

The

AUROLORA

A Student Magazine

of

ANATOLIA
COLLEGE



May

1931

AURORA

A Monthly Literary Magazine

Published by the Students of Anatolia College

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Note: Mr. Retorides resigned from the staff and we replaced him with Mr. Papademetriou, who is now our poetry editor. Also we added to our staff the post of exchange and activities editor. Mr. Brousalian is occupying this place.

Volume

II



Number

5

May
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REPENTANCE

by MEHER

(Translated and abridged by Mihran M. Kolsouzian)

AFTER HAVING FINISHED MY COLLEGE EDUCATION, my intense desire to see Athens, was realized at last. I was fortunate to meet my old classmate, Shavarsh, there. He was a tall, smiling fellow, with long black curly hair--the characteristic of poets usually--and deep, thoughtful, black eyes.

He and I passed wonderful days among the masterpieces of art. Art! Art everywhere: so gentle, so beautiful, so fine and delicate that our admiration and wonder changed into awe, under the influence of which, the lips close and the heart orders, "Kneel down! Kneel down and worship. For art is beauty, beauty is truth and truth is God Himself. Kneel down and worship!"
* * *

It was a cloudy afternoon. We were wandering here and there in the Royal Garden. Our conversation wandered too, and at last came to rest on the word Love. I opened my love album with pleasure, while he said with a mixture of sarcasm and sorrow on his face: "Since you haven't yet had an unfortunate experience in love, I had better tell you my story. It may prove of value to you. Be careful, my dear Diran, be careful; do not let your passions rule your logic."

I was waiting with a great curiosity when he motioned to me to follow him. We went to the flower market. He bought a heart-shaped bouquet.

"Are we going to a wedding or an engagement party?" I asked.

"We shall go to a wedding," he replied, "the engagement was long, long ago!" He smiled again his typical sarcastic smile.

"Then," I thought, "the girl that is getting married must have stolen the heart of my friend."

(Continued on page seven)

Athletics in Anatolia

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.....

THE READERS OF THE AURORA have probably felt the lack of this page in the previous numbers of the magazine. We have added it for we felt that if the AURORA is a school magazine it ought to be the mirror of the whole life of the College.

There is no need to say that after class work, athletics forms the most important part of the activity of the College, and I would say that Marathon Field is the favorite place of most of our boys.

As one of the editors of the AURORA, and one who has always appreciated the value of the different sports, I shall try to give you a brief sketch of our athletic activities.

Football, basketball and volleyball are played during all the seasons, but especially busy seasons are in the fall when the matches for the inter-class football championship are played, and after the spring vacation.

After Christmas athletics are sleeping. To revive them we have a few matches with other schools, either unofficial or championship.

In April the track men can be seen practicing on Marathon Field, preparing for the big annual field and track meets.

On the sixteenth of May we are going to have a meet with the Farm School and on the thirtieth our inter-class meet.

As the track captain, I am entitled to make a few forecasts. The 100-, 200-, and 400-meter runners are in excellent shape, and in the two last events we expect new records. Another event where we expect a new record is the broad jump. In the latter we hope Adjemian will do justice to his long legs. For middle and long distances, the competitors are many, but there are no new records to be expected from that side. In general it can be said that athletics are progressing in the College, and though some of the stars are gone, new ones are coming to fill their places.

..... S. Shahrigan

THE VOLLEYBALL AND HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

This year the Y.M.C.A. has for the first time proclaimed an interscholastic handball tournament. Naturally our College will take part in it with all the other schools of Saloniki.

To take the cup we must have the most points in the two events combined. If for instance we take the first place in handball, we must also have a good place in volleyball.

(Continued on Page Eight)

A DREAMY NIGHT

The flaming hair of Apollo
Has faded far behind the sea!
'Tis Nyx that has sat on the rocks,
And looks with her blind eyes.
The night is calm, the winds are fallen,
The rocks are but dark, dumb giants;
The wood is dark, the trees are still:
They are still as painted trees!
But in this dark and dreamy night,
Soft rings the melody of naiads;
Lo! come spirits--nymphs--of forest,
And dance among the praying trees.
Here comes the moon, the silver moon
Peeping behind the veiled wood.
The dance of nymphs stops at once,
And they creep softly to their caves.
Lo! Artemis comes with her nymphs;
Hark how she sings, see how they dance
In the enchanted wood.
They dance the dance of moon,
They dance the dance of old
Immortal Love...
A nightingale drunk with the charming song
Of Artemis,
Opens his heart, starts a song,
A song in which is put
His lover's soul, his lover's heart.
The sleepy rocks, the dark valleys
And the nymphs of Artemis are fascinated
By this gentle and stirring song...
They nod their heads, listen calmly
And sigh the sigh of centuries...
O Artemis and nightingale!
I wish to be a rock in this forest,
And listen to you forever...
Because the rocks are immortal,
As you are
In this charming and dreamy night
Forever!

. . . . Tatoul B. Tatoulian

ACROSS THE HORIZON in ANATOLIA COLLEGE

The GIRLS' SCHOOL PROGRAM

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, April 30, the Eighth Class girls gave a program in which they invited the Ninth Class Dramatic Club to join. The musical part of the program, under the direction of Miss Morley, consisted of several songs by the chorus and one vocal solo. The duet by Danae Nikita and Katy Varvery was the most popular song. The piano solo by Sara Mallah was also enjoyed.

"The Elf that Stayed Behind", the comedy by the Dramatic Club under the direction of Miss Webster, was very well staged. Zoe Karadji and Koula Tecktonidou were particularly good, but all the parts were well taken, and the girls acted with self-possession in spite of the unexpected behavior of the cats.

Mr. Scheider, obliging as he always is, spent much time teaching the graceful dances and directing them on the day of the program. The audience seemed to be especially pleased with the solo dance by Nitsa Yanniri.

English recitations by Calliope Papadaki and Katy Varvery, a Greek recitation by Danae Nikita, and a French patriotic poem given by Frida Confino added to the success of the program. The tragic comedy "Pyramus and Thisby" was done with much enthusiasm and caused a great deal of laughter. The program ended with the Greek National Anthem.

. . . Olga Naqo and Frida Confino

THE PROGRAM OF THE RED CROSS

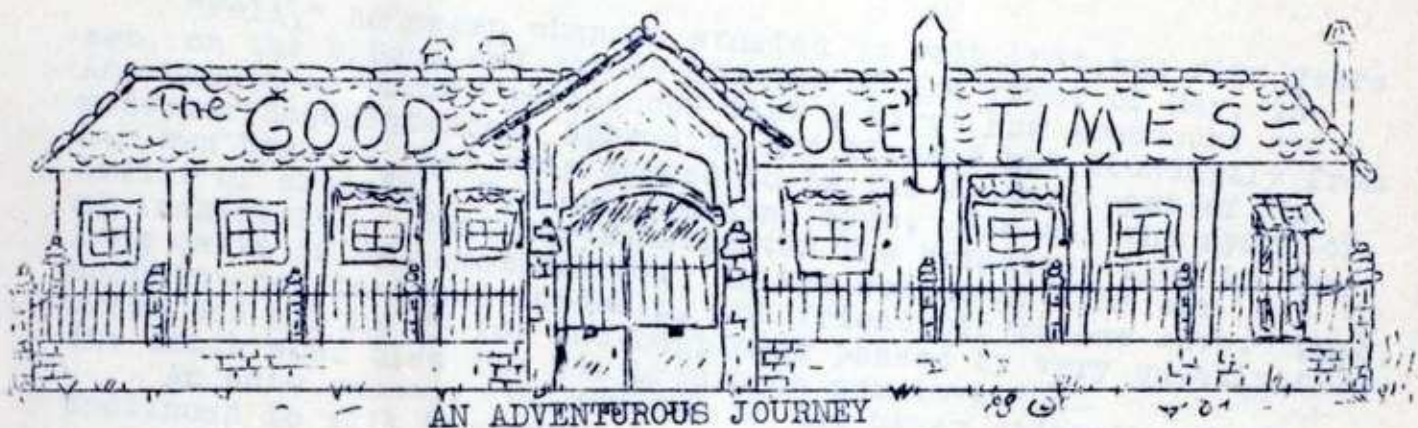
The program of the Red Cross, on Saturday evening, May 9th, came to add one more number to the almost astonishing series of programs this year.

The program was quite rich, having declamations, music, and a comedy. The orchestra played four pieces which the audience greatly enjoyed. Hadjisavvas was very successful in the comical declamation "O Antipolitevomenos". Couvaras declaimed with great success a satirical poem and kept the audience laughing all through the declamation.

The comedy came next and there Xystris and Hadjisavvas distinguished themselves. The audience did not stop laughing until the comedy finished.

The last number was the real success. It was a solo given by George Gaitanjis, and you know how he sings.

H. Brousalian.



IT WAS IN 1928 that a large group of college boys and girls were traveling from Salonica to Drama by train.

Every one was glad for in a few hours he would be home, far away from the strict school rules and Mr. Pitsounis' punishments. In the train we began to sing and laugh, while discussing our school life.

All of us were joyful. We took part in many interesting discussions from which we learned of many funny pranks which had taken place during school time.

Soon we were hungry and started to eat, while a few of the boys were looking greedily at us. Later on these boys decided to steal the girls' food and fill their baskets with newspapers.

It was so well done that no one could understand how the trick was played on them by the greedy boys.

Now every one of us was willing to play a funny game. So we went to the open corridor to play "BeiZZZ..."

In a few moments we began our joyful game, but it was suddenly stopped by a tremendous crash coming from a collision of Ballas' head with the crystal window pane. Being the center of our game he wanted to breathe some fresh air, so with great power he pushed his head through the pane of the window, thinking that it was open.

In a few moments the inspector came and after a great fuss, he charged us 150 drs., which were collected by a contribution among us, because Ballas was dead broke.

But this wasn't all. The inspector came for a second time and asked for our tickets. Two of the girls were searching everywhere for theirs, but they could not find them. It meant paying double the price from the last station to the next. One of the girls was so excited over her carelessness that she began to weep. So a second contribution was raised among us, and we solved that difficulty too.

Finally, we were approaching Drama, and we sat down to eat up all the things that we had left. We opened our suit-cases, and the girls their baskets. They began to unfold the newspapers very carefully till at last, finding nothing but egg-shells and bones, they understood the trick the hungry boys had played.

... George Gaitantjis





AN ADVERTISING JOURNAL

It was in 1928 that a large group of college boys and girls were traveling from Baltimore to New York by train. Every one was glad for in a few hours he would be home, far away from the hectic school times and Mr. Pincus's predicaments. In the train we began to sing and laugh, while discussing our school life.

All of us were joyful. He took part in many interesting discussions from which we learned of many funny pranks which had been taken place during school times.

Soon we were hungry and started to eat, while a few of the boys were looking greedily at us. Later on these boys decided to steal the girls' food and fill their baskets with newspapers. It was so well done that no one could understand how the trick was played on them by the greedy boys.

Now every one of us was willing to play a funny game. So we went to the open corridor to play "Pounce".

In a few moments we began our joyful game, but it was suddenly stopped by a transparent crash coming from a collision of balls. We had with the original window pane. Being the corner of our game we wanted to breathe some fresh air, so with great power he poked his head through the pane of the window, thinking that it was open. In a few moments the inspector came and after a great hunt, he changed us 100 dollars, which were collected by a contribution among us, because balls was head broke.

But this wasn't all. The inspector came for a second time and asked for our tickets. Two of the girls were searching everywhere for theirs, but they could not find them. If want paying double the price from the last station to the next. One of the girls was so excited over her predicament that she began to yell. So a second contribution was raised among us, and he solved that difficulty too.

Finally, we were approaching New York, and we sat down to eat up all the things that we had left. We opened our suit-cases, and the girls felt nervous. They began to unfold the newspapers very carefully till at last finding nothing but eye-rolls and bones, they understood the trick the hungry boys had played.

George G. G. G.

Continued from page one:

"Well," he began when we started to walk, "it was five years ago, on the bright and joyous morning of the first of May, in Amaroussia--a summer residence--that I first saw Armenouhi and made her acquaintance. Aphrodite had blessed her abundantly from her own beauty. Her eyes seemed to be the masterpieces of the Artist of artists. Typical Armenian eyes. She was the nymph of my imagination. That day constitutes the brightest link in the long chain of my remembrances. In the course of time our acquaintance became friendship, and friendship became love. Days, weeks and months of joy and happiness passed by very quickly till the south wind blew its hot breath on our love."

An auto passed. We crossed to the other sidewalk and Shavarsh continued to tell his story.

"Elly, the niece of our Greek neighbor, was a student in the French convent. The typical Greek beauty had always interested me tremendously, but it never had enchanted me so much. Elly was a living statue of Aphrodite. We got acquainted with her very quickly. Elly liked literature as I did, and maybe this was one of the reasons that I began to like her so much that without realizing what was happening, I fell in love with her. After long discussions she consented that she did not have the right to deprive her body from human passions.

"I had set myself free on the wings of my desires, and was flying I knew not where. I did not even answer the letters of Armenouhi who wrote to me continuously from Amaroussia.

"Armenouhi, becoming impatient, came from Amaroussia, and after understanding what the matter was, shut herself in her room. I was very glad of this for it would be very difficult for me to tell her the truth.

"In September Elly went to the convent with the promise to give up her vows and come back to me.

"I heard the news of the heavy sickness of Armenouhi with cold blood; even as if I didn't know her.

"The school year was near its termination. I was eagerly awaiting the return of Elly. Here is a letter I received at that time:

Dearest Shavarsh:

My days are counted. Would you give me the pleasure of a very short visit?

Please.... Armenouhi

"But I did not go; for I was very disgusted with her; I almost hated her. This hatred had crept in from the time that Elly wrote to me: 'I have heard that you have a sweetheart whom you love yet!'"

Shavarsh became silent for a moment. We looked at the sky. A drizzle had begun. Shavarsh again reached in his pocket, took out a letter and read:

(Continued on Page Eight)

Our College has the best handball team in Saloniki and our volleyball team is also one to be proud of. I am sure that if we do our best the cup will be in our Trophy cupboard in line with the field and track cup, and that for the football championship. And we MUST try. Up to the present time, our school has had the best athletic reputation in the city, and it is our duty to see to it that this reputation is maintained and raised through this year and years to come.

. . . . C. Lambrou

Which One Was Blind?

(X) AVE YOU EVER HEARD THE STORY of the generous old man and the blind beggar? This is the way it was told to me. There was a blind beggar who had the habit of sitting on one of the bridges that crossed the river. He was always accompanied by his dog with a sign "Blind" attached to his neck. He was fortunate enough to get the sympathy of a rich old gentleman who used to cross the bridge every morning on his way to business.

One day, being absorbed in thought, the old gentleman forgot to put the usual money into the beggar's hat. The supposed blind man ran after him as fast as his crutches would permit, and boldly asked for his daily gift.

"Why! I thought you were blind!" exclaimed the old man in surprise.

"No, sir, it is not I," replied the beggar. "It is the dog."

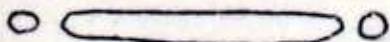
. . . . Valentine Ebeoglou

Continued from page seven:

"Dearest Shavarsh: I am sorry to inform you of my new decision. I, as a Christian girl, must be devoted to Christ and the Madonna. Blessed be God that found me and took me back to His flock. Today I will be ordained a nun. Elly."

The next day I was informed of the death of Armenouhi.

I looked around. Darkness and dead-silence all round. We were in the cemetery. The drizzle was falling monotonously, persistently. Shavarsh gently placed the bouquet on a low tomb, knelt down before it and murmured through choking sobs, "Here is the wedding, Diran, here is MY wedding."



The PREPARATION for the PROGRAM

FOR A WEEK THERE WAS A GREAT STIR among the girls of the Eighth Class. They were all happy and excited, for their program was to be given the next Thursday. The practices came one after the other.

"Come, girls, we have chorus practice. Miss Morley is waiting for us."

"Are you ready for the play practice, girls?"

A great noise of footsteps, the sound of the gramophone, and the deep tones of a man's voice come from the study hall. What's all that noise? Oh, of course, Mr. Scheider is rehearsing the dances. Everybody hopes that Nitsa will be the star with her solo dance, but she has not come to school.

"I wish we didn't have to act this 'Soldier Song'. It will not be a success," says Danae. But the practice goes on.

The days pass. Every girl should know her role perfectly. And the costumes should be finished. The actresses become dressmakers, dancers, and--to accomplish all these things they must play truant from some lessons and escape from--Greek. Some get excuses, others are absent in the afternoon, and still others escape from class.

Thursday at last. The stage is ready. Even the Dramatic Club girls of the Ninth Class are excited, though they have had more experience with their play. The whole Eighth Class is in suspense. Would it be successful? What a pity Nitsa is sick! Some one must go to her house and see whether she is coming. Oh, if she doesn't come the dances will be spoiled! Where is the drum? Two girls have gone to the college to get one. Where are the cats? Nobody knows; and the Ninth Class play can't be given without the cats.

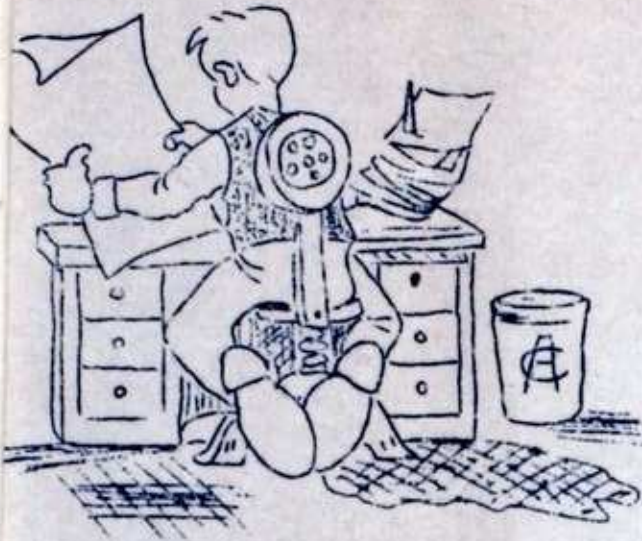
Five o'clock, and Nitsa is not here; the cats are not here. The hall is filling with people and here comes a crowd of collegians. At last the performance begins and everything runs smoothly. Thank goodness it is over, and the "Soldier Song" was a success.

. . . . Mary Roussou

H U M O R

Student: (To a tramway conductor, in a dignified manner) Look here, stop at the Hotel Majestic, near the 13th stop, right in front of the Hotel gate.

Conductor: At which story, please?



from the
EDITOR'S
desk

HERE HAS RECENTLY BEEN A GREAT DISCUSSION in the Fourth Form Greek class. I take my Greek with the Fourth Form and that will explain why I was in the discussion. It was about a poem. It was a very fine one as far as poetry goes but I do not agree with the thought.

It describes the death of a workman, a patient toiler who had spent all his life in digging the soil. A member of the class said that this man had done his work, had fulfilled his purpose. I contradicted him and a lively discussion ensued, all the class siding against me.

But I do not believe that any man who has done nothing but dig in his life, however well he might have done it, has fulfilled his predestination, has used to the best advantage the charge of energy that he received from nature. A machine could do in one month the amount of work he did in a whole lifetime.

A man is not a beast of burden. No, a man is a thinking being, the master and not the servant of nature. And any man who, instead of thinking his way out, digs it out like any beast could do, is not worthy of the name of man.

And this applies particularly to us students. We are sent here to think and study, in order that later we will be able to lead beautiful, efficient lives, lives worthy of men. And any one who does not try to think and study, but goes through college in a haphazard sort of way, has no business being in college and has no right to occupy in life a place worthy of a man.

* * * * *

Beside the Sophomore Aurora, we are going to have this year a Freshman issue, and a joint issue by the Fourth Form and the Mission School. The Freshman Aurora is coming out next week, and the Freshmen boast that it is going to be an exceptional number. We expect something really worth while.

* * * * *

All those who are interested in the Aurora and wish to enter the staff, are asked to hand me their names before the twentieth of May.

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