ALMA MATER

CELEBRATION

FALL · WINTER '73 - '74

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Dear Reader,

In this issue, ALMA MATER looks back, as does all of Turkey, through a half - century of tremendous change. In these pages, some who have themselves lived through the ferment of those early days have tried to bring them back for us to see and feel, so that we may be better able to celebrate the achievements of 50 years.

All great events have their roots in and are influenced by the effects of other events of an earlier time; thus, though the republic was born in 1923, Turkey had been struggling toward that birth since early in the twentieth century. Mrs. Scott's vivid memory and skilful pen give us a schoolgirl's picture of the giving of the constitution and the overthrow of the sultan. Though the college she attended was not the present AKL, it was situated on the campus of AKL, and the picture she draws of her teachers and school life must strike a very familliar chord for many of you who were boarders in school.

Semiha Hanım's reminiscences go back to her early childhood at the time of the First World War, cover the years till her graduation from AKL in 1928, then leap over a span of years to the present. The picture is rounded out by reminiscenses of graduates of AKK and TAC, presenting other perspectives of those early years.

With what eyes does the latest generation view the celebrations? We have two poems, each written by a member of an Orta division, which show that their feeling for the occasion is deep and real.

As Dr. Shepard suggests, we celebrate the past through anniversaries in order to highlight the present. In the pages of this ALMA Mater you will find three views of the present: at AKK through Dr. Shepard as he enumerates many of the changes there; at TAC as Dr. Robeson describes celebration activities there (with a salute to the just - past in his farewell tribute to retiring Ömer Bey); and at AKL as an alumna discovers how many alumnae of AKL have come back.

The editor is suffering for want of a co - editor, these days. Gülsen Bengisu has been sent by the Ministry of Tourism for a year's study in Englafid; and while co - operation at long distance was proving difficult, co-operation at very long distance is quite impossible. (Volunteers for the post are welcome, but we warn those working full—time that though the editors are not kept busy all the time, at certain times they are very busy!) We hope that you readers nevertheless will find this issue worthwhile.

The cover for this issue has been contributed by an AKL graduate (see p. 61); are there any volunteers among AKK or TAC graduates for a cover for the next issue?

Sylvia Meyer

ALMA MATER
ÖZ OKULUM

For the Alumni of the American Board Schools in Turkey

«Zaman olur ki hayâli cihan değer»

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Senede dört defa çıkar

ALMA MATER - ÖZ OKULUM

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Yılmaz Poda

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HOW OUR REPUBLIC GREW AND I LIVED IN HISTORY

by **Semiha Malatyalıoğlu**

Vice - Principal AKL

At this time of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of our Republic, I thank you for the corner you have set aside for me, for I am one who feels to the depth of my being our good fortune in having reached this 50th year. I wish to explain my feeling to you, from its beginnings in my childhood.

I did not grow up, as most of you have, in the happy days of the Republic. At the time of the First World War, I lived in İzmir, a child about four-and-a-half years old. I did not myself experience what war is, but I did see how my parents lost their laughter, I noticed their distress, and felt deeply the atmosphere of fear which breathed through our house. I remember, clearly being carried at night in my parents' arms to the coal cellar to stay until the enemy bombing of İzmir had ceased. I remember sleeping on mats and clinging fearfully to my mother at the sound of the bombs. I remember the bread, full of chaff, and my longing for candy, especially chocolate: and how on the rare occasions I obtained a piece, I would consume it slowly, turning it around in my mouth as long as I possibly could; and I remember being forbidden to run and slide, as I dearly loved to do, lest I wear out my shoes. These are the bitter memories of my childhood.

I will never forget the day the Greeks invaded İzmir—how my school bag and lunch box were thrust into my hands and I ran home in a cold sweat of fear and terror. That night under the couch, stopping my ears to the cries of «Will no one save us!» — the next morning, clinging to my father's trousers weeping and pleading that he not go to work — the terrible moments I endured until he came home — what a dreadful time it was for me!

The songs that the enemy soldiers shouted through the streets in the flush of victory became part of me

Miss Morgan and I stand side by side by the portrait of Atatürk, enjoying the gala evening at which the whole AKL family and parents celebrated the 50th anniversary.

«Vito Venezelos» — and I would follow my older sisters around as they sang them, the words having been changed at school to Turkish: «Yaşa Mustafa Kemal Paşa.» But the Greek text and music still remain in my memory.

My father had enrolled me in the İzmir American School which had recently opened near our home. Because of unpleasant occurences in the streets, the principal had arranged for the girls to go to school under the protection of Greek armed police. I was terrified of these frightfully-attired beings, and they, sensing my fear, would throw stones to frighten me the more.

One day, about that time, I was shocked to see my father, a judge in İzmir, come home early, bringing the inkpot from his desk and other belongings; and to see my mother that night begin to pack up our household goods. I lay curled up on the couch listening to them talk, and finally made out that my father had been ordered exiled to Greece and had 48 hours to leave the country. Friends were trying to find some way of having him sent to İstanbul instead.

Two days later, the family were put on board a Greek ship. Thank goodness, after one night on board, we were allowed to take refuge in İstanbul! We settled in Üsküdar, in an old black wooden house of which I had heard. My father, careworn, had to look for work.

As I was leaving the İzmir school the principal, **Miss Olive Greene**, who was very fond of me, had asked for my address in case we were to stay

in İstanbul. One winter day there was a knock at the door, and who should be there but **Miss Greene!** I was astonished. Obtaining my father's permission, she took me to the school at Bağlarbaşı, then known as the «Üsküdar Amerikan İnas Mektebi». How overjoyed I was that they would take me without payment of fees until my father could find work! From our house at the Üsküdar market I would have to walk to Bağlarbaşı to school (for of course in those days there were no trams, no busses, nor any «dolmuş» taxis), but the joy of being in school, and especially the good news we heard from time to time of Mustafa Kemal Paşa's successes made even my father's inability to find work and my own long daily walk seem insignificant.

The greatest day of my early years was that on which we heard that İzmir had been liberated, and when we saw the glorious victory celebration as Refet Paşa entered İstanbul. The exuberance in İstanbul then, I cannot express; only those who experienced it can understand it. Schools had holiday, the people decorated the streets and houses, songs of victory arose from every home; lantern parades formed spontaneously to march down the streets night after night! I went with all the other celebrating children and with them met Refet Paşa!

For a time, I was enrolled in the Çamlıca Girls' Lise - in the Orta I class, but made far older than my years by the bitter experiences I had lived through.

The Republic had been proclaimed. If anyone had at that time asked me, «What is the Republic?» my answer undoubtedly would have been, «The Republic is Mustafa Kemal Paşa, the liberator of our people! The Republic is being released from fear, being safe

«Semiha Hayri, as I was then, in 1928, on the swings» - favorite place of many an AKL girl since.

in one's own home, the assurance that one's father will return every evening.»

I was growing; the Republic was growing too I lived through the Reforms, step by step. Reading that the Sultan had taken flight on an enemy ship, my friends and I discussed the news heatedly, with harsh judgment on him. At the time of the reform in dress, I was one of those who rolled on the floor with laughter at the sight of our strict school principal, who always had her head covered with a «tülbent» gauze scarf, leaving school for the first time with a hat on her head. (Till then even girls of 12 or 13 would cover their heads in the presence of a man teacher.)

With other children of my time, I was learning the history of the Republic, not from books, but from living in the events which each day brought something new. Completing Orta School, I was able to return in 1926 to my school in Üsküdar, finding it much changed.

By the 10th year of the Republic, I had finished university and was a zealous young school teacher, happy in having seen Atatürk and heard his voice. I was teaching the children of Atatürk, fortunate that their sugar did not have to come from Java, their potatoes from Marseilles. their rice from Bombay; whose clothes were of cloth woven in their own country; who need not fear that their shoes would wear out!

When on Nov. 10, 1938, we lost our beloved Atatürk, who had so loved his people, we wept for days. But our greatest comfort was this Republic, developing and growing strong, with its children following the way he had shown in the light he had given. Thus the years have passed and now we have reached the 50th year.

You dear ones, born since 1923, you fortunate generation, living your whole life under the Republic, free from war, free from fear—you cannot feel what I feel or appreciate this as I do. Seeking something bigger and better, wanting your country to be like the most advanced nations, you are critical, for since you haven't traced our hard-won progress to this 50th year you cannot appreciate it as I do. If your criticisms do not lead to fruitless dissension but rather take into consideration the realities of the situation and see what is possible, they will be constructive and give momentum and force to the development of the country.

«Often I just enjoyed the garden.»

Now at my prime, I teach my girls in my geography lessons, of Turkey, who stands between east and west, free politically, socially, culturally and economically, like a fortress the world can depend upon. I teach of Turkey, who, working according to plan and modern technology, has her place and voice on world organizations—who is developing in the way of the civilization of today. How happy I am to be working in this anniversary year in the school that nurtured me!

May this 50th year be a year of happiness to all of you!

Ed : **Semiha Hanım**'s article, originally in Turkish, is presented in English translation for the benefit of our readers abroad and of the alumni who like to keep up their English!

NEW BEGINNINGS

50 YEARS AGO

remembrances compiled by
Mary Alice Shepard

Fifty is the magic number this year as we celebrate the first half century of the Turkish Republic. What happened at AKK fifty years ago? Our school, having been started in Basmane in 1878, was 45 years old then. There was a dramatic change of location as **Miss Olive Greene, İbrahim Bey, Miss Pohl** and a few part - time teachers moved to the Göztepe site, which we now know as the AKK campus. School opened on October 1, 1923; with 16 pupils, but others clamored to register and by the end of the school year there were 70 students including boys in the nursery school and elementary classes. By the following year this number had doubled and still others had to be turned away for lack of classroom space and teachers.

Miss Greene in her official report for that first year tells of the cramped classrooms, with three students sitting in desk, designed for two, and having to crawl into the rooms like crabs. Greene Hall (the present office buildin) housed four classes as well as the office. The bekçi's house and donkey stable along the Hatay wall were converted into a classroom as well. A large home on the water front was rented for a «pansiyon». The small faculty could not cover all the teaching hours and older students helped by giving English lessons to the younger children.

In **Miss Greene's** report we have this reference —

«We have a student club which all but the very small may join. Its purpose is to have a good time. The big girls have given two really charming teas, dong all the work and planning absolutely by themselves. There is an amount of solidarity and school spirit quite remarkable in a school three months old, and a fondness for sports.»

Two of the members of the first class to graduate from AKK (in Göztepe) have given us a glimpse of this year on the new campus. **Zerrin Halit Birsel** has written her recollections and contributed photographs from her album. Her daughter, **Sezer Birsel Bir-**

Zerrin Halit Birsel — 1928; Sedat Birkan, Hazırlık — 1973 Sezer Birsel Birkan — 1955;

kan, is an AKK graduate of the class of 1955, and her granddaughter **Sezer Birkan** has just entered the Hazirlik class. Three generations to have studied within the same walls! **Zerrin Hanım**'s article is given below.

«The year: 1924. One year after the proclamation of the Republic, I began going to the newly - opened AKK at Göztepe, to continue my half - finished education.

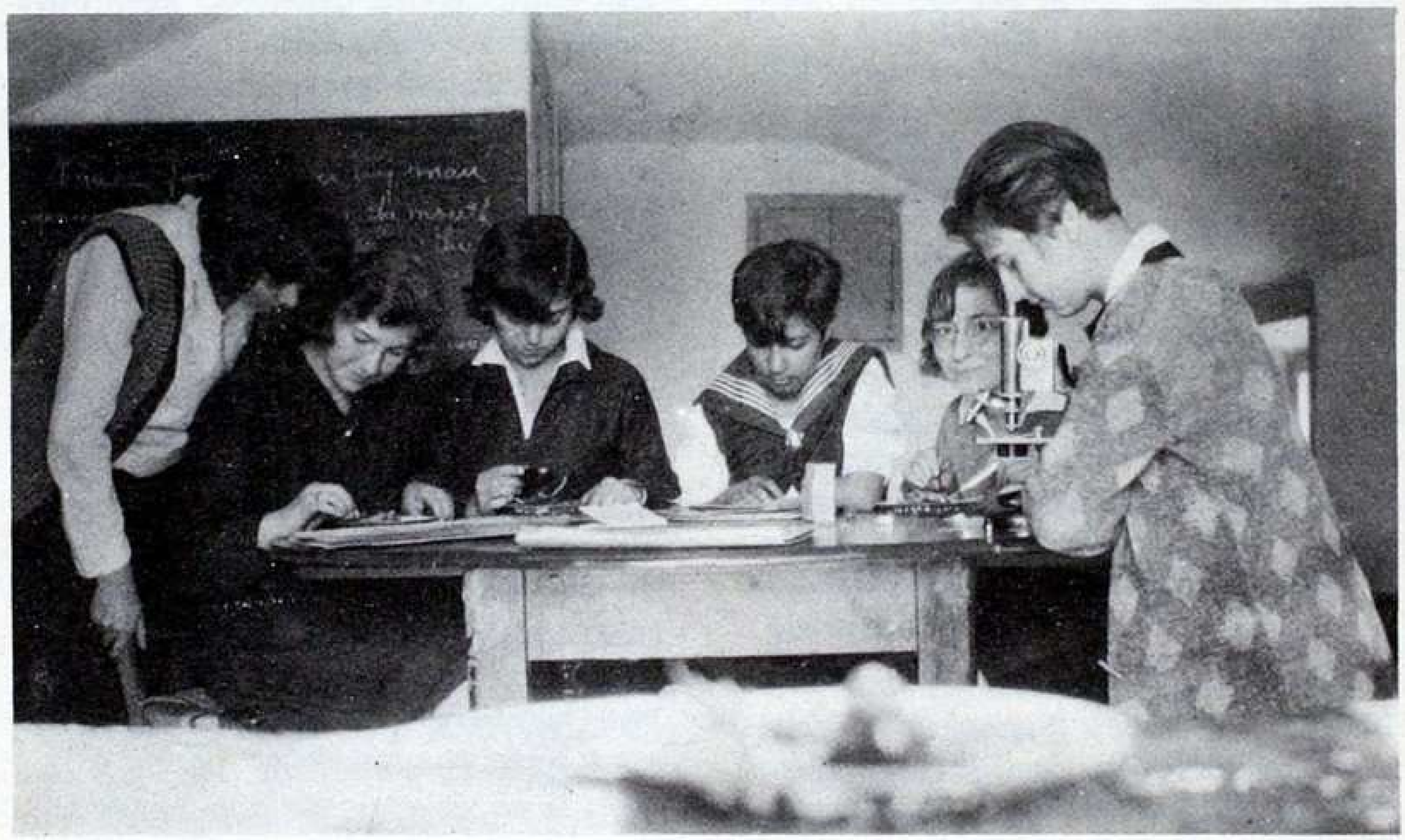
«Our school, on a pine - covered hill, had a building with three small classrooms, a low - ceilinged room in the attic making a fourth. Opposite it was the office, with a room for Hüseyin Aga, the gardener and watchman of the school Along the street was a long room formerly a stable, now a classroom.

«The students were few, at first all together in one Preparatory class : in the middle of the year we were separated into our respective classes. We were a class of six, the oldest girls in the school. Because the law requiring last names had not yet been promulgated, the students were called by the names of their fathers. We older girls would come to school enveloped in the old «çarşaf». Since we lived at Karşıyaka, we stayed in a **pension** at the shore. Our teachers were **Miss Greene, Miss Pohl, Miss Faytingel**, and several Turkish teachers. **İbrahim Bey** was both the Turkish Assistant director and teacher of Turkish as well. He was very authoritarian; we loved him very much, yet feared and respected him.

«In good weather we would have classes in the garden. At that time there was also an American Boys' school at Kızılçullu (Şirinyer). There would be outings arranged between the two schools, and they would invite each other to teas. Some teachers of the Şirinyer school would teach classes in our school too: the Director's wife **Mrs. Reed**, and **Mr. and Mrs. Maynard** were our teachers.

«As every year the number of students increased, there was a need of more classrooms. Through the passing years new buildings were added, being

AKK girls in the «Pension» before the dress reform. Zerrin is the last on the left in a black «çarşaf».



The «Knights of the Round Table» attack Biology!

given the names of retired directors or teachers. In the garden were playing areas: below, a tennis court, above, volley ball and basketball courts. The school had all the atmosphere of a family home. We have left; now our daughters and granddaughters are going to school there: thousands of our İzmir girls have had and are having this fine upbringing.

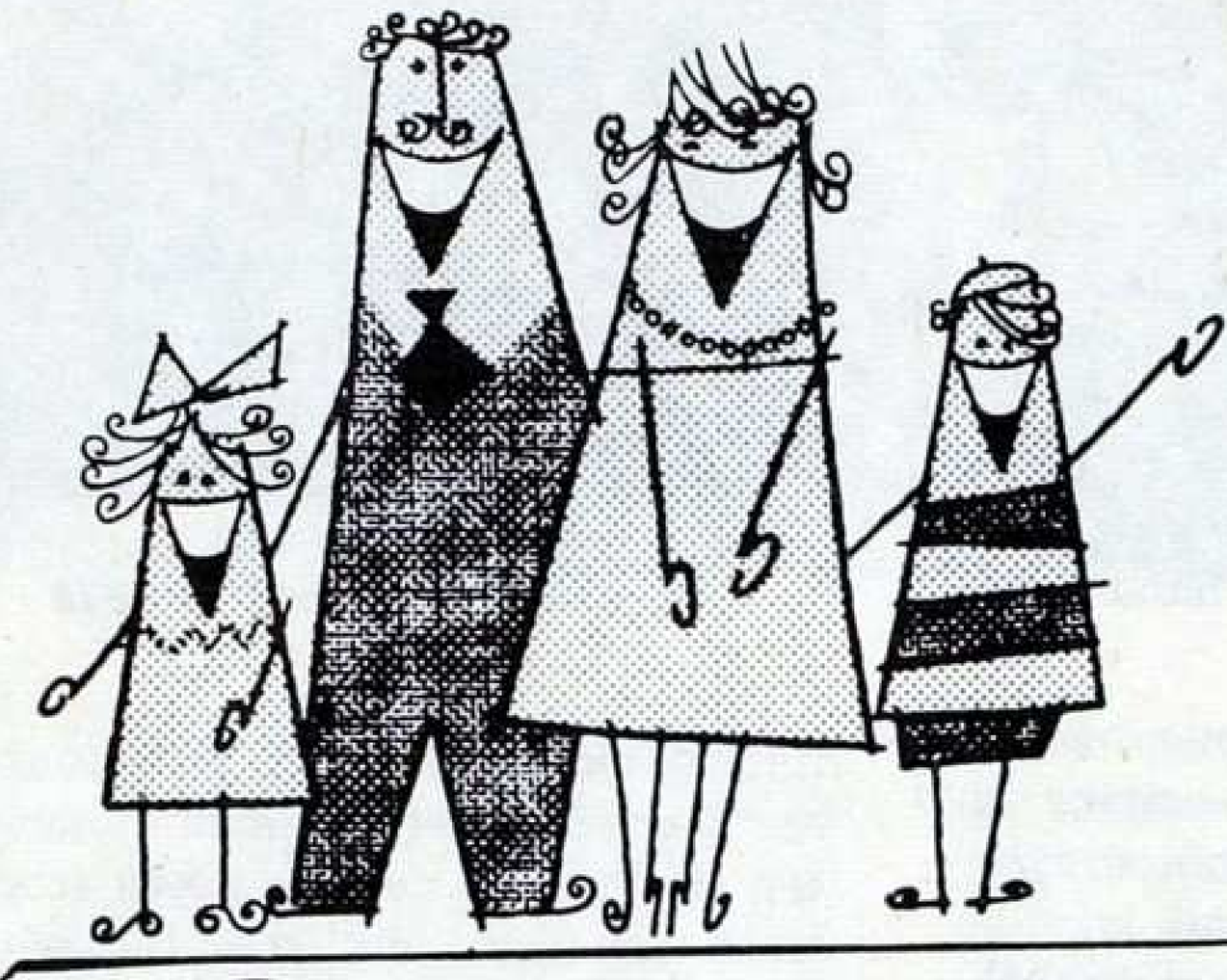
«And there is the AKK Alumni Association — what a fine thing it is, giving the alumnae a chance to get together and renew memories while engaged in useful work for it! The feeling of comradeship and the ties which the school created have kept the association going to the present day. May AKK continue thus to graduate many more of our girls and keep on working hand in hand with our association!»

Leman Başa, class of 1928

Leman Başa, another member of that first class has given me many of her memories as well as photographs of 50 years ago. Leman had started her education in the Mektubcu branch of ACI in 1919. This branch was the predecessor of the school which moved out to our present campus in 1923. Besides **Leman** and **Zerrin**, there were **Güzin Öge, Mebure Aksel Tosun, Thea Koops**, and **Zekiye Süleyman Eglar.** At first the class met in the little house near the wall, and they joked about having to study in the donkey's stable! There was a fireplace in the room, in which they burned pine cones and needles collected from the campus trees. Later this oldest class, the school «Ablalar», were to have the small attic room in Greene Hall. There was a balcony off this room reserved only for seniors, which they called «The Crow's Nest». As space was limited, the six girls and their teachers met round a round table and called themselves the «Knights of the Round Table». But whenever the weather permitted, classes met out - of - doors under the pine trees. **Leman** remembers the caterpillars coming down from the trees on them, but still the outdoor lessons continued. During free time **Miss Greene** organized students to exterminate the chains of caterpillars. She was very much interested in beautifying the campus and **Leman** remembers her well with shovel in hand, planting trees and flowers.

Certain classes were held at International College in Şirinyer. **Mrs. Maynard,** the mother of our **Dr. Richard Maynard,** held cooking classes in her own kitchen. The girls sometimes rode in the International College truck to go over to Şirinyer for physics and chemistry laboratory classes. Evidently the windows were kept open during these science classes and boys were often playing football near the building. Occasionally the ball would come flying through the window, much to the delight and excitement of the girls within, who in

Florürlü diş macunu



Diş etlerini kuvvetlendirir
Diş minelerini sertleştirir
Çürümeleri önler

turn would toss it back out, with jokes and laughter.

Concerts and tea parties were also held at International College and **Leman** remembers expeditions to Sardis and Ephesus with the boys — and special sections of a train would be reserved for these occasions. Other social functions were picnics with all the other schools in İzmir, one on the 5th of May to Foça by boat!

In the early years there was no school library. The class of 1928 gave a collection of Turkish books to the school as a graduation gift. Later when a child registered in the school, she was asked to contribute a book to the collection.

After **Leman**'s graduation, **Miss Greene** sent her to Professor Lawrence at International College for lessons in the classification and cataloguing of English books. A small library was started in the building near the Hatay gate and **Leman** was the first librarian. She also taught English in AKK for two years until her departure to the United States, where she completed her B.A. at Mt. Holyoke College and her M.A. at Peabody College in Nashville, Tennessee. Returning to İzmir, she taught at AKK for 14 years. She also held teaching positions at five other schools in the İzmir area, and at Ege Üniversity as well.

My interview with **Leman Başa** was a pleasure: her face lights up when she speaks of her Alma Mater and her long connection with the school and its many teachers and administrators. That she worked hard, there is no question. That she enjoyed herself comes out in her recollections of the beauty of the serene campus, her music lessons with **Mrs. Reed**, the parties and even the mischief. Both she and **Zerrin Hanım** are alumnae of whom we are proud, for not only are they fine people in their own right, but they represent for us fifty years of our school's life. We thank them for sharing with us so generously their personal recollections.

The basketball team — in uniform of the twenties!

Colleagues say «goodbye» Left to right, front: Necat Güngör, Ertuğrul Nas; back: Daniyel Çimen, Yalçın Demirtürk, Ömer Temel, Öcal Altanay, Haydar Göfer

Shepard Hall as Ömer Bey first knew it; it was remodeled in 1968

TAC SAYS

"EN İYİ DİLEKLERLE SİZİ UĞURLUYORUZ„

to

ÖMER BEY

by **Wallace Robeson**

At the conclusion of 25 years on the faculty of Tarsus American College, **Ömer Bey**, teacher of geography to over 1500 TAC students, left Tarsus in September, 1973, for retirement to his home in Üsküdar, leaving behind him memories of his contribution to a quarter-century of TAC history. There is not space enough to recount very many of these memories, and it is impossible to express adequately what those years have meant to us who have known **Ömer Bey** at TAC.

Mr. Woolworth was principal when the young teacher, **Ömer Temel**, arrived in Tarsus in the midst of September heat to begin his career. **Ömer Bey** worked with five other principals or acting-principals: **Mr. Maynard, Mr. Avery, Mr. Stone, Mr. Meyer,** and myself. He has seen the school grow from a family of 150 students and 10 teachers to a larger family of 450 students and 30 teachers. He has seen two classroom-dormitory buildings added to the campus and three buildings remodeled. The room where he held sway for so long, known as the geography room, was new when he came to TAC (it is now a prep classroom).

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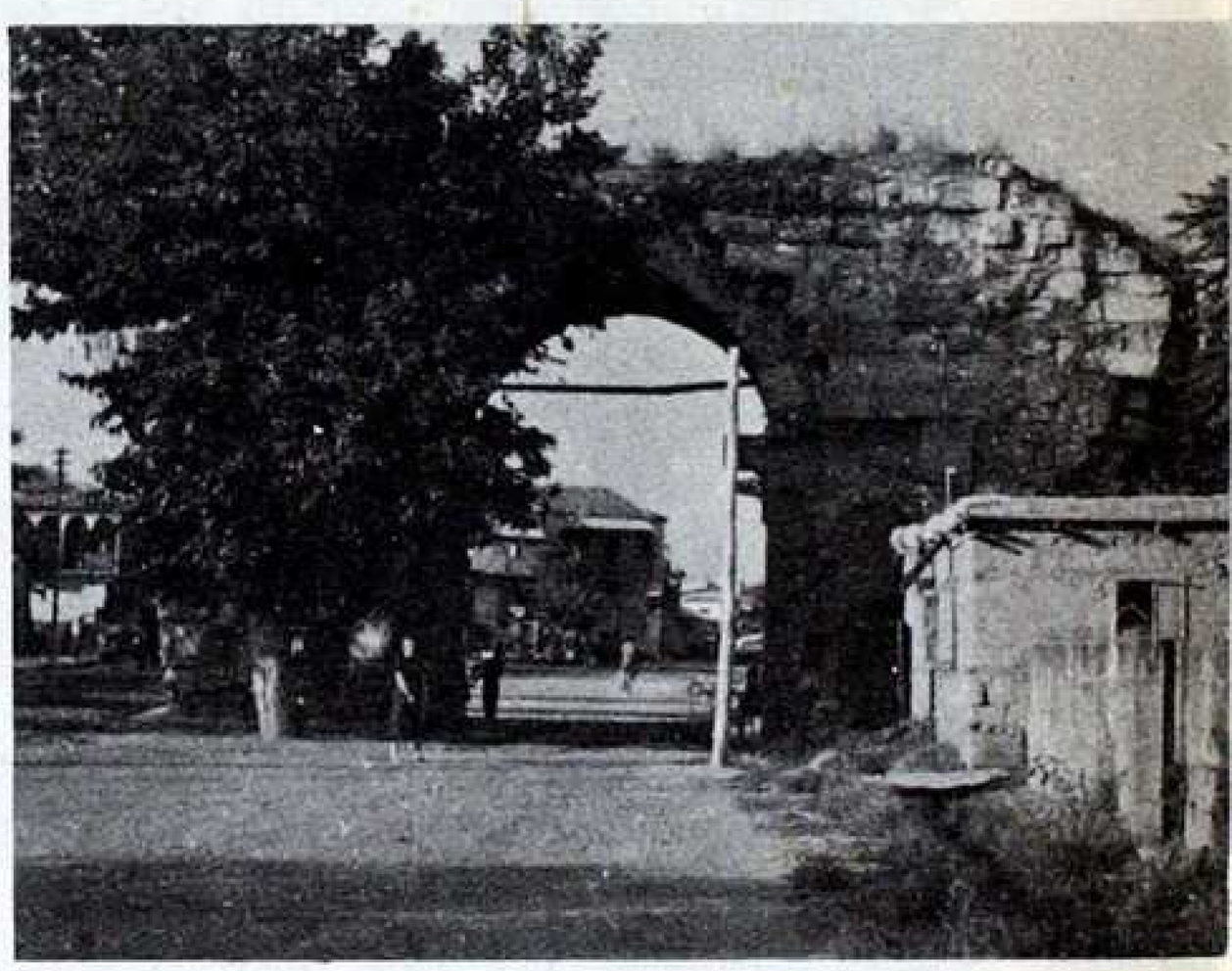
During his first years, **Ömer Bey** taught geography, history and civics, but as the school grew, his load became over-full with the teaching of geography and geology only. Where once he had played and coached soccer (**Abdullah Küçük** remembers well how Ömer Bey gave his teams instruction in running the ball, in shooting for goals, and in playing defense), in recent years he has had no equal as strong supporter of our teams. His enthusiasm for getting to matches is well-known. At Parent-teacher meetings, the line of parents waiting to see **Ömer Bey** was always longer than any other, simply because **Ömer Bey** taught every boy in school. He was always ready to give parents advice about their son's work and to encourage the boys to work a little harder and achieve more. But time moves along; Ömer Bey became eligible for retirement, and brought



How many times Ömer Bey must have gone through these gates!

Ömer Bey leaving for Istanbul

Ömer Bey leaves but boys keep coming. For the third time TAC begins again with number 1. The present No 1 is **Selâmi Çağatay Öner**, from Silifke.

to a close his twenty-five years of formal service as teacher to Turkish youth.

Because of his wife's illness, **Ömer** Bey had moved his home to Istanbul early last year (we are glad to hear Aliye Hanim's health has improved); in Tarsus, since then, he has led the bachelor's life, and declares firmly that «bekârlık sultanlık değildir!» He was in Tarsus for the make-up examinations in September, remembering his first arrival in 1948. The faculty had a farewell party in his honor, with many pictures taken to record the occasion. It was with sadness at the parting of friends, but with joy of memories and with anticipation of Ömer Bey's future years in retirement, that we who stayed behind at TAC gave **Ömer Bey** his send-off. We all wish him many years of happiness.

Evinizde hayat Philips ile daha rahat

Bir Philips rahatlığı gelmiştir pek çok Türk yuvasına Philips buzdolabıyla, çamaşır makinasıyla, elektrik süpürgesiyle.

Philips stereo sistemi, ses alma cihazı ve radyoları daima aranılmış, yaşamın bir parçası olmuştur adeta.

Günlük hayatı daha rahat, daha yaşanabilir yapan bu modern araçların her birinin ardında Philips vardır.

80 yıldır daima en iyisini vermek için çalışan, dev araştırma laboratuvarlarına, üstün imalât tekniğine sahip, dünyanın en büyük sanayi kuruluşlarından biri olan Philips.

Aydın Tekay, whose poem opposite won second prize in the Içel contest.
(page 59)

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Korumuşuz bugüne dek yurdumuzun tümünü.
Atatürk emanet etmiş bize
Bu güzelim vatanı,
Sürdürelim sonsuza dek bu onurlu yaşamı.

Kuşlar bu mutlu günün sevinciyle uçuyor,
Kırlarda esen rüzgâr şarkını fısıldıyor.
Akıyor nehirler, eskisinden daha gür,
Annem, babam, kardeşim hepsi mutlu ve özgür.

Kutluyalım; mutluca nice elli yılları,
Gökte uçan kuşuyla,
Toprağıyla, taşıyla,
İnsanın alnı açık başıyla
Ersin Cumhuriyetim
Nice elli yıllara.

Aydın Tekay

TAC 946 1 — B

The last days of the old Galata Bridge.

A view in old Üsküdar.

THE TURKEY OF MY YOUTH

by **Evelyn Scott**

The Turkey of my youth has been radically changed by wars and reformations of one kind or another; by the genius of Atatürk and the increased strength of the democratic government. In order to realize the extent of the changes, one must think of Turkey before the abolition of Arabic lettering, veiled women, fezes, ecclesiastics in long robes, the Capitulations, sultans, and Turkish time, which reckoned sunset as twelve o'clock.

The American College for Girls which I attended was in Üsküdar. Today the buildings house the American Academy for Girls, as you all know. How can I describe the old-worldliness, the romantic quality of life in Turkey before, say, 1910? And yet there was something immensely real about the teaching; a search for truth, and an appraisal of values which I look back on with gratitude.

When first I knew the college, it was housed in two buildings on the top of Üsküdar hill, with one or two old konaks as well. The students numbered between 100 and 150, of a variety of nationalities; there were perhaps a dozen American teachers and a staff as cosmopolitan as the student body. Our working day was planned rigidly: up at 7, breakfast at 7:30. Recitation periods began at 8:40 and lasted, with an hour's break for lunch, till 3:30. Then there was tea, and we could go into the garden (no leaving the college without a special permit and a chaperone) to walk or play a violent game with bat and ball which we called baseball. At 6 there was study for an hour, at 7:30 dinner, reports for the day, and another study hour until 9:30. And so to bed, with lights out at 10—a day very full, with no time for idling.

Sometimes in the afternoons we would find a teacher who would take us for a walk in Üsküdar. We could take a country walk and confine ourselves to meadows, or we could wander over cobbled roads, past old wooden Turkish homes with latticed windows. Or, best of all, we could

go to the market place, where there was a good deal to catch the eye and intrigue the spirit. And then there were always the mosques to visit, beautiful mosques, some very old, with lovely 15th and 16th century tiles. I was a feminist in those days and it pleased me to know that the four imperial mosques of Üsküdar were all built by women, the mothers, wives, or daughters of sultans.

The language of the college, was, of course, English, and there were certain rules about using English during school hours. If a student used any other language there was a penalty. We had a self - government association and each day there was a girl on duty. She had in her possesion a small silver affair called «the Medal». If she heard anyone speaking a language other than English she presented the medal to the culprit. Then the guilty student, had to find another one violating the rule. At the end of the day, before dismissal at 7:30, the girl who had the medal was reported and got a bad mark!

Teachers came and went, bringing new breath from America, or carrying back unforgettable memories of Eastern ways; there were heartburnings and regrets when a favorite left, there was intense interest in new arrivals.

I have come to the conclusion that most of our teachers were unusual women. There was Miss Paton, for instance, the most passionate scientist I have ever known. To learn biology under her was a liberal education. She expected us to share her enthusiasm, and many of us did, for it was as contagious as a disease. Our laboratory would have made a real scientist smile: it was a bare room in an old Turkish konak on the edge of the college garden. But we bent over our microscopes and dissected our frogs with as much gusto as if we had been equipped with the latest conveniences.

I remember likewise, Miss Jenkins, who fired my imagination and guided my reading in both history and literature, so that new worlds were opened to me each year.

Bowker Hall and the burned out shell of Barton Hall, in the early years of the century.

Then, as now, the girls put on a Spring Festival.

Dr. Patrick, the president of the college, had very few classes, only for Juniors and Seniors, but she had great administrative ability, an unflagging enthusiasm for the education of girls, and a real gift for dealing with people.

Our French teacher was a character out of a book. Mlle Roberjot was a wreck to look at, stoopshouldered and shabby; her teaching was negligible because she was lenient and half blind, and I am afraid the girls «mocked her» as they would say. But she shone when she lectured. No one in the school could speak so beautifully, so fluently and so easily. She would stand on the platform holding onto the reading desk with one small hand, her funny short-sighted eyes staring into space, and without a note, the loveliest French would flow from her lips for an hour on end and heep us all spell-bound. We forgot her poor teaching, and her uncertain temper. We simply basked in the flow of her extraordinary eloquence.

There was also Miss Dodd, red-haired incalculable little spit-fire of a person, who had a penchant for archaeology, coupled with an excellent memory, who gave the impression of profound knowledge of antiques, and all the various «diggers» who came to Asia Minor to uncover the past were entertained and enslaved by her infectious enthusiasm.

There were literary societies which taught us no less than our teachers. We learned how to conduct meetings, how to work with our fellows, how to bear both failure and success with grace.

Another society was called the Century Club and met every Friday evening. It was then our business to bring forth items of news of common interest. When Miss Jenkins heard our news items, she would expound, comment, and elucidate. Our stage was a large one, and we discussed the world, tacitly agreeing, however, not to touch on that which was nearest and most interesting to us—Istanbul politics and local events. There was an undercurrent of sinister possibilities that ran through all my school days. News was always uncertain, and danger lurked in the most unexpected quarters. We heard whispers, however, of a party called the Young Turks who worked in the utmost secrecy towards the day when despotism in their country would be abolished.

In the summer of 1908, the Young Turks declared a Constitutional monarchy. So when in September, 1908 we gathered in Üsküdar for another year, the atmosphere was quite different. There was talk of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, and in December much rejoicing at the election of the first constitutional parliament.

All the world knows that in April

In 1909 came the counter - revolution.

1909, Abdul Hamid planned and carried out a counter - revolution. He had had just nine months to hatch his plot and it fell upon us all in Istanbul like a bolt from the blue. I remember it was the last day of the Spring holidays, April 13th, a day of cloudless blue sky and soft warm spring air. I was sitting on a daisy - covered hillside in Bebek, thinking what a pity it was that I had to leave in the afternoon to go back to Üsküdar. The first word of disaster reached us about eleven o'clock : the bridge across the Golden Horn was held by soldiers; we knew it could mean nothing else than mutiny on the part of the Palace party.

Notwithstanding the electric atmosphere, I returned to Üsküdar and found most of the girls there, but one could see by their faces that they were thoroughly frightened. Shall I ever forget that night of April 13th? It was not much after midnight that we began to hear rifle fire, first over in Istanbul and then nearer by in Üsküdar.

Day dawned at last and a new feeling of courage came with the first light. After the 13th there was no more shooting at night, but we went about our affairs in an atmosphere of intense gloom for ten interminable days. The Palace Party was again in power; Young Turks were fleeing for their lives. Among those who were in danger of imprisonment was Halide Edib, a graduate of the College and an ardent supporter of the new constitution and parliament. She came in haste to the college and Dr. Patrick hid her for several days in her own bedroom. In the meanwhile newspaper offices were raided, the Bosphorus steamers stopped their services, no shops in town were open and the whole city held its breath.

There was one hopeful bit of news. A rumor had come to the city that the Third Army Corps at Salonica headed by Mahmut Şevket, had

given out their intention of marching on the capital to regain it for the Young Turk party.

Everbody knows that the Third Army **did come** in and that they **did** arrive in time. We felt like the besieged saved at the eleventh hour. Anyone who came to the college was eagerly questioned. The army was at San Stefano... it had arrived in Istanbul... it was proceeding to Beyoğlu and Yıldız. One morning at five o'clock I heard my first machine - gun fire — rat - tat - rat - like a spring - less wagon tearing over cobblestones. It was the incoming Army, swarming up the hills above Beşiktaş to seize the last stronghold.

... and in more recent years.

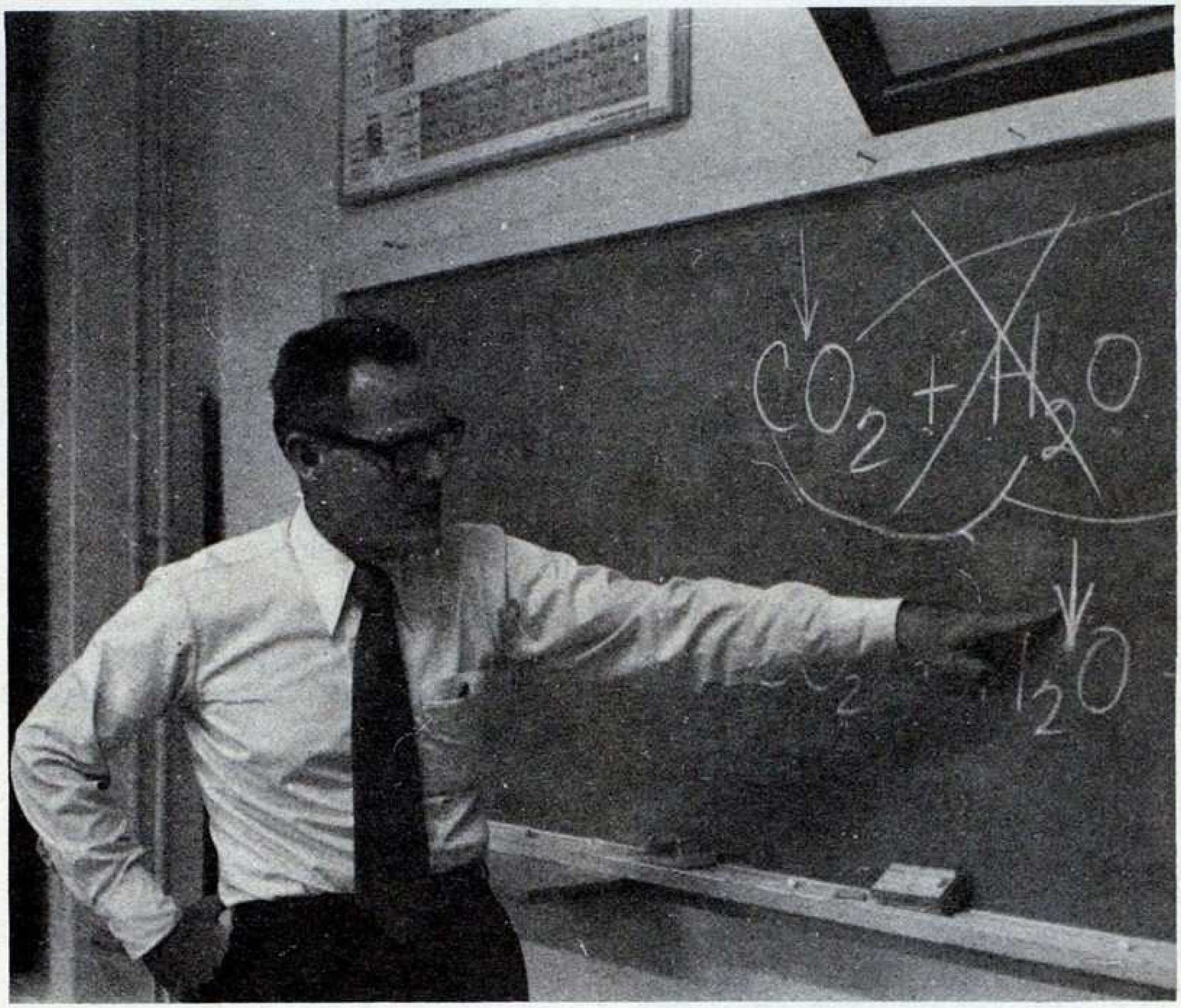
Mrs. Scott - 60 - odd years ago... (the stables in the background are now the Practice House)

The very highest point of excitement was reached on April 23rd at exactly 2:35 P.M. I was in a French class and Mlle. Roberjot was giving us a «dictée», when the whole air was shaken with the booming of cannon. We realized in a moment what it was, the 101 guns to proclaim a new sultan, and now we knew that the old sultan's ruling days were ended and we were free from tyranny and secure at last.

Turkey was on a new road. Since then it has gone far, farther than the wildest imagination could have foretold, but that April day in 1909 was the beginning, and it was a vivid part of my college memories. We read about history in our quiet classrooms, we talked about politics in our amateurish Century Club, but we lived history very strenuously, and the fate of Turkey was woven into the fabric of our lives.

Ed : Mrs. Scott was a student for six years at the American College for Girls, located on the present AKL campus. She was for many years resident at Robert College, where her husband, dean Harold Scott, was dean until his death in 1958. Mrs Scott continues to reside next door to the College, now Boğaziçi University, on the hills above Bebek.

From the Principal's Desk :



Dr' Shepard : Principal — and Biology teacher.

This year it is natural to think of anniversaries : They highlight the present as well as the past, and point towards the future. They help us reemphasize traditions and recognize change and progress. On other pages of this issue of ALMA MATER you may read about the recollections of those who were students when our school reopened on our present campus. It was in October of 1923, the same month that the Turkish Republic was established. Fifty years later, the campus still has the beauty of those days, although the city has now enveloped it. Our school buildings, outdoor theater, gardens, and sports areas reflect the school's growth since 1923. Refinements and improvements on campus and in the program continue.

Come and see :

— The new water storage tank and pump provided in October 1972 by the Koruyanlar Derneği—a tremendous help to us during these days of water shortage.

— An attractive new drinking fountain near Bristol given to the school by last year's Orta Student Council.

— Benches for spectators on a grassy slope above the volleyball court, a gift from the graduates of 1973.

— An improved Biology Laboratory completed in 1972 to which many of you contributed.

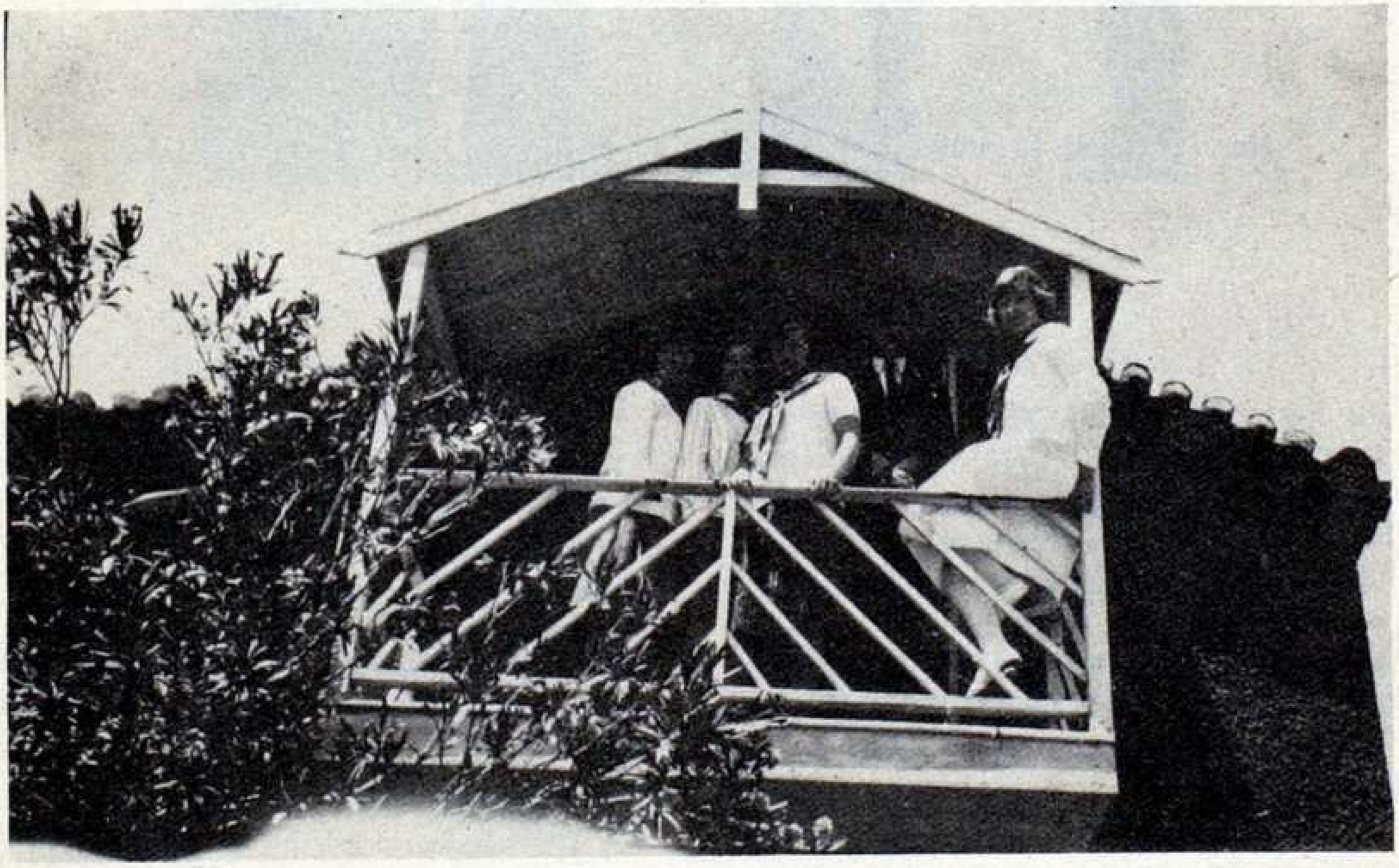
— Our Physics Laboratory currently being improved

— The relocated Home Economics cooking laboratory in Bristol Hall.

— Our new Music Room, also in Bristol Hall

— Planter boxes and landscaping currently being provided outside Hatay gate and in front of Taner Hall and at various other points on campus by the newly fcrmed Lise Gardening and Flower Arrangement Club.»

Our 50th year on this campus also marks an important program change.



«The Crow's Nest» (see page 9) of 1928. Much is new at AKK since then, as the following pages show.

New Drinking fountain near Bristol — a gift of the Orta Student Council.

In June of 1974, two senior classes will graduate together (over 130 students) as we apply the new curriculum making the Lise a three-year program. One of its features is the introduction of electives into Orta III and Lise I as well as Lise II and III. French is being offered as a second foreign language on a regular basis with three years provided for those who elect it.

Our enlarged Hazırlık division with its 96 entering students is a beehive of eager activity as new knowledge and experience are absorbed in a combination of agony and joy.

Joy and agony are the stuff of life inside and outside the school. No people know better than our alumnae the ways in which we try to bring the world into the school and help our students meet the challenges of the world about them. The wellknown writer **Cevat Şakir** (Halikarnas Balıkçısı), a friend to whom we have just said farewell, expressed the truth that we are all born owing a debt to humanity. AKK continues to be a laboratory in which teachers and students explore the ways in which we can begin to repay that obligation.

Orta students in new uniforms - green and white checked skirts — talking with their dean, Ulay Gökçeoğlu.

In this joyful and agonizing task our alumnae share in many ways :

— As colleagues on our faculty and staff

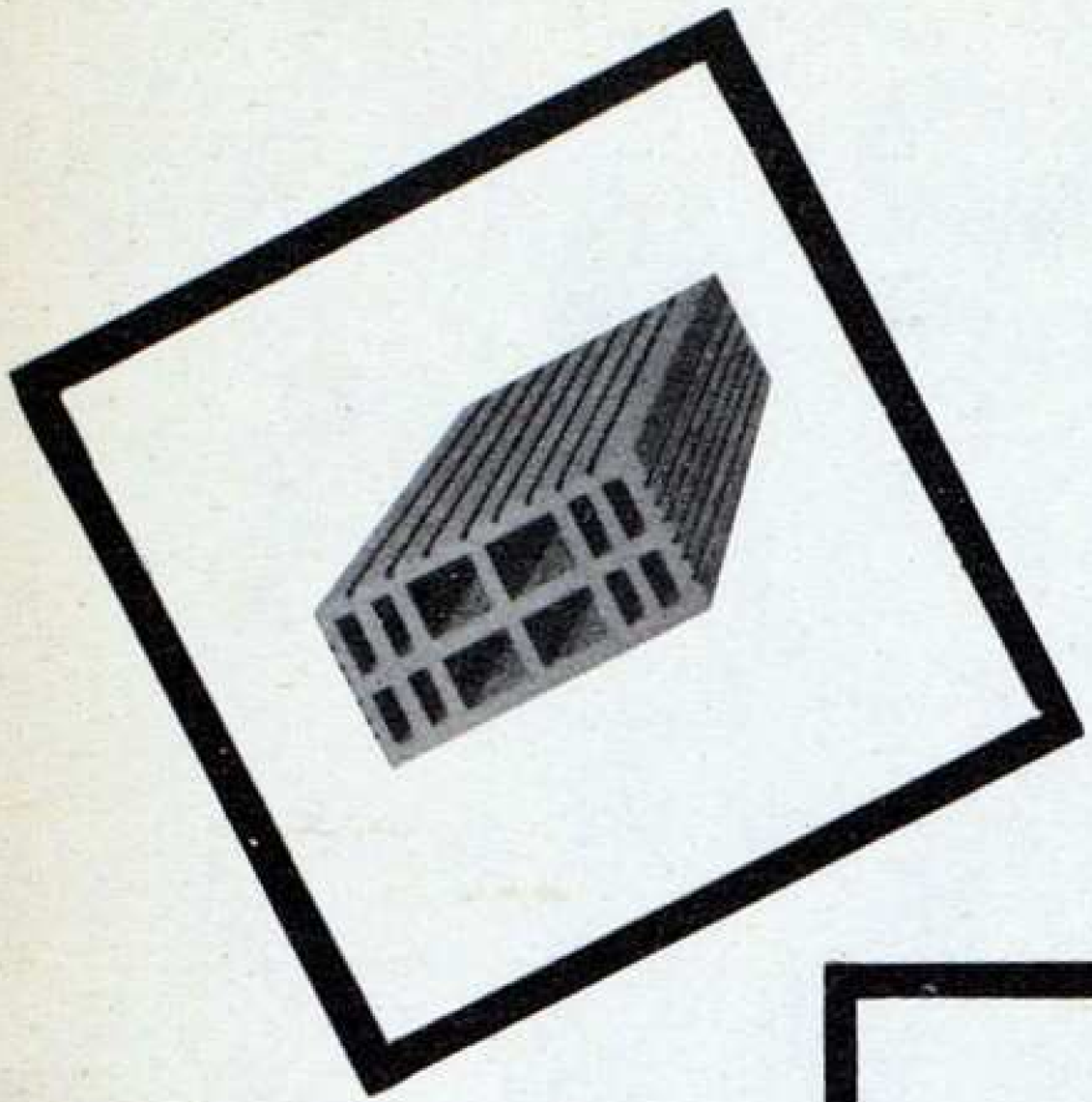
— As members of our Board of Managers, Alumnae Association, Koruyanlar Derneği and Okul Aile Birliği

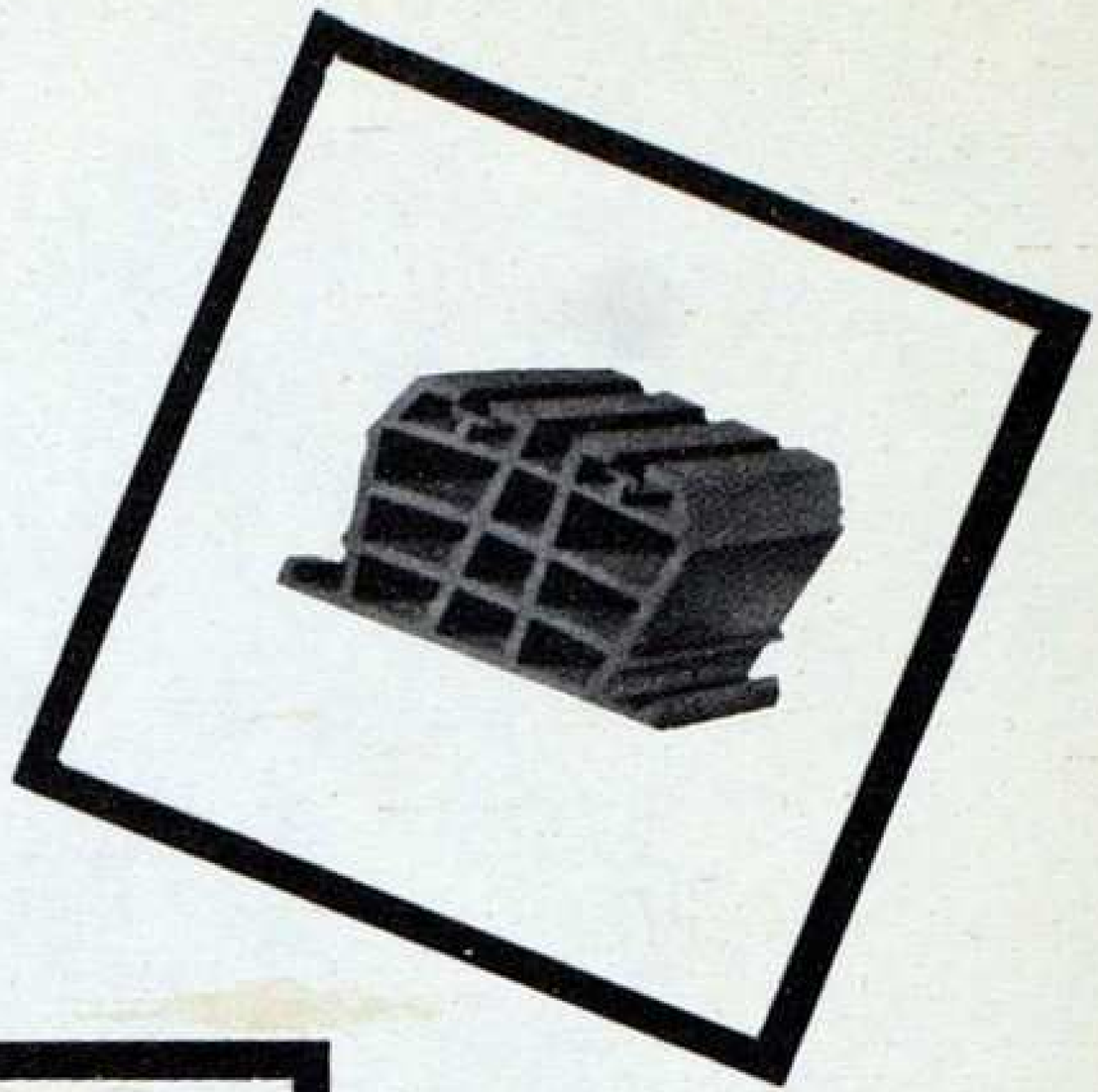
— As volunteers in community service and school activities

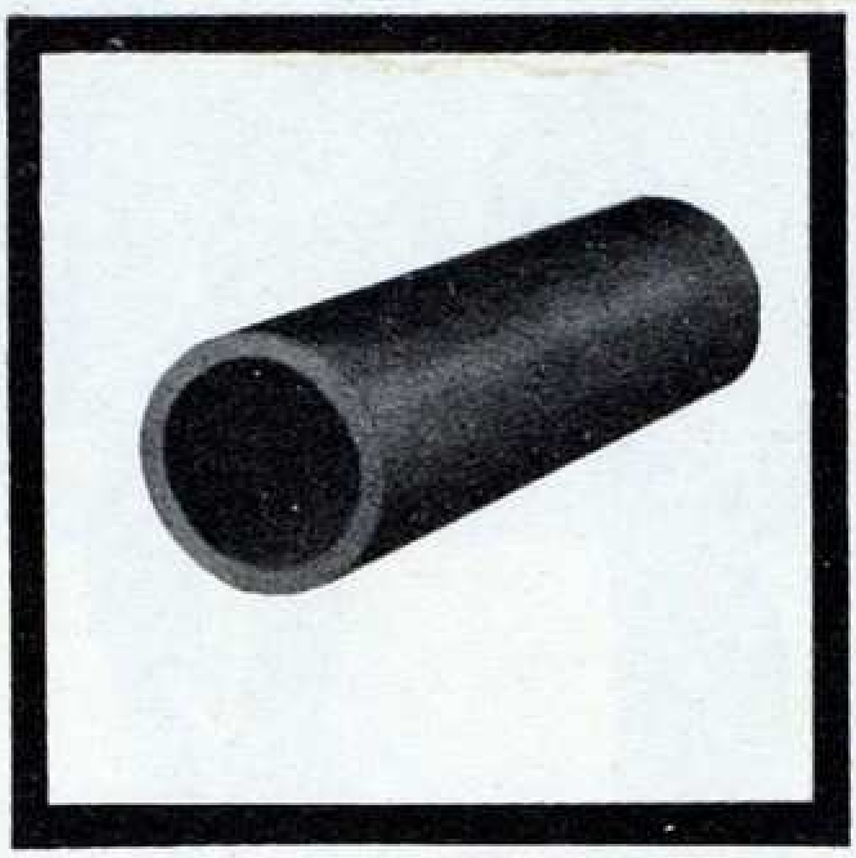
— As university students preparing for professional careers

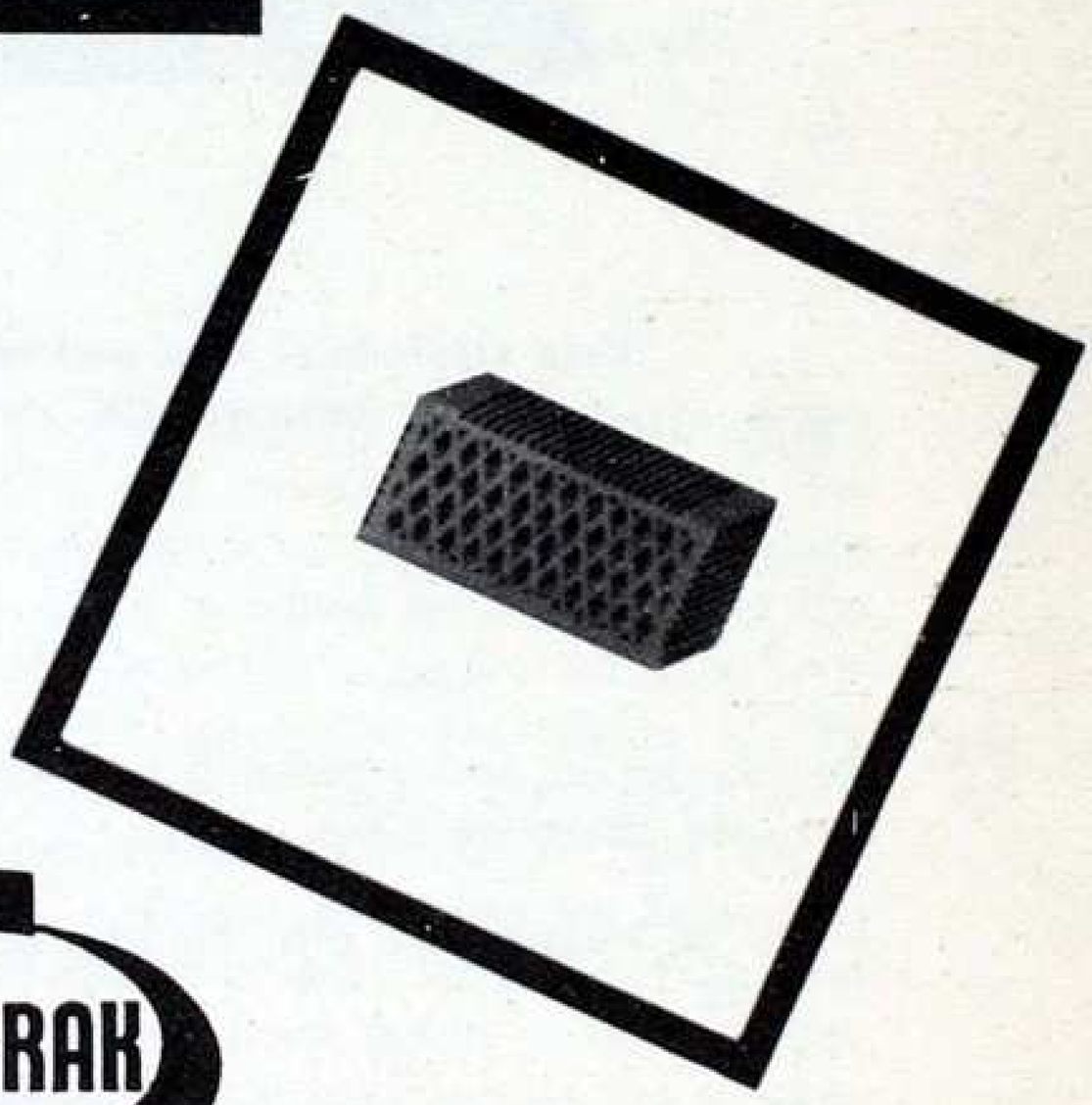
— As guides and translators

Alumnae carry into the world the ideals of this school and a positive recognition of their own obligations towards humanity.









KİLTOPRAK

TUĞLA - KİREMİT

ADANA

In celebration of the 50th anniversary, the Alumnae - sponsored contest for literary and artistic works brought forth worthy efforts from the AKL students. Winners were announced at an Alumnae luncheon at the Steak House, on Nov. 21, 1973. Below we print the prize - winning poem.

YARIM ASIRLIK ÖYKÜ

Anadolunun çileli, vefalı toprak yollarında
Doğudan batıya ağır ağır adımlarla emin bir kayma;
Nemli serin bir havanın yüzünü yaladığı harap köyler,
Çeşme başında narin yüzlü nişanlılar, benzi soluk çobanlar
Hiç düşündünüz mü niye böyle kalabalık bu yollar?
Bir «O» var ezilen kalplerde,
Yoğrulan toprakta kanla, hırsla, azimle
Altıyüz kilometreye varan bir Anadolu yolunda.
Gıcırdayan kağıda hep aynı ahenk
Bir «Mustafa Kemal» var,
Bir «O» var mavilikten maviliğe köprü kuran.
Gözbebeklerinden ellerine kadar
Yavrusu için açılmış boş kucağını
Iğıl ığıl bağrını adamış Türk kadını
Sızlayan ayaklarının acıları avuç içlerinde bölük pörçük.
Kanlarının son damlasına kadar korumak azminde
Tetiklerde nasırlaşmış ellerin sahipleri.
Toprak, barut, top bir tül perde
Eli, ayağı, tırnağı, vücudu Mehmetçiğin.
Yukarıdan aşağı yırtıyor bu kesif sisi;
Gerisinde boy boy ulus ulus Anadolu
Bağrı temiz şehit kanı dolu
ve
Hepsi bir harç, bir bulamaç
Sapasağlam bir binanın temeli...
Cumhuriyet yükselecek tunç gibi
Siper göğsü sağlam temellerin üstünde.
Karadenizin, Egenin koyu, dalgın sularında
Geçmişlerden anılar var.
Köpük köpük sahillere vuran özgürlük, hürriyet.
Uygarlık diye çınlıyor İstanbul,
Boğazlar her bir dalgada.
Ellinci basamakta yankılanıyor milletçe sesimiz.
Oralardan bir yerden ıslak toprak kokusuyla
İlkin martı, yıldızlarla sonsuz özgürlüğü getiriyor.
Ilık ılık esen rüzgârda,
«Az zamanda çok işler başardık, başaracağız,» sözleri var.
Küllenmeyecek bir ateş ebediyete kadar,
Atam, biz Türk genci
Bir yıldırım, bir kasırga, bir meşale
Alev alev emanet edeceğiz bizden sonrakilere!

From the old Dolmabahçe palace, Idil looks ahead.

İdil Alatlı
Orta III B No. 267

Dr. and Mrs. Christie — the first «first family» of TAC, at its head from 1893 to 1918.

I REMEMBER TARSUS

as told

by **Mustafa Nuri Gürkan**

ALMA MATER, for its celebration issue, asked us especially for remembrances of the old days. There came to mind one of the oldest alumni in Tarsus, **Mustafa Nuri Gürkan,** ('35), a lawyer and the father of Aykut Gürkan ('72). We called him, found him at home, and explained our task. Yes he would be willing to come - that same afternoon, in fact, on his way home, for the next day he was leaving for a case in Ankara.

Skipping across the puddles on campus (we have already had more rain this fall than during all of last year) **Mustafa Bey** arrived in the office, hat in hand.

Yes, he would be able to fill us in on TAC history since 1922. It appears that he began attending the «ana okulu» of St. Paul's College that year. He was six years old when his brother-

TAC campus after the famous snow storm of 1907. Notice Stickler Hall, under construction at the left.

in - law, İbrahim Recep Güreş, a primary school teacher at the college, began to bring him along. Zara Hanım was the teacher, and classes were held in Ali Bey House. But it seems that the walk was long, and the weather got cold, and İbrahim Recep Bey began leaving him home: and that was all for then.

Settling back in his seat, **Mustafa Bey** continued, «That summer all the Americans were up at Namrun. Several of them were giving a 'kurs' in English to the summer residents. As it turned out, **Mr. Nilson**, the principal at that time, made an arrangement with my brother-in-law where-by **İbrahim Recep** would teach **Mr. Nilson** Turkish, and **Mr. Nilson** teach him English in return. The book was an old reader, **Anadolu Yavrusu**. They must have gone over that book ten times, and I was right there at my relative's side. **Mr. Nilson** really wanted to learn Turkish, since he had been picked up as a foreigner out in Cetvel, and he didn't want that to happen again. I realized before the summer was over that I had learned to read just by following İbrahim Recep Bey's lessons! That fall I went straight into the second grade—my brother-in-law was surprised when I told him I had learned to read, and how.»

At that time, he said, the school was still called St. Paul's College, and all receipts and stationery had that name written on top in New Turkish, Old Turkish, and English.

Mustafa Bey returned to TAC in the fifth class and finished primary school just in time, for the next year the primary school closed and the «ihzari» class began. **Dr. Nute** Sr. was now the Director. Mustafa Bey's teachers were **Mr. Smith, Mr. Clark**, and **Mr. Hazen. Mr. and Mrs. Woolworth** came in 1928, and **Mr. Meyering**, with his wife as school nurse, in 1930.

One teacher that **Mustafa Bey** talked about with real affection and enthusiasm was **Mr. Schelmedine.** It seems that he took half of every class session to discuss 'centilmenlik' and good manners. Somehow he really impressed the students with lessons that they thought back to for many years.

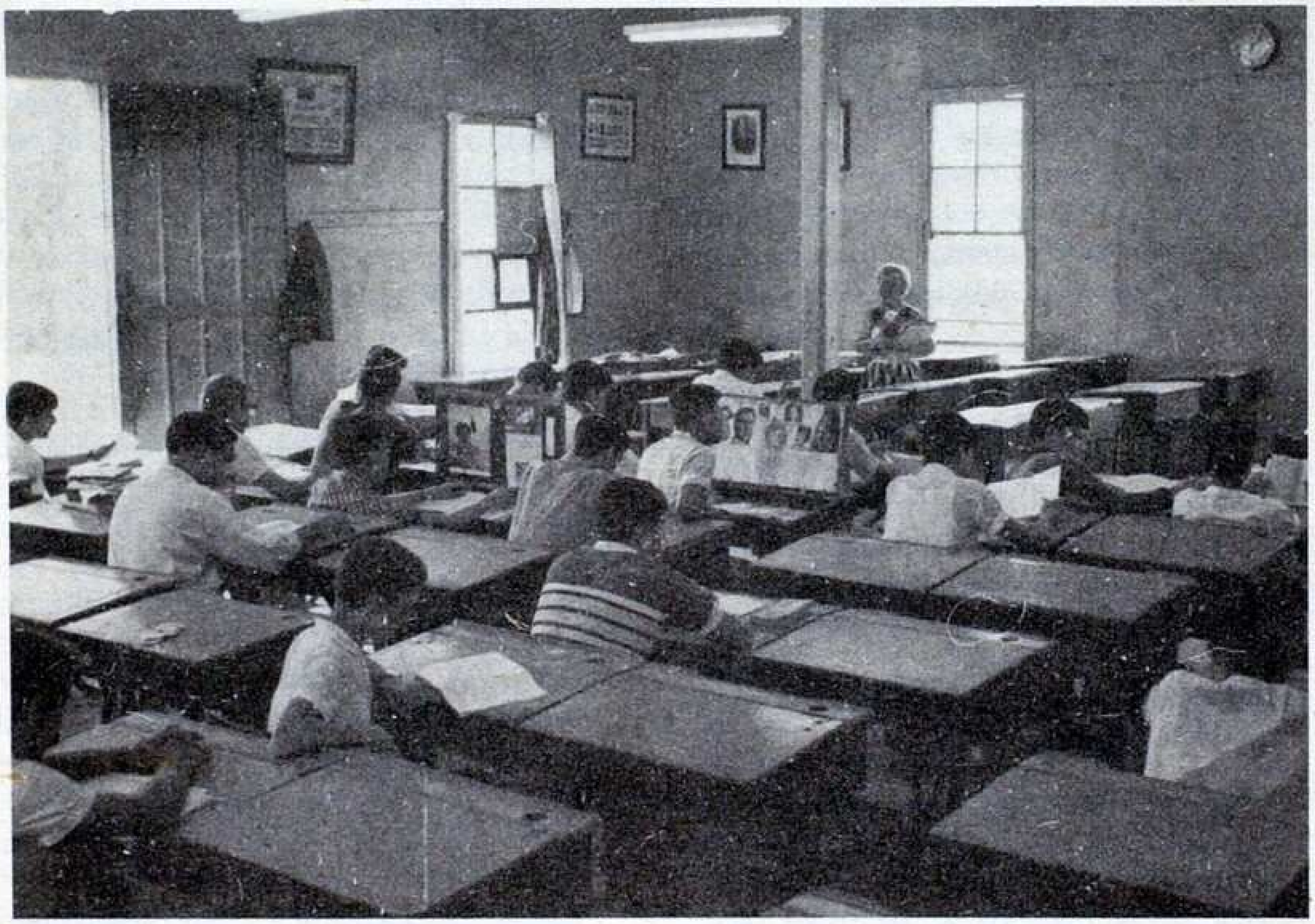
In 1934 two woman teachers came. **Miss Jessie Martin** came from Üsküdar for one year, and **Miss Grace Towner** (the Depression having caused the closing of the Adana Girls' School) for a much longer pericd. Evidently with her impressive bearing and snow-white hair, she commanded the students' respect and devotion—she had no discipline problems!

Mustafa Bey paused a moment and said that the more recent era began that very same year with the arrival of a young bachelor, **Mr. Richard Maynard.** A second bachelor, a **Mr. Bailey**, is remembered as being more 'yaramaz' than any student in the school. Evidently he cculd not get downstairs fast enough, for he wore or tore the seats out of his pants by sliding down the banisters of Stickler —having due respect for the switch-back half-way down. It was reported that he made a big hit by climbing up the outside corner of Stickler!

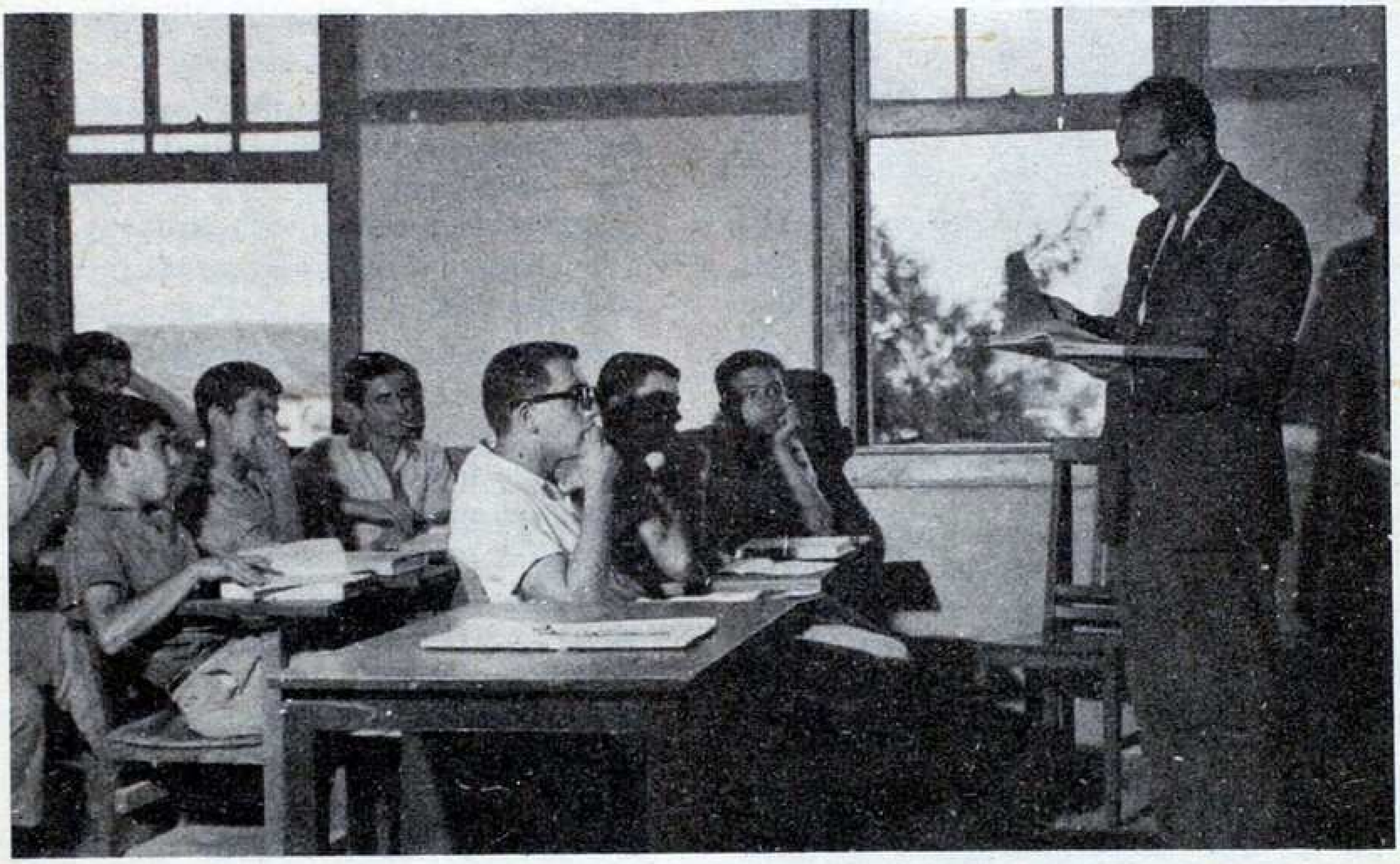
Trying to dig out more anecdotes, we asked about Tarsus itself at that time. The first cinema was in the Çinko Palas, which ran silent movies in 1925. About that time **Dr. Nute** had a Ford, the only private car in Tarsus except for Şadi Bey's. **Mustafa Bey** recalls that **Mr. Woolworth** later drove that same car, and one of the highlights for the seniors was being ferried to and from their graduation dinner in this vehicle.

Quite naturally, our inquiries turned to prices. Yes, he remembered

The old «hamam» built by Mr. Nilson is no more. It is replaced by a new carpenter shop and a new toilet building.



The study looked like this until 1968'



Mr. Stone's Psychology class in Stickler Hall. The building, completed since the photo shown on pages 32 - 33, hasn't changed much since!

Remember the old Physics lab? Now Nilson Hall houses the Prep. classes in that corner.

fees. Full boarding fees and tuition were around 250 Tl a year and later dropped to 220 TL during the Depression. Probably only a few students paid even that, however. Most earned their way through school as waiters in the dining room, as secretaries in the office, working in the school press (situated where Woolworth Hall is now) or, most often, taking wood that Topal Yusuf cut behind Stickler to the kitchen for 15 kuruş a wheelbarrow load. When the depression made economies necessary and the White Russian who was electrician - handyman had to go, one of the students had picked up enough know-how to baby along the school's 110-volt electric generator.

At this point **Mustafa Bey** reminded us that bread was 3 kuruş, goat meat was 18 kuruş and mutton 22 kuruş a kilo, yet he wonders even now how the school got along on the fees from the students. One nice feature of the school then, he recalls, was that the area now covered by Friendship and Unity Halls was used for student vegetable gardens. Each student had 2-3 square meters of garden; some students pooled their plots and worked together, and they relished eating their own lettuce and onions.

John Scott, as he arrived in Tarsus in 1937, little dreaming...

We asked our friend how the school was accepted in those days. He reminded us that «there was no other lycee in town, and most boys just didn't go beyond primary, though some went on to Adana to study. About the time of the depression, some parents took their sons out of school and enrollment dropped to fifty - three students. İbrahim Recep Bey, who stayed on teaching Prep Turkish until 1930, pointed out to me that second languages would open up all kinds of opportunity, so I stayed on, graduated and went on to law school.

By 1944 **Mustafa Bey** was a judge in Tarsus. That fall he got a letter from **Mr. Woolworth** saying that the war had caused an acute teacher shortage and enclosing a list including almost every course taught in school from which he could choose whatever he wished to teach, if he would join the faculty. Our alumnus replied that he had forgotten chemistry and math but could teach Turkish and civics under one condition. In his judgeship he was exempt from the army draft and he didn't want to lose that exemption. He was assured that this release would continue, came to teach, and was promptly drafted. He did return shortly after and taught until 1946.

Mustafa Bey laughed as he recalled one incident. A new British teacher was having such discipline problems that his class could be heard from the

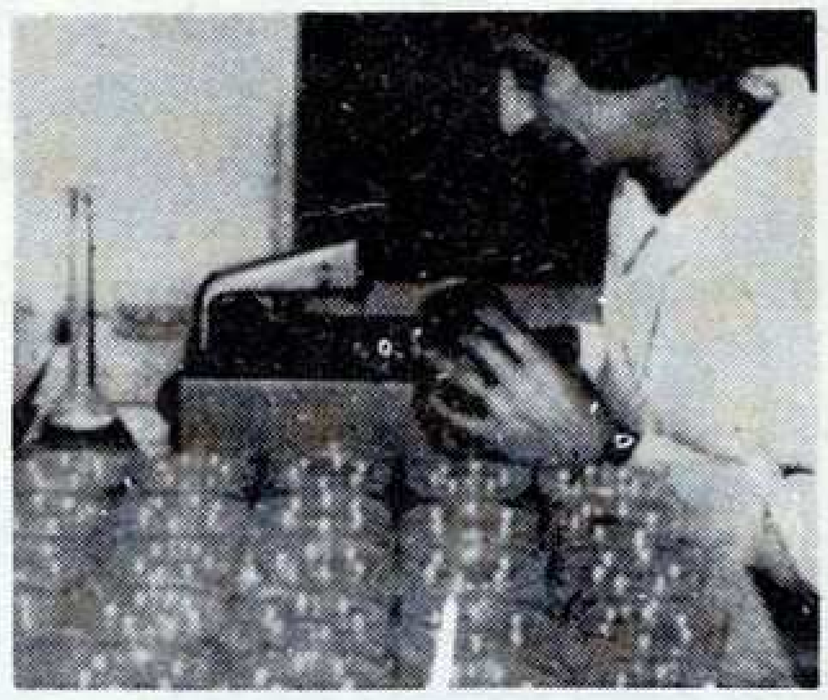
front gate, and several teachers complained. One day a student, best left unidentified, even played dead on the floor as the teacher was writing on the blackboard. Mr. Woolworth had evidently been impressed with Mustafa Bey's discipline and asked him what he did. He replied. «'At the first offense a boy gets fifty lines to write, with a warning. At a second offense he gets the back of my hand with the threat of being sent out of class for good'. Mr Woolworth was shocked, but I pointed out that I never had to use the third step, and after all they all knew I was a judge!»

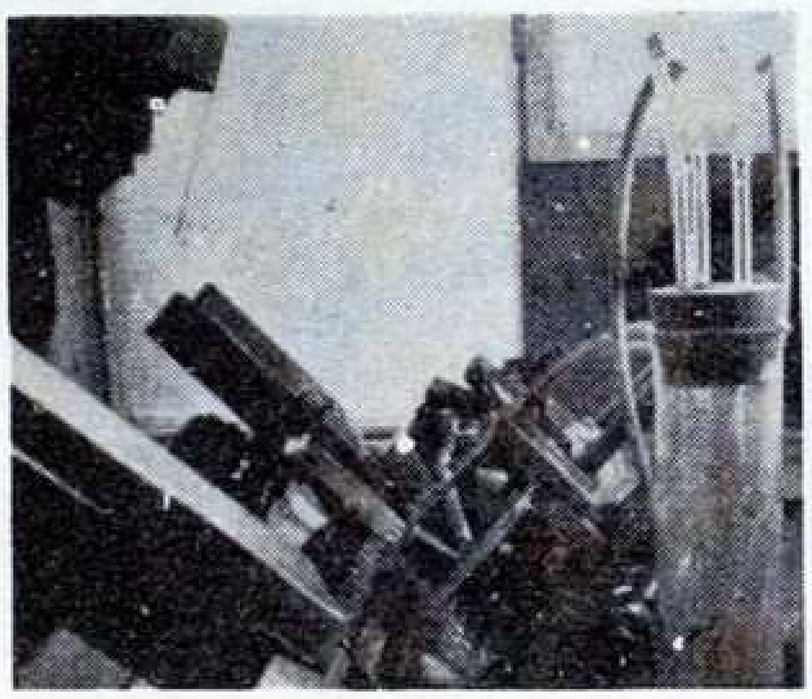
As our friend left, agreeing to another session of reminiscences later, he pointed out where the print shop, the windmill and the electric generator had stood. and where some of his teachers had been housed. Very little of the campus still looks as it did then!

... that in 1973 his daughter Roxy would be teaching at TAC with her husband Don Barry...

... and who then could have dreamed that dragons would teach English? **James Ogden,** New English teacher, uses puppets in his prep classes. **Ahmet Göktepe** from Izmir shows his dragon.

Yeni mezunlara hayat boyu başarılar diler





Mustafa Nevzat İlaç Sanayii A. Ş.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

BACK AT AKL!

This year, because of the postponed entrance examinations and the belated opening of the entering University classes, there hasn't been time to find out where all the 1973 graduates are now. But when we ask «Where are they now?» about our graduates in general, we are always glad for those, of whom we can answer : «They have come back to us.» Through the years, a number of graduates have come back to work for longer or shorter periods in one or another of our schools. Some are mentioned in other articles in this issue (see the articles beginning on page... and page...). At present, the most fortunate school in this respect may be AKL; **Suzan (Kazdal) Kurtulan** has looked into the number of alumnae who are back at AKL and says :

«Do you want to know which of your schoolmates are working at AKL?

— **Semiha (Hayri) Malatyalıoğlu** has been for many years our Turkish vice principal and Geography teacher. She graduated in 1928, and you may read of her student days in her article on page... Her daughter Sevil graduated in 1956.

— **Vedia (Arnas) Ketenoğlu** is a 1933 graduate; her daughters **Seba** and **Seda** are also AKL graduates. She has taught Turkish literature at AKL for nearly 25 years, but also teaches English in a Turkish school.

— **Seniye Pakalin** ('36) on leave of absence this year has long been teacher of translation and English. She was one of the four founding members of the Alumnae Association in

— **Dr. Beatriki Yuvanoğlu** graduated in 1939 and then studied medecine, but after practicing for several years she decided to devote herself to teaching and has been at AKL ever since. Last year she went to the U.S. for a year of research at the University of Connecticut. Now she is back and agair teaching Biology. Her sister **Elizabeth** is also an AKL graduate.

— **İnci Yada** is a graduate of 1949. She has been the mainstay of our library for ten years.

— **Gönül (Uçok) Yalaz** left AKL in 1950. She came back last year to be our Alumnae Secretary. Her daughter **Armağan** goes to St. Benoit school. After all, it is useful to have several languages in the family!

— **Süreyya (Doktoroğlu) Güler** finished AKL in 1951. She now teaches the Special classes Modern Math (using the course that **Mr. McNair** worked out for his classes at TAC). For several summers she has taken courses on the teaching of Modern Math at different levels and is fast becoming a specialist. She has a daughter, **Behiye**, 4 years old. Her sister **Süheyla** is also of the class of 1951.

— Another graduate of 1951 is **Güler (Şengül) Erol**, our volunteer helper. Whenever we are in a fix, she is there to help us out, whether in library or office or, as now, with students in the new Language Lab. She has a daughter and a son.

TÜRKİYE'DE

İLK POLYESTER ELYAFI

S A S A

T.A.Ş. tarafından

PERİLEN

İsmi altında piyasaya arzedilmiştir

— **Gülgün (Sezen) Atakan** was graduated in 1960. She is the assistant treasurer but is willing to help wherever help is needed in the administrative offices. She has a daughter **Yeşim** and a son, **Ahmet.**

— **Zafer (Çetinkaya) Sükan** and **Gönül (Kayra) Tansuğ** both graduated in 1961. **Zafer** heads the Home Economics department, has contributed some articles to a new Turkish Home Economics publication, and gives volunteer time to training teachers of underprivileged children at the Zeytinburnu day school for children of working mothers.

Gönül helps in the administration offices, particularly in the fund-raising program, translating letters to or from donors, interpreting during visits to prospective donors, and representing AKL loyally and well while doing so. Each of these '61 - ers has one son: **Zafer**'s is named **Buğra, Gönül**'s is **Burak.**

— **Fatma (Ramazanoğlu) Torun** was graduated in 1958, and after getting her B.A. and her M.A. she came back to be our Guidance Counsellor. Besides counselling students, she is planning a faculty workshop on student - faculty relationships both between individuals and with groups. She also teaches Psychology to Lise III and is in demand for help on Guidance programs outside the school.

— **Tülin (Ural) Büyükalkan** graduated in 1965. Completing her training as an English teacher in the Çapa Teachers' training Institute, she teaches English in the Orta division. She also teaches the foreign faculty members Turkish. Her son, Can, is three years old.

— **Figen (Ülger) Ayfer** graduated in 1963. Starting as a teacher, she is now the Orta Dean, while continuing to teach the Lise I literature. She has a daughter, **Nil**, aged 2.

— **Suzan (Kazdal) Kurtulan** (class of 1966) is Orta Dean Assistant, and is in charge of the Bookstore, ordering books, giving them out, taking them in; there seems to be always at least one class needing new books! She and her husband are enthusiastic performers of Turkish folk dances.

— **Nesibe Nuhoğlu** graduated in 1968, got her University degree and went on to take an extra year of training in Modern Math, which she is now using as she teaches the Orta I and II Math classes.

AKL is proud of the spirit of these returning graduates, who all loyally do their best for the school. As one of them said, when asked why she took on extra tasks, «Isn't it part of the spirit of the school—to help where help is needed, and do more than we are asked to do?»

— **Jale Onur** is the most recent of our graduates on the staff or faculty of AKL. She finished in 1970 and is now pursuing a double program (training to be an English teacher at the Teachers' Training Institute, and studying German Philology at the University). At the same time she helps on campus as dormitory surveillant.

TÜRKİYE'NİN DEV TEKSTİL ÖNDERİ

PERİLEN

KUMAŞLARIYLA

SİZİ SÜSLER

EVİNİZİ GÜZELLEŞTİRİR.

OUR ALUMNAE ACTIVE ON BOTH SIDES OF THE ATLANTIC

(former teachers, too)

The first event of the school year was a style show at the Büyük Efes Hotel at which Faize Sevim Moda Evi of Ankara displayed many glamorous gowns embellished with sequins and embroidery. About 200 guests were present.

On October 27th, another AKK gathering was held many kilometers from İzmir in Townsend, Massachusetts. This was the annual Cumhuriyet Bayram weekend meeting of the AKK -related people in the New England-New York area. **Mrs. Blake** reported in a letter that 33 adults and 10 children were present at **Barbara Holbrook Moore**'s home. She said, «We opened the program by all standing and listening to a recording of the İstiklal Marşı. Then we played the taped 50th Anniversary March (recorded the week before at AKK) and heard Fred Shepard's appropriate message. I then gave all the people present **Meziyet Hanım**'s and **Efser Hanım's** greetings and **Fernie Scovel** spoke of campus life... We felt much 'connected'.» Those adults present were: Mr. and. Mrs. **Metzger, Miss Drury, Joan Kellogg Ham, Vivian Little Naomi Foster, Harriet Yarrow, Janet** and **Mike Mattei, Jenny Kontente, Ziynet Türker, Barbara and Frank Moore, Jackie and Paul Clayton, Anne Cooney, Becky Somes Crampton, Jo-Ann Roda, Meral Crane, Nilgün** and **Müge Galin, Kay Dewey, Lore** and **Stephen Congdon, Forrest** and **Mary Musser, Anna Parakilas** and her sister **Mary, Margaret Blemker, Fernie Scovel** and **Mr.** and **Mrs. Blake.**

On December 5th, the annual Bazaar drew about 350 persons to the Karina on the Birinci Kordon. Many Alumnae and friends contributed articles to be sold and the wares represented long hours of hard work. For this occasion special music was provided by the American Wives Chorus and by **Şahika Afsaroğlu.** ('71)

The Alumnae Asscciation Kongre held on October 20th elected new officers for this year. They are:

Regular Members

Efser Kayral, Chairman
Aysel Karacasulu, Vice Chairman
Fortune Asal, Secretary
Tulay Yukaruç, Treasurer
Yücel Elal
Şahver Uz
Şahika Ayhan
İsmet Noonan
Ödel Kaptanoğlu

Alternates

Nüket Şenerdem
Ayşe Oskay
Gönül Erekul
Değer Yüngül
Nurgün Dicle
Klemans Abuaf
Esin Kut
Şenel Girginkardeşler
Jessi Gomel

Auditors

Ayşe Mayda
Nesrin Maviten
Türel Derebaş

Plans for this year's activities were discussed. The Association is busy as always raising funds for scholarship loans, village schools in the Tunceli and Marash districts, the orphanage in Buca and a special 50th Anniversary gift to the school. Groups of Alumnae continue to visit the Buca orphanage and hope to help the newly opened school for the blind in İzmir. The Turkish host family program for new foreign teachers at AKK has been a great success this year and wider dimensions of intercultural friendship have opened up for those concerned. Special surprises are being planned for the rest of the year. As always, the Alumnae Board urges graduates to keep in touch and to share their news, which is publicized in the AKK Supplement enclosed in this magazine.

New benches — see page 25 — given by the graduating class of 1973.

The school chorus livens Reunion Day with an excellent performance.

CLASSMATES MEET AGAIN

We always mark the passing of the years after graduation with reunions; and two groups report on the celebration their very special anniversaries. **Selmin Kastarlak**, class secretary of 1943, reports for her class.

«It was on a bright June day that we had our commencement, the ending of our childhood and the beginning of a struggle of life, for each of us in her own way.

«Now 30 years have passed since that ceremony in the historical building, the Chapel, when we received our diplomas and sang in the chorus. We were 23 girls then, but this year only 7 of us were able to come together and, at the ringing of the bell, go down the stairs for lunch as before, at 12:30 after the last period in the morning.

«We felt great, talking over the memories of our school days and our teachers, meeting the other «girls» who were in school during those same years...»

For the class of 1948, celebrating their 25th anniversary, **Necla Çapraşık Taşhan** reminisces about **Miss**

Alumnae enjoy the festive board.

Class of 1943 — Can it really have been thirty years ago?..

... or twenty - five for us of '48?

1958 — it seems like yesterday — or a little longer.

1963, 10 years ago? Impossible, we haven't changed a bit...
... we started the folk dancing group then

— and we can still dance!

Lindsley's recipes for pies and cakes and offers a recipe of her own. She calls it «The Pie of School Days» :

«Take :

2 cups of friendship and joy
1 cup of good - will
1 cup of hard study
a pinch of laziness
a pinch of naughtiness
(if you put those two in your dough you must add :
2 tbsp. of tears :

Stir up all these ingredients thoroughly and lightly. Bake it in the oven for seven years, then eat. (I ate mine 25 years ago. It was delicious:)

«None of us can again bake or eat that pie, but the recipe can be useful to our children. Mothers, when you give it to your youngsters, be sure to remind them that the pie should not be left in the oven too long. One year's delay may be all right for those who like it well - toasted, but more than that leaves it with no flavor. Though I baked my pie for eight years (I had two years in the Special class) mine was marvelous.

«Our class was full of lively jokers : Fatoş, **Neşe**, **Leylâ**, **Rana**, 2 **Silvas**, 2 **Türkans**, 5 **Neclâs**! **Neş'e** was the great imitator. She used to imitate the teachers, our classmates, and especially the favorite stars of the time. One day she would be the American cow - boy Gary Cooper, the next, she was the French singer Edith Piaf, and still another day, a German cabaret girl like Marlene Dietrich.

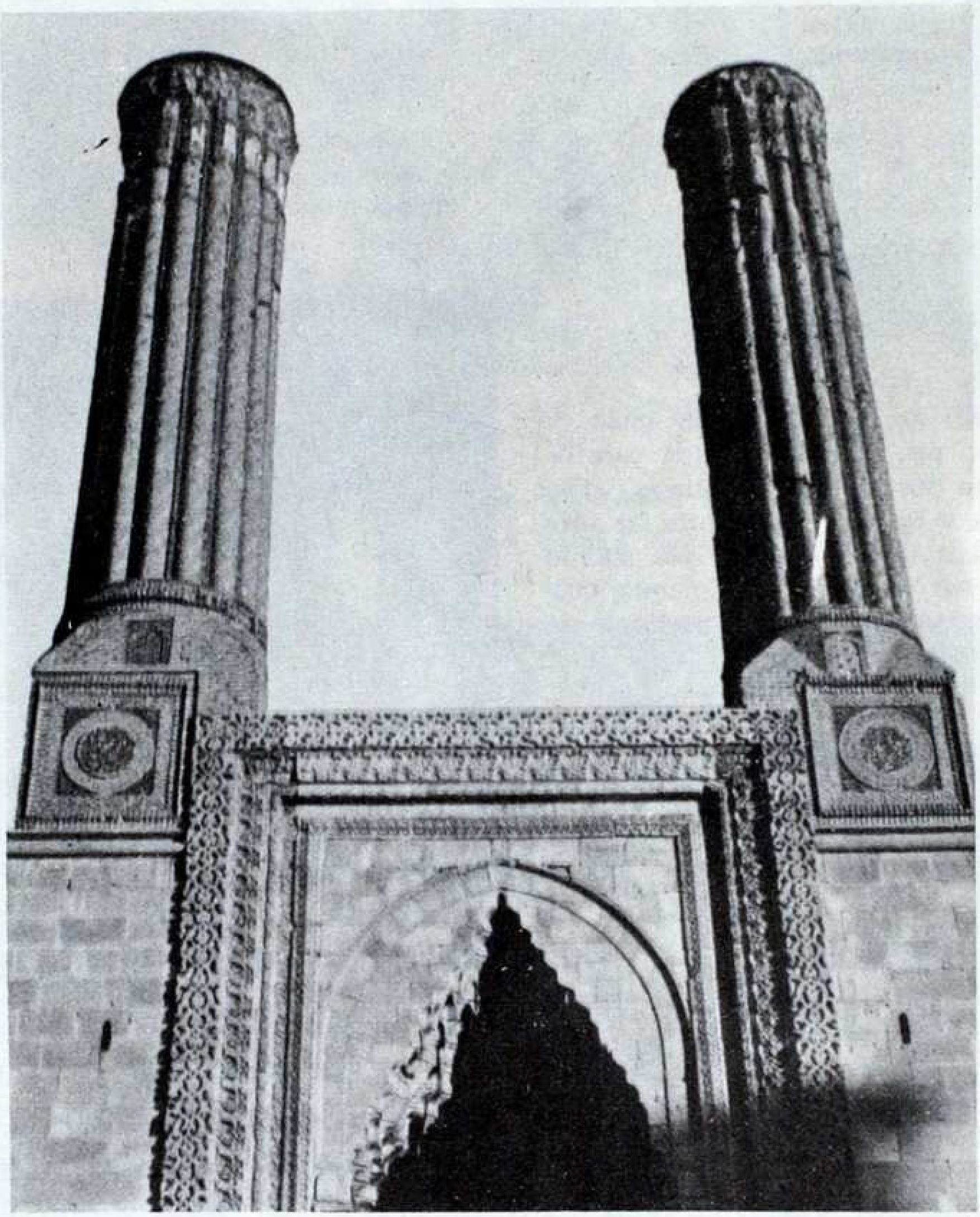
«We used to laugh and laugh; and the gayest and loudest laughter came from **Rana**, our May Queen, the «yaman Adanalı». Unfortunately her laughter and lovely face have faded away. She died at 37, leaving two handsome sons behind.

«Our class motto was «United we stand». We kept to this motto and went on seeing each other every 15 days for years and years. **Miss Lindsley** used to attend our meetings, too. After **Rana's** death we stopped.

«I am sure we were all delighted to meet at our reunion. But my delight is like a broken - winged bird without **Rana.**»

More songs, «for Auld Lang Syne».

SEE THE REST OF TURKEY —



Double Minaret of Erzurum.

. . . Lest you miss the best !

by **Ruth Mc Clintock Henderson**

(Teacher from 1947 — 1950)

My husband Frank and I had long wanted to see some of the famous old cities and ruins of eastern Turkey; so last summer, after encouragement from friends, we set out with a map, my few remembered words of Turkish, a phrase book and a dictionary.

After a few days' visit in İstanbul and İzmir, we flew to Erzurum. The plane was met at the airport by photographers, zeybek dancers, and a crowd of excited schoolgirls; so we waited to see a young girl get off, surrounded by attention.. We expected to see a movie queen or television star, but we learned later that she was a local girl who had won a national dressmaking contest in Ankara.

We got a map of the city from the tourism office and walked around, going up the street of goldsmiths to the Çifte Minare Medresesi, and returning past Lale Mustafa Paşa Camii, designed by the famous Sinan. We particularly enjoyed watching **pide** being made—the dough was allowed to rise and then measured in a room upstairs above the oven; and the balls of bread were thrown down to a board near the front of the oven, where the bakers smoothed them out befere the baking.

From Erzurum we took a bus to Kars, where a bright young man in the hotel interpreted my Turkish and helped us make the necessary arrangements to go to Ani, a tenth - century capital of Armenia. All that is left is the city walls, a mosque, and a few churches on the bank of the Arpa Çay, which here forms the border with Russia. There were black clouds and a few drops of rain as we started our visit, adding a feeling of desolation; but the geometric patterns in two

toned red stones, the intricate basket-weave designs around windows, and panels of old Armenian writing gave a clear picture of the city's previous glory. The towering columns and arches of the old cathedral were like those of the Gothic cathedrals of Europe, but this was built even earlier.

Ruins of Ani, Kars

From Kars our route took us to Doğubeyazıt, by way of Iğdır, so that we could see as much as possible of Ağrı Dağı (Mt. Ararat). It is truly spectacular from the plain, its white cloud-fringed summit hanging above the dark lower slopes. We had been told the best time to see it clear was four in the morning, but at that time it was raining and no mountain was to be seen. We were glad we had gotten a good view the previous afternoon. The highlight of the visit to Doğubeyazıt was a trip to Ishak Paşa Saray, which perches on a rocky point above the city. The late afternoon sun turned the cream-colored walls a rosy color, and the shadows outlined the delicate designs around doorways and windows. The high ceiling of the kitchen, almost as high as the mosque dome, was black with smoke from the preparation of hundreds of banquets.

At Van, remains of the ancient Urartu Kingdom, including many rock-cut staircases and burial vaults at Toprakkale and the ancient fortress, took us even farther back in time. The rock around a grotto entrance was covered with cuneiform inscriptions. We also visited the island of Aktamar, with its little tenth-century church, decorated with reliefs of religious scenes and animal figures. The snow-

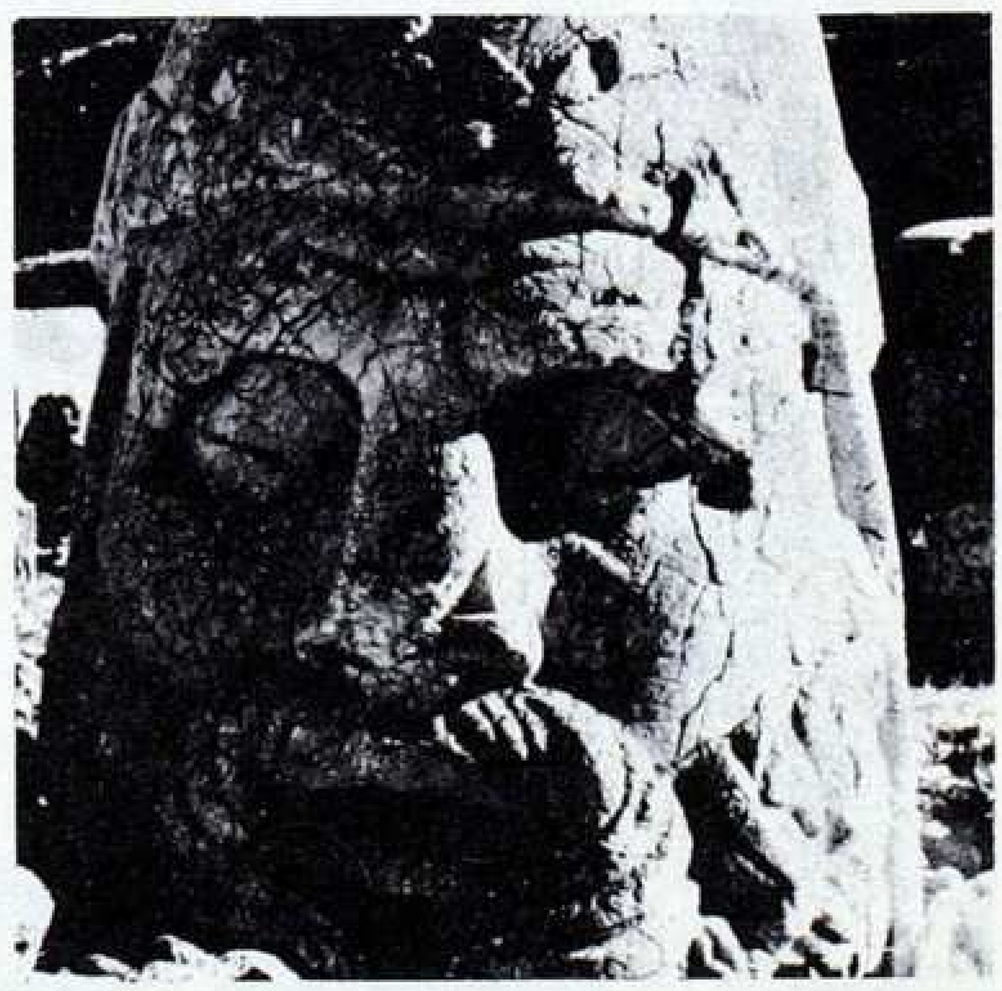
Akdamar Island, Van

Ishak Paşa Sarayı, Doğubeyazıt.

covered mountains around Van provided a pleasant bankground to the blue and green colors of the lake.

Our last stop was Adıyaman where we visited Nemrut Dağı. Here the natural mountain top has been elevated and made more symmetrical by a fifty-meter pile of small rocks. On three sides are terraces, two with the colossal statues and toppled heads of gods and kings, eagles and lions, so familiar from travel posters. There are also bas reliefs, many illustrating kings shaking hands with the gods. The trip can now be made by jeep, rather than on mules—this way the bumps are harder and faster, but don't last as long!

Most of our trip was by bus, which gave us a good chance to see the countryside and the people. We were impressed by the differences in handwork, food, dress, and building styles from one part of the country to another. To those who have been in only the big cities we would say, «See the rest of Turkey—you may have missed some of the best!»



Head of Apollo, Nemrud Dağı

TAC Faculty : in 1962

... and in 1973

CELEBRATION !

The 50th anniversary of the Turkish Republiic was celebrated at TAC in many ways. Throughout the year all out - going letters are being stamped with the anniversary symbol. Also continuing all year is a display, changed at intervals, of books and pictures of Atatürk, all related to the founding of the Republic. The Turkish teachers decided to present in their classes study units on the subject of the 50th anniversary, thus giving all students several opportunities to learn about the founding and development of the Republic. The Library committee prepared a display of recently - acquired books on the subject of Atatürk and the Republic, and on Thursday and Friday each class in turn visited the library. The annual assembly to honor the founding of the Republic, conducted by the «Kültür ve Edebiyat Kolu» was opened with the national anthem, followed by the 50th Anniversary March; it was closed with the record of Atatürk's speech at the 10th Anniversary celebrations.

On the 29th of October, TAC students and teachers joined some 10,000 others in the program and the parade through the town; the reviewing stand was set up in front of the «kaymakamlik». An orta I TAC student, **Aydin Tekay**, won second place in the local poetry contest sponsored in honor of the occasion. Stickler Hall was totally lighted by projection bulbs and easily visible from well down the road to Mersin, making it stand proudly above the surrounding campus. The lighted figures «50» on top of Shepard Hall also could be seen from the main street of Tarsus. All in all, the 50th anniversary of the Republic of Turkey was honorably celebrated by TAC.

WHO HAS OLD PHOTOS?

The TAC librarian, **Mrs. Frances Warren**, is working on the school archives and needs photographs of past years. She could use both negatives and prints. If you have such material stuffed away in a back closet please spend a few pleasant moments going through these memories and pull some out to send to us so that we can share them with others and keep them in an orderly and safe place. Please identify all pictures as to year, who is in the picture, who took it, and any other useful information and send them along to TAC. In some cases, where the picture is valuable to you, we might be interested in copying it. Please take the time to look, and send us what you find!

TOROSLAR T. A. Ş.

GÜNEYİN MODERN VE YEGÂNE

MARGARİN FABRİKASI

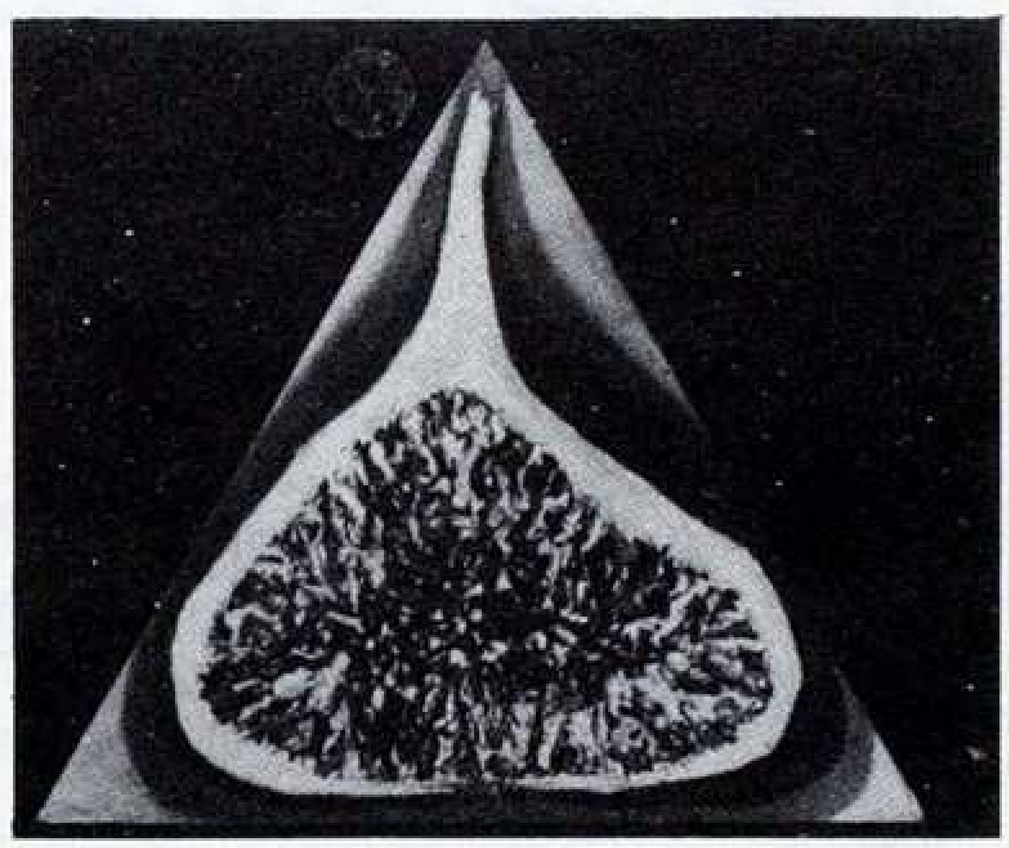
EVET - EVİN - EKSTRA SABAH

ÇEŞİTLERİYLE

YEMEKLERİNİZE TAD KATAR.

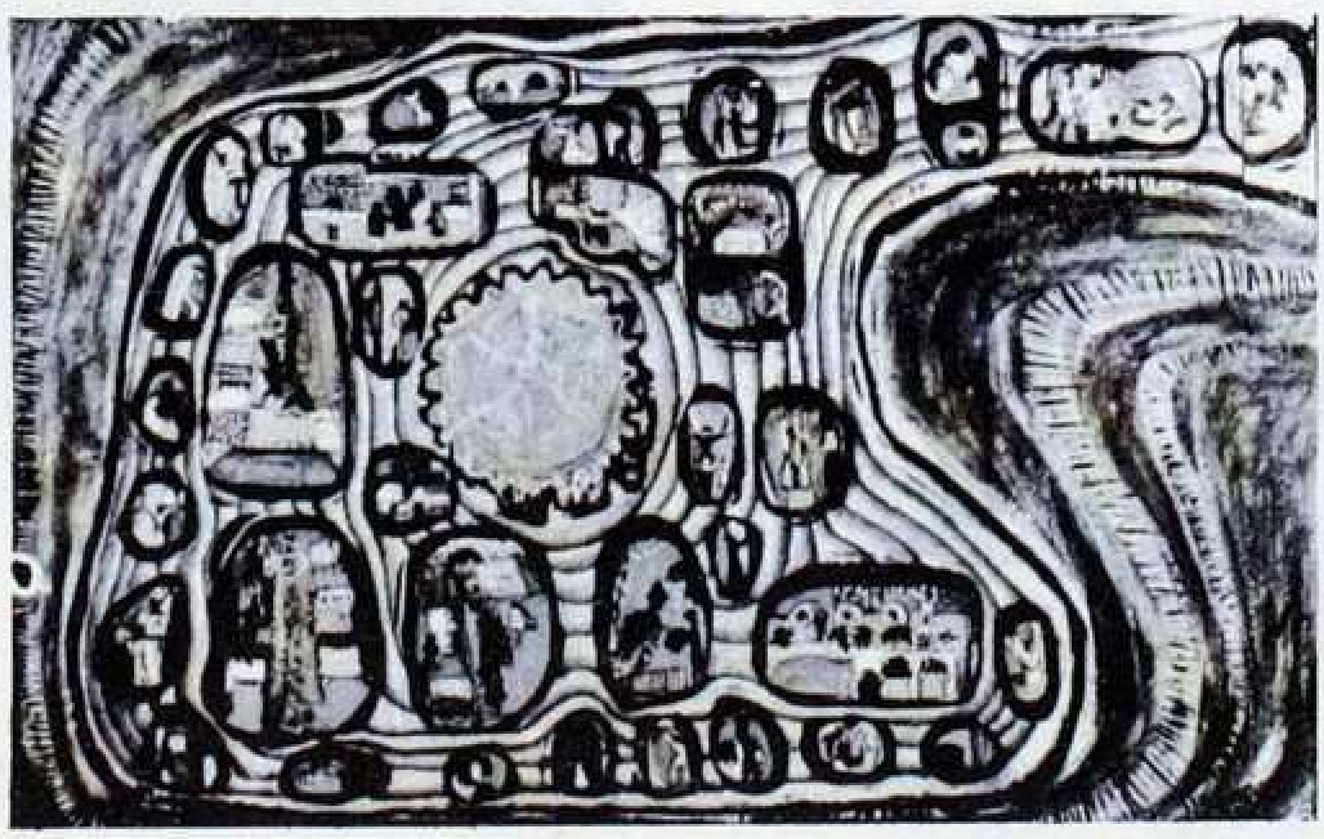
Our Cover Artist : Gülsen Erbil

Gülsün Erbil, who contributed the cover for this issue, graduated from AKL in 1966 and went right on with her studies in the State Academy of Fine Arts, Division of Painting, studying under professor Neşet Günal for three years and under Professor Devrim Erbil for two years. Even before her graduation from the Academy in 1971 she had had three exhibitions of her paintings and had won first prize for painting in the Turkish Radio and



Television Company's culture, art and science competition. In 1927 she took part in the 9th Alexandria Biennial, exhibited paintings at the International Exhibition at Santiago, and contributed to the exhibitions of the «Our Studio» group in Balıkesir and Bursa.

Besides painting, she works with etching, ceramic, mosaic and stained-glass techniques.



The artist, Gülsen Erbil (above, left) and two of her paintings : above «İncir» — a fig; and at the bottom «Çarşı» — market place.

YENİ FORMÜL CAMEL-LUX YENİ AMBALAJ

- Çok Parlak bir satıh temini sağlar
- Mükemmel bir yayılma
- Fırça ile çok rahat sürülme
- Pistole ile tatbik kabiliyeti
- Çabuk kuruma ve sertleşme
- Daimi bir parlaklık ve asla sararmayan bir satıh temini
- Demir - Saç ve Çelik satıhlarda tabiatın her türlü tahribatına karşı yüksek dayanıklılık.

ÇBS
BOYA-KİMYA SANAYİİ ve TİCARETİ A.Ş.
Karaköy, Kardeşim Sokak. No. 44/3
Telefon: 49 67 10 İstanbul

ÇBS DAHA İYİSİ YOKTUR

ILANCILIK

Dear Editors,

I think Mrs. Meyer will recognize me as a member of Echoes '67 and '68 and as a member of the Drama Club. After graduation I entered METU... but in my third year I came to İstanbul where my family lived. I have one more year to graduate from the Şişli «Academy of Business and Commerce». In İstanbul I had the chance of getting involved in music and acting... About a month ago I had the chance of making this record with a friend of mine... I thought ALMA MATER might be interested in a record made by a TAC graduate and a former member of «Echoes»...

Ahmet Tuğsuz
TAC '68

Editors' Comment : Our mail has been rather slight since last we had a page for your letters, but we thought this letter interesting in that it shows how, for one graduate at least, the school activities have continued as fruitful extra - curricular activities later. The record Ahmet sent is a Philips production, No 6070 033, 45 rpm, by «Dağhan & Ahmet». We are sorry it can't be heard in print, but perhaps some of you can hear it when you come to visit! Thank you, Ahmet, for sending it to us; we wish you success and good sales!

We hope for more mail in our box soon!

Refreshment - reflection : what abut me, when I finish TAC?

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SERT P.V.C. İÇME SU BORULARI

PİS SU BORULARI

VE

HER TÜRLÜ AMBALAJ İÇİN

PLÂSTİK ÇUVALLARI

EMRİNİZDEDİR.

YUVANIZIN
İŞ YERİNİZİN
BÜTÜN TEMİZLİK
İŞLERİNİZİN
EN ÜSTÜN
TEMİZLİYİCİSİ

ÇAM
KOKULU
LİKİT

Mobil DETERJAN

PA1_20

şıklığı ve modayı
sizlere sunan mağaza

avrupa'dan atalar'a
atalar'dan molay'a
molay'dan size...

atalar molay

modern giyinenlerin buluşma yeri

fevzi paşa bulvarı
sahil girişi
telf: 31972 izmir