

I REMEMBER WHEN - - - - -

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I Remember When . . .

Before I Could Remember

When I first saw the light of day I was being held by Dr. Caroline Hamilton in Aintab Turkey - January 4, 1923. Why was I born in Turkey and being held by the beloved lady doctor that we called Aunty Doctor? Let me explain.

My parents, Mildred and Merrill Isely were married June 10, 1920 in Wichita, Kansas and they were commissioned as missionaries of the ABCFM - American Board of Commissions of Foreign Missions. In August they sailed for Beirut, Syria and then took a smaller ship to Constantinople. They lived in Scutari, on the east side of of the Bosphorus and went to language school to learn Turkish. Writing and reading Turkish was difficult because the country was still using the old Arabic script. They saw the Sultan go to prayers. In June 1921 they were assigned to Aintab 90 miles north of Aleppo, Syria. In 1922 the Turks had a peaceful revolution. The sultan had been asked to leave the government and Mustafa Kemal Pasha the popular Turkish general was elected to be president. He started many reforms to make Turkey a modern country.

Aintab had an American Hospital run by Dr. Lorin Shepard, assisted by Dr. Caroline Hamilton, and Miss Elizabeth Trowbridge an R.N. Miss Trowbridge's father had founded Turkey Central College also in Aintab. A new young nurse, Louise Clark was also working at the hospital. In 1919 Central Turkey College was headed by Dr. Merrill and was moving to Aleppo, Syria because most of the students were Armenians, and had fled Turkey. My dad became the station treasurer and continued that job until he retired. He was to have headed the prep school for the college, but instead became a tutor for a dozen young Turkish men teaching them English so that they could continue their higher education at Robert College in Istanbul and elsewhere. My Mother had two and a half years of nurses training and lacked a half year of finishing. Under Louise Clark she trained as the sterile nurse working with the surgeon. This was the experience that she needed to complete her training. She continued working at the hospital until I came along.

This is why Aunty Doctor was delivering me in Aintab, Turkey. Missionaries were always "Aunt and Uncle" to the missionary children. She delivered many missionary children as well as Armenian and Turkish Children and was an excellent doctor. But the new Turkish government would only license her as a midwife. The missionaries wanted to teach the native people better health methods of caring for babies and children. Mother showed Turkish mothers how to bath and feed babies using me as a model. There was a little Turkish girl born about the same time I was whose mother did not have enough milk for her. Since mother had lots of milk she shared the extra with the little Turkish girl.

Uncle Loren Shephard and Aunt Virginia and their first two children Alice and Fred and my Dad and Mother and I went camping the Summer I was a toddler. I don't remember this but there are pictures of us and of me wearing my dad's pith helmet. I am told that I got bit by a scorpion at that camp but it was a baby scorpion and I didn't have much of a reaction. The Shephards left for furlow in 1926. When they came back in 1927 the people in Aintab did not want them so they moved to Istanbul and he worked at the Admiral Bristol Hospital as the Director of this American sponsored hospital. We moved in to the Doctor's house and in the fall my brother was born. Miss Clark had left and Miss Theda Bell Phelps was the R.N. A Doctor Piper and his wife who where British were in Aintab and he was head of the hospital.

I was three and a half years old and I was supposed to be on a train but the train was moving and my mother and my baby brother, Henry, later known as Bill were on the train but I was not. The person who had driven us to the train station was Dr. Bill Nute. I had started to cry and Dr. Bill told me not to cry that he would get me to my mother. So Vartuie, the little Armenian maid that took care of me, and I got into the old model T Ford that belonged to Uncle Bill and we started down the dirt road to the next train station. Part of the time the train was in sight and part of the time it was not in sight. Dr. Bill loved to tell this story every time we met. He always said that "I stopped crying immediately when he told me he would get me to my mother, and he was so surprised at my absolute trust in him. He said I had this simple trust as if no one had ever let me down". About half way to the next station we had a flat tire. I know that I remember this part my self and not because of the many times Dr. Bill told it. I had to go to the toilet so badly that I was glad Vartuie and I had a chance to go behind the bushes while the tire was changed. Dr. Bill never told that part of the story. We drove into the station just as the train did. My mother told me later she had my brother in her arms when she was pushed onto the train and there was a teacher, a Miss Norton, who was with her who was also put on the train and the train officials fined them. When the train got to Fevzi Pasha which was the closest station to Aintab my dad met us with a car and driver and we drove home.

We had visited the Nute family that summer at their cottage up in the Taurus mountains above Tarsus in a place called Namrun. We went on several excursions and picnics and the small children rode in saddle bags hanging over a donkey's back one child on each side. One day we went on a picnic to the top of a mountain. There were tall pine trees growing all around that area. At the edge of the mountain it was very steep down to the valleys below. Also there was a crack in the ground about 6 inches wide, spreading to about 8 feet along a fifty foot length. I was afraid to look in and see how deep that crack was.

Home was now the Shephard House. This house was in the same walled area as the Hospital. The Shephard House was named for Dr. Fred Shephard who was called "Shephard of Aintab". He was Uncle Loren Shephard's Father. Fred Shephard was well thought of in that area by Turks, Armenians and Kurds. In 1916 he died of Typhus during World War I.

Aintab was a large city of about 80,000 people when I knew it. After World War I when the Armenians were being killed by the Turks many of them fled to Syria. Many of the Turks hid Armenians and so did the missionaries. The missionaries worked with all peoples.

On the Highest Hill was the American Hospital. High walls surrounded the compound. When you knocked on the west gate old Varta Baba (baba is father in Turkish) unlocked the door and welcomed you. He lived in a one room house up the steps and against the wall. There was an immediate stairwell of 8 steps in a semicircle going up to a sidewalk of black basalt rocks headed east about 120 feet to the back door of the hospital. Half way to the hospital was a windmill that pumped pure water for the hospital compound. In that area were a number of olive trees growing. The sidewalk to the Doctor's house went north about 50 feet from the stairway. Behind the house was a garden and an outhouse and further east was a chicken house and the "Han". There were about 6 to 8 rooms around a courtyard where some of the Armenian Nurses and families lived. The walls around the property on the inside were about 5 to 7 feet high and as this land was the top of the hill the walls on the outside were about 16 to 20 feet high. On the south side of the wall was the prep school for Central Turkey College, where my father was

to have been the principal. The government took this land over and made it into a military hospital. On the north side of the property was a street that went past the red light district and then past the Armenian Church and on to the market.

On the west side of the Hospital property was a street and then the Girl School Property. It was a gravel and dirt street with no side walk - just two walls going parallel from north to south up hill and down. The gates were at the top of the hill not quite across from each other. The Girl School Compound was also a going concern until after World War I. The building was 3 stories high with a middle section and two ends. The west end was teachers apartments but was now used for Dr. Hamelton and the American nurses' apartments. The top floor of the middle section was a large dormitory for sleeping. The middle floor for the assembly room of students and the bottom floor was the dining room. The kitchen was part of the bottom floor at the west end. The east end had class rooms.

When I was first acquainted with this building an Armenian family was living on the top floor of the east end and I loved to go visit them. There was a gate house at the only gate which was on the east side and a couple lived in the gate house. Old Pones Ami only had one arm and he was the person to go to market and buy the food and get the mail, (ami is uncle). Pones Ami could unlock doors and many other things using his elbow and one hand. He amazed me.

In front of the Girls School building which had a very fancy staircase was a gravel tennis court and to the west of it a hill. Years later we build a pool up there to swim in and also for a water reservoir for our garden. Beyond the tennis court was a building which we later used for our cow. and to the south east of the court was the pen for our blind bull. The bull was mated with local cows to get a better milking cow.

A mile to the west was College Hill. Our road to the college went through a broken down cemetery, crossed the main road into town and then up the hill to the gate house. The top of the hill had a high wall around it which was about a mile walk. The French had been fighting the Turks in this area in 1920/21 so consequently the buildings were in need of major repair. There were also some buildings near the cemetery which belonged to the mission.

Two miles south of the Hospital down the hill passed some vacant homes across the same main road was Marden Hill. Near the top of Marden Hill was an Armenian orphanage. During the war this was an assembly point for children that were later taken across the border to Syria and to another orphanage and to safety. As far as I know the orphanage was empty when I was living there.

All of the town of Aintab was to the east of us. On the east side of town was an ancient mound on top of which had been built an Arab Crusaders' Castle. The wall around the outside was down in some places.

A year in the US

In the summer of 1927 the Isely family - Merrill, Mildred, Mary Frances and William Henry - came back to the United States and Kansas for a year of furlow. We traveled by boat from Constantinople to Venice. Luther Fowle accompanied us to Venice. We went sight seeing in Venice and we fed the pigeons at St. Mark's square. Uncle Luther bought me a necklace of Venician Glass beads which I still have. The Isely family went by train to Switzerland and met some of Great Grandmother Isely's family and we went to her farmhouse. The people living on the

farm were very friendly. We visited in Bern and saw the bears in a bear pit. Someone gave me a very little wood carved bear. We took the train again and traveled to Genoa, Italy and boarded another ship. On the ship was a missionary boy - Bob White - about my age. The ship was headed for Providence RI. One day while Bob and I were on the deck of the ship near the shuffle board area we wanted to know what kind of a splash one of the wooden disks would make. We never thought that we could not retrieve something that had been thrown over board. Anyway we were in deep trouble for the rest of that day. We got to Providence and then to Boston to the Mission Headquarters at 14 Beacon St, Boston, Mass. Our family of 4 rode in a Pullman Car to Wichita, Kansas. I remember Mother and my brother slept on the bottom bunk and Dad and I slept on the top bunk.

When we got to Wichita there were many new family members to get acquainted with, two grandmothers, two great grandmothers, and lots of aunts, uncles and cousins. There was Mother's sister, Ruth, and her family who lived in Pratt, Ks. We visited them and her 4 boys, my dad, and I went fishing. I was the only one who caught a fish. It was almost too small to keep but we had to show our mothers my fish. We visited my dad's Uncle Charles and his family who lived in Dodge City. There was an empty lot next to their house where the boys had made a miniture town with streets of dirt, filling stations etc. We pulled small cars through the streets with a piece of string and had alot of fun. Their younger sister was Katherine who was 3 years older than I was - she the youngest granddaughter and I the oldest great granddaughter. I spent several different overnights with my Grandmother Myers and often my cousin Marjorie Myers would be there also. She was 2 years older than I was. She had 2 younger brothers, Jack and Ronald and later had 2 more brothers and one sister. My great grandmother Isely and my great aunt Alice, a twin to my grandfather, lived across the street from where we lived in Wichita. We lived in my grandmother Wells' home - 1626 N. Holyoke. This was my father's home when he was growing up. My grandfather died when dad was 12. When he was 16 grandmother married Clayton B. Wells who was a pastor at the Fairmount Congregational Church just around the block. They each had 2 children - my dad and my Uncle Frank, Marian Wells and her brother. These grandparents were living in Topeka, Ks that year because of ministerial duties, but they were in Wichita off and on. Marian and her friend Hugh Cronan, who was dad's best friend in school, were the maid of honor and best man for Mother and Dad's wedding.

School started for me that fall, I was just past 4 and 1/2 but my parents obtained special permission knowing that the following years I would probably be going to school to my mother and would be the only student in my class. They felt I needed the socialization of other American children. I was the youngest kindergarten student in the class. The school was about 4 or 5 blocks away and I walked to and back. During that school year my brother and I had Chicken Pox, Whooping Cough, and had our tonsils out. I probably brought the two contagious diseases back from school and gave them to him. He had his tonsils out only because I was having mine out. Mother said I had had colds all fall and the doctor thought I needed mine out. The doctor was supposed to be an ear, nose and throat specialist but he clipped the end of my uvula off and left a cotton ball down my throat. I ran a fever until the second day when I coughed the cotton out.

One thing I remember was the ice wagon that delivered ice to our house every other day. If we went out to the wagon the ice man would give us ice chips to suck on. The ice wagon was horse drawn as was the milk wagon and the bread wagon, but those wagons did not have free

samples to give. We had a car that both mother and dad would drive. When we went back to Turkey in the Summer of 1928 we sold the car and went back to Boston on the train again.

I remember being on board a ship as the boat was getting ready to sail. The Fowle family with their 3 boys and their youngest, a girl named Joy were on the ship also. I showed Joy where our cabin was and we were in the cabin playing for a while and then went on deck to find the rest of the folks. Uncle Luther looked us up and down and said "Which mother's things were you two girls into?" We had put rouge and powder over our faces. Uncle Luther stopped scolding us when he realized it was my mother who owned the rouge. Mrs. Fowle did not own any makeup. Mother used very little but she had some available if it were needed.

On board ship were living things as well as passengers. There were about a dozen Rhode Island Red hens and two roosters. Dad and one of the Fowle boys fed the chickens every day. Also in our cabin were ten little boxes which had one Italian Honey Bee queen and ten workers in each box. My dad fed them diluted honey every day. The reason for the chickens and bees was that the mission was going to use Central Turkey College compound for a new farm project. Since the college had been moved to Aleppo, Syria the old compound would be fixed up. Two of the houses were to be fixed up, one for Harold Pence and family, and the other for the Isely family. Uncle Hal was an agriculturist and my dad a teacher and minister. They were to recruit Turkish village boys to come and live and work on this experiment farm and learn better methods of farming. Rhode Island Reds, Italian Honey Bees, and Gernsey Cows and a Bull were all part of this project.

Our ship had a smooth crossing and I don't remember being seasick. Our first stop was at Algiers, in Algeria. Uncle Luther bought some ripe figs and showed me how to eat figs. He cut the figs in quarters from the blossom end almost to the stem and then he peeled the section almost off the peeling and then we would bite off the peeled section. There were a number of children waiting their turn for a bit of delicious fig. I don't remember any other stops until we got to Constantinople.

Missionaries never stay at a hotel if there are any missionaries to stay with. We stayed with the Shephard family. We had home made chicken noodle soup for supper with onions and other vegetables, and it was delicious. I had not realized that I was bilingual English/Turkish until that night when I remembered my first Turkish word "soan" which means onion. Very quickly the rest of my Turkish - the vocabulary of a 5 year old - came back to me.

I don't remember getting back to Aintab. My next memories are of living in the Doctor's house in the hospital compound. The oldest Fowle boy and the bees and chickens arrived several weeks later in Aintab. The chickens and bees had to go through customs. He stayed for a few days after delivering the livestock. I remember entertaining him with summersalts. We had an Armenian cook, Maritza and her boy Hosep who was about a year older than I was. I think Vartuie was still there and also the gate keeper Varta Baba. Maritza's mother lived with her and Hosep in a room near the kitchen of our house. The Hospital was closed but there was a clinic with Aunty Doctor and Dr Piper and a new nurse, Miss Jean Honiss. Aunty Bell was on furlow. A little girl called Emine lived at the hospital and we played with her some times. She was in a wheel chair, she had had one leg amputated just below the knee because of Tuberculosis of the bone. I think she was an orphan.

At this time Turkey was going through many changes. They started using the Roman alphabet rather than the old Arabic script with every

word pronounced like it was spelled. There were schools at night for men and women, and all could vote. Public schools were started at all grade levels for both boys and girls. Over night the Fez for the men and the veil for the women was abolished. You would be fined for wearing either vail or fez. Our town changed its name from Aintab to Gaziantep. Gazi stands for victorious. The Turkish army had fought the French on the hill west of Gaziantep - where the college was - and the border between Syria, which was a Mandate of France, and Turkey was established about 40 miles south of town at Kelis.

I remember the day Dad brought the mail back from town and had received a package from Istanbul - the new name for Constantinople - from the American Bible House. This package contained 8 copies of the Gospel of John, his first literature printed in the new Turkish letters. He was so excited, it was so much easier for him to read. His group of Turkish young men he was tutoring continued to meet in our livingroom, listened to gramophone records of old Turkish music and then studied the book of John. Later some of them became Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, and a Newspaper Man. Some stayed in Gaziantep and others went on to other places. Dad continued to be station treasurer, and also supervised workers in getting running water and toilets in the bath rooms in the Shephard house.

About this time in December my sister - Caroline Elise - was born. The new nurse at the Hospital, Jean Honiss was her nurse. I remember climbing up on to the bed and looking at my sister and seeing how little her hands were. I remember that I realized that now I would have to share mother with her as well with Bill. I was given a doll carriage for Christmas and one day mother put Caroline in the carriage. We were on the upper front porch, and I was allowed to push her very carefully around on the porch. Caroline was later called Carol.

I remember hearing the muezine call the call to prayer in the evenings when I was going to bed. It was a haunting sound that I still like to hear. There was a mosque and a minaret down the hill south of us not very far away.

In the lower hall there was a small kerosine lamp that was lit every evening. One evening Bill blew the light out. I knew it had to be relighted so I started to take the glass chimney off the lamp. I burned my hand. Mother had some special ointment - unguentine which smelled awful but it sure took the burning feeling away.

Six Years Old

My 6th birthday was the most special birthday I ever had - Jan 4, 1929. We always took naps after lunch and when nap time was over Mother was brought a note. It said "Look behind the fishbowl". We went down to the living room where the fishbowl was and behind the bowl were 2 packages for me - a comb and a brush. There was also another note which said "Look in the sewingmachine in Zabel's livingroom. Zabel and her family lived in the Girl School Building on the 3rd floor in the east wing. There I found an aluminum doll size teekettle. There were many other places we looked and found a whole set of aluminum pans for me to play with, including a double boiler, an angel food cake pan, pie pans, and a frying pan. Also there was a china tea set with cups, saucers, plates, teapot, creamer and sugar set. After all the gifts were found Zabel and her brother Nazar, Jimmy Pence and his mother, Aunt Billie came over for birthday cake and ice cream, with Mother, my brother Bill, Hosep and me.

Zabel was a little older than I was and Nazar was about a year older than Henry. They had 2 older sisters, Arusiak and Marine. They were the

last Armenian family to leave for Syria when I was about ten years old. Old Ponec Ami and his wife left about this time and we got a new man to buy groceries and get the mail. He was a Turk from the Kizel Bas tribe and his name was Okesk, only it was pronounced Herkesh. Our cook Maritiza had trouble with Okesk because he didn't realize that when you bought fresh vegetables you needed to watch that they were really fresh. I think that Okesk had worked as a cook when he served his 3 years in the Army. He lived down the hill from us to the north, two blocks on the corner on the edge of town. He was in training to be our cook.

The plan to start an agricultural school for village boys was begining to go into effect. My Dad and Uncle Hal started going to some near by villages to recrute some boys about 18 to 20 years old. Travel to the villages was by horse back. Travel farther away was by car. A Miss Emerson from the Boston Mission office came to visit us. Then she and I went by car to Marash to the mission there. The Wileys lived there - Uncle Walter and Aunt Louise, and their children, Lincoln, Louise and Carol. I only remember Lincoln, he was known to get into alot of trouble. Louise was probably a baby and Carol not born yet. I remember how dark it was when we went to bed that first night. During the night I heard the police whistle to each other. As they walked their beats they used a whistle to keep in touch. I was so glad when Miss Emerson and I got back to Gaziantep. Years later I met her at Kansas State College. She thought when I cried I was glad to see another American child to play with, I never told her I was so homesick for Gaziantep. However that was the only time I remember crying when I left home. As far as playing with another American child - that didn't cross my mind. I was happy playing with Zabel. I think I got my way often because I was younger than she. When Summer came and it was hot in the house mother let me sleep over at Zabels once in a while. Her family took their bedding out to the steps in front of the Girl School and slept out there in the Summer. Zabel was one of my favorite playmates. In the winter time it was fun to go to her house because for heat they had a "tondur". This was a wooden frame about the size of a small card table with a tin lining on the bottom and top. They would place a small round metal plate of coals on the bottom of this frame and on the top a large comforter. There were pillows around this whole tondur and one would sit down, put a pillow to your back and your feet near the tondur and the comforter over you. Then you could visit and be comfortably warm. The Americans had potbelly metal stoves that burned wood.

We Move to College Hill

The Pencses and the Iselys moved to College Hill the Summer of 1929. There were six buildings on this property and a gate house with a wall around it. On the top of the hill was the main building which had the class rooms. It was 4 stories high. The basement which was at ground level on the north side. One of the rooms which opened to the north was used to house Uncle Hal's and Dad's horses. The second floor was entered from the south. Dad had a key and we would walk up 2 flights of stairs. There were places where the wood floors and stairs had breaks in the wood. The forth floor had a large room the width of the building on the east end. Above this room was a Clock tower with three faces - north, east, and south - and one could see the time half a mile away. Once a week Dad would go up to that big room and take me or my brother, Bill. We had to climb a ladder up to the tower room and then dad would wind the clock. 2 weights had to be hand wound from the basement of the building to the tower. Most of the glass was out of the windows in the big room. We used to play tag up there. We also liked to sit on the

window ledge and hang our legs out the window. The window ledge was very wide as the walls were built of a double row of stones and the stones were about 10 inches thick. Some of the rooms were locked up and some of the windows were walled up with stone. On the 4th floor to the west there was one room whose north wall had been blown out by a canon ball, and there was a moderate hole in the floor. At the far west was another stairway. You could get to this stairway from the fourth floor and the stairway went down to the third floor. There were 2 steps missing near the top. The most daring of the missionary children could jump across those 2 steps including my brother, Bill. But I was too scared. If you missed the 2 steps you would land on the second floor. Luckily no one was hurt when we played in these old buildings. The first floor was closed up and the second floor was missing on the westside, we could not get across to the west stairway. Another way to the stairway was going into a window from the west end or climbing up from the basement using the old furnace as a ladder. Exploring the old college buildings didn't start for a year or so later. There was a locked room on the main floor at the East end that had a collection of wild flowers and other old books that my Dad went through and sent on to Aleppo. Eventually the old Clock also went to the collage at Aleppo.

There was a straight gravel road starting at the top of the hill on the east side of the main building that went to the gate house, through the gate and continued on down the hill to the main highway that circled the town. The gate house was about half way down the hill. From the gate house down the hill to the north was another road that went to the Kara Col - a police guard station. There was a village couple hired to be the gate keeper and his wife cooked for the four or five boys who were in the agriculture school. They lived in a building that was down the hill and north of the main building. I don't ever remember being in that building though I used to climb trees somewhere in that area - a large fig tree.

Behind the Main building was another school building three stories high. There were a lot of pigeons in all the building but especially this one. Up in the attic my dad had some curtains hung up that were open most of the time. When one first entered the building one could drop the curtains with ropes, then we would go upstairs and catch the birds and tie their feet together. Our cook, Okesh would clean them and we would have roasted squab for dinner. The basement of this building had an entrance from the west and our cow lived here, also some chickens. Our cow was a native cow and had been tested OK for tuberculosis. The cow was bred with the bull from America called Pioneer. One day when dad and Okesh where both gone mother asked me to go with her to check on the cow. As we walked from our house up the path to Old Main and on to the building our cow was in we saw a large black snake. Turkey has no poisonous snakes so since mother showed no fear I never feared snakes. We walked on to see our cow as she was having a calf. Mother was to check on her as the men were not around. Suddenly the calf was on the ground and the cow licked it and soon the calf stood up. It was fortunate that there was no problem but I am sure mother would have know what to do as she was a nurse. I never asked her if she felt confident.

There was a house quite far behind us. It was the library. We used to play there quite often. The library part was just one room and that was locked. Beyond the library in the south west corner was a small cemetery for the missionaries who had died in Turkey. There might have been 16 graves there. Dr. and Mrs. Fred Shephard, Dr. and Mrs. Trowbridge and a Sanders, and a few more people.

The two houses for the Pence and Isely families were to the south of

Old Main. It was about a 2 block walk to our house from the gate which had been the Merrill house. and it was about half a block south east to the house the Pencses lived. There was a gravel road from the gate to our house, and a lower road to the Pence house. On the way to the Pence house was a chicken house - brand new construction - I watched it being built. There was an incubator and the plan was to get a better bred of chickens for the villagers. Beyond the chicken house was a small limestone cave. Dad put his bees at the mouth of the cave in hives. The Italian honey bees were less aggressive and did not sting as much as the native bees. Dad received a magazine about bees that had one story each month for children. He got acquainted with a number of Turkish beekeepers, and worked with them. One day mother and I saw a swarm of our bees. We quickly told dad and he got an empty hive which had honey comb in it and took it to where the bees had settled on some branches. Dad cut off one of the branches shook some of the bees into the hive. Then he left them alone for a while and the bees adopted their new home. He seldom got stung, but when he did it didn't seem to bother him much. I loved the honey but I was afraid of bees. However I never got stung in Gaziantep, not until I was in Brawley, Cal. And it was not as bad as I expected.

Our house was a square house facing east, with a stone front porch which had no railing but six or seven stone steps up to the porch and a large honeysuckle plant on the east side of the porch. There was a stone shed on the north west corner of the house which housed a room for storing wood, a room which was the washroom, which had a cistern and a fireplace with a large kettle for hot water, and a two holer outhouse. The roof of the shed covered the walkway from the back door to the outhouse.

There was an upstairs old porch in bad condition that my dad had torn down. As one walked into the front door there was a stairway facing one going upstairs. The room to the right side was the dining room and the kitchen was behind it. To the left was a wide hallway with a door into one livingroom, where dad entertained the men. There was a room to the east of that - a very narrow room for flowers. There was a fire place in that living room and also in the room mother entertained the women in. This was just west of the first living room. At the end of the hall was the play room where my doll house from Wichita was placed. The Fairmount Congregational Church had given me a doll house to share with the Turkish children. We spent little time in the play room. Next to the play room was the ironing room. Between the ironing room and the kitchen was a hall way that lead out to the shed. If you went upstairs, Mother's and Dad's bedroom-sitting room were above the men's livingroom. Their dressing room was above the flower room, and the children's bedroom was above the lady's living room. The room above the playroom became the bathroom, and dad's office was above the ironing room. We had 2 guest rooms above the dining room and the kitchen. In the basement was a store room for canned fruits, and jellies, and Dad's carpenter room. There was an entry to the carpenter room from outside. We seldom went into the basement except the few times that Dad was working on a project. The ceiling of our upstairs sitting room had a big patch of plaster 3 feet square where a cannon ball had fallen through the roof. The back part of the roof was covered with tin and made a musical sound when it rained. The whole house needed painting and when I was 8 I helped paint windows. Only part of the lower floor was painted in the 4 years we lived there. Dad had a porch build on the back of the house on the second floor which we used as a sleeping porch.

The poles that held up the porch were 4 inch water pipes. We would swing our legs over the railing of the porch and shinny down and up the poles to either get into the house or out. Two swings were hung up below the porch. How I loved to pump myself up and swing and swing. We would either swing standing up or sitting down. Sometimes 2 of us facing each other would pump ourselves up and go very high. Once Bill and Jimmy had an argument over a hammer by the swings. Bill finally let go and the hammer hit Jimmy on the nose next to his eye. That was a close call. There were 2 trees behind the swing. One was a pistachio tree which I liked to climb. There was a large rock to sit on below the tree. I used to imagine that the bull, Pioneer had gotten out and was coming to charge me. I would stand on the rock and I would swing myself up into the tree and be safe. The other tree was an Almond tree with two main trunks. We had some hand holds and a seat up one of the trunks but it was harder to climb. One day Bill and Edward Dewey found two boards to go across the two main trunks. They had a great time until my dad came home for lunch and found his special walnut boards up in the tree. Dad found some other boards for Bill, and later he made a cabinet for mother to keep her silver and tableclothes, and he also made some livingroom chairs from the walnut boards. He caned the backs and seats of the chairs.

I used to go down to the gate house and visit with the lady who lived there. I don't ever remember telling mother where I was going. I just went. When we moved to College Hill our Armenian cook Maritza and her family moved to Aleppo. Okesk became our cook and his sister, Minaver our maid. She took care of Carol, maid the beds, ironed clothes with the old cast iron irons that you filled up with red glowing charcoal embers. She also made the beds and helped Okesk in the kitchen. Carol took watching. One morning just after breakfast we heard her in her walker fall half way down the front steps. We all had a scare, but she only had bruises. There was a washing lady that came on Mondays. Sometimes I would go watch her. The sheets were washed first. She used large copper kettles with a silver finish about 3 feet across and 8 inches high. After the sheets were scrubbed they were boiled, then rinsed, and hung up to dry. It took her most of the day to do the washing.

Every morning Okesk met with mother and they decided what we were to have for dinner and supper. Then Okesk would painstakingly write down what was to be bought. He would walk to market about 2 miles away with a basket and come back about 11am with food. He would again met with mother and tell her how much each item cost. He had a good memory but could not read or write very well. He struggled with reading. Dad would be back from where ever he had been, then we ate dinner at noon, which was followed by naps; but shortly after we moved to College Hill I didn't take naps any more but Dad always did. Some times he would only sleep a few minutes, but that is all he needed. Okesk and Minaver worked until about 4pm. Supper was ready. All it needed was a little heating up. In the summer we always had yougart, tomatoes, bread, and desert, and maybe tunafish or sardines. Our main meal at noon was often Turkish food - dolmas or sarmas. For special occations we had laghmajuns (Turkish pizzas) and Baklava.

Shortly after we had moved to College Hill the Dewey family came to Gaziantep and they moved into the Doctor's House. Frances, the eldest was just 9 years old, Elizabeth was 7 1/2 year old I was a year younger than Elizabeth, Edward was 2 years younger than I was, and Lynda was just a few months younger than Bill. Uncle Albert took care of the hospital, Aunt Elsie taught the 3 oldest children Calvert School System. Mother was teaching me 1st grade in the Calver School System. This was

a correspondence school. There was a big green notebook that was mimeographed with each days assignments. The first lesson at the top of the page was the arithmetic assignment, next the spelling, art appreciation, history, science, composition and reading. The text books were also sent, and even pencils, erasers and stars for perfect papers. There was alot of emphasis on a composition each day through out the whole 6 years. After 6 years of Calvert School you were supposed to be able to go ^{into} 8th grade.

The following year I was in 2nd grade and Lynda walked over to College with a Turkish boy, Mohamet, who worked for the Deweys, she and Bill were in Kindergarten, and Carol walked over to the Pence house where Aunt Billy had a nursery school. Our school was in my parent's bedroom/sitting room. There was a large bay window on the south wall and in this area dad had installed 4 student's desks with benches. I had one of the back benches and Bill and Linda were in front of me.

Some kind wealthy lady in the US donated a windmill for the college property. Dad over saw the building of the tower and the putting up of the motor and head on top of the tower. It was the highest windmill that I ever saw. It had to be taller than the 4 story and roof of the Main College building. A big wooden barrel 8 ft tall and about as big around was installed in the 4th story big room of Old Main - the room we played in. There was a weight that hung down outside the south window which showed how full the barrel was. The next project was to get water piped to each house, and a cesspool dug. Then toilets, washbasins, and tubs were ordered from Istanbul for us and the Pences. The hotwater tanks were made in Gaziantep under dad's directions. They used wood for heating the water. The cesspool was halfway to the Library way back of our house. We watched the workmen dig. They had to dig through solid limestone. In fact the garden in our back yard was not very successful because bedrock was so close to the surface. So we got modern plumbing, but the outhouse was still used when needed, especially if you came from outside and upstairs was too far to wait. We did not have electricity. We had some small coaloil lamps. One very small one was put on a shelf in the hallway high enough so we could not reach it. Dad turned it off when he went to bed. In winter we had a pot belly stove in the dining room, one in the living room, and one in Mother and Dad's sitting room, but most of the time we only used the one in the dining room and the folk's room. Every evening we had bed time stories and were put to bed by seven o'clock. Mother and Dad would sit around the fire and mother darned socks and Dad read, often out loud. We wore long underwear and long stocking with garters to keep the stocking up. I wore warm underpants and dresses and a sweater. In the morning the fire was out but often there were coals to start the fire with. Dad got up and got the fire started. Then we were called and we ran into their room and dressed as close to the fire as we could get. We had breakfast at 7am. Usually we had cream of wheat, or a homemade shredded wheat, pancakes, or waffles. We had fruit - oranges or dried figs in the winter and many fruits in the summer. Yene dunya was the first fruit of the spring. The word means new world, We had delicious apricots, then plums, peaches, figs. The fresh figs were better than any place I have lived, and the grapes were delicious.

In the Summer we slept on the back sleeping porch. We moved out sometime in June. Each bed had a misquito net hanging from above. The net was tucked all around the bed except for a tiny area where one could crawl into the covers. Bill and my beds were to the south end of the porch. Carol's crib was in the middle and the folks' bed was at the north end. Bill and I used to talk alot when we went to bed. We used to watch the stars and see alot of shooting stars in the summer. Some

times we played guessing games like "what country is in the shape of a boot?" Dad showed us where the north star was and the big dipper, and Casiopea's chair. Gaziantep was 2000 feet above sea level so the nights got cool and we always needed blankets. In September the rains would come and one night we had to get up in the middle of the night and move inside. Dad would carry all the bedding in and we slept on the floor the rest of the night.

The Dewey Family Arrives

Sunday mornings we walked over to the Girl School for church. The Americans, the Armenians still in the area, and the local nurses who worked at the hospital came to Church which met in the Girl School on the first floor in the big room that had been the old dinning room. We met in the south-west corner which was usually warm and sunny. Benches were arranged to divide the larger part of the room from where we were meeting. There was a reed organ, and the hymn books were in old Turkish. I learned the Arabic characters for the numbers of the hymns from those books. The service was in Turkish and my Dad preached. I don't remember who played the organ. It was in that setting that the American Children first sang "Kuchuk Checkeklar yerden Chukdelar, Zadik Vackde, Zadik Vackde" This is a Turkish song about Easter. "Little Flowers Arose from the Ground at Easter Time, at Easter Time. We sang that every Easter until I left in 1935.

Every Sunday we would go back to eat our own dinner on College Hill and if there was ice or packed snow available we had Ice Cream. Sometimes we had one of the other children over for dinner and some times one of us were invited to the Deweys. Mother and Auntie Elsie also had us exchange sleeping over at night so that we would get used to be away from home because at 12 or so we all knew that we would have to go away to school. Sunday night we got together for "Sunday Sing". We had an old fashioned Hymn fest where each person could pick what they wanted to sing. For a short time the most popular gift for Christmas for the adults was a Pilgrim Hymnal with that person's name printed on it. These could be ordered from Boston. We had the "Sings" in the different family homes and the hostess usually played either the piano - in the Dewey home - or the Reed Organ in our home. The children only attended when it was at their own home until College Hill was closed down 4 years later.

The parents walked back and forth for prayer meeting which was Wednesday evenings. This was in English and only the American Missionaries went. They took turns giving a spiritual devotion and they also sang a number of songs. When Dad and Mother went over to the Hospital Hill for prayer meeting they would take a Gasoline lantern like a camping lantern. From our second floor guest bedroom window I could watch the lantern go down as far as the gate house. Usually I was asleep before they got back, even though they were back by 9pm. In the summer they only needed the lantern on the way home. Our Cook, Okes, would babysit us. Carol would have already been put to bed, but Bill and I would sit with Okesh and his cousin, Mohamet in the dinning room. Okes used to tell us great stories. He grew up when story telling was passed on by mouth not a book. His stories had genies and tunnels, wells where people hid, magic birds that talked, etc. I think his tales were from Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves, One Thousand and One Nights, and other stories from that area of the world.

Our family was visiting the Deweys shortly after they came. The kids were sitting around not knowing what to do when Dad called us all outside to the east side of the Dewey Home. He showed us how to play

"Pum, Pum, Pull away." We had alot of fun and that game was one of our favorites for a long time. The Armenian family at the Girl School - Zabel and Nazar often joined us at play. Linda because she was the youngest and I because I was slower at running were often "it". Much earlier Mother had shown me how to play "Hide and Seek" and we also liked to play that game. Not too long after the Dewey family came to Gaziantep, their home Church back in the US provided them with a gym set of bars and rings, also a slide, and a tetter-totter. These were put in the Dewey back yard and I mastered the rings and bars, learning to hang by my knees and swing. Those early years the American kids did enjoy the play ground equipment that had been donated.

In the northwest corner of the Dewey back yard was a fig tree. With the help of the tree and some finger holds we could climb up the wall and look over. We could see the street below and watch people coming and going. Sometimes shepherds were leading their sheep and goats out of town or back to the house. The Turkish houses were build with a wall all around and a courtyard in the middle. The house could be part of the wall and the animals were often kept on the first floor, with the kitchen also on the first floor and the charcoal fires outside. The people had an outside staircase up to their main room where they slept, and kept their bedding. In the summer they slept on the roof. It was a flat roof and when it rain they had to go over the roof with a large stone roller to keep the roof in good shape. Once there was a report of a family being killed when the roof fell in. They cooked with charcoal portable stoves which were always outside the houses even in the rain.

Sometimes we would look over the wall and see the boys playing with marbles. Each boy made his own shooter with a small solid rock of real marble. Then he would pound it down and polish the rock until it was smooth and round. This was his marble. They would shoot at the vertebra bones from a sheep or a goat which had been boiled and cleaned and were used over and over again. These were called an "Ashuk" and when a boy hit an ashuk with his marble it was his.

We did alot of walking in Gaziantep as the station did not have a car. I think Dr. Dewey realized that walking was good for people. Wednesday afternoons were his day off, and many time we went for a walk. One of our hikes was up Marden hill. Since the Deweys lived up one hill and we another we would meet on the road at the bottom of the hill, 3/4 ths of the way up Marden Hill there was a snow pit. The pit was on the north side of the hill so it got quite a bit of shade. People gathered up the snow and packed it in the pit and put sawdust or straw on top of the snow. The snow got almost as hard as ice, and lasted into the Summer. Our cook would buy some of this snow to make ice cream with. We usually had ice cream on Sunday noon for desert. The sides of the pit were quite steep but one could still run down the sides and climb back up and out. On some of our hikes we would not stop at the pit but would climb on up to the ridge. From the ridge one could see mountains in the north which were behind the town of Marash. The Wiley family lived in Marash. Sometimes we went to some lime stone caves at the base of Marden Hill. These were man made quarryys. Sometimes on our hike we would go to "Kavak Luk". This was a park like area along the stream that was north of the city of Gaziantep. The stream went from west to east and may have come from as far away as Sara Kiya, which was a mountain to the north west of us. And the stream might have gone as far east as the Euphrates River. Many people had small plots of gardens along this stream. To water their gardens they saddled a donkey to a pole. As the donkey went around and around it lifted buckets of water from a hole in the ground and dumped the buckets into a an irrigation ditch which went into their fields. By using the ground water rather than the stream they didn't get

the stream all muddy. There were apricot, almond, and plum trees in the valley. Grapes grew on the hillsides. They also grew vegetables like eggplant, squash, lettuce, green beans, and okra. When I was little I remember seeing poppies growing in a field and they were white with a few purple ones. Now most of Turkey's poppies are grown for morphine and are strickly regulated. They might have been getting the sap off the seed pods and smuggling the gummy sap. There were smugglers who left town by horseback in the middle of the night. I never heard them but Mother usually did. At breakfast she would say "Did you hear the sungglers last night?" I never did and I was told that they were smuggling sugar. Our sugar did come in bulk and did have brown specks in it. About the time I went away to school we could buy a 100 kelo bag of beet sugar from Europe that was clean. About 25 years ago I was reading about the opium triangle - Lebanon, Paris, US. And the code name for opium was sugar. So one wonders?

Dad had several farmer friends who built water reservoirs near their fields in Kavak Luk. These reservoirs were about 3 feet deep, 4 yards wide and about 6 yards long. He made arrangements that after the reservoir was full he and we kids would go swimming in them before the farmer emptied them. Several times that worked out fine and a few times we didn't get to swim before they were emptied.

On the way to Kavak Luk we went by a corner that smelled strong of alcohol. The smell came from the "rocki" factory where they made hard grape liquor. Though Muslims are not supposed to drink hard liquor some of them do. Right close to that factory was a outdoors coffee house where men gathered for coffee, rocki, and to visit and play "back gamon. In the late afternoons one could hear music comming from there all the way up to the Girl School compound. It was old Turkish music with high falsetto men's voices, I think the music was on old victrola records.

For About a block further west there was a "Kara Kol" - a little shelter and a soldier guard. This was where the highway ring around the town met and one high way went north and one west. The one west went to Kelis and on to ~~on to~~ Aleppo. The one to the north went over the stream on a very old stone bridge and up to the hill north of us called Duluk Baba. We sometimes hiked out to the stone bridge and then along the stream to a path going west. In the spring there were yellow and red bright single petal rose bushes.

Duluk Baba was too far to hike - it was about 6 miles away. Once we went up there by truck. On top of this hill are several interesting tombs. There was a square rock building with a Roman Eagle seal. The sheperds used it for their sheep in the winter. Not far away are 2 old tombs with a cartwheel stone that could be rolled across the entrance. These tombs date back to about Jesus' time. In later years the missionaries had their Easter sunrise service up there. Then there is a Muslim tomb which is also several centuries old.

Back in Gaziantep, is the old Arab castle that dates back to the Crusades. The wall of ^{the} castle is broken in places. We walked around the wall several times. One time Mother slipped and fell. She did not hurt herself but the dimond of her ring fell out and could not be found. I think the castle is build on an old mound. There is also a mound several miles west of town. No one has found any ancient things there though they have dug a little around the mound.

Picnics and Holidays

One of our fun activities during the Spring, Summer, and Fall was picnicking. As the station did not have any cars or vans we would hire a cab and driver, or we hired a truck and driver for a group of us. For picnics we would have a truck. The trucks had a top and bars along the

sides without windows, and two long boards one on each side used as benches. The boards could be lifted up when the trucks were used to carry loads of merchandise. When we went on a Picnic there would be the Dewey family, the Isely family, sometimes the Pence family and 2 or 3 nurses from our hospital who were on a day off. Often Okesh would go. Usually Okesh would sit up by the driver. The adults would sit on the benches, and we kids would sit in between people or on the floor. The picnic food would also be on the floor. There were no paper plates in those days so picnics were always finger food picnics. We usually had fried chicken, bread and butter sandwiches, fresh fruit and cookies. The food had to be put on the floor so we children had to watch where we sat. We often had a picnic at Nurgana. Nurgana was East of Gaziantep about 20 or 25 miles, but the roads were of gravel and travel on them was slow. Sometimes there were pot holes, and sometimes we had to watch out for animals. The most frequent animals would be flocks of sheep or goats that were crossing the road. There were no public restrooms so one had to get used to going behind the bushes. The truck was parked about 5 minutes of walking away from the picnic spot. At Nurgana there were a lot of trees along the stream and it was a pretty spot. At one of our picnics after we had eaten and rested and looked around and were ready to start back we could not see Lynda Dewey. The men started looking for her as the rest of us went to the truck. At the picnic sight she had started going the wrong direction and no one noticed her. Okesh found her and carried her back on his shoulders. Nurgana had lots of Apricot trees along the river and we liked to go there in the spring when they were blooming bright pink. The favorite Apricot variety was called "Altun Cum" which means golden sand, they were large and extra delicious. I think it was near Nurgana that the Shephards, and Iselys camped when I was a toddler.

The three families and the single ladies took turns having holiday meals together. There was Thanksgiving and Christmas, and the Fourth of July, and birthdays. In the fall Okesh would buy several live turkeys and we would fatten them up on whole walnuts. It seemed like we were hosts for either Thanksgiving or Christmas every year. I think Auntie Billie got excused when she was pregnant and they had 3 more boys after Jimmie; David, Rodrick, and Alan. And Auntie Elsie had Warner when Carol was two. When we had a holiday dinner at our house the dining room table was moved into the back living room and the best table cloth was used. Mother opened up the table to its full size. The adults sat at this table, and Mother had another table that she used for us children to sit at. I remember one Christmas when mother had made place cards with a little pine cone and a candle glued on to the card. Uncle Albert's card caught on fire and scorched the table cloth. He was so apologetic. Mother kept the table cloth as no threads had broken. We always watched for fire when candles were used and Dad saw that there was a fire extinguisher close by. Auntie Elsie's father and stepmother, who were called Gimpa and Gimma came to live with the Deweys when I was about ten. Gimma was a great cook and managed the Dewey household while Auntie Elsie taught school, music lessons, went visiting on the Turkish ladies with mother and did evangelizing. So when we had Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner at the Dewey home it was Gimma who produced the dinner with the help of their Turkish cook. I only remember eating at the Pence house once. but we must have been there more often than I remember.

For Christmas we had several different celebrations. First Mother and Auntie Elsie would plan a program and then they would cut the old Christmas cards from earlier years and paste the pictures on a folded piece of typing paper. They would hand write the program on the inside.

That would be the Christmas eve service. Some of the missionaries had good voices and would sing solos - Dr. Dewey would sing part of the Messiah, and so would Auntie Jean Honiss. We would all sing some of the Christmas Carols and Dad would have the prayer at the end, he sang monotone. Mother usually sang a solo also.

The Christmas of 1930 was the second Christmas the Dewey family was there. We had the Christmas Eve service at the Dewey home. We were at their home in the mid afternoon for a practice because the Children had a special part in the program. Zabel was to carry the star on a stick so all could follow her. Lynda, Bill, Edward, and Nazar held streamers which were attached to the star. They were in white robes - sheets. I was the king that brought gold and sang the second verse of "We Three Kings", Elizabeth, was the one that had frankincense and sang the third verse, and Frances carried myrrh and sang the fourth verse. We were all to sing the first and fifth verses. In the afternoon Edward and Bill were playing on the front porch of the Dewey house waiting to practice singing. There was a railing around the porch and the boys were walking on top of the railing when Bill fell about seven feet into the flower bed. He suffered a slight concussion and was unconscious for a short time. Everyone was worried about him. He was kept quiet and lying down and did not participate in the program as planned. I think Dad had to carry him home to College Hill that night. I don't remember any more specific programs except that one.

Christmas Morning before dawn the native nurses would get up and sing carols at the Pence home, our home, the Dewey home, and the Auntie Doctor and the American Nurse's rooms. They sang in English even if they couldn't speak English. That was our awakening on Christmas Morning. We always had a Christmas Tree with real candles and home made decorations, pop corn and, paper chains, and a few glass balls. The trees came from the forests near Marash. The last few years I was home we could no longer get fir trees so dad would trim olive branches and tie them together on a stick. This make-shift tree wasn't so nice looking but we made do with it. We would get up and get dressed in the cold and then go down to the livingroom for the men where dad would built a fire in the fire place. The Christmas tree was in that room. Dad would light the candles on the tree for a short time and he had the fire extinguisher close by. He would never step out of the room while the candles were lit. I don't think there was ever a fire except the place card at Uncle Albert's place. We had our family exchange of gifts there before breakfast. We 5 had hung our stockings Christmas Eve and in the morning we found nuts, oranges, and candy. Most of the gifts were hand made. Mother had helped me make a pen wiper for Dad out of some squares of flannel and a pretty button that I sewed the squares together with. One year Dad made copper bookends from a sheet of copper. He cut a sheet of copper into a 6 by 12 inch piece bent it at a right angle and hammed our initials on the top half of the book end. I still have those bookends. Another year I remember Mother was short of bath towels. So each of us got 2 Turkish towels, mine were white with 2 green strips and Bill and Carol got other colors. Dad gave me a small pair of embroidery sissors which I had through College days.

In the middle of the morning we would have our exchange of presents with the rest of the station personel. The second year the Deweys were there the Church in the US that sponsored them sent the girls toy stoves and pots and pans among other things. I was envious of the stoves because you could bake a cookie in a stove and the cookie was edible. After the exchange of gifts we would usually go home and then assemble again for dinner about 1pm for turkey, with potatoes and gravy, vegetables, salad, and desert. There were no cranberries in Turkey but

they had a cherry with a different flavor called "visne" which mother made into a sauce. Visne was as tasty as cranberries. Mother tried pumpkin pie at Thanksgiving and plum pudding for Christmas. She always apologized for the pie crust because there was no good shortening or lard available in Turkey. But I thought her pies tasted fine. Sweet potatoes were not available either. Mother had a Home Economics Degree from Fairmount College and fed us nutritious and good meals. New Years was not a holiday that I ever remember. But we made Valentines for our parents and sent some to our grandmothers and also to our American playmates. Easter I mentioned earlier. Our next holiday was the Fourth of July. Dad would always buy sparklers and sky rockets. We were allowed to hold the sparklers, and Dad would shoot off the rockets. We often had a picnic for the Americans in the Girl School compound and then when it got dark would have the fireworks. For this picnic we might have Lamajuns and Baklava which we bought in the local bakery.

Birthdays and Anniversaries were always celebrated. Mother made sponge cake for our birthdays and we had ice cream and cake at supper time. In the afternoon mother would invite the children my age - France and Elizabeth would come and brought simple homemade gifts. For my parties mother had a taffy pull for France, Elizabeth and me for several years. Bill's birthday was the day before Halloween so we had games like bobbing for apples and made a jack-o-lantern. I don't remember any of Carol's birthdays, for when she was six I had left for school. But I know we had birthdays for her but maybe only the family were present until she was older. Mother and Dad had their 10 year wedding anniversary when we were living at College. The adults all come over to the Pence house and had a surprise "Tin" shower for them. The adults also had birthday parties for each other in the evening. Because we were so far away from family the missionaries made a big thing out of birthdays, anniversaries, and holidays. Sunday noons some child would be invited for dinner at someones house or Edward would go to dinner with Bill and I would stay at the Dewey home for dinner and some times over night. School was only in the mornings so some times the Dewey children came over to play on the College Hill. Several times Frances, Elizabeth and I walked around the outer walls of the college compound. There was a cistern on the walk around and one time when we were walking around the stone cover for the cistern had been removed and I stopped one step before I could have fallen in. I think it was over one mile to go around from the gate back to the gate.

Places we played

There was a lot of playing over at the College Compound. The older Dewey children came over to play in the summers when there was no school, and also in the fall and spring in the afternoons. Once in a while we would walk clear to the south, west corner and look over the grave stones. But our favorite area was the old library. It was the least damaged of the buildings and many of the windows had been closed up with a wall of stones and mortar. Dad had a key and we went with him the first time we played there. The entrance faced east and there was a stairway going upstairs right inside. If you walked straight ahead there was a large room on the left that was the south wing, a door on the west that went into where the books were stored, and a north wing but the door was locked. Several times Dad worked in the storage room and there were some things in there such as pressed flowers, and globes of the world and the stars. These things were sent to Aleppo. Up stairs there were two small rooms above the entry and a large room the full

Places where we played

There was a lot of playing over at the College Compound. The older Dewey children came over to play in the summers when there was no school, and also in the fall and spring in the afternoons. Once in a while we would walk clear to the south, west corner and look over the grave stones. But our favorite area was the old library. It was the least damaged of the buildings and many of the windows had been closed up with a wall of stones and mortar. Dad had a key and we went with him the first time we played there. The entrance faced east and there was a stairway going upstairs right inside. If you walked straight ahead there was a large room on the left that was the south wing, a door on the west that went into where the books were stored, and a north wing but the door was locked. Several times Dad worked in the storage room and there were some things in there such as pressed flowers, and globes of the world and the stars. These things were sent to Aleppo. Up stairs there were two small rooms above the entry and a large room the full size of the building. Because the room was rather dark we didn't play there often. One summer Frances and Elizabeth came over after lunch and we had several cots in the small rooms that we were allowed to go to and take our afternoon naps. After the nap we would often roam the campus. If Dad was not around with the key there were 3 ways to get into this old building. All the window glass was out of the south wing and one window was low enough that one could jump and grab hold of the window ledge and then swing one leg over the ledge and get into the room. Then you could go upstairs if you wanted to. There was a pile of broken building rock on the ground just below another window and the old window frame still hung there. That frame made a convenient ladder for us to climb over the rocks and enter threw that window. We could go the same places with this entrance. The way to get into the north wing of the library was to walk around to the back or west side and walk into the basement. There was no door there. Part of the basement had been dug out and there was a sloping floor that went up to just under the floor of this wing. In one spot the floor was broken and one could put his arms up through the hole and jump and hoist oneself up carefully so as not to scratch ones arms on the broken edges of the boards. Any of these places were fun for tag, or hanging ones legs out the window.

We also went to the barn where the cattle were kept, but we just watched the bull from the fence. And there were trees to be climbed. We never walked down by the little cave where the honey bees were kept. There were the remains of a formal garden that had pomgranet trees and iris. The flower beds had been lined with the local black rock. On many places on College Hill there was a prickly plant that grew about 2 to 3 feet high. It had leaves with very fine hairs with barbs on the points. The little blue flowers had 5 petals like stars. We could carefully pull off a flower by its petals and suck the back end of the flower for its nectar. The bees loved this plant that I have never seen growing anywhere else.

It was amazing that we had so much freedom and had few accidents. One day after Bill and Linda had finished school they went walking up to Old Main and to the windmill. They were about 5 years old when they decided to climb the windmill. Okesh was sent to look for them and he finally found them sitting on the small platform that was right below the head. If someone had turned on the machine the blades of the head would have swept them right off the platform. Okesh brought them home and mother finished her lessons with them. Linda had to wait for Mohamet to come and walk her back to the Hospital Hill. When Mohamet came the 2 had disappeared again. This time they were up in our attic. Mother had some Ivory soap she had brought from America stored up in the

attic. The two had taken all the wrappers off the soap. I don't remember us children being very naughty, but that was one day Bill and Linda really got into trouble.

The Summer of 1930 cousins of my dad came to visit. Bill and I went to stay with the Dewey family for about 2 weeks, and Caroline stayed with the Pence family. I am sure we were welcome but I never felt real comfortable. Edward got into trouble quite often and his sisters would taunt him with "wait till Daddy gets home and you are going to get a licking". His mother didn't seem to do much disciplining. Mother was our disciplinarian. She worked with the problems as they came up and often dad was not present. When he got home everything had already been taken care of. Mother and dad went to Suez to meet Dad's cousin Marian (Isely) and Gordon Alexander. They had been teaching at a school in Ceylon, now called Sri Lanka and they were on the way back to the US. He ended up a professor of science at the University of Colorado in Boulder. After the four of them visited in Egypt and Palestine they came back to Gaziantep and the cousins visited us for several days. I was given a little basket from Ceylon. I was certainly glad to be back home.

Annual Meeting - 1931

In 1931 our family went to Annual Meeting near Istanbul. We had a car ride to Fevzi Pasha and boarded the Berlin to Bagdad train to Istanbul. I remember dad getting off the train at certain stations and filling our Water Jug with pure Spring water. The train went threw the Silician Gates, a narrow pass in the Tauris Mountains. Alexander the Great brought his army threw this pass. There were a lot of tunnels along this pass and looking down one could see a gushing river or looking up you could see the tops of the mountains. It was an exciting ride. One just got a good look and then another tunnel would come along.

The meeting was at Guez Tepe where there was a campus and a boys high school. Finney Markham was the principle of the school and lived in a house on the campus with his ~~family~~ Eve, and daughters Eleanor and Barbara. The Markhams and the Iselys were newly weds in 1920 at language school in Scutary, a near by town. Scutary or Escutar is the town you board the ferry to cross the Bosphorus. Also Finney was a class mate of Dad's at Collage in Oberlin. During the meetings I don't know if there were any baby sitters for Bill and me. I was 8 and I had my first crush. It was Kingsly Burge who was about 15. He had a bike and he took some of us on rides -we rode on the front bar, and I thought I was a favorite and got more rides than the others. Maybe Kingsly was to watch us, I don't know. My sister was younger, and I don't remember any baby sitter. I think mother sat near the back of the meeting room and had some toys for Carol to play with. The campus was along the shoreline. There was a pier out from the shore and one could jump off the pier into deep water and swim out a few strokes to a sand bar and stand up and the water only reached to ones chest. One day Kingsly was in charge of several kids who went swimming. Bill had water wings on and he jumped into the deep and started going under. Kingsly pulled him out immediately. Someone had pulled the plug that held the air in on the water wings. I don't know who it was. Anyway Bill learned to swim quickly. We swam there nearly every day in the afternoon with both dad and mother.

I know that some people got sick while at Annual Meeting, some kind of a diarrhea. It did not last long and that kind of thing went around often in Turkey and other Middle East countries.

When we went back to Gaziantep we went threw the spectacular Silician Gates again and got off the train in Tarsus. We were met by William Sage Woolworth with a car. He drove us up to their mountain cabin up in the mountains. We stayed there for the rest of the month. Aunt Pauline was

in the language school group with the folks, and Wm Sage worked with the Near East Relief, and then they were married and assigned to the Tarsas School for Boys. They had a daughter Dorothy about Bill's age and a boy younger. They had a hammock outside by the house. We kids would all pile in the hammock, swing as high as we could and sing out lustily, "Oh Where, Oh Where has my little dog gone, Oh where can he be?" We also went hiking in the mountains and I found a fossil of a sand dollar which I still have. We caught the same train and went back to Fevzi Pasha and home.

Scarlet Fever

I think it was the fall of 1931 when I came down with Scarlet Fever. Uncle Albert knew that is what I had but he had not seen any cases in Gaziantep. My Dad had been at a meeting and he came back and about 10 days later I had this very sore throat. In fact it was prayer meeting night. Okesh was babysitting and telling us stories when I started getting the sore throat. I could feel it getting worse by the minute. It was decided Dad carried the germs back from his trip. Mother kept me in bed for about a week until the rash on my chest, my sore throat, and my fever were gone. I was not really very sick. But several days later, Bill and Carol had rashes and also Warner Dewey who was about 10 months old. They were not sure about Warner having Scarlet Fever, but he and his mother stayed in our front guest bed room. Okesh and his cousin stayed downstairs, cooked for us, and brought up wood for the stoves. We were quarantined in our bed rooms. Aunt Elsie put on a gown and ate her meals with us. The food came to our door and Okesh poured the food into serving dishes we held out to him without touching him or those dishes he held. The wood came in a basket placed at our door and then very carefully we carried the wood logs into our rooms without touching the basket. I was well by the time we were quarantined, but in those days they thought that when ones skin peeled after the rash it was contagious. We were holed up from early November until after Christmas. Warner and his mother left after about a month. Carol was not very sick but Bill had a gland on his neck that was swollen. He had to have it lanced. Uncle Albert, Aunt Doctor, and Dad, all dressed in gowns came in and Uncle Albert lanced the gland. He healed up after that. We had Christmas in quarantine and Dad came wearing a gown and had Christmas dinner with us. The nurses came and sang Christmas Carols to us from the yard and Dad joined them. I don't know where Dad stayed, probably at the Girl School. New Years we got out of Quarantine. Mother, Bill, and I taped all the windows around the cracks with strips of old newspapers and flour paste. Carol probably helped but she was only 3. All my Child Life magazines had to be burned. 3 years of issues had been bound that Spring, and I read as many of the stories over again as I could.

After all the windows were sealed up we each had a bath and put on clean clothes that were not contaminated and moved into the guest bedrooms. These rooms had been fumigated after Aunt Elsie and Warner had left. Mother and Dad had the front room and we kids had the one next to it. After all of us had gotten out of the bathroom Dad lit the fumigating sticks, one for each room, lighting one in the bathroom and then sealing that door with paper strips after he got out of the room. We had to use the old out house for a week until the authorities decided the rooms were safe to go into. But before we could move into our own bedrooms Dad got the flu, then mother and by the time I was to celebrate

my 9th birthday we were all sick with the flu. I guess that was the worst birthday I ever had, there was no birthday party, cake or ice cream.

One gift I received for Christmas was a puzzle made of 7 ceramic pieces which could be put together to make a square. There was a box it came in just the right size and a little booklet with other designs to make. But in the fumigation process all paper things had to be burned. We always got gifts at Christmas from my Grandmothers and Aunt Alice. Aunt Alice always sent books, "Peter Rabbit" was one of the early ones. I also got "Little Women," "Little Men," and "Jo's Boys". Over the years there were a number of books and mother saved them and brought them back to us when they retired in 1961. One year the folks gave us the Book House Series, Vol. I for Carol, II for Bill and III for me. Another gift I received was a box with 5 jigsaw puzzles, that mother put on the top shelf of a cupboard and never touched until after the fumigation. Those 5 puzzles were of 5 different animals, a cow with blue color on the back, a lion with salmon color, an elephant with red, a deer with green and a bear with yellow. I carefully took out one puzzle at a time and made it up before I messed up the others. The first time that Frances and Elizabeth came over to play after our bout with Scarlet Fever France took the box and dumped all 5 puzzles out and mixed them all together. Then it was too hard to make the puzzles so after they left I had to make them all. Mother helped me sort the colors and then I had no problem getting them back together. There was a box of white, smooth building blocks that I enjoyed working with. I think they were mine but we all played with them. I always liked putting them away in the right place in the box. Bill had some blocks that had red on one side and white the opposite side, blue on another side and yellow opposite, and a triangle half red and half white on one side and half blue and half yellow on the opposite side. There must have been 144 blocks. After the fumigation dad built a wooden box to replace the cardboard box. We also had a game called Peggity where each person had one color of pegs and the object was to get 5 of the same color in a row without getting stopped by an opponent. 6 people could play and it was a fun game. Bill also got Lincoln Logs and Tinker Toys and later he got an Erector Set. I always liked playing with those building sets. We had these activities inside on winter afternoons, and also other times.

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Snow and Winter Time

When ever it snowed in the Winter we would go sledding. We were already close to the top of the hill, but to sled we would go down to the Gate House and start sledding a little below the gate house. We would tramp down the snow with our goloshes on, and dad helped us. If there really was a good amount of snow Dad would get a heavy beam and have the horses drag the beam up and down the hill to pack the snow. We would go sledding in the afternoon, the Dewey children would come and join us, and mother often went with us to supervise. In the evening any snow that had melted would freeze up and the sledding would be better. The sled would go almost to the road at the bottom of the hill, If I can judge distances from my memory I would say that was a good 2 blocks from the Gate house to the road, and 2 blocks from our house to the gate, and 4 blocks up the hospital hill to the gates intering the Girl School yard. The native nurses Dad, Mother, and some of the other adults would go sledding in the evening and then Mother would serve hot cocoa to every one. The packed snow slide would last for about a week depending on how cold the nights were and how hot the days got. The best way to slide down was on one's stomach - a belly slide. One time Mother took the Gate lady down with her both of them sitting up. The

Gate lady had never been on a sled ride before and she began to sway from side to side and Mother lost control of the sled. They crashed into a snowbank, and neither got hurt, but I think mother may have broken her glasses. There were not many sleds but we all took turns. We had a sled and the Dewey's had a sled. I loved to go sledding and I liked going down on my belly, I knew that if I fell off I wouldn't get hurt, but I don't remember ever getting hurt. Sometimes when the snow was in extra good condition we were allowed to start school an hour late and we had sledding right after breakfast. I even remember that the Dewey children came over to go sledding before school one time. The Pence children and Carol were too little to join us. I don't remember any sledding after the college property was sold and we moved to the Girls School when I was 10.

One Spring Edith Wiley from Marash came to Gaziantep with Lincoln, and Louise, about the same time Mary Nute arrived from Adana with Cy and Marilee. They stayed at the Hospital and Girl School compounds so we naturally walked over to visit them. Cy was at the Dewey home and in the evening Frances asked her mother if I could stay over for the night. The Deweys had closed in the upstairs sleeping porch that I had given Carol a doll buggy ride when she was a baby. The 4 older Dewey kids, Cy and I slept on the porch. I was about 9 and Cy was 2 years older - Frances' age. I really never liked staying over night with the Deweys, that night may have been my second memory of being homesick, but I stayed. Later that year I stayed with Zabel over night. I remember visiting and it was so cozy under the cover of the "tondur". Three weeks or so later I got mumps. Zabel was coming down with them when I had visited. It was decided that I caught them from her. Since mumps were common in Gaziantep the quarantine was not so stringent as with Scarlet Fever. I moved into the front bedroom until I was over the mumps. I was not very sick. Neither Bill or Carol got them from me. Carol had them in High School while living in Wichita with Grandmother Green. Some time later Zabel's second sister, Marine, got sick and died. I think she may have had rheumatic fever. I knew she was not as strong as her sisters. That was the first death of someone I knew. After Marine died her family made marriage arrangements for the oldest sister Arusiak. When Arusiak got permission to leave the country plans were made by the rest of the family to escape Turkey. The family had tickets to ride the train to Aleppo, Arusiak would get off the train and they would ride on back into Turkey and back to Gaziantep. The Berlin-Bagdad train makes a semicircle around Gaziantep when it dips down into Syria and back into Turkey. What happened was that the family disappeared in the Aleppo railroad station, and they all escaped Turkey. I missed Zabel, she was a nice girl to play with.

Summer in Sara Kiya

In the Summer of 1932 the Iselys and the Deweys went camping together on the mountain called Sara Kiya - Yellow Peak. This was a very complicated endeavor. In the spring Dad and Uncle Albert took off for an overnight on horses and went to Sara Kiya. I would guess it was about 40 miles away. One could see it from College Hill easily. They found a spring of pure cold water on the west side of the mountain that could be walled up with rocks to keep animals out. It was important to have a pure source of water. The spring was about half way up to the top of the mountain. There was a village on the south end of the mountain with cliffs around it that were 100 feet high. There was one path that the villagers used that ran below the cliffs and over to the spring. The goats were herded by several men and boys, past the spring every morning and back past the spring and on to the village for the night. I think this spring was the source of the stream that ran along the north side

of Gaziantep. This was where Uncle Albert and dad decided we would have our camp. There was an irrigation canal that came from the west through the gardens and Kavac Luk that was lined and covered with rock slabs. Before the families went to the camp the top man of the villege was paid to have some of the villege men close up the mouth of the cave leaving a place for the water to flow out but small enough so no goats could contaminate the water.

We packed tents, bedding, clothes, coaloil camp stoves and lanterns, cots, lumber and straw mats that were about 6 feet long and 3 feet wide into a truck and the mothers and children rode in the truck. I think Uncle Albert was with us, and Dad and Okesh went by horse back. They met us with horses at a place about 3 miles north of where we were going to camp. I think Aunt Elsie and Warner, who was about 1 year old, and Carol and Emine, the crippled girl who was living with the Deweys, rode. I remember getting tired, but the rest of us were urged on the to camp with singing. By night time we had camp set up. The tents were up. The straw mats were used as shades. Dad and Okesh had put up a shade for the kitchen area, which also had a small tent for storing food. The dinning area was just down hill from the kitchen and the spring. Another shade was set up over the on the spot made table which held all 13 of us. Okesh and the Dewey's cook ate in the kitchen. This was on a slope so the uphill legs of the table were shorter and the down hill legs were longer. So the fathers sat at the far end and the smallest children at the other end, and the rest of us filled the sides. Just below the dining area was a rock outcropping that dropped about 6 feet straight down. Then the hill flatten out for a space. We used this 6 foot wall for one side of our bath house, and some mats for the other 3 sides. A pipe of cold water was installed from the cave of the spring to the kitchen and on to the bath house. It had a showerhead on the end of the pipe and it was very cold water to wash in. The bath house was only wide enough for a door at one end and a fire place and large kettle at the other. The fire place could be stoked with wood from the outside. When the water was hot in the kettle one could go in, hang his or her towels and clothes on the rocks, fill a basin with hot water, soap onesself, and then shower off with cold water. Dr. Dewey believed in a cold shower every morning. We had afternoon showers every Wednesday and Saturday, and stayed at Sara Kiya for a month.

Down the hill from the bath house was the outhouse. This was a temporary place with a two seater and staw mats for walls. From the bath house walking to the north and down hill was Dad and Mothers big tent. They had the folding narrow spring beds that Bill and I used at home for them selves. Carol's Crib was to one side of the tent. They also brought a small dresser, a steamer trunk, a folding table and dad's typewriter. My folks always used a slop pail at night which mother cleaned and sunned every day. Bill and I slept in a small tent, on two folding camping cots. The tent was just big enough for the 2 cots lenghtwise of the tent and enought room to walk between the cots. Our tent was about 50 feet away from our parents across the small path that crossed our campsite. Down hill beyond the path was a tepee styled tent that France, Elizabeth, and Emine slept in. I was in that tent several times. Actually we spent little time in the tents except for sleeping at night and an afternoon naps. I am not sure where the Deweys's other two tents were. There was no reason for me to go to them.

Every morning at breakfast we had devotions, after breakfast and after we made our beds we had a time for looking for nature. If we, all the children except Carol and Warner, saw a bird we were to observe

enough to describe the bird to my father. He would keep track of who identified the most birds. Mother was the one to go to for the flowers we found, and Aunt Elsie for tree leaves. Uncle Albert was not to be disturbed. He needed this vacation. Later in the morning we might go on a walk or play on the hillside near the camp grounds. Since our camp was on the west slope of Sara Kiya the sun did not get to our camp until the middle of the morning and it was cool in the shade. There were some nice big rocks to climb up on and sit high up above the shrubs.

If one followed the path that went by our tent to the north for about a mile there was a pine tree forest of tall trees and in the wind they made a singing noise. After lunch and nap time we usually went on a hike. Some times we climbed to the top of Sara Kiya. Sara Kiya had a cliff of whitish-yellow lime stone around the south and west. Where the village was the cliff was about 100 ft. high. On the west side the cliff was maybe 15 to 20 feet high. There was a path up to an area where water had washed out the cliff and one could climb among the rubble and get to the top. Frances and Elizabeth were older, and bigger than I was and I tried to keep up with them, which I did pretty well. But I always hid my fear of hights. Some of the parents always went with us on the afternoon hikes. Some times we went up on top of the mountain which was flat once you got on top.

In one area on top of Sara Kiya was some odd stone formations. Water had washed down through cracks that made the whole area look like giant loaves of bread placed in rows end for end, and side by side, the loaves being about the size of a railroad car. Soil had blown in between the rocks so that if you approached the area from the south you were on top of the rocks. If you walked between the rocks, gradually the soil sloped down and soon you would be at the bottom of the exposed rocks. Dad told us to be carefully of wild animals but we were so noisy that I am sure that we scared off any foxes, hyenas, or other animals and birds. There was one place when we were walking on top of the rocks where Dad spotted some Maiden Hair fern growing. The fern was growing between the rocks that did not have a gentle path going down to that level, or a opening at the far end. Dad carefully climbed down and got some fern which was taken back to Gaziantep and planted in a pot and grew very well. Bill and Edward helped him. This rock area was maybe several city blocks long and the same in width. Sometimes when we went on these longer walks we took a lunch and often Okesh went with us, to help carry the lunch or one of the smaller kids. Warner was so little he always stayed with the Dewey's maid. I don't remember if Emine could walk far with her crutches, but she got along fine around the camp. Once we went down the path by our tent and went down into the valley floor where there was a stream. We had a picnic down by the water and then had to hike back up to camp. That was a long struggle to get back to camp as I remember. It was a hot afternoon as well. When we got back to the pine tree grove we knew we were close to home. One of those trips Bill didn't get to go with us, he was being punished for something.

I don't remember Dad pointing out the stams to us there at camp. He did so often in Gaziantep. It might have been that in July the days were so long that we were in bed before dark. The parents had camp lanterns, but I don't remember sitting around them. Eventually the camping was over. We packed up and those of us who were able hiked back to the road to the north of us and a truck was waiting there. Dad left the pipes for the villagers. They had clean water and the sheep had all the water they needed without unblocking the mouth of the spring. The mats were given away and the area was left pretty much as it had been found.

When we got back to Gaziantep well rested and in good health, we

found that the Pence family who had lived native style in the village of Burc had all been ill with Amebic Disintary. Aunty Billie and one of the boys were still in the hospital. Amebic Disintary was one of the diseases that we had to be careful about and impure water is one source of the disease. By this time there were 3 Pence boys, Jimmy who was 6 months older than Carol, David who must have been born the first winter we were at College, and Rodrick must have been a baby by this summer of 1932.

Activities

About this time Herr Holdak showed up. The Turkish government hired German engineers to help them build Electric Power plants. Herr Holdak was the chief engineer for building this oil burning plant. There were no European style restaurants in Gaziantep so he made a visit to the Pences and made arrangements with them to board at their home for his noon meal. He owned a motorcycle and he came roaring up the hill just before noon and took the lower road right to the Pence House. Aunty Billie was a good cook and it seemed like a good deal for everyone involved. I think this went on for a year or two. We had electricity in the town about 1933, but before the plant was finished the government broke Herr Holdak's contract and sent him back to Germany. Looking back over this event, I read after World War II that a number of Germany engineers and others were placed in these developing countries such as Greece and Turkey etc. as spies and these jobs were a coverup for them. But maybe that is why Germany was stopped in Greece and didn't try to move into Turkey - they didn't have all their spy work done. I do remember Dad saying that it was very unjust of the Turk's to break Herr Holdak's contract. I don't think the missionaries saw anything evil in him.

In 1933 I don't remember anyone going on a summer vacation. I know mother and Carol went to Adana once but when it was I don't know. It might have been that mother had a check up with Dr. Haas after she had a miscarriage, and I think that happened in the spring of 1933. She miscarried twins in the first trimester of the pregnancy. I remember talking to her as she lay on the double bed. Shortly after that she had a D and C. The doctors were giving her ether and her heart stopped. They tried a type of CPR and got her heart beating, and finished up the surgery using chloroform.

The mothers planned activities for the older children. This was before Zabel left. Zabel, Frances, Elizabeth and I went to Aunt Billie's home and had cooking lessons. All I remember is peeling potatoes and being told we had to get every speck of peeling off the potatoes because speckled potatoes would not look nice. I am sure we made more things and I don't remember much about the Pence house.

Mother helped us with sewing. Our first project was a hand hemstitched handkerchief. I was making mine for Dad. I was very slow and clumsy with the needle. I remember that Zabel helped me finish the handkerchief. I think she did at least half of it. Our second project was more that I could handle. We made dresses by hand. There was a bolt of material, a red and white design with red squares and white circles, it was not quite a check. We all had dresses alike. We pinned the pattern on to the material and cut out the pieces, and then basted the pieces together and then backstitched the whole dress. Frances and Zabel seemed to get their dresses made, I don't know about Elizabeth. Mother worked on mine after the others left in the afternoon so that it was finished about the same time as theirs were. Then we wore them until they wore out.

I also remember going over to Aunt Billie's first thing in the morning while Mother got Bill and Lynda started. Maybe I took Carol

with me to play with Jimmy. I was to learn how to knit mittens with four needles. I think I eventually got the mittens made with Mother's help and wore them. Later the folks gave me a small knitting machine and I made a straight piece of knitting which I made into a doll sweater. I did have a doll but did not play with it very much. Her eyes opened and shut and she had a china head. But much of the time her eyes had fallen back into her head. I did like to dress it. With the sweater the doll needed leggens to keep her legs warm. I made the leggens with Mother's help and used 4 needles to make the legs. Then I didn't knit again until I knit 6 inch squares for Bundles for Britain and have knit ever since.

Dad took us kids on several excursions. We went to the Thread factory, we also went to the Cloth factory which was next door. These factories were noisy and probably new, being installed after the electric power plant was installed. We went to a Soap Factory. There was a large vat built into the floor where the soap mixture was cooked. There was a fire below that and a long handled wooded paddle that one had to keep stirring when the heat was on. After most of the moisture had boiled away and the mixture was very thick, buckets were lowered so as to fill them up with the mixture and these buckets were then poured into moulds that dried as bars of soap. The cooking was not in process when we were there. I think it would have been considered too dangerous for children to be around when the mixture was hot.

Turkish Foods

One of our favorite excursions was when we went to the Candy factory. Auntie Elsie went with Dad, Frances, Elizabeth, Edward, Lynda, Bill and me. There were hard candies of all colors, some with fillings, and peanut shaped candy which was soft, not as soft as marshmallows, which we were given samples of. Regular marshmallows were not available in Gaziantep. Almonds coated with hard covering of white sugar candy were very popular to serve to Turkish guests who came on Fridays, along with a sweet drink. Another place we went to was where they made "Kidief". In the room there was a large griddle that was hot with live coals under it. There was a bucket of a flour and water mixture, and a scoop which had holes in the bottom of it where the mixture could pour out in slow streams of thin batter. The operator would fill the scoop and move it slowly over the hot griddle until his scoop was empty. As the batter cooked, these long thin strands of batter would cook enough so they would not stick together, but they were removed from the griddle before they turned brown. This Kidief could be sold at this stage. There was an oven in this store and the people who owned the store would place these strands of batter in a shallow baking pan with syrup and nuts and bake it. It was a favorite desert, and often we would buy "Kadief" for a special occasion. But we would buy this uncooked batter, take it home and bake it plain and then break it up in small pieces and it was used in place of shredded wheat. We could not buy shredded wheat in Turkey and Dad was very fond of that for breakfast. We also had cream of wheat especially for cold weather. This we could buy in bulk, not in small boxes. Oatmeal was not available there. Baklava was made at the bakery. There are layers of very thin "filo" dough with sugar syrup, and nuts - either pistachio nuts, or almonds, or English walnuts. We had baklava for special occasions.

We had dolmas for the noon meal quite often. Dolma means stuffed. We stuffed hollowed out tomatoes, eggplant, zukeni, squash, peppers - red or green, and carrots. They were filled with a ground meat and rice mixture. Sarma means wrappe and sarmas were made with grape leaves, or

cabbage leaves. The Dolmas and Sarmas were carefully layed in a kettle and cooked slowly in tomato juice. We also had both rice and bulgur pilaf.

Bulgur is made from wheat. The people who grew wheat would boil it in large copper kettles which were silvered on the inside to keep people from getting poisoned. These kettles were rented for the day. The boiled wheat was spread on canvas or rugs on the ground to dry and then put into a coarse grinder that would break the cooked wheat into about 4 or 5 pieces but not fine like flour. In the spring when bulgur was dry you could see it drying anywhere on a flat surface, even a corner of a sidewalk. They made kuftes out of bulgur. The cook would pour boiling water over the amount of bulgur that they would need for that meal. After the water was absorbed, spices and a small amount of ground meat was kneaded together they would form the mixture into little balls. Some people ate "chee kufte" which is raw meat and bulgur - I tasted it and liked it but mother was very strict that we were not to eat chee kufte as one could get tape worms that way. We usually had kuftele yahne. These little meat and bulgur balls were made by hand and were about 1/2 of an inch in diameter. they were cooked in a yogurt soup with mint, not the peppermint flavor that we know but a Turkish mint, and parsley. This is still my favorite soup. It is also called Yogurtle Chorba. We had some yogurtle chorba in Turkey when Lee and I visited Gaziantep in 1973 at Dr. Emine Bay's home, we also had the best baklava I have ever eaten.

In the late summer when a certain variety of grapes became ripe and were to be harvested we made bastuk and pekmez. The first duty was to string about 20 nuts at half inch intervals on a heavy string that was about 15 inches long. 10 or 12 strings were tied securely on to a wooden dowel about a yard long. These dowels were placed cross ways on 2 long poles which rested on saw horses so the strings of nuts - walnuts or pistacio would not touch the ground. This was prepared several days ahead of time. We hired a lady who was a Master at making pekmez. The day before the big day, freshly picked bunches of grapes were brought in on donkey back. These were unloaded and piled on a canvas in the shade under a tree. Two pieces of equipment were rented, a wooden tub which was elevated on rocks. Grapes were piled into the tub and sprinkled with a white "earth". At the lower end was a large container to catch the juice and a man would roll up his trousers, wash his feet and trample the grapes. He would start trampling the grapes early in the morning before any one else was up. The other piece of equipment to be rented was a large copper kettle shaped like a large frying pan but without the handle, the same kettle they used for bulgur. The kettle was about 5 to 6 feet across and about 20 or so inches high. It was placed on some rocks so a fire could be built under it. The juice was heated and then poured in pans to settle. After the container of juice had a chance to settle it would be carefully poured into the large cooking kettle. The white earth would have picked up any sediment in the grape juice and settled to the bottom so the juice was quite clear, and the sediment was discarded. The man kept trampling more grapes. I am not sure how many, maybe a ton. When the first batch of juice would start to boil we made bastuk. A bucket of wheat starch mixed with water would be added to the juice and the lady would keep stirring the mixture with a large wooden paddle until it was just right. Then upstairs in the guest rooms some sheets had been spread on the floor. The bastuk was spread flat over the sheets with a clean trowel. We usually had 6 to 8 sheets of bastuk, and it had to dry for about a week. After the buckets of bastuk were taken out of the big kettle the strings of nuts were dipped into the hot bastuk that still remained in the kettle. My

job was to carry 2 sticks carefully from where they were hanging to the lady to laddle bastuk on to the nuts and then I would take the 2 sticks back to an adult to hang up again, usually it was dad who gave us the sticks and hung them up. There were several of us children carrying the sticks. They had to be coated about 8 or 10 times. This was called suguk. This was like making candles layer by layer. Usually the kettle was filled with juice twice and cooked up with starch for suguk and bastuk. This might take most of the morning. Then they would make pekmez. Pekmez is grape molasses and we did not add starch to it. It took alot longer to cook and it had to be stirred constantly. Mother liked eshki pekmez which means sour pekmez. Oranges and lemons were chopped up and added to the pekmez and sealed in jars. But most of the pekmez was made plain. When it cooled it sugared but with very fine crystals. We could not buy regular molasses in Turkey so when a recipe called for molasses we used pekmez. It was good tasting but had a different flavor. Bastuk and pekmez making day was a special day of the year and everyone had to help.

When the bastuk was dry was another day for the women to work together. Mother would take one of the sheets of bastuk and wet it on the back of the sheet, wait a while and then carefully start peeling the bastuk from the sheet. The bastuk was cut in two ways. One was in sheets about 10 inches square, the back side was lightly dusted with wheat starch, and folded in thirds and stored. Some of the bastuk was cut in 4 inch strips about 12 inches long, and folded up into a small triangle. After the first 2 folds one tablespoon of ground nuts, spices and sugar would be put into the resulting pocket, and then folded up with the last flap tucked into the previous fold. These were called Muskas. The bastuk and suguk, and muskas were stored and eaten as desert on winter evenings.

I was old enough to have a few chores to do. One was setting the table. The knife was to be on the right side with the spoon, and the fork on the left. I sat on the south side of the dining room table and faced the window, looking north. I learned to tell right and left by picturing myself looking north as I sat in my chair and lifting my right hand. And I still go through that mental process to determine which direction is right or which is left. I am much more oriented to north. I also learned to use the old iron with live coals and iron handkerchiefs and cloth napkins.

One summer on College Hill, I think I was 8 we painted the downstairs dinning room, the men's and lady's living rooms and the hall. Dad did alot of the painting. And mother and I painted windows. That was my first paint job. The double hung windows with 6 panes of glass in each section had to be painted green on the outside and tan on the inside. We used very small brushes and there were alot of windows. Also the front windows had green shutters to keep out the sun in the mornings both downstairs and upstairs. The upstairs never got painted and some of the woodwork was rough and one could get splinters. And the ceiling in my parents bedroom never got painted to cover the 3 foot by 3 foot patch from a cannon ball.

About that summer or the year later we got a piano. The Lyman's who lived in Marash had a nice black upright piano and they retired, so we bought their piano. Dad went up to Marash and oversaw the piano placed in a wooden crate that was specially built for the piano. He expected to oversee the piano being loaded the next morning. Next morning the Turkish men had already loated the piano and Dad rode in the Truck with the piano back to Gaziantep and to our house. The men wanted to turn the box over when they took it out of the truck but Dad would not let them. They started to open the crate when Dad saw the piano legs up at the top of the crate. The piano had traveled the 75 miles or so up side down

without any damage. The Piano replaced the reed organ and the crate made a very neat box for us kids to play in. Mother really enjoyed playing her piano.

One day Okesh took Bill and me over to the hospital compound for some reason which I don't remember. The road went east up the hospital hill in a trench with retaining walls to the north about 4 feet high, and on the south with a wall also about 4 feet high, and even with the terrain beyond the road. We used to like to walk on the wall. On this day a truck started up the hill and when I saw the truck it looked like it was headed right for me. I ran across the road to safety I thought. Okesh was very upset and frightened for me. I am always aware when I am crossing streets now.

Odds and Ends

In the Dining Room were 2 closets. One had our dishes and glasses etc. and the other has some special foods on the top shelf. There was several boxes of brown sugar from America or Istanbul. There were several jars of strawberry jam, a jar of green olives and a few other things. These things could not be bought in the local market. There were even 2 cans of baby peas. Dad was very fond of peas, we usually bought them in the pods from the market but they were always well matured peas. I wasn't fond of peas and mother always made me eat a spoonful. But I liked those canned peas, which did not taste like the canned peas one usually buys at the stores. Dad liked sardines and those also came from Istanbul. If there were any sweet things that had been opened, if they were kept long enough I usually got into them. Dad called me 'pickens' sometimes. My baby spoon disappeared when I was about 5. Mother found it in the Cod Liver Oil bottle.

The kitchen had a fireplace in the wall between the dining room and the kitchen. The fireplace was at waist level with a big chimney. There were three round grates where you could place pots of food to be cooked. And the fires were made with charcoal. There was a portable chimney about 4 feet tall that one was to place over a new fire for about 15 minutes until the coals were glowing bright. This would make all the smoke go up the chimney unstead of into the room. Charcoal fires give off carbon monoxide. The Turks cooked all their food outside. And when they had "tondures" for keeping warm they always watched that the coals were red and not partly black when they brought the coals into the house. There was a table in the middle of the kitchen to work on. That is where mother rolled out cookies and I would help her, or she would make cake or pie and I would be there. In the kitchen window which was on the north side of the house was our food cooler. This food cooler was like a large box but the sides were made with burlap and there was a wooden bottom, 3 shelves and a top which was tin with a burlap cover. Above the cooler was a water faucet that dripped slowly and keep all the burlap wet. Food would stay cold in the winter, but this was used in the summer and with the window open the cool night breezes kept the food cool and the shade of the day helped.

The cow was milked in the morning and we had cocoa in the morning and cool milk at noon. Then we had yogurt at night. Or we had pudding or custard at noon, and soup at night. Just before we had a meal Okesh would get a fresh bucket of water which was nice and cool to drink. Mother saw that we got our quota of milk. And we drank alot of water. Very seldom were lemons available to make lemonade. Mother could make one lemon be enough for all of us to have a cold glass to drink. When Mother entertained the Turkish women on Fridays she would serve shurub. Shurub was a thick sirup made of grapes or vishne cherries diluted with

cold water. When Lee and I traveled the Turkish Air Lines we were served vishne shurub. We also made vishne perserves much like cranberry sauce and we used it in place of cranberries at Thanksgiving time.

In the Summer mother canned peaches, plums, apricots, and made jams and jellies. Our maid, Minever, and a friend would help peel and get the fruit prepared. Sometimes I was asked to help peel the fruit also.

When I was about 9 I was walking home after a hike to Kavakluk and headed up the north road to the gate house. I started racing with someone when I fell and skinned my knees, one elbow and the palms of my hands. Since this was a dirt road which had alot of animals walking by, there was the fear of tetnus germs. There was gravel in the wound in my left hand. Mother doctored me with iodine, and we walked over to the hospital where I was given a tetnus antitoxin shot. The tetnas toxoid preventive shots had not been developed yet, or at least they were not available in Turkey. The next morning I woke up with hives and was itchy for several days. Mother used wet soda on the spots. When I went to College the doctor giving me a physical decided not to give me a tetnas preventative shot when I told him I was allergic to the shot I had had in Gaziantepn. But when I went to Nursing School I was given the shot with no problems.

Uncle Albert did a good job of keeping all the Americans healthy. We were given a series of 3 typhoid shots every 3 years. On a set day and time all the Americans, hospital workers, and the Turkish domestic workers and family would walk over to the hospital to a certain area and stand in line and get their shots. The second time we had our shots Frances Dewey was allowed to swab the arm with iodine and then Uncle Albert gave the shots to us. Frances ended up being a nurse. No one else got a chance to "play nurse". She also started going to the hospital and took the temperatures of some of the patients. One year there was a meningitis epidemic, at least there were several cases. There were no shots for meningitis, but as a possible prevention we were given some nose drops which were to kill any meningitis germs we might breath in. During that time there was a boy, whose father was a friend of the Americans and he was very sick with typhoid fever. Mother walked over to the hospital every day for about 3 weeks and specialed this boy. It took him a long time to get well, but he did. We stayed healthy and none of us got meningitis.

Except for a few colds and the childhood diseases we were all pretty healthy.

We practiced alot of health rules. We did not go placed where others were sick. There was alot of tuberculosis in Turkey. Some of our workers got TB. To keep from getting amoebic disentary and typhoid we were very careful of the water we drank. We always drank only the water from the Hospital, Girl School or College wells or we boiled water. Any fruits that were picked off a tree were OK, but any food like lettuce that we bought from the market was soaked in a solution of purple water - potasium permangonate. The people used human manure so anything growing in the ground had to be cooked, or soaked. We did not have stawberries in Gaziantep but they were a dangerous fruit. We could have strawberry jam that was safe and so good. But strawberried did not grow well in Gaziantep, but they did in Istanbul, so we could buy strawberry jam there. I talked to missionary children from China and Japan when I left Turkey and they also had to be careful of raw fruits and vegetables.

One day Bill, Edward, Lynda and I went horseback riding with Okesh and we went down by the river and east looking for patches of blackberries to be made into jam. But we found very few. I wore some

pants mother had made me especially for such occasions. The pants were good to wear when we played on the windmill. We played tag on the lower 3 stories of the windmill and as usual I was it alot of the time. It is a wonder no one got hurt.

Dad started a project. He hired 2 men to dig our well deeper - the windmill well at college. He wanted more water coming in so that the willmill could not pump the well dry. The second day they were digging the workmen sent a message to dad that they had struck water and to come quick. Mother and I were having school - I was about 8 or 9. Dad sent mother a message to come to the well. The men and Dad could climb up and down the well with handholds chipped into the wall of the well. There was a basket on a rope the men had been using to lift out the loose rock that they were accumulating using the pick ax. Mother let me go down first. I sat in the basket and mother and a workman lifted the basket and moved it over to the opening and slowly lowered the basket. Dad called to me to look up and see the stars. He had seen them and felt that he would divert my attention on going down into a hole to the stars. He knew that there were 2 stars visible from the well. He let me know that God was watching us all the time and he was there for us. We did not need to be afraid of the dark or of unusual situations. I was a little uneasy but not really afraid and some of my faith in God started there in the well. Dad showed us where the men had been digging. When I got out of the basket I was in a room at the bottom of the well. There was a tunnel about 15 feet long and at the end of that tunnel the men had started digging another hole about 3 feet across. They had gone down about 6 feet and this is where the water was coming in. By the time I saw the little well there were about 6 inches left before the water would start getting on the floor we were standing on. So after a short look and mother had joined us we started going up out of the well. First me and then mother rode up in the basket and Dad climbed out. The stars were up in the sky when I looked up. "God is still there", I thought, as I was being pulled up. I think the men used a wench to lower and lift the basket.

At another time we cleaned out the cistern which was in the washroom. That cistern was not very deep and I think that Bill and I both went down and scooped the water into a bucket and some one pulled the bucket out and emptied it and sent it down again. I don't remember if we climbed down by ladder or a rope.

The Gaziantep mission had the local printer make up a small booklet about the work of the mission with pictures of the hospital and the workers, and pictures of the college and the agricultural work, and pictures of the@families. These were to be sent back to the Boston office in large packages and then sent on to the different people who received the mission mailing. Some robbers who thought these packages held valubles robbed the mail and tore the packages apart. These leaflets blew all over. I don't know if Dad and the others were able to salvage any of the packages and send them on to the US. The next time I heard of a serious crime was in 1939 just before I came back to the United States. Some men had stolen a large amount of gold Turkish coins and hidden them in the lining of their car and were trying to cross the border into Syria. 6 men were hanged in the market place in Gaziantep.

One day there was a strange looking cloud in the southern sky. We soon heard a lot of banging noises, and hitting of pans together. The noise was faint on College Hill and much louder in town. The plague of grasshoppers or locusts as they are called in the Old Testament was decending upon us. Grasshoppers were all over the trees and shrubs, and

the plants in our vegetable garden. There was a large tree in the Pence yard with a perfect arch of greenery. Everything green was stripped in one day. The next day the grasshoppers had flown on to another green valley. Some of the vegetation came back with a second growth in about a month, other plants died. The large tree did not have a perfect arch any more, but the tree did live and put out new leaves later in the Summer.

It was nap time and Dad was taking a nap. Edward and Bill were playing in the College yard when they found an oval rusty metal container about 4 inches long and 1 inch thick. Edward and Bill were going to knock it apart, but they showed it to Okesh who took it away from the boys and brought it up to show Dad. Dad carefully put it under his bed and finished his nap. When he had finished his nap, he took the unexploded shell from the time of the French-Turkish war of 1921 down to the local police station. There could have been other unexploded shells around but that is the only one I remember hearing about.

Okesh's brother and cousin had a fight and one was going to shoot the other. One of the 2 owned a shot gun. One of the women in the family hid the gun in her skirts and carried it to College Hill and gave it to my mother. My mother hid the gun in her underwear drawer. Dad came home and then went to talk to the two boys and was a peacemaker. They became friends again. The gun stayed in mother's drawer for about a month.

One evening Aunt Billie came running over with the news that Memet, one of the village boys, had been shot accidentally by Zakaria, an orderly from our hospital. The boys were friends and Zakaria was going to buy the gun. Mother started heating some water but Memet died. Zakaria had to spend 3 years in prison - that was Turkish law. These experiences made me very uneasy where ever guns were around.

Okesh had a large family. His father was still living and he was about 90 years old, and his mother had passed away along time ago, but his stepmother was about 60 years old. Minever, Okesh's sister was older than he was. I know that when I was about 9 she was pregnant and had a baby, Her 2 girls would bring the baby up to our house to be nursed, but I don't know about her husband. Okesh had 2 step brothers that I know of - Memet and Abdula. We used to play with them some times. We much preferred to play with the children of the help than with the Turkish children of upper society. Those upper crust children were very spoiled. Of course we probable got our own way with the children of the help but not with the guests that came to visit our parents and brought their children. Friday was the day they came and we always served them almond candies and shurup.

Mother and I went with France, Elizabeth, and Aunt Elsie to a Turkish wedding. We could only go to the Women's part of the wedding. We went to a house about 2 block north of the Hospital Compound. We were welcomed in and sat in a reception room waiting for the bride. We were brought chairs to sit on but most had to sit on the floor. It was a long wait, I would guess it was at least an hour that we waited. Aunt Elsie had a brown velvet pannel up and down the front of her silk dress. I remember running my finger up and down the velvet and I watched the velvet change color as I changed the direction of the velvet. That kept me quiet for that long waiting period.

The Bride came riding on a horse from her home with her family. She was in a white dress with a veil and was covered with a cloak and veil until she got into the courtyard of the groom's home. Musicians accompanied her and there was a parade of children following them. The three musicians played Turkish music with a large drum and a small one and a flute and there were women dancing. The musicians were hired for the occasion, and their instruments were home made, the flute was carved by hand from a special kind of wood, and the drums were made from animal

skins (with the fur removed) stretched across a clay pot. One of the men was black and he was one of 3 blacks I saw in Gaziantep. I think the other 2 were also musicians. The Turks have dark hair and eyes, and their skin is white but their face and arms are very tan. If they roll up their sleeves to do some work the white skin shows. The attendants took the cloak off the bride and escorted her to a special chair to sit in. They also removed her veil because no men were present, the musicians where in the court yard. She had tinsel, like we use for a Christmas tree hanging around her neck and going clear to the floor. She sat very quietly and we gazed at her and then at the dancers. We went out of the courtyard and into the street and watched the men kill a sheep for the wedding feast. Like the Jewish people, the Moslems also bleed the sheep from the jugular vein. Then we went back to watching the bride and the musicians and the dancers. We also went into another room to see all the presents given to the bride and groom. I think we left before any food was served. Mother urged me to write up this wedding and send a letter to the Child Life Magazine. I did and the letter was printed in one of the issues.

Ramadan Byram is the big celebration by the Moslems. The Byram or festival follows a month of fast. The date of the fast is set by the sighting of the new moon, and because of their 13 month calender the date moves about 10 days ahead every year. The fast is only from sun up to sun down. There was an old cannon on the castle hill and from there just at sundown the officials shot off the cannon with powder. It made a loud noise and the noise could be heard all over town and even to College Hill. As soon as the people heard the cannon go off they ran inside to eat the evening meal. During Ramadan the people did not eat or drink even water during daylight. In the middle of the night men would walk the streets of town waking the people up by hitting tin pans together. The people would get up to eat their second meal of the 24 hour day. They were again awakened before morning to eat breakfast before the sun came up. This fasting lasted a month and then the Byram or festival began then the people had a holiday for 4 days. This was a time of eating and visiting family and friends.

The Moslems had another Byram called Kurban Byram. This was three days long and this festival is associated with Abraham and his going to sacrifice his son as God told him to, and God provided a sacrifice in place of the son for Abraham to use as a sacrifice. I think that the Muslems associate this with the son Ishmiel and not Issac. There was a Sheker Byram also which means sugar, and was associated with giving children candy. I am not sure but that these two festivals might be one and the same.

The Turkish boys made kits in the spring and sailed them high in the sky. They also tried to capture each others kite. They had to buy sticks and paper. The sticks were made of bamboo, and the paper was shiny colored paper on one side and off white and not shiny on the other side. They used three sticks tied in the middle to make a 6 sided or hexigon kite. There was a tail they made by attaching several strips of colored paper all along the tail string and attaching it to the 2 lower ends. A "harness" from the side sticks and from the middle was tied to the main kite string. Those kits were stable and easy to fly. Dad and Bill would make box kites every year but they were hard to get to fly. We always used flour and water paste for the kites.

Dad taught the nurses and us the Virginia Reel which we performed several times. It was an approved type of dancing. I am not sure if we learned the Virginia Reel at College Hill or later. We had a record player or a Victrola and has some records that had music for dancing the Virginia Reel. We also had records of some clasical music. One was

Wagner's "Tanhauser" which was lively music with alot of clashing symbols. Dad called that Tin Pan music. I used to dance to any kind of lively records that we played. And Dad had the old Turkish music records that our Turkish friends like to listen to.

The villagers knew that the Americans liked to eat pork. In the mountains north of us there were wild pigs, and one day some villagers brought the Americans a boar that they had freshly killed. The Americans had a big job on their hands for several days, at least the Fences and Iselys did. They had to clean the boar and then they proceeded to smoke some of the meat for bacon and ham and they made sausage using the guts for the skins. Two different times the villagers brought a boar they had killed to us.

Dad was the one who kept tabs on what time it was. He had a very dependable watch. About every two weeks he would go over to the Girl School and check the sun dial. The sun dial was on the south wall of the girl school building near the east end. Usually he corrected his watch by one minute every month. Then he would correct the Hospital clocks, and the College Hill clock on the tower, and mothers watch. I think we had a clock as well. But we never had an alarm clock that I remember. Dad just woke up about the same time every day. People in those days just knew how to take time from a sun dial, and also they kept track of the seasons by the stars they saw in the sky at different times. I learned to know the big dipper, the little dipper, the North Star, the seven sisters or the Pleiades, Cassiopeia's Chair, Orion, Scorpio, and some of the planets. When there was an eclipse of the moon, the Turks would beat tin pans together to scare away the dragon that was eating up the moon. They would make that noise until the moon was full again. One time three of the planets came close together and another time there was an eclipse of Venus and the moon.

In the summer of 1933 at Annual Meeting it was decided that some of the mission activities were to be cut out, and some of the missionaries were to go back to the United States, and find other employment. This was because of the depression. The Adkins family, the Wiley family, the Markham family, and the Pence family were chosen to leave, some in 1934, some in 1936 and there were others. I believe this was done by lot just as choosing Barnabas to take the place of Judas in Acts was by lot. I don't know if I ever met Sally Ann Adkins in Turkey, but in 1991 we met in Brawley, Calif. We had kept in touch through my mother. Her dad and my folk were close friends.

Dad had the College Clock Tower taken down and shipped it to Aleppo, Syria. The main college building was sold for stone and the stones were taken down stone by stone carefully. The windmill was taken down section by section and put up in the Girl School Compound over a well near the south west corner of the building. Pioneer, the bull was put in a pen in the south east corner of the Girl School, and our cow was moved over to the south west corner of the compound. We may have kept a hive of bees but Dad gave most of the bees away. We also may have had some chickens down by the cow. We moved into the east end of the girl school and Dad became the administrator of the Hospital. Mother started working at the hospital part time.

We Move to the Girls School

We moved to the Girl School Compound in the summer of 1933 shortly after the Pence family left Gaziantep. We lived in the east end of the Girl School on the first and second floor. There was an imposing entry into the door on the second floor. There were smoothed white limestones that made a large semicircle on the ground level. This semicircle was about 15 feet in diameter, and then the semicircle stairs began and there were 10 or 12 steps also in semicircles so at the top of the steps there was a much smaller semicircle and it must have been at least 8 feet in diameter. On this level there were 2 flights of steps one on the right and one on the left of about 10 steps with a hole in the middle. The steps had slabs of carved rock for banisters. There was a slab of flat rock for the landing which was about 4 feet by 8 feet. A porch made of wood about 4 feet wide was built from the landing across the front of the building to another entry at the west end and used by the American nurses and later by the Dodd family to get to their rooms.

One faced north as one walked into a large hall, and immediately to ones right was a staircase that went to the 3rd floor where the native nurses lived. Walking down the hall staying straight ahead was a stairway downstairs. To the right of the stairway on the north of the building was a door into a small room which was in the process of becoming a bathroom for us. Between the door into the living room and the door to the bathroom was another hall with a stairway downstairs, and a room to the north which was my parent's bedroom and at the far end of the hall was a bedroom for us kids.

All three rooms up stairs had been used as class rooms, so there were white plaster walls with blackboards on 3 sides of the living room and windows on the south wall and the woodwork was painted brown. Mother bought some brown burlap material and covered all the blackboards in the living room but in the 2 bedrooms we had to look at blackboards, and of course we could use them if we wanted to. I think there was a second door from the living room to the back hall right close to the door to our bedroom and also to the one the folks slept in. Our bedroom had windows on the north, the east and the south. One could see the tops of the trees across the walls in the Hospital Grounds. I remember waking up one night with the spelling book in my hand and I was on the stairs. I must have been really worried about my spelling lesson. That is the only time I was aware that I had walked in my sleep, and I don't think I ever did again.

The electricity at the Girl School had been installed that summer and one night shortly after we moved there we were supposed to be in bed even if it was summer and still light out, and Mother and Dad went across to the Dewey house for prayer meeting. There was a small light on in our room. The plug was partly out and I don't know what possessed me to lay a little lead candlestick across the prongs. Immediately the fuse blew. Dad made it threw 2 locked gates and to our bedroom in 2 minutes flat. He could see our bedroom windows from the Dewey house. Another experience with electricity - Bill and Edward were getting us girls to stick our fingers in this electrical outlet. I got a shock and I don't know who else did. From then on I have been very cautious of electricity.

Directly below our kids' bedroom was our dining room, and Dad's desk and office in the same room. The first floor rooms all had bars on the windows. Under the folks's bedroom was the kitchen which had a cast iron stove and the window on the north wall with the burlap cooling cupboard that we had had at the college house. And under the living room were 2 small rooms which had several desks in each and mother taught in the one closest to the dining room and Aunt Elsie Dewey taught in the other room.

After we got settled in to our quarters and had electricity, dad started another project. We were to have running water and flush toilets. Dad had the workers start digging a large hole in the northeast corner of the compound for a cesspool. The workers found a tunnel when they were working. After they left in the evening we kids had to explore. Going to the south east the tunnel was blocked about 20 feet in to the tunnel almost to the east wall. We started going north west and came into a small cave and into the neighbors' yard. The women were surprised but were very nice to us. It was about 60 feet maybe. The tunnel went under the road and down hill a ways. I think these tunnels may have been built during World War I to help the Armenians hide from some of the officials. When the cesspool was completed and covered with sand and gravel, Dad put up a Croquet court over the cesspool. We had a lot of fun playing that game. And we enjoyed the running water. There were 2 water tanks above the false ceiling of our bathroom. And the windmill that had been moved over from college worked very well on the west side of our building. Again we played on the windmill tower. Dad had the old outhouse which was on the east wall passed the gate house and the vegetable garden taken down. Beyond that area was the pen where the bull, Pioneer had his pen.

A Mr. Ball and an other man from the British Museum had come to stay with us the year before on the college compound for about a month. They lived in one guest room and had the second room for their work. They were collecting plants and flowers and pressing them flat to take back to the Museum. They ate some of their meals with us. And sometimes they had used the 2 horses at the college. Mr. Ball came back again for a second year and brought Mr. Bird with him. This time we were living at the Girl School. Mr. Bird collected birds for the museum which he killed, skinned and dried for the museum. They had a room up stairs and ate meals with us. Mr. Bird was much younger than Mr. Ball and he played Croquet with us in the evening and played other games with us sometimes. He shot a few birds from our Girl School roof. And if he was waiting for a bird it was a special privilege for one of us to be asked to sit very still and quiet on the roof with him. And it was from him I heard about toe jam. I don't know what my dad thought about killing birds because he was a bird watcher and only killed surplus birds like pigeons. He probably figured this was for science. The 2 scientists tried to get permission from the Turkish officials to get further east across the Euphrates River, but the permission never came. I am pretty sure Mr. Bird was around on the 4th of July and Mr. Ball was away trying to get the permission papers.

In the fall the Wilson Dodd family came. He was a surgeon and had been at the hospital in Talas with Dr. Bill Nute. The mission closed the Talas Hospital and Uncle Bill ran a clinic for the village people in the surrounding areas. Uncle Wilson and Aunt Mary, with Helen, Bobby and Margie moved into the West end of the Girl School. Helen was a year younger than I was but she was sent to Beirut to go to school and lived with an uncle. Frances Dewey also went and she stayed at the boarding school. Dr. Dodd was a second generation missionary.

School started with mother teaching in the small east room, and Aunt Elsie in the west room. Before school started each morning mother went over to the hospital and talked to the cook about the menus for the patients and also she had several diabetic patients she planned special menus for. Then she worked with Linda and Bill. Carol was the same age as Bobbie Dodd and so she would go over to the Dodd house where Mary Dodd taught kindergarten. As Margie and Warner were about the same age I don't know if the same baby sitter watched them or what? Aunt Elsie taught Elizabeth, Edward and I arithmetic I think, but I am not sure.

She did teach us Ancient History which I liked and we learned alot of dates. Then later in the morning mother taught Elizabeth and I English, and we were reading "Ivanhoe" by Sir Walter Scott. Elizabeth could read very well so after a while she finished the book by her self, and I had to read the rest of the book out loud to mother. I thought it was a very tough book for 5th grade. I am still not a good oral reader.

In the spring I got a very sore throat and mother took me to Uncle Albert and he painted my throat with an antiseptic. It may have been iodine, I am not sure. Elizabeth happened to have a sore throat about the same time so since we didn't have a fever we were to stay away from the other kids, and missed a few days of school. It took me 2 weeks to get over it and so for 2 weeks the first thing in the morning I had to report to Uncle Albert's office and he would paint my throat with antiseptic.

Dad and the kids and maybe a mother toured the new electric plant and also an ice making plant. The ice from the ice machine was made from good water and was considered safe, but we still did not drink ice water. Just before each meal Okesh would go to a well on the property and get a fresh bucket of cold water. We still went on hikes but I don't remember as many picnics as we had before. Dad was busier. He was teaching English lessons to High School Turkish boys and girls and some of his students ended up as exchange students to the US. He did this through the "Halk" party at the Halk Eve, or house. That was the only political party that was allowed, and most of the Turkish people belonged to it. One time some of the official people from Ankara came to Gaziantep and there was a big parade - it might have been Mustafa Kemal - Atta Turk - that came and was in a parade. We went down near Kavak Luk and sat for a long time before the parade started. There was also a parade of sorts and long wait for a man that flew in a small plane and landed somewhere near Gaziantep, he refueled and went on, I never knew his name. And I went with Mother and Dad to a party at the Halk Eve and we had special invitations. I don't think Bill or Carol came. There was dancing and music and maybe a few refreshments. I remember it as kind of a boring time with a long wait.

My folks had me take Turkish lessons mostly on writing and reading the words. A lady came in the afternoons and I was quite bored with the classes.

Omar Asim Bey had a daughter who would come with her mother to visit us. She was quite prim and proper and never liked to play such things as tag or climb the windmill, or hide and seek. Later she came to the US for college at Arizona State, but she was so homesick that she only stayed a semester. But Omar Asim Bey was a good friend of Dad.

There were several law cases and I think that Omar Asim Bey was the lawyer for the Americans. One had to do with no preaching Christianity. No longer could we have the Armenians come to our church services, only those people who worked for us. It was called family prayers and so Church met in our living room instead of the big room downstairs. One time there was a visiting Armenian lady who wanted to come to our house and to our Sunday service. Dad was very sad when he told her she could not come that they would be breaking the law. Another time I know of was when a patient came to the hospital when he was very sick and he did not live. There was a trial but the Americans won and Uncle Albert was allowed to keep on practicing medicine.

The boys - Bill and Edward started building tree houses. The first tree house was in a big male mulberry tree on the west side of the tennis court. Right behind the tree was a retaining wall about 7 ft high and one followed the wall to the west and south there was a rock

outcropping and the top of the hill was just above. There was a steep path if one wanted to walk up there, and coming down you almost had to run down it was so steep. Some of the kids started sleeping up in the tree house in the summer time when it was finished. Then they started another tree house on the other side of the tennis court in another mulberry tree. Eventually Bill and Edward climbed the tree on the east and Carol and Lynda claimed the first tree house.

When the Hospital windmill was near the Dewey yard we used to climb half way up the tower where there was a platform for some water tanks. The tanks were higher than the rooms of the Dewey house where they wanted running water. The water flowed by gravity. The American single ladies were so afraid when they saw us playing on the tower and the platform. When Dad became the administrator of the hospital not only did he get running water to our homes but also to the hospital and it was decided that the well up closer to the hospital building was a better place for the windmill, so they moved the windmill tower. They eventually got an electric motor for the hospital for emergencies. Playing tag on the windmills was another game some of the kids liked to do. I did not like the high passed the second story of the windmill. But one day I did climb the Hospital Windmill to the top and took some pictures with a camera I had been given. Dad was with me and gave encouragement otherwise I may not have climbed up so far. I also had to have one hand for the camera. He was proud of me that day.

For Bill's 8th Birthday mother and dad fixed up a halloween party. In the basement of our apartment they put up decorations and when we kids were invited downstairs mother and dad were dressed like ghosts, mother had a rubber gloved hand for us to shake hands with and dad a wet rubber glove. In the corner was a witch telling fortunes. We bobbed for apples and had birthday cake. Then our parents had a party for the workers of the hospital. We were asked to greet the visitors and guide them down to the basement. That was a fun party.

I am not sure if it was 1934 or 1995 when Mother had her historectomy. Uncle Albert gave regular physicals to all the missionaries and at mother's annual physical he felt a small fibroid tumor. So several months later she had her surgery. Dr. Dodd did the surgery and Dr Dewey was the anesthetist. Dad was a little concerned because of the trouble she had when she had her D and C. But mother was very calm and all went well. In those days people who had surgery spent about 3 weeks in the hospital. So it took a while to get her strength back. I don't remember us missing school so I think this was during the summer. I remember going up to the hospital to see her.

About that same time there was a Turkish woman who came to the hospital and she had a tumor about the size of a large watermelon. I got to see the tumor and it looked like a very large piece of liver. She was doing very well and then she suddenly died. I think she may have had a blood clot.

One night mother was startled by a noise and scared a burgler when she got up to investigate. Next morning the Electric iron was out on the front steps. Nothing else was taken. I don't remember anyone going on any trips that summer. School was going to start again. Aunt Elsie was not very well and the Dewey family decided that Elizabeth and Edward were to go to the American Community School in Beirut as well as Frances. Mother was going to teach me 6th grade and Bill and Lynda 3rd grade, and Carol was going to kindergarten with Bobbie Dodd and Aunt Mary Dodd as their teacher. I don't know about Warner Dewey and Maggie Dodd. I don't remember consciously seeing them.

Aunt Elsie and the 3 oldest Dewey children and Mother and I started out one fall day in a taxi to Kelis, we crossed the border and took

another taxi to Aleppo. Mother and I stayed with the Al Carltons. He was the new head of the Aleppo College. Mother and I took the one car train to Baalbek. The Deweys went straight to Beirut. Baalbek was one of the first large excavations of ancient buildings that I saw and toured. The large temple to Jupiter had little left standing except the 6 columns that are each 62 feet high. This temple was completed in the 3rd century A.D. Syria had a postage stamp of those columns, and it was the stamp I used to send letters home to Gaziantep when I went to Beirut for school. The temple to Bacchus was in excellent condition. One large rock of the entrance had slipped down about a foot, but it was solid. This temple was finished about 150 A.D. We had a guide that showed us some pagan ruins which were several 100 years older, as well as the other temples on the acropolis. There was a small Christian church in partial ruins, there were other temples and a ruined mosque and large Arab fort. Outside of the town was a quarry where much of the rock was obtained. In the quarry grounds was one stone - still lying unused - about 60 feet long and 10 by 10 feet. Maybe it was to be another column. Baalbek was called Heliopolis by the Greeks and the Romans. Mother and I spent the night in Baalbek and then went on the train to Beirut.

Coming over the mountains and then seeing the Mediteranian Sea for several hours before before we got to Beirut was spectacular. When we got to Beirut we stayed with 2 elderly ladies - a Miss Mary Webb and a Miss Elizabeth Webb. We slept there and had breakfast there. They cooked on a primis stove which seemed rather strange to me then, I was used to the charcoal stove. Mother had set up appointments for her and me to see a dentist and also an optomotrist. Mother was worried because I read with my book too close to my eyes. But he said not yet. The next year when I went to school in Beirut I had glasses.

Mother and I went to several Armenian orphanages in and around Beirut. The children sang songs in English, Turkish, French, Arabic and Armenian. I don't know if she was looking for someone or what? Maybe she was visiting the missionary ladies who ran the orphanages, they may have been her friends. We also went swimming in the American University of Beirut swimming area. It was off the rocks and the rocks were sharp to walk on. We went threw a gate into the University Campus which is on the hill. We walked down the hill - 106 steps - came to a tunnel, walked under the Boulavard and out on to these rocks. There was a cement walk about 100 feet to the swimming area for those who did not swim very well. We went there and there was a natural pool made by the rocky shore. The water was not very deep. I was into water that came up to my waist and I started swimming to this little island. I suddenly realized that I could not touch bottom and I started to panic, but unstead I told myself to start swimming. I went a few more strokes and could touch bottom again. That gave me confidence and I was never afraid of swimming again. We went up another set of steps and there were 102 this time. The college socker field was down in the area between the 2 sets of stairs.

We saw the Deweys and I think Aunt Elsie stayed a few days longer than we did. Mother and I went back on a bus and we went threw Homs, and Hama, and it was night. We had a short rest stop at Hama. The bus parked right close to a huge upright water wheel which was an ancient wheel used for irrigation on the Orontes River. This wheel made a most interesting groaning sound as it turned around and around lifing water with buckets that emptied into a trough which led to the irrigation ditch. I wondered how old it was. We got back to Aleppo by morning and on to Gaziantep that day.

School started and I was the only one in my 6th grade. I started

reading in my free time. some things I read were Louise M. Alcott's books - "Little Women", "Little Men", "Jo's Boys", "Eight Cousins", "Rose in Bloom", and "Under the Lilack's".

In the spring Elizabeth came back home, she had Whooping Cough and it was decided to send her home. Bill Nute Jr. was attending the AUB or else he was just visiting, but he was collage age and he brought her back. Elizabeth stayed at the hospital so that Lynda and Warner would not catch whooping Cough. Since I had had whooping cough I could go visit her. That is the only time I remember being on the south side of the back part of the hospital. There was a kind of kiosk there and climbing vines with flowers blooming around the kiosk, probably morning glories. The only other time we kids were on the south side of the hospital we were looking over the wall at the army hospital compound. There had been smugglers out near the high school and the police were chasing them and shooting at them. They did not catch the smugglers but a stray bullet hit a high school boy and he was taken to that hospital, but he died. I do not remember seeing any activities in that hospital compound.

That summer Edward and Frances came home after school was out and then we said good-bye to the family when they climbed into a rental car (with driver) and luggage and drove to Fevzi Pasha to the train station. Things were much quieter with just the Dodd and Isely families and with Aunt Jean and Aunt Theda Bell.

There lots of flowers planted in the hospital yard and also the Girl school yard. Uncle Albert loved flowers and saw that many flowers were growing in his yard.

In the fall it was my turn to go to the American Community School. I don't remember going down to Beirut with Helen but I do remember coming back with her for Christmas and Easter vacation. Dad hired a car with a driver and we drove to Akjacoyn, which is a station on the Berlin Bagdad rail road south east of Gaziantep. We had a picnic at the station. I kissed each family member good-bye and boarded the train. Finny Markham was to meet me in Aleppo. The Markhams met me with a horse and buggy, and I stayed with them over night. In the morning he put me on the one car train to Tripoli. From Tripoli one had to drive by bus over the mountains to Beirut. It was an interesting drive. We crossed Dog River and then started to climb up the mountains staying right along the cliffs which went right straight down to the Mediterranean. Up near the pass at the top were a number of "calling cards" my dad called them. Different generals and kings who took their armies through the pass left a stone monument to let the world know that they were the winners in the battle, they had possessed the land. I think that Alexander the Great had left a "calling card". There must have been about 10 monuments that I saw. There were no train tracks on to Beirut. The house mother Miss Stokes met me at the Beirut bus station and took me to the boarding school where I attended school for 8th grade, 10th grade and 11th grade. I was so busy learning new things that I never had time to be home sick.

To ACS for 8th grade

Getting to Beirut and to the Boarding Department of the American Community School made me feel that I was now almost an adult. Of course there were people to meet me at Aleppo and in Beirut. I had a feeling in me that I had to act in a way that would make my parents proud of me and I was always to do the "right thing."

Miss Stokes brought me to the gate to the Boarding Department which was the second story above the American Community School, ACS. The Building was an L shape. There was an outside stairway half way up to the second story and then a door which was always locked. When we got to the door we would ring the bell and one of the maids would pull a string from the top of the second half of the stair way. The pull on the string

pulled back the latch and we could get in, shut the door and come on up the stairs. Right straight in front of us was a hallway and to the left were the kitchen, the pantry, the dining room, and the door in to Miss Stokes' rooms. Across from Miss Stokes' room was the student living room with a piano and some big chairs, the stairway to the third floor where the boys lived, a small sitting room, the hall to the "L", and a bedroom for 2 girls. Following the hall around were 2 rooms on each side with a bathroom between, a total of 4 rooms. The girls in the first room were Anna Freidinger, and Alice Alter and they had to share the bathroom with Margaret Freidinger and Marjorie Dickson who were in the bedroom - the last room on the right. My roommate was Anne Byerly, and we were across Margaret and Marjorie. We shared our bathroom with Dot Huskey. Dot and Marjorie's parents worked for oil companies. The rest of us girls were missionaries kids. Anne's parents were from Sidon and Margaret and Anna's were up in the mountains above Beirut. Alice and her brother Arthur had cousins in India, but they were from an near by Arab country.

Anne and I had a closet to share, but in those days we didn't have as many clothes as now. We seemed to have plenty of space. There was a bed, a 4 drawer dresser, and a study table, and chair for each of us. We kept our books on top of the table, and I had my bookends, that Dad had made for me. We had a drawer for pens, pencils, and paper. Anne had a small footlocker to keep other things in. I know that mother had some dresses made for me by a Turkish seamstress, including a long pink dress for parties. That summer before I left home for school I made 3 nightgowns with mother's help and a small sewing kit. Mother had a pattern for a kit and she helped me make it. I still have that kit which was made of some left over scraps from a quilt. I took the blanket and quilt that I had on my bed in Gaziantep to Beirut. We had to make our beds, but the maids - there were 2 - did our laundry. We had all our clothes marked and took them to the upstairs laundry Monday. The clothes were ironed, placed on a table in the hallway every Tuesday. Mother had Miss Stokes buy me a thin bedspread made of Egyptian cotton. We were to keep our room neat. The floors were brick red tile and there were 2 windows to the west and one to the north. Our beds were to each side of the north window. Every week 2 missionary mothers came and inspected the rooms but Anne and I were always neat that first year. Some times Anne's mother was one of the ladies who checked our rooms. Upstairs above the girls' wing was a rooftop open area with laundry equipment and the maids washed and hung up our clothes there. There were 8 girls and 7 boys in the boarding dept that year. Margaret's big brother Philip and Anne's brother Warren, Arthur Alter, Pete Washburn, Jack Walsh, and Bob Ogden. Bob Bentley came from Iran later. Eleanor Markham joined us after Christmas, and was from Aleppo.

The dining room had about 6 tables which seated 4 people each and every once in a while we changed table mates. For breakfast we had an American style breakfast with cereal, French or Arabic bread with jam and butter, and hot chocolate to drink, and fruit, often bananas. Sometimes we sat at Miss Stokes table. For lunch we had Arabic bread with no butter or jam and it was a light lunch. For dinner we had a full meal and desert and we had French bread and butter. In the winter time there was a oil heater in the dinning room at breakfast time and we tried to make toast on the oil heater but either kind of bread would absorb some of the oil flavor.

Right after school there would be lemonade and a snack, often peanut butter sandwiches. Once in a while the cook would bake cake for us. There was always cake for a birthday. Later I got to frost the birthday cakes. The kitchen was equiped with primis stoves that took kerosine. When ever we had green beans for lunch the beans had a kerosine taste to

then because the maid fixing the beans usually had to fill the stoves with fuel and the smell did not wash off.

Miss Stokes had a dog and after school if we didn't have anything to do we would walk with her and the dog out to the light house on the point., or if we had more time we would walk to pidgon rock. Pete W, and Alice and I were often the ones who went on those walks. There was a Girl's College out that way and alot of empty space. Now this area is close to the Airport.

The classrooms were below us. On the ground floor below the stairway going upstairs was a door into a hallway, there was a hall to the north and the first room was a science room. The elementary classrooms were beyond with 2 classes to a room. Straight ahead were restrooms, and the 7th grade classroom to the left. Miss Orme was our principle. Her office and a storeroom were in that area. Walking straight ahead was a large room which was the assembly room and it had a stage at the south end. The 2 rooms across the assembly room were the French Room to the left and the High School Room to the right. There were 2 other doors into the school. There was a large double door that came into the assembly hall, and a door on the wing below the Girls' rooms into the hall by the elementary rooms. There was a playground north of the school building and a front gate to the school. The playground was arranged to have both a baseball field and a basketball court on the same space. The playground was packed dirt, and some gravel. There were a few trees at the far end wall near the front gate. There was a sidewalk around the east side of the school to get to the boarding department.

Mr. Hawkins taught our 8th grade class History, English, and Social Studies in the High School Room. There were 8 green painted tables - 2 to a table - 4 tables in one row and 4 tables in the second row. The 11 students in the 8th grade occupied the 4 tables in the first row and the front 2 tables in the second row. Miss Beln taught Math and Hygiene. Our Class members were David Dodge, David Zimmerman, Anne and I, Joan Daniels, a British girl from the embassy; and Ralph Close, Ted Smith and Andre Rubenski, Sam Brown, Dan Levett, and Bob Bentley. David D, Ted Smith, and Dan were cousins and were together from K to 10th grade. Many 8th graders had brothers or sisters in the 6th grade. Dot in 10th grade and Paul Fried, Philip and a girl from Europe were in the 12th grade occupying the back 2 tables in the middle row. The bigger table that held 4 was for the 9th graders; Margaret, Marjorie, Art Brown and Howard Levett. Our large class had most of our classes in that room. We went for French into the French room and Hygiene in the science room.

Miss Holencoff was our French teacher. She had escaped the Solviet Russia with her husband and had a daughter in our school. She also taught us dancing - ballette type. She also wrote books, children's stories in French for us to read. In the afternoon Mr. Hawkins taught us Social Studies. We went to school from 8 to 12 with a recess and a milk break and then at 2pm we had class until 3:30. A dairy with pasturized milk had just opened and that was much better tasting milk than boiled milk. After school we had games in the afternoon, some times work up base ball. Sometimes we walked over to the University of Beirut (AUB) campus and played in the banyon tree or went skating, or we went swimming 2 afternoons a week. I went skating once and fell on my tailbone and never went again. I had no trouble picking up the swimming that I had learned on the previous trip to Beirut and soon I was allowed to swim out to the raft. There were 2 ladders off the rocks and a diving board and no where could you touch bottom.

During the winter we had a very rough storm and water splashed across the boulevard and the tunnel under the road was wet with water standing.

We could not go swimming for several days. One Sunday afternoon 4 of us girls, Marjorie, Dot and Margaret and I decided to go swimming. Miss Stokes said it was O.K. The storm had ended. We were going through the tunnel and there was still some puddles of water and I slipped and fell on my back. I knocked the breath out of me and could not speak for about 5 minutes. I never said anything to the girls and I swam out to the raft and had no trouble. But my back was sore for a week or so. The younger children checked in and out when swimming with volunteer mothers if they did not swim well enough to go out beyond the rocks. On 2 days a week in the afternoon there were ACS kids, and other days University Students went there. I never went on a Sunday again so I don't know how crowded it might have gotten. Several times we hiked out to Pidgen Rock and several miles beyond passed Sandy beach which had an under tow so we never swam there and on to Middle Beach, which was a good place with lots of sand and an island way out that one could walk almost to it. It was hard to get up on the island and walk because of the rough rocks. But it had barnacles, and sea anemones and other interesting things to see. Several times we went there for a swim and picnic on a Saturday. We went there by bicycle and often got sunburned.

I was having trouble with spelling, the 1st and 2nd grade teacher Mrs Barbier who did not teach in the afternoon met me in the school at 1:30 and I had spelling with her for a half hour. I don't know if it helped. I have trouble with spelling to this day. But I liked math and science and social studies. We put on a play written by the class for Parent's Day which was in the spring. Mr. Hawkins helped us. Anne was the Arab bread boy, barefoot, carrying a bread tray with Arab flat bread "hubus" and she trips over some people sitting around a table playing Back Gammon and the bread goes all over the place. She gets mad picks up her loaves of bread, puts them back on the tray and takes off. End of the play.

The boys played basket ball with several other schools but the boys were all small except for the few in High School so most of the time ACS lost the games. But it was always an excursion because the kids from 7th grade on up would all go in a bus to the other school. I remember one time we played with the Sidon school that Anne Byerly's father was principle of.

There was a bus load of ACS kids from 7th grade through High School one spring Friday that headed north to Aleppo with Miss Orme and Mr. Hawkins as chaperones. Our first stop was Krak des Chevaliers. This is the best preserved Crusader Castle in that area. We got there about mid morning and we hiked up to the Castle gate, went threw the gate and then we went exploring on our own. I was with several girls who seemed to know where they were going and we found ourselves walking in a tunnel. It was not too long nor too dark. After we assembled again we had sandwiches and fruit and water to drink. and we started driving north again. Several times we stopped for a rest stop and Mr. Hawkins would say, "The sheep go in that direction (He would point) and the goats go in this direction." and the girls would go one way and the boys another. I think we also stopped at Hama under the water wheel and watched the water fall out the irrigation buckets into the trough and to the irrigation ditches. We got to Aleppo about mid afternoon.

In Aleppo we went to the Arab Crusader castle and walked around the walls and into part of the inside. We walked through the Aleppo Bazar and then went to the Markham House - Eleanor's home. Finney Markham was principle at the Boys Prep school for the Aleppo College. We slept on mattresses on the floor, the girls in one room and the boys in the other. That night we went to a native house - it probably was an Armenian home. It was a nice home with Arab furniture, After visiting for a while the family showed us their 4 basements. This was a home where the natives hid Armenians from the Turks during World War I. The entrances to the 3 lower basements were hidden and the last one was just a small room about 6 feet cubed. We got back to the Markham home and went right to bed. We were tired.

The next morning we headed for Antioch. On the way we stopped at Simeon Stylites Column. A Saint Simeon lived on top of a sixty foot pillar for 30 year. He lived from 390 to 459 AD. There was a Church and other buildings here, all in ruins. The spot on the map is called Dayr Siman. It is not more than 30 miles from there to Kelis, Turkey. We went from there to Antioch the place that people were first called Christians, and where Saint Paul spent alot of time. Our first view of the city was the Hippidrome which is still standing but needs some restoration. I could visualize Ben Hur driving his chariot around that hippidorme when I read the book. We also went to this Church which is built on a hill in a cave. The front of the building has the look of a church with several small windows, and a door, but inside the walls are just like a cave. The Church goes back to the 2nd century AD. It has an altar and pictures of the saints, but I don't remember any seats. Many Eastern Orthidox churches have no seats for the common people. By this time we had to leave and get back to Aleppo. I think that the next morning we got going and stopped some place for lunch and stopped above Dog River to see the "Calling Cards." I mentioned before about Alexander comming threw, but I also think several Egyptian Pharohs and several Persian Kings also left "calling cards."

Monday morning I did not go to school. I felt nausiated and I thought I was sick. Dr. Dewey always kept us in bed so much that I thought I was doing the right thing. Miss Orme came to see me in the afternoon after school and told me that no one else missed school and that I was not any more tired than the others. I never missed another day of school in Beirut and very few in College, Nursing School, or working as School Nurse. What ever I am committed to do I do. Only now that I am retired I sometimes have 2 commitments at the same time and that can be a problem.

At Thanksgiving time I would not be going home. Jack Walch and I were invited to Warren and Anne Byerly's home for the 4 day holiday. Mr. Byerly came to take us to their home in Sidon with his car. They were very gracious and we had a good time there. Sidon has an ancient castle

right on the sea shore and we went there and went to the beach, we went walking in the old streets that turned and in all directions. Sometimes the second stories of the houses had balconies that almost touched each other. Walking down that part of the street was just like walking down a tunnel. And sometimes we were in old tunnels. Anne and Warren never got lost. The whole family could speak Arabic like natives. Jack came from the island of Cypress. Sunday Mr. Byerly drove us back to Beirut.

Helen Dodd and I went back to Gaziantep for Christmas and maybe we were together going back to Gaziantep at the end of school in June. The boarding department made us a lunch of a sandwich and 2 bananas. I don't know what we did for water because along the road the water might not be pure and drinkable. In Beirut we drank the water from the faucet in the boarding department. Just before we left I bought 25 piasters worth of bananas and put them in a bag I had. We went by Bus to Tripoli and then the single car train to Aleppo. We stayed overnight with the Markham family and then took a rented car to Azaz on the Syrian side of the border. There was a Turkish car waiting for us. But when the officials were checking our luggage for customs and saw my bag with so many bananas they took the bananas away from me. They thought I would sell them. Turkey did not import bananas so there were none on the market and so they were a treat for the family. (25 piasters were less than 25 cents and I must have had 2 dozen bananas). When we got to Gaziantep I had the 2 bananas for my family from my lunch.

We had 2 weeks for Christmas. Every morning at breakfast we had devotions and prayed for the missionary of the day. One day we were the missionary family to pray for. This made me feel like I was part of a large family and I still have that feeling. It was time for us to take the taxi back to the border. It was cold and mother insisted that I wear some old woolen panties under my skirt for warmth. I did but I did not take them across the border. I think it was just before Easter that Dad came to a meeting in Beirut. Dad was on the board of directors of the Near East Theological School which was in Beirut. Young Men who wanted to be ministers and were going to AUB could get a divinity degree at AUB. Dad came to see me and Miss Stokes invited him to supper at the boarding department. We sat at her table that evening. He was asking her about what was going on in Germany, and she said her 2 brothers had joined the Youth organization started by Hitler. The beginning of Easter Vacation and the end of Dad's meeting came at the same time. Dad and I went by car to Tripoli. I think Dad talked the driver into taking a short rest so we could see the "Calling Cards." Then we proceeded across the Dog River and into Tripoli. Just north of Tripoli was Biblos where we stopped and looked at some ruins along the shore. Biblos was where the ancients made parchment and some of the first Bibles were written on parchment. So "Bible" comes from the word "Biblos." We continued up the coast of the Mediterranean to Latakia and then headed toward Aleppo. The Markhams and the Carltons were both in Aleppo so sometimes we stayed with one and sometimes with another of the 2 American families that were living there. The next day we came on home threw Kalia. After 2 weeks I went back to Aleppo and then on to Beirut. I don't remember going back with Helen or with Eleanor Markham, or with anyone. But Helen and I did travel together when it was convenient.

One weekend in the winter I was invited to the Freidinger home up in Zahlah in the mountains above Beirut. Mr. and Mrs. Freidinger came down in their car and picked up Anna and Margaret, and me on a Friday. I don't remember if Philip was with us but then we would have been too crowded in the car. We got to their home in the dark so I did not know how mountainous the area was until morning. Mrs. Freidinger needed to go change the dressing on a young boy about 10. He had a bad gash on his leg from a fall and it had gotten infected. There was proud flesh all around the sore which was about 5 inches long and 1 and a half inches

wife. Anna and I watched the cleaning of the wound but Margaret was not interested. We had a good time and got back to Beirut in the afternoon. When school ended in June I went back to Aleppo and stayed with one of the American families over night and then got home for a few days.

It was the Isely family's turn to go on furlough in the summer of 1936. For the past year a blind young man by the name of Mitat Ench had been living with my family to learn English. Mitat was the nephew of Dr. Megit Bey who was a surgeon and operated in our hospital when Dr. Wilson was not present. Mitat had Tuberculosis of the Optic Nerve while he was going to the University in Vienna. He also had had trachoma as a child and had lost some of his sight then. He could see only light and shadows. Dad started teaching Mitat English to get his mind off his problems. He was an exceedingly bright young man and wanted to do something for his country. Dad encouraged him to learn English and braille and he interested an American lady into providing him with a scholarship to Perkins Institute for the Blind. Mitat traveled with us through Europe and on the ship to New York. Then he spent 3 years at the institute. Dad and Mitat wrote letters to each other Dad in Braille for Mitat and Mitat in Turkish for Dad. Mitat worked in Turkey for a while and then returned to Columbia University to get his Doctor's Degree in Special Education for the handicapped. When he got back to Turkey he was given the position of Director of Special Education in the Turkish Government in Ankara. Mitat had gone ahead of us to Vienna to visit friends.

We left Gaziantep in a taxi and headed for Fevzi Pasha where we caught the Berlin-Bagdad railroad. We each had a suitcase, our water jug, and a large hand bag for medicines and other emergencies. Both Bill and Carol had sores on their legs that the doctor called impetigo. Mother treated them with silver nitrate and their sores were almost healed by the time we got to Istanbul. We had a compartment all to ourselves with 8 seats - 4 facing the other 4 and a sliding door which went to the corridor. At night we filled the space between the seats with the suitcases and spread a blanket over the suitcases and another over us. I don't know if Mother and Dad stretched out or slept sitting up. We remembered the same trip we had in 1931 on the train and especially the train ride threw the Taurus mountains and the Cilician Gates. Dad stopped to get water in our jug at a special spring of pure water, and I think several other places. We were on the train 2 nights and got to Hyder Pasha where the train ends. Annual Meeting was in progress at Scutary and we were given a room to stay in.

I don't remember much of Annual meeting except that I started menstruating for one day. I was 13 so I was not surprised. We went to Prinkapo Island for a picnic and to Altun Cum swimming. And then we caught the boat up into the Black Sea. nx:Chapter 17

To the US the Summer of 1936

From the train station we took a taxi to Scutari Girls School. Mother and Dad attended some of the annual meetings and Carol attended a girl's camp. We stayed in a room at Iscutar Girls School for the meetings. About the time the meetings ended we boarded a ship in Istanbul for Constanza, Romania. I had always heard that the Black Sea was an unusually rough sea and shortly after we went north through the Bosphoros and into the Black Sea the ship did pitch and the sea was rough. Dad never got sea sick but the rest of us were squimish.

We landed at Constanza and took the train for Bucharest arriving the next morning. In Bucharest we took a buggy ride drawn by 2 horses through town and stopped to see some of the parks and monuments. Mother got the giggles and laughed so hard she almost got hysterical she thought it was so funny riding in the buggy sightseeing. I think we went by train on to Belgrade in Yugoslavia. Then we went up north to Budapest, Hungary and on to Vienna Austria. I don't remember any hotels

along the way or sleeping in the trains. When we got to Vienna we stayed there for several days. I don't remember where Mitat joined us, Maybe he left Istanbul with us and stayed in Vienna while we went to Switzerland, and joined us in Paris. In Vienna we went to a Ballet performance, and to the park where there is a giant ferris wheel. We went on the ferris wheel then, and again Lee and I went in 1933. Our family also rode on the 'caterpillar', a ride that went spinning so fast that a cover came over everyone and we spun in the dark. We took the train at night and got to Salzburg just across from Germany and then the train went to Innsbrook, Austria and we visited some Mitat's friends. We went on to Switzerland. Switzerland had electric trains that were very clean, and one afternoon I sat by the window with my head partly outside and watched as the train went up the Rhine Valley. We went through many tunnels, and I enjoyed this train ride as much as the ride through the Taurus Mts. of Turkey. We got off the train at Interlocken and went to Grandmother Isely's home by taxi. Dad looked up some records at a church near by. We went to the old farm but none of her relatives were there and I don't remember visiting any cousins, but Dad did visit with one cousin his last trip back in 1961. We went on to Lucerne and then Bern. I remember stepping off the sidewalk to go threw one of the gateways into the city of Bern and almost getting hit by a car, did I ever get scolded. We also went to see the bears at the bear pit.

We took a train from Bern to Paris. I think we missed a train but the next train was about an hour or two later. We had a hotel in Paris and we went sightseeing to the Louvre Museum and saw the "Winged Victory" at the top of the steps. We saw alot of Egyptian material and also Greek antiques. We were in Paris for several days and we were there for Bastil Day, July 14th. It was my first experience at seeing a great display of fireworks. We could see the fireworks from the roof of the Hotel very well. We were in 6 countries and 6 capitals.

Mitat joined us and we went by train early one morning to Cherbourg, France to board the "Europa" for a 6 day trip to New York. The Europa was the sister ship of the Bremen. (The Bremen was sunk by the allies and the Europa was sold for scrap iron). The Europa caught on fire several times. The Europa had some kind of stablizer on it so it did not rock with the waves. But there was constant vibration on the boat. It was big enough to have elevators, and Dad took us on a tour of the ship and to the engine room, and the Captain's Bridge. I think we went 2nd class and Mitat went 3rd. Mother had Mitat hold her elbow and he could follow her walking and walk around the ship very well. She would tell him when there would be steps or doors sills to step over. We were assigned places at the dinning room and first or second seatings. There was shuffle board and table tennis to play.

We landed in New York and took the train to Boston and stayed at Aubourndale, Mass. for about a week. We took the interurban into 14 Beacon street, the Mission Headquarters. We all had physicals and dental and eye check ups. We also bought a car and visited the Wiley family in Pittsfield, Mass. where he had a church. There we learned the table grace "Thank You for the World so Sweet". and read Peter Cotton Tail Stories. Both the song and the stories we adoped for our family grace and bedtime stories. Near Pittsfiled is Mountain Rest Camp where we visited the Dewey family for a few hours. I think we stopped and visited relatives in Ohio and Iowa before getting to Wichita. And we stayed at our Grandmother Well's home at 1626 N. Holyoke, the same place we stayed in 1927-1928. Aunt Alice and Grandmother Isely lived right across the street. Grandmother Myers had married Mr. Green so she was Grandmother Green from then on. They still lived at her house on South Topeka, and during that year moved to 1637 Arkansas St. - directly west from where we were. 13th street was the only close direct street.

School started. I was in 9th grade at Rosevelt Jr. High and every

afternoon took French over at East High, for the first half of the year. I was afraid that I would flunk French so I talked the folks into letting me take Typing the second half year. I also took Math, English, Home Economics-foods, and PE. I remember trying to climb a rope in PE, and making candy in Home Ec at Christmas time. Typing got hard but I am glad that I took typing at that time. I think Carol was in 2nd grade and Bill was in 5th. Carol was running a low grade fever and they thought that she might have TB. She went to school mornings and napped in the afternoon. They walked to the same school that I had in kindergarten.

We visited relatives again and were active in the Fairmount Congregational Church. Rev. Rymph was the pastor and his daughter Elaine was a friend of mine. One Sunday we were sitting in the front row and whispering loudly when he abruptly stopped his preaching and told us to be quiet. Our Sunday School class met in the balcony, after opening exercises. Aunt Alice was Sunday School superintendent. At grandmother's house every Saturday I was to dust the living room and parlor, and to bake a cake and frost it. We ate in one section of the kitchen - the breakfast nook, but there was a dinning room we used some times but in the spring, the dinning room became her bedroom. Her health was not too good and she went to live with Uncle Frank about the time we went back to Turkey. Mrs Hayes and her 2 girls, Muriel and Margaret and their brother moved into the house. The 2 girls were teachers and just a bit younger than the folks. Their brother had a mental problem, he couldn't learn reading and math. Professor Hayes had passed away, he was from Fairmount College and also the same church, the 2 families had been friends for years. Thorton Isely lived in one of the upstairs bedrooms and was attending Fairmount College. On one occasion he had to wear a tux and I remember Mother and Grandmother checking him over to see that he looked just right. I remember going to the Circus one afternoon on a school day. Mother had written a note for me to be excused from school. I remember waiting on the corner for a bus for a very long time and then deciding to walk along the route and catch the bus, but I don't know what happened to the busses but I got home about an hour later without a bus passing me. So we got to the Circus a little late. But we did enjoy it. Mother thought we should get to see a circus, and felt we should go in the afternoon and not miss our sleep. That was counted an unexcused absence for me. I don't think I missed any other days that school year. It was very cold that winter and there was packed snow and ice on the streets in Wichita, which is very unusual. Also we got letters from Gaziantep saying they had a very cold winter. That winter there was a number of strep infections and Aunt Mary Dodd and Aunt Jean Honis both died. Uncle Albert went back to Gaziantep in the late Spring and the Dodd family came to America to stay.

We drove back to the east coast in the summer and dad planned it all so that we stopped at various cousins all along the way and had a place to stay most every night. We stayed at Mother's cousin's home the first night in Missouri and 5 of us girls slept sideways on a double bed. We stayed at a ranch in Ohio, the Terrill cousins, where there were cattle guards which I had not seen before to keep out the cattle. They had a beef cattle farm. We could not get to Cleveland, Ohio as we kept getting by-passes because of road construction. We visited our Uncle Frank Isely and Aunt Eunice and cousin John in Washington D.C. but I don't remember what else we saw, except Aunt Eunice took us to the National Cathedral. Then we drove to Mountain Rest in western Mass for 2 weeks. College age girls and boys from Missionary Families worked KP at our meals. One of the pastors there always lead morning devotions. Dad led them one day and I was so mortified when he started the "Lord's Prayer" in Turkish and couldn't think of the English. In the evenings we played "Monopoly". I went swimming with some of the youth at a lake. There was a boat with

us and some of the boys swam clear across. I swam from the middle to the farther side and was I tired when I climbed into the boat to ride back to the other side. I went there to swim again after it had rained and the water was so much colder. I had a crush on an mission kid from the Philippines who was a KP and he had built a tree house on top of 2 pine trees that were over 200 feet tall. I went to visit him at the tree house and it was a long climb. Then he told me to warn him if I visited him again as he often sunbathed up in his tree house. We drove back to Auborndale Mass. again and got ready to sail. We were in Auborndale for about a week or 10 days, it was rainy and cold. We sold the car and took the train down to New York and stayed at the Prince George Hotel. We found a sidewalk automat where you put in nickels and the door unlocked and you reached in and got a sandwich. The Dewey family - Aunt Elsie, Edward, Lynda, and Warner went with Mother and us Kids to the Bronx Zoo one day. Dad had a cold and stayed at the hotel. The last night we moved to another hotel and the Deweys were there also. Our trip was delayed a day because of a strike on the ship and so we were in hotels the steamship line paid for. The next evening we sailed on the American Export Line, the Excambian.

Dad was sick with pneumonia all the way across and I know mother was worried about him. This was before antibiotics. We 6 kids had the run of the ship - a much smaller ship than the Europa, only 130 passangers. We always ate the early shift and one night after dinner we were singing as loud as we could the song "Oh You Can't Get to Heaven --" Dad could hear us from his stateroom and he rang for the bell boy and sent him up to tell us to be quiet. When the boat stopped at Naples there was the sister ship the Exiter across the way and I went over hoping to visit on that ship but the Italian Police would not let me get on the ship even if the crew said it was OK. I was so mad. We went on a half day excursion with Aunt Elsie to a drive above Naples. We must have stopped several places but all I remember stopping at after Naples was Alexander, Egypt.

Chapter 18

Our next stop was Alexandria, Egypt. As the Excambian docked people assembled on the dock. There were performing acrobats and boys diving in the water when people threw them coins, and young mothers begging. We kids did not have any coins so we threw down sugar lumps for the kids and paper coved little soaps for the women. Both belonged to the Ship. Since we had 2 days in Alexandria many people went to Cairo. As Dad was still sick it was decided that Aunt Elsie would take her 3 kids and Bill and me with her. That evening after it started to cool we went by Taxi to down town Cairo and to a native Hotel. It took about 3 hours or more. It was dark, and I don't remember how we slept. I do remember sitting in the window and watching the people come and go, mostly men. We were on the second floor. The next morning we went to see the Pyramids and the Sphynix, I also remember seeing a statue of Rameses II lying flat on the ground among the palm trees. I think the statue has been moved to a city park now. It was a good trip and in the afternoon we drove back to the Ship. In a couple of days we docked at Beirut.

Edward and I enrolled at ACS. School had already started. Aunt Elsie, Lynda, and Warner went on to Gaziantep. Dad stayed in the American Hospital in Beirut for another week, but he was alot better. Mother, Bill and Carol stayed with friends until the end of the week and then the 4 also went back home.

Miss Stokes was still our House Mother, but she had an assistant, Mrs. Cochran and her 4 girls were also enrolled at ACS. Anne Byerly still had the room she and I shared 2 years earlier. Her roommate was Sissy ?. I was Dorothy Cochran's roommate, and we shared the bathroom with Mary and Kitty Cochran. Mary was in my class. May Nelson from Talas

Turkey was in the first room coming into the Girls' hall. Mrs. Cochran and Jean who was in 1st grade lived on the top floor. Wendy Wadsworth shared the bath with Anne, and was in a room by her self. Her father was the American Conselor in Jerusalem. Her mother and step-brother where on the Excambion with us. Wendy's brother George, called, Waddy, lived up stairs with Edward, Waren Byerly, Bob Ogden, Harlow Lichtword, and Ben Edwards.

We had new teachers as well. Miss Orme was still principle, she taught Ancient History, and Latin. Mr. Bruce Billings taught Math and Science, Miss Carr taught English, Madame Holencoff still was our French teacher but we had a second teacher who taught French grammar and dictation. Our class had Anne, Mary C., Martha Miller, David Dodge, Sam Brown, Andre Rubinski, Dan Leavitt (not in 1939's school picture), George Wadsworth and me in 10th grade. Ruth Riggs and Dorothy Cochrad were in 11th grade. I took Ancient History from Miss Orme, Math and Science, English and French. We had singing from 1:30 to 2:00 pm. We also had a few plays that year.

When Edward and I went back to Gaziantep for Christmas we went to Tripoli on the Bus, then the Train to Aleppo and overnight with the Carltons. The Markahms had come to the U.S. Our class had read Silas Marner and written the story into a play to produce in the spring. I had my copy of the play, 10 pages on onion skin paper, single spaced with me when we went across the border into Turkey by car. The Turkish border police could not understand or read English and so were not going to let me bring the papers into Turkey. Finally they took the papers from me and told me to pick them up the next day at the Gaziantep police station. We were delayed and when we got home Dad had been worrying because we were so late. I explained about my script of the play and the next day with no trouble the police turned the papers over to us. We had 2 weeks vacation and then Edward and I went back to Beirut. We gave the play, I had a bit part of the "maid"

Back in Gaziantep I found the family had moved from the east end of the Girl School building to the west end on the first and second floors. This was where the Dodd's had been living and the present plans were to keep the hospital going with Dr. Dewey, a Turkish doctor (a requirement by the government), Dad as administrator, Mother was dietition, and also teaching Bill and Lynda, and Carol. Warner was being taught by Aunt Elsie. I don't know if the 2 mothers worked together. We had Miss Theda Bell Phelps as the Head Nurse. She lived upstairs. The Turkish doctor and family lived in our old appartment. We had Christmas Holidays as we had them before. And after 2 weeks Edward and I went back to school. My folks had given me a bike for Christmas but it was bought in Beirut and it was an English bike, a Raleigh. I learned quickly. Kitty and I used to go riding together. We would go down to the store and buy a chocolate candy bar and eat it as we biked around our part of town. One time we got into the Moslem part of town and the boys started grabbing the back wheel to try and make us fall. I didn't know there were different parts of town, Moslem and Christian until that day. May Nelson and I belonged to a Girl Reserve group of Armenian and Syrian girls and we went up in the mountains to a camp and retreat one weekend. Anne's older sister Betty was one of the counselors at the camp. Several times the school had an outing at middle beach and we rode our bikes out there. The first time I went out there I tried to peddle all the way up a hill but had to get off. When I stepped off the bike my knees buckled they were so tired. I held on the bike to keep from falling. I walked up the hill and then mounted the bike and it was easier going after that first hill. Some of us got sun burned on that outing. The worst case of sun burn was Sam Brown. Sam also got polio that year. He was pretty sick for a few weeks and then he always had a limp. He had a harder time in school than some of the other boys. That winter the Leavitt kids, got diphtheria.

So all the school got a shot called a Dick shot which was to be read like a skin test, if the skin around the shot was red the person had to be watched for symptoms of diphtheria. They missed about 6 weeks of school. I don't think anyone else got the disease.

We has several excursions. One was to Dog River near Tripoli. Near Dog River was an archaeological dig. There were the bones of a child imbedded in the rock and to cover the bones from wind and rain was a cardboard box with the words "handle with care" written on the side. One of the men working on the bones talked to us for a while. I think this dated to the late stone age. The boys who had been here before were looking for an entrance to a cave. I was with Dan Leavett and several others when we found the hole and slid down into a cave made by water. In a short while Mr. Billings joined us and we had candles and flashlights. We went quite a ways into the cave, one place we had to crawl through a low passage way and then we came to a tall muddy bank and could not go any farther. One could hear water running. We went back and climbed out of the cave. Then we drove around the hill and on the back side was the exit of the river out of the mountain. We had a picnic up there. On the way back we sang songs and Mr. Billings commented that as quiet as I was I could sure sing loud.

Another time we went to Sidon and then up into the mountains to a castle, not in as good repair as the Croc de Cheavale. This castle was on a high rock and hard to get to. The same day we went to see a house belonging to a promonant Lebanese person built in the old style with a place for the harem.

Mr Billings had an interesting science class. Dorothy Cochran and Ruth Riggs from the 11th grade, and Dan Leavett, Sam Brown, Waddy Wadsworth, I am not sure who else, and I were from the 10th grade. The other students in our 2 grades were taking Latin. Mr B got some white rats and we tried to operate on them and show that an animal could survive on only 1 kidney. The first operation we did the rat died immediately, we had punctured the diaphragm. The second rat did not live either but we finally had a succesful operation on a rat. Then Mr. Billings made arrangements for our class to see an operation at the hospital. It turned out that the boys couldn't stand watching and left the room while we girls did fine, I think we all ended up being nurses.

Bill Nute Jr. was going to school at AUB in pre-med. He was very interested in our rat experiments and came over to help us with caring for the rats espicially helping Dorothy. Once when Dorothy had other plans, Bill and I went to a concert together. Dorothy liked Mr. F.

Edward and I traveled home for Easter and then for the summer. I did a lot of reading that summer. We had the small reservoir on the hill we called our swimming pool. Four strokes would get one across the pool either direction. In the summer the folks did not sleep outside as we had done at college hill. But they had a north bedroom and usually the nights cooled off even if the day was 100 degrees F. Carol and Lynda slept in the tree house on the west side of the tennis court and Bill and Edward slept in a new tree house on the east side. I slept on the hill next to the tree Carol and Lynda slept in. One needed 2 blankets at night when sleeping outside. Inside it took till about midnight for the house to cool off. That summer the Hospital had a painting job that I worked at. Dad had some white paint that he added lamp black to that made the paint a blue gray. I painted the second floor woodwork in the hall of the Clinic for about 2 weeks and then I varnished the floors of some of the rooms of the Clinic. Then the rest of the kids wanted to help so they painted the upstairs porch of the clinic. There was a Turkish boy working at the hospital who bothered some of the nurses and me when I was painting. He got fired and then we had stones thrown over the wall for a few weeks.

The fall of 38 I was again Anne's roommate and Dorothy and Mary

Colman were roommates across from us. Dorothy was the only one in 12th grade. May Nelson and Dorothy Woolworth were in the girls section of the dormitory and also Anna Fridinger and Alice Altier. Miss Stokes was our house mother and Mrs Hovnaian was her helper. Things were getting tense in Europe. Mrs Hovnaian was a widow whose doctor husband had died from infection, blood poisoning when he got pricked with a needle during surgery. When Edward and I came back from home after Christmas Miss Stokes had gone to Germany for Christmas and did not come back. We had a new house mother, a Miss Mathews, and we had a rough time with her. She started checking rooms for neatness.

One day Anne and I happened to leave something on a bed and when we asked if we passed she said "you know what you got". So after that we deliberately did not make our beds for a while. Edward, Warren, and another boy got into trouble and had to move out of the boarding department for a while and Edward stayed with the Dorman family for 3 weeks. Aunt Else came and things quieted down, but he almost got expelled. I don't know what he did, Anne did and she was so upset she and I almost rode our bikes to Sidon to see her father, but after thinking about it for a few minutes we thought better of that. Miss Mathews tried to bribe us into being good.

Martha and I decided to go back to the US for our senior year of school because we would have been the only 2 in our class and we figured it would be good experience. We decided to go back on the American Export Line in late August. Miss Mathews gave a big party for the Boarding department people who were leaving that spring and it was a nice affair. The day after school ended May Nelson and I took the bus and train to Aleppo and then we caught the Berlin-Bagdad train to Talas.

I visited May Nelson and her family in Talas for a day or so and then I was put on the train for Istanbul. There were 6 seats in a compartment in the train car. There was a Turkish family of 4, a young Turk, and myself. I was standing at the window in the hall when the young man started talking to me in French, and he started giving me complements and saying he loved me. Finally I told him to "taite twa"- I think it is "shut up" in French. Then I moved into the next compartment with another Turkish family of 5. I was glad as the mother of the first family started to get motion sickness. I guess I slept on the train. The next morning the train came into Hyder Pasha station and my family were there to meet me. Annual meeting was over and we were staying in the Luther Fowle home in Bebek half way up the Bosphorus next to Robert College and the castle at Rumele Hesar. Our cook Okesh had come with them and we were there for a month's vacation. Both mother and dad took water color painting lessons from a friend. We went on sight seeing trips. The Deweys came and Aunt Elsie had surgery at the American British Hospital where Dr Loren Shephard was head Doctor. We visited Aunt Elsie. Edward went with our family when we rented 2 row boats and went up the Golden Horn where we had a picnic. Then we came back to the center of town and caught a ferry back to Bebek. We went swimming with the Shephard Family. We took a row boat out to a little light house and went swimming around it. One could not touch bottom. It was out of the path of the big steamers and the ferry boats that are very busy on the Bosphorus. Bill and Dad and Edward, each had a row boat accompanying them as they swam across the Bosphorus from west to east. Since the Bosphorus is full of bays it is much longer to swim across if you miss the point and have to swim clear across that next bay. There were quite a number of books at the house we rented and I remember reading historical novels that took place in Constantinople. I know we went on the Ferry out to the islands and also up the Bosphorus. One day as we were resting after lunch someone tried to reach in the window on the street to get something. The windows had bars but one could reach in a little ways if

something was left on the window ledge. That was the room Carol and I slept in. One day there was commotion out the window because of a strange dog running around, some one said he was a "mad dog". I think Istanbul had some dogs that had hydrophobia. Anyway we were taught to be careful. Cy and Bill Nute Jr. and I went sight seeing and climbed the fire tower. Dad, mother and I went shopping in the bazar and bought an old tray. We went back to Gaziantep for a month or so and the middle of August it was time for me to go to Beirut to catch the boat to the U.S. I went down to Aleppo by train. Mother made a picnic lunch and we drove to Akfaccun and had our lunch waiting for the train. I think this was the time that Dad was worried that no one was in Aleppo to meet me so at the last moment he bought a ticket and came to Aleppo with me. We visited and when we got to Aleppo Dr. Carolton was there to meet the train. Dad got off the train and talked to us until the train bell rang and he boarded the train back to Turkey and went on to Fevzi Pasha. I stayed over night at the Carolton home and the next morning was put on the train to Tripoli and then I changed to bus for Beirut. I could carry my one bag and one suitcase and went by street car to the American University of Beirut and to the Dr. George Miller home and was welcomed by Mrs. Miller and Martha. It was hot in Beirut in the summer in the evening. I was with the Millers for 2 nights. Then the Millers took Martha and me to the SS Excambion, the same ship I rode in 2 years earlier. They visited with the Captain and the Doctor of the ship and left us in good hands though the official person in charge of us was the Perser of the ship.

Martha was feeling homesick, and we were standing at the railing just below the Captain's Bridge waving to the Millers. After our ship moved out from the Quay the Captain invited us to the bridge for a short time to get Martha to feel better. We watched the search light move back and forth looking for small boats in our way but the way was clear.

Next morning we were at Haifa for a half day and then to Jappa. We did not get off the boat. Over night and the next morning we were in Alexandria, Egypt and we did not get off but our passports were stamped even if we were not allowed off by our selves. The Ship was in Alexandria all day unloading US made cars which were in big crates. Our next stop was Pireas, Greece where mother had made arrangements with a friend of hers for us to see Athens. A cab driver met us at the pier and we went to see the Parthenon, an old water clock and Mars Hill. By this time it was noon and he delivered us to a certain restaurant where mother's friend was waiting for us. While we were eating 2 teachers from Beirut, Mrs. and Mr. Strong came in to eat. They had been vacationing in Europe, and had been told that the political situation was very tense and to get back to Beirut so they were on their way back to Syria. We completed lunch and mother's friend took us back to the boat.

Several days later we were in Naples and in order to get to do some sight seeing we signed up on a Cook's Tour to see Mt. Vesuvius. We left the ship by bus and drove to the base of the mountain. There was a funicular railcar that took us most of the way up the mountain. Then we walked down into the crater which had steam coming up out of several cones. In one place there was a man that for a fee would attach a coin to his stick and he would lower his stick throw a hole in the solid lava we were standing on into red hot liquid lava below. After a few minutes to cool off he would give you your coin back imbeded in the lava. We had to climb back up the steep sides of the crater and go back down to the funicular and back to the ship. Our ship was in Naples for 2 days and then we sailed up the coast to Leghorn. At Leghorn Martha and I wanted to go ashore and go to the leaning tower of Pisa but spend less money so we asked around and the second dining room steward said he would take us. We had asked a Miss Ligget who was a teacher from Calif. and she said she was going to take the train to Rome and then catch the ship at

Genoa, but she changed her mind and got off the ship with us as well as the Steward. But he left us and spent the time at a bar close to the pair. Miss Ligget, Martha and I went by taxi and saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa and climbed it and also went to the big Cathedral next door. The leaning tower is the bell tower for the church. And next to that was the Baptistry. Then we had to hurry back to Leghorn as the ship was to leave by about 5 pm. Just as we were ready to get on the boat the Steward joined us so it appeared that he had been with us all the time.

The next morning we were docked in Genoa. Martha, Miss Ligget and I went ashore again. We saw Columbus's home, A fancy cemetery and the Royal Palace in Genoa used when royalty visits. One can walk into the yard and see the royal gardens through a fence or visit a gift shop on the ground floor. We three were much in need of a restroom so we climbed up the broad stairway up to the second floor and then to the third floor. We found a door slightly ajar and walked in still looking for a toilet. We walked into a bed room that was furnished in pink rose printed material for curtains and bedspread. We decided this was a room for a princess. We walked through a long hallway, and a dance hall, and finally found the restroom which we made use of. We returned through the open door, down the stairs and then went back to the gift shop. Miss Ligget bought something so we would be caring a package as we walked out. As we left we asked the guard at the gate if the Palace was open to the public and he told us it was not. We went back to the ship. The Excambian was docked in Genoa for 2 days. Just before our ship sailed someone on deck said "There goes the Conta Sovoya" which was the top Italian sailing ship. She sailed without her passengers to get out of the Mediterranean before World War II started. Anne Byerly's sister Betty was to have sailed on that ship and Martha and I almost went with her. Betty made her way to England and finally got back to the US about 6 months later.

Our ship next stopped at Marseille but we did not get off the boat. However I over heard the bell boy (who was a college graduate) say to Miss Ligget "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark." About 3 years latter in a Life magazine 2 men who worked on the Excambian - the second dinning room steward and the ship's barber were found to be spies for the Germans. The next day we were to sail through the Straits of Gibraltar. It was lunch time, we had seen the famous rock and went down to eat lunch. As we were eating we realized that the sun was shining in the windows from the opposite side of the room than earlier. When we got on deck we found that we were headed for the bay on which the city of Gibraltar is located. We anchored in the middle of the bay and a small ship came out to the Excambian with about a dozen passengers. The son and wife of the American Counselor were 2 of those passengers who were trying to get out of Europe before war started. In the middle of the afternoon we sailed out of the bay and threw the straits and were in the Atlantic Ocean. The ship was full and some of the new pasengers had room in sick bay. Martha and I had a roommate who dated some of the ship's officers and we seldom saw her. We didn't stay in our room much in the day time and she was out late at night. The Atlantic was somewhat rougher water than the Mediteranean, but when it got stormy I found it most interesting to stand at the back of the boat and watch the boat sail along. Our roommate came in one night after midnight about 2 days before we docked in Boston, and said that the Radio Technition had received a message that a passenger ship not far from us had been hit by a German U boat and we were going to rescue the people. It was a British ship, the Athenia, and we were too far away to help. We anchored outside of Boston 2 nights later because it was Labor Day and docked the next morning. My Uncle Frank, Aunt Eunice, Grandmother Wells, and Cousin John met me and the next day Grandmother and Aunt Eunice took me shopping and enrolled me in the Newton High School. I lived in the

Missionary Home in Auburndale at Walker Home, and went to school with Ruth Pike, who was also a senior. She was of missionary parents from China. 2 boys also went to school with us who were juniors and one girl who was a freshman. I was already known as 'Muffin' because Ruth Riggs had been there the year before. That winter I heard about the terrible earthquake in eastern Turkey. And in June I graduated from Newton Mass. High School and in the fall made Grandmother Green's home my headquarters and entered Kansas State College in Manhattan. In October 1941 Bill and Carol arrived back from Turkey after a risky trip on the Kowsar. They lived with Grandmother and Grandfather Green until they graduated from North High School. I graduated from KSC in 1944 in Home Economics and in the fall went to the University of Minnesota as a Cadet Nurse. After I finished training I went back on campus and got my BS in Nursing Education. That Summer I met Lee Hermsmeier and we got married March 19, 1949.

by

Mary Frances Hermsmeier

known as Muffin by Beirut friends