grant to the Boys' School, as a special appropriation, would not be subject to "cuts" in the general appropriations to field and missionary work. Here then was the opportunity for a generous gesture on the part of the Boys' School to Smyrna Station, and its outstation work. I therefore wrote to the Secretary of the Board in Boston that I would be willing to try to get on for the year 1893 with one half of our special appropriation if the remaining $500.00 were made available for Smyrna Station and its outstation field work. A letter of warm appreciation and acceptance of our generous offer came in due course. When, however, in the following year 1893. I was in urgent need of funds for current school expenses and applied to the station treasurer for the remaining half of the grant, I was advised that no credit had been forwarded by the Mission Treasurer at Constantinople; and it was suggested that I write advising him of the omission. He replied that he had not received any credit for the school from the Board Treasurer in Boston. It seemed clearly an oversight at headquarters so I forwarded the Mission Treasurer's letter to Boston as a reminder. In reply Mr. Langdon S. Ward, who was then Treasurer of the Board, wrote that in accordance with our agreement he had forwarded half of the special appropriation, $500.00 for the Boys' School at Smyrna and had himself "pinned" it to the regular appropriations to the Western Turkey Mission. This letter I now forwarded to the Mission Treasurer at Constantinople and requested that he forward the credit to the Smyrna Station Treasurer with as little delay as possible as I was in urgent need of the money. My chagrin may be imagined when his reply came restating his former claim that he had received no such appropriation and therefore could not forward it. For nearly six months I continued my appeals to the Boston office and to the Mission Treasurer at Constantinople but got no satisfaction. There was no higher Court of appeal and I finally realized that my attempt to be generous had effectively robbed the school of further appropriations from the American Board. A qualifying word to this last statement should be inserted here. A previous grant of approximately ninety Turkish Liras was

continued in the appropriations to Smyrna Station for "Rents". This sum was credited to the school for 1892. The reduction of 50% in such appropriations following that year reduced it to some forty odd Turkish liras, which for a brief period was credited to the school.

It is also fair to state here that twenty or more years later the College received an annual appropriation for some years from the Board's "Higher Educational Fund "

The School Nevertheless Survives this Early Calamity

The rapid development of the school in these opening years already necessitated a more extended course of study and a considerably larger staff with American and French instructors. The other Board Missionaries in Smyrna were fully occupied with their own missionary duties and could give no assistance. In these circumstances the loss of our only financial support outside the revenue from our students, especially as we had undertaken our task on the understanding that the original very limited appropriation would be increased with the growth of the school, brought us face to face with the almost impossible problem of a self-supportung mission school in the second year of its history. To stunt our growth at this point would mean stagnation and failure. We had no alternative but to allow the school to continue to develope on its merits, as it already had demonstrated its right to exist and a capacity for self-reliance.

The Demand for Increased Accommodation

The rented building was soon crowded to capacity, and there was no other available building in the city suited in any adequate measure to meet our needs. An institution that was affording such evidence of growth, strength, and continued usefulness should not be dependent on the uncertainties of a rental. especially when the owner is anxious to dispose of it to the first buyer who applies. Continued occupation of the building could only be assured by purchase, and I at once began to urge this necessity on the Board in Boston. The response was not encouraging, for the suggested course of procedure afforded no prospect of ultimate success. Here it is: - Communicate with the owner and get his lowest price; then secure the consent of Smyrna Mission Station to present the case for approval at the next Annual Meeting of the Western Turkey Mission. Approval by that body would in due course bring the matter before the Prudential Committee of the American Board for its consideration. I by no means felt assured that my appeal would secure the unanimous support of either Smyrna Station or the Western Turkey Mission; and even if it did I was well aware that many similar appeals and projects from other stations in the Mission that had received its hearty support and commendation years earlier were still on the waiting list in Boston with little or no hope of acceptance by the Prudential Committee. The suggested method of procedure was therefore clearly a blind alley.

I had however, already established friendly relations with the owner of the property, a wealthy Armenian, and had learned from Mr. Bartlett that he had on one occasion told him that if the American Board would buy the property he would sell it for 3000 Sterling; and in earlier letters to Boston I had quoted this as the probable figure at which it could be purchased. I had also on various occasions informally raised the question of a purchase price with the owner and had suggested, in view of the fact that up to this point our boys were almost entirely from his race and religion, that he ought to present the building to us. The best I could get from him on these occasions was, "Come to me when you really want to buy the property and you will be surprised at the price I will quote you."

It so happened that a few days after I received the letter referred to above he made me a morning call as he walked across the city from Caravan Bridge Railway Station to his place of business in the bazaars. Here was my chance to pin him down and discover his "surprisingly low figure" if I seriously proposed to purchase the property. I told him I had a letter from the Board specifically asking me to learn the lowest price at which he would sell. He replied quoting his earlier offer to Mr. Bartlett of 3000 Sterling

if the American Board wished to purchase it and then added, "I will make a gift to the school of 1000 Sterling if you will buy the property NOW. I thanked him for his generous offer and said I would at once report it to Boston. Immediately after his visit I began the preparation of a letter which became the means of securing the first home of International College and which continued to be the centre of our work for the next twenty years. By that evening my letter was almost ready for the direct post for America leaving the following day. It so happened we were entertaining at dinner that evening the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Alison of Aberdeen. Dr. Alison was Convener of the Committee of the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Jews. A serious situation had developed between the local head of this mission in Smyrna and the doctor in charge of their Smyrna Hospital. The doctor was a converted Jew who had taken the name of his Scotch benefactor. Relations between these missionaries had become so strained that the home mission authorities were convinced either the local head of the Mission or the doctor in charge of the hospital would have to be recalled; and the Convener of the Home Committee was sent out with plenary authority to study the situation, apportion the blame, and dismiss the chief offender.

At dinner table that evening our guests at once opened the question as to the progress and prospects of the school; and I told them of my encouraging experience that morning and of my consequent urgent appeal letter to our Board. In response came the alarming development our guests had experienced that same day when it became known to them in their investigation of the troubles in their mission, that the hospital doctor had for some time past been in communication with "The London Jewish Mission" proposing his transfer to that organization and the establishing of a rival hospital in our buildings, which he had reported could be purchased for 3000 Sterling; and further that he was daily expecting authority from that Mission to proceed with the purchase of our School buildings. Here was a situation that as seriously threatened the existence of our School as it did the interests of the local Mission of the Church of Scotland. I was satisfied, however, the hospital head had not yet approached the owner of our building, and that he had chanced to learn of the possible purchase figure of 3000 Sterling from our mutual friend Mr. Bartlett. After a brief discussion in which we were all agreed the situation was indeed a very grave one, our guests excused themselves from the table, and after a brief conference together, returned with what was to me a somewhat startling proposal: "We are quite satisfied the American Board if it were fully aware of this serious threat to the very existence of your School would not hesitate to authorize your purchase of the property. We will therefore provide you with 2000 Sterling, so that you may at once forestall the plans of the Mission Hospital doctor." Expressing my keen appreciation of their very generous proposal I explained that while it would not be possible for me thus to morally obligate the American Board to sanction my appeal for 2000 Sterling, I would further extend my unfinished letter, reporting the threatened disaster to the School and their generous proposal to avert it.

When my letter was in final shape the following morning I read it to my missionary associate Mr. Bartlett for his approval. While he approved of the urgent need of purchasing the property for the School and agreed with everything I had written, he was quite confident the Board would not even consider action on my appeal, but finally added his signature to mine. My other missionary associate, Mr. MacNaughton, was then temporarily in Manissa and I could not submit my letter for his joint approval without missing the direct mail leaving that day. I sent him a copy of it but was not discouraged by his support of Mr. Bartlett's views as to the hopelessness of any favorable action at Boston. The letter closed asking that favorable action be reported by cable, using the one word "Accepted."

Nearly three weeks later, in the midst of my Bible Class one morning Mr. Bartlett came in holding in his hand a cable, saying to me, "Here's a cable from Boston but I can't make head or tail of it. It only says, 'The Americans, Smyrna. Accepted', with no signature." My response was "Praise the Lord, this building is ours". For a moment he thought I was demented. "What do you mean ?" he asked; and I had to remind him of my letter and its closing request.

That same morning I went to see the owner, Mr. Takvor Spartali, at his place of business and greeted him with the good news, "We've bought your property", and reported the cable. He shared my rejoicing and in the midst of it I ventured a further appeal. The premises must now be adapted to our increasing need of space, and it would be quite hopeless for me to make another appeal to Boston. The long Stable Extension would have to be converted into a large classroom and the carriage building with servants' rooms above would have to be similarly converted into classrooms. Further, some general repairs were imperative. Would he not give me 200 Sterling to help carry out these changes during the approaching Summer Vacation ? The appeal seemed incomprehensible to him for a time. "Surely having presented you with 1000 Sterling to make possible your purchase of the property, you are not serious in asking me to make a further gift. If you really mean it seriously I will refuse to talk further with you." I assured him, laughingly, that I was seriously asking him to make me a further gift and reminded him of my earlier larger appeal based on what we were doing for his community in Smyrna and elsewhere in Turkey. He looked at me querulously for a time and then said, "I'll give you another hundred Sterling", and proceeded to write me out the cheque.

Where did the Ten Thousand Dollars come from that Purchased the Original Home of International College ?

I cannot answer that question categorically. I have been advised the money did not come out of the American Board Treasury, which would seem to indicate a personal gift, most probably from a member of the Prudential Committee; but my friends at Boston headquarters seem to have considered it in the interests of all concerned that I should not be advised as to who was the generous donor of the gift. The following has satisfied my personal questionings. When Mrs. MacLachlan's papers, relating to her appointment as a missionary of the Board, were read before the Prudential Committee by Senior Dr. Strong, then Secretary of the Committee, the statement that she was the daughter of Francis Blackler of Marblehead, Mass., the Hon. Joseph S. Ropes, at that time the oldest member of the Committee and quite blind, remarked, "Is it possible she is a daughter of my first cousin and early schoolfellow, Francis Blackler ?" Dr. Strong reported the incident to us, and in reply we confirmed the question with further details. This brought a long and greatly appreciated personal letter from Mr. Ropes in which among other kindly references he assured us that when questions pertaining to the American Boys' School at Smyrna came before the Prudential Committee we could feel certain we had a friend at Court. My conjecture therefore as to why my appeal with its irregular method of presentation, as well as the Board's irregular action in disregarding the required authority of both the Smyrna Mission Station and the Western Turkey Mission, issued successfully, rests on a reasonable basis. #

A Veritable "Windfall" for the College

In February 1893 an incident occurred which linked its fortunes with the Syrian Protestant College, now the American University at Beirut, and which some eighteen years later proved to be one of the most important points in our history. On the occasion referred to I received from my greatly esteemed friend Dr. Daniel Bliss, founder of the College at Beirut, the following telegram: "Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy of New York are on board the "Messageries" Maritime Steamer "Saghalien" arriving Smyrna Monday morning en route Constantinople via Piraeus. Suggest you be of service to them during brief stay in Smyrna." A check-up at the steamship offices explained the situation. Their steamer was continuing its journey the same day direct to Constantinople. That evening an Austrian Lloyd Steamer was due at 5 o'clock for Piraeus, the seaport of Athens. The Kennedys therefore were planning to disembark at Smyrna and take the Austrian Lloyd boat the same evening for Piraeus. I had known of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy during my student days in New York, but had never had the privilege of meeting them. Before going on board the 'S.S.Saghalien" Monday morning I made a final check-up at the Austrian Lloyd Steamship Office, only

See Appendix

to learn that for some reason or other their boat would not leave for Piraeus until the following afternoon. With this bit of disappointing news I went on board and was most cordially received by the Kennedys. On informing them of the situation that made it impossible to continue their journey to Piraeus that evening I said that Mrs. MacLachlan and I would like to extend to them the hospitality of our home until their steamer left for Piraeus. Thanking me for our invitation, Mr. Kennedy declined on the ground that our work was too important to have it interfered with by Globetrotters like himself and Mrs. Kennedy, adding that friends in Beirut had been telling them about the school; that they wanted to see it, and would invite themselves to have a cup of tea with us that afternoon; and if I would assist them in finding a suitable hotel and getting their luggage passed through Customs they would be greatly obliged. Bringing them ashore in a landing boat, a kindly word aside to the Senior Customs officer removed the necessity of examining their numerous pieces of baggage, for the care of which he personally accepted full responsibility until they would be leaving the port. I took them to the best hostel in the city, Hucks, just across the quay from the landing stage. Meeting the German proprietor on entering I accosted him with, "I've brought you some guests, Mr. Huck", and in reply came his repeated regrets that they were "full up". Inquiry at the only other hotel affording suitable accommodations for Western travellers met with a similar response. Here was my opening, and after explaining the situation I said to Mr. Kennedy, "What do you propose to do now ?" and immediately came his reply: "I propose that we accept your generous offer of hospitality." Renewing my earlier assurance given on board that I felt sure we could make them comfortable notwithstanding the face that we lived in School, but took our meals separately from the boys when we had guests, and we gladly welcomed them to our home. At this point in the story of how Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy became interested in us and our life work in Smyrna -- a story which on many occasions I have repeated to tourist parties visiting the Paradise Campus many years later, I almost invariably interject, "That day the Lord caused a mighty wind to blow and for the next four days no ship of any kind entered or left the port of Smyrna." During those days and evenings of delightful fellowship there was formed and developed the foundations of a friendship which for the following thirty-seven years was to prove one of our most valuable life experiences and also the source of the most important of all the material assets of the College; and yet throughout all this long period these many and abundant gifts were never once solicited.

Our Fire and the Consequences

Another high spot during this first decade came with the burning of the Armenian Preparatory extension of the main building. This was originally the stable of the establishment. The carriage house with servants' living quarters above it was situated on the opposite side of the garden and after the purchase of the property these two adjuncts were converted into the Armenian and Greek preparatory departments of the school. It was about mid-forenoon one morning that one of the boys rushed into the classroom where I was teaching to tell me the building was on fire. The origin of it was soon located in the loft of the Armenian preparatory. The city fire department was called and a boys' bucket brigade immediately organized, while others removed the school furniture; but despite the early arrival of the City Fire Brigade the building or rather the extension wing was damaged beyond repair. Our loss was fully covered by insurance in the Phoenix Insurance Company of London. Before evening the local appraisers for the Company had made their inspection and had agreed to what I regarded as ample compensation for our loss. Within 24 hours clearance work was under way and our plans for a three story reconstruction program determined on. The insurance compensation naturally fell far short of the sum required to finance our enlarged reconstruction plans. At the meeting of our local Board of Governors, called at once to approve of our rebuilding plans, five members of this Board, representative men in the British business community in Smyrna, assumed responsibility for financing the balance required to complete the new "Preparatory Hall."

The type of construction was the usual earthquake-proof masonry on a heavy timber frame, and the exposed front of the building was faced

with brick. Our overcrowded situation during building operations made the completion of the work at the earliest possible date imperative, and in a little over two months our new premises were occupied by the Armenian Preparatory on the ground floor, the Greek Preparatory on the first floor up, and the upper or third floor by boarding students from our hitherto overcrowded dormitory space. The removal of the former carriage house and servants' quarters used for our Greek Preparatory increased somewhat our much restricted playground. Here again what had threatened to be a calamity resulted in a very positive gain in enlarged space for both classrooms and dormitories.

It should be stated here that during this first decade of our history the course of study was being steadily extended from what originally was of a primary and preparatory grade covering five years to a more extended course covering eight years, four preparatory and four of collegiate grade, eliminating the original primary classes altogether. Entrance requirements were as steadily advanced; and the student body, which in the opening two years had been all but exclusively Armenian, became more fairly representative of the various races and communities that made up the more than 300,000 population of this metropolitan city of the old Turkish Empire. Greek patronage, especially when it became apparent we had no propaganda purposes to serve, rapidly developed until in due course it surpassed that of all other races and communities combined, and was drawn as well from Western Asia Minor, the Islands of the Aegean, from Greece proper, and from Macedonia.

I have already indicated that Turkish Government regulations forbade Turks attending foreign schools. A police Karakol placed directly opposite our main street entrance pretty completely insured the observance of the regulation so far as our school was concerned. My attitude toward the restriction was that we could not fairly discriminate against any worthy applicant because of his race or religion and the fairness of this attitude was never called in question by the Government officials. It was clearly the duty of the police to see that the regulation was observed.

A blind alley, however, at the back of our premises afforded a means of evasion, and made possible the attendance and final graduation of the most brilliant student we ever graduated. There were also other means of evasion. We learned only after he had been with us for two or three years that one of the first boys to register in 1891 with our exclusively Armenian (?) group as Hadji Nourian - the patronymic "ian" clearly marking him as an Armenian - was indeed a Turk whose real name was Hadji Nouri. His home was in the Armenian quarter of the city and he had picked up their language from his Armenian playmates.

Enlarged Accommodation again Necessary

Increasing patronage from all the races and communities in the city and areas tributary to it, from their schools of Gymnasium grade and including many graduates of these advanced schools, again made added space imperative if we were to permit the school the normal growth its patrons demanded -- a problem we were once more compelled to face before the end of this first decade.

Property next door to the east was available for lease and its acquisition would greatly enhance the usefulness of our present building by making possible the opening of windows in our long, high, blank eastern wall, thus admitting light and ventilation into many of our classrooms now depending on borrowed light and air from corridors or lighted hallways. The property consisted of a street frontage residence and on the eastern boundary in the rear of the residence a large French tile-roofed drying shed for silk cocoons some 120 x 50 feet in area. An appeal to Boston headquarters for help to meet the rental of this property met with the usual non possumus and I was obliged to accept the responsibility of meeting this extra financial burden from the internal revenue of the school.

This, notwithstanding official warning from Boston that if I incurred debt in administering the school's finances, the authorities there would not accept responsibility for it. The warning was quite unnecessary as I have always been more afraid of incurring debt, either personal or for the school, than I have ever been of the Devil himself; and in all the 35 years of my administration we have succeeded in closing every year with a balance on the right side of the Balance Sheet.

Our Changeable Designation and First Graduating Class

Our steadily increasing enrollment from year to year was paralleled by a steadily advancing course of study and enlarged curriculum which called for a more appropriate designation of the school. The original designation, "American Boys School" therefore soon became "The American High School for Boys" and for some time before the end of the first decade we assumed the more pretentions title of "The American Collegiate Institute."

Our first graduating class in 1895 consisted of three Armenians and one Englishman, and for another year or two, owing to our more extended curriculum there were no graduates.

The Staffing Problem

Almost from the beginning of 1891, the problem of providing suitable teachers was an ever-present difficulty. English being the common language of the school it was important that not only as many of our native staff as possible should be familiar with this language, but also, and even more important that we have American or English instructors for our advanced classes. Our very meagre financial resources and the heavy travel expense of bringing men from the United States suggested the experiment of bringing men from England, at one third of the cost of transportation. Our English instructors during the early half of this first decade were Cambridge graduates and it was not until after the first five or six years that our first men were brought out from the United States. The first two Americans on the staff Professor Lawrence and Professor Caldwell, were brought out in 1896 and 1898 respectively, and had a combined period of service in the College of over sixty years. They were selected by the local administration and brought out entirely at the expense of the College; and in view of their having joined the teaching staff during the period when the School was sponsored by the American Board, it is only fair to state that at no time during their long and efficient years of service were they in any way financially assisted by our original Boston headquarters. Later they were given formal missionary appointment by the Board, though continuing to be supported entirely by the College.

The School a Pioneer in Athletic Field Sports in the Near East

No statement of our early beginnings would be complete without reference to the initial leadership given by it to School and Field Sports generally in the Near East. On learning that nothing in this line was being done in the schools of Smyrna or generally throughout Turkey, there seemed to be a call for this American School to initiate interest in this important factor in youth development. Accordingly in our second year we announced a "Field Day" for the school, to be held at Bournabat, a large suburb of Smyrna. It was realized that worth while prizes would be necessary to stimulate interest in our venture, for as yet neither the modern youth nor adults of the Near East Communities had their interest aroused in Field Day Athletic Sports. Our closely guarded local exchequer could not afford funds for the purchase of such prizes; but an hour's round of calls at the business offices of British merchants in the city netted more than a hundred dollars for this purpose. Prizes were purchased and placed on exhibition in a prominent show window in

the city with a list of the events to be contested. Ordinary schoolboy pastimes such as marbles, leapfrog, kite-flying, etc., and others peculiarly eastern, were popular, and for a time it seemed almost impossible to arouse interest in the events on our program. Jumping, pole-vaulting, running, tug-of-war, hurdles, three-legged races, sack races, etc., all had to be demonstrated. But even so, our boys generally showed very little inclination to get out and practice for the event. For some time we were pretty completely discouraged in our efforts to arouse any enthusiasm. Such was the situation up to within a fortnight of the announced Field Day. Something had to be done at once or our plans would surely miscarry. We decided therefore to open a number of our events to the Government Schools and other leading community schools in the city, including the English Commercial School and French College of the Sacre Coeur, announcement to this effect being made to these various institutions. This move at once greatly stimulated our boys, lest students from other schools carry off the prizes originally intended for them. Press notices of this innovation in the school life of the city developed a general interest in our venture. An appeal to the General Manager of the British "Smyrna and Cassaba Railway Company" to run special excursion trains met with a ready response, and posters were placarded throughout the city by the Railway Company, advertising special excursion trains for the "Field Day Sports of the American Boys School in Bournabat'. (Some years later this railway was sold to a French Company.) General interest was now aroused which we further increased by asking the French College of the Sacre Coeur if its student brass band would honor the occasion by being present as our guests and furnish music for the afternoon. A glad response assured this additional attraction. Weather conditions being ideal, a crowd of not less than four thousand turned out for the occasion and our venture proved an unqualified success. The great bulk of the prizes also were carried off by our boys.

The day following I was waited on by a deputation of the heads of some of the leading schools of Smyrna, accompanied by the British Vice-Consul and the accountant of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, both of whom were keenly interested in Athletics, to congratulate us on the splendid success of our undertaking, and to ask if we were willing to join with them in the formation of a "Smyrna Schools Athletic Association." I assured them of my full and hearty cooperation in such a plan -- indeed this was precisely what I had hoped would eventuate from our effort. The Association was soon formed with an annual Field Day to be held on the same field at Bournabat. In addition to the individual prizes a Championship Cup to be awarded the school winning the highest number of points was a prime factor in the organization -- the cup to become the permanent possession of any school winning it for three consecutive years. Competition for the possession of this cup became almost violently keen, but the American Boys School maintained the initial premier place, and the first cup ever competed for in Turkey for Field Sports has since held an honored place among the large collection of Sports trophies in the possession of International College, now in its new home on the Campus of the American University of Beirut, Syria.

This initial venture of ours was also followed a year or so later in Smyrna by "The Pan Ionian League", an athletic organization under the leadership of our Greek friend, the accountant in the Imperial Ottoman Bank, and this new impetus given to Field Athletics by the Greeks of Smyrna and old Ionia found an almost immediate echo in Greece proper, in the revival of the old Olympic Games. Now, while we are not bold enough to publicly proclaim our initiative in the revival of these ancient and world-renowned contests, we will leave it to the research experts of the future to trace back to its original source the modern little spring from which trickled the stimulating life spirit of athletic revival in Modern Greece.

Our Greatly Restricted Playground

The impetus given athletics by our first venture in Field Day Sports emphasized our great need of additional space around our buildings. The property adjoining ours on the west already belonged to the American Board and was used by the American Girls' School for Primary and Kindergarten work.

Beyond it was a large vacant corner lot covering about half an acre. We needed it badly, especially if we could connect it via the blind street at the rear of the four properties we would then control, all of which abutted on this back street. Inquiry from the previous owners assured me this back street originally belonged to these properties. Our first step was to rent this corner lot on our own responsibility and open a doorway into it through its high back wall. Our second step was to close the open end of this back street. Thus for two or three years we reached our new playground via the back alley now entirely shut off from the adjoining public street. During our furlough in 1899 it was my privilege from a public platform to tell the story of our development. Among those present was a prominent New York merchant philanthropist who greeted me very cordially after my talk and invited me to call at his business office before returning to Turkey. I did so and on his asking me what was my most urgent immediate need I replied, "Fifteen Hundred Dollars to purchase a small playground for the School", and his cheque for the sum was placed at my disposal. On my return to Smyrna the property was purchased, and as the barrier closing the entrance to this back street some few years earlier had brought no protest from the city authorities we now proceeded to remove the high back walls of our school properties, making our new southern boundaries the Railway sheds of the Smyrna and Cassaba Railway Company, thus considerably increasing our available open spaces and giving us a straight course of more than one hundred yards for foot racing along the previous blind alley. The removal of this back wall from the back of our newly acquired playing field made the area large enough for football practice, though still much smaller than standard requirements for the game, and thus contributed to establishing the worthy place our football teams have since held in this now popular school game in the Near East.

Additional Outside Financial Help During this First Period

Apart from the gifts from private sources already referred to, our good friend Mrs. John S. Kennedy provided scholarship funds for two Armenian orphan boys who continued with us until graduation some ten years later. Similar provision was made for a Greek lad from the ruins of old Troy who also remained with us until graduation, after which he held an honored place on our teaching staff for many years. As a student he was the protegé of one of my brothers. Only one other full beneficiary was registered during these first ten years, an Armenian young man who earned his way by doing heavy work about the school for some four or five years, but did not graduate.

Most important however, was a conditional gift of One Thousand Dollars from an American lady tourist from the south who visited the school. The benefit of this foundation gift to our endowment would not be available during the lifetime of the donor and it was not until recent years that the income became available. The principal is still held in the American Board Treasury and the annual income handed over to our New York Treasurer.

We Ask to be Incorporated as "International College"

We had already metamorphosed from Primary and Preparatory into High School, and from that into the more pretentious "Collegiate Institute" designation. Our graduates proceeding to professional courses in representative European and American Universities had proved the measure of the educational standards we had reached; and the following institutions among others were now granting them undergraduate or advanced standing without examination: The University of Geneva, Switzerland in all faculties where Latin was not a required subject; the University of Chicago, Second Year standing in all departments; and The Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Massachusetts.

Further advanced work being added to our curriculum and the prestige attaching to an academic degree for our graduates in the future seemed to justify the wisdom of an appeal to our Boston headquarters to secure

for the institution a College Charter. This view was shared by those in authority there, and in 1902 application to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for the desired Charter under the official designation "The Trustees of International College, of Smyrna, Turkey" -- the designation "International College" being the name suggested by the local administration. Completion of the negotiations and issuance of the State Charter followed a few months later, and in 1903 "International College" entered upon the second decade of its history, a nominally independent corporation. The expression "nominally independent" is used advisedly because the By-Laws under which the Charter was granted limited membership in the new Corporation to members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board. This restriction in the years to come proved a severe handicap in building up the financial interests of the College and in one instance prevented the securing of a gift of $300,000.00 for its Endowment.

NOTES ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE DURING THE SECOND ~~=~~ Decade OF ITS HISTORY

The original primary and preparatory school of ten years earlier having graduated with a College Degree, our new status not only enhanced our prestige throughout the Near East, but it also imposed on us the obligation of further extending our study curriculum and turning out men more worthy of the designation, "College Graduate."

Continued though somewhat slower, growth in numbers made increased and better accommodations an ever present and pressing problem; and yet this period throughout was one of the consolidation of our earlier gains, and marked advance in both educational standards and material equipment.

A Disappointed Hope

We had confidently hoped that a separate corporation, making the institution independent of American Board control, would provide a group of interested men who would be prepared to give the necessary time, thought, and at least some financial support, which it was perhaps unreasonable to expect from the Prudential Committee of the Board, whose time, thought, and interests had to be given to manifold missionary interests and institutions throughout the world; but we soon realized that membership on our independent board of incorporators, being limited to members of the Prudential Committee, afforded us but little hope of that special and individual interest and consideration we had anticipated, and which we believed was necessary if the College was to be adequately supported and equipped to successfully fulfil its appointed mission. This became more apparent when we learned that meetings of our Trustees invariably followed the close of a Meeting of the Prudential Committee. When important College interests required consideration and action by our Trustees, the Clerk of our Corporation would call a meeting to follow an approaching meeting of the Prudential Committee. Members of our Board of Trustees present would be reminded at the close that a meeting of the Board of Trustees of International College would follow immediately. Hours of patient and earnest consideration of the world-wide missionary interests of the Board and its various educational institutions, other important engagements, train time-tables, and the resultant nervous and physical exhaustion of an already protracted meeting, reduced not only the chances of securing the necessary quorum, but also the possibility of full and fair consideration of International College interests even when urgent, to the vanishing point.

Another Threatened Calamity Averted

Early in this second decade we received notice to evacuate the adjoining leased property on the east, which had not only substantially increased our accommodation for the past few years, but had also by the opening of windows and doors in our eastern wall, greatly improved the classroom accommodations of our now owned main building. To comply with this legal notice would impose on us the necessity of closing up again all the windows and doors we had opened, dismissing a considerable number of our students, and stifling the further growth of the College. In Turkish law, sale of property took precedence of a lease, and our landlord had found a purchaser at an agreed price. The vital interests of our work were at stake and there was only one way in which they could be preserved, viz: by our purchasing the property. In this possibility Turkish law was on our side, granting as it did the right of the leasee to take over the property at the previously agreed price which in this case was 1200 Sterling. We had no alternative but to appeal to our new Board of Trustees to save the College from this very real tragedy. The response afforded no hope of deliverance from our Boston Corporation. Some other way of deliverance must be found and so a second appeal in the way of a compromise was sent to the same source. I had a small investment in Canada of 500 Sterling which was yielding 5% interest. I would be willing to place this temporarily at the disposal of the College if our Board would provide the remaining 700 Sterling necessary to complete the purchase. I felt pretty confident this compromise appeal could not be turned down, but it was. I am not sure whether it was on this occasion or in response to one of my other many appeals for help that was refused, came the suggestion, "Why not appeal to some of your Presbyterian friends ?" Among my British friends in Smyrna was one with whom I frequently took counsel when in distress over College matters and in this instance he had been following with keen interest the progress of my negotiations with our Board in Boston. The evening after the receipt of the refusal to comply with my compromise appeal I spent at his home, bringing the Boston letter with me. His interest in the College and its work was deep and sincere, and on this occasion was warmly sympathetic with me in my apparently hopeless effort to save the vital interests of our work. He fully shared my view that the loss of this property to the College would be irreparable, and finally said, "You've got to have that property and to make it possible I will provide you with the necessary 700 Sterling." I made it clear to him that I could not assume the responsibility of accepting a loan to our Board, in view of what had already happened, to which he replied that his "proposition did not imply a loan to our Board. I am simply putting it at your disposal to help the College out of an impossible situation." I further explained that I could not offer any collateral security - that the 500 Sterling I was loaning to the College to meet the emergency represented my whole "stock in trade". To this he replied that he was not asking me for either a promissory note or interest and that if the College was never able to return the loan he would be satisfied the money had been devoted to a good and worthy cause. The purchase of the property followed further correspondence with the Board in which I explained that I would proceed with the purchase and the temporary use of my private funds to the extent of 500 Sterling on the understanding that I would not, as in other cases of purchase for the American Board, where the title deeds were held in my name, deposit a declaration at the U.S. Consulate to the effect that neither I nor my heirs had any legal claim on the property and that it belonged to the "Trustees of International College " In reply I was congratulated on having found a way to finance the purchase and accepting the conditions on which I proposed the use of my private funds. The importance of having carefully guarded my personal interest in the property was emphasized by an unfortunate action of the American Board some years later, as will in due course be recorded.

My Visit to Skibo Castle -- A Fool's Errand

Any false hopes I may have entertained regarding financial support from our new Board of Trustees were by this time pretty completely shattered, and the fact that I had come to appreciate the probable reasonableness of my failure to get financial help in response to my appeals made it clear I must look elsewhere for the necessary "sinews of war." I was fully aware from the beginning of my friendship with Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy of his long and intimate association with Robert College as Chairman of its Board of Trustees for a quarter of a century, and it would naturally be an act of treachery to a sister institution in the Near East to try to deflect any of his generous gifts to educational work in this area to another institution, however urgent our needs. During my first furlough in 1899 -- I had three furloughs during my nearly forty years of service in Turkey -- while visiting the Kennedy home, I was their guest at one of Walter Damroshes concerts in Carnegie Hall. The Kennedy box was alongside Mr. Carnegie's, and during the interval he joined the Kennedy group. He had previously purchased "Skibo", one of the old castles in Sutherlandshire in the North Eastern Highlands of Scotland. I was introduced as the President of an American College in Turkey. He was then much engrossed with his plans to modernize his newly acquired Scotch castle, and conversation during the concert interval centred around this subject, Mrs. Kennedy twitting him on his new role as a Scottish Laird. I was simply an interested listener.

Three or four years later when other possible sources of help were unavailable and I was casting about for some hopeful opening, I thought of Mr. Carnegie, especially as occasional press references represented him as seeking worthy causes in which to dispose of his great wealth. The possibility of success from this source continued to grow on me until I made up my mind to go to "Skibo" during my next summer vacation. I carefully avoided disclosing my purpose to any one. As the time drew near it occurred to me that a letter from our mutual friend Mr. Kennedy might help my case, and as I was in friendly correspondence with Mr. Kennedy for some years previously I confided to him my plan and suggested a letter from him might be of very real service in my approach to the Laird of Skibo. In reply he inclosed a flattering letter of reintroduction, but advised me strongly against my proposed journey and appeal, and warned me of the probable reception I would receive. I had however become so obsessed with my chances of success that I held to my plan. The expense involved in the long journey was a very serious consideration. The College exchequer couldn't afford it; neither could my private purse if I used the ordinary facilities of cabin passage and second class by rail. I therefore decided on deck or third class to Marseilles and third class by rail the remaining half of the journey. If my quest was successful the whole bill of expense could fairly be charged up to the College, and if it failed my personal loss could eventually be absorbed by my missionary salary; for under the new regime I was still supported by the American Board as one of its missionaries. Midsummer travel in the Mediterranean is quite as tolerable on the open deck as it is in a third class cabin below decks, so my journey throughout was accomplished under the good weather conditions that prevailed, with a minimum of discomfort and at a very moderate cost. In London, visiting in the home of an uncle, a well-known west end physician who was an intimate friend of Lord Overtoun in Glasgow, I was provided with an introduction to him in case my sojourn in Scotland brought me to Glasgow. A few days with London friends at the Keswick Convention was one of the compensating experiences of this summer jaunt to "Skibo". A long, slow railway journey brought me to the small town of Dornoch on the north shore of the Firth of the same name, on the north-east coast of Scotland, only some five miles distant from my objective; and there being no public means of transportation between this small town and the Castle, I covered the distance four times on foot during the next two days.

The account of my experiences at the Castle on each of these two days, and especially on the second day during my interview with Mr. Carnegie, makes very interesting story-telling, but would serve no constructive purpose in the object of these notes. My visits were barren of any

financial gain to the College, verified Mr. Kennedy's warning, but were climaxed by a strangely conditioned invitation to accept the hospitality of the Castle for a fortnight. My sojourn in the North afforded opportunities for delightful visits with old friends at Strathpeffer and Aberdeen before returning South by way of Glasgow where I enjoyed a very warm reception from my London uncle's friend, Lord Overtoun. Relating the story of my fruitless errand to "Skibo Castle" resulted in a generous cheque from this christian philanthropist, which after deducting the travel expense of my journey netted the College a few hundreds of dollars. (I hope to write out in detail the story of my visit to Skibo for private circulation only.)

We further enlarge our Accommodations

The outright purchase of the Arabian property on our eastern boundary with its large drying shed for silk cocoons already described opened up possibilities for an Assembly Hall, Dining Hall and General Study Hall, the lack of which hitherto had been a very serious handicap. For many years the large marble entrance hallway of the original building served for morning Chapel exercises; while those of the Armenian and Greek preparatory departments were held separately in their own classrooms. Plans were immediately devised to avail ourselves of these new possibilities and in due course by painfully strict economies they were successfully carried through from our own internal revenues. An old building between the drying shed and the back extension of the front residence was fitted up as a kitchen with servants' living rooms overhead. The end of the drying shed next the kitchen was made over into a Dining Hall 60 x 25 feet. Next to the Dining Hall another section of the same dimensions was converted into a general Study Hall. The remaining portion of the drying shed 60 x 70 feet became our Assembly Hall. The partition between this and the Study Hall was movable and on special occasions such as Commencement we could accommodate as many as 800 persons. Fitting out these new units with modern equipment proved as heavy a financial burden as the structural changes, but the great relief they afforded our overcrowded spaces in the main building made the sacrifices in providing them more than worth while.

Mrs. Kennedy comes to our Rescue

One of the heavy items of expense in the equipment of our new Assembly Hall was our need of a pipe organ -- a need she anticipated and voluntarily undertook to provide, as also the funds for an electric lighting plant.

Our buildings throughout were very poorly equipped with gas lighting facilities and our new units had no lighting equipment of any kind. Under the old regime in Turkey all electrical equipment of any kind, with the single exception of door bells was strictly forbidden. We were therefore in great need of modern lighting equipment throughout our now somewhat extended premises, especially as many rooms in the main building had no lighting facilities of any kind. In view of governmental prohibition there was not a single electric lighting plant, private or public, anywhere in the Turkish Empire. Here was a tempting challenge. Could International College undertake to pioneer with the Turkish Government in opposition ?

The First Electric Lighting Plant in Turkey

A young Greek Electrical Engineer, learning of our desire, came to consult with me on the question. He was most anxious to establish himself in this line in Smyrna and saw a prosperous future if he could introduce himself by putting an electric lighting plant in the American College. Our conferences resulted in a contract in which the young engineer assumed entire responsibility for bringing in and installing a complete modern electric lighting outfit, including storage batteries, payment to be made when the installation was complete and functioning to our satisfaction. Settlement of all possible difficulties with the Government authorities after the installation was completed was our responsibility. We later learned of some of the devices resorted to by this Greek contractor to bring his equipment into the country. He was well aware that the central government restrictions against the introduction of electrical equipment did not enjoy the warm approval of the Customs officials and he was equally well aware that many of these officials had "itching palms". His "declarations" therefore as to the various parts of the equipment were not seriously questioned by those in authority at the Customs. The large glass jars for the storage batteries were listed as jars for preserving fruit. Wiring was for the manufacture of broad-rimmed hats for the ladies, then a la mode in Paris female attire, which was closely followed in Smyrna by the ladies of the large European communities. Coils for the Dynamo with an iron rod specially attached came in as lightning rods for buildings to meet the requirements of fire insurance companies. The heavy and cumbersome leads for the storage batteries were landed in a cove on the Coast of Asia Minor opposite the Island of Samos and were brought to the College by Camel Caravan in large wicker baskets. It was by such devious ways and means, we learned later, that our contractor brought in the electrical equipment for our installation. It would be fair to ask if the possibility of such devices succeeding was not an evidence of the weakening of the centralized government at Constantinople and a portent of its overthrow in the approaching revolution of 1908. This view would seem to be supported by the fact that contemporary with our installation the Pera Palace Hotel at the Capital was carrying out a similar installation which began to function only a fortnight later than ours. The local Government sequel to our installation seems to lend further support to the above view.

Within a month after our plant was in use a friend in the Government gave me timely advice that the following afternoon a deputation from the Government would visit the College to investigate the rumors that we had installed an electric lighting plant. I therefore made special arrangements to receive them cordially. The Cavas at the front entrance was instructed to bring them direct to the Administration Office and the cook to have special refreshments ready to be served in the most approved manner, at an arranged signal. The power plant would also be in operation. They came as per private information and received a very warm welcome. After the usual oriental formalities were exchanged, and without waiting for the spokesman to announce the purpose of their visit, I forestalled with an announcement that I had something of very special interest to show them and which I was sure would greatly please them. A brief word or two as to the wonderful uses of electricity in various parts of the world was followed by a demonstration of its use for lighting purposes there in the office. Expressions of wonder and approval, with many questions, followed. Special refreshments were now served and while these were being enjoyed my quick ear caught some interesting asides, such as, "Why can't we have these things in our homes ?" "Imagine foreigners in our country having such things and yet we can't have them!" - etc, etc. Warm interest was aroused and good fellowship thoroughly maintained. Further demonstrations throughout our premises followed and were climaxed by a visit to the power plant where the engine and dynamo were producing the current and the storage batteries were storing supplies to be used when the engine and dynamos were not working. The use of a large tank filled with water for cooling the jacket of the engine was also fully explained. Much time was spent in the engine room answering questions and in further demonstrations. This finished,

the deputation was invited back to the office where other palatable refreshments now awaited us before our friends took their departure with many expressions of appreciation and gratitude. A few days later I received an official note from the City Engineer calling my attention to the fire risk involved in the large tank in our premises filled with petroleum. I replied by a personal call on the Governor General and showing him the note from the City Engineer, explained that the tank contained only water for cooling the jacket of the engine. He made no reference to our electric lighting plant, nor did complaint of any kind follow.

We Co-Operate with the City Authorities in Carrying Out a City Improvement Project

Meles Street on which the College was situated was the only wide street in the city, being, in our neighborhood, some ninety feet in width and in earlier years was the finest residential quarter of the city. Its glory, however, had somewhat departed when the French Quay Company carried out an extensive water-front project which made "The Quay" the fashionable residential section of Smyrna. The "Spartali Palace" now the Main Building of International College, was the home in which Sultan Aziz (or was it Sultan Medgid), when making his historic visit to Egypt, was the guest of Mr. Spartali enroute, and where he received the Nabobs of Smyrna. One of the outstanding features of this broad Meles Street was the stream that ran down the middle of it confined between walls some ten or twelve feet apart. This stream was the traditional River Meles on the banks of which Homer was traditionally born and which gave its name to the street. It will be recalled by those students of Ancient Greek that of the seven cities claiming to be the birthplace of the immortal Greek poet Smyrna enjoyed the premier claim. As I try to recall an English rhyme recording the names of these cities, this is what comes to mind:

"Seven cities claimed great Homer, dead,
Where living he had earned his bread.
Smyrna Chios, Colophon, Athene.
Rodhos (Rhodes) Argos and Mitylene."

The traditional classic stream however had degenerated into what, especially in the long hot summer months, was pretty much an open sewer and in my view a menace to the health of the neighborhood. With the College now permanently rooted and grounded in its present location, the problem of redeeming the neighborhood on its material side became a practical and pressing question. The Mayor of Smyrna at the time was Muammer Bey, one of my first Turkish friends after coming to the city in 1891, and whose friendship I had since cultivated. His father, Saduk Bey, perhaps the wealthiest Turk in the city, was also a personal friend of mine. Muammer Bey's little daughter Latife Hanum afterwards became the wife of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the Liberator of Turkey and the Founder of the new Modern Republic. Muammer Bey had been in America, was interested in the work of the College, and was at that time a member of the New York Cotton Exchange. A long conference with him afforded considerable encouragement that perhaps something might be done along the line of my proposal, which in brief was to arch over the stream and repave Meles Street with small cube granite blocks. As a preliminary step he agreed to have the Chief City Engineer make a rough preliminary survey of the situation and report the result to him; and when this was in hand he would call me for further conference. It was some time before our next meeting, but when it took place I found myself up against a wholly unexpected proposition. The Engineer's report was favorable and indicated the project involved not only arching over the Meles but also adding two sewers, one on either side of the central arched stream. The terms on which such public works were carried out by the Municipality called for forty per cent. of the cost to be paid by the property owners, the remaining sixty per cent. from the City Treasury. The project would be an expensive one, the two sewers adding greatly to the cost. Were the

other ratepayers willing to carry this share of the cost ? In the end the Mayor agreed to recommend the project to his Council on two conditions: First, that I accept responsibility for enlisting the support of the street property-owners and collecting their 40% of the entire cost. Second: That I undertake the general oversight of the job, hire and pay the workmen and those supplying materials every Saturday evening. He explained this would mean that on Saturday mornings I would bring to him the week's pay sheet for which he would authorize the City Treasurer to provide 60% of each such bill. While I appreciated his reasons for asking me to share such a large portion of the burden with him, I was already overburdened with a heavy teaching program, and carrying the entire administrative responsibility including all office accounting and collecting of tuition, etc. The future wellbeing of the College and the general material interests of the neighborhood weighed so heavily on me that rather than see the plan fail I finally agreed to the conditions.

I began by calling evening meetings of the property owners in the College where I explained the plan and purpose of the project; but I found it exceedingly difficult to persuade some of them that the enhanced value of their properties would much more than compensate them for their share of the cost. In time, however, I was in a position to lay before the Mayor a petition signed by all the property owners on the street asking for the work to be undertaken and agreeing to bear their 40% of the cost as the work was carried past their doors. Many months, however, had passed since the first step had been taken and it was the summer of 1908 before operations started. In less than a month came the Young Turk Revolution in August of that year with its "Huriet" (Liberty) slogan, which for a time melted away all barriers of race, community and religion. It was a time of wild rejoicing, and workmen threw down their picks and shovels. All work on our project was abandoned and apparently forgotten in the joy of the newly found 'Liberty " To the masses of the people "Huriet" meant permission to do as you please and many of our street property owners putting this interpretation on the new revolutionary slogan regarded themselves as thereby absolved from meeting their pledge to pay for their share of the street improvement project; and some six or eight months passed before it was possible to get the work restarted. In due course the work was completed and again Meles Street became the finest street in the whole city of Smyrna.

By this time more than twenty years had passed since I left Canada for Turkey and in all these years I had enjoyed but one furlough. Pressure of work with constantly enlarging plans seemed always to stand in the way of a furlough when it became due at the end of each term of seven years of service. Summer holidays seemed equally out of the question when the long three months vacation opened about the middle of June, annually. There were always repairs, alterations, or extension work for which there was no time during Term; but in giving my time and strength to these I experienced the truth of the claim that a change of occupation is of equal health value with a rest.

I have a Personal Issue with the American Board

The explanation of the 'Unfortunate Action of the American Board" referred to in the earlier portion of this chapter belongs to its closing paragraphs. The conditions under which I used my private resources to guard the vital interests of the College in the purchase of the Arabian property have already been fully stated, as also the American Board's acceptance of these conditions. Some years later when the Treasurer of the American Board's Missions in Turkey was carrying out a plan to have all real estate properties owned by the Board and held in the name of various missionaries, transferred into the Treasurer's name, I was called on so to transfer the properties held in my name in Smyrna and belonging to the American Board. I complied with the request omitting as per agreement the property

adjoining the Main building on its Eastern boundary. When the omission was challenged and my explanations disregarded, the matter was referred to the Sub-Committee on Missions to Turkey of the American Board in Boston for investigation and report. In response to inquiries I restated my case and referred the Committee to the correspondence files of the Board at the time of the purchase for confirmation of my claim. Correspondence covering a period of six months followed, before the Sub-Committee reported its findings to the Board. These "findings" when reported to me, wholly set aside my reasons for declining to transfer the property over to the Board's Treasurer of its Turkey Missions for the following reasons: If I loaned the 500 Sterling to the Board I did it on my own responsibility and if it was a gift to the Board it must remain as all other gifts to the Board - not subject to recall. When the original request came to transfer the property I asked the Board to furnish me a document declaring my personal equity in it to the extent of 500 Sterling, and it was the refusal to grant this request that precipitated the investigation by the Board's Sub-Committee. When the letter came reporting the Board's decision based on the findings of the Sub-Committee "my Scotch was up" and I returned the letter with a margined note, "This letter is unworthy of the American Board and I consequently return it to you herewith." I accompanied it with a letter stating that I was not asking a favor of the Board in requesting the statement above referred to, but was endeavoring to facilitate the transfer to its ownership a property which with alterations and improvements had called for an outlay of more than Ten Thousand Dollars, of which sum the American Board had not provided a single dollar. That before Turkish law I was the owner of the property and held a moral equity in it to the extent of my private investment, and further added to my original request the forwarding of a document granting me the right to 5% interest on my investment during the period of its use.

The response was prompt, acknowledging the justice of my claim and enclosing the required document. From various officers of the Board came letters expressing regrets and surprise at the findings of the Sub-Committee on Missions to Turkey. Fortunately for me, in this case, I was in a position to vindicate my personal rights and defend the interests of the College.

Another Great Hope Disappointed

It was towards the end of this second decade that I learned Professor Burton, afterwards President of Chicago University, was stopping at the Kramer Palace Hotel in the City. I called on him and was received very cordially and he returned my call. This was followed by visits to the College and an evident interest in what we were doing and what we hoped to accomplish. Some letters were exchanged after his return to Chicago, resulting in an invitation to visit him at his home in case during my approaching furlough I found myself anywhere in the neighborhood of Chicago. In one of my letters I had asked his advice as to the wisdom of my presenting an appeal for endowment to the Rockefeller Foundation on Broadway, New York, for I had known all along of his intimate relations and influence with those controlling it. His response afforded me very real encouragement. In the early portion of my furlough therefore I naturally found myself in the neighborhood of Chicago, and on special invitation, overnight in his home. Meantime I had presented my appeal for an endowment of 300,000 dollars for International College with a brief outline of our history and urgent need for this sum. My visit in his home, with his personal knowledge of what we were doing, afforded the best possible opportunity for a frank and full discussion of the situation. He was good enough to let me know that he had been consulted by those in authority and that he had warmly supported my appeal. He was frankly quite hopeful that my appeal would eventually meet with a favorable response, but warned me that I might strike a fatal "snag". He explained that personal interviews with applicants were

not granted by the Foundation and that all negotiations must be carried on by correspondence -- that I must be prepared to satisfy the friends on Broadway on any points they might raise and hinted at the one and only source of trouble. Among other requests I was asked to provide them with a copy of our Charter and also our By-Laws. My letter accompanying these demonstrated very fully our complete independence of the American Board and its control -- that for sixteen or eighteen years it had provided no financial support for the College and that our Trustees were an entirely independent corporation. There was considerable correspondence back and forth before a final decision was reached and I awaited the result in high hopes that my worrying financial troubles were at last over. At length came the fateful letter summed up in three or four brief statements. My appeal had received the warm endorsement of Professor Burton. In view, however, of the respect due Mr. Rockefeller it could not be granted. If I would make my appeal in behalf of an institution that was in no way associated with the American Board it would receive their favorable consideration.

Our tell-tale By-Laws limiting membership on our Board of Trustees to members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board had indeed provided the "snag" that proved our undoing - a tragic sequel to me for "Tainted Money."

Our First Large Legacy

Throughout our relations with the American Board we had suffered many disappointments. One of the most serious of these was our failure to receive any portion of a special gift of One Hundred Thousand Dollars for the Board's Educational Institutions. Our disappointment and chagrin were intensified by our knowledge that other Colleges similarly associated with the work of the Board and which already had considerable endowments received substantial grants from this special gift to the Board. All my appeals and arguments for a share of the fund were unavailing. Sometimes these disappointments were offset by help from wholly unexpected sources. The passing of my dear good friend, Mr. John S. Kennedy, in 1909 became the occasion of one of these happy surprises, when a letter from Mrs. Schauffler, sister of Mrs. Kennedy, inclosing a copy of Mr. Kennedy's last Will and Testament, indicated that he had bequeathed to the school under my control at Smyrna, the sum of Twenty Thousand Dollars.

Continued Demand for Increased Accommodation

Before we reached the close of this second decade our steadily mounting registrations passed the three hundred mark. To provide the necessary space we were obliged to lease two or three additional properties, one of them on the opposite side of the street. We were now completely restricted on three sides and partially so on the fourth. On the North and West by city streets and on the South and East by railway sheds. Further enlargement in this locality was therefore no longer possible. This was the situation when the way opened for our second furlough in 1910.

Although this second decade or chapter in our history does not properly close until the transfer of the College to our beautiful new Campus at Paradise, it seems best to include in our next Chapter the story of my furlough experiences that made this transfer possible.

Balboa Island, California,
February, 1937.

NOTES ON INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE DURING THE THIRD DECADE OF ITS HISTORY

My Second Furlough, July 1910 - July 1911

Although the story of my experiences during this furlough belongs chronologically to the previous decade, logically it belongs to this Third Chapter in the History of the College, inasmuch as the marked development of its material equipment that characterized the opening years of this decade was the direct result of my experiences during this furlough year.

We have already noted the failure and its cause, of my appeal to the Rockefeller Foundation for an Endowment of 300,000 dollars. This failure and its consequent disappointment is another evidence, in my experiences with College interests, of the truth that "God never closes one door without opening another."

It was in the early half of this furlough when our daughter Rosalind and I were visiting with Mrs. Kennedy that an invitation came to us from Miss Helen Gould to visit her in her beautiful summer home "Lyndhurst" at Tarrytown. There were some delightfully interesting experiences during that visit that do not belong to the story of International College, but there is one that has an important bearing on it that calls for special notice. On the day we returned to Mrs. Kennedy's, Miss Gould took us for a long drive up the banks of the Hudson, and on our return, before sending us on to the Railway depot, handed me an envelope, saying as she did so, "This is just a small gift for the College; some day I hope to do something worth while for it." In those days Five Thousand Dollars seemed very much worth while to me, for the envelope contained her cheque for that amount, and I was consequently "in the Seventh Heaven" figuratively as I returned that afternoon to Mrs. Kennedy's home. I found her alone with an old school friend in the morning room of the old home on 57th Street, just around the corner from Fifth Avenue. Almost her first words after her greeting of welcome were, "Now tell me about your visit to Miss Gould", for they were friends and associates in many good works. I naturally rehearsed the "interesting experiences" not recorded in these notes, and finished with the above closing incident of our visit and my great joy in discovering that what Miss Gould had referred to as "just a small gift for the College" was in reality a cheque for Five Thousand Dollars. I had scarcely finished these last words when my generous hostess promptly announced, "I am giving you Fifty Thousand Dollars.

Founder's Day

It is impossible for me to describe my immediate reaction to this wholly unexpected announcement and for a few moments I was dumfounded. Soon, however, I recovered my equilibrium and tried to express my gratitude. Among my first words were, "My dear Mrs. Kennedy, do you really want to commit yourself to such a large gift just at this time? I know the estate (Mr. Kennedy's) is not yet settled, and I am for the present quite satisfied to know of your keen interest in the College and its work." To this came her prompt response, "Oh, Yes, I'm quite sure it's all right; Stephen (Baker) was in here this morning and told me I could begin to give away money, and I want my first gift to go to your College." Meantime I noticed her old school friend was dabbing her handkerchief to her eyes and I'm afraid I followed her example. Anyway for some little time there was complete silence and I am quite sure it was a case of eloquent silence. The date was October 25, and as I began to clearly comprehend the significance in the life history of the College of two such splendid and unexpected gifts in a single day there came to me the thought which at once found

expression, "This is surely 'Founders' Day' for International College", and such indeed it became officially when our local Board of Governors in Smyrna received the good news of my experiences that day in New York. I proceeded to Boston shortly afterwards with these firstfruits of my second furlough and turned them over to our Treasurer at the American Board Rooms. These, together with Mr. Kennedy's recently announced legacy of 20,000 Dollars, meant that we had now in our Treasurer's hands the sum of $75,000.00 in available cash resources. By this time I was beginning to see the possibility of realizing my day dream of a College Campus of adequate proportions somewhere outside the city limits. In any case it was already apparent that none of these resources should be devoted to further improving our equipment on the old, already overcrowded premises on Meles Street in the City, where there was no possibility of further expansion.

The Question of a Dean and Understudy

Until quite recently I had been carrying the entire burden of administration with a heavy teaching program and ever-pressing financial difficulties. A recent graduate was now relieving me of the many details of office accounting, but with increasing years, for I was now somewhat advanced in the last decade of the three-score milestone, I was beginning to feel the necessity of having an associate who could take from my overburdened shoulders those cares usually attached to a Deanship, and who would also be able to carry administrative responsibility in case of necessity.

Before leaving for this second furlough I discussed this view of the situation with our local Board of Governors, whose functions were adviwory rather than administrative, and secured its unanimous recommendation to our Board of Trustees for such an appointment to our Staff.

It was during my visit to our Boston Headquarters referred to above that I placed before our Board of Trustees the recommendation of the local Board and secured its authority to find and recommend for appointment some one possessing the desired qualifications, on the understanding, however, that our Trustee Board assumed no responsibility for his salary or travel expenses.

In my quest for such a man it was perhaps natural I should first of all think of the possibility of finding him in the Senior Class at Union Theological Seminary in New York, and I was therefore soon back again in the hospitable home of our benefactress, Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy. President Francis Brown, in my student days at Union the youngest Professor on the staff, was cordially sympathetic, and suggested that I give him a few days to look over the list of men in the graduating class. On my next visit he had a list of five men, each of whose qualifications he discussed very frankly with me, and explained that while he had no assurance that any of these men were considering service in the foreign mission field, he had placed them in the order of his choice as to special qualifications for the post I had indicated. The first name on the list was that of Cass Arthur Reed. He had not mentioned the matter to any of the men and suggested that I approach them in the order named. The first long conference did not get beyond establishing Cass Reed's interest in our work and my interest in a possible candidate. Further conferences followed, with an evident deepening interest in our proposal, but it was not until February 1911 that he was able to make such definite commitment as made further reference to President Francis Brown's list unnecessary. He decided, however, on a year of special preparation for his post in the College, and it was not until September 1912 that the man who was destined to become my son-in-law and successor as President of the College reached Smyrna.

Further Substantial Encouragement for Realizing my Day Dreams

This sojourn in New York was somewhat protracted, partly due to continued conferences with Cass Reed at the Seminary, but it afforded many facilities for discussing future plans with my generous hostess, whose deepening interest in the College, especially since her splendid gift to it of 50,000 Dollars, was a cause of keen satisfaction to me. Plans to transfer it to a suitable and ample site outside the city were crystalizing in my mind and when shortly afterwards Dr. Schauffler, Mrs. Kennedy's brother-in-law, asked me one evening after dinner to join him in the library for a brief chat and suggested when we were alone together that I tell him in some detail just what my plans were, I was by this time in a position to state somewhat definitely what I hoped to provide in the way of material equipment in land, buildings, etc., for the further development of the College. At the close of this interview he asked me if I would commit to writing what I had told him and accompany it with a rough outline of the plans of the buildings contemplated, with estimated cost; and bring them to him in his office down town for further discussion. He did not in any way indicate, nor did I need to be told, that in these inquiries he was carrying out Mrs. Kennedy's wishes. I had already sufficient experience in building costs, including building supplies in Smyrna, that I was in a position to provide the information desired with a fair measure of accuracy. The total cost of completing the plan I outlined would on my estimate be in the neighborhood of One Hundred and Seventy Thousand Dollars. The plan included three major buildings - a President's house, and some small auxilliary buildings. A few days after my second conference with Dr. Schauffler in his office down town Mrs. Kennedy asked me one morning after breakfast to meet her in the Library to talk over my College plans. After explaining that Dr. Schauffler's inquiries had been made at her request, and referring to Mr. Kennedy's and her own interest in us and the work we were doing through the College, she told me she fully approved of my plans as submitted to Dr. Schauffler and would be glad to provide the necessary funds to carry them out, as also to meet the need when other buildings became necessary. She further informed me that she would forthwith make provision to insure that these funds would be at my disposal as the plans were being executed. For a long time following this Library chat I seemed to be walking on air. For more than twenty years I had been under constant stress and worry to provide suitable, adequate accommodation for an ever-growing student body, from an ever-widening constituency. The way was now clear for the most important forward step since our opening in the Autumn of 1891, and from now until we set out some months later on our return journey to Smyrna my time and interests were pretty fully absorbed in working out more in detail the plans for transferring the College to some suitable new site outside the city. My colleagues in Smyrna, as also our local Board of Governors there, were greatly cheered and at once began looking up a possible new site for the College.

Kennedy Hall

Mrs. Kennedy's first large gift to the College on October 25th fixed that date as "Founders Day", but it seemed to me fitting that the name "Kennedy" be more definitely associated with the new material equipment of the College. I therefore asked her permission to name the proposed new Main Building of the College "Kennedy Hall". She was very positive, however, in declining the request, and gave as her reason that Mr. Kennedy had always been unwilling to have his name associated with any of his gifts. I then raised the question of placing a brass tablet somewhere on the new campus indicating the source and the motive inspiring the gifts which made our campus and its equipment possible, and emphasized the missionary value of such an example to the people of Turkey. She was finally persuaded to agree to my request in principle, but on condition that the wording of the proposed tablet be submitted for her approval. Somewhat later during building operations she gave her approval to placing in the vestibule of the Main Building a brass tablet three feet wide by about two feet high, bearing the following inscription:

"This building, the Auditorium, the Gymnasium
and Kenarden Lodge
Together with the Campus of twenty acres
Have been provided through the Christian
philanthropy of
Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy
of New York City, U.S.A."

I had carried on the above negotiations with Mrs. Kennedy without consulting my Smyrna associates only a short time before we left New York on our return to Turkey in the summer of 1911. It came to my knowledge on arriving there that at the very time I was trying to persuade Mrs. Kennedy to consent to our naming the proposed Main building "Kennedy Hall", our Board of Governors had been taking action to designate this same building "MacLachlan Hall", all of which was inscribed on an illuminated address of welcome and congratulation presented to me on our arrival, by our local Board.

Finding the New Site

At this first meeting of the local Board the question of prime importance was how best to go about finding a suitable new site for the College. After careful consideration of the essential requisites a special committee was appointed to explore the area surrounding Smyrna and to report later at a meeting of the Board for final consideration and action. Many weeks passed before the Committee was ready to report its findings. At this final all day meeting of the Board a choice of three sites was submitted. Most of the day was spent by the Board visiting and carefully examining these sites. We lunched and had afternoon tea together at the College, ending the day in a meeting in which there was enthusiastic and unanimous choice of the beautiful Paradise block of twenty acres, two hundred and fifty feet above the city and a mile and a half distant from it.

An Imperial Firman

On inquiry it became clear an Imperial Firman would be necessary to carry through our proposed plan of transfer to the new site, and the erection of buildings. Among my intimate Turkish friends was a prominent doctor who was then Mayor of Smyrna, whose son had been a student in the College for some years. I took Dr. Etem Bey fully into my confidence and explained to him our plans in detail. He confirmed the view I had already gained as to the necessity of securing an Imperial Firman, and fell in with my suggestion that we together wait on the newly appointed Provincial Governor General and seek his counsel and advice as to the wisest method of procedure in applying for a Firman. I had already made a formal call on the Governor to present my respects; and when I again called with the Mayor we were cordially received. It transpired as we announced our errand that in his younger days he had been a school teacher, and he warmly appreciated the reasons for transferring the College from the crowded city to our spacious campus at Paradise. When I explained to him my inexperience and complete ignorance as to the necessary and most expeditious means of securing a Firman, and also that I, as well as our local Board and friends in America, would greatly appreciate the value of his advice in the matter, he warmly responded and said he would gladly assist me in every way possible. He suggested that I place in his hands a map describing the property and its location, and that he would prepare the form of application for my signature, and start it on its round of the various departments of the Provincial Government for their consent and approval. This first necessary step before the application could be presented to the Central Government at Constantinople should not require more than a very few weeks. When it was completed, if I would again call on him he would advise me regarding the measures to be taken at the Capital. He further explained that once the application was presented there

I could proceed with the inclosing wall and when that was completed with the erection of the proposed College buildings. Blue prints of these should accompany the application when it went to Constantinople.

The value and importance of having secured the advice and co-operation of those in authority in the initial steps of our negotiations for a Firman became more and more apparent as they proceeded, both locally and later at Constantinople. An instance of this occurred in the late Summer of 1912 when construction work on the three major buildings was somewhat advanced though we were still without any permission to build. When I learned now that the Governor was being transferred to another province and that a new Governor was taking his place, I at once became anxious lest our work be stopped. That risk must be avoided and the surest way seemed to be through an appeal to Kiamil Pasha the G.O.M. of Turkey who had been five times Grand Vizier and whose friendship I had gained during his earlier administration of our province as Governor General. I decided on a personal interview and at once proceeded to Constantinople. On my journey there I had the good fortune on board ship to fall in with his son-in-law who was a fellow-passenger and whom I had known previously. When I told him the purpose of my visit he suggested the wisdom of seeing the G.O.M. at his home rather than at his official headquarters, for he was then President of the Council of State. He further suggested an hour when I would be most sure to find him at home. Many years had passed since I had, on different occasions, sought his help in behalf of Armenians who were in prison in Smyrna under suspicion of belonging to one of the revolutionary organizations and whom I knew were entirely innocent; for his term of provincial administration was during the years of the earlier Armenian massacres. I found him quite alone at his home in the midst of a park on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn and was pleased to have him at once recognize me and extend to me a very welcome greeting. Kindly inquiries followed for some of his old British friends in Smyrna who were also warm friends of the College. He did not need to be told I had an "axe to grind". "Was there anything he could do for me?" So I introduced my errand by telling him that our Firman for the transfer of the College to our new Campus at Paradise and the erection of the new buildings there had not yet been issued. He expressed surprise at this, for our application had been approved by the Council of State many months earlier. He would at once have his secretary make inquiry and find out where it had become waterlogged. Meantime I should wait until his secretary could bring word regarding it. Inquiries as to how transfer plans were progressing opened the way for me to tell him the real object of my visit and the cause of my anxiety. "Why! the new Vali is one of my appointees; he is dining with me here this evening and if you can wait over I will introduce you and explain the situation to him." I expressed as best I could my appreciation of his great kindness and although I had a return ticket to Smyrna by a steamer leaving that evening I would gladly remain over to avail myself of the opportunity to meet the new Governor General. He replied "In that case there is no necessity for you to remain and so lose the value of your return ticket. I will make a note now and arrange the matter with him myself. By all means leave this evening as you had planned and I will see to it there will be no interference with your building operations." He was called out of the room for a few minutes and when he returned smiling explained, "Strangely enough your Firman documents have been located in the Department of the Council of State over which I preside, where they were apparently deposited after being passed, and remained there because no one was responsible for their transfer to the next department. I will see that they are so transferred. Some days later in Smyrna when I called to present my respects to the new Vali, he mentioned Kiamil Pasha's references to our building operations. My mind was now quite at rest and our building operations were completed long before the Firman granting official permission for them was issued. Indeed it may be of interest to mention here that during our sojourn in Constantinople with the Kennedy Yachting Cruise party in May 1914, I suggested to Mr. Henry Morgenthau, the U.S. Ambassador, that perhaps inquiry on his part as to what had happened to our Firman would release it.

About a week later while our yachting party was still in Athens a wire from the Ambassador advised us that the Firman was about to be issued. As a matter of fact it was not issued until November 1914, about three years after the application was presented.

Nearly six months before this, however, the elaborate ceremonies of the Inauguration of our new campus and buildings had taken place, the then Governor General, Rahmi Bey, officiating. In my earlier years in Turkey I had followed the usual custom of foreigners in claiming what they regarded as their rights and privileges through their countries' Consuls or Ambassadors; for the Capitulations were still in force. I had long since, however, found "a more excellent way" in a policy of absolute frankness, presenting my case directly to those in authority in a country where I was a privileged guest and unfailingly found a ready and reasonable response to my appeals.

Construction Work on the Paradise Campus

Much time was devoted to negotiations with Contracting firms in Smyrna and also in Athens based on the plans and specifications brought back with me from my furlough. The wide variations in cost presented in the tenders from these firms determined me to undertake the job myself with the advice and help of master workmen, especially as some of the tenders called for an outlay considerably greater than our available funds. I contracted with a local firm of Greek architects to supervise our operations, but before long, owing to careless oversight on their part, I felt obliged to dismiss them with full pay.

We were fortunate in our initial steps in securing the great bulk of our building materials at very low cost. First of all we secured the right to develop a stone quarry within a quarter of a mile of the campus, on condition that we pay the owner one piaster (4 cents) for every cubic meter quarried. The stone came out in easily worked layers and the many hundreds of cubic meters of choice quality building stone were all provided at an almost nominal cost.

We were equally fortunate with our entire lumber supplies. A sailing shipload of assorted lumber of various kinds, including scaffolding poles and timbers, arrived in Smyrna Harbor from Norway just as we were about to begin operations. I bought the entire cargo from the ships Master owner at a little over one half retail costs in the city. I chartered a sloop to bring from the Island of Santa Quaranto in the Aegean a cargo of Putzolani, a natural produce of volcanic origin, of which the whole Island is composed, and which is an excellent substitute for Portland Cement, for certain types of construction work. Here again we made a very substantial saving in cost of supplies. We also manufactured on the Campus all our large supplies of cement bricks with hydraulic presses rented for the purpose.

Our workman's wage scale was as follows: Laborers 30 cents per day, tradesmen, i.e., masons, carpenters, bricklayers, etc., 84 cents a day; foreman, master workmen one dollar per day. As work on different buildings proceeded at the same time, some hundreds of men were employed at the current rate of wages above indicated. The College Cavas, an efficient Albanian, had charge of the "hiring and firing" of the men, and one of my sons was timekeeper. The first building to be put up was the North Gate lodge and the MacLachlan family occupied this and an adjoining tent during the three months of that first summer vacation. After that I drove out every morning from the city between six and seven and got the day's work started, returned for breakfast, then took charge of Chapel exercises at 8:30, followed by my morning classes. I then returned to Paradise at 10 a.m. where I remained until after work finished for the day at sunset. It was a very strenuous experience supervising the job in all its details. My office assistant at the College, however, kept all building accounts. Building operations began in the early Summer

of 1912 and the College was transferred to the new campus by September 1913, in time for the opening of the fall term. In somewhat over fifteen months we had completed our entire building program, comprising three major fire and earthquake proof College buildings, seven small auxiliary buildings and eight staff houses. The auxiliary buildings were the Infirmary, Servant Quarters, two Gate Lodges, Laundry, Drying-Shed, and Lavatory building. The completed plant also included a Sewage Disposal System, a Power and Electric lighting plant, a ten foot high surrounding wall on two sides of the Campus, wells and elevated water tanks. Only the three major buildings and the President's house were included in the estimated cost given Dr. Schauffler and Mrs. Kennedy in New York, and when buildings and other costs were all paid we were pleased to find we had still a balance on hand of nearly Fourteen Thousand Dollars.

City Patronage

From the beginning of our plans to transfer the College to a suburban site we were concerned as to whether we would be able to carry our city patrons with us. All doubt on that question was dispelled when registration began on our new Campus; for shortly after we were overwhelmed with applicants for whom we had no accommodation. We were overcrowded with the four hundred and ten we had registered, a total which exceeded by more than one hundred any previous enrolment. The Railway Company put on an eight o'clock students' train in the morning and a return train at 4:30 in the afternoon, and about two hundred students commuted thus daily.

Inaugural Ceremonies in January 1914

The confusion of getting settled down in our new quarters, among other reasons, seemed to suggest the wisdom of delaying the official opening of the new campus and buildings until after the Christmas vacation. Meantime plans and programs could be worked out carefully for the auspicious event. It was in carrying out one of these plans that a serious situation developed between the two most numerous racial groups in the student body -- Greeks and Turks. There were now more than one hundred Turks in attendance, and more than double that number of Greeks. The administration had given careful consideration to the question of beflagging and bunting decorations for the occasion, and had announced that while Turkish and American flags should be more prominent in the display, those of other nationalities represented in our student body would also be displayed, - Greek, French, British, Italian, Armenian, and others. The great majority of our Greek students were Rayas, i.e., Turkish subjects of Greek race and religion, the rest being citizens of Greece. The student committee in charge of beflagging was international and in carrying out their work the insistence of the Greeks on an excessive display of Greek flags led to fighting between some of the more aggressive spirits in both groups. This led to police interference and the expulsion of a leader from each group. It was all, however, soon forgotten in the general rejoicings connected with the Inauguration ceremonies. An account of these published at the time in the "College Bulletin" will suffice to complete this chapter in our story. A copy of this will be filed with these notes.

The Greek College Students Go on Strike

The three largest racial and national groups in the student body, Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, had their respective Literary Societies, and as a precautionary measure against these organizations becoming politically minded, the administration early in the autumn term required that all meetings be attended by the professor at the head of their respective departments in the College. Later, further precautionary measures, especially following the flag incident recorded

above, seemed desirable and perhaps necessary. As a result of these extra measures some six weeks after the Inauguration it became known to me that the Greek Literary Society was carrying on energetic Greek political propaganda. At each regular Friday afternoon meeting weekly contributions were being made to provide a destroyer for the Greek Navy. The situation demanded careful and prompt attention, and in order to avoid separate action against the Greek Society the Administration decided to temporarily suspend the three Literary Societies. The following morning announcement was made to this effect at Chapel exercises, the reason given being that in the present disturbed world political situation student racial groups meeting separately might be tempted to discuss politics, and have their minds and thoughts turned aside from their studies.

That evening there was handed to me an Ultimatum signed by some one hundred and twenty-five Greek students of college grade demanding that on the following morning at Chapel I recall the announcement of that morning, and if I failed to meet this demand they would leave the College in a body. There was much more in the document in defence of their national rights. There of course could be no question as to our attitude towards such a demand. Chapel exercises were conducted as usual next morning and at their close all but Greek students were dismissed to their morning classes. Greek preparatory boys were next dismissed to their classes. Nearly all those remaining had signed the Ultimatum, and to these I ventured to give some fatherly advice, but explained the College was not a prison house and the Campus Gates were wide open. After a few minutes of kindly but firm advice I asked those who intended to carry out their threat to raise their hands. For some time no hand was raised. Finally one student towards whom all were looking raised his hand and soon many others followed. They were then all dismissed and the great bulk of them, perhaps 120, marched off the Campus and into the city direct to the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop's Palace, where they were warmly received and commended for their patriotism. Archbishop Chrysostom had long posed as a warm friend of mine and it was long after this before our paths crossed again. Before the day was over fully twenty of those who left, repented and were reinstated. The others never returned, though many of them later repented and confessed their folly to me, some of them many years afterwards.

Our Lady Bountiful and Beautiful Visits the Campus in May 1914

One of the most outstanding features of our College story was the visit of Mrs. Kennedy and the members of her yachting party near the close of this first year to the beautiful Paradise Campus with its splendid equipment, all of which had been provided by her generous gifts.

About the time of the Inaugural Ceremonies I received a letter from her telling of the proposed two months' cruise in the Eastern Mediterranean, and asking me to be one of a party of eight of her personal friends whom she was inviting to accompany her. For many reasons I was only too glad to have in prospect the pleasure of sharing in what I knew would be a unique experience, especially as the other members of the party were all old and very warm friends of mine. In addition to our hostess, the party was to be composed of her sister, Mrs. Fred Schauffler and her husband Dr. Fred Schauffler, Dr. and Mrs. John Henry Jowett, then Mrs. Kennedy's pastor at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and Dr. and Mrs. Halsey of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, all of New York. The yacht chartered for the cruise was the S.S."Alberta" formerly owned by the King of the Belgians and now owned by a well-known Englishman, and flying the Standard of the Royal Yacht Club of London - a large, seaworthy vessel with a crew of seventy-two. I joined the party at Naples in April and for the next two months enjoyed one of my life's most delightful experiences. The joy of sharing the fellowship of such a choice group of friends was in itself an unforgetable inspiration.

Our itinerary included visits to Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, Austria, Italy, with week-ends in the harbors of Beirut, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, and Venice, including many shorter calls and visits along our route. During the last week of our cruise along the incomparable Dalmatian Coast we chanced to meet the Austrian Archduke Ferdinand, only a few weeks before his assassination at Sarajevo -- the match that set on fire the Great World War. For me and my associates on the Campus the great highlight of the cruise was our week-end in the Harbor of Smyrna where we arrived on a Friday evening and left the following Monday. Most of Saturday was spent visiting the ruins of Ephesus whither we were conveyed by special train in the private coach of the General Manager of the Ottoman Aidin Railway Company, Mr. Barfield, who generously placed it at our disposal. Sunday the Great Day of high privilege was spent on the Campus. Dr. Jowett conducted divine service in the College Chapel which, seating four hundred, was overcrowded largely with members of the British Communities in Smyrna and its suburbs, all available extra space being taken by our Campus Community and students of the upper college classes. Dr. Jowett's sermon on "The Halo" is still remembered and spoken of by many of those who were inspired by it on that occasion. The whole party lunched with us in "Kenarden Lodge", the beautiful home provided by Mrs. Kennedy for the President of the College. The rest of the day was spent visiting the buildings and some of the campus homes.

The War and its all but Fatal Consequences to International College

The Great War with the more devastating aftermath in Asia Minor, the Greco-Turkish War that prolonged the conflict nearly three and a half years beyond the close of the Paris Peace Conference, proved for a season our complete undoing.

Before the opening of our second year on the Paradise Campus in 1914 the opening of the Great War robbed us of a large portion of our student constituency. Our entire patronage area was pretty strictly limited to Asia Minor on the East, with its Turkish patrons who included Turks, and Greek, Armenian, and Jewish subject races. On the West our constituency included the Islands of the Aegean and old Greece proper with their Greek citizen patrons. With Turkey espousing the Central European side of the conflict and the popular Venezelist party in Greece supporting the Western powers, our registration at the opening of this Second Year was almost completely limited to Asia Minor patrons. This, however, was but the first step in our patronage elimination. It was followed by the call to military service of many of our upper classmen and staff members of military age who were Turkish subjects, whether Turks or Rayas, i.e. Greek, Armenian, or Jewish Turkish subjects. During the first year of the war these Rayas were used in the auxiliary services only in accordance with long established usage in Turkey, such as roadbuilding, etc. This process of elimination continued until in the closing year of the war, when our earlier registration of 410 was reduced to less than one hundred, and these mostly of preparatory grade.

The opening of the Greek invasion, or attempted Conquest of Asia Minor on May 15th, 1919, when the Greek Army was landed on the Smyrna Quay under the protection of one or two of the Western Allies, reversed almost completely the area from which patronage could reach us. With Smyrna as the Military Headquarters of the Greek Army in Asia Minor, our patronage from our large Asia Minor constituency was pretty completely eliminated, while the way was again open for our former Greek patrons in the Aegean Islands and old Greece; but in regaining these we had lost a large number of our Turkish students. The following three and a half years were a period of reconstruction largely along Greek lines and by 1922 our registration had reached about 250. But in September of that year came the debacle and complete rout of the Greek Army from Asia Minor and the return of the victorious Turks followed by the great Smyrna disaster which completely closed the College and left it for a whole year in a condition of "suspended animation."

We Do Our Bit in the War

As the door was gradually closed to us for work along educational lines, another "door" was being widely opened to us along war service lines.

The first call for relief work came from the poor neighboring Greek village of Prophet Elias, all of whose able-bodied men were at once called to the auxiliary service camps in the Turkish army, leaving their families to subsist on the very meagre military pay of one pisater (4 cents) per day. This village of about one hundred families became a first charge on relief funds placed at our disposal. Our distributing centre in the village was soon overwhelmed with equally desperate appeals from other neighboring villagers on the fringe of the great city and we were compelled to transfer our relief centre to the Campus. More thorough organization and investigation soon became necessary and also food supplies by the carload from the interior where prices were more moderate than they were in the city. Similar relief work was also developing in the city under government control where all persons on relief were required to pay two cents for the daily supply per person. Thousands were obliged to sell their meagre possessions such as furniture, bedding and clothing to purchase the daily food ration from the government soup and bread kitchens. This meant for many of those on relief the selling of all their possessions except sufficient clothing to cover their nakedness. Our relief activities soon overstepped all lines of race and religion. Turks in need of relief were slow to present their cases to us, partly perhaps owing to a natural racial pride, and perhaps also in some measure, especially among the more ignorant, because we were foreign Gaiours (Infidels). To overcome this reticence we used the volunteer services of a Turkish friend to investigate conditions in the Turkish quarter of the city nearest our Campus. Special gifts came to us for relief work apart from those provided by the American Near East Relief. One such special gift of Ten Thousand Dollars was specially designated for use irrespective of creed, race, or nationality. As the burden of relief increased we had to limit our succor to those who could no longer provide the necessary two cents for the daily government food ration. We were now feeding more than two thousand daily, and our food supplies were limited to horse beans and olive oil, both very common and nourishing articles of diet. But as the war continued all food supplies had to be requisitioned by the government and we could no longer purchase supplies in the interior and for some time we provided the money equivalent of the food ration for each family.

"Pray for the Americans"

While we followed this method of distribution, Professor Caldwell and I, who were in charge of relief services throughout the whole war period, were assisted by our Turkish friend, Mehmet Bey. We sat side by side at a little table as the long queue of applicants who had shown their relief tickets to the Cavas at the entrance gate of the Campus passed before us. My part in the distribution was to receive the card and from the relief lists in my hand to tell Professor Caldwell the number of persons in the family. He then counted out the money from the supply before him at the table and handed the amount to Mehmet Bey, who in turn passed it on to the recipient, with the invariable injunction, "Pray for the Americans." We were rather pleased than otherwise with this attempt of Mehmet to show his appreciation of the help we were thus extending to the people of his country, especially as there was but very little evidence of gratitude on the part of our co-religionists who were the main recipients of American Relief succor.

We Co-operate with the Government in its City Relief Project

Recipients of our cash relief system soon had difficulty in finding food supplies and I at once brought the matter to the notice of the Governor General who suggested I confer with the Mufti, the bishop or local religious head of the Moslems who was in charge of the Government relief organization. A plan of co-operation was at once arranged with him whereby those on our relief lists would receive their food supplies from the city relief centre; and by a simple method of accounting we paid the bill at the end of each month. I was asked to assist in keeping a check on the kind and quantity of the food supplies handed out to all recipients. The new plan worked very satisfactorily and relieved us of the heavy burden of purchase and distribution.

The College Fills Another Important International Wartime Role in 1918

Under the terms of the Berne Convention between the British and Turkish Governments, for the exchange of permanently disabled military prisoners of war, the College became host, over a period of three months in the Summer of 1918, to over Two Thousand British Military prisoners of War from the various prison camps in Turkey. Interesting details of this unique service are contained in a sketch prepared for a different purpose, a copy of which will be placed on file with these notes.

Financial and Other Assistance from our Boston Headquarters

No account of our College during this third decard of its history would be complete without special reference to the financial and other assistance received from our Boston headquarters. By this time our Annual Budget called for an outlay of approximately Forty Thousand Dollars, a burden quite beyond the reasonable possibilities of an unendowed institution in the Foreign Mission field. As assistance in carrying this burden the College in the first place was now given an Annual Grant from the Higher Educational Fund of the American Board of $1500.00, which was continued until we received our first large Endowment bequest from the Hall Estate in 1925-26. In the second place Mr. Ralph Harlow and his wife who were sent out in 1912 as Missionaries of the American Board in Smyrna, transferred their home and service the following year to the Paradise Campus, where Mr. Harlow rendered invaluable service as College Chaplain and leader in other student religious and social activities among our students. A year later his brother-in-law, Mr. King Birge and his wife were also appointed Missionaries of the Board and designated to service at the College. With his good knowledge of Turkish, Mr. Birge in addition to some classroom work identified himself more especially with the social and other interests of our Turkish students. Owing to the war situation, both the Harlow and Birge families returned to America in 1915, the husbands following a year later. Both families returned to the Campus in 1919, the Harlows retiring in the Summer of 1922 on account of the illness of their son and Mr. Birge the following April 1923, owing to changed political conditions. The Reeds were also supported by the American Board during the years 1920-1926 inclusive. During the period 1913-1926, however, the Field Missionary work in Smyrna and its out-stations formerly cared for by two full time missionaries of the American Board was now carried on by members of the College Staff.

The Agricultural Department

One of our reasons for selecting the Paradise site for the Campus was because it was surrounded by choice farming land; but it was some years before we were able to take the first definite step towards carrying out a long cherished purpose in the development of the College. Very little had as yet been done in Turkey in the way of

introducing modern methods of agriculture, and while we could not claim the honor of pioneering in that line, we were in a specially advantageous position to afford facilities for practical and scientific farming in an area largely devoted to agriculture. The way opened when there was offered for sale a very attractive property of about twenty acres lying beyond the roadway that formed the western boundary of our Campus and known as the Boscovitch Villa and gardens. The property contained a vineyard, a large apricot grove and also an almond orchard, together with a vegetable garden and a large open field for root and grain crops. There was an abundant water supply from the stream (the traditional river Meles) that formed the northern boundary of the Campus and passed through the middle of this property to the ravine which formed its western boundary and where a portion of it was carried across the ravine on the ancient Roman aqueduct which for more than two thousand years was still providing part of the water supply of Smyrna. This property seemed specially suited as a centre for our agricultural plans and with the ever-ready assistance of our generous benefactress was purchased, with additional funds for construction of administration, dairy, and poultry buildings with other necessary equipment. Choice farming lands to the South of the campus were soon added, as also an adjoining large, one-story, stone structure, part of which was fitted up as a farm servants' dwelling and the larger portion with modern stabling equipment. We at once imported dairying stock and poultry and proceeded to develope along dairying, poultry, and bee farming lines in addition to fruit and vegetables, with excellent prospects of a large service along these lines.

Our Social Settlement House

This new development of our many-sided interests came in the closing years of this third decade of our history and the funds that made possible the carrying out of the plan came largely from the Crosby family of Buffalo. Mr. William Crosby was then a member of our Board of Trustees, and his daughter Helen, now a Trustee of the College, gave two years of voluntary and valuable service in our administration office on the Campus during the years 1920-22. Classroom studies in Sociology coupled with our wide relief activities seemed to call for a centre where our students could be afforded facilities for demonstration and practical experience in Social Settlement work. The neighboring poor Greek village of Prophet Elias where we began our relief work in the early years of the Great War provided conditions calling for social and relief services and in this hamlet containing about one hundred poor families a piece of land was purchased and on it was erected our Social Settlement House. Most of the labor during construction was provided by some of our Armenian and Turkish beneficiary students during summer vacation. The Greek Metropolitan Archbishop of Smyrna conducted the dedicatory service of this building, and various branches of Social Service work were organized by Sara Snell of Boston, a graduate of Wellesley College who was then connected with the Girls' Collegiate Institute in Smyrna.

It was at this building on September 11, 1922, which was being looted by Bashibozouks during the Smyrna Disaster week, that I and a group of American Bluejackets from a U.S. Destroyer came into violent collision with these freebooters, a collision in which we came off a very poor second best. Details of this tragic experience appear in another sketch, written for a different purpose.

The Paradise Christian Student Conferences 1915-1922

Thus far in these Notes there has been little or no indication of the important fact of the College being fundamentally a Christian Missionary Institution. Our originally announced declaration in 1891, - "This School is Christian but Non-Sectarian" - was continued for many years in subsequent catalogs, and its failure to appear in later years is no evidence of a change of purpose or of our failure to maintain our Christian Witness.

The fact that from the beginning of 1891 until the reopening of the College in 1923 a full period of 45 minutes daily was devoted to religious worship and Bible Study, sufficiently attests the Christian spirit and aim of the school. In addition to these, voluntary student Christian organizations were encouraged and maintained throughout this whole period.

It was not, however, until 1915 that the first of a long series of student Spring Conferences was held on the Campus. For the next few years attendance was limited to students of International College and girls of the American Collegiate institute in Smyrna, together with the members of the teaching staffs of both institutions. These annual Spring Conferences on the Paradise Campus continued to grow in influence and numbers until in 1920 they were augmented by delegates from the Constantinople Colleges, Y.M.C.A. organizations, and also from Salonika.

It is interesting to note that in one of the Conference group photographs the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop Chrysostom of Smyrna is seated in the front row. Soldiers of the Greek Army of Occupation in uniform are also in evidence in this photograph. It is also of interest to record that many non-Christian students, Moslems and Jews, were regular attendants at these Student Conferences.

The Pledge of $15,000 a Year that Failed

What promised to be the high light of my 1919-20 furlough was the promise of the above provision for a period of five years from our Boston Board. During this furlough I prepared an urgent appeal to our Board for adequate financial support with a carefully prepared statement of our financial resources and minimum additional requirements. It was addressed to the Trustees, "Setting forth an appeal and argument for adequate financial support, or, failing this, to transfer the institution to another governing body under certain guarantees."

The appeal and statement is much too extended to be recorded here. Copies of it were sent to all members of the Board of Trustees and also to the other members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board together with a call to a joint meeting of both bodies at which I was asked to present the appeal in person. The meeting was held in the Board Rooms in Boston and proved a long and very strenuous experience for me. It all, however, seemed very much worth while when a member of our present Board some twenty minutes after I left the meeting, brought me the glad news that I had "won out", that the $15,000.00 a year for five years had been unanimously voted, and extending his very hearty congratulations. I of course would do what I could to assist the Board in raising this additional $15,000.00 and to this end prepared a brief appeal which was sent out from the Board Rooms, accompanied by the following warm commendation by our good friend, Dr. Barton.

> "On behalf of the Trustees of International College, Smyrna, I bespeak for President MacLachlan and his appeal for the College a sympathetic hearing. President MacLachlan has under-stated rather than over-stated the tremendous influence of this College in all Western Asia Minor, as well as in Greece and Southern Europe. It was my privilege to visit the College a few months ago, and I was most gratified to see what a splendid plant had already been built up at Paradise and to hear from the Greek Governor General and the Greek Bishops of Smyrna and of Philadelphia words of unqualified commendation of the influence and power of the College, all of whom urged that the institution be strengthened that it might more effectively accomplish its high and lofty purpose. President MacLachlan has built up a noble institution which brings honour to the name of America, as well as exalts and glorifies the high Christian ideals which must dominate not only the leaders in the Near East but the society which is now in process of reformation."

I was naturally "exalted above measure" with this splendid assurance of adequate financial support as I returned to Smyrna in the early summer of 1920. Just why the pledge failed completely I have never been advised. I do know, however, that in failing it opened the way for additions to our Board of men who have demonstrated, especially during the past few years, their willingness to give hours of patient and thorough study to all problems of vital interest to the College.

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE IN SMYRNA, TURKEY

Fourth and Last Decade in Smyrna

Much of this last decade story of the College in Smyrna is "Contemporary History" ; and as the direct concern of the writer is limited to the first three or four years of the period only, i.e. 1922-1926, when he retired, these "Notes" will not be carried beyond the latter date.

Educational work in the College following the 1922 disaster scarcely survived, but throughout the Collegiate Year 1922-23 important services were rendered by members of the staff in Asia Minor and also in Greece.

Another Plan that Failed

During the writer's convalescence in the Island of Malta whither he was conveyed an invalid on a British Battleship about the middle of September 1922 following the Smyrna Disaster, he prepared an agricultural plan to submit to the Turkish Government. While the College could not function along educational lines it possessed resources which we believed could be made available for relief and other purposes. Our agricultural equipment was intact, the Director of that Department, an Englishman, was available, and if a considerable group of about thirty of our Armenian students, partially trained in agriculture and then in a prison Concentration Camp in the interior, were made available for service, we would have sufficient man power, expert leadership, and modern agricultural implements to provide much needed food supplies for Government hospitals and other relief projects. The Government's cooperative share in this plan would be to place at our disposal abandoned lands, formerly owned by Greeks, to the extent of 1000 acres adjoining our Campus, together with twelve yoke of oxen and their fodder.

When I was physically able to return to Smyrna about the middle of November accompanied by the Director of the Agricultural Department and with all details of the proposed plan carefully worked out, we were afforded every facility for presenting it to the provincial Governor General and also to two members of the Ankara Cabinet who happened to be in Smyrna. The provincial Government and these members of the Cabinet warmly concurred in our proposal and it was submitted to the Ankara Government. Some nine days were occupied in presenting and discussing the plan but at this point, owing to a critical international situation at Chanak, between the Turkish and British Governments, the few Britishers who had ventured to return to Smyrna after the Disaster were forced to leave clandestinely by British Naval officers detailed for that purpose. The writer, however, went out openly with official Turkish permit. The day following our departure official authority for our plan came from Ankara, and placing at the disposal of the College one thousand acres of choice farm lands surrounding the Campus. But here again, "The best laid plans o' mice and men, etc.,"

Activities in Greece

After four days of wandering about the Aegean in a British ship we were landed at Volo, and from there made our own way to Athens, or rather to Kephesia, a summer resort for Athenians. Here we remained until it was possible to secure passport vise from British Consular authorities in August 1923 for our return to Smyrna.

A New Role for Educational Missionaries

During the next ten months of our voluntary "exile" in Greece we were strenuously occupied with two important services which pressed themselves upon our notice and claimed our warm sympathy and help. Organized succor for the hundreds of thousands of Greek and Armenian refugees from Asia Minor was being provided by the American Near East Relief with its large staff of workers. Our sympathetic efforts in relief were attracted to a large body of Turkish civilians imprisoned in Greek Concentration Camps, mainly in the neighborhood of Athens. During the Greco-Turkish war in Asia Minor Turkish civil officials and many other influential civilians were seized by the Greek army as it pushed its conquest eastward toward Ankara, and sent over to concentration prison camps in Greece. From time to time we had observed these civilian prisoners in Smyrna as they were being conveyed under guard of Greek soldiers along the water-front to be embarked on Greek ships. The conditions under which they were living in these prison camps had come to our knowledge and my son-in-law, Cass Reed and I made application to the Greek Military authorities through the Greek Red Cross for permission to visit these camps. After some delay permission was granted but with certain restrictions which we gladly accepted, as our interests were purely humanitarian. Turkish speaking Greek soldiers must accompany us on these visitations to insure observance of the restrictions. We found these Concentration Camps pretty much what they are generally supposed to be under war time conditions. All the prisoners were men from comfortable homes and among the civic officials, some thirty-four Kiamakams (Mayors) were reported to us. On entering one of the larger camps containing hundreds of prisoners for the first time we were warmly greeted by former patrons of the College whose sons had been with us, and in one case by a former student himself. Many of the older men, some of them of considerable wealth, lacked comfortable clothing and the more general complaints were that no charges of any kind had been brought against them by either the military or civil authorities; and that they had not heard any word from their families during the two or three years of their imprisonment. Could we find out for them if their wives and children were alive and well, was a frequent appeal. They had written many times but never got any response.

As a result of these visits we appealed to the Greek authorities to hand us letters written by these prisoners, after they had passed the Government censorship, and also to permit us to hand sufficient money to them from their friends in Asia Minor to provide necessary clothing and bedding. On our part we undertook to secure similar privileges from the Turkish Government through the Red Crescent Society for Greek Civilian War prisoners in Concentration Camps in Asia Minor. When these negotiations were satisfactorily arranged Dr. Reed assumed the role of International Courier between Greece and Turkey, and during the next few months carried many thousands of dollars in Turkish and Greek currencies and also many hundreds of letters which were delivered to prisoners in both countries with the co-operation of the Red Cross and Red Crescent Societies. He travelled almost exclusively by American destroyers, sometimes by way of Constantinople but more usually by direct route across the Aegean.

An American College for Athens

The other activity referred to above concerned American Educational interests in Greece. On my return to Greece from Smyrna in November 1922 I was waited upon by a group of three Greek gentlemen with the proposal that I join them in an appeal to our Board of Trustees to transfer International College from Smyrna to Athens. They supported their proposal with many assurances of active co-operation on the part of the Greek Government. They also presented the great need of character building educational work among Greek youth such as we had been carrying on in Asia Minor. I was unable to offer them any hope or encouragement to press their appeal, mainly on the ground that the College was established in Smyrna primarily for the youth of that region irrespective of race, religion, or nationality. That although it was now temporarily closed on account of disturbed political conditions I felt assured it had still an important service to render to the youth of that area. Could I explain why America had done so much educationally for Turkey and nothing for Greece ? I gave the reasons which seemed apparent to me; and while I couldn't support their arguments to transfer the College from its Smyrna moorings to Athens, I would gladly do anything in my power during my temporary sojourn in Greece to help them realize their purpose of having an American College there. I also encouraged them to expect sympathetic and practical support in the United States for the type of institution they desired. A few days later they returned to discuss my suggestion more fully. Meantime I had been thinking through such a proposition as in my view would be likely to attract endowment backing from America and at this second conference outlined it to these gentlemen as follows: The initiative should be taken by Greeks in evidence of their known appreciation of education. The material equipment in land, buildings, etc., should be provided by Greeks of wealth. While enjoying the warm co-operation of the Greek Government in various ways indicated, it must be kept entirely independent of political party control or interference. So far as religious and moral instruction were concerned, the school should be on the same broad positive religious basis as the American Colleges in Turkey, and it should enjoy the sympathetic co-operation of the Metropolitan Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church. Under these conditions I encouraged them to believe endowment funds would be forthcoming from America where Greece had many warm friends, especially in her present dire straits. I further explained that I thought the proposed College should have an Agricultural Department, and be in a position to afford scholarships and other special facilities for the thousands of Greek youth who had just come over as refugees from Asia Minor. I added that I would gladly use what little influence I had with wealthy friends in America to help carry out such a project. We found ourselves in entire agreement to proceed along these lines, and being joined by one or two other like-minded Greeks we organized ourselves into an Advisory Committee to initiate the plan.

When details were completed we advised Near East College headquarters and suggested possible sources of American Endowment. Encouraging response came from the New York Executive after which the Advisory Committee waited on the King, the Government, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Greece and the Mayor of Athens, for their endorsement of the plan. Enthusiastic and practical support was assured from all these sources. Following assured co-opration from these official sources, which included a letter from King George II agreeing to take the proposed College under his Royal Patronage, a public meeting for general public endorsement of the plan was held in the rooms of the American Young Men's Christian Association in Athens. Official representatives from the King, the Government, the Metropolitan Archbishop, and the City were present to confirm their co-operation. The University of Athens was also officially represented and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested in the crowded meeting. This was followed by general press publicity endorsing the project. Plans were maturing so rapidly a central office became a necessity and a suitable room was placed at our free disposal by one of the Governmental Departments. To provide the equipment for this central office and other current expenses a

member of the committee opened a substantial credit at the Bank. In the formation of the Advisory Committee and its later increased Greek representation, care was taken that both political parties were equally represented. Of the original three who waited on me, one was an ex-cabinet Minister of the Royalist party and another an outstanding supporter of the Venezelist or Republican party.

Later an American member of the committee was sent to Lausanne to present the project to Mr. Venezelos himself, who addressed a letter warmly endorsing the plan and assuring the committee of his sympathy and co-operation.

At the last meeting of the committee shortly before Dr. Reed and the writer returned to Smyrna in the late summer of 1923, three outstanding men, politically and financially, in Greece, were present as new members giving assurance of strong Greek backing for the project. It was this Greek Advisory Committee with the addition of another weal thy Greek philanthropist, supported by an American Board of Trustees, that a year or so later brought to fruition the new Athens College, one of the present American Near East Colleges.

The Smyrna Disaster Relief Committee

Following the great fire that destroyed fully one-third of the most densely populated area of the city, a tragic situation awaited nearly two hundred and forty thousand homeless Greeks and Armenians. Of these perhaps fifty thousand or more were refugees from the devastated interior towns and cities along the two railway lines, who for some days preceding the fire had been pouring into the city, many of them forced to leave their homes by the retreating Greek army in its headlong flight toward Smyrna. Many thousands of these with all their personal belongings had been living on the open quay waterfront for days and nights before the reoccupation of the city by the victorious Turkish army. These with tens of thousands of the City's homeless who had taken temporary refuge on the waterfront during the fire, were moved out to the open fields back of the city by the Turkish authorities.

It was many days before the newly reconstructed Government authority was in any condition to function efficiently or undertake adequately the feeding and care of these homeless and destitute. It was to assist in this and other urgent humanitarian services that the Smyrna Disaster Relief Committee was organized. It was composed largely of members of the staff of International College under the Chairmanship of Professor Lawrence and with Professor Caldwell as Treasurer. For many weeks this organization rendered invaluable relief services.

Asa Jennings, the Liberator

For some time before the disaster one of our staff houses on the Campus was occupied by a representative of the American Young Men's Christian Association. To him came the Divine Call to organize and carry into effect the solution of a problem quite beyond the immediate resources of either privately organized or inefficiently disorganized government relief. The story of his appeal to the Military Governor of Smyrna for permission to transfer this multitude of dependents to Greek territory and also of his appeal or rather demand to the Greek Government for ships to carry out this plan, has already been recorded with all its interesting and thrilling details by others. The condition imposed by the Military Governor of Smyrna that the plan be carried out within ten days was accepted by Mr. Jennings; and with the relief ships from Greece, the co-operation of the U.S. Naval authorities in the Eastern Mediterranean, the efficient help of the Smyrna Disaster Relief Committee, aided by United States and British blue jackets, the matter of transporting 240,000 homeless refugees from the Smyrna waterfront to the Greek islands in the Aegean was successfully carried through, well within the time limit above indicated.

Personal Contacts with the Trustees of the Hall Estate

Our long and strenuous experience of trying to finance the College adequately confirmed us in the view that "The Lord helps those who help themselves". The encouragement received by the writer's visit in 1922 to these trustees seemed to call for a follow-up conference with them in 1923; and as he was still insufficiently recovered from his tragic experiences of September 11, 1922, his son-in-law substituted in the summer of 1923 with equally encouraging results. Our third and final journey to the United States to press our claims for a substantial share in this Estate came in 1924 when the writer was invited to lunch with both Mr. Davis and Mr. Johnston at their Club in New York. This luncheon was followed by a long and most gratifying conference with these gentlemen. The College, it will be remembered, was still without endowment, and throughout these negotiations we had based our appeal on our urgent need of a minimum endowment of Five Hundred Thousand Dollars. It was on this basis that our extended conference in New York in 1924 was conducted, and it was with keen disappointment we learned a year or so later when the awards were made that the sum assigned to International College was One Hundred Thousand Dollars less than we expected. This disappointment and its handicap, apparently, were due to our association with the Near East group of Colleges.

The Entire Reorganization of the College Following the Disaster of 1922-23

The loss of our entire non-Turkish student body, together with the newly planned National System of Education under the rejuvenated and regenerated Turkish Administration in 1923-24 at Ankara, changed entirely not only the International spirit and character of the College, but also placed on its administration the necessity of reorganizing its curriculum from foundation to capstone. To accomplish this important service with the warm support of our purely Turkish constituency, and the active co-operation of the Government Educational authority, would have been a pleasurable though perhaps somewhat slow and difficult process. It became an increasingly difficult task with a group in the student body, and an active body of opinion in the Country generally, that had become so radically nationalistic that it was essentially anti-foreign. While the official attitude of both the local and Central Governments was correct, rather than sympathetically co-operative, there was a radical anti-foreign section of the public press that persisted in frequent open hostility to the College. The College administration continued to pursue a policy of ready and friendly conformity with all new government regulations and restrictions even when these requirements seemed to limit our efficiency along educational lines.

In due course therefore, following my retirement in 1926, International College became in its educational policy and practices an integral part of the National System of Education. The ultra nationalistic body of opinion in the Country as well as the anti-foreign element in the press continued its policy of open criticism, to the extent eventually of attacking patrons of the College with disloyalty to Government institutions in paying heavy tuition fees to a foreign college while equally good government institutions afforded free education.

It was this attitude of criticism continued and intensified that in the course of the next seven or eight years led the Board of Trustees at their Annual Meeting in 1934 to decide to discontinue the services of the College in Turkey and to transfer it to some other location in the Near East, where it would be free from similar restrictions and criticism.

An Official Farewell Banquet in 1926

It was I believe an unique experience for an American Board Missionary in Turkey to be tendered a farewell banquet on his retirement from active service by Government officials. Throughout nearly forty years of missionary service in Turkey I had cultivated friendly relations and a spirit of co-operation not only with the Christian and other subject races, but also with the dominant Turks and especially with government officials.

This attitude had won for the College many facilities and considerations, especially during the eight war years, 1914-1922.

When it became known to the local government authorities in the early summer of 1926 that we were retiring, I was waited upon by a delegation to inform me of the desire of the Government to express in some formal public way the appreciation of my services to their country along educational lines and suggested a choice from two or three proposals, e.g., a mid-day luncheon, an evening banquet, or what they called a "Chai Ziafet" or Tea Banquet, to be held in the grounds of the New Club near the Point, in the afternoon. I expressed preference for this last. When plans were completed I was shown a list of the guests to be invited, which included the Governor General of the Province, the Mayor of Smyrna, Heads of all Government Departments, and my American and Turkish colleagues from the Campus with their wives. The list also included some of the earlier outstanding Turkish graduates of the College. I was asked to suggest any other of my personal friends, Turkish or foreign, whom I would wish to have present, and I added the name of the War-time Governor General of the Province. The function proved a most delightful social gathering and was put over in the most approved fashion. Mrs. MacLachlan was seated on the Mayor's right, while I was given the special place of honor on the right of the Governor General. Elaborate table decorations and an abundant supply and variety of refreshments left nothing to be desired in the way of table equipment and supplies. Toasts and speeches followed in the usual way, all in warm appreciation of my friendship and educational services to the Country. The following morning a group of former Turkish graduates came out to the Campus and presented me with a large, handsome Turkish rug with a silver plate attached suitably inscribed. The same afternoon when we were leaving the Mayor sent his new seven seater Buick up to the College to bring us and the Reeds into the city. When we reached the quay we were greeted by a large crowd of citizens, and among them all the guests of the previous afternoon's "Tea Banquet." Awaiting our service was a large Government launch to bring us and the College staff out to our steamer. In addition to the guests of the tea party who accompanied us on board, provision was also made for fifty of the upper class students from the College.

Perhaps the most touching incident of this royal "send off" was the refusal of the Turkish hamals (porters) to accept payment for handling our many pieces of baggage from the quay to on board the launch and again from the launch to our steamer out in the harbor. I need scarcely add that we were all but completely overcome by all these evidences of warm appreciation by our Turkish friends.

Some Additional Help from the American Board

During the last two years of my connection with College Administration, the withdrawal of Messrs. Hawlow and Birge from the College staff was largely compensated by the appointment of Mr. and Mrs. Harrison A. Maynard and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Vrooman. The former had for many years been a Missionary of the Board in the Eastern Turkey Mission, while Mr. Vrooman had been in Near East Relief service in Turkey after the close of the Great War. Following the close of 1926 the support of the Vroomans was taken over by the

College as was the case also with the Maynards when they returned to Smyrna after their 1927-28 furlough.

SINS OF OMISSION

While in these "Notes" I have been trying to present in general outline the story of International College, I am conscious of many omissions, some of them important in their implications, though not essentially a part of our story. Some of them belong to this third decade and for the present will be limited to a brief reference.

Here are some of them: My statement made in response to a request from the U.S. Peace Delegation in Paris in March 1919 and its subsequent severe repercussions in the Greek press -- My later experiences at the Conference on call of the same delegation -- My choice to remain in Turkey as a prisoner of War and some of the consequences of that choice -- My call to the British Foreign Office and interviews with leading British Statesmen -- What happened to the Turks when the Greek Army landed in Smyrna on May 15th, 1919, with statement of an eye witness -- My first errand to the U.S. in the spring of 1922 for personal conference and as a follow up to correspondence with the Trustees of the Hall estate -- My personal experiences during the week preceding and the week following the reoccupation of the City by the Turkish Army on Saturday, September 9th, 1922 -- My call to the State Department in Washington in 1924 and again in 1926.

Sketches covering some of the above "omissions" have already been prepared at the request of my children and some personal friends, for private circulation only and with necessary precautions against their appearance in the public press. The reasons for these precautionary measures will be apparent to those who read them. Other of these and similar sketches are now in course of preparation, and in the event that any or all of these should eventually find a place on our files it will be because their implications reveal the position and influence of International College on Near East interests and affairs.

The use of the word "decade" in these notes is a term of convenience rather than accuracy, for the forty-three years of our history in Smyrna can only be divided into four decades by resort to the convenient device of an "Irish Bull."

IN CONCLUSION

These "Notes" began with a personal reference, and as I read them I find the personal pronoun "I" recurring all too frequently to suit my choice. Nevertheless I venture to close them with some personal references. I observe also in reading them over a recurring "grouching note" of criticism of the American Board for its failures to help finance the College in its many trying crises. And while I am not in the least repentant for these "criticisms" I want to add my warm tribute of appreciation for its unfailing loyalty to me personally not only in providing our missionary support during thirty six years of our missionary service in Turkey, but also for our retiring allowance since 1926; for it is the American Board's monthly cheque of $118.75 that is providing the mainstay of our support during these happiest years of a long and rich life experience. May I also add that while I deeply regretted the apparent necessity of our action in the Board of Trustees, of discontinuing the services of the College in Turkey in 1934, an action in which I concurred, I am deeply gratified by our Board's decision to transfer it to the Campus of the American University in Beirut where as an affiliated College its present student body of some nine hundred is more than double any

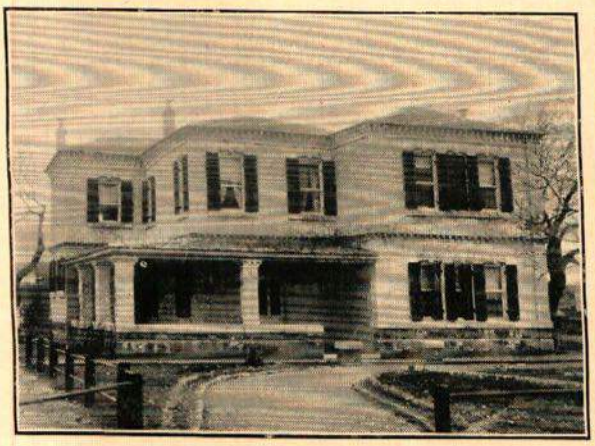
previous registration; and is even more International in its composition than it ever was in Turkey or could be under present conditions on the old Campus at Paradise, Smyrna - another of the oft-repeated instances in the story of the College when the closing of one door has meant the opening of another and wider open door.

It is also a cause of special satisfaction to me to learn, as I close these notes, that the material equipment at Smyrna in lands and buildings has been purchased by the Turkish Government for educational purposes, and as I am informed, is to be used as a Normal Training School for village teachers.

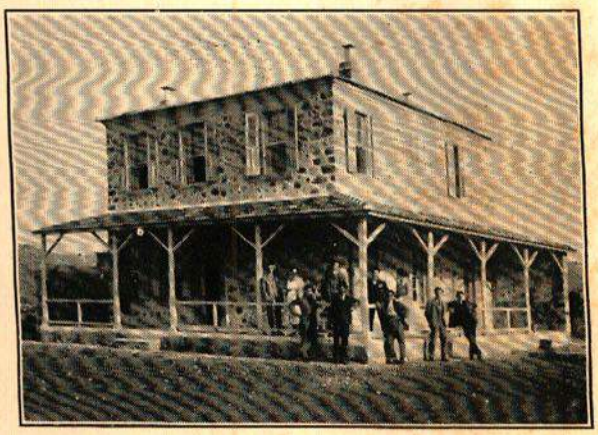
MACLACHLAN HALL (Main Building)
Contains Administration Offices, Class Rooms, Dormitories, Dining Hall, Library, Staff Commons, Students' Commons, etc., etc.

AUDITORIUM AND CHAPEL

GYMNASIUM
Ground Floor—Light and Power Plant, Day Students' Lunch Room, Shower Baths and Dressing Rooms, Scout Room and Two Large Class Rooms.



"KENARDEN LODGE," PRESIDENT'S HOUSE



SOCIAL SETTLEMENT HOUSE AT PROPHET ELIAS

Some INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE BUILDINGS on the old Paradise Campus, Smyrna, Turkey. Also (lower right) the College Social Settlement House at Prophet Elias, near the Campus.

YOUR ANGLO-AMERICAN AND REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY

Having written of "Our Pioneer Ancestry" on the MacLachlan-MacDonald side, it should be of equal interest and concern for our children to know something of their ancestry from the Family Trees on the Blackler-Routh side of our family.

Grandfather Francis Chipman Blackler of Marblehead, Mass., was a product of Pilgrim Fathers and American revolutionary stock. His grandfather, Captain William Blackler, of the same town, raised one of the first companies for service in the revolutionary war; and it was he who took George Washington across the Delewarc the night before the battle of Trenton.

The Blacklers came from Dorset, England, to this continent and at the present time apparently do not number more than about one hundred souls in both the old country and in North America.

Grandmother, Annie Boucher Routh, wife of Grandfather Blackler, on the other hand belonged to the very numerous English family of Routh whose progenitor, Richard de Surdeval came over with William of Normandy and was present with him at the battle of Hastings in 1066. His great grandson, Simon de Surdeval, settled at Routh in Holderness, and his descendants henceforth were known by that name. The Routh lineage is a long and interesting one as represented in the Family Tree, which about thirty years ago was brought up to that date and where the names of the children of the Blackler grandparents, including that of your mother, Rose, appear in the twenty-seventh generation after Richard de Surdeval of Normandy. It is also indicated there that at least two of your Routh progenitors, Robert and his brother, Sir John Routh, were with Edward I at Bannockburn on June 24th, 1314, and consequently fought there against our MacLachlan and MacDonald ancestors; and the record states that Sir John was killed in that ever memorable battle, the brief story of which in our school history book used to fire my highland blood. And now after a lapse of nearly seventy years I find myself repeating from memory the paragraph of some fifteen or twenty lines in "Colliers British History" describing the battle.

It is also interesting to note that Sir Robert de Surdeval, son of the original Richard of Normandy, accompanied the Duke of Normandy in the first Crusade and was present at the capture of Jerusalem in 1097. Under the name of Routh the descendants of this Sir Robert de Surdeval are today found in great numbers in every part of the English-speaking world. It is also of interest to observe that your grandmother Routh's great grandmother, Abigail Eppes of Salem, Massachusetts, U.S.A. was the first cousin of Martha Wayles, wife of Thos. Jefferson, President of the United States after George Washington.

A FOOL'S ERRAND (continued from page 100)

En route between Keswick and Glasgow I found myself in the same railway compartment with a young American, Mr. O'Leary, a member of the teaching staff of what is now the American University of Beirut, Syria. It was a case of mutual surprise and I took the liberty of asking him to account for my good fortune in finding a friend from the Near East as a travelling companion so far away from our bases of operation. He explained that he was making a summer vacation visit to his home in the U.S. and was heading for Glasgow and a cheap trip across. He then countered with the hope that I was on a similar errand and that we would share each others company on board. My negative response seemed to call for some other explanation, so I told him I was headed for Skibo Castle in the north of Scotland. The purpose of my visit was of course evident and my travelling companion asked me if I knew about the visit of Chancellor MacCracken of New York University to Skibo a year previously. I hadn't heard about it; so Mr. O'Leary proceeded to tell me. Chancellor MacCracken was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Beirut College, and one of his sons was at that time a member of its teaching staff. He decided to visit the Near East while his son was there and a notice of his intention appearing in one of the New York papers brought a cable from Mr. Carnegie asking him to visit him at his Scotch Castle en route to the Near East. The Chancellor gladly accepted the invitation and at once began to see visions of his visit opening the way for him to bring gladness to the heart of his old friend, Dr. Daniel Bliss, founder and President of the Beirut College on his arrival there, with the pledge of a generous endowment gift from the Laird of Skibo. On the urgent invitation of his host he enjoyed the hospitality of the Castle for about a fortnight, much of the time being spent on the golf links together. As many days passed and no opening presented itself to tell of the splendid services this fine American institution was bringing to the Near East, Dr. MacCracken sought in various ways, as opportunity offered, to turn conversation in that direction, but continued to find the subject sidetracked, but with no suspicion it was intentional. He at length reached the last evening of a visit that had been in many respects most delightful, the only fly in the ointment being his failure to open the way for a good heart to heart talk with his genial host about the Beirut College and its urgent need of greatly increased Endowment. After dinner this last evening as they sat alone together in the library, Dr. MacCracken courageously decided on a direct frontal attack as the only possible means of realizing his hope. Mr. Carnegie however, perceived the first manoeuvre in that direction and countered abruptly and vigorously with "MacCracken, I wont have an appeal! I wont have an appeal!" So ended his visions of carrying to Beirut with him a generous gift to the endowment of that splendid American institution there.

This story naturally produced something of a wet blanket effect on my hitherto buoyant hopes, but did not turn me aside from my quest. A long and tiresome day's journey from Glasgow to the town of Dornoch in Sutherlandshire on the north east coast of Scotland brought me within striking distance of my objective. Perhaps I should rather say, within walking distance of it, because on the following morning I discovered there was no means of public conveyance to cover the distance, about four or five miles, from the town of Dornoch out to Skibo Castle, also situated on the north shore of the Firth, of the same name. There wasn't a livery stable in the town, neither could I rent a bicycle for the journey, and so set out on foot, only to find on arriving at the Castle that Mr. Carnegie was not at home and would not return until late that evening.

When I asked the kilted footman who met me at the entrance door, when I would be likely to find Mr. Carnegie in he inquired if the Laird had the privilege of my acquaintance, (a very shrewd question under the circumstances). I replied that I had met him in New York and that I had a letter of introduction to him from a mutual friend in that city. He then explained to me that Mr. Carnegie usually got through with his correspondence about ten o'clock in the morning, and that if I came the following morning about that hour he was sure he would be glad to see me. Again, therefore, the next day I covered the distance both ways on foot, and presented myself and my letter of introduction at the Castle. This time I was received by another impressively decorated Highlander in his native garb, who after showing me in to the great drawingroom took my letter upstairs. Returning in a few moments he informed me Mr. Carnegie was completing his morning correspondence and would be down shortly. For me those age-long minutes of waiting were among the most nervously agonizing I had ever experienced. How would he receive me ? Was my long journey from Smyrna to be in vain or would it mean getting the College established on a stronger financial and efficient basis ? From where I sat in the drawing room I could see the bottom of the grand staircase and within less than ten minutes he appeared there in large check plusfours.

His greeting was all that could be desired. A reference to my having met him in Carnegie Hall was recalled and he followed with many complimentary references to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kennedy of New York, which I heartily reciprocated. I was then however chiefly concerned in watching for a suitable opening to introduce the object of my visit. It seemed to come within the next few minutes when he ventured an allusion to my being in Scotland for much needed rest and change. I seized it with, "Well no, Mr. Carnegie I've come to Scotland to try and interest you .. " but at that point was interrupted with a most vigorous protest, "I'll not have an appeal; no, Sir, I'll not have an appeal! " With this he proceeded to bring me to task for going to Turkey. "You had no business going there in the first place. Were there not enough people in America who needed to be converted ? etc. etc. I'm not a bit interested in your College and I don't want to be interested in it. Why, only a few years ago another man from Turkey whose name I don't recall, wanted to interest me in his College at Constantinople." I intercepted to suggest it would be my friend, Dr. Washburn, President of Robert College. "Yes, Yes, Washburn, that's the name, and I told him just what I'm telling you." At this point I stood up, and offered humble apologies for my intrusion, intending to withdraw, but at his urgent request again seated myself on the couch beside him. He had some other things he wanted to say to me. Proceeding he told me of his great interest in Public Libraries and finished with, "You see, I've got my work." This opened the way for me to suggest how greatly his fine services in founding libraries was everywhere appreciated, and again I essayed to take my departure with renewed apologies for troubling him; but again he restrained me with the explanation that he had something to tell me that he was sure would interest me. He introduced the subject with, "You know I was born in Dunfermline." Yes, I was aware of the fact. "Well, I'm going to do something fine for my native town of Dunfermline"; and although while referring to his plans for his native town he occasionally interjected, "But you will see it all in the papers to-morrow morning", he continued to rehearse his plans for his native town. "A carryall has already gone to the railway depot in Dornoch to meet the members of the Town Council of Dunfermline. I've invited them to the Castle to lunch and to hear what I intend to do for my native town."

Let me here interrupt my story to say that what he did for Dunfermline on that occasion was indeed "something fine", and a cause of great gratitude to citizens of that and all succeeding generations of Dunfermline folk.

The way was finally clear for me to withdraw and as we walked together into the grand hallway I was seized with the thought, "Why not make an appeal for the College Library, and yielding to the impulse I stopped short. As we faced each other I opened with, "Mr. Carnegie, why not give us a lift for our College Library ?" His response was prompt and deliberate "I never gave a dollar and I'll never give a dollar for your d--- d theology." My response, that we didn't want books on theology failed to impress him, and we resumed our progress to the main entrance, where after stepping down I turned, and again renewing my apologies for the intrusion, held out my hand to say good bye. (Mr. Carnegie was a man of short stature and as we stood there, he on the threshold and I on a lower step we reached about an equal height). Instead, however of taking my hand he placed his on my shoulder, saying, "See here, I'm not a bit interested in your College and don't want to be interested in it, but (and looking me straight in the eye) I rather like you. I think you are a pretty good fellow, and I'd like to extend the hospitality of the Castle to you for ten days or a fortnight, but on one condition - No Appeal!" And continuing he added, "I suppose you golf." I replied, "Yes, I do", but, thanking him for his proffered hospitality explained that I was due that afternoon at Strathpeffer where old friends from the Near East were expecting me. Some of my friends argue that I made a mistake, in the interests of the College, in declining his invitation; but those who take that view are not aware of all the facts and especially of Dr. MacCracken's experience referred to above under distinctly more favorable conditions.

AN AMUSING SEQUEL TO MY VISIT TO SKIBO CASTLE

That afternoon in the train, after we rounded the western point of the Firth of Dornoch and travelled eastward again along its southern shore, I was aroused from my reflections on the failure of my errand by an old lady in widow's weeds who sat opposite me alone in the compartment, remarking, "Thon's Skibo!" as she pointed through the window across the waters of the Firth to the Castle, less than a mile distant. As I followed her direction there indeed was Skibo Castle with its broad lawns stretching down to the water's edge on the opposite side - the whole set in a framework of dense foliage.

"Why, that's where Andrew Carnegie lives, isn't it?" I questioned. "Aye, that's where he lives," came her response. "What a splendid man he must be; so rich and so generous with his money" I added; getting for reply something like "Mh!" in the nature of a grunt, and giving the impression she was not enthusiastically supporting my comments. "Do you live in these parts ?" I inquired. "Ou, aye, I live in the bit village by the big iron gates of the park at Skibo". "Surely" I said "you and the other folk living in that little village are very lucky, to be living so close to such a rich and generous man as Mr. Carnegie." This time the grunt was even less in the affirmative than the previous, "mh!" and with a rising inflection suggesting a question mark. By this time I was about convinced the old lady was not an admirer of the Laird of Skibo or of his way of doing things. There might even be smouldering fires of righteous indignation ready to burst forth in flame if judiciously encouraged; so I proceeded with, "He must have done some fine things for the poor villagers outside the big iron gates." This brought the qualified admission, that when he brought the new water supply to the castle some years previously he put a tap in the pipe where it passed the village, so that they could take their drinking water from it. "That was generous", I commented; "but he has surely done more than that for the villagers" I added.

"Ah well" came the response, "Mistress Carnegie, the first year or two after they came to live at the Castle gied coals to some o' the very puir folk in the village"; and in her reference to the lady of Skibo there was evident a touch of warmer approval. "But," I proceeded, "I'm surprised at what you tell me, because I'm told it's reported in the papers that he wants to give away his great fortune during his lifetime".

This reference to the "papers" opened the flood gates of her righteous indignation. "Aye he pits it in the papers that he wants to gie awa his money; and Foreign missionaries in India and China write him letters tellin' o' their wark and the great need o' money for hospitals and schools and also to feed the starvin' people, and he never opens the letters. The servants at the Castle bring out big baskets o' them and throw them on the common by the village and the bairns play post office wi' them. Aye, the bairns o' the village play post office wi' them. Juist the ither day a laddie brought me a letter from a Missionary in China tellin' all about his wonderful wark and how the Lord was blessin' it; and that he was in great need of money for a hospital and more doctors and nurses, and askin' Mr. Carnegie to help him. Aye, and he doesna' even open the letters." There was a crescendo of indignation as she proceeded, "Aye! Aye! he pits it in the papers that he wants to gie awa his money and that's what he does wi'letters frae missionaries askin' for his help - And that's Andrew Carnegie for ye!!"

She probably noticed that I was wearing the usual ministerial "dog collar" and took this unusual liberty with an entire stranger who needed to have his eyes opened on the subject of our conversation.

My visit with old friends from Smyrna who were summering at Strathpeffer was followed by a visit with other old friends, the Ramsays, at Aberdeen. Relating my experiences at Skibo to Sir William, he was not surprised to learn of the vigorous rejection of my appeal, and informed me of the strange conditions Mr. Carnegie attached to his very generous gift to the Scottish Universities. It was indeed a princely endowment, the income of which was to be used to enable Scottish lads of promise to enjoy the privilege and benefits of a University training; but with the strange restriction that no candidate intending to enter the Christian ministry could benefit, under the conditions imposed by Mr. Carnegie. His attitude towards religion and many humanitarian interests was in strange contrast with his generous impulses as indicated in his many princely gifts to education and music, and serves to illustrate, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God."

I SURVIVE AND LATER DISCOVER MY "OBITUARY"

(Nearly a year after our retirement in 1926 my attention was called to what appeared to be a press syndicated article, inasmuch as it was carried by certain newspapers in both Canada and the United States. As this was my first intimation regarding it, I was curious to see it, and secured from The Montreal Witness, in which it had appeared, half a dozen copies for distribution among members of our family.

The name of the contributor was not attached, but it was clear from internal evidence that it originated in the Rooms of the American Board in Boston - the only place where such data regarding their missionaries is accumulated on fyles, to be available for obituary articles when the time comes for them. In this case the obituary data needed only a special caption and a somewhat differing opening paragraph, and for a closing, a personal letter written from Constantinople just after our departure from Smyrna, to Dr. James L. Barton, Senior Secretary at that time of the American Board in Boston, to adapt the article to another purpose. If further evidence of the source of the "obituary" were needed, it was supplied by an accompanying picture of the subject, taken at the request of the Board for its fyles during our 1919 furlough.)

"College Building in Smyrna

"Ontario Man Retires with Honour after Remarkable Record of Service.

"The recent arrival in Canada of President Alexander MacLachlan, D.D., of the International College, Smyrna, Turkey, marks the retirement from active service of the last of the group of American College builders in Turkey of whom the names of the Blisses of Beirut, Hamlin and Washburn of Robert College, Wheeler of Euphrates, Trowbridge of Central Turkey, Tracy of Anatolia, and Mary Mills Patrick of Constantinople Women's College, have been well known.

"Born in Western Ontario, of sturdy emigrant stock, and educated at Queen's University, and Union Seminary in New York where he was president of the "Society of Enquiry", Dr. MacLachlan was called in 1887 by Col. Elliott F. Shepherd and his associates, to accept leadership in the establishment of a memorial college to St. Paul, at Tarsus, in Cilicia, Turkey. When the foundations of this efficient institution were laid, Dr. MacLachlan was asked to assume charge of an educational work in Smyrna. Beginning in 1891, and carrying on through the hard times of the nineties with practically no support from the Board he developed a school of such strength and success that, in 1903 the institution was chartered as International College, and placed under the charge of an independent Board of Trustees, though continuing in close relationship with the American Board.

"On his second furlough, 1910-11, when President MacLachlan was honored with degrees from his alma mater and from New York University, he secured large gifts, chiefly from Mrs. John Stewart Kennedy of New York, which enabled him in 1912-13 to transfer the College from the crowded city of Smyrna to a splendid suburban campus where he erected ample modern buildings. This move brought hosts of new students, among them 80 Turks among the total of 400, an unheard of percentage of Moslems in those days.

"Through War Years

But less than a year after the transfer came the Great War. Smyrna was blockaded, and the whole life of the country placed

on a war basis. As a British subject, Dr. MacLachlan was technically a prisoner of war. He refused permission to leave the country, and continued throughout the war in active charge not only of the college, but of extensive relief work for Moslem and other refugees. Even when the Turkish governor was compelled to enforce the law against beligerents serving as teachers, Dr. MacLachlan was allowed to continue his work with a nominal "director" officially named from among the neutral members of the staff.

"At the end of the Great War in 1918, Dr. MacLachlan was host to over 2000 British and India prisoners of war exchanged at the request of the Turkish government, through the College. Then after organizing a huge Near East Relief Unit for Smyrna, he went home for furlough, just as the Greek occupation of Smyrna had inaugurated another three years of warfare and desolation in the region tributary to the College. Once more the College faced war conditions, but again in spite of seemingly insurmountable difficulties the President led on to larger successes.

"Then came 1922, and the Smyrna Disaster. President MacLachlan was all but killed by irresponsible brigands. He was taken to Malta on a British warship for medical treatment, but not till he had returned to Smyrna six weeks later for ten days, and helped work out plans whereby his associates could carry on relief, prisoner of war, and college work, could he be persuaded that his physical condition made longer absence imperative. So he took up his residence for a year in Greece.

"Reorganization

"In the fall of 1923, President MacLachlan, although still much broken in health, and realizing that he was a good deal of an invalid, returned to his beloved college where perhaps the most important service of his life was yet to be rendered. Largely owing to his tact, and the high respect with which he and his work had long been known, he was able to meet the many difficulties involved in reorganizing the College under the new conditions for an almost exclusively Turkish constituency. He leaves it crowded with Turkish students, in possession of the first official permit given by the new Republic to any American institution, and facing new conditions with enthusiasm and enlarged influence.

"The College enrolls this year in all 271 Turks, of whom 168 are boarders. It has developed a strong staff to take the place of the many who were lost to it in 1922, and so greatly has the work appealed to the friends of Christian education in America that its equipment has been enlarged, and the financial support stabilized by a share of Near East College Fund, and by the increase of the endowment by a princely gift of four hundred thousand dollars.

"His Personal Interests.

"President MacLachlan has been a hard worker, but while sticking tenaciously to his task, he has had many enthusiasms. He introduced football and sports into the whole Smyrna area and himself won an open tennis competition when he was over 50. Finding no adequate means in Smyrna for securing accurate time, he equipped an observatory in the College that gave time to the community and was commended by British and American naval men. His records of earthquakes and other meteorological information were valued in Cairo and London. He installed the first electric lighting plant in Turkey, and at an age when most men look to past achievements he developed the College farms and became so expert with his pioneer radio set as to be in nightly touch with the European capitals and musical centres.

"During all the years at Smyrna, Dr. MacLachlan has had the loyal and devoted support of Mrs. MacLachlan, the daughter of an American merchant in Smyrna, who by her close knowledge of the

people, affection for all in need, and motherly relation to the thousands of students in the college, has made herself beloved in a unique way. Their three sons, all graduates of Queen's University are established in Canada; while their daughter, Mrs. Rosalind M. Reed, remains in the service of the college to carry on the large work her mother lays down.

"Relations with Turks.

"Dr. MacLachlan early adopted the policy of dealing with Turks on the basis of friendship, respect, and mutual consideration. Years ago, he was able to secure apparently impossible favors for Armenians and Greeks in trouble because the government officials knew and trusted him so well. When important street work was required in the district of the college, the government approved it only on condition that Dr. MacLachlan would supervise it, which he did, making what had been little better than an open sewer into the best street in the city. This same confidence led the local officials to allow not only the erection, but even the formal opening of the College buildings, while the formal imperial permit, legally required before starting, was still pending. He has been the friend and adviser of Greek and Armenian Bishops and laymen, Turkish officials, foreign diplomats and statesmen, and again and again his understanding of the tangled Near Eastern situation has been proved by subsequent events to have been correct. In a college patronized by Greeks, Armenians, Turks, Jews, students from many lands and from all the varied elements of the former Ottoman empire, he preached the gospel not only of personal righteousness but the message that only by cooperation and mutual helpfulness and good will could peace be maintained in the Near East.

"Looking Ahead

"In the new Turkey, the minorities problem has all but ceased to exist, and in Smyrna there are practically no Christians. Hence the opportunity of International to afford to Turkish young men the advantages which were formerly afforded to the youth of all the various peoples. Dr. MacLachlan has inspired his associates and his friends at home with the significance of the opportunity to serve the young men of this new republic where progress is so rapid as to startle even those who see it close at hand. He leaves as his contribution to the Near East, International College, splendidly equipped, well manned, generously financed, and strong in the confidence of its friends and patrons for the training of young men in the new and forward looking Turkey.

"His Smyrna Send-off

"Dr. MacLachlan describes his farewell to Smyrna as follows:

"'The last twenty-four hours at Smyrna were very strenuous indeed and proved a serious strain on my limited strength. Our Turkish friends could not have done more to show their good-will and appreciation of what we through the services of the College have done for the young men of their country. On Wednesday afternoon we were the special guests at a farewell tea banquet (Chai Ziafet they called it), which was presided over by the mayor of Smyrna, a former Governor General of the Province, and among the guests were the present Governor General, Kiazim Pasha, the Military Commander of the Province, the Director of Public Instruction, representatives of other departments of the Government, prominent citizens, some of whom are graduates of the College. In addition to these the members of the faculty of the College and their wives, as well as the Turkish teachers, were present as invited guests.

"'The function was held in the garden of the new club in the city and the arrangements all that could be desired. Mrs. MacLachlan was seated on the right of the Mayor, while my place was on the right of the Governor General. After the feasting of course came the speeches, the first by the Mayor, to which I replied. These were followed by an even more complimentary speech by one of the leading physicians in the city, Dr. Husni Bey, father-in-law of the present Minister of Justice at Angora. The best was by the first Turkish student of the College, Sabri Bey, now one of the leading wealthy merchants of Smyrna.

"'The whole spirit of the occasion was ideal throughout, and I wish some of the leading "croakers" against the ratification of the Lausanne Treaty could have been present.

"'I hope Dr. Reed will find time during the next few days to write you a full account of the wonderful send-off our Turkish friends gave us. Yesterday the Mayor sent up his seven seater Buick with a deputation to bring us down to the city and to present to us a beautiful Turkish carpet with a silver plate attached bearing a suitable inscription. The Government launch took us with a number of leading officials, the College staff and a group of about fifty students out to our steamer, and never in all my life have I received so many expressions of affection and appreciation as were heaped upon us by all who were present.

"'Perhaps the mose touching of all the interesting incidents connected with our departure from Smyrna was the refusal of the hamals who handled our baggage to accept payment for their services.'"

MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

I am much more concerned with the quality than I am with the quantity and substance of the legacy I am passing on to you my children and your children's children.

God forbid that I should presume to commend to you the example of my own character, service, or accomplishments as worthy of your emulation. I may however without risk of exposing myself to the charge of phariseeism bequeath to you my witness as to the goodness, mercy and love of God in all His dealings with me throughout my long life, and recommend you to so commit your life to His control that it will be possible for Him to use you in carrying out His will and loving purposes, not only in and for your own life, but also through you in and for the life of others.

I have found Him to be a covenant keeping God, fulfilling His promises to me in the measure in which I have surrendered my will and services to His guidance and control.

I have found Him to be a very present help at all times and especially in times of need. As I look back over my past life I find that throughout it all, and especially in every great crisis of it, He has been present to guide and sustain me. Even at times when I have been foolhardy and exposed myself needlessly to peril. He has brought me deliverance, and has indeed made all things work together for good in my experience.

Although throughout my life He has often led me by ways that I knew not, He has never failed to make crooked paths straight, rough places plain and dark places light before me, and has always led me by the green pastures and still waters of His loving care and goodness.

In particular, I would have you each and all put to the acid test of your own experience, how abundantly God enriches the life of those who in obedience to His call "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness" by having all these things - all worth while things, temporal and spiritual, added unto them.

Here again let me bear witness from my own experience. While only in a very imperfect way I have sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness by giving my life to service in the foreign mission field, the compensations that have come into my life in this service far outnumber and far outweigh any possible sacrifices involved in the choice of such service. From almost innumerable experiences by which I might bear testimony to this I will write of one only.

One of the conditions of this missionary service included the acceptance of a bare living salary which throughout most of our forty years of service was $660 per annum for myself and an equal amount for your mother who also gave her time and strength to missionary service; with a small allowance for each of you children during school age. Out of this income, by the strictest economy, we paid an insurance premium annually of $214.00 on a $5000.00 twenty year life policy, and also our house rent, until in 1913 we came to live in "Kenarden Lodge"; and yet, we never lacked the necessities and comforts of life. For this reason it has often been my boast that I was as rich as Croesus or any other multi-millionaire, though, in so far as possessing material wealth was concerned, I might be as poor as the proverbial church mouse. I know something of the meaning of "having nothing and yet possessing all things" for my poverty in material wealth was no hindrance to my experiencing something of the joy of being able to give to those in need. I have been privileged to live in the midst of great poverty and distress, but with large resources at my disposal for relieving them. As God's Almoner it has been my privilege and joy to give freely many tens of thousands of dollars to those in need. Altogether apart from my services under the American Near East Relief there has come to me, without solicitation, for private relief distribution, many cheques of $5000.00.

Am I not fully justified in asking you my children and your children's children to "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you"?

A codicil to this last will and testament may be added later.

65, BIRDHURST RISE,
SOUTH CROYDON

It cannot be denied that the Turks had received frightful provocation from the Greek Troops. who advanced & retreated from the River Sakaria - where they met their great defeat from Kemal. The Turks avenged these atrocities in their usual manner. The Revd Charles Dobson Anglican Chaplain at Smyrna Saw the violated dead bodies stripped naked of a number of Greek girls.

The presence of Good American Sailors & American & German women accounts for the Saving of these Armenian Girls - who - there is small reason to hope - would have escaped the fate of the unfriended Greeks - unless for their Escort.

The account of Lawrence of Arabia of how the Turks Raped & massacred in Arab villages. bears out the accounts of Eye witnesses of the horrors that accompanied

the Turkish burning of Smyrna –
one of those clever moves to get rid
of European & other foreign traders
& owners of large buildings &
businesses in Smyrna.

R. V. P. Ashe

Chaplain at Bondjah
Smyrna

from 1898 – 1925