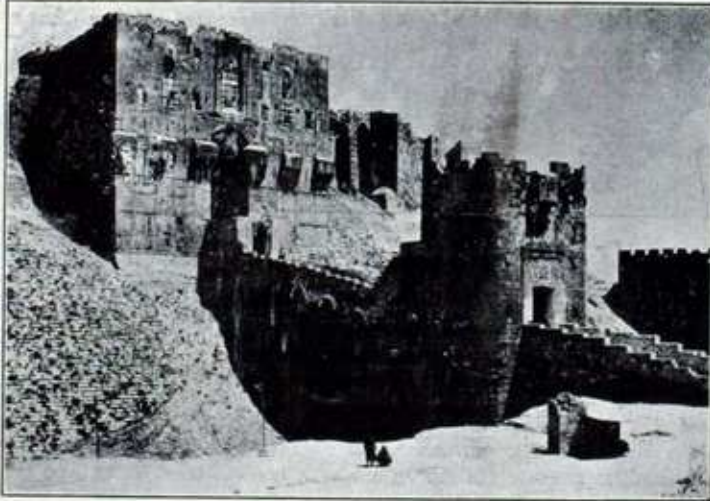




ATHENS

THE
AMERICAN
BOARD

IN



ALEPPO



STAMBOUL

THE
NEAR EAST

The Near East Mission at a Glance

By traveling rapidly and by making short stays of approximately two days at each point, you could visit in forty days the thirteen cities in the Near East Mission where missionaries of the American Board are working. That would not be a very satisfactory way to get at the inwardness of any particular situation, but it would have the advantage of impressing on your mind certain outstanding facts both of the local environment and of the nature of our missionary work.

You would travel in three countries, — Greece, Turkey, Syria. If you could speak French rather fluently you would not need a companion who knew the local languages. It is amazing how far French will carry you anywhere in the Near East. Of course, for an intimate study of life and thought in any country, a knowledge of the local language is necessary. But a rapid trip with more eye than ear observation would surely "open your eyes."

It is safe to say that you would be even more impressed with humanity than with geography. You would often be tempted to linger on historic spots like the Acropolis, St. Sophia, Tarsus, Baalbec. But people are more interesting than ruins. You would be fascinated by what you saw people doing in field and shop, in street and courtyard, on trains and in ships. You would wonder what they were thinking about, what they were talking and gesticulating so wildly about, what they ate, and how they lived. But you would soon come to the conclusion that they are just folks like ourselves with all the problems of life facing them, usually in intensified forms. And you would ask, What useful service can missionaries render these multitudes?

Seeing is believing. It does not take long to understand and appreciate the value of a hospital or of a school. You would find that our three missionary hospitals at present in operation are located in cities in Asia Minor where they can minister to people who otherwise would get little medical attention. You would find our schools strategically placed — except that all the strategic points are not provided for. You would find our Publication Department at Constantinople studying the needs of all classes of people throughout the Mission and endeavoring to provide something helpful and inspiring for all. You would find the School of Religion at Athens training young men and young women for Christian service not only among people in Greece, Bulgaria, and Syria, but also for scattered Armenian congregations as far afield as Egypt and France. You would find some interesting experiments in social service work like playgrounds at selected points. In short, your glimpse of the varied lines of missionary activity at a dozen points would convince you that missionaries are community-minded. They know and feel the physical, the intellectual, the social and religious needs of the people of their environment and direct their efforts accordingly.

You would find that the dynamic of all their service lies

in the deep conviction that God's gift to men is life, life abundant, and that men everywhere are hungry and thirsty for life that is life indeed. You would find them welcoming into the warmest service-fellowship young men and young women without respect to creed or nationality. You would find fellowship to be the keynote of their service. Whether in Athens or in Constantinople, in Smyrna or in Aleppo, you would find them eager to understand the deepest needs and the innermost longings of the people of their environment.

Turn then to the map on the inside pages of this little sheet. Find the two great cities of Greece: Athens and Salonica. Then find two of the three great cities of Syria: Beirut and Aleppo. Then turn to Turkey and locate not only the two greatest cities of that country: Constantinople and Smyrna, but also five important cities in Asia Minor: Caesarea, Adana, Tarsus, Aintab, Mardin, and two lesser towns: Marash and Merziyon. Imagine your representatives in the Near East making their homes in all of these places and finding ways of sharing with their neighbors far and wide in one way or another the blessings of life which we owe to our understanding of God in Christ.

F. F. G.



Village Work Near Talas. Dr. Clark heals, Mr. Nilson lectures with stereopticon.

The Spiritual Significance Of Our Work In Turkey

The difference in background between the Anglo-Saxon world and the Moslem world can be sensed only by those who have lived in both. This difference is not to be wondered at, it is not to be derided, it is not even to be thought of as a sign of human inferiority on either side. It is at once natural, interesting and human. It is a fact to be accepted, studied and

taken into account in all relations between the West and the East.

This difference might be illustrated in many ways. No sphere of life — economic, political, social, cultural or religious — would fail to yield contrasts both sublime and ridiculous. From the Turkish story of the European princess in Constantinople, who put bath shoes on her hands instead of on her feet, to the story of the Easterner in London who insisted on taking off his shoes and drawing his feet up under him on a sofa in a hotel drawing-room, the contacts of East and West are full of amusing contrasts. There is a reason for it all. Difference in background explains most of it. The Westerner in the East for the first time feels as much at a loss as the Easterner making his first visit to the West.

From the religious point of view it is easy for a Westerner to think he has something better to offer the East. He may think so until he stops short and realizes that the religion of Christ is itself of the East. Brush away its Western accretions and you get something which can easily fit in with Eastern life. The centuries of Islam have obscured the essential message of the Galilean but they have not robbed it of its charm. A recent conversation with a Turkish friend emphasized anew in my mind



A Class in Cooking at Scutari Girls' School.

how wistfully some here are thinking about the significance of Jesus' life and teachings.

This young friend of mine pointed out how much his mind had changed during the last five years. The things that he counted success five years ago still seemed interesting but relatively unimportant now. He admitted that his ideals had changed. He said they had "come to life". Now he was content with nothing less than having an all-inclusive purpose for his life, something which would unify and energize it, giving it both meaning and power. He said "You followers of Christ have a great advantage over us. If you sincerely follow Jesus, you must be willing to subordinate all your striving to one great aim: the coming of the Kingdom of God. Jesus meant by this a quality of life for all men. As Christians, if you are sincere, you will endure all hardships and press on through all difficulties courageously because you are serving this great aim of human welfare seen in a spiritual interpretation of human life."

This young friend of mine had a good deal more to say. He spoke of the spiritual blindness of his people, of their unrest that grew from constant dealing with superficial things, of their need of a great spiritual purpose to purify, to unify and to energize their lives. After the conversation was over I fell to thinking of its significance. I could see in that young man a forerunner of a great company of Turkish youth who shall see that without some great spiritual purpose, life is a poor and unsatisfactory experiment. In spite of the wide difference in background between East and West, the West had begun to call the attention of the East back to its own major prophet and to his spiritual leadership. May it not be that here in large measure lies the spiritual significance of the American Board in Moslem lands?

F. F. G.

Impressions of a Newcomer

February 23rd, 1930

Dear Tom:

Coming to the mission field is, in some ways, like going to war. Remember the days in '17 when we wished we were old enough to wear the khaki and "join the colors"? We didn't think about the blood and thunder, mud and death, we thrilled to the sound of drums and the tramp of feet. We wanted to be heroes and "do our share."

Then do you remember an evening ten years later when you and I sat in semi-darkness and watched the myriad lights of Berkeley and San Francisco? I had finished the University and Seminary, had just married the finest girl in the world, and after another year of graduate study she and I were to be heading for our chosen "front" — Turkey. I don't remember anything you said that evening. I only remember experiencing

a deep peace lighted up with the hope of a fulfilled desire — that of giving my life where I thought it would count most in the winning of the Kingdom.

We are on the field now. The odors and mud of the street, the extreme poverty expressed in clothing, food and shelter, made us wince at first, like a soldier's first experience of the roar of guns and the stench of blood. But soon we became hardened to it all — sometimes I feel we're a bit too hardened. Yet all the gold of America couldn't permanently remedy the material suffering and filth of Turkey; it's a change from within that's needed. And we believe that what we are attempting to "share" is better than gold. Turkey, as everyone knows, is looking toward the West. Modern methods in business, banking, education, medicine, movies — in short anything that spells "progress" is being eagerly adopted. We believe that the spirit of Jesus must also be brought before Turkey's consciousness, not because this spirit is Western but because it is universal. We are working at the problem of interpreting this spirit in as many ways as possible, but above all through friendship. Where is a more thrilling task? Turkey is being reborn. We as a mission have pledged ourselves to do all in our power to cooperate with her in this experience of rebirth.

I am trying to do my bit in a school about the rank of an American High School situated right on the shore of the Sea of Marmora. We call it "our wedding cake school" because it was built as a home for a former admiral of the Turkish navy who wanted it shaped like a ship with plenty of deck space (balconies) from which he could look out over his beloved sea. We have 140 boys in our school from some of the best families in Turkey. The father of one of my boys is a professor of Education in the University of Stamboul; the father of another is colonel in the army; of another representative in the Grand National Assembly at Angora: 90% of the boys are Turks, the rest are Greeks and Armenians; 55% of them are boarding students. Our staff consists of five Turks, one Armenian and five Americans. The policy of the mission



*The "Wedding-Cake School."
American Collegiate Institute Stamboul.*





The Old and The New. Bee Culture, Aintab

is for second year people to spend half time studying Turkish, so theoretically I am doing that whenever not teaching. Actually my mind wanders to problems such as: What are suitable projects for the Psychology Club (my Senior Psychology class) to develop? What are the best ways of developing Christ-centered lives in my Sunday discussion group of Christian boys? What are the charactertraits that I can help strengthen in the Sportsman Club, composed of 14 and 15 year old Turkish boys? The boys of the school are all divided into three "clubs", similar to the English "House" system, and competition in scholarship and athletics is based on this division. How can we make our afternoon play periods in which all the boys and all the American teachers participate, more definite in character training? We teachers have bi-monthly seminars on character education. This year we have organized a joint Teachers' Club of the three Mission schools of Constantinople including all the teachers, nationals and Americans. Is there an ideal not connected with organized religion, toward which we can focus the latent religious forces in our boys? These are some of the problems that trouble my soul as I sit at my desk in the upper layer of our "wedding cake" and gaze out over the blue gulf, past the Princess Islands, past even Anatolian Olympus toward a vision of a new Turkey.

I hadn't realized that missionary life would be like this. There is no spectacular conversion of thousands, not even direct preaching, but I am stirred by the call to an adventure in creative living. And now that I realize what this missionary life demands of me my mind can't work fast enough to think of new and better ways of interpreting Jesus, especially in my own job of teaching; my strength and time aren't sufficient to carry out the plans I dream; my spirit, only, maintains the hope that what is sown will spring up "many fold".

This, then would be my answer to anyone asking how it turned out, my coming to the mission field. The odors and dirt have become insignificant, the superficial roll of drums and the flying colors are the fancies of youth, but the progress of a nation toward the Kingdom of God is the inspiring reality which has made my early anticipations of missionary life seem like mere childish ideas of a more than human task.

Ever sincerely yours,
E. C. B.

SOME CLOSE-UPS.

Gazi Pasha and the Shepherd Boy

Last summer the President of the Turkish Republic, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, called in Turkey, The Gazi, or Gazi Pasha, that is, the Conqueror, was visiting Yalova, a hot mineral bath resort not far from Constantinople. He was riding horseback one day among the surrounding farms when he became uncertain as to his way. He inquired of a small shepherd boy who curtly ordered him to follow as he (the boy) showed the way. "What is your name" the Gazi asked. "Mustafa" came the reply. "My name also is Mustafa, Mustafa Kemal. Did you understand? Come, tell me my name." The child with a heavy accent on the last syllable spoke the words "Mustafa Kemal." "Have you never seen the Gazi Pasha?" "Hardly" the boy replied. "If you saw him would you recognize him?" "How could I? He is in Stamboul. But Fridays he comes to Yalova."

Then the Gazi asked him, "How much money do you earn?" "Three liras a month". "How much does that make in a year?" The boy thought but couldn't add together more than a two month's pay.

Together the Gazi and the shepherd boy worked it out. Two months would be six liras, three months nine, and so forth. When they had figured that a year's pay would mean 36 liras the Gazi made him a present of that amount. The boy hesitated and asked why this money was being given, and the Gazi replied, "For showing me the way." "O that's different" the boy said, and wrapped the money in his handkerchief. Then from his pocket he extracted three walnuts. These he extended to the Gazi. "Here take these; but I am not giving them for money." The Gazi accepted them and asked the boy to call next day at Yalova asking for Mustafa Kemal. "Tell them that he is your comrade", the Gazi enjoined, "I want to talk more with you."

The next day the boy turned up in Yalova in search of his new found pal. "Where is Mustafa Kemal" he asked. The police replied, "Don't say Mustafa Kemal. Say Gazi Pasha." The boy stood in his tracks speechless as he realized who it was with whom he had conversed on the day before, and of whom he had dared to think as his pal.

A few weeks later the boy was in a hospital in Constantinople and the Gazi paid him a personal visit. The papers reported the whole incident, and another link was forged that held the Gazi close to the hearts of the Turkish people.

J. K. B.

Beginning at Home.

Only thirteen years old, yet faced with the task of finding the "bread-money" for three younger brothers and sisters and their widowed mother, — this was sober little Sahniye who applied to the missionaries for work. There seemed to be no job for this underfed little weakling, but she was finally permitted to clean up the office every morning and to run errands between the scattered buildings on the large compound. A dollar a week was all that could be spared for this service, but when Saturday evening came around no other pay envelope was received with as much real gratitude as was that of little Sahniye, for that alone kept starvation from the tiny little hovel that they knew as their home.

The main building on the compound was a boarding school for girls, but Sahniye knew all too well that the privileges of education were not for such families as hers. How diligently she would study if only there were the time, the money, and the opportunity,—just to learn to read and write!



Sahniye and Feriha

But all unknown to her, one of the older schoolgirls had been watching the plucky Sahniye as she went quietly about her errands. Then one day Feriha, this older girl, called Sahniye aside and offered to teach her to read. From that day on, every evening after school these two could be seen at a table, side by side, teacher and pupil, in a companionship that was touching in its sincerity. Month after month it continued, until Sahniye triumphantly passed the examination regularly given at the end of the second year in the primary schools.

Nor did the good work stop with Sahniye. As rapidly as she could master her lessons she passed them on to her dwarfed little brother Hassan, whose future had seemed doubly dark because of a withered hand. Now Hassan is holding his own in the second grade of the public primary school at Merzifon, while the whole family faces life with a new hope, — all the fruit of one girl's willingness to sacrifice common pleasure in order to lift a little one in need.

H. H. K.

An Immigrant Girl in Greece.

Grace was a merry little girl in kindergarten when the World War broke out. Presently it reached even to her interior town in Turkey and drove the people out as homeless wanderers. Grace quickly changed from a child to a little old woman, for her widowed mother was very frail, needing rather than giving care.

"It was very cold that winter," Grace told me, "and we refugees were camped in tents not far from the railroad track. Every morning when the train stopped, the women went with pails to try to get some hot water from the engine. I used to bring the water because my mother was sick. One morning no hot water ran out of the engine, so we had to go to a well quite far away and fill our pails with cold water. When I got back to our tent my hands were frozen to the handle of the pail!

"The neighbor women, very sorry for me, thawed out my hands, and warmed them under their arms. I tried not to cry, for that would have troubled my mother."

Before long the mother died. I have never asked Grace to repeat to me the whole sad story of her long wandering. But after the Armistice she made her way to an orphanage in Smyr-

na. Soon word came from the American Collegiate Institute, our girls' school near by, that they had scholarships for a few of the brightest orphan girls, and Grace was one of the fortunate group to enter this happy boarding school.

At first these orphan girls did not know how to be happy. But they could not resist the loving kindness that was lavished upon them. "I shall never forget" says Grace, "how the Principal took me to the shops and let me choose a pretty new dress for myself." The girls began to study with a will and to sing in the choir on Sundays.

Then came further troubles in the fall of 1922. Grace found herself with many others again a refugee, this time in Greece.

Teachers and students spent the first year simply trying to help in relief work for the other refugees. By this time Grace was old enough to work in a family and to help her teachers in their work.

After a year the scattered pupils were collected and the school opened again without needed books, desks and blackboards, but with very happy girls. Grace's scholarship was provided by a group of college girls in the U. S., enabling her to complete the full course in high school and Junior College. She earned part of her own expenses by ironing for the teachers and keeping book accounts. She was one of the editors of the school paper "Sunny Days". For two years she was chosen president of Y. W. C. A. and worked hard for other girls inside and outside the school. She organized Christmas bazars whose proceeds helped the refugees.

When Grace finished her course in the American College for Girls in June 1928, she wanted to take up active work for her own people. She had found an uncle who is working for the Armenian Benevolent Society, and she is now keeping house for him and helping him. She teaches private pupils, some rich, some poor, but most of her strength is given to the work of the "Armenian Immigrant Girls' Club" whose leader she is. They are all working girls trying to help themselves and others. They have evening classes, social evenings and Sunday meetings. They are very fond of singing, and give concerts of folk-songs. In this way and by selling handwork they raise money to help poor children. "They are a fine group and we are proud of them and of their leader."

N. E. R.



A Carpentry Class at St. Pauls' Institute, Tarsus.



Pampish

A Woman Pastor.

"Who like thyself my guide and stay can be".

"I triumph still if thou abide with me".

These words seemed to straighten the small, bent figure as she raised her white head and gazed before her with far seeing eyes. There was peace, radiance, the joy of assurance in her face as she sang the hymn she had chosen. Was this then the secret of Pampish's life and triumph, her constant companionship with God?

In Merzifon more than eighty-two years ago, Pampish was born, one of five children in a family of good standing and Gregorian faith. She came early to our American Board Girls' School and was, in fact, a member of the first graduating class. She taught for a time in our Girls' School in Talas and then in the Merzifon school. For many years she has been a Bible Woman working in the homes of Merzifon. She used to live in her own house in the city, but since the troublous war years she has lived in two rooms in one of the houses on the Mission Compound.

What is she doing today when she is too old to teach in the school, when most of the Christians have left Merzifon, when religious propaganda of any sort is unpopular? She is as busy as ever calling in the homes, carrying help and cheer wherever it is needed. She goes regularly to the Old Ladies' Home which she helped found and which continues largely thru her efforts. She is a ray of light, a strong support to those old friends who are alone in the world. She has a service for them every Sunday. She is the Pastor of the remnant of the Armenian Christian community, and she leads them in a service every week in one of the homes. Yes, she is the loving friend of all. Her life of love and faith is the fruit of the work of the days before yesterday and the promise of greater things to come in Merzifon, yes, in all of Turkey.

R. P. B.

Anatolia College and Near East Relief

George, as he was commonly called, was one of the 400 Anatolia College students, when the Great War put an end to the schooling of so many boys the world around.

In 1922 George found himself and the members of his family on the West side of the Aegean Sea among the refugee colonists settling in Macedonia, a majority of all the people of that historic Province. The Near East Relief wanted capable and winning young men and a recommendation from his former "Home father" brought George a position as field man in an orphanage "one hundred miles long". Six years have passed and our ex-student's work is finished. He has been able to bring 1600 children to rejoin their parents or other members of their families scattered in the experiences of exile. As homeless children grew up in the orphanages, he "out-placed" 350 among the farmers and in the homes of the people. Then he was given care of 1100 boys and 300 girls already out-placed. This meant visiting 157 towas and villages, superintending and counselling with young people just growing up on problems of farming, trade or shop work; instructing in housekeeping; looking after the sick; defending rights; correcting errors; advising in matrimonial affairs; and this, day and night, week day and Sunday, summer and winter, over a period of years while the young people were growing into established manhood and womanhood. It meant fathering the fatherless, mothering the motherless and caring for the careless. George has been happy in placing several of his proteges in Anatolia College, which gave him his start, now relocated in Macedonia.

Probably more than 100 Anatolia College people have shared in the Near East Relief work. Not all have been long in the service as was George; not all were equally useful; each found his own type of service. Young people who can thus share in one form of public service can serve their people as the years come and go in many important ways.

G. R. W.



Free clinic for the poor children of Stamboul.

A self sacrificing Turkish doctor, assisted by an Armenian student nurse loaned by the Constantinople American Hospital, ministers to the medical need of hundreds of the city's poor.