No. 635

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
14 January 1974

Dear Friends:

The annual statistical report of the Near East Mission schools is included on the inside pages of this issue of "Dear Friends." There are no figures given this year for the nursing school in Gaziantep although at present 15 girls are enrolled there. More details about that school are reported in the accompanying issue (No. 634).

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Dr. Margaret Blemker, Near East secretary for the United Church Board for World Ministries, has been in the Near East since December 14 on her regular extended visit to all of the areas of work. She spent the Christmas season in Bethlehem and Jerusalem, having visited Istanbul, Beirut and Cyprus before that.

Dr. David Stowe, executive vice president of the United Church Board for World Ministries, is expected in Istanbul about February 10. He joins Miss Blemker here in a consultation on finding alternatives and strategy for the support and management of the schools and assuring a viable mission in Turkey.

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Miss Polly Theban arrived in Istanbul on January 10 to be the resident faculty member at the Home Management House in Üsküdar. She comes from Alexandria, Virginia. She most recently completed her certification in teaching English at George Mason College in Fairfax, Virginia. She has lived in Turkey previously several times.

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Nineteen seventy-three marked the seven hundredth year of the birth of Mevlâna Celâleddin Rumî, the spiritual founder of the Mevlevi Dervish Order, commonly known as the whirling dervishes. The annual observation of his birth was observed in Konya with somewhat more ceremony than usual this year.

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1973-74

	STUDENTS								GRAD.		FACULTY & STAFF							FEES			NOTES
	Preparatory	Middle	Lycee	Other	Total	Boarders	Part Scholarship	Full Scholarship	Middle	Lycee	Full time, UCBWM	Part time, UCBWM	Full time foreign non-UCBWM	Part time foreign non-UCBWM	Full time national	Part time national	Total	Tuition	Boarding	Other	Notes
American Coll. Inst., Izmir	122	224	281	1	628	-	24	4	74	77	11	4	12	-	10	12	49	4,000	--	30 reg. 1250 noon 250-475 bks.	(1)
Tarsus American College, Tarsus	88	214	154		456	245	33	7	56	33	9	4	7	-	9	7	36	3,950	5,000(2) 4,100(3)	1200 noon 50 activity	
American Academy for Girls, Üsküdar	94	238	212		544	166	18	10	80	74	8	2	8	2	9	14	40	4,500	2,900	30 new reg. 1800 noon 500 week-end 350 1/2 w.e. 400	(4) (5) (6)
Near East School of Theology Beirut, Lebanon		Boys Girls		58 16	58 16	34	11	30	M.Div. MA CE Th.D MA-CE	4 1 3 4		1	6	3	3		14	LL. 1,200	LL. 900	LL. 50 reg.	(7)

(1) 2 American students

(2) Full-time boarding
(3) Part-time boarding

(4) Week-end boarding
(5) 1/2 week-end boarding
(6) June exam period boarding

(7) Nationalities of NEST students:

Lebanese	21	Indonesian	2
Syrian	15	Kenyan	1
Jordanian	8	German	1
Sudanese	3	French	1
Iraqi	2	Iranian	5
Egyptian	6	Cameroon	1
American	7		

21 are special, non-degree students

The man second only to Atatürk in responsibility for having created the modern Turkish Republic, Ismet İnönü died on December 25 in Ankara. He was 89 years old. İnönü had been a general under Atatürk during the War of Independence and was in command of the forces at the Battle of İnönü whence he derived his family name. Following Atatürk's death in 1938 he bacame president of the country with the task of implementing Atatürk's visionary reforms. He remained president until the free election in 1950 -- which he encouraged -- which brought the Democrat Party and Adnan Menderes to power. Although İnönü was president of Turkey again in the 1960's, most of his later career was as the leader of the opposition, exerting a moderating influence on the politics of the country.

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The death occurred on Dec. 15, 1973 of Dr. Ruth A. Parmelee. She had been living in Auburndale, Massachusetts since her retirement from the Mission in 1953. Born of missionary parents in Trabzon, Dr. Parmelee's thirty-nine years of service included work in Turkey, Palestine and Greece. She was officially honored on several occasions for her work in Greece in welfare, relief and nurses' training.

Reverend Frank Cary, father of Mary Alice Shepard of Izmir, died in Clarement, California on Dec. 11. Rev. Cary had served with the Board in Japan from 1916 to 1960 as minister, educator, interpreter and mediator.

Mr. Daud Yusuf, Executive Secretary for the Lebanon Committee for Palestinian Refugees, died in Beirut on December 6, 1973.

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Two student groups have been touring the Near East recently, one from St. Olaf's College in Northfield, Minnesota led by Dr. and Mrs. Harlan Foss, the other from Simon's Rock College, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, led by Dr. Peter Davies who with his wife taught in Izmir from 1961-1964.

Anna G. Edmonds
Editor

No. 636

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
29 March 1974

Dear Friends:

In February Colin Edmonds spent a week visiting some shepherds who live in the mountains south of Yalova. On our request he wrote up his experiences and observations.

A Shepherd's Life

Sabahattin

The foot path up the hills to Kurtköy takes off from the main road several kilometers in from the Sea of Marmara. I had been counting on another hour of visibility before dark, but as I started up it, I saw the black clouds of an impending storm, and when I noticed the wind had died down I decided it was time to pitch camp and try to make it up to Sabahattin, my shepherd friend from a previous excursion, the next morning.

I lay in my tent, clutching the sleeping bag tight around me as the gusty sleet lashed at all sides, and wondered why I was here. Were my reasons worth this discomfort, I wondered. First, I had come in response to a friendship and on invitation. Then, because of that initial encounter I was hoping to be accepted as a visitor rather than as a foreigner. But beyond this, I wanted to learn something of the details of a Turkish shepherd's life. And last, I was trying to evaluate my own standards of comfort and living as I compared them with those so completely different.

The next day I had slogged the ten miles from the sea up through the foothills, half way up the second mountain, and crossed over to the south side of it as I met Sabahattin returning home. Not too far above us was the snowy timber line dotted with his black and white sheep. The distance faded gradually into a puff of pure white cotton almost indistinguishable from the white clouds covering the peaks of the neighboring heights.

"What did you look at your watch for?" asked Sabahattin when I glanced from the sinking sun to my wrist. "The only times that matter here are sunset and sunrise," he explained as we herded the 150 sheep in and closed the gate to the high, thorny stockade that protected them and surrounded his home. "We lose three or four sheep every year to the wolves," he added.

I looked back to check the catch on the gate, and he laughed at me.

From the outside Sabahattin's home looked like a simple, large conic tent made of brown skins. To one side was a smaller similar tent. North of the fence was a short, sharp incline that protected the home from the bitter winds that had chilled me the night before.

Sabahattin undid the goatskin flap door. We took off our muddy shoes and I surveyed the one-room hide and beam structure where he, his brother Cüneyt, and his mother live. It was circular inside, about 18 feet in diameter, made of mud brick up to eye level. Stretched over the beam roof was a cover of tanned hides. There seemed to be no place for storage of clothes or equipment inside the tent; they probably had only two outfits, summer and winter. Period. I know they had no saw, and I had seen their one axe. The room was neat, but there wasn't much in it. Several sacks of flour, potatoes, rice and corn lay in the kitchen, an area of the tent apparently sectioned off by imaginary walls. (The toilet, as I remember, was anywhere outside the stockade clearing.) The room had a pleasant, faint smell of burning wood, but there was no ventilation or chimney, and no smoke to sting my eyes. In the middle was a tandır, a small pit not much bigger than a good-sized cooking pot, filled with ashes and burning timbers. Over the pit, shaped by countless sticks prodding the embers, Sabahattin's mother was preparing the evening meal in a copper pan that sat on a metal tripod a few inches above the coals. Within arm's reach was a hefty supply of wood for their tandır, and beyond it three pots and a pan -- the only other cooking utensils they had or needed. We sat around the fire, close enough to catch the heat from the flames, on the layers of hides and rugs spread on the ground that covered all the area inside the tent except right at the entrance. And

I noticed that the ground under the rugs was quite hard and dry, a real feat in the rainy, snowy ground that encircled us.

Sabahattin's mother laid the steaming pot of stew and a fresh loaf of unleavened bread in front of us. She returned to the utensil corner and produced spoons and our glasses of linden tea. The spoons held a heavy U.S. engraved in the handle, obviously U.S. army issue. Then Sabahattin pointed out that our three glasses were Ginger Ale cans with the tops cleanly cut off. They beamed their pride as I smiled, inspecting these treasures which some American family must have discarded in the hills after their day's hike. We men ate our fill from the one pot, but their mother didn't join us. During my short stay I never saw her eat. This is only one example of the custom which separates men and women in the household, in religious ceremonies, and most anywhere else.

The meal finished, Cüneyt reached under a crate and unwrapped a shiny, cloth-bound radio, tuned in on Beethoven's sixth symphony, and fumbled through the wave lengths until he found some türküler (ballad songs). He listened for a few minutes and then turned it off. In the meantime his mother got up from her kneeling position behind us having said her evening prayers. Sabahattin then showed me the part of the mats and rugs that was to be our bed and gave me a quilt to add to my sleeping bag. Cüneyt blew out the kerosene lantern, leaving only the low flames from the fire to light the room. We lay down, clothes and all, with our feet to the fire. In spite of the cold air of the high mountain we were as warm as we would have been in my parents' home.

In the morning as I woke, there was still a hot bed of coals. Sabahattin's mother had some kindling against it and was blowing on the embers in order to start it. We had a breakfast of bread, tea,and white cheese and then were ready for the work of the day.

Cüneyt opened the boarded gate to the large stockade as he let the cows out to graze. The herd was about 100 head. Sabahattin and I gathered the sheep and fed them their daily winter supplement of oats since the eating was scarce out on the trails and in the few pastures, and headed down a different path from the one I arrived on, off to watch these insatiable animals gorge themselves until sunset.

Sabahattin was not very talkative -- perhaps the long days of lonesome watching the sheep had made him quiet. He had gone to school through fifth grade and learned to read and write, but only as little as he had to. His family, he said, was of Anatolian origin, and yet they have been living in the same tent for forgotten generations, winter and summer, never nomadic, guiding their animals daily over the paths and through the body-high trees, shrubs and scrub pines that cover the rocky slopes they own. There are five brothers in all: the oldest, 28, is married and working in the city. Sabahattin, 19, and Cüneyt, 21, live with their mother. The others, 24 and 26, are with the flock of goats farther up in the mountains. One daughter, 25, is married and, in traditional Turkish style, nearly forgotten. She lives with her husband's family.

I was hesitantly inquisitive about Sabahattin's father, and he answered, "He's the first dissident in the family. He ran off with some other woman and has a firm in Gemlik." Nothing more was said about the subject.

Sabahattin has to go into the army in August, but Cüneyt and his two other brothers will keep the watch: Sabahattin plans to return to his tent when his twenty months of military service are up, continuing to live in a style which modern technology hasn't really changed.

Turan

Down in the valley, all the mountain streams that Sabahattin jumps and scrambles across merge into a constant torrent of water rushing almost unmolested out to the sea. In this milder climate lives another shepherd, one who grazes his sheep over slightly rolling grassy hills and returns at night to a house in a village. Turan, the same age as Sabahattin, has a flock of about 120 sheep. "We keep it at about 100; it's easier to keep clean," he remarked the first time I met him. "When the animal is a year old it bears; the second year it's ready for the slaughter house."

"What is a sheep worth?" I asked.

"Around 1,500 liras," he said.

"And a cow?"

"Eight or nine thousand. Are you in the market?"

"You've gotta be kidding."

I had started back to Istanbul, but poor weather had slowed me down and forced me to take shelter in a wooden shack, probably once quite adequate for a home, but now in sad repair. The building was only a little better than a sieve with rain leaking through the cracked tiles and blowing around the lathwork on the sides. But at least it was better than my soggy tent out in the open and it gave protection to a small fire. I filled half the shack with the tent and used the other half for my living quarters.

In the morning Turan came sloshing across the muddy, barren apple orchard carrying his aba, a heavy white felt shepherd's cloak, its square shoulders and hood dripping with rain. I could see his sheep entering through the gate to the orchard, following his footsteps. From under his cloak he produced two fresh eggs and a good supply of fresh milk, a surprise for which I was more than grateful.

"My younger brother usually comes with me, but he isn't used to carrying these abas (worn only in poor weather), and by the end of a rainy day they get quite heavy," he explained. And then he asked if I wouldn't rather come live with his family.

"No, thanks, " I said, apparently with the indication that eventually I might, and with that he followed his sheep out the gate at the other end of the orchard.

After his departure I scrounged about in the rain for some dead wood and spent the rest of the day playing my harmonica by a warm fire in the circular stone fireplace I had built, thinking over my experiences with Sabahattin, and watching the rain sweep out across the fields, sheet after incessant sheet, unmercifully stinging and soaking anything that dared venture outside.

By nightfall my tent was showing signs of severe stress, and I wondered how I could conceivably sleep with the pools of water that had collected in the corners. I set some ground cloths down,had a midnight cup of tea, and was about to crawl into my sleeping bag when I thought I heard voices.

"Ka-lın... Ka-lın... Are you sleeping?"

Out of the dark Turan and two friends, Ümit and Kadir, stepped in. I didn't need any convincing that I should move to a better place. So while I held the lamp, they threw everything into the duffle bag and packed up the tent. We slid, waded

and sludged our way across fields, streams and through rocky paths for twenty minutes until I could make out a wall just in front of us.

"This is the farm house," Turan gestured. "There's nothing living here now except our sheep, but I do in the summer." He opened a door (several boards slammed together), and we laid down the wet gear. In five minutes they had a fire going, and I could see my new abode.

Three of the walls were made of a reddish mud brick while the other side, the one facing the barnyard, was heavy planks nailed carelessly together. A main beam about six and a half feet off the ground held the roof several inches above the side walls. The sloping, tiled roof extended far enough out over the walls to keep the rain out and yet provide sufficient ventilation for the smoke from the fire. There was no real fireplace, but a spot in the center of one of the walls was already black from use, and above it was a tea pot dangling on a hook. The fire roared high. With its light we hung the tent on the main beam to dry. I could see the "bench" I was sitting on was to be my bed. It was the bare minimum of a few boards on four posts, but more comfortable despite its economy than what I had just left. Ümit spread one of the heavy, dry abas out and then my sleeping bag on top of that.

Despite the hour and the distance Turan and Ümit had to return home, none of us was ready to sleep. The water had boiled by then so we poured some cups of refreshingly hot tea and talked of the good life of a worker in Germany, of the usefulness of knowing a foreign language, and of the Turkish compulsory military service.

Sometime after two a.m. they left. I stretched out on the bed and noticed to my surprise that the heat from the fire seeped through the slats in the bed and kept me quite warm all night long.

As I was eating a late breakfast of scrambled eggs Turan came back. We filled the trough full of grain and cleaned up as the sheep headed out to graze with Turan's younger brother on guard. The walk into Turan's town took a full hour, and by now the sun was shining. A large village of 2,000 inhabitants lay sprawled on the southern side of a hill, and as we neared the center Turan pointed to his home, a large, two-storey, stone and cement house with a garage

for their tractor and a refrigerator room for the fruit. Leaving our shoes outside, we went into a lavishly ornate (by comparison to Sabahattin's tent) sitting room and I was formally introduced to the family. There was a large wood-burning stove against the wall, and around it in semi-circular fashion were cushioned chairs and a couch. Turan's mother pumped me with questions as to my comfort.

"Don't you get cold out there?"

"No, ma'am."

"Don't you have any parents? Are you really alone? Why are you wandering by yourself? Don't you get scared?" She was not the stolid, self-effacing kind of mother Sabahattin's was.

But as I started to explain, Turan suggested that we go see the town. I knew that really meant, "Let's go visit the coffee houses!", and so out we went. The main street was paved, and there was public transportation constantly coming or going.

I received remarkably few stares as we sat down at a table where Ümit and Kadir were already drinking tea and playing cards. We enlarged the card game, ordered our teas, and after several hands an astonished crowd had gathered to see the foreigner who was winning.

When we left the coffee house I announced that I ought to be heading back before sunset. At the grocery store I went in to get some supplies. As I reached for my wallet, Turan stopped my hand and paid for it himself. "You're being impolite, Kalın." Ah, yes, I'd forgotten that I was a guest. Somehow I would have to return his kindness indirectly.

I was packing up getting ready to leave when Turan showed up the next day. I had not settled the problem of what to give him, of what I had that he would like. He did it easily for me, requesting my expensive lighter as a remembrance. In return he gave me a shepherd's flute.

Two days later, as I was sittting down to dinner with my parents, there was a phone call.

"Long distance for Kalın."

"O.K."

Turan and Ümit had gone out to the city for the night and had found a phone. Their sense of friendship needed reassurance that I had not disappeared. For my part I was pleased to be accepted by them.

What did I learn from this week of living among the shepherds?

a) They were as ready to welcome me as I was able to fit into their life-style. The friendship with Sabahattin was on a more shallow level than that with Turan and Ümit, perhaps because of a greater difference in our backgrounds, perhaps also just from a personality difference.

b) My Turkish is fluent enough and colloquial enough to take care of most situations, and I have learned enough of the customs and standards of politeness to blend into a community without offending often.

c) Of the details of a shepherd's life I have a more direct knowledge. I was impressed with both Sabahattin's and Turan's patience and stamina watching the sheep hour after day after month without much change or excitement other than the vicissitudes of weather, lambing and the occasional wolf or wild boar.

d) I was impressed with the simplicity and economy of Sabahattin's home, and with its basic comfort. There was a skill in the construction of that tent that made it equal to a rich man's mansion in efficiency and warmth.

e) I was reminded again that richness is not always measured in what one shows of one's possessions: both families have livestock worth well over a million Turkish liras.

Anna G. Edmonds
Editor

No. 637

United Church Board for World Ministries
Near East Mission
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey

8 April 1974

Dear Friends:

Plans for the Near East Mission Biennial Meeting are taking form as the time approaches. The meeting will be held in Tarsus from June 29 to July 5. A one-day visit to the remodeled hospital and new nursing school in Gaziantep is included in the Biennial Meeting plans. Richard Griffis from the Office for Church Life and Leadership in New York will be present at the meeting leading a series of Faith Exploration groups.

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During this Holy Week the Dutch Chapel Cantata Choir is presenting three concerts. The music includes the choral Kyrie and Gloria by A. Vivaldi and parts of the orchestral Tafelmusik and a Trumpet Concert by G. Telemann. One concert was given yesterday at the Gedikpaşa Armenian Church; a second will be on Tuesday at St. Antoine's Basilica at Galatasaray; and the last Wednesday evening at 9:30 at the Armenian Getronagan Aid Society in Harbiye. The forty-five member choir and orchestra are under the direction of William Edmonds.

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A five-week workcamp is to be held in Gaziantep this summer. The project is under the leadership of Alan and Marion Johnson who led the camp last summer, and John Barrett. Mrs. Howard Kaliher is handling arrangements in Gaziantep; Barbara Kacena and Gerald Disch will also be helping with it. Two weeks of the camp will include the work project at the hospital of decorating the baby clinic and waiting room, and work as well as play at a private orphanage of 45 children up to 6 1/2 years old. Two to three weeks will be travel along the southern and western coasts of Turkey. The camp is open to people who will be seniors in high school next fall or those who are post high. Queries should be sent to Alan and Marion Johnson, P.O. Box 145, Sharon, Conn. 06069; telephone 364-0263 (home) or 364-5002 (church) before May 1st.

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An experimental program to encourage deserving local children to take the entrance examinations free of charge and a promise of subsequent scholarships to cover all school costs if they qualify for entrance has been successful in Tarsus the last several years. This year, in a like manner the American Collegiate Institute in Izmir has sent a letter to all of the primary school principals in the city encouraging them to interest their good students to take the entrance examination regardless of the family ability to pay the entrance fees to the school. The reason for the letter is to reassure Izmir people that a deserving student will be given financial aid if she is successful on the examination.

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Mr. and Mrs. Newell Steward have been spending some time in Turkey this spring. Newell Steward was associated with the Board's work in social service in Greece from 1955-70; Margaret Steward was president of Pierce College in Athens from 1962-70.

Dr. Marion Van Horne, Director of Print Media of Intermedia, New York, was in Istanbul March 21 to 23 to discuss projects with the Redhouse Press.

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Mrs. Katherine Thompson Holway died in Victoria, British Columbia on January 18, 1974. Mrs. Holway was the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Robert Thompson who were in Philippopolis, Istanbul and Samokov from 1881 to 1920. She grew up in Turkey and Bulgaria. In 1929 she married Theodore Thomas Holway and served in Bulgaria until retirement in 1936. Mr. Holway died in 1954. A brother and a sister survive her.

John E. Seager, husband of Elizabeth Leslie Seager, died near Grand Rapids, Michigan of a heart attack on January 13, 1974. John was born in Istanbul and attended school there and in England. Before World War II he worked with the Rumanian Steana Oil Company in Istanbul; he and his wife moved to Izmir where he continued working with the company until it merged with British Petroleum. In Izmir the Seagers' home was always open to people associated with the American Collegiate Institute. From 1954 to 1969 they were with B.P. in Istanbul. On their retirement they moved to Michigan. Surviving are his wife, four daughters, two sons, and three brothers.

A service in memory of Mrs. Kate Seelye was held at the Girls' Service Center in Cihangir on April 2. The occasion was the presentation of a number of books to the Center library, a gift made possible by a gift from Mrs. Seelye's estate. Mrs. Mehlika Başarır spoke eloquently about Mrs. Seelye's enthusiastic years of service to the Center.

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Coincidence - or the Long Look?

contributed by Lynda Blake

As a start toward following up an interest in the "old letters" (Arabic script in which Turkish was written up to 1928) I am attending, as a listener a course given in the Middle Eastern Studies Department of Harvard University entitled "Intermediate Ottoman Turkish". There are two regular students plus two very knowledgeable PhDs who wish to enlarge their field of skills, and my lame self. One of the "regular" students is a girl interested in Turkish literature, and the other girl is interested in History. Both of these girls are looking for thesis topics for their PhDs. Once a week each girl leads forth, reading from her document, which she is attempting to decipher. The professor makes comments from a broad field of knowledge, others comment, and the whole experience is quite stimulating. The documents from which the girls are reading exist in single copies only--they are from the 14-16th centuries--so the whole class works from xeroxed copies of the text, with only a limited number of pages before us. The girl studying literature is working at the "Tuyukler" (couplets) of Kadı Burhanettin, a writer of the 14th century. I have found a few of these couplets transliterated and annotated in Turkish literature books used for the History of Turkish Literature in the Turkish highschools. I mentioned the fact of what we were studying to my father (Dr. Fred Field Goodsell) and he commented in passing that he and Lütfü Levonian had worked on a publication of these couplets in the early '20s, and the booklet had been published as a project of the Language School, of which he was then Director, in Istanbul (still Constantinople at that time). He thought he must have a copy of the publication around somewhere--but he has not been able to locate it as yet. I said nothing of this in class, as my role there is very mousy.

Recently during class when a discussion of the actual text

came up, the girl studying Kadı Burhanettin mentioned that one place in the Goodsell text it said one thing, and in another place, another. I pricked up my ears, actually wondered if Dad knew of any Goodsell that had gone in for Middle Eastern studies, but kept my counsel. After class was over, I asked the girl about this Goodsell text to which she had referred. "Oh" said she "that is the text I am working from, something published in the early 1920s by a Fred Field Goodsell, Director of a Language School in Constantinople. I'll bring you the library copy* from which I got our sheets next time, if you'd like to see it." I said I would, that the Fred Field Goodsell she mentioned happened to be my father! She brought the book to our last session, and I brought it home to Dad. Two nights ago we worked out the transliteration and translation of the Introduction the writing of which he had supervised in 1922! And Dad is to be our class guest, at our next Class Session.

How long a road is it from Constantinople in 1922 to Harvard in 1973?

+ + +

* purchased in 1946 by Harvard

15 April 1974

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Although the Talas Nute Clinic closes with feelings of regret with the departure this month of Dr. and Mrs. Mathews, we are grateful that the properties will continue to be used for much the same function as they have through the years. Hacettepe University has purchased the clinic building, Dodd, Fowle and Dwight-Eddy houses, Konak building and land area above the clinic. The entering class of Hacettepe University's Kayseri Medical School has begun their basic sciences study at the University's Ankara campus. According to this plan, the students will transfer to the Kayseri campus for the final three years of their medical education in order to become acquainted with the rural health needs of Turkey. New buildings to house the Medical School are under construction midway between Kayseri and Talas. The former Mission clinic facilities will probably be used for faculty housing and a clinic served by the medical school.

The Health and Education Foundation still owns the "new dorm" building and its environs as well as the Çardakbaşı land area.

Anna G. Edmonds, Editor

No. 638

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
10 July 1974

Dear Friends:

Reverend Kenneth R. Ziebell, an Associate Member of the Near East Mission, is the Executive Secretary for the Near East Ecumenical Committee for Palestine Refugees. Although previously the work was based in Jerusalem, since 1969 Mr. Ziebell has been helping coordinate this service from Cyprus.

Middle East Council of Churches

by Kenneth R. Ziebell

This year has brought developments of historic significance for the life of all the churches of the Middle East, with the establishment of the new ecumenical Middle East Council of Churches (MECC). In this long-awaited step, Protestant and Orthodox churches, from a region extending from Sudan to Turkey and from Iran to Morocco, have joined together in order: (1) to promote the growth of fellowship and ecumenical consciousness between the churches,. . . (2) to provide ways and means of common study aimed at an understanding of the traditions of the respective churches, (3) to widen the field of co-operation by the churches in carrying out the mission of the church in the proclamation of the Gospel of salvation, (4) to undertake and co-ordinate such services as express the common concern of the churches for all men, and (5) to be a regional point of reference in the world-wide fellowship of the Christian churches."

Similar ecumenical structures have existed in other parts of the world for many years already, but until now there has been no genuinely ecumenical Council in the Middle East. Now, after a long process of discussion, planning, and negotiation, this much-needed structure

for co-ordination of the common concerns and activities of the Middle Eastern churches came into being at an Inaugural Assembly, held 28-30 May, 1974, in Nicosia, Cyprus. The deliberations of the Assembly were centered around the theme, "The Common Christian Message in the Middle East Today."

It is recognized that due to their minority situation in the region and to other limitations, Middle Eastern Christians will not initially be able to finance from their own sources all the activities to be maintained by the MECC, but they will continue to rely on assistance from churches in other parts of the world to help in some segments of the Council's work.

When the new organization becomes formally operational on 1 September, 1974, the formerly existing agency known as the Near East Council of Churches, which has been essentially a Protestant group, ceases to function. There is, nevertheless, a general recognition that this former Near East Council of Churches has during the years of its existence played its own significant and beneficial role in the life of the churches of the region. Originally founded in 1928 under the name "Near East Christian Council," as an outgrowth of the work of the International Missionary Council, it was at that time basically a coordinating body of representatives of the various foreign Protestant missionary bodies working in the region. It was then reconstituted in 1964 as the "Near East Council of Churches," reflecting the fact that by this time most of the churches and indigenous leadership and organization, and were no longer simply extensions of foreign missionary agencies. The Constitution adopted in 1964 by the Near East Council of Churches were drafted with the intention that Orthodox churches would at that time join in membership, but in fact it developed that only one - the Syrian Orthodox Church - chose to do so.

There followed intermittent attempts at negotiation between representatives of the Near East Council of Churches and the Orthodox churches, aimed at establishment of a more broadly ecumenical Council, with alternating periods of encouragement and setback. The

particular series of conversations which finally led successfully to the inauguration of the MECC began in 1971, with a joint Negotiating Committee of Protestants and Orthodox meeting periodically over a period of two years, until the proposed text of a Constitution for the new Council was ultimately agreed upon and was submitted to all the various individual churches for consideration and final decision. On the basis of the churches' positive response to this Constitution, official representatives were sent by all the churches to the Inaugural Assembly of the MECC in May, 1974.

It must, of course, be recognized that the same problems which have so long delayed the establishment of the MECC still persist, and many years of working together will be required before mutual confidence and trust among all the churches is fully established. The problems are natural and easily understandable, in view of the enormous numerical predominance of the Orthodox in the region. With at least 6 million Orthodox members, as contrasted with about 300,000 Protestants in the Middle East as a whole, any joint activity in which numerical strength was made the basis of representation would be so heavily weighted in favor of the Orthodox as to make the Protestant participation insignificant. In this light, it could be easily understood if some Protestants feel fear of absorption by the Orthodox majority through the development of extensive common activities.

On the other hand, if participation in joint activities were to be on the basis of experience in ecumenical affairs, the reverse problem arises, for in this case Protestant strength would so far outweigh Orthodox as to create a situation of Protestant domination. From the perspective of the Orthodox, relations with Protestants are not easy until there is fully felt assurance that proselytism of Orthodox members by Protestant churches is ended.

In these circumstances, the basis of participation on which agreement was finally reached was a formula under which the three confessional families of churches - Greek Orthodox, Oriental (or non-Chalcedonian) Orthodox, and Protestants (including Anglicans) - should have equal representation, each having one-third of the membership

of all governing bodies and committees. Of the 22 member-churches of the MECC, 4 are Greek Orthodox (the Patriarchates of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Antioch, and the Church of Cyprus), 3 are Oriental Orthodox (Coptic Orthodox Church, Syrian Orthodox Church, and Armenian Orthodox Catholicossate of Cilicia), and 15 are Protestant or Anglican.

For readers in Turkey, it will be noted that this membership means that no church with headquarters in Turkey is included in the initial constituency of the MECC, because such churches are already active in the European Conference of Churches. Nevertheless, several of the member-churches do have members in Turkey, even though their church headquarters may be located elsewhere.

The organizational structure of the MECC has been kept as simple as possible, The highest governing body, the General Assembly, consisting of 72 delegates with direct representation from all member-churches, will meet once every three years. In the intervening periods the Council's business will be managed by an Executive Committee of 15 members, including equal representation from the three confessional families. The Executive Committee will meet at least once each year. The three presidents elected to serve for the initial term of the new Council are Metropolitan Ignatius Hazim, of the Greek Orthodox Patriarchate of Antioch; Bishop Samuel, of the Coptic Orthodox Church; and the Rev. Hovhannes Aharonian, of the Armenian Evangelical Union.

Day-to-day administration of the Council's affairs is the responsibility of the General Secretariat, which is located in Beirut, Lebanon. The Rev. Albert Isteero, of the Coptic Evangelical Church, was elected to be the first General Secretary (chief executive officer) of the MECC.

The actual work of the Council will be carried out by the staffs of a number of "Departments," each of which will be guided by a Departmental Committee consisting of representatives of the member-churches. These Departments will continue the work previously carried on by the various Divisions of the former Near East Council of Churches and by the already existing ecumenical agencies in the region, such as the Middle East Youth and Student Secretariat.

The working Departments designated by the Inaugural Assembly are as follows:

(1) Literature

(2) Radio Broadcasting

(3) Witness and Dialogue

(4) Christian Education

(The above four Departments continue the work previously carried on by the former Near East Council of Churches.)

(5) Inter-Church and Development Services

(This Department will be the regional Inter-Church Aid project screening group.)

(6) Communication

(This Department will deal both with dissemination of news within the Middle East about activities of the MECC and also with distributing news about Middle Eastern church affairs to churches in other parts of the world.)

(7) Service

(8) Information/Interpretation.

The last-named two Departments are of a somewhat peculiar character, in that they deal particularly with the Palestine Refugee problem and are conceived, therefore, as being temporary agencies of the Council, to serve only until the Palestine political problem is finally resolved. These two departments represent the continuation of the work respectively of the Near East Ecumenical Committee for Palestine Refugees and the Near East Ecumenical Bureau for Information/Interpretation, and in the new structure their special relationship is recognized in their constituting together the "Unit of Service to Palestine Refugees."

The Service Department, in fact, carries on the largest single program within the scope of the Council's activities, as it seeks to meet the most urgent needs of the Palestine Arab refugees, scattered all over the Middle East and now numbering some 1 1/2 million persons. The

Department's aim is to help refugees to help themselves to achieve more productive and satisfying lives, to be able to support themselves and their families, and to contribute to and participate in the constructive development of their society.

Specific priority needs and program content in each country are determined by a local "Area Committee," constituted of representatives of the various Christian communities in the area. Such committees exist in Lebanon, East Jordan, Egypt, the West Bank, (pre-1967) Israel, and Gaza.

Within this general framework, the work of the Department finds expression most generally through programs of education and training of various types: these include vocational training centers, which enable young refugees to learn an income-producing skill or craft; university scholarships, which enable academically qualified students to complete their education; and,at a much simpler level, home economics training centers, dealing also with maternal/child health services, in underdeveloped communities, for the purpose of teaching the best use of inexpensive locally-available materials to produce better health, nutrition, and general family welfare.

Other activities of the Service Department, in those areas where these are determined to be priority needs, are village self-help development projects, youth leadership training courses, university student work, and a limited amount of social case work (for those refugees for whose problems no self-help solution is possible). In all these ways the MECC seeks to express the common concern of its member-churches to serve the special needs of the region and at the same time to witness to the united commitment of the Middle Eastern churches.

One challenge which faces the MECC for the future is, of course, the issue of Catholic participation in the various activities in which the churches are co-operating. Even though actual Catholic church membership in the Council is not possible at present, it is quite clear that eventual Catholic participation is a necessity if

the Council is ever to be truly representative for the whole Christian constituency in the Middle East. It is, of course, difficult to guess how far distant the time may be when Catholic membership in the MECC can be considered, but the achievement of this goal in whatever form may be found advisable remains one of the continuing tasks confronting the new Council.

Anna G. Edmonds, Editor

No. 639

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
1 September 1974

Dear Friends:

Patient Dervishes, Provoking Dogs and Other Dogmatic Proverbs

The other day I was at a school trying to telephone. Students, teachers, secretaries all watched as I dialled once, twice, a half a dozen times unsuccessfully. It was an oft-suffered predicament in Istanbul, and each one suggested an original trick to beguile the system into performing.

The conflict in the little comedy heightened with each rebuff: busy signals, wrong numbers, incomplete connections, no dial tone, too much dial tone -- whatever might impede the call.

Suddenly a familiar "hello" sounded on the other end and I relaxed.

One of the secretaries looked at me with a smile. "Sabreden dervişe muradına ermiş", she said (The dervish who was patient has received his reward), and everyone around us laughed.

Then the gentle, elderly Turkish director added ruefully, "Mihneti kendüye zevk etmedir âlemde hüner" (Would that I had the skill to make a pleasure out of such a nuisance).

Was this an unusual conversation? Hardly. The custom of quoting proverbs is often practiced in Turkey as people prove their points, add a new dimension to their meaning, emphasize a moral standard, or merely enjoy the play of wit on words. Superstitions, social ethics, skeletons of old laws, weather lore, -- all are kept alive in the everyday usage of thousands of proverbs, only a few of which are illustrated here.

Proverbs are the short, pithy sayings in common use,

the ingenious turns of phrase that catch and hold up small jewels of insight, the wisdom of many expressed by the wit of one. Their origins are reflected in Turkish words for proverb: "atasöz" (ancestral saying) and "hikmet-ül-avam" (the wisdom of the masses). The English use of proverbs was at its height in the 16th and 17th centuries, but now it is passé; in contrast, proverbs are still frequently used in Turkish. "Damlaya damlaya göl olur" (Drop by drop a lake is formed); "Ayağını yorganına göre uzat" (Stretch your legs according to the length of your blanket); "Ağlamayan çocuğa meme vermezler" (They don't nurse a baby that's not crying); "Alna yazılan başa gelir" (What is written on one's brow will come upon one's head); and "Su testisi su yolunda kırılır" (The water jug gets broken only on the path to the fountain): all are daily expressions.

Some of the proverbs illustrate customs of Turkey. The one that means that each thing is limited in what it can do refers to the old Ottoman practice of kidnapping girls when the armies were abroad and making them slaves at home: "Halayıktan kadın olmaz, gül ağacından odun" (You can no more make lumber out of a rose bush than a cultured wife out of a servant girl). One referring to a situation beyond one's means to remedy says, "Allah'tan sıska, ne yapsın muska?" (If God has given you dropsy, the amulet isn't going to do you much good). A "muska" is a piece of paper on which the hoca has written holy words to charm away troubles.

Superstitions, particularly about the weather, are kept alive in the proverbs: "Mart dokuzunda çıra yak, bağ buda" (If you haven't gotten your vineyard pruned by March ninth -- March twenty-second in the present calendar -- you better do it by firelight that night); "Palamut çok biterse kış erken olur" (If there are lots of acorns the winter will be early); "Lodosun gözü yaşlı olur" (The eyes of the south wind are wet from crying). Such proverbs usually do not contain a second meaning.

"Baykuşun kısmeti ayağına gelir" (The owl's fair share falls at his feet -- God feeds even the birds) comes from the popular belief that instead of hunting, the owl spends his night in prayer; at daybreak there is a sparrow at his feet.

An expression of delight on seeing a rare visitor is "Ayağınıza sıcak su mu dökelim, soğuk su mu dökelim?" (What would you like us to pour on your feet, hot water or cold?). We in the West have forgotten the Oriental custom of washing the feet of our travel-weary guests.

On the other hand, the phrase expressing annoyance over someone's coming is "Dibi kırmızı balmumu ile çağırmadım ya" (I didn't send him a formal invitation with red sealing wax on it, did I?).

Proverbs may refer to actual historical situations and real people. Marko Paşa, Abdülhamit II's chief physician, was well known for being willing to listen to his patients' complaints. The proverb in Turkish, "Marko Paşa'ya derdini yan" means Don't bother me; go tell someone else your problem. One wonders about the people behind the saying characterizing a braggart: "Anam anam dediği hamam anası kel Fatma, değil mi?" (The woman he keeps boasting about being his mother, isn't she bald old Fatma, the keeper of the public bath?).

No other single medium communicates the color of Turkish life to a foreigner more succinctly than the proverbs. The one which means that everyone is responsible for his own mistakes takes me immediately to the butcher shop where partially dismembered pieces of lamb and beef are on display in the window: "Her koyun kendi bacağından asılır" (Every sheep is hung by its own leg). The early hours of Ramazan remind me of "Davulun sesi uzaktan hoş gelir" (The beating of the drum isn't so bad if it's a long ways off; or in other words, Distance lends enchantment).

I also find that the more often I can use an apt saying the more fully I can communicate. Occasionally I am in the Covered Bazaar just as the shops are opening in the morning. It's remarkable how much better a bargain I make if I remember to wish the shop keepers, "Pazar ola" (May your business prosper). If I'm not ready to decide on the piece of jewelry or the leather coat, it may help my cause to apologize, "Ağır kazan geç kaynar" (The heavy pot boils slowly; or in its fuller meaning, I'm not as clever as you in understanding the unexcelled quality of what you are selling). When the

shop keeper insists I buy the rug but pay later, I can back out gracefully by commenting, "Borçsuz çoban yoksul beyden yeğdir" (The shepherd who owes nothing is better off than the destitute lord).

Recently I suggested an unimportant change in the place of some furniture in the office. I regretted at once having spoken: the mistake was that when I spoke several people were listening. Soon everyone was involved.

"Put it here."

"Put it there."

"Don't move it."

"It won't go."

"Take it out."

In the confusion I happened to hear one of the by-standers commenting, "Eşeğin kuyruğunu kalabalıkta kesme, kimi uzun der, kimi kısa" (Don't cut the donkey's tail in a crowd: someone will be sure to tell you to cut it short, someone long; or, if you're going to do something as worthless as docking the donkey's tail, don't do it in public).

Turkish proverbs are colorful without affectation and homely without embarrassment. "Bitli baklanın kör alıcısı var" (Wormy beans have a blind buyer) does not reflect so much on the buyer as on the idea that there is a use for everything. "Keçi geberse de kuyruğunu indirmez" (Even though the goat is dead and buried, his tail is still stiff) refers to the same stubborn quality that the English one does: A man convinced against his will is unconvinced still. The idea of a person bringing disaster upon his own head is compared to the dog which, desiring to be killed, lifts its leg against the mosque: "Eceli gelen köpek cami duvarına siyer." And an apt if inelegant criticism of someone putting on airs is "Ayranı yok içmeye, atla gider sıçmaya" (He doesn't even have buttermilk to drink, but yet he rides his horse to the toilet).

Proverbs often have grown out of common, practical experiences. "Ağaç yaş iken eğilir" (A tree can be bent while it is young) is traditional advice to parents in many languages. The caution to think before one acts is

"Eğreti ata binen tez iner" (He who rides a borrowed horse soon dismounts). The Turkish advice to a young suitor is "Dut kurusu ile yar sevilmez" (You'll never get to first base if all you give her is dried mulberries). And "Keçide de sakal var" reminds one that goats also have long grey beards.

Popular usage may create new proverbs from old ones, often by substituting newer words for the old ones: "Doğmadık çocuğa kaftan biçilmez" (One doesn't cut out a caftan for the unborn child) is now "Doğmadık çocuğa don biçilmez" (One doesn't cut out underwear), and has lost some of the savor by so doing.

Sometimes the old word is preserved in the language merely because of the proverb. "Öşür" was a tithe in the Ottoman Empire; now instead of tithes, taxes ("vergi")are collected on one's earnings and produce. However, the phrase meaning that one cannot expect any return from something that has met with an accident remains: "Yanmış harmandan öşür alınmaz" (Tithes aren't levied on a burned crop).

Some of the very old Turkish proverbs have been collected in the Divanü-Lûgat-it-Türk by Kâşgarlı Mahmut and the editions of the Durub-i Emsal-i Osmaniye by Şinasi and Ebüzziya. Among those current in the 15th century are: "Sünnet var, cümle kesmek yok" (Circumcise him, but don't make him a eunuch); and "Eşek eti diriyle tatludur" (Donkey meat is better undercooked, or, A live donkey is more useful than a dead one).

Proverbs tend to carry more weight in conversation in Turkish than they do today in English, whether their logic is sound or not. "Karpuz kabuğunu görmeden denize girme" (No swimming until you've seen a watermellon rind) ignores the fact that some years the sea even in Istanbul is warm in May, not to say April. To keep a person in his place one says, "Tilkinin dönüp dolaşıp geleceği yer kürkçü dükkânıdır" (No matter how far afield the fox ranges he still ends up at the furrier's). But that doesn't account for all those hides left out on the mountains.

However, many have grown out of years of observation and practical experience: "Acı patlıcanı kırağı çalmaz" (The bitter eggplant is never the one harmed by frost); "Ayının kırk hikâyesi varmış, hepsi ahlat üstüne" (The bear knows

forty stories, but they are all about wild pears); "Sen ağa ben ağa, bu ineği kim sağa" (You're a lord and I'm a lord, so who's going to milk the cow?); "Değirmen iki taştan, muhabbet iki baştan" (A mill needs two stones, affection two heads); "Eşek kulağı kesilmekle küheylan olmaz" (A donkey does not become a pure-bred Arab by cutting its ears).

Some of the proverbs in Turkish are translations from other languages, particularly from Greek and Latin. Seneca is credited with "Her horoz kendi çöplüğünde öter" (Every cock crows on his own dunghill). In passing it might be noted that the English form of this proverb used to carry a pun in the word "crows": "crouse" means "is master of".

"Rüzgâr eken fırtına biçer" parallels Hosea 8:7: "For they have sown the wind and they shall reap the whirlwind." Deuteronomy 25:4, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," is the same in Turkish: "Harman döven öküzün ağzı bağlanmaz." Such similarities probably reflect a similarity of cultural background as much as a borrowing from a common source.

Aesop's Fables have many echoes in Turkish proverbs. Are they therefore from the same original Indian source? "Karıncadan ibret al, yazdan kışı karşılar" (Take warning from the ants who prepare for winter during the summer); "Kartala bir ok deymiş yine kendi yeleğinden" (An eagle was hit by an arrow; the feathers in the shaft were its own). Often Turkish proverbs are quoted for the same intent that Aesop told his for originally: to prove a point in an argument.

More recent proverbs also can be traced to individuals. Many of those most frequently seen around schools today are quotations from Mustafa Kemal Atatürk: "Hayatta en hakiki mürşit ilimdir" (The truest mentor in life is science), and "Hayat fâni, ilim baki" (Life is transient, knowledge enduring).

Those giving moral judgment often have many variations: "Yalancının evi yanmış, kimse inanmamış" (No one believed the liar when his house burned down); "Yalancının mumu yatsıya kadar yanar" (Even the candle of the liar is so untrustworthy that it stops burning at nightfall); and their opposite: "Doğru söz yemin istemez" (Truth doesn't

need an oath).

There is even a very old saying that although they are not quite inside the Kur'an, they follow right along beside it: "Atalar sözü Kur'ana girmez, yanınca yelişür."

A number of sentences from the Kur'an do have a true proverbial quality in their succinctness and play of ideas. Some years ago a pious, scholarly gentleman had a home in the Fatih section of old Istanbul. Among his most treasured possessions in this house was an illuminated Kur'an, a copy that had been made by one of the famous, holy calligraphers of the Ottoman court. Every day the scholar lifted the Kur'an carefully out of its nitch in his study to read it. Then reverently he would replace it, sure that as long as that book was cared for no harm would befall him or his household. As part of his care for the book nothing else was allowed to rest above it.

One afternoon when he was returning from town he saw smoke coming from Fatih, from his street. He hurried up,only to discover it was his own house that was in flames.

By morning he had gathered enough courage to poke about in the rubble for what little might be saved. And in that part of the house where his library had been he did find a small scrap of charred paper, the only remnant of his precious Kur'an. On it were the words, "La yes'el 'ama yef'al" (God is not to be questioned as to His doings.) Even from the ashes the proverbial words had the power to rebuke his pride.

Rich in imagery and humor, the proverbs of Turkey carry the beliefs of the people in pithy and poignant phrase. Much of the reason they continue in use is because they are fun. The fun may be in the rhyme: "Kâr eden ar etmez" (He feels no sense of shame who is thinking of profit). Frequently it is alliteration: "Başı bez olsun, yaşı yüz olsun" (She can be a hundred years old as long as she's a woman). It also comes from the use of hyperbole: "Fare deliğine sığmamış, bir de kuyruğuna kabak bağlamış" (The mouse couldn't squeeze into its hole anyway, and, if that wasn't enough trouble, it tied a pumpkin on its tail).

They illustrate the practical experience of common people blended with a delightfully non-Western humor. Whereas the English phrase might commend a home-loving wife, the Turkish says that the chicken which goes all around the neighborhood brings a lot of dirt home on her feet: "Çok gezen tavuk ayağında pis getirir".

This play of ideas and words, this sense of the ridiculous, this blend of culture, tradition, superstition, ethics, and homely experience contribute to the richness of the Turkish language. Where else would one find the ultimate lack of understanding of another's plight expressed by "Ben hadımım derim, o oğuldan uşaktan nen var der" (I tell him I'm a eunuch, and he asks me how many children I have) !

Anna G. Edmonds
Editor

No. 640

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
15 September 1974

Dear Friends:

The new school year has started at the three schools with the following foreign staffs: (Those starred are new this year.)

Izmir

Dr. & Mrs. Frederick Shepard, Principal
Miss Linda Anderson
Mr. & Mrs. Laurie Anderson
Mr. & Mrs. Andrew Dean
Mr. & Mrs. James Fitzgibbon
*Mr. & Mrs. Robert Gough
Miss Helen Harper
*Miss Aurolee Haskins
Miss Florence Hazlett
*Miss Amy Helling
Miss Ruth Jones
Dr. & Mrs. Richard Maynard
Mr. Neil Mehta
Miss Fernie Scovel
Mrs. Jessie St. Jean
Miss Elaine Thorson
Dr. Judith Welles

Tarsus

Mr. & Mrs. Wallace Robeson, Principal
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Abbott
Mr. & Mrs. William Amidon
Mr. & Mrs. Don Barry
Mr. J. David Callender
*Mr. John Cotton
Mr. Gerald Disch
Mr. John Hill
Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Jacobson
Mr. Daniel Kasten
Mr. James Ogden
Mrs. Frances Warren
*Mr. David Webb

Uskudar

Miss Helen Morgan, Principal
*Miss Gladys Adams
Mrs. Lillian Berton
Dr. Virginia Canfield
Miss Anita Iceman
Miss Mary Ingle
Miss Barbara Kacena
Miss Fay Linder
Mr. & Mrs. Johannes Meyer
Miss Martha Millett
Mr. Don Ryoti
Mr. & Mrs. John Scott
Miss Mary Theban

At present the Melvin Wittlers are in the United States on a three-month furlough. Fernie Scovel returned in May following her nine-month furlough. Miss Eva Pring (Izmir 1966-70) joined her in Europe to visit Izmir briefly. Dr. Virginia

Canfield ran into the second Cyprus crisis on her return from furlough in August and had to take the Orient Express from Belgrade when the Istanbul airport was closed.

During the summer the following people have left the Mission. Their addresses are according to our latest information, but may not be correct.

Mr. & Mrs. James Boal (for a year of study)
c/o Harold Boal
500 South Race St.
Denver, Colorado 80209

Mr. & Mrs. Donald Hornish
91 Sandra Lane
West Palm Beach, Florida 33406

Mr. & Mrs. Robert Jolly
3951 Oakmore Road
Oakland, California 94602

Mr. & Mrs. Kingsley Sullivan
Hazel Green Academy
Hazel Green, Kentucky 41332

Miss Katherine K. Ward
6364 Sheridan Road
Chicago, Illinois 60660

Miss Vicki Hill
116 East Clark St.
Fostoria, Ohio 44830

Miss Barbara Johnson
Route 8, Box 164
Dallas, Texas 75211

Dr. & Mrs. William Mathews
623 Lake Shore Drive
Maitland, Florida 32751

Mrs. Julia Tigner
251 A Stribling Ave.
Charlottesville, Virginia 22903

Language School was held in Istanbul from August 5th to 30th with thirteen people participating as students. The usual program was followed: language lessons in the morning at the Turkish American University Association and excursions or lectures in the afternoons. The final function was a luncheon at the Konyalı Restaurant at Topkapı Palace.

The Redhouse English-Turkish Dictionary was published this June and is now on sale for TL 140. This culminates the work of a number of years for the editors, Robert Avery, Serap Bezmez, Anna Edmonds, and Mehlika Yaylalı.

During June and July Istanbul observed the second arts festival with concerts, plays and exhibits in many places around the city. Among the performances by foreigners were those by Elizabeth Schwartzkopf, Nicanor Zabaleta, Igor Oistrach,

the Leningrad Philharmony Orchestra, the Harkness Ballet, the Soviet Folk Dancers and Chorus, and Woody Herman.

Biennial Meeting took place in Tarsus from June 29th to July 5th. The weather was remarkably pleasant the entire time. One day was devoted to a visit to the Gaziantep Hospital and new nursing school. Among the visitors to the Mission during that time were Richard and Anne Griffis. Richard Griffis led the Meeting in a Faith Exploration study series.

Ripley Tracy (Uskudar 1952-53. 1965-70; Tarsus 1971-72) was in Istanbul in May visiting friends. The Arthur Whitmans (Istanbul 1957-1964) from Beirut were visitors during July and August. Miss Lavinia Scott (retired principal of Inanda Seminary in Durban, South Africa) spent several days here in July. Gwen Updegraff (Gaziantep 1961-70) joined her sister Ruth in Turkey for several weeks this summer. Sarah McNair (Tarsus 1964-69) was here briefly also. The Edmonds family was reunited as the children came from the States for the summer. At present Colin is at Guilford College in North Carolina, Robert at Earlham in Indiana (where Lorrin Shepard is a sophomore), and Susie is at George School in Pennsylvania. Susan Shepard arrived on September 3rd for a month and a half visit with her parents in Izmir. The Robert Shepards were in Turkey for several weeks in May visiting his brother in Izmir and renewing old acquaintances in Istanbul.

Betty Carp died in Istanbul on June 12, 1974. Of the many well-known public servants in Turkey she was by far the most affectionately respected in the American Community. Miss Carp began working in the American diplomatic service in 1914 and served in it in Istanbul for sixty years. From her long years of public life and personal knowledge she gave a continuity to the international community; out of her unselfish interest in everyone she cared for thousands of members of her adopted family, using everything available to her to help those in need, whatever their situation, even unto the last day of her life.

The new bridge over the Golden Horn, constructed by a Japanese-German combine, was inaugurated on September

10th. This bridge is almost a kilometer long and has six traffic lanes and two sidewalks. This and the Bosphorus Bridge are part of the project which will eventually link up to the Istanbul-Iskenderun motorway that should be completed in 10 years.

On September 9th Prime Minister Bülent Ecevit opened the giant hydro-electric Keban Dam. This dam, the fourth largest of its kind in the world, harnesses the waters of the Euphrates River and is expected to be able to produce at full capacity five billion kilowatt hours of electricity a year.

As Others See Us:

The Handsome, Ugly American

by Dr. P. Oğuz Türkkan
former instructor at Columbia University
Milliyet, 4 September 1974

In a book on the subject of the psychology of nations by Professor S. de Madariagan of Oxford University, the American quality has been characterized by "vitality and commonality."

Having lived twenty-seven years among Americans, I would have chosen other qualities to describe the national spirit than Prof. Madariagan has. They are not incorrect....

Business Ethics

Vitality is an accurate description. The minute you set foot in America you are face to face with a youthful, dynamic, energetic society. In the same manner that the men have an unflagging energy, the women do their housework, chauffeur their children, run to PTA meetings, and volunteer for helping in libraries or various clubs without tiring....

In part the origin of this characteristic is the religious and moral dictate of the Protestant-Puritan ethic which has been expressed in American work. This ethic proclaims that man has been born to work, and that he shall work until he has no breath left. Americans are so unaccustomed to idleness that even when they are travelling or on vacation they feel guilty. To compensate for this guilt, either they find a rationalization or they run around so hard that they return exhausted.

The Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde Complex

Perhaps because of the varieties in their racial background Americans possess many conflicting characteristics. They are both hard-hearted and fair. They are peaceful and belligerent. They are addicted to world philanthropy and to materialism, and at the same time they are tied to religion.

As Mark Twain commented humorously, American knowledge is half a belief that the stars and life are explained by electricity and chemistry and half that they are explained by what God has proclaimed, as they hear it on Sundays.

Americans have a great respect for the law. The American constitution, with thanks to the Founding Fathers, is a good example of real democracy and the social conscience. The Americans who produced this and who believe in this also produced the Nixon generation lawlessness. Most Americans do their best to find some way to get around the law; for instance in business they are able to appear Simon-pure while actually being as sly as any of our businessmen. Because of the scandal of Watergate and Agnew we may say the general American is unethical. For these events one can tell just how sensitive they are to political skulduggery. In almost every country of the world this kind of illegality is practiced, but it is either covered up or quickly forgotten. But the Americans for two whole years have put everything else aside to spend their time pursuing the Watergate trials.

... In spite of the variety of racial backgrounds, the national character has a surprising unity. The similarities in the observances of Christmas and Thanksgiving are so strong that this cannot be denied. Whether it is in New York, San Francisco or Chattanooga, at the same moment everyone has the same Christmas tree lights, and, having said the same grace, eats the same kind of roast turkey. The English political scientist, John Stuart Mill, has tied this to the uniformity of the American educational system. There was a time when the German social scientist, Keyzerling, was surprised that communism had gotten started in Russia rather than America because of this.

... As a super power, Americans have pursued a contradictory policy. On the one hand they are objective realists, on the other hand almost unequalled idealists.

First were the Indians; they stole the land from them, and tried to get rid of them by a policy of genocide. They exiled these first owners of the land to deserts, and from there, by forced agreements, pushed them off to even less habitable places. Americans, who throughout the world defend freedom, do not recognize the rights of Indians today.

It is a heartache to see the condition of that proud race today. Their average age is 40; they have the highest incidence of tuberculosis and suicide in America.

So much has been written concerning the Blacks that it is not necessary to go into it again here. While the rest of the world was throwing off slavery, in the 18th and 19th centuries America was intent upon prolonging it. Although the North did not accept slavery, those Blacks who were there lived under worse conditions than those in the South. Today the most liberal American likes the Blacks intellectually but rejects them emotionally. Had the Blacks not fought for their rights they never would have achieved a legal equality.

When Do Americans Make Concessions?

This also shows another side of the American quality. They do not consider the rights of those friends who do not complain and whom they think they have already bagged, but if necessary use them for their own purposes. However those who make trouble for them or who try to establish their own rights, if the Americans see some profit in it they help; they offer concessions, and to a surprising degree announce to the world that they have been wrong. Those governments who wish and need to cooperate with America must know this characteristic and behave accordingly.

The "realistic" merciless quality which Americans have shown to their own minorities they frequently have shown in foreign relations. This was first true in the South American policy. After the Second World War, in international agreements, using their strength and wealth, they worked to upset the balance of power to their own benefit, and both openly and secretly did not hesitate to devour the opposition. In countries that considered themselves allied, individuals who as guests behaved with arrogance provoked the reaction of the "Yankee Go Home" complex. This quality has become a part of the languages through the novel, The Ugly America.

On the other hand in the 19th century the Americans pulled out of the Philippines on their own accord and gave that

country its freedom; they also have been "idealistic" in their behavior towards the Puerto Ricans. The American behavior toward conquered Europe, and particularly toward their former enemies Germany and Japan, has been an example of the combination of reality and idealism. However much this behavior has been prompted by political and economic profit, at the same time there has been an unprecedented amount of help and philanthropy; this we cannot deny.

The same mixed behavior has characterized the choosing of their allies. While looking to their own profit in joining with the fascist and dictator regimes of Spain and the Greek junta and even those countries within the communist fold such as Yugoslavia, they also have shown a closeness to democratic activities and at times have conducted their foreign policy with only this in mind.

In short, Americans are neither devils nor angels. They are to an amazing degree a combination of both qualities. Those who wish to do business with them must know when they will be Dr. Jekyll and when Mr. Hyde.

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MISS HAGOPYAN AND MIRIAM

by Dr. Virginia Canfield, Üsküdar Amerikan Kız Lisesi

Miriam Hagopyan, in her retirement home, waits for an end -- and a beginning -- with the same strong faith that has sustained her through a long and active life. She is glad to receive visitors even though she often cannot remember who they are, but she can still remember verses from Scripture which are appropriate to the conversation. Old eyes can no longer see very well the things of this world, but the eyes of the spirit are clear and unblemished.

It doesn't seem so very long ago, though it is ten years and more, when, a vigorous eighty, she came every Friday to the Üsküdar school for the sake of the hamam (the Turkish bath, now a Biology Lab) and the company of the teachers. No doubt she also liked to keep an eye on the new personnel and any changes, but she demonstrated remarkable restraint in never once suggesting disapproval or even implying that things were better in her time, though she was quite willing to describe the old days when asked. Long-term teachers used her as a kind of touchstone in evaluating new teachers: how long it took them to move from the polite lack of interest felt by the young when meeting the old, through the double-take brought about by a flash of wit or the implications of an anecdote or a reference, to the recognition that here was somebody really worth knowing.

At that same time, in addition to her visits to the school, she was still preaching occasionally in the chapel in the Bible House used by a Turkish speaking Protestant congregation, where, until just a few years before, she had been the regular preacher. Most of the congregation had come from Anatolia. "Very conservative

Protestants," Miss Hagopyan said, "but a stronger congregation than the other two Armenian Protestant churches in Istanbul. Armenians, Greeks, a few Turks, and sometimes Syrians." She also gave free lessons to young workers who were eager for education, and who brought her flowers or fruit in appreciation. To reach her apartment one had to walk up a steep market street near the covered bazaar, climb a long flight of steps in the Bible House, cross an iron bridge to another building, and climb yet another flight of stairs. Young people would arrive breathless, but she used to go in and out frequently. She was eighty-two when she set off alone by train to Russian Armenia to visit a long-lost sister.

Yet perhaps the most interesting activity of her eighties, though certainly begun long before, was of another kind. She had lived through a long historical period, full of events, trouble, transformation. "I saw four sultans before the Republic," she said, "though the last one didn't really have that title and power. We called him the khalif." From her place in the present, solidly occupied, she was in a position to look back and to interpret the events she had lived through. She could be objective -- that is, just and truthful -- while, as a sufferer, also deeply involved. When she spoke of the Armenian deportations and deaths, for example, she did so in full awareness of Armenian dealings with Russia, of the Turks massacred by Balkans and Greeks, of the shameful maneuvering of the Allied Powers. An instance of cruelty and oppression on one side was, in her mind, not separable from a similar instance on the other. It was precisely of a Turkish kaymakam, at the time of the deportations, that she spoke with most affection. Her summary -- "There was wrong on both sides" -- is perhaps a fair evaluation of all history, eastern and western, ancient and modern.

This perspective of a significant historical period was not her major concern, however. She was putting together a pattern, a meaning for her life -- not a systematic philosophy for others, but something like a work of art for herself. If God is in history in the larger sense, is He not also there in the history of the individual? She did not alter nor distort facts:

she was seeking causal relationships, fitting apparent coincidences into a larger context that would explain them, watching for an attitude or emotion which impoverished or enriched, trying to understand the complex and personal ties which were at the time not understood. Sometimes she looked at her younger self in astonishment. How was she able to do that? Perhaps she was unaware of the dangers and implications that the older eye perceived.

Miss Hagopyan did not sit down and write her memoirs or a retrospective history of her time. She worked at arranging the material in her own mind. Both the materials and the process were present in her conversation for any interested listener to share. One went into the teachers' tea room on a Friday afternoon and sat down at a table with an old woman, and one both listened to an old woman in the present time and saw a past time and a girl named Miriam.

Miriam was born in a village of about a hundred houses in the mountains north of Adana, at a distance of three and a half days on horseback. The village was high and looked down on the surrounding hills and valleys, and so received its name, Yerebakan, one who looks down on the earth. When Miriam's mother was married, the country was still under a feudal lord, of the family of the Kozanoğlus. These feudal lords are commemorated in the place names: Sis, the Armenian capital from about 1100, is now Kozan, and the mountains are the Kozandağları. The people in the village were mainly blacksmiths and shop-keepers, though many had vineyards and small wheat lands as well. Change did occur -- in Miriam's childhood the area was no longer feudally controlled -- but it came slowly, and for the most part life went on very much as it always had, in the comfortable grooves of age-old custom. It was rare, indeed, that anyone made the journey to Adana; neither Miriam nor her people had ever seen the sea. Events in the west were off-stage and remote: the oppressive rule of Abdülhamid, the struggle of the Young Turks, the vulture-like circle of watching nations waiting for the sick empire to die. Government was present in tax collectors, gendarmes, sudden decrees, and as a felt threat to a minority group, but life was as it had been and would be.

About 1880, a few years before Miriam's birth, the American Board founded a mission school to train the girls of the area at the nearby town of Hadjin, a large Armenian town. There were eight Christian villages around Hadjin, three Greek and five Armenian, and the village girls were able to attend the school at very little expense. They came as boarders and did the work of the establishment themselves, the cooking, cleaning, and laundry. The town girls also attended but lived at home. Miriam was sent as a boarder and received, Miss Hagopyan said, a good education, equivalent to modern Turkey's ilk and orta schools or to the American primary and junior high schools. There were also continuing courses in the Bible and instruction in home economics through the housekeeping. Miriam fell in love with the school, and with learning, and became fully convinced of her own moral obligation to help in the education of others.

Her family had accepted the early stages of her education, but they had never intended to let this distract their daughter from the proper function of a woman. When Miriam was about fifteen and home on a visit, she was informed that they were arranging a marriage for her. She was unhappy about it, but this was the way of life. She tried to behave as any other village girl would, but the school had had its influence and she could not really accept any longer the limits of village life. She tried to persuade her parents not to go on with the match, without success, for they not only insisted upon their obligation to arrange her future but made her feel that she was deeply wrong. In her bewilderment, she wrote to the school, hoping for guidance. Guidance arrived in the shape of a horse, sent by Mrs. Coffin, to help Miriam escape the village and return to the school. She was not pursued except by letters, which came to denounce her, to denounce the school, to threaten and curse. "I was bitterly ashamed of those letters," Miss Hagopyan said. At the school, she was protected and safe, and eventually the affair was dropped.

When the courses at Hadjin were completed, she was given the opportunity to go to Maraş to finish her schooling at, roughly, a high school or old-fashioned

normal school level. She fell ill just as it was time to depart and Hagopyan therefore was in despair,for though the illness was not serious,how,having missed her chance, could she go the long distance alone, four days by horse-back? The American director of the Hadjin school was eager for Miriam to go. At that time, Americans in the region could have a gendarme detailed to them for protection, especially when they travelled outside the towns. Mrs. Coffin requested and received the services of a gendarme, and as soon as Miriam was well, she dispatched her with the gendarme upon the long and rather dangerous journey.

She remained at Maraş for two years and then returned to Hadjin, ready now to be a teacher at the school. Her horizons had expanded so far beyond the village, however, that she began to dream of yet more distant journeys, even to Istanbul itself. Through another teacher, a Greek, she had heard of the American Girls College in Üsküdar and she wanted to go there. This was a wild imagining, said Miss Hagopyan. There was no money, an obstacle that might possibly be overcome, but Armenians were not allowed to enter Istanbul, by the Sultan's order, an obstacle that seemed insurmountable.

Her family now began to busy itself again in arranging a marriage. They told her, "You didn't want an uneducated man. All right. Now we have an educated man for you." Since her main objection had been accepted and met, she felt that this time she would have to give in. She could not resist forever the fate of all women, and perhaps she was very fortunate that her family was trying to please her. But she was not much pleased by the man. He had some education, this was true. He had gone to Jerusalem to become a priest, had decided that he did not have a vocation, and returned to the village. She held back, she objected, she postponed, but family pressure was persistent and severe. There was no way out that she could see, except the same one that she had taken last time. Mrs. Coffin was no longer at the school, but Miriam thought that she could depend upon help, and accordingly she fled.

This time the family did not give up easily. They, the man she was to marry, and a priest came to the school

after her. The confrontation must have been stormy and dramatic, but Miriam did not see most of it. She was bundled out of the way while one of the American women faced the pursuers alone. This was fitting, since the family and the village naturally blamed the school for an influence which undermined the time-honored customs of society. That a daughter should defy her family, refuse (twice!) good marriages, and then run to the school for protection was conclusive evidence. Nor was the family attitude a mere stubborn authoritarianism. They felt alarm over the possible fate of the daughter. "I was an ugly duckling," explained Miss Hagopyan. What would become of a woman who had no husband? And if they let this man go, good marriages were not so easy to arrange and the girl was growing no younger. What did she want? They were looking out for her welfare. The man was strong, educated, a good provider. When the argument reached the point at which the priest demanded that the girl herself tell him that she did not want to marry the man, Miriam was called in.

She stood near Miss Vaughan, facing them. The priest asked the question and she was so frightened that her voice had gone. He asked again, "Do you want to marry this man?" This time she said, in a small voice, "No." There was a shriek from her mother, a great outcry, curses. "You are no more my daughter!" she cried. Miriam felt Miss Vaughan's arm around her shoulders and heard a quiet voice: "Then you are mine."

After this she was left in peace. Although the question of marriage was raised again, it was this time from a different source and without pressure. A women spoke to her about a certain young man in Hadjin, who seemed possible. Miriam didn't say yes and she didn't say no. She felt no great interest, but, on the other hand, she did not feel the violence of reaction she had felt in the other two cases. While she temporized, she observed that another of the teachers seemed to be angry with her. After some days, while marriage was talked of but not yet accepted, this teacher broke out in a rage of frustration and jealousy. She had expected that negotiations for the

man would be made with her. For Miriam that solved the problem. "Take him, then," she said.

She was soon afterward to realize the dream that had seemed impossible of fulfillment. The Greek teacher who had attended the girls' college in Üsküdar had had her way paid by a Mr. Lockwood, of Washington,D.C. This teacher had written to Mr. Lockwood on behalf of Miriam, and word came that he would pay her tuition for one year. That solved half the problem, and Miriam began to think of schemes for getting into Istanbul. And at this moment, in 1908, constitutional government was declared. The struggles that had been going on against Abdülhamid and that had seemed remote were, after all, of immediate importance for her. The way was clear.

She left Hadjin in September, 1908, and went on horseback a two days' trip to a place near Kayseri. There she transferred to a carriage for the trip to Konya, several more days. She had known about trains, of course, but she saw her first one at Konya and was so excited that she cried. From Konya she went by train to Istanbul, and the whole trip was for her an ecstasy and wonder. She could not look enough; she could not have described what she was feeling. The beautiful descent from the high plateau of Anatolia down to the sea level lands, following the Sakarya River! The first view of the sea! The domes and minarets of the city!

Miss Hagopyan remembers the emotions of that journey, but she does not comment on the daring of the journey nor on the freedom with which the girl Miriam moved about. In Turkey in 1908, peasant women had to work in the fields and therefore had a certain amount of physical freedom, but decent women remained at home, seldom going out even to such things as the local market. In good Muslim house holds, women were in seclusion, seen only by male relatives, never by other men. Miriam was Armenian and Christian, but even so she must have been a scandal to her village and something of a phenomenon even in the cities of western Turkey.

She was about twenty-two, older than most of the students, and she wanted to make a dignified arrival and a good

impression. Instead, she surrendered her suitcase to a porter at Haydarpaşa Station, lost the porter and the suitcase containing her entire worldly possessions, and was bewildered, lost, and frightened when the people who came to meet her finally found her. She thought that the whole year would be spoiled by such a beginning. But the school seemed to her extremely beautiful, she thought she had never seen such lovely girls, everyone received her with kindness, someone lent her a nightdress, and the next day the suitcase was found.

She had, in fact, arrived in Istanbul at a very happy moment. It looked as though the tyranny of Abdülhamid was indeed coming to an end. Constitutional government had been declared, the Committee of Union and Progress was in control, and the first parliament since 1876 was summoned. The whole city was full of joy and hope. The great event of Miriam's first year was the opening of parliament. Everybody had flocked to the parliament building, near Aya Sofya, to witness the day which would mark a new era. Bands were playing, flags flying, and the leaders of Turkey and representatives of foreign powers arrived in state. Miss Hagopyan remembers that strangers embraced in the streets, people sang and wept, the whole city was jubilant. The promise quickly faded, however, and by April of 1909 there was a violent reaction. Miriam had been visiting friends in the Gedik Paşa section and was starting back to school when she heard the sound of guns and saw soldiers everywhere about her. She was warned to go back and returned to her friends' house for the night. The next day things seemed quieter, and she started again. She had just reached the Galata Bridge when once again she heard the sound of guns. This time the men on the street told her not to be afraid, the soldiers were firing into the air, and she went on to the boat for Üsküdar. On the Asian side, she met troops of soldiers coming down from Anatolia, but they too told her not to be afraid, and she reached the school safely. From the school on the heights above Üsküdar, they were aware of continued fighting in the city, and finally word came that the sultan had been deposed and his brother named as his successor, Mehmed V. This meant that the Committee of Union and Progress would rule.

The school and her own plans kept Miriam busy so that

she did not spend much thought on the political scene, although the events of the next few years were to shape her future. The Armenians had earlier, encouraged by Russia, petitioned the Allied Powers for a separate state under a Christian governor, a petition denied at the time but a hope still held. The Constitutional Revolution of 1908 seemed to the European nations to threaten a stronger Turkey and therefore led to immediate action on their part, to seize while Turkey was still weak. Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina, Bulgaria annexed eastern Rumelia, Crete became part of Greece, it was rumored that Britain and Russia would demand autonomy for the Macedonian Christians. The Committee of Union and Progress tried to make the reforms that would save the empire, but it still thought in terms of empire, and there was dissension within it, resulting in the seizure of power by Enver, Talat, and Cemal Paşas. The foreign "Capitulations" remained. In 1911 Italy attacked Turkey in Tripoli and annexed that African province. In 1912 the Balkan League was formed and Turkey lost her European possessions, including most of Thrace. Even before the outbreak of war and Turkey's entrance on the German side, there was reason to believe that the Allied Powers were planning to partition Turkey, suspicions fully justified when the secret treaties were published after the 1917 Russian revolution. The complete dissolution of the Empire had begun, and Turkey, not yet a nation, would have to struggle for her life.

Against this background, the Turkish-Armenian question can be better understood. It would be idle to claim that the Armenians did not suffer under Ottoman rule: they did, and a whole series of massacres testifies to that fact. Violence was often given religious coloration, but the real trouble lay in Armenian claims to eastern Anatolia, as the ancient Armenia, and Turkish resistance to those claims. When the war began, the Armenian separatists attempted to take advantage of the situation. They made contact with Russia and established an underground network to supply the Russian army with recruits. At the same time, Armenians from outside Turkey began to slip in, preparing to seize eastern Anatolia. Turkey, fighting for survival on all fronts at once, could not risk this betrayal from within. Her answer was to order the deportation of the

entire Armenian population to Syria and Mesopotamia, about one third of the total population of the area. The deportations and events leading to them produced much bloodshed, as outraged Turks took the law into their own hands, and as Armenians retaliated. As in any such situation, the innocent suffered with the guilty.

Miriam returned to Hadjin shortly before the trouble began. The one year promised by Mr. Lockwood had stretched into three, as she was adopted by Sunday school children in America, who raised the money for her continuation at the school. She was invited to remain in Üsküdar to teach, but she felt that she owed her service to Hadjin. In 1913 a misunderstanding between the Armenians and the American missionaries resulted in the departure of the Americans for Adana, and the school was left to Miriam to run. When the war began, she was still alone in authority and responsible for three hundred girls and the teachers. Fortunately the misunderstanding was resolved and several of the missionaries returned before the deportations began.

"We had always been a Turkish speaking people in my area, not Armenian speaking, "Miss Hagopyan said," and things were never as bad for us as for those farther north, near Erzurum." The deportation decree was for the people of Hadjin, however, just as much as for those to the north. The news of deportation was bad, but all sorts of other news was worse -- news of killings, mutilations, outrages. For a time, from the school, it was difficult to make out what was happening and who was involved. There were some who fled in terror before the deportation began, and others who would not leave their beloved land until they were torn from it. There were pockets of resistance and armed conflict, some counter-terrorist tactics as bloody as anything on the other side. In many of the villages things were very bad indeed. From Miriam's village, Yerebakan, only one brother and a cousin remained to her of her family. In all the tragic confusion, there are a few facts Miss Hagopyan is sure of.

The deportations began in May, 1915. Since the school was under American auspices, and American missionaries were present, the school was allowed to remain, with those students for whom no other provision could be made around fifty in all. Thus Miriam, though an Armenian, was able

to stay because the school needed her. Attempts had been made to persuade the missionaries to go, but they refused to be evacuated. Miss Vaughan said that since she had no dependents and no obligations, she had a right to risk her life if she chose.

The school was outside the town of Hadjin, and as the deportations began, many of the women turned aside to the school to seek for help. At first the soldiers showed some disposition to interfere, but Miriam went out to them. "Brothers," she said, "this is haremlik (for women only). There is no place for men here." The soldiers then withdrew, allowing the women to go to the school. The missionaries and Miriam gave what help they could, but in the circumstances there was little they could do.

Those who had left early had gone on horseback, but now there were no transport animals and the people walked and carried their children on their backs. "Some of them," said Miss Hagopyan, "simply went and abandoned their children." Those at the school watched the procession of deportees pass, hour after hour, day after day, at first in large groups, later as stragglers showing the exhaustion of panic and forced marches through a mountainous terrain. A Turkish officer, watching with the people at the school, said sadly, "Miss Hagopyan, nothing will happen to you, but it is very bad for the others," After the population had been cleared, Hadjin, the town, was set on fire and burned to the ground. Those at the school watched and waited and feared. It seemed to Miriam that the very lives of those at the school now depended upon her, for though the Americans had made it possible to remain, it was she who knew the land, the language, and the people.

As things quieted down, the school had to be organized and kept as much as possible on a normal routine, for the sake of all concerned. Lessons were resumed, the housekeeping carried on as usual, religious services held. In addition to helping with these activities, Miriam took on a heavy duty. She feared that none of the others would be safe, and so she went with the horses to find and carry their provisions. All the others were expected to remain within the confines of the school.

A new Turkish kaymakam was appointed for the area, a young man from the University of Istanbul. He came to see the school and was welcomed by the Americans and Miriam, although they were frightened, thinking that his visit might mean trouble. He must have been delighted to find other educated persons in the area, especially Miriam, who spoke Turkish and who knew Istanbul. His first visit went off well, and he formed the habit of coming every Friday to visit, often with several others such as the telegraph clerk. Miriam was always glad to see him. They became in an odd way very close friends -- odd because they were in a potentially difficult situation, he as representative of the ruling power, she as possibly subversive subject. He was in a position to grant favors, to help her and the school survive. She was aware of her dependence upon him. If she offended him, others might suffer; if she pleased him, their lives would be easier. Yet, in truth, she liked him and he liked her.

There was one difficulty in which he couldn't help her and which for a time alarmed the school very much. A young captain came one day and said that he must take all animals. The school had two horses, a very old one and a sick one. Miriam showed them to the captain and pointed out that they would be of no use to the army. He agreed that they would not, but he had to obey his orders and take them. Then, Miss Hagopyan said, Miriam felt such despair that she believed she could not carry on. Life had become very hard for her. She was overworked. She was continually worried about the safety of the girls, even though a soldier had been detailed to watch over the school at night. There was not enough of anything and they were never sure that there would be food. She had witnessed much misery and had her own losses to endure. Thus far the school had survived, but without the horses it could not. She alone had most of the provisioning to do, and without the horses she could not go in search of provisions nor carry them if she found them. She said this to the captain, who said again that he must obey his orders. Then, perhaps because of the look on her face, he told her suddenly, "Why don't you write a letter to Cemal Paşa? I won't take them until he makes a decision." This was a reprieve of a characteristically Turkish kind. It seemed

exceedingly doubtful that Cemal Paşa, with the whole weight of the Ottoman Empire on his back, could be interested in two poor horses belonging to a school. The captain was insistent, however, so Miriam wrote a letter to Cemal Paşa. To this day Miss Hagopyan does not know whether the letter ever reached him, and sincerely doubts it, but the horses remained and the captain did not exactly defy his orders.

Under the kaymakam's supervision a monthly distribution of wheat had begun, to the old who had been left behind in the deportation, to soldiers' wives, and to the school. This wheat became their mainstay. But one day the kaymakam told the missionaries that orders had come forbidding further distribution to the "Americans", that is, to the school, and thereafter he paid no further visits. The telegraph man said to Miriam privately that no such orders had come. She realized that what had seemed a little incident at the time was producing serious consequences. The kaymakam had requested the school to send two girls to keep house for him. It did not seem possible to them to do this. The girls might be all right, as he affirmed, but he was a single man. They were afraid that they understood his intentions. Miriam felt some trust but the missionaries said only over their dead bodies; and the kaymakam departed in anger.

Now his cold anger was with them continually, for Friday after Friday passed and he did not come. The wheat distribution was made and there was none for them. There seemed nothing to do but endure as best they could. There was probably no real danger of starvation, but food was increasingly difficult to find. Others were watching with sympathy. "Get some sacks," the man who distributed the grain told Miriam gruffly. "I'm going to give wheat." She brought the sacks and they were filled. At the next distribution, too, she was told to bring the sacks and again they were filled. The need for food was being met but she was troubled at heart. "The missionaries were afraid that we would be regarded as thieves," Miss Hagopyan said. "We didn't want to be thieves, and we had been told that we were not to have any wheat."

She wrote a single line on a piece of paper and sent it to the kaymakam: "Dogs are fed by crumbs that fall from the table." The next Friday he came to the school on his

usual visit, he gave orders that the school should continue to receive the wheat,and life went on as before. Every Friday the Kaymakam, the telegraph man, and others of the small group gathered at the school. They were friends together, and friends in a way that is possible only under extreme conditions. In a time of chaos, they built one small place of peace and love. When they were self-conscious about their duties, being their public selves, there could be suspicion and irritation and discomfort. On Fridays, at the school , they trusted each other, exchanged news, shared what they had, and talked and talked and talked, Americans, Turks, and Armenians.

When peace came, Miriam was preaching one Sunday and saw the kaymakam approaching. It was not his day and there was something in his demeanor to suggest trouble. She finished the service and then went out to him. He looked at her and said very simply, "It is your turn now to help me." The area of Hadjin had fallen to the rule of the French in Adana, the Armenians were returning, and the kaymakam was under arrest and not permitted to leave. Miriam told the missionaries who quickly got in touch with other Americans in Adana, who in turn got in touch with the French governor. The French ordered that the kaymakam should be released and allowed to leave immediately for Turkish territory. He and Miriam said goodbye to each other -- and never met again. There were a few letters in the long years. Miss Hagopyan knew where he lived in Antalya, knew of his marriage, his children, his career, as he knew of her.

In 1919, the Allied forces came to occupy Hadjin, under the British general Mudge and several French officers and their aides. Since there was no place for them to live, they were received at the school, where they stayed for four or five days. As they had watched the deported people leave, those at the school now watched the people returning. In a way, this was almost more sorrowful, for there was time now to think about what it all meant, whereas before there had been the urgent fear for their own survival. Twenty-eight thousand had gone from this place. and nine thousand returned. The country was the same, but otherwise not much was left. Those who returned set about the business of recreating the life they had known. The school was quiet. There were still many hardships

to be met, but there was no longer, seemingly, any danger. When an invitation arrived for Miriam to visit the United States, there was no reason to refuse it and she was eager to go.

She left Hadjin in December, 1919, and two weeks later Hadjin was once again in the possession of the Turks, the Armenians had fled to Adana, and no one was permitted to to enter or leave. Although she did not receive the news until much later, her brother, her one known relative, was killed in the siege of Hadjin, and the school that she had helped to preserve through the war was gone forever.

Not knowing this news, Miriam very much enjoyed her journey. In Adana she was looked after by Americans from the American Board, who found a place for her in a special train about to leave for Istanbul. As she sat in her compartment waiting for the train to start, she was aware that she was receiving much attention from a gentleman on the platform. He identified himself as one of the French officers who had been housed at Hadjin, and he sent his orderly to wait upon her. When the train crossed from Allied to Turkish territory, she was put out of her compartment and the French officer promptly gave up his compartment to her, and later, as they neared Istanbul, he gave an elaborate tea party for her and a few other passengers. At Haydarpaşa Station, the orderly took care of her luggage, found a car for her, and saw that she reached her destination. It was a very different arrival from the first time, and after the hardships of the years at Hadjin, she felt that she had come into a world of luxury, elegance and abundance, although Istanbul had suffered acutely through the war.

She found herself received with enthusiasm and admiration at the college, as one coming from distant and dangerous zones. Everyone was eager to hear about events in the east. Admiral Bristol sent for her and questioned her about the conditions she had seen. Altogether she was made to feel something of a celebrity. She went to America for eight months and stayed for eighteen, when an opportunity for a year's study at Oberlin Theological Seminary was offered. "There was a man in America," said Miss Hagopyan, "but the affair didn't come to anything. I had to go back to work for my people. Every Armenian I met in America called me a fool, but I knew where my place was."

When she returned to Turkey, she was prepared to go to Adana, which was still under French rule, to resume her work. In Izmir, in 1921, she heard the news of the peace treaty between Mustafa Kemal Paşa and the French governor, to be followed by the withdrawal of the French from southern Turkey. This meant the abandonment of the Armenians in Adana, who had supported the French against Turkey, and who now fled south into Syria. The people Miriam had come to serve, then, were no longer there. It was not so difficult to dedicate herself to a task that needed doing, as in the years at Hadjin, when she was sustained by continual evidence of how much she was needed. It was bitter to be stuck with her dedication after many sacrifices made in its name -- and nothing to do with it. She did not know where to turn; she could make no plans.

Fortunately, the girls' school at Üsküdar invited her to come there as a teacher, and she could be again actively at work. The college she had attended had moved in 1912 across the Bosphorus to Arnavutköy, where ti is now part of Robert College. Its old buildings had been used through part of the war as a refuge for Armenian orphans. During a great fire that consumed a large part of Üsküdar, the buildings had been saved by men from the Allied fleets, who beat out the flames on the roofs. In 1921, shortly before Miriam went there, an American Board school that had been at Adapazarı and Izmit moved in. It was for this school, new in Istanbul, that Miriam became a teacher. Its work had been done almost entirely with Armenians, and the students and many of the teachers were Armenian, so that Miriam could feel that the work to which she had dedicated herself was continuing.

Yet, within a few years, the school changed almost completely. Turkish students became the majority, and the teaching of the Christian religion was forbidden, as was all religious teaching in the schools of the new secular state. Miriam stayed and taught happily there for more than thirty years. This fact needs emphasis and explanation.

"The Turks have always been good to me," said Miss Hagopyan, and there was no hint of irony in her voice. Yet surely the change in dedication is a startling one. She confessed that there was a time when she felt otherwise.

When Hadjin was taken in 1919 and the school that she had helped to save through the war came to an end, it was as if her life had ended. "That was the time of my greatest bitterness," said Miss Hagopyan. "The school at Hadjin was my home and my one possession. All of my relatives were dead. I was alone. I was ashamed of myself, but I could not think of anything except my losses. I knew recrimination was futile, I did not want to be bitter, but I could not help myself. It was just my suffering, my loss that I thought about. I remember that I was in church, at communion service, and still I was weeping for myself. I could scarcely see through my tears. Suddenly Christ appeared before me and said, 'Forgive your enemies.' Then I found that I could do it, the bitterness was gone, and from that time on everything was all right."

In a sense, the greatest sufferers under the late Ottoman rule had been the Turkish people themselves. .Now Miriam was in a new Turkey, a new nation just coming into birth. In four years after she went to the Üsküdar school, she saw the defeat of the Greeks, who had expected to take Izmir and western Anatolia, the winning of the Treaty of Lausanne, the abolition of the sultanate and proclamation of the Republic, the abolition of the khalifate, and the beginning of the sweeping economic, political, and social reforms which were to change Turkey from a dying Asiatic empire to a modern western state. She was glad to take part in this new creation, and as a teacher of Turkish young women, she could have a role, however small.

But it is not quite accurate to call it a shift in dedication. Just as she chose to remain in Turkey, so did other Armenians after the peace, not only in the cities but in many of the towns of Anatolia. Through a Turkish speaking Armenian Protestant church, Miriam had an opportunity to work with some of these people. She served her two peoples, then, in the spirit of reconciliation.

From 1921 to 1956 Miriam taught at the school in Üsküdar. She lived at the school, but she did not lose her taste for new experience, wider horizons. Money was always short, but by saving for her trips and traveling as cheaply as possible, she was able to visit the Holy

Land and to go a number of times to Europe. The year of her retirement she went for a second time to the United States, at the school's expense, and traveled all over the country speaking to church groups. Since most of her work was done in conjunction with the American Board schools, it could be said that Miriam had yet a third people to whom she belonged, the Americans.

The real drama of those years was not Miriam's but Turkey's. The transformation was so great, in all departments of life, that it cannot be summarized briefly. Two aspects of the change, however, were especially important to Miriam. She had moved about freely, worked at jobs that needed doing, had men as well as women for friends and co-workers, but her lot was unusual. And she did not forget that in the struggle against her family she had needed the help of the school. Now she watched the veil come off and women come out of seclusion to take an active part in the world. When she was a girl a villager could not understand written Turkish even when it was read to him. The adoption of the new alphabet, and the simplification of the language, meant that the written and spoken language could become the same, and public education would be possible.

From the feudal state at the time of her mother's marriage to a modern western nation is a very long way. The new Turkey crammed centuries of change into a period of less than fifty years. From a village life with its immemorial routines of planting and harvest, its horizons limited to a few miles, its expectations that girls will marry men of their families' choosing to a life of free choice, education, travel, service, and strenuous activity is also a very long way. What were Miss Hagopyan's conclusions?

She regretted that she had never had any children. She used to say, with a half-sigh, half-laugh, "If one lives life as a virgin, she cannot have children. It's impossible. But what a pity!" She travelled light because her early experience had taught her that all material possessions can be easily lost. She thought that life ought to be met with love and expectant joy. She really believed that the Lord will provide and He always did. She discovered that suffering and hardship, properly used, may be the greatest of gifts, becoming in the course of time strength and love: Hadjin was her richest memory. For her, whatever pattern she found in her particular life, there is a larger context in which meaning exists, in which parts become whole. She felt much

gratitude and great faith though she often liked to express it in a little joke: "I always say that I owe everything to God and the American Board."

Anna G. Edmonds
Editor

No. 642

Near East Mission
United Church Board for World Ministries
Posta Kutusu 142
Istanbul, Turkey
December 15, 1974

Dear Friends,

Dr. Alford Carleton was president of Aleppo College from 1937 to 1954. Following that until his retirement in 1970 he was Executive Vice-President of the United Church Board for World Ministries. This essay has lost none of its Christmas timeliness over the years.

THOUGHTS OVER GALILEE, 1949
by Alford Carleton

Not long ago I flew from Beirut, Lebanon, to Amman, Transjordan, to fulfill a speaking engagement. (My pilot friends insist that I merely rode in a plane -- it is only the pilot who flies -- but never mind). The whole flight lasted only a few minutes over an hour, but in that brief time many centuries past, and a glimpse into the future, passed before my eyes. That is no humorous remark about a man unaccustomed to flying in this part of the world, but sober observation of on the view from the windows of the plane.

Once up to some 7000 feet to clear the shoulders of Mount Lebanon, the course of the flight was straight as an arrow. From a point just inland from Sidon, over the southern peaks, past the headwaters of the Jordan, down the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee, high above the Yarmuk Gorge, and so steadily on, just east of south, over the hills of Gilead and the plains of Transjordan, to land at Amman, the ancient Rabbath-Amman.

There was so much to see! Fortunately it was not a very swift plane. Some of the things were very old: - Tyre and Sidon, and the site of ancient Dan; Capernaum and Jerash (Gerasa of old). Even as we walked away from the plane, on the runway at Amman, the pilot stooped down and picked up a flint arrowhead that had lain there since the Stone Age. There were new things, too -- the marks of man, looking very puny from that height. Such were the railway down the Yarmuk Gorge, the little tracery of fields and roads, the orderly pattern of the Jewish settlements by the Waters of Merom, and the barely-distinguishable course of the pipe-line, bringing the oil of Iraq to the port of Haifa.

Behind it all was the majesty of mountain and of sea: -- the hoary top of Hermon; the foaming curve of beach where Esdraelon cuts through to the Mediterranean Sea; the endless sweep of plains stretching to eastward to merge with the desert; and the grim gorge of Jordan, stretching ever deeper into the haze southward from the blue waters of Galilee.

Then particular observations began to stand out from the rest. The Crusader castle of Belfort perches ever so jauntily on its cliffs overhanging the gorge of the Litani River. There is a tiny lake of unforgettable blue, on the southern skirts of Mount Hermon, east of Caesarea Phillipi. (I looked it up after, and found I had made the acquaintance of Lake Phiala). Gilead is far greener than the western side of the Jordan, in spite of being further from the Sea.

Most of all, naturally, one strains to pick out every spot hallowed by the memories of Jesus. There at the head of the Lake are the ruins of Capernaum. Every road, tree, and house in the neighborhood stands out clearly. Tiberius is bright in the morning sun. Cana of Galilee is easily located. But a stone's throw beyond, or so it seems, lies Nazareth; easily identified by its tile roofs and cypress trees. There is Mount Tabor, and beyond it Esdraelon, with Mount Carmel dimmer in the distance to where it drops into the Mediterranean. Only a few minutes later Ebal and Gerazim are in view, and then Jericho and the upper end of the Dead Sea. It is just too hazy to make out the tower of the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives, and the spires of Jerusalem itself.

Suddenly the whole scene seemed ridiculously small, like a map of the Holy Land on a sand table in a Primary Class of a Church School! From one point over the Sea of Galilee it was possible to see, in a single sweep of the horizon, Haifa and Nazareth, Tyre, Sidon, Mount Lebanon and Hermon, with the gorges of the Litani and the Jordan between them, the green groves around Damascus, the black hills of Bashan, Gilead, Ammon and Moab, the Lower Jordan, the hills of Samaria, and so back again to Carmel by the sea.

One felt a bit disappointed. All the setting of the lives of David and of Solomon, of Amos, Micah and Jeremiah, of John the Baptist, and of Jesus and his disciples seemed suddenly to be pathetically small. The Holy Land was but a tiny fragment of a great world -- a stage far too small for any action upon it to have been of world-wide consequence.

Then I began to look more closely again. There it must have been that Jesus stilled the storm. Just over yonder he called his disciples from their nets to become "fishers of men". There on that shore he had his last breakfast with them. On yonder hill he preached that timeless Sermon. It was on those roads that he walked, and in those villages that he slept. Every acre down below there was holy ground, and every town and hill sacred in the thoughts of the whole Christian world!

Suddenly the two trains of thought met in my mind, and I was inwardly still for the realization of the timelessness of that one solitary life. I felt again the awe of the tough Temple guard, "Never man so spake..."; the puzzlement of the disciples, Who then is this...?; and the glad surrender of Thomas (So blamphemous in Jewish ears) "My Lord, and my God".

Such exaltation could not last long, as one looked down on villages built as forts, and sensed the hatred and fear in that land where open warfare was so soon to begin -- in Galilee, of all places on earth! Yet why not there? Perhaps it was no accident that Jesus lived in one of the most troubled spots of the world of his time. There has not been found any healing for the woes and wickedness of the world but in the footsteps of the Pioneer of Life. That path started in Galilee, and there too must it lead at last to righteousness and to peace.

So I came to share the resolution of Richard Watson Gilder's Song of a Heathen (Sojourning in Galilee, A.D. 32):

If Jesus Christ is a man, --
And only a man, -- I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a god, --
And the only God, -- I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

Anna G. Edmonds, editor