The Morning Cometh: 45 Years with Anatolia College

Supplemented by Carl Compton’s UNRRA Letters to his Wife Ruth

Carl C. Compton
The “Front Gate”
Gift of Anatolia’s Athens Alumni Association

Anatolia College provides pioneering educational services from the pre-school to post-graduate level in Thessaloniki, Greece’s northern capital and crossroads of the Balkans.

The nationally renowned six-year secondary school, also called Anatolia College, has two Gymnasia, two Lykeia, and a two-year International Baccalaureate (I.B.) program, with a total enrollment of about 1,300 boys and girls. Graduates enroll in Greek, British, and other European universities as well as in U.S. colleges and its own university division, the American College of Thessaloniki or ACT. The secondary school has over 10,000 alumni distinguishing themselves throughout Greece and abroad.

ACT, which began operating in 1981, is accredited by the New England Association of Schools and Colleges and offers B.A., B.S., and M.B.A. degrees. Around 500 students attend from Greece, Southeast Europe and the United States. As with the I.B., all instruction is in English. ACT offers majors in Business, Computer Science and International Relations, all supported by a liberal arts foundation and broadened by interaction with the Study Abroad American students. The Bissell Library and Niarchos Technology Center provide state of the art resources. Graduates are eagerly recruited by Greek and international employers.

Anatolia also offers a public lecture series and English language programs in addition to English proficiency throughout Northern Greece. The boarding facilities house 60 students and the city’s best-known summer day camp is on campus as well. In 2004, Anatolia Elementary School opened its doors to almost 400 young students (K-6), many of whom continue at the secondary school.

Anatolia College (www.anatolia.edu.gr) is a private, non-profit institution, founded in 1886 and chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts since 1894. It is governed by a Board of Trustees, composed of Americans, Greeks and Alumni serving pro bono to advance its mission. Over $1,000,000 is awarded annually in scholarships to more than 200 students.
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The present volume is a compilation of several works. Part I covers reflections by and on Carl Compton, which with one exception have been published elsewhere separately as indicated in those sections. Part II is a republication of the original volume *The Morning Cometh: 45 Years with Anatolia College* (New Rochelle, NY: Aristide D. Caratzas, 1986) edited by John O. Iatrides and William R. Compton © Trustees of Anatolia College 1986. Part III is an album of photographs and illustrations on Carl Compton and his times compiled especially for this edition. Part IV is a condensed version of the work entitled *Letters of Carl C. Compton to his Wife Ruth, While Working as Director of UNRRA Operations in Thessaloniki, Greece (August 1944 – September 1945): An eye-witness report of personal life and relief work in and around war-devastated Thessaloniki, right after the liberation of the city* (Thessaloniki, March 2002) edited by William R. Compton, Manos O. Iatridis, and John O. Iatrides. © William R. Compton. William R. Compton edited the condensed version of the Letters for the present edition.

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Chorigi: Serge and Yanna Hadji-Mihaloglou
This volume is dedicated to
George Bissell
who joined the Board of Trustees in 1965
and for whom Anatolia College
has become part of his family.
George leads by personal example and
inspiration in serving the common good
and is a role model for
all Anatolians.
Anatolia College evolved out of the reorganized Merzifon (Marsovan) Seminary in 1886. Its origins may be traced back to the “Haystack Meeting” at Williams College in 1806 and to Bebek Seminary, founded in Constantinople by Cyrus Hamlin in 1840. The Seminary portion of the School moved inland to Marsovan in 1862, while the liberal arts division remained in Constantinople and became Robert College (and eventually, the modern-day Bogazici University).

Anatolia College itself was founded in 1886 and chartered by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1894. Following the forced closure of the Marsovan campus by the Turkish government in 1921, the School relocated 800 miles due west to Thessaloniki in 1924. Prime Minister Eleftherios Venizelos had encouraged then-President George E. White to re-open the School there in order to serve the city’s increased educational needs resulting from the massive influx of Asia Minor refugees.
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Anatolia sets life challenges and expects its alumni to serve the common good—
as they are able and in any way they see fit. In large part, this institutional culture
was fostered by Carl and Ruth Compton, who dedicated their lives to the School.

In celebrating Anatolia’s Centennial in 1986, the Board of Trustees arranged
for the publication of Carl’s Memoirs, which he was persuaded to write for
this occasion by Everett Stephens, former Chair of the Board and pre-WWII
teacher. They were edited and annotated with scholarly care in a handsome vol-
ume by Professor John O. Iatrides ’50, son of Carl’s colleague and our former
teacher Orestes Iatrides, as well as by Bill Compton, Carl and Ruth’s son and
Anatolia teacher in the 1950s. The Memoirs were published under the title The
Morning Cometh: 45 Years with Anatolia College (New Rochelle, NY: Aristide D.
Caratzas, 1986).

Our Armenian brothers and sisters generously sponsored a Greek translation
with a moving introduction on the Compton legend by former President Bill
McGrew. The translation was titled Ξημερώνει ... 45 χρόνια με το Κολέγιο Ανα-
τόλια (Thessaloniki: Armenian Cultural Association Hamazkian, 1997).

In 2002, Bill Compton, John’s brother, Manos Iatridis ’46, and John edited
and informally published in a limited edition Carl’s letters to Ruth as Letters of
Carl C. Compton to his Wife Ruth, While Working as Director of UNRRA Opera-
tions in Thessaloniki, Greece. These letters cover Carl’s service at the United Na-
tions Relief and Rehabilitation Administration right after WWII, a period dur-
ing which Ruth was delayed from joining him. All three of these publications re-
cently ran out of print.

As expected, a phalanx of Anatolians stepped forward to ensure that Carl and
Ruth’s lessons of community service and leadership by inspiration and example
continue to be transmitted. A couple of years ago, President Richard Jackson,
in the course of one of the many briefings he provides on the School, mentioned to my wife and muse, Yanna, and myself that the Memoirs were about to go out of print. Yanna instantly volunteered us to republish them. Dick Jackson, in addition to offering continuing encouragement, contributed the new Foreword. It provides perspective on Anatolia’s evolution since the original 1986 edition and emphasizes Carl’s contributions to building not only buildings, but character.

Dick Jackson and my fellow Trustee Angelos Billis ’47, former Vice-President of the Alumni Association and former President of the Friends’ Association, suggested that we add Carl’s letters, of which I was previously unaware. Grinnell College, Carl and Ruth’s alma mater, provided materials and publications hitherto unknown to Anatolia. Trustee Anestis Logothetis ’52, Grinnell ’55, offered invaluable assistance in our communications with Grinnell College, and Grinnell Professor Gerald Lalonde carried out extensive research in compiling a section of Appendix B. Dr. Phil Holland, the High School’s English Chair, and Ifigeneia Sougaraki, our Scholarship Director, filled in on the Grinnell affiliation, from which Anatolia continues to benefit. We believe that more of our alumni have gone on to Grinnell for undergraduate study on scholarships than to any other college in the U.S. Phil also updated Anatolia’s Chronology, which had originally been compiled by Everett Stephens and his wife Mary for their history of the School also written for the Centennial, *Survival Against All Odds* (New Rochelle, NY: Caratzas, 1986). John Iatrides assisted, once again, by contributing an original scholarly bibliographical note on the turbulent times the Comptons had lived through.

Angelos Papaioannou ’69, Trustee and former President of the Thessaloniki Alumni Association, Rea Samara ’72, Anatolia’s PR Director, Karen Bohrer, ACT’s Bissell Library Director, and her assistant Liza Vachtsevanou all assisted greatly in locating and scanning School photographs. Karen also brought in and consolidated the School photographs from Boston to aid us and future researchers. We found UNRRA photographs at the US Library of Congress and were able to copy posters from various Armenian American sources to which Colgate University Professor Peter Balakian kindly referred us. Greek posters of the WWII and Civil War period came from Spyros Karachristou’s *Greek Posters* (Athens: 3rd ed., Kedros 2003). Yannis Megas ’64, who among his many other accomplishments has published several books on Thessaloniki, and Angelos Papaioannou helped us identify School photographs.

Rea Samara gathered additional materials, aided cheerfully by our PR assistants Athina Rousidou ’97 and Lena Katsarika ACT ’05. My brother at the bar Antonis Ananiadis ’65 sang to us from memory the *Morning Cometh* stanzas, parts of which we had inadvertently missed. In Athens, Dr. Katerina Boura
drew new maps and Marina Sotiropoulou sketched the jacket covers. Maria Tsekou ’82, Director for European Development, together with her assistant Korina Theodoridou-Tsoukala ACT ’93 and the tireless Aspa Fassa ’66, planned and coordinated the publication announcements and distribution logistics. Ioannis Rentzeperis ’77, President of the Alumni Association, as well as Trustee and marketing strategist Dr. Fanis Varvoglis ’74, encouraged and directed promotional initiatives. These were complemented by our Trustee Ambassador Leonidas Evangelides ’53 and Maria Karagianis, Anatolia’s U.S. Director of Operations.

We are grateful to Lucy Braggiotti, Yanna’s childhood friend and overseer of countless editions, including many for the Benaki and Cycladic Museums, who was recruited to work for Anatolia in that capacity pro bono. My co-editors, Bill Compton and Dr. Deborah Kazazis, former Dean of our American College of Thessaloniki (ACT), were a real pleasure to work with. Bill re-edited the Letters to distil their purposes for purposes of this volume and wrote a condensed biography for the jacket. Debbie put it all together in the final stages and gave us the benefit of additional research, particularly in the compiling of Part III. Thanks are due to Rodney Coules, Anatolia English teacher, who proofread the text, to the indefatigible Dr. Panos Kanellis ’66, Anatolia’s E.V.P., who acted as our treasurer, and his able assistant Maria Bibou ’93, who worked on the ISBN application.

On a personal note, when I was attending Anatolia 50 years ago, Carl recruited me to write thank-you notes to our American donors. He helped me more than I helped him. Later on, when Carl had retired and I had begun to practice law in New York City and become a Trustee, Carl continued coaching me. He never tired of hearing me out in discussions about how best to live up to my responsibilities and new role as the first alumnus Trustee from Thessaloniki. It was an incredibly rewarding apprenticeship throughout and I was most fortunate. Over the years, I have discovered that the Compton legacy unites us all in a very real way, despite our individual differences in style. So many of us share similar stories of mentoring and maturing. Isn’t that ultimately what education is about – personal growth and philanthropy in the broadest possible sense?

On behalf of us all, I hope this volume helps in continuing to inspire and lead the way.

Serge B. Hadji-Mihaloglou ’60

Spetses

September 2008
Foreword

Since Carl Compton’s memoirs first appeared in 1986, Anatolia has filled out to the full dimensions of its original mission in Asia Minor with the establishment in 1991 of a full four-year undergraduate college, the addition of an MBA graduate program in 2002, and the opening of the Anatolia Elementary School in 2004. It is thus particularly fitting that these memoirs are republished as we celebrate 200 years since the “Haystack Conference” at Williams College laid the groundwork for American colleges abroad from which we evolved, 120 years of operation as Anatolia College, 25 years of the American College of Thessaloniki (ACT), and the start of a five-year capital campaign to ensure Anatolia’s continued academic preeminence.

In the nine years I have been at Anatolia, innumerable alumni have confided to me how Carl Compton personally touched their lives through fair play on the sports fields, through a word to them on the campus indelible in memory decades later, and through his plain warmth and humanity. All of this comes through in the letters of Carl Compton to his wife Ruth, published for the first time here, as well as the Compton’s special relationship, a source of inspiration for a generation of Anatolians.

Carl Compton, the man and his mission, are vividly portrayed in Part I of the present volume, entitled “Reflections.” The Memoirs themselves are peerless. Suffice it to say, in its 120 years, Anatolia has faced repeated disasters, seeing its door closed by war three times and being forced to relocate in each instance. Together with his beloved Ruth, Carl Compton helped reestablish the School in Greece alongside the refugees from Turkey. He rebuilt it after the German Occupation. He was a pillar of strength, leading Anatolia by example. Two episodes are instructive.
In the post-World War II era, Communism was at times feared at the expense of democracy. Until U.S. Senator Joe MacCarthy was confronted in the 1954 hearings, political litmus tests were used in sinister ways. In the aftermath of the Civil War, matters in Greece were even more dire. The extreme political excesses of that period, among other things, required “Certificates of Political Beliefs.” Those who did not sympathize with the prevailing state of affairs or were viewed as being in opposition were rejected. Their applications for permits of all kinds were foreclosed and they could not seek employment in the public sector. In the omnipresent Greek State, with its pervasive and onerous regulations, they were virtual outcasts.

In his letters to his wife, Carl Compton voices his frustration with Greece’s internecine post-war predicament and continuing struggle. His work during 1944-1945 in Thessaloniki, from where he headed UNRRA Operations in Macedonia, attests to his service orientation. Carl Compton sought to do the right thing and, politics aside, he could not be dissuaded from hiring brilliant educators who could not pursue a university career. They dedicated themselves to the School while publishing scholarly works. N. Papahadjis’ *Monuments of Thessaloniki* and his translation of *Pausanias’ Travels* and Georgopapadakos’ *Lexikon of Irregular Verbs* and *Modern Greek Dictionary* are examples. As a result, Anatolia enhanced its national reputation for academic excellence, holding to its liberal views in season or out of season. Characteristically, the “Memoirs” do not mention these accomplishments. And such events as are noted are told in laconic terms, leaving the reader free to assess the situation — and find inspiration.

At the George Polk trial during the Greek Civil War, for example, Carl Compton was “the only witness for the defense,” as he modestly puts it. One of his students, Gregory Stacktopoulos, had been implicated in George Polk’s murder. George Polk was an American correspondent who had come to Thessaloniki to interview the Communist leader Markos Vafiadis. Carl Compton “was glad to state emphatically that (he) had known Stacktopoulos for many years, both as a student at Anatolia College and afterwards, and that (he, Carl Compton) was sure (Stacktopoulos) was not the kind of person who would knowingly lead a man to his death.” Gregory Stacktopoulos was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment. He was not released until twelve years later, and was subsequently vindicated.

Such courageous public stands based on principle tempered with common sense contributed to the shaping of the Anatolia psyche and the pedagogical tradition that are Carl Compton’s legacy. These eternal values were expressed in the Graduation Oath that he wrote:
In loyalty to the ideals of my Alma Mater, the hopes of my parents, and the needs of my country, I pledge myself that wherever I go, whatever I do, I will make the guiding light of my life not wealth, nor fame, nor power, but the love of God and the love of my fellow men. I will live not for myself alone but for the good of my community, my country, and the whole brotherhood of man.

Anatolians distinguish themselves in all walks of life and Anatolia continues to serve Greece by providing pioneering education. In recent years we have seen, among other things, the School of Business and Liberal Arts grow into the American College of Thessaloniki. We now stand at the portals of State-sanctioned non-profit tertiary education. ACT will hopefully evolve into Anatolia University. The Carl Compton tradition of building schools and characters lives on. Our Anatolia name signifies not only our origins but the rising of the new day. The republication of his Memoirs is a reminder to new generations that “no matter how dark the night, Morning Cometh” — the School’s longstanding motto that embodies the Anatolia creed.

Richard L. Jackson
President, Anatolia College 1999 -
Thessaloniki, Greece
Anatolia Anthem: Morning Cometh

Words: Charles C. Tracy
Music: A.D. Daghlian
Arrangement: Lazaros Delidemos
Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
Night shades and terrors pale. 
Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
All hail! sweet light, all hail! 
Swift comes the dawn with rosy ray. 
The gloomy shadows flee away, 
The gloomy shadows flee away, 
Let sadness with the night depart, 
Let joy and peace fill every heart; 
Come one, come all a cheerful throng! 
Greet Alma Mater with a song! 
     Anatolia! Anatolia! 
     Long be thy gladsome day. 
     Anatolia for ever! 
     Anatolia for aye!

Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
Arise! and greet the day. 
Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
Come join the joyful lay! 
Swift comes the dawn with rosy ray. 
The gloomy shadows flee away, 
The gloomy shadows flee away, 
It is the day so long and bright; 
It is the dawn of love and light; 
Now joyful hope each bosom thrills 
And morning dances o’er the hills. 
     Anatolia! Anatolia! 
     Long be thy gladsome day. 
     Anatolia for ever! 
     Anatolia for aye!

Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
The heavenly heralds say. 
Morning cometh, morning cometh,  
Up! meet the King of day! 
O Light divine, rejoice our eyes! 
O Sun of Righteousness, arise! 
O Sun of Righteousness, arise! 
Send the swift wing thy healing beam 
O’er hill and valley, plain and stream, 
Till ‘neath thy reign, from shore to shore, 
Woe, night and sin shall be no more. 
     Anatolia! Anatolia! 
     Long be thy gladsome day. 
     Anatolia for ever! 
     Anatolia for aye!
It seems rather presumptuous to talk to a Grinnell audience about new horizons, because from the days of the early founders down to the present, the leaders of Grinnell College have always been pioneers in looking beyond the here and the now to the distant and the future. The group of men who were responsible for the founding of this college, in the midst of their work in their New England communities, caught a vision of the needs of the expanding West, and they formed the “Iowa Band,” and came out to the newly opened frontier, “each to establish a church, and together to found a college.”

Today, the academic descendants of these pioneers face possible horizons of which the founding fathers never dreamed. At the time of the original Iowa Band the world was comparatively small, restricted by the limited means of travel and communication then available. Our world today includes not only all parts of the earth, but the whole starry universe as well. Who knows where members of this class may go? Some of them may even travel to the moon. If they do, I hope they will carry with them something of the spirit of the original Iowa Band.

For many Americans, the first widening of their international horizons came with the growth of the foreign missionary movement. Some gave their money, others gave their lives. Devoted men and women went to all parts of the world to carry their religion to undeveloped peoples. They also carried

Carl Compton delivered this Commencement Address in 1959 in accepting an LL.D. (Hon.) from Grinnell College. He entitled it “New Horizons in Internationalism.” It is published here for the first time courtesy of Grinnell College, in whose library archives it was found, as well as with the permission of Carl Compton’s heirs, who are the copyright owners.
a different civilization. The missionary's office, with its typewriter and its stove, his home, with its sewing machine and its carpet sweeper, opened up a strange new world to people who had never seen such things before. Once on a trip in the interior of Turkey we camped for the night near a little mountain village. Before the wondering gaze of the villagers we unfolded our traveling stove, opened our tins of food, and put up our cot beds. Finally, one grey-bearded hodja said: “Aman! Aman! God gave all the brains to the Americans.”

And I must confess with shame that we sometimes felt that way ourselves. But thoughtful missionaries began to discover in most lands a civilization older than our own, and in some aspects better, and they began to have a more sympathetic appreciation of other peoples and other cultures. The term “native” was given up as being derogatory, and the term “local” was substituted. The missionaries began to work with rather than for people, and they preferred to be called “fraternal workers” instead of missionaries. This growth in brotherly feeling led the missionaries to spend much of their time in service projects. They carried with them the American faith in education, and schools dot the landscape in every country to which the missionaries have gone. They cared for the sick and the orphaned, and in times of famine and deportation took the lead in relief work. They gave their help out of warm human compassion for needy fellow-men, with no thought of furthering national political objectives, and as a result built up “reservoirs of good will” which have been an invaluable aid to the free world.

Today the missionaries are no longer the chief means of contact between different civilizations. Modern means of travel and communication have made the whole world a neighborhood, and have brought about what George V. Allen has called “the new awakening,” an awareness on the part of all men everywhere of the progress that has been made in other parts of the world. When a new nation comes into being, that fact is known all round the world, and even the most backward tribe in Africa wants its independence, whether it is ready for it or not. The undeveloped countries want for themselves the higher standard of living enjoyed by the most advanced nations. They may be ignorant of all of the years of effort and all the outlay of capital required to produce the conveniences of western civilization, but the desire has been aroused and must be taken into consideration by the leaders of the emerging nations.

The story is told of two Arab chiefs who were brought to London as a reward for their war-time services. Coming from their tents in the desert, they
were awe-struck by the marvelous gadgets of modern city living. When the
time came for them to leave, they were told to choose whatever they wanted
to take home with them. After long deliberation they said they wanted two
faucets, one that would give hot water and one that would give cold. They
knew nothing of all the complicated process of providing houses with running
water; they thought that the two faucets would give them hot and cold water
in their tents in the desert.

We can laugh at their ignorance, but we cannot escape the revolutionary
fact that the desire for those conveniences has been planted in their hearts
and they are not going to be satisfied until they get them.

This can be a very disturbing factor in world affairs, or it can help us
bridge the gulf that now divides the people who have these benefits from
those who want them. Not long ago, Toynbee made this statement:

My own guess is that our age will be remembered chiefly neither for its hor-
rifying crimes, nor its astonishing inventions, but for its having been the first
age since the dawn of civilization ... in which people dared to think it practi-
cable to make the benefits of civilization available for the whole human race.

Those who should know tell us it is now physically possible to provide the
entire human race with the essentials of life. It is no longer inevitable that
some parts of the world be underfed, and poorly clothed, and without suffi-
cient fuel. We are constantly developing new methods of producing food,
and new synthetics can make up for any shortages in natural products. And
now for the first time in history, the development of nuclear energy opens
before us the possibility of providing all parts of the earth with an unlimit-
ed supply of heat and light for our homes and power for our industries.

Another new horizon undreamed of a generation ago is that there has
been a decided change in American foreign policy. From an isolationist po-
sition we have gone full circle to a policy of combatting Communism in all
parts of the world. Even though the purpose has been our own security, we
have a right to be proud of what our country has done. The recently com-
pleted Austrian study of how U.S. aid enabled that country to recover
makes this statement:

It is to the historic credit of the U.S. to have recognized the vital impor-
tance of creating healthy economic conditions as an essential pre-requisite
for a lasting peace. The generous aid of the American people ended the
seemingly inevitable decline of the old continent. Today there is no doubt
that without this aid Europe would have been engulfed by poverty, suffering, and chaos.

In Greece, we have seen a people ruined by their sacrifices in our common cause, and we have seen them saved from collapse and restored to a self-supporting condition by a mutual aid program. Greece took her stand on the side of the free world and played a part out of all proportion to her size. She threw back the Italian invaders, forcing Hitler to come to Mussolini's rescue. This delayed the German advance into Russia long enough so that winter came to the aid of the Russians at Stalingrad, and this was a turning point in the war. But the Greeks paid a terrific price. When the Allies entered Greece on the heels of the fleeing Germans, they found the country in ruins. Stores and factories were closed, and there was no money in circulation. There were no streetcars, no buses, no autos. Railroad tracks were mined at regular intervals throughout the whole country, and the rolling stock had been destroyed or carried off. All bridges on both roads and railroads had been blown up, and telegraph and telephone poles had been cut off at the ground. Village after village was nothing but a pile of ruins, with surviving inhabitants huddled under makeshift shelters, with their equipment and livestock carried off. They had to begin again from the very beginning, with almost nothing with which to begin.

The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration brought in urgently needed food, clothing, and medical supplies. It did much good work, but it was a temporary organization, scheduled to cease operations by the end of March, 1947. But as it was evident that further aid was necessary if Greece was to be saved from collapse, Congress approved the Truman Plan. A year later the Marshall Plan made aid to Greece a part of the effort for overall European recovery, and America was committed to the policy of creating healthy economic conditions as an essential prerequisite for a lasting peace.

The Marshall Plan gave a dynamic new impetus to life in Greece and saved the country from being engulfed behind the Iron Curtain. To mention only the most significant phases of American aid: first, military supplies and military advisers helped the Greek Army defeat the Communist guerrillas in the mountains. Second, the construction of roads brought far-reaching changes. Before this, parts of the country could be reached only by donkey paths, and many villages were inaccessible in bad weather. A network of roads not only improved village economy, but also helped bridge the gap which for centuries had separated town and country life.
Third, American agriculturists trained extension workers and sent them to all parts of the country carrying modern methods, new crops, improved seeds, and better breeds of livestock. As a result, in spite of all the ravages of war, Greece today produces more food than ever.

Fourth, to overcome the age-old shortage of fuel, waterfalls were harnessed and a network of hydro-electric plants erected. The provision of cheap and plentiful electricity promises to remove one of the chief handicaps under which Greek industry has labored, and at the same time improve living conditions in villages and towns.

In addition to aid from UNRRA and the U.S. Government, Greece has received much aid from private organizations. The Greek War Relief Association and CARE helped keep people alive by sending in food, clothing, and medical supplies. The Near East Relief made a permanent contribution to rural life through its agricultural extension agents. The Mennonite and United Brethren Churches gave unique services by sending teams of young men who lived in villages as farmers and demonstrated ways and means of improving crops and livestock. The Congregational Christian Service Committee is providing a pattern for community betterment in welfare centers in underprivileged areas in Athens and Thessaloniki.

The four American sponsored schools are utilizing the best elements in both Greek and American education. They are sending into Greek communities an increasing number of graduates who, in addition to successful careers in their own fields, are pioneering in various volunteer activities for community development, such as the rehabilitation of war-destroyed villages, the operation of child feeding centers, day nurseries, clubs for the underprivileged, and libraries for children in refugee settlements.

Small in themselves, these cooperative community services are an important infiltration of free world ideas and ideals into the strategic Near East. In that part of the world differing ideologies are contending for a hold on men’s minds, and a very persuasive argument is being presented by these down-to-earth demonstrations of democratic ideals being harnessed and put to work in practical, cooperative community welfare services.

It seems to me that it is very important that the services of these private, voluntary agencies be continued. The more they do, the less there is for governments to do. And whatever governments may do, there is still need for the warm, human reaching out to fellow men in need, with no strings attached, and with no political aims in view. And the world needs the emphasis upon spirit-values which these privately supported services can best give. In their passionate desire for progress, there is danger that war-stricken and
under-developed people may lose sight of the fact that man does not live by bread alone.

In Greece, we have seen three types of aid at work: international, governmental, and private. All have played their part in helping a brave people recover from their war losses, and they have also helped in establishing a valuable outpost for democracy in the vitally strategic Balkans. The result was achieved not simply by sending in material aid, but also by the lift to morale that was given by a sense of partnership in a common effort. This object lesson in mutual aid can be of value to us as we face the perplexing international problems of the future.

Undoubtedly, one of the most serious problems facing the world is how to check the advance of Communism. Much of our attention has been given to building up armaments. This is a necessity, but it does not solve the problem. Economic warfare is another phase of the struggle, and Russia has now entered the race to win friends by offering financial help. But competitive offers of economic aid from competing systems leave people suspicious and cynical.

It seems to me that our experience thus far has demonstrated that ultimately the advance of Communism can be checked only by some peaceful, but powerful counter-revolution; a revolution that will take into consideration the great new awakening of peoples all round the world, and their passionate desire to see their countries share in the progress made by the Western World. Our country has done much, but what we have done has been largely meeting an emergency; to prevent Europe from sinking into chaos; to relieve a famine in India; to stop Communist infiltration into Greece; to prevent the collapse of the government in Lebanon.

All these efforts have been worthwhile, but they have not gone far enough. The world needs some bold, dramatic, constructive program around which people can rally; something which will hold out hope to peoples who for generations have lived without hope.

Down through the ages, we can trace the extension of man’s horizons from self to family; from family to tribe; and from tribe to nation. Our age has seen the most revolutionary extensions of all: the United Nations; the World Bank; and in our own country, the adoption of the policy of promoting peace by establishing healthy economic conditions. Our internationalism has gone far beyond foreign missionaries to governmental foreign missions which have given aid on a scale which dwarfs the earlier efforts of private philanthropy. But we need to infuse into our foreign missions something of the concern for our fellow men so central in the work of our foreign missionaries. No matter how much material aid may be needed, the spirit
and manner in which the aid is given is all important. It is as true of gov-
ernments as of individuals that “the gift without the giver is bare.”

As we face our tension-packed world with its staggering problems and its
bewildering paradox of the possibility of plenty on one hand and total anni-
hilation on the other, a college gathering such as we are sharing in today
may seem somewhat unimportant and irrelevant. This may be true of any
one commencement exercise, but taken all together, it is in gatherings such
as this that the hope for the future lies. It is from colleges like this that there
must come those into whose hands the future solution of world problems is
to be entrusted. And with all of our right and proper emphasis upon science,
we must not forget that the ultimate solution will depend upon the feeling
in some human hearts and the thinking of some human brains. The great
need of the world is not for more destructive bombs nor for more efficient
man-made celestial satellites, but for a leadership able to lift man’s vision
beyond himself to his fellow men, and beyond what is temporarily expedient
to what is eternally right.

In our present day emphasis upon science we are apt to underestimate the
central importance of man himself.

An old fable tells the story of a heathen idol maker. One day he had just
completed a stone image for a nearby temple. It was a seated figure of a man,
with his hands on his knees, so skillfully carved that it almost seemed alive.
The artist stood gazing at his work, and in his pride reached out and patted
the stone hand. It was cold to his touch, and the artist looked at the two hands
side by side, his own and the idol’s. He opened his hand, closed it, turned it
over and back. Then he looked at the hands of the idol, cold, motionless. He
raised his hammer and struck the statue a blow which sent it crashing to the
ground. “Thou art no god,” he cried, “but only a piece of stone. Thou can’st
neither move nor speak, but I who made thee can do all these things. How
much greater am I than thou.”

In this day and age, we are in danger of making an idol out of our scien-
tific achievements, losing sight of the wonder of man himself, and the po-
tential power of his spirit. The way out of the titanic struggle in which we are
now engaged lies not in finding new ways to harness the physical forces of
the universe, but in finding some way to bring out and put to work the pow-
er for good latent in the hearts of all men everywhere.

We often hear it said that the world is changing with bewildering rapidity,
and that education is not keeping up with the times. But as one teacher said:
“How can we prepare our students for life in this rapidly changing world? We do not know the problems they will be called upon to face, still less do we know the answers. We must prepare them to take care of themselves in an unknown and constantly changing future.”

The task facing education would be an impossible one if it were not for the fact that the greatest things in life change very little. Truth, beauty, goodness, faith, hope, and love are much the same yesterday, today, and forever. The basic ethical principles by which man lives change very little, no matter how much they may be temporarily denied or perverted. The Ten Commandments handed down by Moses 4000 years ago are still the standard by which conduct is judged, and the principles of Jesus given nearly 2000 years ago are still the ideal toward which we strive. The idea of the brotherhood of man has changed very little since the first telling of the parable of the Good Samaritan, even though the answer to the question “Who is my neighbor?” is quite different from what it was even a generation ago. The miracles of modern science have made us next door neighbors to the farmer on the steppes of Siberia and to the inhabitants of the jungles of Africa. Also this self-same science has made it possible for these neighbors either to destroy each other or to supply each others’ needs. Which it is to be depends upon man’s spirit and not upon his knowledge.

Perhaps never before in the history of the world has man felt so insecure as he does at present, when the air is filled with the clamor of competing systems engaged in the never-ending struggle to outdo each other in the building up of armaments. As we face this changing, chaotic, fear-ridden world, we can take comfort in the great, unchanging truths, and in the fact that the greatest hope for the future still lies in the ability of our schools to send out into the world men and women who will try to live by these eternal truths.
Carl Compton at 25

Exciting times are no novelty in Constantinople; it is doubtful if any city in the world has its history packed so full of intrigues and massacres and wars. One lad in response to the question as to how he kept so calm in the midst of all the turmoil, answered, “Why, that is nothing new to us. You see we have been living through this sort of thing for so many generations that we expect it as a matter of course.” But nevertheless, to a tenderfoot foreigner, Constantinople was an extremely exciting and intensely interesting place while the allies were pounding away at its front door.

During the siege of the Dardanelles, Constantinople was a difficult place to get into, a troublesome place in which to stay, and an almost impossible place to leave. Travelers often speak of the courteousness of the Turkish officials. They are very courteous, in fact, so much so that the traveler is apt to accept with gratitude the inconveniences they place in his way. During the war, it is necessary in Constantinople to have what the Americans call “a permit to live.” The next day after our arrival, I went to the police station to apply for this paper. A dapper little officer with a fez on one side of his head and a moustache tilted upward in true Wilhelminian style affably waved me into a seat and stated that he was at my service. I made application for the permit.

“How long do you wish to stay in Constantinople?”

“Three or four days, possibly.”

“If that is all, you need not trouble yourself with the permit. It is not at all necessary for so short a stay.”

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I thanked the gentleman and was bowed out.

A few days later when I had finished my business I returned to apply for travelling papers. I was told that I must apply to a higher office about a mile away. I tramped over there and made my wants known.

“Why did you not apply at the local office?”

“I was there just now and they sent me over here.”

“Bah! Those brainless officers! They will arrange matters for you there.”

And I was bowed out again.

Back I tramped to the local office, only to be informed that the necessary official was out and that I must come back the next day. Early the next morning I returned.

“You wish permission to leave Constantinople?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you must go to the higher office.”

“But I was there yesterday and they told me to come here.”

“Oh, but they did not understand. You must return and explain fully.”

So I hurried over to the higher office and was told that the official who made out such papers was not in and that I must come back the next day. The officer shrugged his shoulders and replied, “Olmas,” which might be translated as “Impossible.” In Turkey “Olmas” is used with the same frequency and effort as “verboten” in Germany.

The next day I tramped back again.

“You wish permission to leave Constantinople?”

“Yes, if you please.”

“Very well, that can be easily arranged. But you must go to the station by the Galata bridge.”

So I took a walk of a couple of miles through Constantinople’s dirty, crooked streets, only to be informed that the officer was not in and that I must return the next day. Bright and early the next day I was on hand. But it was early noon before I was admitted to the sanctum of the official.

“What is it you wish?”

“I would like to procure travelling permission.”

“Where are you staying?”

I gave the address.

“Well, well! Why do you come to me? You must obtain your papers at the local station.”

I attempted to explain the difficulties I had met there, but the official waved them aside and cordially informed me that I would have no further trouble. So back I went to where I started.
“You wish permission to leave the city?”
“Yes, sir, I wish it very much.”
“Very well. Where is your permit to reside in Constantinople?”
“I haven’t any.”
“Well, my dear sir, you cannot obtain travelling papers without that.”
“But I was told it was unnecessary.”
“Begging your pardon, but you must be mistaken. That is always necessary.”

So there I was! I couldn’t get permission to reside in Constantinople because I was planning to leave, and I couldn’t get permission to leave because I didn’t have permission to stay. So back I went to the higher office. I imagined the officer swallowed a smile as I stated my errand.

“Very well. We can easily arrange matters.”

He brought out a long official document which he had ready prepared and which he stated was an application for the aforementioned permit to reside in Constantinople. I thought that at last the red tape was beginning to unwind and signed it eagerly. He then asked that it be taken to the American school for their official seal. While there I had it translated by a Turkish friend and discovered that I had signed a statement to the effect that I had broken the laws by not having permission to reside in Constantinople and would hold myself liable for arrest and trial by due process of law. Needless to say, I did not return the paper to the police station.

Finally the “permit to live” was obtained and I started on the weary round to get my “permit to leave.” The little local station made out my papers. I carried them to the next higher station, where an official seal was attached, then to the headquarters for that ward, where a stamp was pasted on, then to the war department, where they wrote that they had no objection. Highly elated, I hurried to the central police station. The clerk made out the travelling papers and sent them to the chief of police for his final O.K. He carefully deposited them in his desk, said, “Olmas” (impossible), and bowed me out. I was given no chance for expostulation or question. The work of almost two weeks was lost. The officers had known from the start that I would not get the permission and yet instead of telling me so they had kept me running back and forth. I kept track of the twenty-four different trips to the various police stations. (I could have written volumes about then on the courtesy of Turkish officials.) And at that I was let off easier than some. A number of travellers wishing to leave the country were given their papers complete except for one very important signature. They went through all the work of passing thru the customs and boarding the train — and that is enough to
drive a man frantic — only to be stopped at the border and forced to turn around and come back and go through it all over again.

I said two weeks were wasted. That is not exactly true, for I had a valuable glimpse into the workings of the Turkish police and saw considerable of Constantinople life. At every one of the numerous visits, the stations were crowded with people making “bread complaints.” Because of the scarcity of bread, every household was given a ticket and bakers were allowed to sell only so many pounds per person. You could always tell the bakeries by the crowds gathered around them. A great deal of quarrelling and fighting went on and frequently men were carried into the police stations quite severely wounded. It kept the police busy settling disputes. If a man did not get his full share of bread he would register a complaint. If he were a Turk, the offending baker would be reprimanded, but if he were an Armenian, he would be told in no polite terms to “get out.”

In Constantinople, because it was so much in the public eye and the high officials could not make the excuse that it was done by under-officials, the Armenians were not deported wholesale. But their food supply was cut off as much as possible and they were blackmailed for enormous sums. And scarcely a day passed that we did not see a group of Armenian men marching to the railway station chained together in long lines and under heavy guard. A prominent American went to a high Turkish official to protest concerning the deplorable condition of the Armenians. The Turk waved the protest aside with the remark, “Why, that amuses us.”

Almost as pitiable as these groups of Armenians were the long lines of raw recruits who were herded to the military camps like so many cattle. I have seen officers use their whips with no more feeling than we would show toward dumb animals. In fact they almost seemed like animals as they crowded together and looked about at the strange sights with such a dazed, bewildered expression. They had been forced from their homes to join an army located they knew not where to fight for they knew not what. At intervals, at the command of the officers, they would cheer. And then the papers would come out with statements about the enthusiasm of the troops as they marched away to fight for the fatherland! They also spoke of the men rushing to the recruiting station in their eagerness to enlist. That was literally true in many cases. They did “rush to enlist” because the order went round that any who did not report by a certain time would have their houses burned down.

Every now and then, the streets of Constantinople blossomed out in gala attire with all sorts of flags and bunting. Orders would come out to “celebrate,” and officers would go up and down the streets ordering shopkeepers
to hang out their flags. Occasionally the little handful of British prisoners would be paraded through the streets in the midst of much manufactured enthusiasm.

The papers, of course, were under absolute control. To read them, one would think Turkey was going thru its golden age and was taking its place as a leading world power. “Our glorious army” was constantly “sweeping the enemy from the field.” And of course the “German brothers” were equally successful. There were daily notices of some Turkish official being decorated by the Kaiser or of some German officer being honored by the Sultan. The American government came in for a full share of contumely. We found it polite to speak German as much as possible.

The papers said nothing about military reverses, food scarcity, or trouble of any sort. One night a fire swept across one section of the city destroying upwards of a thousand houses. Yet there was absolutely no mention of it in the papers.

As there were over fifty thousand wounded men in Constantinople at that time, there was plenty to be done in Red Cross work. It was interesting to talk with the wounded soldiers and hear of their experiences. They were quite proud of their success in hand-to-hand conflict and seemed to resent the fact that the British soldiers didn’t come to close quarters. As one of them expressed it, “We can lick the British if they’ll let us get close enough. But they have little guns and big guns, and guns in the air and on the water and under the water. They just stay off at a distance and shoot down, and what can we do?”

During the day the slightly wounded men would get up and walk around, but it was laughable to see the way they would skip back into their beds when the military doctor would come around to see how many were fit to go to the front. One day in a confidential mood a soldier pointed to a wound in his foot. “Do you see that? I put that there myself and when they send me back, I’ll put one in the other foot. I’m not going to stay down there to be shot by the British.” Some men mutilated themselves horribly in order to escape military service.

One of the boys who had learned English thought he had a better way. At the time of a charge he planned to fall down till the enemy came near. Then if English soldiers challenged him he would say, “I have something important to say.” If French, he would make the sign of the cross, so letting them know that he was a Christian. His plan worked beautifully, except that as the enemy approached, he saw their dark faces and realized that they were Hindus. As he told it afterwards, “I did not dare hold up my hands and say, ‘I have
something important to say,’ because they wouldn’t understand English. And I was afraid to make the sign of the cross because they were Moslems themselves. So I turned and ran, and they shot me twice in the back.”

The Christian subjects of Turkey, the Armenians and the Greeks, have been mistreated for so many generations that they naturally waste no love on the Turkish government. They enter the army only under strictest compulsion and fight only half-heartedly. But the native Turk is really a splendid fighter when it comes to a hand-to-hand conflict. He has no fear of death, for everything is “Kismet” (fate). If he is going to be killed — well, he will be killed. His own individual action has nothing to do with what happens. He says “Inshallah” (if God wills) for everything. He is used to rough life and scanty food. Many of them come from the mountains and exposure is no new thing.

Furthermore, his religious teaching leads him to throw himself into the battle with utter abandon. If he dies fighting, he will have a place near Mohamet in the after world. The more infidels (as they call Christians) he kills, the higher the place he will occupy. One man told me that if he killed enough Armenians, he would have green hands in heaven. As green is their sacred color, he felt that would be a great distinction.

This utter disregard for life coupled with a good bit of German discipline made the Constantinople army a fighting force not to be treated lightly, and intrenched in the almost impregnable Dardanelles, it is no wonder that they proved too much for the allies. The Turks realized their strength, and their sense of security gave to them a swaggering confidence that was rather galling. The Christians in Constantinople were in an extremely uncomfortable position. The more the allies were repulsed by the Turks, the more insolent their attitude became. But if the allies seemed to be gaining, the more ominous became the threat that if they ever forced through the Dardanelles they would find nothing but bones and ashes in Constantinople.

The only thing that ever reached Constantinople was a submarine now and then. One of the most daring of these came clear up to the Galata bridge, right in the heart of the city. It came to the surface and fired at one of the shore batteries. The battery fired a volley in return, but instead of hitting the submarine, a couple of shells struck the custom house on the opposite shore, killing several officers and causing considerable damage.

One afternoon from our lookout on the flat roof of one of the American schools, we saw one of the batteries fire for some time at a particular section of the sea. We learned afterwards that a submarine came to the surface, fired at the powder factory nearby and then could not submerge because of
some accident to the machinery. It lay there in full view of the battery for some time before it was able to submerge and slip away.

There was plenty of evidence that the submarines were at work. Occasionally we would hear a dull report and a little later see a crippled ship being dragged into port. Coal became very scarce owing to the fact that so many colliers went to the bottom. So effective did the submarines become that the Turks were obliged to stop sending troops by water. Only the Red Crescent boats were allowed to continue. (In Turkey the Red Crescent takes the place of the Red Cross.) But even they were subject to search owing to the fact that the Turks had been caught secreting soldiers in the hold.

But in spite of an occasional flurry over the visit of an aeroplane or submarine, in spite of the fact that the city was full of wounded men, in spite of the scarcity of food supplies, city life went busily on. The streets were crowded and business seemed active. The constantly passing crowds, the officers with their clanking swords and gold lace, the ever present soldiers, the flags that appeared and reappeared so frequently all gave the city an almost festive appearance. A casual observer might almost be tempted to believe the newspaper stories of Turkey’s Golden Age. But underneath it all was a sense of uneasiness, an uncertainty, which, tho repressed, was always present. The Christians were afraid that at any moment Moslem fanaticism might burst into a flame. Many of the more serious-minded among the Turks themselves would have welcomed the coming of any power that would establish law and order. As one of them expressed it, “Nothing could be worse than what we have been enduring from our own government.”

“Military necessity” was the excuse for all kinds of robbery. A Christian especially dared not protest, no matter what an officer demanded. Houses, livestock, food supplies, and sometimes even valuable rugs and tapestries were requisitioned for “military purposes.”

Anyone who has witnessed the almost unbelievable horrors of the Armenian massacres and who has seen the suffering of the really very likable common people among the Turks themselves cannot but agree with Mark Twain. Years ago he said that he would not care to see the Great Powers treat the Turkish government with any great severity — only just sufficient so that there would not be enough left to see with a magnifying glass or discover with a divining rod!
“Who was Carl Compton?” Even for me, his son, it is rather presumptuous to attempt anything like a complete answer. I can neither claim to be objective nor to know the whole story. In fact, I did not appear on the scene until the person and the reputation of Carl Compton were well established. The memoir which follows is characteristically an honest and clear, if rather modest and spare, account of the major events in the life of its author. Reading that account, I can hear my father talking and am totally satisfied that it portrays Carl Compton as he presented himself to the world. Did he present a different picture to his family? Emphatically no. There was not an atom of pretense or role-playing in him, and he was essentially the same person to everyone he knew.

Childish recollections of my parents fill such a large part of my early vision of the world that they provide no perspective at all. What they do provide is a memory of two warm, loving, humane, and honest people, who always knew what was right and who simply assumed that my sister and I would be honest and upright because that was the only way to be. As we got older, Esther and I became aware that my parents were probably a bit more virtuous, kind, humane, and understanding than some people, but it did not seem at all remarkable to me that, by the time I was in college, I had consciously picked my father as my own personal hero. It was only slowly, and with a considerable amount of surprise, that I began to become aware that not everyone had a comparable feeling about his or her parents. I can still

William (Bill) R. Compton is the son of Ruth and Carl Compton, and taught at Anatolia in the mid-1950s, together with his wife, Mary. These reflections introduced the first edition of the Memoirs, for which he served as co-editor.
recall how shocked I was when, at the age of thirty, I heard a colleague confess that he had very little respect for his own father.

Our family life was warm and relaxed. There was not much in the way of physical demonstrations or verbal reassurance of feelings of affection, but I never doubted the love and support of my parents. Discipline there was, but it was consistent and clear rather than severe. Honesty was held up as an important virtue, and the single occasion I can vividly remember when I was punished had to do with my telling a trivial but obvious lie involving a friend who had come to spend the night. When my lie was revealed, my father’s displeasure was unmistakable, but his language was more sad than angry. He immediately took my friend home, even though his visit had hardly begun. From then on, I told myself I would never again tell a lie, and I have tried to hold to that principle ever since. (It would simply add to the list of my sins if I were to say I have been totally successful in that resolve.) My mother encouraged me to think of my father as the manly ideal to which I should aspire, and I willingly accepted that goal. It seemed so easy for him to be honest, brave, and even-tempered, whereas I found it often impossible to be any of those things. In recent years, I have wondered what it was about my parents that made them seem able to embody so many human virtues as a natural part of their character when most of humankind falls so far short of those very ideals which would make life on earth the joyous experience it ought to be.

In simple terms, I think my parents were warm and fun-loving people who acquired a set of high principles as they were growing up and then had their principles and their courage severely tested. They survived the test, and their virtues became as natural as breathing to them.

Both my parents came from fairly large families. My mother had five brothers, and my father four; Mother was the only girl in either family. Their parents were upright citizens of their respective Iowa towns. Nothing particularly notable can be said about their upbringing, and all nine brothers went on to respectable, middle-class occupations of one sort or another. Both my parents had pleasant childhoods centering around family and friends. They both went on to Grinnell College (in Iowa), where they were classmates and were very much at the center of student life. Dad was a member of a state champion basketball team, and Mother was named the most popular girl in college her senior year. Socially, among their own kind, they felt secure and accepted.

Grinnell College had been founded by a group of Congregationalists, and in the early 1900s was still serious about its Christian heritage. The YMCA was active and important on campus, and there were bound to be currents
from the Student Volunteer Movement (an organization for the promotion of missions founded in 1886) flowing through the student body. My parents, and most notably my father, picked up on these influences at Grinnell. His career plans, as he recalled them to me, lay in the direction of YMCA boys’ work, which would give him the opportunity to combine his love for athletics with his growing sense of a desire for Christian service. Then George White, son of the new president of Anatolia College, suggested to Dad that he go to Anatolia for a three-year term as teacher, athletic director, and YMCA advisor. It was an offer which provided an opportunity for service, along with travel and a bit of adventure, and Dad accepted. This apparently rather casual decision to spend some time at Anatolia College in Merzifon is obviously the step by which the whole course of my parents’ life was determined.

Although my father spent his life closely associated with Christian work and was thought of as a missionary, his faith was not something he ever spelled out to me in detail. My sense is that he would have been uncomfortable doing so. We seldom discussed religion or the meaning of religious faith. He once told me that he would have found it impossible to become a clergyman, and I have always presumed he was saying that he would have been extremely uncomfortable trying to put the essence of his faith into words. I am certain that he considered himself to be a serious Christian and that his faith was closely intertwined with the way he spent his life. But I believe it had more to do with his sense of the fitness of things than with any clearly defined doctrine derived from Christian scripture.

Just as he kept his religious faith unelaborated, he approached most of life’s issues in a simple and direct way. The memoirs which follow are an example of his clear and logical, but unadorned, style of thinking. In ordinary conversation he tended to say the obvious thing in the obvious way.

So an intelligent and upright young man from a small town in Iowa, with a generalized commitment to a life of service, set off for Turkey, and while he was there found something to which he decided to commit the rest of his active life. There were at least three times during that life when he made a conscious decision to continue that commitment. The first was when he and his bride travelled to the Caucasus in 1917 to serve Armenian refugees who had fled from Turkey. The second was when Mother and Dad returned to Merzifon in 1920. And the third was during and after World War II, when he made a special effort to get back to Thessaloniki in 1944, on the heels of the retreating Axis armies. None of these decisions was easy, and attractive and persuasive alternatives existed. In 1917, he first had to convince my
mother to go with him, and that was by no means a simple task, as the fol-
lowing quote from my mother's own memoirs reveals:

My parents liked Carl very much, but were not happy about his possible work in
a foreign land. They were thoroughly in sympathy with missionary work, if it was
someone else's daughter who was doing it. I must say I almost felt the same way.

When Carl was urgently asked to join a team going to the Caucasus for relief
work among the Armenian refugees who had fled from Turkey, the problem so
far as I was concerned became very serious. I couldn't bear to cause my parents
the unhappiness and worry I knew it was causing them. I also felt that it was
something which needed doing and there was no good reason why it shouldn't be
me as well as anyone else . . . One time when I was visiting in Carl's home, I de-
cided I simply must break our engagement and give up all idea of going abroad
. . . I was going to tell Carl my decision the next afternoon just before my train
was leaving for home. We went to church the next morning, and the minister
preached on the text, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back
is fit for the kingdom of Heaven." I really wanted to go to Heaven, so I didn't
break our engagement!

Then, when they were delayed getting permission to cross Siberia from
Japan to the Caucasus, serious and tempting offers were made to stay in
Japan. On the way back from Siberia, where their work with the refugees
eventually became impossible, they stopped off for a marvelous visit in Chi-
na. They found many friends, and my mother fell in love with the country.
She would happily have settled there, but felt Dad was committed to Turkey,
as the following quote from a letter written in Peking in 1919 shows:

I dearly love the East. At least, I love the cities of the East. The call of the rick-
sha men as they patter softly along the streets and the funeral music and the wed-
ding songs and the screams and jeers . . . are certainly music to my eyes . . . I
wish Carl would want to live here. But I'm keeping mum, for I think his heart is
set on Turkey and I want him to decide where he can do the best work.

When my parents returned to Merzifon in 1920, this was a particularly dif-
ficult and painful choice. My mother's father had recently been killed in an
automobile accident, and she, as the only daughter, felt torn between a com-
mitment to her husband and her obligations to her mother. As a letter quot-
ed in the body of the memoir shows, a personal commitment to Dr. White
had much to do with their decision to return to Turkey at that time.

By 1944, my parents' life-long commitment to Anatolia College was well
established, and there was never any serious thought of doing anything else
than returning as soon as possible. But in an effort to get back to Thessaloniki at the earliest moment and have the greatest impact possible in helping the people of Macedonia get on their feet again, my father took a leave of absence from his position with the college and became an UNRRA administrator, responsible for relief work in Macedonia.

No one has ever doubted my parents’ commitment to Anatolia College and to the Greek and Armenian people the college served. But the decision to continue that commitment was tested a good many times and always won out, sometimes against heavy odds. Each time the choice was made, the commitment became that much deeper.

Carl Compton was, all along, a hard-working and reliable person who was trusted by his colleagues and given important responsibilities. He was resourceful, as was demonstrated when he invented a spinning wheel while working with Armenian refugees in Siberia. Beyond his decency, reliability and resourcefulness, Carl Compton had a unique quality of inner assurance which made him a person people instinctively turned to for leadership. Where did this come from? When I was a child, I simply assumed it was one of those qualities one acquired in the process of growing up. But in later years, I have wondered about it a good deal, especially since my parents’ deaths, and in the process of reading through their correspondence I have decided that there was a particular time of testing which they not only survived but handled notably well and which made them feel that whatever future problems came their way, they would have the capacity to face them. This time was the year 1921-1922, when they were left in charge of the college campus at Merzifon after almost all other Americans, including President White, had been forced by the Turkish authorities to leave. In addition to my parents, Don Hosford, Sarah Corning, and Gertrude Anthony were allowed to stay. What happened during that year is described in the text of the memoir, but a hint of what that experience meant to my parents can be gleaned from the following comments my mother made in letters to her mother when they left Merzifon in the summer of 1922 and were finally able to express what they honestly felt:

Constantinople, June 25, 1922 I’m sure you’ve had a detailed report of what happened to us last summer. It’s too horrible to write about at any rate. All I can say is I am most thankful we were there to help the little that we could help. It was a terrible situation with the government trying to kill the very ones we were trying to keep alive, and yet having to keep on good terms with this said government…

[Carl] has been very successful in Marsovan [Merzifon] and he is a son-in-law to be proud of — if I do say so myself. Of course, much of his success was due to
good luck, but some of it he really deserves. The old government who allowed him to stay, thinking he was young and innocent, soon discovered he was a person of some ability. You know it was the devil in gentleman’s clothing who sent the Americans out and whom we had to work with and entertain and smile at for fifteen months. You never could believe that anywhere in this earth or in the lower regions there could be such men.

Constantinople, July 9, 1922 I’m more than glad we’re on vacation because we need it, but I hate to think of going back. It’s always such an effort to scare up courage enough. It’s almost easier to stay put. I love this work and I think it’s much more worthwhile than anything I could do at home, but it does take backbone or else a lot of foolhardiness.

I believe it was that testing which gave them (my father especially) the confidence and strength to face whatever else life would bring with the assurance and calm which were so characteristic of them. In thinking about my parents and what they did, it is hard for me to see them in any way but as a team. Partly this is because my mother was the family raconteur, and it was through her telling that we learned about most of their adventures. But also it was because they counted on each other constantly for comfort and support. Both of them, by the time I knew them, had developed an even and controlled disposition, so I never saw them display serious emotional distress. I never heard a harsh word between them, nor a rash word spoken to anyone. Whatever emotionally trying periods they had in their life together seemed to be behind them by the time my sister and I came into the picture. It wasn’t until after my mother died that I seriously became aware of my father’s need for outside emotional support, because until then he had always received it from my mother.

My mother was one of the most beautiful women I have ever known. Pictures of her as a young bride still make one catch one’s breath. A good many older Anatolia graduates have admitted following her with admiring glances as she walked across campus. And even when she was retired, people would notice her and ask who she was. Mother’s beauty was not in the least dependent on artificial aid. She might have powdered her nose now and then, but she never wore makeup or even changed her hairstyle from the way she had learned in her youth of pinning it up in a bun high at the back of her head.

It never seemed to me that my mother thought much about her looks or was even particularly aware of them. She was comfortable with herself, but never saw herself as anyone very special or remarkable. Whatever personal ambitions she had were subordinated to those of her husband, and she was
totally devoted to him and to the work he was doing. I have always been struck by my mother’s accepting nature. She took what life brought her and made the best of it. In her relations with people, she was much the same way, comfortable with laborers and ambassadors alike, and never seeking to gain social advantage by playing up to “important” individuals. Perhaps her accepting ways were trained into her by the many years of living with my father. She often joked that it was no use arguing with him — he would just go ahead and do what he wanted in any case.

Looking back over what I have written about my parents, I don’t believe I have added anything remarkable to the picture people are likely to have from other sources. They presented their true selves to everyone all the time, because they were comfortable with who they were, had nothing to conceal, and saw no point in gamesmanship. It is this quality of genuineness and naturalness which made them so utterly dependable and endeared them to generation after generation of students and colleagues. The greatest blessing I have had in life is the parents I was born to, and the greatest gift I could wish for others is that they would be as fortunate.
Everett W. Stephens

Carl Compton worked for every president that preceded him in that office, and he knew well every president that followed him until his death on December 26, 1982, at the age of ninety-one. He, therefore, knew intimately the modes of operation, the problems, the frustrations, and the successes and failures of Anatolia presidents. He was the trusted staff member to whom presidents delegated considerable responsibility and authority. For example, when Anatolia’s doors were closed for the last time by the Turks on March 18, 1921, it was thirty-year-old Carl Compton who was chosen to remain in Marsovan to manage the Marsovan orphanage. It was Carl Compton who was called back as Dean to Anatolia in 1924 to help President White with the building of a new Anatolia in Greece; and it was Dean Compton who was left to administer the college year after year when President White made his many fund-raising trips to the U.S.A. White and Compton were the primary forces behind Anatolia’s rebirth.

In the 1930s, President Riggs also delegated to Compton considerable responsibility in matters pertaining to the improvement of the educational program and student relations. Under Riggs, Dean Compton spent vast amounts of time with students — in guiding and counseling them, in extracurricular activities, going on excursions, and participating with them in various athletic activities. To this day, many male graduates recall that it was Carl Compton who taught them how to play basketball. And he himself played into his sixty-fifth year.

Everett W. Stephens is a former Chairman of the Anatolia College Board of Trustees. Together with his wife, Mary, he taught at the School in the late 1930s. These reflections introduced the first edition of the Memoirs, which Stephens persuaded Carl Compton to write upon the occasion of Anatolia’s Centennial in 1986.
Alumnus after alumnus will tell you that when confronted as students by Dean Compton for some misdemeanor, their embarrassment and subsequent remorse was great because the dean’s Christian actions spoke so loudly and his words so softly. He certainly knew how to get students to respond positively. He was a genuine friend of the students. Many alumni recollect the pleasant evenings of record playing, good discussion, and refreshment in the Compton home. And to those who suffered misfortune the dean became their “alter pater.” He was filled with kindness and sympathy and understanding. He became the idol of many students in whose eyes he was Anatolia College.

Compton’s administrative skills were put to the test following World War II as director in northern Greece of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA). He was confronted by a ravaged countryside. Roads had been bombed out, bridges destroyed, communications nonexistent, and people were starving to death. It was his responsibility to help get reconstruction under way, to supply the sick with medical help and the needy with food and clothing. It was a large order in which Carl Compton was tested to the utmost.

Upon the reopening of Anatolia College following World War II, President Riggs gave Compton a now familiar assignment: once again to help in the reconstruction of Anatolia College. When he became president of Anatolia at commencement in 1950, he was still busy with the rebuilding of the college.

Carl Compton inherited from President Riggs a $50,000 operating budget deficit. The problem tormented him: he was very much a people person, not a business manager or fund raiser. Admitting that he knew little about financial management, he appointed his trusted former secretary and college registrar, Prodromos Ebeoghlou, to the position of business manager. Ebeoghlou accepted the challenge. They worked successfully together so that by the time of Compton’s retirement in 1958, there was a surplus of $1,023 in the operating budget.

President Compton and Dean Mary Ingle, head of the Girls’ School, worked well together. Having seen in his work with UNRRA the ravages of war, Compton, with the help of Dean Ingle, set forth on an educational program to teach the meaning of Christian brotherhood and social consciousness to Anatolians. Programs were initiated in which students and alumni commenced helping their less fortunate fellowmen in the nearby devastated villages of Hortiatis, Levkohori, and Mavrorachi, and the alumni rehabilitation center in Thessaloniki daily cared for hundreds of refugee children. Area
citizens frequently spoke with gratitude about the social service work of students and alumni during the administration of Carl Compton.

President Compton also increased financial aid for needy students and refurbished library shelves and labs. During his term as president, with the help of Dean Mary Ingle, two new classroom buildings and a residence hall were constructed on the girls’ campus.

The faculty responded to him in a positive way. Demetrios Efstratiades, a member of the Anatolia faculty for forty years, has said that Anatolia’s greatest strength was Carl Compton. He characterized Compton as a “born educator, a man with a good sense of the mission of the college.” In his dealings with faculty, Compton’s interpersonal relations and communications were always of an understanding nature. He listened carefully to the other fellow’s problems and point of view. When differences appeared, they were resolved amicably in the best interest of both faculty and college. Compton’s presidency created an ever more friendly working relationship among administration, faculty, and students.

Compton’s sense of the school’s mission was foremost in his mind. Early in his presidency, a faculty colloquium was developed to review and restate the mission of Anatolia College. Such action brought before all faculty members the fact that their task was not simply to prepare students in their subject. Equally important was instilling, encouraging, and developing Christian attitudes, motives, and goals, perhaps best summarized in the senior pledge written by Carl Compton and made by graduating seniors at commencement exercises: “... I pledge that wherever I go, whatever I do, I will make the guiding light of my life not wealth, nor fame, nor power, but the love of God and the love of my fellow men. I will live not for myself alone but for the good of my community, my country and the whole brotherhood of man.”

Anatolia College grew in stature and respect within the greater Thessaloniki community during the Compton presidency. In recognition of his accomplishments at the college and in service to the Thessaloniki community, Carl Compton was presented with a key to the city and was awarded the Gold Cross of King George by the Greek Government, the highest honor that could then be given to any foreigner.

The achievements of Carl Compton would never have been possible without the understanding, help, and devotion of his lovely wife, Ruth. Both were individuals of remarkable stature.
Anatolia College must be considered one of the most remarkable schools in the world by virtue of its extraordinary history and accomplishments. During its 110 years it moved from Asia to Europe, endured three wars, abandoned two campuses and saw a third occupied by an invading army. Yet Anatolia overcame every adversity through the steadfast faith in its founding principles of service and humanism on the part of those who worked for the school. A truly supranational institution, its sponsorship and educational endeavors spanned three continents. While ministering to the educational needs of several generations of students, Anatolia has periodically revised and refined its mission to meet the new needs of an ever-changing society.

Over the years Anatolia has erected traditions and shaped a school ethos which have compelled individuals to its service. The Anatolia story has drawn accomplished men and women to assume the responsibilities of Trusteeship and contribute their time, talents, and property. Educators of a normal range of ability, intending to teach a couple of years at Anatolia, have found their performance raised to a higher plane by Anatolia’s inspiring mission, often remaining their entire careers. Anatolia seems to summon forth the best they have to offer. In serving their students beyond expectations, their own lives are enriched and ennobled.

Dr. William W. McGrew, former President of Anatolia College (1974-1999), introduced with this essay the Greek translation of Carl Compton’s memoirs, published by the Armenian Cultural Society “Hamaskian” in 1997 in Thessaloniki. This is the original English text, heretofore unpublished. Dr. McGrew is now President of the American Farm School in Thessaloniki.
If Anatolia’s greatness lies in being able to evoke the finest qualities in its teachers and students, the school has also been blessed in having a very few educators who brought truly uncommon gifts of character and ability. Carl Compton was just such a person. Even today, nearly forty years after his retirement, it is Carl Compton who is remembered as the person who most perfectly personified the College’s highest ideals. Graduates from those years recount how their lives were shaped by his wise counsel and sterling example.

From the memoirs that follow and from other indications, it seems that Carl Compton’s leadership rested more upon deed than word. Though he could be very articulate in the classroom and in his writing, as certain passages from this narrative superbly demonstrate, Carl led rather by the way he conducted his life and his relations with students and colleagues. Openness, sincerity, modesty, fairness, and an unwavering commitment to serve others characterized his compelling personality. He appears to have possessed an unassuming and perfectly natural self-confidence that won the trust and reliance of friends and colleagues and must have constituted that elusive quality called leadership.

There was a simplicity and prudence about Carl Compton, an avoidance of pretension or decoration or fanfare, which is evident also in his memoirs. He was a religious person but no preacher, and the very private faith which formed the foundation of his character was manifest principally in his works. And those works were many, though in the simply-told account of his life that follows, the author characteristically focuses the narrative upon others, rarely upon himself. It is something of a paradox that a man who was so little susceptible to conventional ambition should have become caught up in so many adventures ranging across America, Turkey, Russia, and Greece. Probably the explanation lies in Carl and Ruth’s readiness to serve wherever needed and their exceptional competence in handling crises and emergencies as well as their unusual organizational abilities. The Comptons’ generous nature caused them to see all peoples as their brothers and sisters, which is why they felt at home in the most far-flung places and won friends and admirers everywhere.

In the decades since Carl Compton’s retirement, Anatolia has enjoyed a relatively serene milieu, so unlike the turbulent times when he served the College. During those years the school has grown, adapted, and diversified, responding to new challenges and adding new instructional programs. Despite those outward changes, Anatolia continues to draw its creative inspiration from the same principles of service and humanism that Carl Comp-
ton exemplified so memorably. It is the high standards he set which his suc-
cessors to this day strive to emulate.

There has long been a need for a Greek language edition of these mem-
oirs, first published a decade ago in 1986 to commemorate Anatolia’s Cen-
tennial Year. It is to the great credit of the Armenian Community of Thes-
saloniki that it addressed this task so as to make Carl Compton’s story ac-
cessible to far more readers in Greece. Moreover, there is a special appro-
priateness in this sponsorship. Anatolia’s history has been interwoven with
the struggles and accomplishments of the Christian peoples in Asia Minor
and Greece. During the first thirty-five years at Marsovan, the school’s orig-
inal site and a primarily Armenian town, Armenians often constituted the
largest element in the student body and faculty. A large part of Carl Com-
ton’s life and good works, in Asia Minor, Russia, and Greece, involved his
Armenian students and colleagues who were as brothers and sisters to this
man who made no distinctions among peoples. Carl would have been great-
ly pleased and honored that the Armenian Community of Thessaloniki has
undertaken this new tribute to his life’s work.
Carl C. Compton’s *The Morning Cometh: 45 Years with Anatolia College* invites the reader to travel with him and his wife Ruth through decades of turbulence, horrible violence, and human suffering. The time-frame of this slender memoir, which spans his entire adult life, covers the long expanse of the twentieth century. Its geographic space extends from remote regions of Ottoman Turkey to the length of imperial Russia and over to Japan, before it comes to focus on Greece during the interwar years. Then, after a short interlude in Massachusetts and Washington, D.C. during the Second World War, it is back to Greece again until retirement. In addition to a good world map, the more studious readers may wish to enhance their understanding of the momentous events encountered in these pages by reading about them in one or more relevant scholarly publications. This brief bibliographical entry is provided for the convenience of such readers.

The birth of Anatolia College in Marsovan and the life-long dedication of Carl and Ruth Compton to Christian education and humanitarian relief work were inspired and supported by the American missionary movement that flourished in the 19th century, sending hundreds of men and women to distant lands to do God’s work. Originally intent on making converts to the Protestant faith and ethics, many missionaries gradually expanded the focus of their projects to include secular values such as education, character building, and helping the destitute, the sick, and the uprooted.

John O. Iatrides, Anatolia Class of 1950, is the co-editor with William R. Compton of the original (1986) publication of Carl C. Compton’s *The Morning Cometh: 45 Years with Anatolia College*. He is Connecticut State University Professor Emeritus in International Politics.
To appreciate the motivation and dynamism of the remarkable individuals who built the College and guided it through times of adversity and danger, it is important to have an understanding of the broader movement of which they were a small but vibrant part. Especially useful in this connection are a number of publications, including Gerasimos Augustinos, “‘Enlightened’ Christians and the ‘Oriental’ Churches: Protestant Missions to the Greeks in Asia Minor, 1820-1860,” Journal of Modern Greek Studies, IV, 2 (October 1986); Robert L. Daniel, American Philanthropy in the Near East: 1820-1960 (Ohio University Press, 1970); Joseph L. Grabill, Protestant Diplomacy and the Near East: Missionary Influence on American Policy, 1810-1927 (University of Minnesota Press, 1971); and George E. White, Adventuring With Anatolia College (Herald-Register Publishing Co., Grinnell, Iowa, 1940).

The challenges and opportunities that shaped the development of the College in Marsovan and the unfamiliar world Carl Compton entered on arrival in 1913 reflected the political, social, and cultural realities of Ottoman Turkey on the eve of the WWI. In turn, those realities were determined by the dynamics of the collapsing Ottoman Empire now in the hands of the “Young Turks,” the increasingly precarious existence of ethnic and religious minorities, the rising nationalist rivalries across the Balkans, and the growing resentment among many Turks of foreign influences over their country. This explosive mix of domestic and external forces is brilliantly analyzed by Bernard Lewis in The Emergence of Modern Turkey (Oxford University Press, 1961); also comprehensive if less impartial is Stanford J. Shaw and Ezel Kural Shaw, History of the Ottoman Empire and Modern Turkey. Vol. II Reform, Revolution, and Republic, The Rise of Modern Turkey, 1808-1975 (Cambridge University Press, 1977). On educational reforms in the early 20th century, see in particular Andreas M. Kazamias, Education and the Quest for Modernity in Turkey (University of Chicago Press, 1966).

A number of authors, some with first-hand knowledge of their subject, discuss in detail the circumstances surrounding the establishment and growth of Anatolia College in Marsovan. In addition to Adventuring With Anatolia College mentioned above, George E. White wrote Charles Chapin Tracy, Missionary, Philanthropist, Educator, First President of Anatolia College, Marsovan, Turkey (The Pilgrim Press, Boston, Chicago, 1918). A one-time Anatolia teacher, chairman of the College’s Board of Trustees and lifelong supporter of the school, Everett W. Stephens, brought the story to its more recent phase in Survival Against All Odds. The First 100 Years of Anatolia College (Caratzas, 1986). The most comprehensive and scholarly histo-
The history of Anatolia College, covering the school’s entire existence, is now in preparation by Dr. William McGrew, President of Anatolia during 1974-1999. Some details concerning the school’s move to Greece can be found in John O. Iatrides, “Missionary Educators and the Asia Minor Disaster: Anatolia College’s Move to Greece,” _Journal of Modern Greek Studies_, IV, 2 (October 1986).

Turkey’s involvement in the First World War on the losing side (1914-1918) and the defeat of the Greek invasion of Asia Minor that followed (1920-1922) had disastrous consequences for Anatolia College, its teachers, and students, and for the two ethnic minorities to which most of them belonged: Armenians and Greeks. A large number of scholarly studies examine these tumultuous developments from different perspectives. In addition to the major works of Lewis and Shaw cited above, particularly valuable for their analysis of events that affected the Anatolia community and were witnessed by Carl Compton are George Lenczowski, _The Middle East in World Affairs_ (Ithaca, N.Y., 1956); Harry J. Psomiades, _The Eastern Question: The Last Phase_ (Thessaloniki: Institute for Balkan Studies, 1968); Marjorie Housepian Dobkin, _Smyrna 1922: The Destruction of a City_ (Kent State University Press, 1966); George Horton, _Report on Turkey. USA Consular Documents_ (Athens, 1985); Peter Balakian, _The Burning Tigris: The Armenian Genocide and America’s Response_ (New York, 2003), and R. Hovanissian, _The Armenian Genocide in Perspective_ (New Brunswick, 1986). The most comprehensive study of the forced exchange of populations following the “Megali Katastrophi” of 1922 is Dimitri Pentzopoulos, _The Balkan Exchange of Minorities and Its Impact Upon Greece_ (Mouton, 1962). An earlier account by Eliot Grinnell Mears, _Greece Today: The Aftermath of the Refugee Impact_ (Stanford University Press, 1929), is also informative but incomplete. For the consequences of the exchange of populations for the Greek state and society, and for the country’s political, social and economic conditions when Anatolia College was started in Thessaloniki, the standard work is George Th. Mavrogordatos, _Stillborn Republic: Social Coalitions and Party Strategies in Greece, 1922-1936_ (University of California Press, 1983). A panoramic view of Thessaloniki and its many peoples and cultures that the Comptons encountered on their arrival in 1925 can be found in Mark Mazower’s masterful _Salonica, City of Ghosts: Christians, Muslims and Jews, 1430-1950_ (Knopf, 2005).

Carl and Ruth Compton’s “Russian Interlude” (1917-1919) was in reality a humanitarian mission full of hardship and confusion across that vast country during its most turbulent period: collapse of the military front against the
Germans, disintegration of the Kerensky government, Bolshevik revolution, and the ensuing bloodshed of the civil war between the “Whites” and the “Reds” in which Czech troops and other foreigners played brief but significant roles. A broader perspective and details of the events witnessed by the Comptons can be found in most standard texts; particularly good are Michael T. Florinsky, *Russia: A History and an Interpretation* (Macmillan, 1953, chapters 44-48), and Sidney Harcave, *Russia: A History* (Lippincott, 1964, chapters 23-25). The distinguished American diplomat and authority on Russia, George F. Kennan, devoted two superb volumes to the years in question: *Russia Leaves the War* (Princeton University Press, 1956), and *The Decision to Intervene* (Atheneum, 1967).

Before rejoining the Anatolia College community at its new location, Thessaloniki, Carl Compton spent several years (1922-1924) with the Near East Relief (NER), the organization that provided assistance of every kind to the refugees from Asia Minor. He was particularly involved in the relocation to Greece of both Armenian and Greek orphanages which had operated for decades in Turkey. In Greece, the NER provided the orphans with housing, badly needed medical attention, and with special schools where they could be prepared to enter the educational system of their new homeland. In addition to the studies by Daniel and Grabill already cited, particularly useful on NER and related humanitarian organizations are James L. Barton, *The Story of the Near East Relief, 1915-1930* (New York, 1930); Louis P. Cassimatis, *American Influence in Greece, 1917-1929* (Kent State University Press, 1988), and Luther C. Fry, Frank A. Ross, and Elbridge Sibley, *The Near East and American Philanthropy* (Columbia University Press, 1929).


As a consequence of the Civil War, Dr. Compton’s service to Anatolia College and to its students took a most unexpected turn in April 1949, when he appeared in court at the trial of those charged with murdering George Polk, an American correspondent, almost a year earlier (May 1948). The man actually on trial, Gregory Stacktopoulos (two others were tried *in absentia*), a small-time journalist with communist connections, had been a student at Anatolia College and Dr. Compton appeared as the only witness for the defense; four others chose not to appear. His brief testimony, on Stacktopoulos’ benign character, appears in all the books that have been published on the Polk murder. Of those, by far the most reliable is Edmund Keeley’s *The Salonika Bay Murder: Cold War Politics and the Polk Murder* (Princeton University Press, 1989), which, after a meticulous presentation of the known facts, offers several plausible theories concerning the murder but draws no concrete conclusions. In *Who Killed George Polk? The Press Covers Up a Death in the Family* (Temple University Press, 1996), Elias Vlanton (with Zak Mettger) accuses the American journalistic community of bowing to Cold War pressures not to conduct an independent and thorough investigation for fear that it might lead to right-wing elements among the Greek military. Following a similar line of argument in *The Polk Conspiracy: Murder and Cover-up in the Case of CBS News Correspondent George Polk* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1990), Kati Marton, herself a one-time veteran foreign correspondent, blames the murder on a conspiracy of right-wing underworld figures intent on silencing Polk to prevent him from making public evidence of large-scale corruption and misuse of American assistance that might implicate a prominent figure in the staunchly anti-communist government in Athens. Everyone agrees with Dr. Compton’s testi-
mony that Stacktopoulos was not capable of cold-blooded murder. On the other hand, given the extreme polarization and violence in Greece in the late 1940s, either the communists or the Right could have killed Polk. Despite the fanciful suppositions of Vlanton and Marton, the murder remains unsolved.
Editors’ Note

It would probably never have occurred to Carl C. Compton to write for publication his life’s story. An intensely private man of few words, quick to give credit to others but always anxious to downplay his own accomplishments, he would have thought it immodest to draw attention to himself by offering his memoirs to the general public. He apparently never kept a personal diary.

In March 1980, Everett W. Stephens, Chairman Emeritus of the Anatolia College Board of Trustees and one-time teacher at the college, interviewed Compton in connection with an oral history project on which Everett and Mary Stephens planned to base a history of Anatolia College. Stephens urged Compton to write down his recollections of his long service to the school, first in Turkey and later in Greece, which could be published in connection with Anatolia’s centennial celebrations in 1986. Reluctantly he agreed.

Living in retirement in Florida, where his wife had died only a few months earlier, Carl Compton had no missionary or school records to assist him. Relying on his still sharp memory (he was then almost ninety) and with help from his wife’s diary and family letters, he wrote the present memoir in the style that best reflects his personality: sparse, undramatic, self-effacing. He completed the manuscript a few months before his death on December 26, 1982. Thus, in a real sense, this book stands as his final service to the school to which he and his wife devoted their entire lives.

We wish to thank the Board of Trustees of Anatolia College and especially its chairman, Edmund A. Gullion, as well as Dr. William W. McGrew, President of Anatolia College, for entrusting us with the preparation of this volume. The Compton letters inserted in the text are from the archives of
the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions deposited with the Houghton Library of Harvard University.

John O. Iatrides
William R. Compton
Foreword

Dr. George E. White in his book, *Adventuring With Anatolia College* (Grinnell, Iowa: Herald-Register Publishing Co., 1940), told the story of the school from its beginning in 1840 in Bebek, a suburb of Constantinople, to its re-establishment in Greece in 1924. The original school was started by an American missionary, Cyrus Hamlin, to train young men to become pastors and teachers among the Greeks and Armenians then living in Turkey. The high quality of the academic program and the increasing desire to learn English attracted a growing number who were not interested in theological training but wanted a general education. So, in 1864, the school divided into two separate institutions. The liberal arts section remained in Bebek and became Robert College. The theological seminary moved to Merzifon (Marsovan) in the interior of Turkey.

In Merzifon history repeated itself. More and more of the students wanted a general education; in 1886 the program was expanded to include a four-year liberal arts college named “Anatolia College.” The name Anatolia refers not only to the area in Asia Minor where the school was located but also to the ancient Greek word meaning the dawn. The phrase “The Morning Cometh” was adopted as the school motto. The college seal is patterned after the view from the campus of the sun rising over lofty Akdag at the eastern end of the Merzifon Plain.

The pages which follow are not a continuation of Dr. White’s history of the college. They are simply a narrative, drawn largely from memory, of my experiences from the time I began teaching at the college in 1913 until my retirement in 1958.

Clearwater, Florida, 1982

Carl C. Compton
I

At Anatolia College in Turkey:
1913-1915

My connection with Anatolia College began in 1913 shortly before my graduation from Grinnell College in Iowa. One of my friends at Grinnell was George D. White, son of Dr. George E. White, who was about to become president of Anatolia College. Dr. White had written his son about their great need for a young American teacher to teach English, direct the athletic program, and serve as faculty adviser to the Student YMCA. George asked me if I would be interested and after some deliberation I said “Yes.” I thought it offered an unusual opportunity to be of service, to gain experience, and to see a bit of Europe. After an exchange of letters, I agreed to go to Merzifon for a three year term — never dreaming that I had chosen my life’s career.

A few weeks after graduation, I left my home in Chicago bound for Turkey. On my way, I did some sightseeing in Europe and in Trieste joined the Theodore Elmer family, who were returning to Anatolia College after a sabbatical year in America. We traveled by Italian steamer to Samsoun, the Black Sea port nearest Merzifon. There I had my introduction to life in the interior of Turkey; it was not a happy one. At that time, there were no railroads or automobiles in that part of the country, and we made the two-day journey over the mountains in a Turkish araba, a cross between a wagon and a carriage. There were no seats, so we sat on a mattress on the floor, leaning back against our suitcases. Just before dark, we stopped at a typical roadside inn. I washed in water dipped from a tin hung on a post in the yard and ate my supper sitting on the floor beside a low table. In my room, the only furnishings were two small iron cots, each with a rather dirty-looking mattress. I tried to sleep, but the bed was so infested with fleas and bedbugs that I soon gave up and spent the rest of the night on a log in the yard. I remem-
ber asking myself, “Can I ever be happy in a country like this?” But my misgivings left me when we arrived at Anatolia College the next evening. As we drove through the gate onto the campus, there was evidence all around of cleanliness and good order. Best of all was the cordiality with which we were greeted by students and teachers, who rushed from all sides to welcome the newly-arrived American teachers. At once, I felt at home among friends, a feeling which never departed.

My feeling of well-being increased when I was taken to my quarters on the second floor of a new dormitory building. I had a living room, a bedroom, and a balcony with a glorious view of the Merzifon plain and its snow-capped Akdag (White Mountain) at the far end. From my bedroom, a door led into the dormitories, large barracks-like rooms with beds for twenty students in each section. One of my duties would be to walk through the dormitories every night at ten to make sure that the boys were all in bed and quiet, and to see that the small oil lamps were properly flickering in glass containers at intervals along the walls.

Despite the modern feeling at the college, there was no bathroom in my quarters, but a basin and water pitcher provided washing facilities. I later learned that the one real bath of the week was on Saturday night, when the male teachers would gather at the Turkish bath on the campus. There were no tubs; instead we sat on stone benches beside a sort of trough filled with boiling water which filled the whole room with steam. After a period of steaming and scrubbing we would wrap ourselves in huge Turkish towels and relax on couches in the outer room of the bath. It was a very pleasant social occasion, when we would talk over events of the week and news of the outside world.

My salary was thirty dollars per month for ten months. Out of this, I paid the student who brought my water every day and wood for my stove when needed. I also bought my furnishings and paid for my meals. Breakfast and lunch were in the school dining room and cost very little. At night, I ate dinner with Dr. and Mrs. White and their two daughters, Margaret and Katherine. Mrs. White was a wonderful woman who provided a homelike atmosphere for young American teachers far from their own homes.

The geographical setting of the college was lovely: it was located on rising ground, with the city on one side and well-kept vineyards in the foothills of a range of mountains on the other. Beyond the city was the Merzifon Plain, about thirty miles long and some seven or eight miles wide. The campus was enclosed by a mud brick wall about ten feet high. There were three gates, one opening toward the city and a third small gate at one end of the Girls’
School campus, which was open only for a brief period in the morning and in the afternoon for girls who came as day students. At the two main gates, gatemen were on duty night and day. No boarding student could leave the campus without a pass signed by the dean.

Most of the buildings were made of mud brick plastered over and white-washed. The newest building, which housed the offices and library, was of stone. At one end of the campus, Union Hall was under construction. The foundation had been laid, and along the entire length a stone wall had risen three or four feet. Unfortunately, that wall never got any higher and the whole project soon had to be abandoned because of unsettled conditions in Turkey. The pride of the campus was the Swiss clock in a tower above the largest building, which rang out the time every quarter hour. This clock served as time keeper for much of the city, as it followed the modern system of timing used in the rest of Europe, while the clock in the town hall kept Turkish time, which was set every day at noon.

The main feature of the campus was the college itself, which was for boys only. It included four years of high school and four years of a degree-granting liberal arts college. The school was filled to overflowing with some two hundred Greeks, two hundred Armenians, and about twenty Turks. Some forty of the Greek students were from Greek settlements on the Russian side of the Black Sea. For them, a Russian teacher was provided.

The Girls’ School was a finishing school at approximately high school level, with about two hundred students, divided ethnically in about the same proportions as the college itself. Their buildings were at one side of the campus with no wall separating them from the other institutions. But traffic between the two schools was strictly regulated. When the girls went for walks through the vineyards, they had to pass through the boys’ section of the campus, so they were always accompanied by two or three teachers. One of the boys described them as “a convoy of fluttering sails, with accompanying dreadnoughts fore and aft.”

In between the two schools was the highly regarded School for the Deaf, which at that time was the only such school in Turkey. Across the road from the college was a large hospital then being completed. In addition to the hospital itself, which attracted patients from all over Asia Minor, was one of the few nurses’ training schools in the whole of Turkey. At the lower end of the main campus was the Theological Seminary, preparing young men to become pastors in the Protestant churches throughout Turkey. A book bindery and a well-equipped carpenter shop provided services both for the campus and the community. Both gave students useful vocational training.
while at the same time helping them pay part of the cost of their education.

This was Anatolia College as I saw it when I first entered the scene in September, 1913. And what a hustling, bustling hive of activity it was! The students were as eager and highly motivated as one could hope to find. To them, attending this American-sponsored school was a great privilege and they wanted to make the most of it. They entered enthusiastically into both classroom and extracurricular activities. How astonished I was to find that a good way to keep a mischievous youngster quiet in class was to threaten him with not being allowed to recite!

On campus, we lived in a world of our own. The Second Balkan War had just been concluded; all we saw of that was the crowds who cheered the returning soldiers as they marched into the city. We heard vague rumors of gathering clouds of another and greater war, but we younger teachers, at least, were too occupied with school activities to be much concerned with what was going on in the rest of Europe.

Life on the campus went on much as it would in similar institutions in America; but off the campus, there in the heart of Asia Minor, people lived in an entirely different world. This was brought home to me rather vividly when I undertook a trip by bicycle to a village not far away in the hills. As I entered the village, a great shout went up and children began running from all directions following me like youngsters at a circus parade. They were shouting “Jinn arabasi! Jinn arabasi!” (spirit wagon). They had never before seen a bicycle.

In the cities, Americans were regarded as ordinary human beings; but it was pathetic to see the awe with which we were looked upon by the uneducated villagers, most of whom had never been farther away than their own fields and vineyards. Once, we were preparing to spend the night at a spring near a small village. Farmers coming home from their fields gathered around us, staring with wonder as we unfolded camp beds, opened up our small stove, and set out various items of packaged food. Finally, one grey-bearded elder remarked, “Aman, Aman! God gave all the brains to the Americans.”

One winter day, word came down from a village rather high up the mountain back of Merzifon that a serious quarrel had broken out and they wanted an American to come and help them settle it. As the trip would involve a two or three hour climb and spending the night in the village, the older men were relieved when I volunteered.

With an older student as guide and interpreter, I set out on foot up a narrow mountain trail. Not long after we started climbing, it began to snow, and soon we were wading through knee-deep drifts. As the darkness deepened,
we had some difficulty following the trail and were greatly relieved when we saw glimmers of light ahead of us. Our coming was announced by barking dogs, and one of the villagers came out to greet us and guide us to his home.

After the usual pleasantries, we were asked to sit on the floor at a low table in the center of which was a steaming pot of lamb stew surrounded by great chunks of dark bread. We were given wooden spoons, but no dishes, so we all ate from one pot. While we were still eating, elder men of the village began to drift in, and as soon as we had finished our meal we got down to business. The problem was that the house of a widow with three little children had burned down, and without asking anyone’s permission, the widow and her family moved into the school house. And now a bitter quarrel divided the village. Some said the widow should move out; others said she should be allowed to stay. A little questioning brought out the fact that she was practically penniless and had no relatives that anyone knew of.

Then I asked them, “Are there any empty buildings of any sort in the village?” After conferring among themselves for a few minutes, the village leader said, “Yes, there are three which have not been lived in since their owners moved away some years ago, and they are in rather dilapidated condition.” I asked if the materials from two of the buildings could not be used to make one of them livable. The meeting was adjourned until the next morning, when we inspected the three abandoned houses. One was found which all agreed could be made livable with only minor repairs. Peace was restored; we left with the profuse thanks of the villagers, who crowded around to wish us goodby. As I thought things over during our tramp down the mountain through the snow, I came to the conclusion that our success was not due to any wisdom on our part, but to the fine reputation that the older Americans at Anatolia College had acquired through their long years of service.

In spite of the fact that the First World War had started, and that Turkey had entered the war on the side of the Central Powers, the school year of 1914-1915 was fairly normal. But shortly after school closed for the summer vacation in June 1915, we were thrown into a panic by an official announcement from the Turkish government that all Armenians were to be deported to remote places deep in the interior of Turkey.

The Anatolia College Armenian teachers and workers who lived in the city moved onto the campus, hoping that their presence there would be unnoticed by the authorities when the actual deportations began. Also, about thirty of the girls had not gone home, as their parents thought they would be safer on campus than in their own homes.
As the days went by, we became more and more isolated. There were no newspapers, no telegraph services, and no mail. We were advised that it was unsafe to leave the campus walls. In normal times the college could get cash from local merchants in exchange for orders on the Mission Treasurer in Constantinople. But now business was at a standstill; merchants were no longer buying goods in Constantinople, and as they needed no money there, they could no longer provide the college with funds. So I was asked to go to Constantinople to report on conditions and to bring back gold. As the Black Sea was closed to civilian travel, I had to go overland; it took five days by arabba to Ankara [Angora], and from there two days by train to Constantinople.

The day after my arrival, I went with Dr. W.W. Peet, then head of the Mission in Turkey, to call on our ambassador, Mr. Henry Morgenthau, to report on conditions in Merzifon and to seek his help in protecting the Armenians who had taken refuge on the college campus. He was very sympathetic and went at once to see Enver Pasha, then one of the most powerful men in the Turkish government. Enver scoffed at the talk of massacres but said that they feared something else: that the Armenians would take advantage of the Turkish involvement in the World War and would start a rebellion. To forestall this, the Armenians were being deported to remote parts in the interior of Turkey. However, he promised to send word to Merzifon that the American premises were not to be molested.

After another day or two in Constantinople, I started on the seven-day return trip to Merzifon. I felt as if I were wearing a coat of mail, for around my waist was strapped as much gold as I could carry. As we traveled over the wild mountain roads I was very conscious of this burden, especially one day when we stopped beside a mountain spring to eat our lunch. A group of rough-looking characters appeared out of nowhere and began asking us questions about where we were coming from and where we were going. I could see that our Turkish driver was very uneasy, and I became even more uncomfortable when I heard one of the men say to another, “This man is an American. He’ll have lots of money.” To our great relief, at that moment we heard the sound of hoof beats on the road and our unwelcome visitors disappeared into the surrounding forest. They were well out of sight when a troop of Turkish cavalry rounded a bend in the road.

A sadder event occurred a day or so later. Toward evening, a group of Armenian women came trudging along the road under guard. One of the girls had been a student at the Girls’ School, and recognizing me, she came running to my arabba. She told me that two days before the Turks had come to their village and forced all the Armenians to leave. At the end of the first
day, the men had been separated from the women and sent off by another road. Just then one of the guards came to my araba and ordered the girl to return to her mother. I never heard whether or not she survived.

As we drove away, my driver, a kindly, grey-bearded Turk, remarked that he felt sorry for the Armenians, but he heard that they were enemies of his country. He added that if a Moslem killed enemies he would have green hands when he went to heaven. Green is a sacred Moslem color, and he evidently believed that it would be a great honor for someone to have green hands.

When I reached Merzifon on August 9, 1915, the deportaton of the Armenians from the city was in full swing. The very next morning, word came from the governor saying that the Armenians swarming on our campus were to be deported. Dr. White and Dr. J.K. Marden hurried to the governor to tell him of Enver Pasha’s order that the American premises were not to be molested. The governor replied that he had received the message but that it referred to the Americans only, not to the Armenians. Dr. White argued that most of those on the campus were women and little children and that the few men were unarmed and were in no position to do any harm to anyone. In answer, the governor repeated the official Turkish position, “Our country is fighting for its life. These people are enemies in our midst and we must remove them to places where they can do no harm before they stab us in the back.”

Some Turkish friends circulated word to the Armenians that if they would renounce Christianity and become Moslems they would not be deported. I know of only two families who did so. The idea of Christian martyrdom gave a kind of exaltation to those who felt they were facing almost certain death. At a prayer meeting on the campus, one of the hospital orderlies gave a very moving speech in which he said: “Why are you so afraid? Are we the first to die for Christ?” As they went about their preparation for departure into exile, their greeting to one another was, “For Jesus’ sake.”

The second morning after my return from Constantinople, we awoke to find the campus surrounded by armed soldiers. One group broke through the main gate and began driving the Armenians from the buildings. Ox carts were lined up in the road just outside the gate. The women and little children were loaded onto the carts, clutching the few bundles of food and clothing they were allowed to carry with them. The few men and older children trudged along beside them as they started on the pathetic journey. Word seeped back that on the second day the men were separated from the group and were taken a short distance into the hills, where they were shot,
stripped of their possessions, and buried in a mass grave.

Those of us left on the campus were numb with sorrow and anxiety. To our great relief we found that the soldiers had not entered the Girls' School end of the campus. About thirty of the Armenian students, with two or three of their teachers, had taken refuge in one of the buildings where Miss Charlotte R. Willard had locked all the doors and kept the girls well out of sight, hoping that their presence would be unnoticed by the authorities. But two days later, our hope turned to despair when wagons accompanied by armed soldiers appeared at the gate and drove immediately to the building where the girls were hiding. Once again Dr. White and Dr. Marden hurried off to appeal to the governor while the American teachers sat on the steps leading to the dormitory and refused to move until Dr. White returned. But the governor was adamant in his refusal to spare the girls. He said he had no authority to change orders he had received from the central government. But after desperate urging from Dr. White, he did give permission for Miss Willard and Miss Frances Gage to accompany the girls.

Further resistance seemed impossible, so the girls came out and climbed into the waiting arabas. There was no room for the American teachers, but the girls' fear and despair were lightened somewhat by the promise that the teachers would follow them just as soon as a driver could be found. Miss Willard and Miss Gage made their hurried preparations and started out two days later. As they were able to travel faster than the larger group, they caught up with them after a few days.

The group traveled deeper and deeper into the interior of Turkey, not knowing where they were going or what would happen to them; but due to the tact and persuasiveness of the two Americans, Turkish officials along the way gave them aid and protection. They finally stopped in a city far in the interior.

The day after the deportation of the girls, the numbed survivors on the campus gathered together to consider our situation. We were virtual prisoners within the walls which surrounded the campus. Except for vague rumors, we knew nothing about what was happening in the world outside and we were uneasy about what would happen next. Again, I was asked to undertake the journey to Constantinople to report on the deportations and to bring back news and money.

And so I started again on a seven-day journey over what was now somewhat familiar ground. I wanted to camp for the night at attractive places along the way, but my driver was aghast at the suggestion. He said it would be very dangerous as the hills were full of brigands. But I had learned to car-
ry along food and a cot bed and so was not too uncomfortable in the way-side inns. It was a rather uneventful trip, and I remember only one incident. We stopped one evening for a drink at a mountain spring where we were soon surrounded by a group of convicts under guard. They were friendly and talkative. They said they had been released from prison to serve as “volunteers” in the Turkish army. They did not seem at all embarrassed to tell why they were in prison, most of them for robbery, but a few admitted that they had committed murder.

The morning after my arrival in Constantinople, I reported to the nearest police station, as was required of all travelers, to show my papers and get a residence permit. After checking my papers the officer asked: “How long are you planning to stay in Constantinople?” When I replied that I planned to return to Merzifon after three days he gave me back my papers, saying: “If you are only staying that long you don’t need a residence permit.”

So I hurried about my business. I went first to our mission headquarters and told them about the deportation of the Armenians from Merzifon. Dr. Peet, the chief of our mission, went with me to report to our ambassador. He was deeply concerned and promised to do what he could to get permission for the girls with their teachers to return to the college. He succeeded in doing so, and the entire group returned safely to the campus in Merzifon. It is doubtful this would have happened if it had not been for the courage and tact of Miss Willard and Miss Gage.

Three days later, I had completed my business in Constantinople and went back to the same officer to whom I reported upon my arrival. When I asked for a permit to return to Merzifon, he said, “Let me see your residence permit.”

“I don’t have one because you told me I did not need one.”

“Impossible. No one can get a travel permit without a residence permit.”

I was both amused and irritated, and I said to him, “What kind of business is this? You wouldn’t give me a residence permit because I was planning to leave in three days, and now you won’t give me a travel permit because I don’t have the residence permit which you yourself told me I did not need.”

He just shrugged his shoulders and called in a scribe to whom he dictated a rather lengthy document, which he pushed across the desk and showed me where to sign. I refused to do so, and finally got his permission to take the document to our embassy. There it was translated, and I learned that it was a “confession” that I had broken Turkish law. I left the paper with the ambassador, who said he would see what could be done about it. The next day I was called back to the embassy. The ambassador had taken up my case
with Enver Pasha himself, but was told that I had clearly broken Turkish law. As a courtesy to Mr. Morgenthau, I would be given permission to leave the country. But if I stayed, I would be arrested and would have to be tried in Turkish courts. As it was evident that I had no choice, I packed the few belongings I had with me and left that night for America, deeply concerned about those I was leaving behind.

I thought when I left that the college would not be able to reopen in the fall. Actually it did, but only as a shadow of what it had been. By spring, because of the Russian invasion from the Caucasus, the Merzifon area was declared a war zone. By Turkish orders the school was closed on May 10, 1916. All Americans were ordered to leave and the entire campus was requisitioned to serve as a Turkish military hospital.

On my return to America, I spent a few days with my parents in Chicago and then enrolled as a student in the Graduate School of Theology at Oberlin College. I spent two years there, in my second year serving as General Secretary of the Oberlin College Student YMCA. During that year I became engaged to Ruth McGavren, a Grinnell College classmate. Her friends all called her “Peggy,” and once, when she was asked how she got that name, she replied: “I was named for Pegasus, the immortal steed, because I am an everlasting nag.” She was far from being a nag, and in fact during her senior year at Grinnell she was elected the most popular girl in school.
II
Russian Interlude:
1917-1919

Shortly before our wedding, Ruth and I were asked to join a team of relief workers who were being sent to the Caucasus to work with the Armenians, who were fleeing Turkey by the thousands. Because of the danger from German submarines in the Atlantic, we would go across the Pacific to Japan, then cross Siberia and Russia and finally travel down to the Caucasus. I asked Ruth how she would like to go to Siberia for our honeymoon. Quoting her biblical namesake, she replied, “Where you are going, I will go.” We were married on June 2, 1917, and on July 12 we left for San Francisco to join the other six members of the relief team. We sailed for Japan on July 18.

Upon our arrival in Yokohama, we learned to our dismay that revolution had broken out in Russia and that for the time being no foreigners would be allowed to enter the country. We were advised to spend our waiting time in Karuizawa, a delightful mountain summer resort much frequented by American and British missionaries. Weeks passed with still no opening of Russian borders. When the time came for the missionaries to return to their stations, the members of our group were assigned to various institutions where it was felt that our temporary services would be most useful. Ruth and I were sent to Kyoto, where Ruth taught in the community school for American children, and I taught English and coached basketball at Doshisha University.

Our stay in the fascinating city of Kyoto was a delightful experience and I thoroughly enjoyed my contact with Japanese students and teachers. We were nevertheless thrilled when late in October word came that permission had finally been given for us to enter Russia. On November 3, our scattered party reassembled in Vladivostok. We were obliged to wait there for eleven days before we were given permission to board the Trans-Siberian Express
for the long journey across Manchuria and Siberia to Moscow. We left Vladivostok on November 14, 1917 and arrived in Moscow on the 22nd. Our stay in Russia was to be marked by some relative luxury as well as hardship and danger, as the new U.S.S.R. was born.

The long trip across Siberia, in a very comfortable compartment which we had all to ourselves, was fascinating. We were pleasantly surprised to see that the monotony of the steppes was frequently broken by wide rivers and heavily forested mountains. The land seemed almost uninhabited: at least once a day we would stop at a small town with log houses set widely apart, but there was no sign of any business district. From every direction, villagers would come hurrying through the snow, dressed in great sheep-skin coats and heavy felt boots, carrying baskets of bread, butter, cheese, and fowl to sell to the passengers.

At one of the few large cities, our conductor came back from the railway station bringing the disturbing word that there was fighting in Moscow between the communists and the Russian army. “We may have to turn back; but we’ll keep on going unless I receive definite orders otherwise.” So day after day we kept on going, with considerable anxiety as to what conditions would be like when, and if, we reached Moscow. But we were not stopped on the way, and when we finally arrived we were relieved to find that the fighting was over. Our train was met by some U.S. Army YMCA secretaries, who had come to meet other secretaries who were on the train with us. They told us that all the hotels were filled, mostly with soldiers, and they very kindly invited us to come to the YMCA headquarters with them. They said they had plenty of room for all of us, as the YMCA had been given the use of a huge mansion whose owner had fled the country. As we made our way into the city in horse-drawn sleighs, we caught a glimpse of the funeral procession for those who had died in the battle for the city. The October Revolution was over as far as Moscow was concerned. The provisional government set up by Kerensky had been overthrown, and the Bolsheviks were now in power.

No one knew what was happening in the Caucasus, but after a few days we decided to push on. The four-day journey on local trains was quite different from the luxury of the Trans-Siberian Express. Instead of private compartments, all eight of us were crowded into one compartment. And we were lucky to have that. We had to change trains every day. At each change, we were able to persuade the stationmaster to lead us into our compartment and lock the door before the car was opened to the great crowds waiting in the station. It was an uncomfortable journey, and we breathed a sigh of re-
lief when, on December 1, 1917, four and a half months after we had left Missouri Valley, Iowa, we finally reached our destination, Leninakan [Alexandropol], in what is now Soviet Armenia.

The city was in chaos. The Russian army was withdrawing from the nearby Turkish front, and a hastily organized volunteer Armenian army was rushing to the front to try to hold back the advancing Turkish army. Unfortunately, in spite of the pleading of Noubar Pasha, the Armenian general, the Russians were carrying with them all of their war materials, leaving the Armenians with almost nothing with which to fight. To make matters worse, the city was full of Armenian refugees who had fled from their homes in Turkey, bringing nothing with them except the small bundles they could carry on their backs. It was because of their desperate need that we had been sent from America to help them.

Upon investigation, we found that the Armenians knew every step of the process of making cloth out of raw wool, a skill which seemed to be unknown to the Russians. Also, we found that the warehouses in that area were full of wool; but there were no mills, because in ordinary times the wool was shipped out to industrialized areas. Now we had a chance for an almost ideal refugee industry. One loom could give work to about thirty men, women, and children making the looms and spindles, washing, carding, and spinning the wool into thread, and then weaving the thread into cloth. Some of the cloth we sold, while some was made into garments by refugees skilled in sewing. There were plenty of eager buyers for everything we could produce. So the enterprise was practically self-supporting. We had work for all who applied. We did not hand out charity; we paid wages. It was the most satisfying relief project in which I have ever been engaged.

But our feeling of satisfaction did not last long. All around us we sensed a growing tension. The Armenians, in particular, were much worried about the hostile Turkish army encamped not many miles away; everybody was deeply concerned about daily rumors of the German army advancing deeper and deeper into the heart of Russia. We were hoping against hope that the war would not affect us and our work; but our hopes were suddenly blasted. On March 21, 1918, we received word from the U.S. Consul in Tiflis that the military and political situation was deteriorating so rapidly that we should leave at once. I have often wondered if we should not have refused to obey this order; but at the time we felt that we had no choice. We spent a frantic twenty-four hours turning the work over to our Armenian assistants and bidding them a sad farewell. Then we packed our bags, closed our house, and boarded the train for Tiflis.
When we arrived in Tiflis, we thought we were in a different world. On the surface everything seemed much as usual. It was spring-time, and in the evenings the streets were thronged with pretty girls and handsome men in their striking costumes. They were in high spirits, talking excitedly about the autonomous Georgian Republic then in the process of being organized. They seemed oblivious to the revolution in Russia proper and to the rumors of the advancing Turkish and German armies.

Some sixty English, French, and American citizens, all of whom had been ordered to leave the country, were gathered to make plans for evacuation. We were told that each could take only what he or she would carry. And what a time we had deciding what to leave behind! We piled what we were leaving in the center of the room, and often times the things discarded by one person would be snatched up by someone else. I remember leaving my folding camp bed and taking in its place a set of aluminum pots and pans which had been discarded by another member of our party. I insisted on carrying Ruth’s cot, and knowing the kindness of her heart, I made her promise that she would use it herself and not turn it over to someone for whom she felt sorry.

No one knew just where or how we would go; but we started out by train for Baku on the Caspian Sea. There we found the hotels all filled, mostly with military personnel. We were given refuge in an Armenian church, where we camped for a few days until kind-hearted neighbors took us in. Ruth and I were taken in by the owner of an apartment near the center of the city. Our room became the repository for the supplies being assembled for the next stage of the journey. One evening we decided to go to the opera, but just as we reached the street door, we saw people running madly in all directions. Then we heard gunfire and the whistle of bullets, so we beat a hasty retreat back to our room. For three days we were penned in, sometimes lying on the floor, the bullets whining past our window, with an occasional thud as one struck our wall. As it was unwise to venture out either to go to a restaurant or to buy food, we were thankful for the supplies stored in our room. And we were glad to repay our host for his kindness by sharing with him and his family some of the greatly-needed items of food.

On the fourth day, the shooting stopped as suddenly as it had begun. People cautiously peered out of their windows. As all seemed quiet, we rushed into the street to see what had happened. Bodies were still lying where they had fallen; walls were pitted with bullet holes and windows were smashed. The bazaars, which had so charmed us, and where we had purchased our food, were a mass of smoldering ruins. Strangely enough, we never did find
out what the fighting was all about. Some said it was communists fighting non-communists; others said it was Armenians against Tartars.

We were eager to push on just as soon as we could. Regular transportation had been so disrupted that our only choice was to try to charter a ship. We thought of crossing the Caspian Sea to Bandar Shah in Iran, but no ship would sail that way. Finally, we found a captain who agreed to take us to Astrakhan at the mouth of the Volga River. On the day of departure we stealthily made our way on board, a couple at a time. We were sworn to secrecy, as the captain said so many people wanted to leave the city that the ship would be swamped if its sailing were known.

When we finally crept on board, we found all the cabins filled with the Bolshevik crew, their families, and friends. We, who had chartered the ship at an exorbitant price, could take our choice of sleeping on tables in the dining room, on the floor of the empty hold, or on the open deck. We chose the deck. One of the older women in our group was not feeling at all well, and I yielded to Ruth’s pleas that I not hold her to her promise, but allow her to lend her cot to this woman.

We established ourselves on a huge chest used for storing fish. It was not too uncomfortable, except that when the ship rolled around during storms we had to rope ourselves down. And when it rained, the water ran down on our faces from the eaves of the pilot house above us. My wife’s Irish blood began to express itself, and I reminded her that when we had signed up as missionaries we had said that we were ready to accept whatever dangers or hardships we might be called upon to face. “Yes,” she replied, “But whoever dreamed of such a ‘hardship’ as this?”

To add to the discomfort, as the ship carried no freight, it offered little resistance to the waves. Most of the adult passengers were sick most of the time. There were a number of children on board, and after the first day, they enjoyed watching the ship’s prow drop deep into the waves and then surge upward with a great dash of spray. As Ruth was not affected by stormy seas, she spent a great deal of time looking after the children, playing with them and cooking their meals, competing with wives of the crew for space on the kitchen stove. I helped with the playing but not with the cooking.

After five rather stormy days at sea, all of us breathed a sigh of relief when our ship dropped anchor at Astrakhan. By that time, the Volga steamers should have been making their regular trips up the river. But since the river was still covered with ice, it would be a week or ten days before the ships could start sailing. We also found that the city of Astrakhan had not yet recovered from street fighting, evidently of the same sort we had seen in Baku.
Many of the hotels had been damaged, and the others were so filled with soldiers that we could find no place to stay. The Volga Steamship Company came to our rescue and permitted us to move onto the ship that would carry us up the river as soon as the ice melted.

We moved at once into the cabins assigned to us but were told that we could not cook on board the ship as the fire-fighting equipment would not be working until the engines were started. There were no restaurants anywhere near the shipyard, so we were invited to share the sailors’ communal kitchen nearby. The only place to buy food was at a market about three miles away. Every morning at about five o’clock, we men would start off and on lucky days we would come back with our baskets filled with bread, butter, cheese, eggs, and sometimes with a goose tied round our necks.

Meal time in the communal kitchen was a very sociable occasion. Buxom wives of sailors, sometimes with their husbands and members of our party, would gather in the large kitchen, carrying their food supplies and the necessary pots and pans. The women would take their turn at cooking on the huge flat-topped stove. There was a great deal of joking and laughing and exchanging of gossip and sometimes food. It was not unusual for someone to ask, “May I boil my eggs in your cocoa? My pan is full of vegetables.”

Finally, the ice cleared from the river and we had a beautiful five-day trip up the wide and winding Volga. Our cabins were large and comfortable. We enjoyed walking on the spacious deck or just sitting and watching the ever-changing scenery. The children romped up and down the deck, shouting and laughing, and playing games. One day a boy tumbled through the window of our cabin, landing luckily on the bed underneath. Ruth had left her one and only hat on the bed and she hurried to rescue it. The boy thought she was concerned about him and he jumped up, exclaiming, “Don’t worry. I wasn’t hurt a bit.”

For some reason unknown to us, there was no food service on board the ship and we had to provide for ourselves. Once again, when we docked at cities along the way, the men would hurry off to buy whatever food was available. Six of us had a table in the attractive dining room; the ladies took turns preparing our meals in the ship’s kitchen. As no utensils were provided, we were thankful for the pots and pans we had carried along.

When we landed in Kuybyshev [Samara] we had no difficulty in finding hotel rooms. Our room was all right, but when we went into the dining room for a meal, the rickety chair on which I was seated collapsed, depositing me on the floor. Instead of apologizing, the manager tried to get me to pay for the damage! In the city we found a group of over-worked Army Y secre-
taries. The American Red Cross had aroused the displeasure of the communists and had to leave the country. The YMCA had taken over the relief work the Red Cross had been doing. The man in charge happened to be an old friend of mine, and at his urging Ruth and I agreed to stay to take over primary responsibility for these relief services. The rest of our party boarded the Trans-Siberian Express, the next step on their way home.

The Kuybyshev area had recently come under communist control. The relief services were staffed by young political enthusiasts who knew nothing about relief work. They were so glad to have our help that they gave us practically a free hand. We were able to enlist the services of the man who had been director of welfare work under the previous government. Officially, he was our interpreter, but actually he was the director. He provided the knowledge which we lacked and was chiefly responsible for bringing some sort of order out of chaos. The first project on which we worked was at the railroad station. The station and areas around it were filled with thousands of refugees and more were arriving every day. They came from all directions; some came from the west, fleeing the scorched earth conditions near the front. Others came from Siberia, thinking that the war was over and that they would be able to return to the homes they had abandoned at the beginning of the war. And trains from the south brought refugees from Turkey and the Caucasus, fleeing from one chaos into another that was even worse. We were just beginning to get soup kitchens well-organized when the work was stopped by another outbreak of fighting.

Trainloads of Czech soldiers, who had been forced to serve in the German army and had been captured by the Russians, were being moved eastward to prison camps in Siberia. The seemingly helpless bands of prisoners began one of the most audacious undertakings in all history. Unarmed, and without backing from any source, they started to fight their way across Russia and Siberia, hoping to reach the Pacific Ocean and be sent around the world to join the Allies in their fight against the Germans. With their bare hands they captured a few arms, and with these a few more, and within weeks an unarmed group of prisoners became an army equipped for battle.

Soon after we began our work, Ruth and I moved from the hotel into a very pleasant room on the top floor of a house occupied by a friendly Russian family. One morning we were awakened by the booming of cannon in Bolshevik fortifications on a hill not far from the house. We were told that the communist army was trying to dislodge a Czech army encamped in a forest across the river. As the Czechs were not returning the fire, we climbed the hill to watch the show. We could see the shells bursting among the trees, but
saw no signs of life; so we decided that the story of the Czech army was all imagination. As all seemed quiet in the city, we went about our work as usual.

At about two o’clock the next morning, our sleep was rudely broken by the sound of firing near at hand. We jumped up and looked out our window and saw soldiers lying on the protected slope of a nearby building, resting their guns on the ridge, and firing down into the street below. Within a few minutes we heard our landlord call for us to come quickly. We rushed down the stairs and were led to the basement where the family was gathered. For the next few hours we could hear the rat-tat-tat of machine guns and the crash of shells on nearby buildings. Suddenly, there was complete silence. Nobody said a word, and we waited with bated breath. Then we heard the tramp of marching feet; troops passed our house singing. When our companions heard the song, they began to cross themselves, saying over and over, “Slava Bogu! Slava Bogu!” (Praise God) “What has happened?” I asked. “It’s the Czechs. We are safe!” We rushed up to the street, threw open the courtyard gate, and watched the Czechs march by singing their stirring songs. It was a beautiful spring morning, and many of the soldiers had sprigs of lilac stuck in their rifle barrels. People waved to them and shouted friendly greetings. It seemed absolutely unreal that night when a Czech military band gave a concert in the central square and thousands of Russians came out in holiday mood.

The White Russian government was now back in control in this region, though not for long. At this time, Ruth and I were assigned a new task. We were asked to find out about Armenian refugees encamped in various places along the railroad, and to find a place in Siberia where a refugee center could be established. This time we traveled in style in a private railroad car placed at our disposal by the government. The car had four comfortable compartments: one for ourselves, one for our interpreter, one for an office and store room, and one for the porter who traveled with the car. At the end of the car was a small kitchenette. Wherever we wanted to stop, we would have our car switched to a siding, where it would stay while we went about our business. It was a great relief not to have to pack our bags and hunt for a hotel at each place we stopped and then, a few days later, scramble to find a place on the next train we wished to take. And we never had to buy a ticket; all we had to do was to tell the station agent where we wanted to go, and he would have our car switched onto the proper train. This was our traveling home from sometime in August 1918 until late November.

But our traveling home caused us one rather frightening adventure. We were sidetracked at Omsk, a large railroad center in the western lowlands of
Siberia and then the military capital of non-communist Russia. One evening, I brought home from the office some friends to have supper with us in our car. When we arrived at the place where I had left the car in the morning the car was gone, with my wife in it! I said, “Never mind, the porter will come along soon to lead us to where the car now is.” In a few minutes, the porter did arrive from the railroad station, where he had filled his kettles with hot water from the large boiler that was always to be found on Russian platforms. Our car had moved while he was gone, and he had no idea as to where it now was!

With my friends we tramped along one line of cars after another, through miles of side tracks, with no luck. Then one of the railroad men who was helping us made the disturbing suggestion that possibly the car had been attached to some train. We hurried to the stationmaster, but he assured us that the car could not have been attached to a train without an order from him. But he had a new idea.

“Does your car have storm windows?”

“No, I think not.”

“That explains it. This is the time when we get cars ready for winter, and some inspector saw that this car had no storm windows, and had it taken to the shop.”

So he sent a man with us to lead us to the shops about three miles out in the country in an isolated spot with no buildings of any sort in sight. The place was pitch dark, but we finally saw a glimmer of light from a car window. There was our car, and there was Ruth, who had been sitting there for about four hours, without the slightest idea as to where she was and with no one in sight whom she could ask. As we were eating our belated supper, one of our friends remarked, “I have heard of wives running away from their husbands, but I never before heard of one taking their house with her.” The next morning the storm windows were attached, and the car was returned to the original side-track.

A few days later we took to the rails again, visiting practically all Siberian cities that could be reached by rail. In all of them we found scattered groups of Armenian refugees; but in none of them did we see hopeful possibilities for the establishment of a refugee industrial center. However, at our last stop we found just the place we were looking for, in Barnaul, a rather large city at the edge of the lofty Altai Mountains, not far from where Siberia, Mongolia and China come together. The city was built on high bluffs along one side of the wide Ob River. On the other side of the river, wheat fields stretched as far as the eye could see. Behind the city, the foothills were
sheep-raising country. Again, as in 1917, here was food, here was wool, but no weaving mills. And here were several hundred Armenian refugees skilled in every step of processing wool into cloth, an ideal place for a weaving industry. I met with the city council to explain what we proposed to do. They were keenly interested, and offered us an unused military camp with well-built barracks which could provide living quarters for large numbers of refugees as well as space for the industries.

As we began assembling the things needed to start a weaving industry, we ran into a serious problem. The women were accustomed to making thread by the centuries-old method of twirling a spindle in their hands. This requires about thirty women to provide enough thread to keep one loom working. We did not have enough women and it would be some time before a sufficient number of refugees could be resettled in Barnaul. I recalled the spinning wheels I had seen in American museums, and for the one and only time in my life I tried my hand at invention. Somehow or other, with the help of a skilled Armenian carpenter, we put together a wheel that could spin thread at a far faster rate than could be done by the old hand-spinning method.

The Armenians, the local authorities, and we ourselves were enthusiastic about our project. But suddenly, our euphoria was shattered by a problem which had been lost sight of. The refugees brought us face to face with the fact that the communists were rapidly spreading their control over the whole country. Even in remote Barnaul, the bitterness between the factions was becoming more and more intense. And we learned something we had not known before. In a prison camp in Barnaul, there were thousands of captured Turkish soldiers. The rumors that they were about to be released added to the fear and uneasiness of the Armenians. One day a group of the leaders of the refugees with whom we were working came to me and said: "We see no future for us or our children in this bitterly divided country. We are deeply grateful for what you are trying to do for us, but we are afraid to stay here. We want to get out before the railroad is closed." We sadly gave up our dream, arranged transportation for the Armenians, and returned to the YMCA headquarters in Omsk.

I realize now that I made no mention of Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. To tell the truth, I forgot all about it, which indicates that the day meant almost nothing to the Russians. I do remember that a small company of French soldiers arrived just in time to set up their wireless telegraph, and they invited us to listen to news of the armistice. We were excited and thrilled, but there was no rejoicing in Russia. The people were so involved
in such a bitter internecine struggle that Armistice Day brought no peace to
them.

Omsk at that time was the military capital of White Russia and one of the
last despairing stands of the White Russian army. In spite of the hopeless-
ness of the situation, the railroad yards were filled with trainloads of Amer-
ican, British, and French military missions. To add to our astonishment, there
was one train filled with U.S. Red Cross workers who were planning to open
a military hospital. Like so many things we had experienced in Russia, there
was an air of unreality about almost everything. With the country crumbling
to pieces all around them, the officials continued with their usual round of
formal receptions, with the review of troops before bemired officers, and
with gala evenings at the opera. It was like watching a colorful pageant, far
removed from the realities of life. Many of the Russians gave the impression
of being spectators rather than participants in the death of old Russia.

This was brought home to us rather vividly one evening when we received
a visit from a tall, stately-looking Russian, who introduced himself as Mr.
Lvoff, High Procurator of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church.7
After a few pleasantries, he said: “I am a friend of Dr. Mott, the chief of
your organization. I want your help in getting to America. I am needed
there to reorganize the Russian Orthodox Church in your country. You are
doubtless surprised that I am leaving Russia at this time when things are
changing so rapidly, but the Holy Orthodox Church is not concerned with
the ever-changing political and physical ways in which men live, but only
with the things that are the same, yesterday, today, and forever. The great
concern of the Church is with the spiritual side of life, not the material.” To
explain this point, he told us this fable: Two priests each received a bag of
gold as an inheritance. One rejoiced that he could now help the poor and off
he went to the slums of a great city. The other rejoiced that now he would
never have to worry about his daily food, and could spend his whole life in
prayer and meditation. After a time, the priest who had gone to the city had
spent his gold in helping people around him; but he could see no improve-
ment in the sordid way of city life. In despair, he left the city and went to see
his friend in the wilderness. His friend listened to his tale of woe and then
opened his cupboard and pointed to his bag of gold, almost intact. “You see,
my friend, you have worried about many things. You have spent your gold
here and there; no one is any better for it and you are in despair. I still have
my gold and I am contented because I am rich in spiritual blessings.”

As Mr. Lvoff finished his tale, he added: “So it is with the Holy Orthodox
Church. It is not interested in material possessions which come and go. Its
sole concern is with spiritual treasures which are not dependent upon ma-
terial conditions.” I thanked him for his visit, but told him I had no way of
helping him get to America. “There is an American consul here in Omsk.
You should see him.” I never heard what happened to him.

With conditions around us deteriorating so rapidly, it was impossible for
us to continue relief work on any very large scale. We could no longer bring
in supplies from abroad, and few were available locally. So it was decided
that Ruth and I should stay in Omsk to help run recreational centers in large
military encampments in and around Omsk. We turned in our private rail-
road car and looked for other quarters. Again we were very lucky. The
British Consul had been ordered by his government to close his office and
return to England, and he very generously offered us the use of his home. It
was a rather typical Siberian house, built of logs, but not of the rough-hewn
type so common in pioneer America. The logs were carefully smoothed and
skillfully fitted together and attractively painted. The house was heated by a
beautiful floor-to-ceiling enameled stove built into the wall between the liv-
ing room and the dining room. Perhaps “heated” is not the right word to
use, since in the middle of the Siberian winter the warmest temperature we
were able to achieve inside the house was about fifty-five degrees. Outside,
it was often as cold as seventy-five degrees below zero. In the evenings, we
made ourselves comfortable by wrapping ourselves in blankets. Whenever
we stepped outside, we wore heavy fur coats and hats and covered our faces
with thick woolen scarfs. That year Epiphany came very early in the spring,
and we could hardly believe our eyes when we watched men dive into the icy
water to recover a cross which had been thrown into a great hole cut in the
ice on the river.

Ruth taught English in a Russian school for girls not far from our house.
I spent most of my time at YMCA educational and recreational centers in
military compounds in and around the city. But these activities did not last
long. The make-believe pageantry in Omsk gave way to the harsh realities
of life. The hoped-for military assistance from the Allies was not forthcom-
ing. Everywhere the White Russian army was disintegrating. Every day
brought rumors of the nearer and nearer approach of the communist troops.
One by one, the Allied Missions closed their offices and the personnel left
for the East. It was decided that the YMCA should leave also, and on March
17, 1919, we closed our house and our office, packed our bags, and boarded
the train for another trip across Siberia.

When we reached the city of Irkutsk, we were told that it would be two
hours before the next train would leave for the East, so we rushed off to the
U.S. Consulate to see if we could get any news. For months we had had no newspapers, no mail, and we were completely in the dark as to what was going on in the outside world. When we were ushered into the consul’s office and introduced ourselves, he said, “So you are the Comptons. I have been wondering when you would be coming along. We have some packages for you.” “Packages for us!” We had visions of packages from home. “Yes. For weeks Armenian refugees have been dropping in with packages they insisted we must give to you.” He led us to a store room and handed us a number of packages. When we opened them, we discovered that they contained beautiful hand-made doilies. Then we remembered a completely forgotten incident. A year or so earlier, we had been working with several hundred Armenian refugees, mostly women and children. They finally received permission to cross Siberia to the Pacific, where they hoped to find ships that would carry them to foreign lands to join relatives and friends. Knowing the women’s skill at making beautiful doilies, we bought all the thread we could find and as the women climbed into the freight cars, we gave each one a package of thread. “You have many days of travel ahead of you with long hours of waiting at railroad stations along the way. You can use your time making doilies. We are paying you for your work now, so that you will be able to buy food along the way. When you reach Irkutsk, leave the finished doilies at the U.S. Consulate for us.” Some of our friends laughed at our naivete, saying that that was the last we would hear from that group. But knowing the Armenians, and remembering how eager they were for work instead of charity, we were quite willing to take the risk. It was a pleasure to see how faithfully they had kept their bargain. We carried the doilies to America with us, sold them at church bazaars and sent the money to the International Committee of the YMCA in New York City in partial payment for the money the YMCA had expended in helping the women who had made the doilies.

When we reached Harbin, we were astonished to see large numbers of American soldiers. They told us they were there to hold the railroad line to keep the Japanese from coming in to take possession of that part of Manchuria. We were advised that there might be trouble ahead and that it would be better for us to go south through Mukden and on to Peking. We were quite willing to do this as it would give us a chance to see a bit of China. When we reached Peking we found the city seething with demonstrations against the Japanese. We saw no violence against individuals, but there were many parades of placard-bearing students and some bonfires of Japanese goods.

To our dismay, we found that so many military personnel and civilian war
workers were returning to the States that it would be weeks before we could get passage. Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich very kindly took us into their home on the American Board Mission compound; we settled down to see the sights and, if possible, make ourselves useful. Incidentally, we had left Omsk with a suitcase filled with Russian rubles, at that time worth about $1,000. We exchanged them for $300, the best rate we could find. A friend of ours in a similar situation declared that he would not exchange his rubles at that ridiculous rate, that he was sure he could do better if he waited till he reached America. But by that time his rubles had become worthless and he gave them away as souvenirs.

While waiting, we took advantage of the opportunity to do some sight-seeing. We visited the Forbidden City, the Great Wall, the Ming tombs, and fascinating great bazaars in Peking. One evening, we joined a group of Americans for a picnic supper on the Great Wall around the city. It was a delightful place, wide as a city street, with trees and flowers, and with a wonderful view of the city and the surrounding hills. While we were eating, a Chinese professor whom some of our group knew approached us with obvious embarrassment and produced a paper certifying that because of poor health he had permission to be on the wall for a stated and limited time. It was quite a shock to learn that ever since the Boxer uprising, by a rule imposed by foreign governments, Chinese citizens were not allowed on their own wall without permission. 9

Before long, I found a chance to make myself useful. Stewart Burgess, a fellow student at Oberlin, was secretary of the Student YMCA in Peking. In the midst of preparations for a student summer conference, he became ill, and I was asked to fill in for him. I was happy to do this, as it gave me a chance to work with a delightful group of Chinese students and teachers. But I was not able to attend the conference, for just as I finished all the preliminary work and the conference was about to begin, we received word that passage had been secured for us on a ship sailing from Yokohama within a few days.

We traveled by rail to a seaport in Korea, stopping for a couple of days in Seoul. Here the situation was very tense, with the Japanese occupation forces finding it increasingly difficult to control the hatred of the Korean people. We landed in Japan at a seaport near Hiroshima, and stopped in Kobe to spend the weekend with friends at the American Mission School. On Sunday morning, we went to a church service for the Anglo-American community. After the service was over, people gathered outside to greet each other. To our astonishment, two boys came rushing up and put their
arms around us. They were Paul and George Yphantis, who had been students at Anatolia College in Turkey. Their village had been raided by the Turks, and most of the inhabitants either killed or driven into exile. These two boys, with a few others, had managed to escape across the Black Sea, and after incredible hardships in crossing Russia and Siberia had finally reached Kobe. There they had found work and were saving their money to pay for their passage to America. It was like seeing people raised from the dead, as we had supposed they had shared the fate of most of the people in their village in the massacre four years earlier. We later saw these two boys in America, where Paul became a pastor and George an artist.

When we reached America, we had a very happy reunion with our families, who marveled at our good health, because they had been very much worried about us. In the fall of 1919, we went to Grinnell, where I served as General Secretary of the Student YMCA and coached basketball. We enjoyed our work and our life there very much, but when we received a letter from Dr. White telling of the reopening of Anatolia College and urging us to return in time for the opening of the school in September, we agreed to do so.

[That this was not an easy decision is shown by the following letter, which Carl Compton wrote on March 22, 1920, to the secretary of the American Board of Missions:

. . . Needless to say, our plan to go back to Turkey is meeting with a great deal of opposition. Our families think it is absolutely absurd. In fact, I haven’t talked with anyone who doesn’t. Even people who are interested in missions think it is no time to be sending new missionaries into Turkey. If you have any good arguments I wish you would send them along.

I would not want the people at Marsovan to know it but we have questioned very seriously whether it would not be wiser to give up going to Turkey and ask to be assigned to China. From the standpoint of an interesting adventure Turkey appeals very much. But that’s the kind of life we have been living for most of the past seven years now. What we want is a chance to settle down to solid, constructive work.

Of course we all hope that Turkey will offer that chance in the near future. But as far as I can see, present indications point to years of disturbed and unsettled conditions. We are not afraid of the disorders and dangers but we don’t want to wait around much longer when there are such unquestioned opportunities in other countries. If it were not for a personal sense of loyalty to Dr. and Mrs. White and Marsovan I think there is no question but that we would decide in favor of China.]
For three years, Anatolia College could not function as an institution of learning. It was closed by the Turkish government in May 1916, and the entire campus was requisitioned to be used as a military hospital. In March 1919, the campus hospital itself was closed, and the property was turned over to the Near East Relief to be used as a center for relief work in that area. However, the college was reopened, on October 1, 1919, under very difficult conditions. The former student body had been widely scattered: some had lost their lives in the massacres; others had fled to foreign countries. When the college reopened, there were 166 boys, all in the Preparatory Department, and approximately the same number of girls in the Girls’ School. Most of the buildings had been badly damaged; equipment and furnishings had disappeared. In addition to the pre-war institutions, the campus now housed some 600 Greek and Armenian war orphans. There was also a “Baby House,” where about thirty Armenian girls who had been rescued from their Turkish abductors were living with their babies.

When we arrived in September 1920, we were pleasantly surprised to find that much of the damage had been repaired and that the schools were functioning normally. Enrollment had risen to 218 boys with about an equal number in the Girls’ School. Both students and teachers seemed cheerful and hopeful. We had thought that the war was over, but unfortunately this was not the case as far as Turkey was concerned. The country had suffered disastrous defeat, and in the chancelleries of the western nations, Turkey had been written off as a power that no longer needed to be considered. The Allies gave Greece permission to occupy Izmir [Smyrna] and its environs and claim it as a part of Greece. This was a tragic mistake for everyone concerned. In the post-war years, Moustafa Kemal Pasha, later called Ataturk,
emerged as the skillful and dynamic leader and unifier of the shattered Turkish nation. Unaware of the new spirit spreading all over Turkey, the Greek army pushed deep into the interior of Asia Minor. The Greeks did not receive the support they had expected from the Allies, and surrounded by an aroused and hostile population their defeat was inevitable.

At Anatolia College, we were only dimly aware of what was going on in other parts of Turkey. There were no newspapers; the only news we received was through brief bulletins issued by the Turkish government. We were encouraged by the attitude of the local Turkish authorities, who seemed pleased to have the school open again. There were more Turkish students than ever before, and for the first time there was a Turk as full-time member of the faculty. Zekki Bey was very friendly, and we had high hopes that he would be a great help in establishing better relations between Moslems and Christians at the college and in the community. But our hopes were rudely shattered when, on the night of February 12, 1921, he was beaten to death just outside the campus walls. The Turkish authorities accused the Greek students of being responsible, but we were sure the perpetrators were Turks who were angry at Zekki for his friendliness with the Christians. There was never any official pronouncement on the murder.

This murder brought to an end the feeling of peace and security on campus. A minor disciplinary action by an Armenian against a Turkish student was reported in the city as an insult against the Turkish nation. As the Greek and Armenian teachers became increasingly uneasy about exerting any control over Turkish students, the Americans took over all these classes. Ruth was enlisted to teach English, mathematics, and geography. She was relieved to find that the students were friendly and seemed eager to learn. She had no trouble with discipline.

On the morning of March 18, 1921, we had just finished our breakfast when a boy came running to our door with a note asking me to come to Dr. White’s office immediately. When I reached the center of the campus, Turkish soldiers were everywhere, with guards at the entrance to all buildings. The teachers were gathered in Dr. White’s office, where General Jemil Jahid, one of the inner circle associated with Kemal Pasha, was in charge. He announced that evidence had been found of a Greek revolutionary plot centered on the Anatolia campus. He ordered that no one was to leave the campus while the buildings were being searched. We were then dispatched to our homes with an officer and a few soldiers, who went through the houses from top to bottom. They even dug holes here and there in the dirt floor of our basement.

The object of their search was to find arms, ammunition, and incriminat-
ing papers. Of course, they found nothing of any military nature. They did find three items which they considered to be evidence of subversive activities. One was a map of St. Paul’s missionary journeys on which that area of Asia Minor was labeled Pontus, an area occupied by Greeks in Biblical times. They claimed that this was evidence that the Greeks were planning to reclaim this area. A second item was the list of officers in the Anatolia College Greek Literary Society. A third was a picture of a soccer team in which the players wore striped shirts. Although the picture was black and white, the investigators claimed that the shirts were blue and white, the Greek national colors. Later, the U.S. Embassy sent Colonel Imbrie, a lawyer, to Ankara to look into the Turkish claim that they had “barrels of evidence” against Anatolia College. All they could produce were these three items, which Colonel Imbrie told them were ridiculous.

Our next blow came late in March 1921. Early one morning, Dr. White received the astounding order that all the institutions on the campus were to close at once and that the Americans were to leave Turkey within forty-eight hours. The time was later extended another day. President White called the governor’s attention to the presence of some six hundred orphans on the campus, and he agreed that they would be allowed to remain with the staff of local workers. And, at Dr. White’s urging, he also agreed that two of the youngest Americans would be allowed to stay to look after the orphans and property. Don Hosford and I were chosen for this task and Ruth was permitted to stay with me.

The three days allowed us were almost unbelievably hectic. The students and the Greek and Armenian staff left immediately. The Americans were hard at work packing the few things they would be able to take with them and storing away what was to be left behind. Ruth, Don, and I had our hands full trying to help in the packing and getting instructions about the things to be left in our care. Early in the morning of the fourth day, the Americans, about twenty of them, left under military guard. As we said our farewells and shut the gate, we turned to a seemingly deserted campus. There was no one in sight anywhere. The orphans, subdued by the frightening events, remained quietly in their own quarters at one end of the campus.

Then the three of us began our new duties. Our first task was a general inspection of the entire campus. We closed and barred all gates, except one where we had our own Turkish guards on duty night and day. We walked around the interior of the walls to make sure that they were all in good condition, and we checked the government seals on all the buildings we were not using. Then we arranged our division of labor. I was to have charge of
the overall program and government relations, finances, and personnel. Don would supervise the work of the boys’ orphanage, and Ruth the girls’.

As we were not permitted to have regular schools for the orphans, we decided that their chief activities would be recreation and training in trades. Don would have special responsibility for the recreational program and Ruth for the industries, though, of course, we all shared in all activities. We were delighted to find that the Near East Relief had brought in quantities of raw materials for use in relief industries. The boys’ industries were carpentry, metal work, tailoring, and shoe making; the girls’ were weaving, sewing, knitting, embroidery, and pattern making. Ruth had little experience with any of these trades; however, we found plenty of skilled local workers who were able and willing to teach their trades to the orphans.

One innovation which Ruth introduced was to change the style of underwear worn by the children. They were accustomed to the age-old type, so voluminous that a lot of cloth was wasted. Ruth devised a pattern based on the type of underwear used by American children. The older women were aghast at the idea. One of them said, “It simply will not work. The children are not accustomed to that kind of underwear and they just will not wear it.” Ruth insisted that it be given a try. The only problem was that the youngsters were so delighted with their new underwear that the teachers had difficulty keeping them from running around the campus with nothing on except their underwear.

This was a good start for the industries, all of which were soon running smoothly, not only teaching trades to the orphans but also providing all of the clothing and furnishings needed on the campus. And we even found a market for some of the products in the city.

Two Greek nurses who had been trained in the Anatolia hospital provided excellent medical care in a clinic they established in one of the vacated faculty houses. We learned later that the brother of one of the nurses, who had been a student in the college and who feared that he was on the Turkish list of subversive persons, was hidden in the attic of the clinic through all of the troubled days which were soon to come.

A problem soon developed in carrying on communications with the Turkish authorities, who kept a close watch on everything we were doing. My Turkish was adequate for use on campus, but was not equal to the task of discussing difficult and delicate matters with officials. I wrote to the Near East Relief office in Constantinople, and they sent us an elderly Turk: a delightful person who knew no English! Fortunately he proved to be surprisingly adept at getting the meaning of my poor Turkish and then putting it
into the proper form for presentation to officials. He was a very genial, kind-hearted person, and we became very fond of him. He ate his meals with us, and we were pleased when he asked our permission to follow the Turkish custom of saying grace at the end of each meal.

After a couple of months, we had a great lift of spirits when two Near East Relief workers, who had been sent out of Merzifon with the rest of the Americans, were allowed to return. One was Gertrude Anthony, a niece of the famous Susan B. Anthony. The other was Sarah Corning, a trained nurse. They were both exceptionally capable and provided us not only with much-needed reinforcement in our work but also with pleasant companionship.

Our rather isolated peace on the campus one day came to an abrupt end. Rumors began to filter in about a company of Turkish soldiers under the command of Topal (Lame) Osman, who were reported to be coming our way, brutally devastating the Christian communities through which they passed. One Sunday evening, late in July, we had the usual Sunday night gathering in our house. Older orphans, who took turns in coming with some of their teachers, filled our living room to overflowing, listening to phonograph music. When the time came for them to return to their dormitories, Pompish Propion, a beautiful, retired teacher who was still a saintly shepherdess of those in her care, offered a prayer of guidance. The group then returned to the orphanage, all of us wondering what would happen next.

We did not have long to wait. We had just gone to bed when we heard in the street below us the shattering of glass, the crashing of doors being broken open, and piercing screams. We dressed in great haste, and I ran to the college gate, outside of which was a crowd of crying women and children. We threw open the gate, and they came rushing in. A few minutes later we saw soldiers coming up the street, and we slammed the gate shut just in time. They pounded on the gate, demanding that it be opened, but I slipped out through a little side door and told them that this was American property. To my astonishment and relief, they saluted and said they had been given orders to stay out of American property.

For the next four days and nights, we lived in constant fear. The days were fairly quiet, but the nights were filled with terror. All night long, we could hear the sound of running feet, the breaking open of doors, the screams, and occasional gun-fire. We five Americans made no attempt to go to bed at all but took turns snatching such sleep as we could. We organized the older boys into a day and night patrol and stationed them at intervals all around the campus walls. We Americans distributed ourselves at easily accessible spots. The boys had the delicate task of ascertaining whether people they
heard outside the wall were fleeing Christians, or Turks bent on murder and loot. If they were Christians, that is Armenians or Greeks, the boys would help them over the wall as quietly as possible and lead them to shelters that had been made ready for such cases. If they were Turks, the boy would rush to a nearby American who would go to the place where the invaders were trying to climb over the wall and tell them: “This is American property.” Invariably the Turks would reply that they had orders to stay out of American property and would go on their way.

In the city, the killing, raping, and looting continued. The Greek and Armenian men and older boys were dragged from their homes and marched away, never to be seen again. Sometimes groups would be driven up the hill past the college, and whenever I could, I would open the gate in hopes that some of them would be able to slip inside. One night a few men did, but they were seen by their guards, and before I could get the gate closed some soldiers with drawn guns rushed in and forced the men back onto the road. One of them stumbled into me as he passed and dropped a bag into my hands. I hid the bag inside my coat until the soldiers were gone, then went into the office and opened it. To my astonishment, I found that it was filled with Turkish gold pieces. There was no name attached, and I had never seen the man before, so I put the bag in the college safe and forgot all about it. A couple of years later our office in Boston received a letter from a woman in Beirut who said that she had been deported from Merzifon at the time of the Topal Osman massacre and had somehow managed to survive. She wrote that just before their house was broken into, her husband had gone off to the college to deposit the family gold for safe keeping. She wondered if we still had the gold. As her story fitted the facts known to us, we were glad to send her the gold.

On the fourth day of the massacre, the Christian area of the city was set on fire. This was the section just outside the campus, and Ruth and I sat on the steps of the Girls’ School dormitory with our primitive fire-fighting equipment nearby. We watched the flames coming up the hill, nearer and nearer, and saw the houses collapsing, one after another. We shuddered as we thought of what was happening to the people in them, and I said, “Can this really be happening, or is it just a bad dream?” But of course we knew it was all too true. Fortunately, the flames never did reach across the wall, so our buildings were saved.

During the fire, a group of about thirty haggard-looking women appeared at our gate, led by a young Turkish officer who had been a student at the college. We found a place for them in our already-crowded buildings and af-
terwards heard their story. They had been driven from their homes and herded into a school building, which soon caught fire. Thinking this was the end, they made no effort to escape and tried to find comfort in singing hymns. Just at this time, a young Turkish officer came along, and when he realized what was happening, he was so furious that the surrounding crowd gave way before his wrath. He threw open the door and shouted for the women to come out. At first they hesitated, thinking it would just prolong the agony. But when he shouted, “I'll take you to the college,” their courage was revived, and they came rushing out, just before the floor of the room in which they were imprisoned collapsed.

During these days, we added about twenty-five babies to the refugees on the campus. At night, some families succeeded in escaping from their homes and fled to nearby hills, passing the college on their way. As they felt little babies could not survive the uncertain days ahead, and that they would be safer with us, they wrapped them in blankets and left them outside our walls. In the mornings, we would gather them up and take them to our “Baby House.” (We often wondered why the whole family did not take refuge with us.) A few of the babies had names attached but most did not. We never heard from the families and never knew who they were. Later, I joined with a Turkish judge in providing each unknown infant with a certificate, giving a name and a birthdate.

One morning, after nearly a week of terror, to our consternation Topal Osman himself came to the campus. To our astonishment and relief, all that he wanted was to be driven to the next town in one of the college trucks. We were afraid to refuse, and we were afraid to send our Armenian driver for fear that neither he nor the truck would return. Don Hosford very courageously volunteered. We had many misgivings, but to our intense relief, that same evening Don and the truck returned safely.

During these days, we received word that six of our Greek teachers and two students had been taken to the provincial capital in Amasia, condemned as traitors, and hanged in the public square. Mr. Pavlides, pastor of the local Greek Protestant Church, suffered the same fate. A Turkish friend told us that at his execution the rope broke, and he fell to the ground. He jumped to his feet shouting; “You see, Allah himself says I am not guilty.” His executioners paid no attention to his pleas and produced another rope.

Although Osman and his troops had left the city, we still had on our hands hundreds of frightened, bewildered people who had fled to the campus and were afraid to return to their ruined homes. Fortunately, we had a good supply of food, as the storerooms were filled with supplies that had been laid by
for the people in the various institutions on the campus. Also, as couriers could now come through from Constantinople, we had money to buy milk, fruit, and vegetables from the villagers who came to our gate almost every morning. Since it did not seem wise for people to sit idle all day long, we organized work groups to tend the gardens and keep the buildings and grounds in good condition. And some were provided work in the orphanage industries.

The presence of the refugees on the campus was known to the authorities, and I received an order to give them a list of all the men. I called the men together and explained the situation. They agreed that I had no choice but to give such a list, but they asked me to delay answering for a few days so that those who were afraid to have their names known could slip away to the mountains. Most of them stayed, but a few chose to escape. One Greek with his two sons, who had been students in the college, had fled from their village just before it was completely destroyed. They were afraid to have their names on the list. Late that night, we took them to a remote spot on campus, gave them some food, a blanket each, a little money, and boosted them over the wall.

We often wondered what became of them but never knew until many years later. One day a middle-aged man appeared at my office in Thessaloniki. He said, “You of course don’t recognize me, but I can describe an incident which will identify me.” He then described in detail the night I had boosted him over the campus wall in Merzifon. They had somehow survived and finally reached Greece. He now held a minor post in the Greek civil service in the town where he was living. He was eligible for promotion to a higher position, if he could produce evidence that he was a graduate of a Greek secondary school or its equivalent. I remembered that he was in the sophomore class in Merzifon and was able to give him a paper which satisfied the authorities.

And not long ago, sixty years after that tragic summer, I received a letter from a lady in Canada. She had heard of my wife’s death and wrote to express her sympathy and her gratitude:

I am from Merzifon. I grew up there and studied in the school after it was reopened in the late 1920’s . . . . Your name has been known to my whole family because in the time there was trouble in Merzifon my mother, sister, my aunt and seven cousins were taken over the college walls by you at night and taken to the carpenter’s workshop building and hidden there until the trouble was over . . . . My mother used to tell us the whole story of how they had climbed over the walls and you had helped them.
One of the most highly respected men on our campus was Hovhannes Sivaslian, the supervisor of our workshops. He was the most ingenious man I have ever known, and we turned to him for whatever we needed. The previous spring, we had wanted to add the shot-put to track and field events but we had no shot. When Hovhannes heard about this he said, “That’s no problem. Give me the specifications and I’ll make you a shot,” which he did. Now this innocent event came to haunt us. Word came from the governor that Hovhannes had been guilty of making cannon balls for the Armenians who were planning a revolution. In vain, I showed the officer our one and only shot and explained the situation. He just shrugged his shoulders and said, “There are other charges.”

That night two police officers appeared at the gate with an official order for Hovhannes’ arrest. I’ll never forget that night. It was a beautiful summer night, with a full moon. Hovhannes and I sat on a low wall in the college garden out of sight of the gate trying to decide what to do. I urged him to go into hiding, warning him that if he went with the police he would never return. Finally he said, “If I don’t go with the police they will bring soldiers and turn everything upside down hunting for me. Even if I fled to the mountains, who knows what harm they would do to others on campus. Why should I endanger so many just for my sake?” Then he jumped up, gave me his watch and pocketbook to give to his wife, and walked out the gate. It was the bravest act I have ever seen. We were not able to do anything for him, and we never heard what happened to him, although Michael Arlen, in his book *Passage to Ararat*, described the incident and said that Hovhannes had been tortured and then beaten to death.

Another incident had a happier ending. One day, Ruth went into one of the empty faculty houses where we had stored some of our supplies. She sat down on the stairs to look at an old magazine that had been left lying there. Suddenly she heard a door open upstairs and then stealthy footsteps. She was badly frightened, but was anxious to see who the intruder was. So she sat perfectly still with her eyes glued on the top of the stairs. A moment later, a bearded face peered around the corner. After a moment of shock, Ruth realized that it was Mihran Hovagimian, a teacher who had left the college when the school was closed. Ruth sprang to her feet and raced upstairs; but the apparition had vanished, and all the doors were locked. Just then, Miss Corning came along and Ruth told her what had happened. Miss Corning then told Ruth a secret she had been keeping to herself for some weeks. Mihran had been arrested and was being led off with a group to join a work force in the Turkish army. One night, he escaped and made his way back to
the college. He appealed to our pharmacist for shelter, and he took him to
Miss Corning, who in turn hid him in this house and was slipping him food
from our house. Ruth agreed with Miss Corning that I should know nothing
about this so that if the Turkish authorities made inquiries about Mihran I
could honestly say that I had no idea where he was. She never told me until
we were on shipboard leaving Samsoun. We later learned that Mihran was
able to leave the country when the orphans were taken to Greece.

When word of the massacre in Merzifon leaked to the outside, the U.S.
High Commission made inquiries and the Turkish government sent in an in-
vestigating committee. The colonel in charge came to our office, and I was
ready for him with a full statement of what had happened. However, our dif-
ficulties with the authorities were not his reason for coming. He needed a
piano and he had heard that we had several on campus. I replied that all our
pianos were in buildings that had been sealed by the government, that I had
no authority to open those buildings, and of course no authority to give away
any of the pianos. That was the last we heard of the investigating commit-
tee. However, the inquiries may have done some good. The authorities
caused us no more trouble, and many of the Turkish people were ashamed
of what had happened.

Life in the city was returning to normal, but we still had hundreds of
refugees on the campus. After a few weeks, a delegation representing the
refugees came to see me. They said they owed their lives to Anatolia Col-
lege and they would be deeply grateful for as long as they lived. Then they
made a proposal: “Out Turkish friends tell us it is now safe for us to return
to our shops, where our skills are needed. As long as we stay here, we’ll be
a drain on the college. We must get back on our own feet, and it seems safe
for us to return to the city now. Will you give each family what it would cost
you to feed us for the next month? With that as a start, we think we’ll be able
to take care of ourselves from then on.”

I was glad to agree, and with some misgivings the families who had fled to
the college for shelter now returned to their homes and their shops. Most of
their houses had been either burned or badly damaged, but they managed
somehow to patch together shelters in which they could live. The Turkish
population caused them no more trouble, and not one of them applied to us
for any further aid.

Late in July 1922, the Near East Relief succeeded in getting permission to
send new workers to Merzifon. As soon as they were familiarized with the
work, Ruth and I left for Constantinople. Soon after we arrived, I called on
Admiral Bristol, who was acting U.S. High Commissioner, to tell him about
events in Merzifon. To my surprise, I found that he was very skeptical about
the reports of a massacre. He asked me: “Did you, with your own eyes, see
anyone being killed?” “No,” I replied, “but all night long for three nights we
heard gun shots, crashing doors, and screams which suddenly ceased. And
desperate people came fleeing to the campus sobbing with words of the ter-
rible things that were happening. In the mornings, we saw wagons hauling
dead bodies to be buried in mass graves in a cemetery across the valley. On
the last day of the massacres, we watched the Christian section of the city
being burned.”

The High Commissioner and some other Americans who had never been
outside Constantinople or Smyrna had great sympathy for the Turks. They
said the minorities had always been disloyal and would welcome a chance to
revolt. It is undoubtedly true that the minorities had no feeling of loyalty to
the Turkish government, but the way they had been treated gave them no
reason for feeling otherwise. All they wanted was to be left alone. Their
young men had been drafted into the work force of the Turkish army, and
those who were left behind were without arms in any quantity and had no
means whatsoever of starting a revolution.

After the college was closed in 1921, Ruth and I were actually connected
with the Near East Relief rather than with Anatolia College. As the work of
that organization was expanding rapidly, we were asked to take a month’s
vacation in Europe and then return to Constantinople to continue relief
work. We agreed to do so.
After its defeat, in the summer of 1919, Turkey was nominally under the control of an Allied High Commission. An Allied fleet was anchored in Constantinople, and the Greek army was soon in control in Smyrna and its environs. But by the summer of 1922, the whole situation was changing rapidly. A brilliant Turkish officer, Moustafa Kemal Pasha, was coming into power. He was a man of tremendous ability and energy. In a short time, he succeeded in awakening a new national consciousness among the Turkish people. Ankara became the center of a new Turkish government, independent of the Sultan’s government in Constantinople. “Turkey for the Turks” was the rallying cry, and it soon became a reality. The Greek army was defeated in its drive toward Ankara and was forced to evacuate Smyrna, now called Izmir, in September 1922.

At Moudania in 1922, an agreement was reached between the Allies and Kemal Pasha acknowledging the temporary control of Constantinople by the Allies, and giving them a free hand in evacuating the Greek and Armenian refugees who had gathered there by the thousands. The Near East Relief [NER] was largely concerned with the removal of these refugees to other countries and with taking care of the orphan refugee children who had been collected in the various former mission schools in Turkey. The Americans in charge of these orphanages felt strongly that the children should be moved out of Turkey, but they had difficulty in communicating with the Turkish authorities in Ankara. For some reason, the new Turkish government in Ankara refused to permit removal of the children. In fact, permission for action of any sort, such as the travel of personnel, had to be secured from Ankara, and this often took weeks. Therefore, the NER decided it should have a representative in Ankara to maintain contact with the gov-
ernment and to follow through on all requests from the scattered orphanages. I was asked to be this representative. So Ruth and I moved to Ankara and established ourselves in a large and comfortable house which had been placed at the disposal of the NER.

When I made contact with the government, I was told that all my dealings were to be with Fethy Bey, then Minister of the Interior. This proved to be a very fortunate arrangement. Soon after our arrival, he invited us to his home in the hills just below the villa occupied by Kemal Pasha. Both he and his wife spoke excellent English, and they sometimes stopped by for tea with us in our house in the city. He told me to feel free to call on him if any problems arose.

I soon had to take advantage of this offer. I received word from Merzifon that Miss Willard, who had been head of the Girls’ School but was now in charge of the orphanage, had been ordered to leave the country. I hurried to Fethy Bey’s office to see if I could find the reasons for this action. I was shown a letter written by some woman in America bitterly attacking the Turkish people and asking Miss Willard what success she was having in converting “the terrible Turks.” It had been intercepted by a censor and sent to Fethy Bey’s office. Fortunately, he recognized the unreasonableness of condemning Miss Willard because of a letter written by someone unknown to her. He immediately sent word to Merzifon rescinding the order for her expulsion.

Although our house was a typical mud-brick Turkish house with no electricity and no running water, it was far more comfortable than the old Tash Khan (Stone Inn), at that time the best-known hotel in the city. So, when members of the U.S. High Commission in Constantinople came to Ankara to transact business with the new Turkish government, they usually stayed with us, as did U.S. newspaper correspondents and businessmen. We were glad to have them, as we had plenty of room, and we enjoyed their company.

One of the most delightful of our guests was Dr. John Findlay, then one of the editors of *The New York Times*. He had just visited Brusa and wrote these verses in our guest book:

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On Brusa’s plain, Olympos sitting nigh
His hoary head snow-white against the sky,
I saw a flock of storks in search of food,
Wandering about in solitude
O’er fields and plains by war destroyed,
Another army of the unemployed.
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Another newspaper writer was accompanied by his wife. On the night of their arrival, she was very tired and went to bed early. The rest of us were sitting in the living room visiting, when we heard piercing screams coming from the bedroom. We rushed in and were thunderstruck to see a wall of flames around the bed. The mosquito netting had caught fire, but before we had time to do anything it burned itself out. She had been smoking in bed and had gone to sleep with a lighted cigarette in her hand. The lady was uninjured but terribly frightened.

We had two guests with us for several months, Captain Chester, a retired Navy officer, and Mr. Kennedy, a British engineer. They were trying to secure from the Turkish government what was called "the Chester Concession," the right to build a railroad network all over the country. The plan fell through when it was discovered that the Chester organization had no money of its own but was planning to sell the rights to others. An interesting sidelight on Turkey's leap from the Middle Ages into the modern world was a speech made by a member of parliament, in which he argued against granting the concession on the grounds that railroads would soon be outmoded: "Let us be ahead of the times by establishing passenger and freight air services all over the country."

One Sunday morning, as we were lingering over our breakfast, a gorgeously dressed lady came swooping in. She introduced herself as an English writer who was gathering material for a book on Turkey. She was living in the run-down Tash Khan, and as she looked around our living room, she said, "Oh, how lovely. If I had known you were so comfortable, I would have called sooner." We were rather glad she had not as she talked almost incessantly. She told us that the next morning she was leaving by train for Constantinople. I made no mention of the fact that I was planning to leave by the same train. The next morning at the station I kept out of sight until after she had boarded the train, and then I found a seat in another car.

That night, when we reached the Sakarya River, we found that the railroad bridge had been blown up and that we would have to travel by araba to the village of Bilijik on the other side of the river. In Bilijik, we were told that there would be no train until the next morning and that we could find shelter for the night in a long string of empty cars. I had a letter from Fethy Bey instructing officials along the way to give me all possible assistance. With two young Turkish officers who were my traveling companions, I went to the station agent and presented my letter. He was very courteous but said that there was absolutely no place in the village where we could stay. Then he led us down the long line of freight cars, unlocked an empty car and ushered us
in. We stretched out on the floor, thankful to have avoided staying in the other crowded cars. A few minutes later we heard a feminine voice coming down the long line of cars. At each car she would ask, “Is there an American gentleman in this car?” The voice came nearer and nearer, finally reached our door and asked the same question. Of course there was nothing I could do but invite her in to share our car. I never did learn how she knew I was on that train.

But the worst was yet to come. In the morning the station agent came to inform us that there had been a landslide down the line and that there would be no train to Constantinople for several days. On his advice, the four of us decided to go by araba to Brusa, two days away, then by narrow-gauge railway to the port of Moudania, and finally by ship to Constantinople.

That night, we arrived at a small Turkish town where there was only one inn and one available room. Fortunately, it was a large room with a bed in each corner. We had just settled ourselves for the night when there was a knock on the door and in came the mayor. He had heard that distinguished guests had arrived, and he came to pay his respects. We each sat up in bed and exchanged the usual courtesies. I am sure that we did not look “distinguished.” The next night, we left the English lady at the best hotel in Brusa, and we three men went to a less expensive pension.

That was the last we saw of this lady, but months later, when Ruth and I were browsing through a book-store, we ran across her book. We bought it and found to our amusement that she had devoted most of two chapters to us and our work and the journey from Ankara to Constantinople. In the chapter on “Foreign Personalities in Turkey” she wrote: “The Near East Relief is administered by Mr. Compton and his charming wife who looked as if she had stepped out of the frame of a dainty miniature. Mr. Imbrie, the American consul, lives in a railroad car, and when his wife arrives, I hope her rugs and cushions and curtains may be as pretty as Mrs. Compton’s. This American couple obviously belong to that fine type which abounds in young countries, who put their dollars into the acquisition of knowledge, and who delight in using their knowledge in the service of mankind.”

In Ankara, we often attended sessions of the Grand National Assembly, the name then given to the Turkish parliament. It was a picturesque gathering, with a handful of bearded villagers in homespun clothing, side by side with frock-coated city dwellers. Years ago, I had read in a Latin class in high school that Julius Caesar dictated to six secretaries at the same time, and I wondered how this was possible. In the National Assembly, I found the answer by viewing this ancient method. Eight secretaries were seated at a long
table in front of the speakers’ rostrum. A starter stood behind them, and he would walk down the line, tapping on the shoulder of each man in turn, letting him know when he was to begin and when to stop writing down the speaker’s words. Later, these separate sentences were put together to give a verbatim report of what the speaker had said.

Turkish friends kindly informed us in advance when especially important matters were to be considered by the Assembly. This enabled us to be present when three historic actions were taken. On November 1, 1922, the abolition of the Sultanate was voted. On October 29, 1923, the Turkish Republic was established with Moustafa Kemal Pasha as president. On March 3, 1924, the Caliphate, the Ministry of Religious Affairs, and the religious schools were abolished. On this occasion, we were sitting with a Turkish friend who was a devout Moslem. He was so disturbed by this action that he could not restrain his tears.

One of the main reasons for our presence in Ankara was to get permission for the removal of the Christian orphans from Turkey. Throughout the country, the national spirit was becoming stronger. The idea of “Turkey for the Turks” permeated every phase of Turkish life. It became increasingly clear that there was no hopeful future in Turkey for the thousands of Greek and Armenian orphans now being taken care of in what had been mission schools in various parts of Turkey. I had brought up this problem with Fethy Bey a number of times, but he always replied, “Now is not the time. I’ll discuss this with you later.” I think he felt that in the midst of the efforts of the new Turkish government to gain respectability in the eyes of the Western nations, the sudden departure of thousands of orphan children would make a bad impression.

One day, Fethy Bey and his wife were having tea at our house, and he casually remarked, “Are you still interested in removing the Christian orphans from Turkey?” I could hardly contain my excitement, but as calmly as I could I assured him that we were. “Come to my office tomorrow morning, and I’ll give you the necessary papers.”

As soon as Fethy Bey left our house, I rushed to the telegraph office and sent messages to all of the orphanages. Their plans were already made and the next day the evacuation began. It was completed promptly and efficiently. One group went to Syria, another to Egypt, another to the Caucasus, and a fourth to Greece. One of the men in charge of the orphanages established in the Caucasus was Theodore Elmer, who had been head of the English Department at Anatolia College in Merzifon. In Greece, the largest orphanage was directed by George and Elsie White, who later joined the staff of Anatolia College when it was moved to Thessaloniki.
With the closing down of the Near East Relief work in the interior of Turkey, there was no longer any need for our presence in Ankara. We returned to Constantinople, where I worked in the Near East Relief headquarters in a renovated Turkish palace on the Bosphoros. Ruth’s work was much more tiring and her surroundings were not so pleasant. From early morning until late afternoon, she worked in the huge Selimia Barracks, the place where Florence Nightingale won fame as a nurse taking care of British soldiers wounded in the Crimean War. Some 10,000 refugees were gathered there waiting until arrangements could be made to transport them out of the country.

Ruth’s task was to sort clothing which had been sent from America and distribute it to the most ragged of the refugees. The work was not only tiring but also dangerous. Typhus had broken out, and some three hundred refugees were dying every day. Before starting work, Ruth had to change into a sort of bag with an opening at the neck. Around the neck was tied a muslin bag filled with moth balls to keep out the lice with which so many of the refugees were infested. After a few weeks the refugees were all disinfected, and the typhus epidemic was brought to an end. During the next few months, the refugees were all evacuated to other countries, most of them to Greece.

After the work in the Selimia Barracks was closed, Mr. Thurber, the director of the work there, wrote me a letter in which he said, “I don’t know very much about your work, but even if you did nothing, your wife’s work at Selimia Barracks is enough to make me realize that there is no finer or more capable woman in the world.”

My work was much less trying, but I did have one rather harrowing experience. In our headquarters, we used the ground floor for workshops, and our offices were on the floor above. At one end there was a large hall where products of the refugee industries were displayed. One day, an American cruise ship anchored not far from our building, and a great crowd of tourists came to visit the Near East Relief, to which many of them had contributed. I noticed that large crowds were passing my office door on their way to the display room. Thinking that there might be too many for those in charge to handle, I walked down the hall to investigate. Just as I reached the double doors leading to the display room, there was a loud crash, and before my eyes the floor split open, plunging a hundred or more people to the floor beneath. All of those working on the second floor rushed downstairs to help carry out the people piled on top of one another. Fearing a large number of dead and injured, we sent an emergency call for doctors and ambulances.
Miraculously, there were no deaths. A few people had fainted and some were badly bruised, but the only serious injury was one broken leg. After we had finished carrying out the people, I heard a call from the floor above. There were two girls, sitting on the window sill. They had jumped there to escape the fall but now had no way of getting down until firemen produced a ladder.

On October 9, 1923, Ankara became the official capital of the new Republic. At some time during these years, Constantinople was renamed Istanbul. Incidentally, the Turks got rid of one Greek name only to take another. According to the Greeks, the name Istanbul is derived from the phrase *eis tin poli*, meaning “to the city,” although I believe the Turks have another derivation. The Lausanne Treaty in July 1923 provided for an official exchange of populations. The Greeks in Turkey were to be sent to Greece and the Turks in Greece to Turkey. An exception was made for the Greeks in Istanbul and for the Turks in Thrace, which had been Turkish property but was now a part of Greece. This exchange was negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations, but the Near East Relief was in charge of the transfer of the Greeks to Greece.

The Greeks and Armenians who had survived the massacres were now fleeing to the nearest seaport to await transportation. I was assigned to go to Moudania, the seaport for the Brusa area. Those of us who were to be in charge of the evacuation steamed into the harbor, accompanied by a large convoy of freighters of all sizes and descriptions. The whole shoreline was packed with men, women, and children, who had fled from their homes with whatever possessions they could carry with them. Because of the shallowness of the water, the ships had to anchor at some distance out in the bay, and the refugees were conveyed from shore to ship in small row boats. Sailors handed the refugees from the dock to the boats, and as soon as one boat was filled, the line was stopped until another boat came alongside. Sometimes, the line was broken between members of the same family, and they were taken to different ships sailing to different ports. In some cases, it took months before families could be reunited. The presence of thousands of bewildered and frightened refugees made orderly arrangements impossible. The refugees’ fear was accentuated by news that a Turkish army was rapidly approaching and by the sight of dead bodies floating in the water. A delegation of Allied officers went to the Turkish army headquarters and succeeded in getting a promise that the troops would be held back until all the refugees had been evacuated.

The removal of the Greek and Armenian refugees brought to a close the
work of the Near East Relief in the interior of Turkey, except for an orphanage for Turkish children in the tiny mountain village of Zinjidere, a few miles above the city of Kayseri, in the heart of Asia Minor. The orphanage was financed by the Near East Relief but was staffed by Turks, nominally under the direction of a very distinguished committee including Adnan Bey [Dr. Adnan Adivar], the Minister of Health, and his wife, Halide Edip Hanum, then the most famous woman in Turkey. She was a writer and a leader in the movement to free Turkish women from the age-old custom of wearing veils and being confined to their homes.

There were reports that the orphanage was in very bad condition and that the money being sent in by the Near East Relief was being misused. So the Turkish government was informed that, if American aid was to be continued, there must be an American director. After several conferences with Adnan Bey, it was agreed that Ruth and I would be sent in to try and improve conditions. We arrived in Zinjidere in August 1923, and were pleasantly surprised to find it a beautiful little village. In the center was an old monastery still occupied by a few elderly Greek monks. The surrounding buildings, which had been a Greek theological school, were now the home of the orphans.

We were greeted cordially by the director, a Turkish doctor, whom I was to replace. He had a pleasant personality but evidently no administrative ability. We had been told that the orphanage was in bad shape, but we had no idea that conditions could be so unbelievably horrible. The children were obviously undernourished, dirty, and clothed in filthy rags. I asked the director when they had last had a bath. He shrugged his shoulders and said, “What’s the use of giving them a bath when they have no clean clothes to put on?” There were bugs everywhere, in the children’s hair, in their clothes, in the beds, and on the walls. And to top it all, we discovered that the orphanage’s sixty-bed hospital was filled with sick children, some of them afflicted with typhus. The mission hospital a few miles down the mountain had been closed, but Dr. Dewey was still there and he came to our rescue. Fortunately, the typhus was of a mild type and the children soon recovered.

We began at once the strenuous task of cleaning things up. I went to the market in Kayseri, a large city on the plain below Zinjidere, and bought great quantities of unbleached muslin and homespun cloth. We brought in women from the surrounding villages and put them to work making a complete outfit of clothing for each child. The children were all bathed and had their hair cut short. Everything was taken out of all the rooms, so they could be scrubbed from floor to ceiling with creosol. We borrowed a large mobile boiler from the Turkish army and disinfected all the bedding. This took
several days, during which time the children had to sleep on the freshly scrubbed floors on blankets provided by the mission hospital. I do not know how we could have managed without the help of Dr. Dewey.

As soon as the orphanage had been cleaned up, we began looking for quarters for ourselves. We were living in one room in one of the orphanage buildings, but we wanted a place where we could entertain the staff and the orphans. We learned that Zinjidere had been a summer resort for Greeks living in Kayseri. As they had been deported, the houses were standing empty, and we were told to take our pick. We chose a small house, very conveniently located on the village square. Across the square was the monastery, with the boys’ orphanage on one side and the girls’ on the other. After the interior was thoroughly cleaned and white-washed, we moved in. We were delighted with our new home in the middle of a garden with a mountain stream running through it. As soon as we were settled, we regularly invited members of the staff for dinner on Saturday evenings and groups of orphans on Sunday evenings to listen to phonograph music and play games. We never had to vary the games very often, as each new group wanted to play the games they had heard about from their friends.

We soon faced a new problem. We learned that during the winter months farmers would no longer come to us with their produce, and the farmers’ markets in Kayseri would be closed. We now had to purchase food for the whole winter, and how does one know how much will be needed for four months for 620 children and the staff? Ruth was given this problem to solve. She wrote in her diary: “I had a chart which showed what calories a growing child needed, and the special amount of each item for each age. I made out a week’s menu, figured how much each meal would require, then multiplied it by the number of weeks until the new crops began to arrive the next spring. We laid in supplies accordingly and miraculously the plan worked.”

Another important hygienic task was to change habits in the dining room and kitchen. The kitchen staff were not accustomed to scrubbing tableware and utensils in hot water. And in the dining room, even the teachers had the habit of throwing fruit peelings and bones on the floor while they ate. In addition, the children, for some reason, wanted the table utensils and would slip them into their pockets at the end of the meal. For a time, I had to stand at the door of the dining room with a table in front of me on which the children had to deposit the knives, forks and spoons they had used for that meal.

Both children and staff were friendly and cooperative, and we soon had problems of daily routine pretty well straightened out. The schools were functioning smoothly, the children were clean and cheerful, and with prop-
er food their skinny little bodies began to fill out. But now we faced a new problem. Children who were not orphans at all began being left with us. Their parents were minor Turkish officials who thought their children would receive better training in the orphanage than in their own public schools. We tried to send them home, but the Turkish authorities refused to allow us to do so.

Financial problems began to plague us. Every month our headquarters would send us through the Ottoman Bank an allowance based on the number of orphans in our care. The branch of the bank in Kayseri began paying us only a part of the amount sent, saying that they did not have enough cash on hand to pay us the full amount, but that they would do this later. Early in the new year, I went to the bank as usual; the director greeted me with a cheerful smile, saying “You are lucky. We have just received money in payment of taxes and we can pay you the full amount of your order.” He counted out and paid me the amount of the January order. “What about the amount due us from last year?” I asked. He replied: “This is a new year, and all unsettled accounts from last year are canceled.” When I pointed out that it was the fault of the bank that we had not drawn the full amount due us, he just shrugged his shoulders and said: “There is nothing I can do about it.” I informed the Near East Relief headquarters, and they tried to get the money back from the main bank in Istanbul, but with no success.

The last straw was when the Turkish authorities forced upon us a bookkeeper whom we did not want or need. We were told that we must provide him and his family with their living expenses and pay him a stated salary. I appealed to the governor in Kayseri, and then to the Ministry in Ankara, but they refused to withdraw the order. I wrote to our headquarters in Istanbul, and they decided that the Near East Relief had had all it could take. The director informed the Turkish government that Ruth and I were being withdrawn, that no more financing would be provided, and that the government must now appoint a new director for the orphanage. Weeks went by with no word about the new director. Finally, I called on the governor and told him that we were leaving on May 1st and that if the new director had not arrived by then, responsibility for the orphans would be on his shoulders. On April 30th, the new director arrived. We spent a few days acquainting him with the staff and the work. He was a very pleasant man and seemed to be very capable, so we left with fewer misgivings than we had anticipated. As we climbed into our truck, the staff and the children gathered around to wave goodbye. One little girl cried, and said: “Now we’ll all be full of bugs again.”

During the war, the Near East Relief had gathered together the Greek
and Armenian orphans who had survived the massacres and housed them in former mission schools in various parts of Turkey. When the children and staff had been moved to other countries, the equipment and supplies which could not be taken with them were stored in the empty buildings, which were locked and sealed by the Turkish authorities. As the Near East Relief was now withdrawing from Turkey, it wanted to sell off the things that had been left behind. Ruth and I were asked to undertake this task. We were provided with a truck and a driver and with a document authorizing local authorities to turn over to us the things belonging to the Near East Relief. As medical supplies and equipment were among the things left behind, Mrs. Sewny, the Anatolia College nurse, went with us.

And so we began our travels throughout the interior of Turkey. At every evacuated orphanage, we followed the same procedure. After settling ourselves in empty rooms, we spent several days sorting the things to be sold, arranging the articles in sales rooms, and putting on price tags. Our Turkish driver had had little formal education but was very clever. He gave us invaluable help not only in sorting and arranging but even more in finding out local costs and helping us fix prices. When everything was ready, we sent a crier throughout the city and surrounding villages announcing the sale and its days and hours. Even though the war was over, and stores were opening, there was little to buy. So what we had to sell was snatched up immediately.

In Malatia, we were delighted to see Gregory Chakaloff, a Russian who had been a teacher at Anatolia College. He had been arrested along with our Greek professors, but because he was a Russian citizen he had not been executed. He was no longer in prison but was confined in a house in this interior city. Fortunately, he was not molested in any way and seemed to be in good health and spirits. He later was released and was able to join his wife in Thessaloniki.

The task of liquidation took us about a month. We returned to Istanbul, and on September 4th, we resigned from the Near East Relief and left for America. On our way, we stopped for a brief visit at Anatolia College, which had recently been reopened in Thessaloniki, Greece.

[In several letters and confidential reports to officers of the American Board of Missions, Carl Compton expressed strong feelings concerning conditions in Turkey, especially as they affected American educational and missionary work, as well as thoughts about his own future:
To Ernest Riggs, on July 11, 1922 (from Constantinople):

Before leaving Constantinople for our vacation, I had hoped to finish a report of the situation in Marsovan with reference to Mission work. But in the rush of other things I did not succeed. So, I'll send this note now just to let you know that a report will be forthcoming just as soon as completed.

We spent a month with Miss Willard, Miss Noyes and Miss Anthony before leaving them to carry on the work alone. They were all very happy to be back in Marsovan, tho I think Miss Willard was disappointed to find the prospects for reopening Mission work less hopeful than she had anticipated. But they will have plenty to do to keep them busy with the relief work.

Conditions have been much better in Marsovan this spring, and we anticipate no serious trouble unless there is a decided change in the political situation. Neither do we anticipate much improvement.

I'll confess that the outlook seems to me most discouraging. The Turkish people are “on their high horse” and seem to be restrained by no feelings of justice, decency, or anything else. There have been no open massacres since last July, but the persistence and flagrant perversion of justice (toward Christians) on the part of the Turkish government has been almost more discouraging than an outbreak of strong feeling in an occasional massacre. This statement is not simply an expression of opinion but can be substantiated by a large number of facts of which we have personal knowledge.

The Turkish government at present is frankly antagonistic to missionary work. A number of officials have said to me that they will never allow the Marsovan institutions to be opened as missionary institutions. They say the schools can be opened, but that they must be absolutely non-religious. As far as my personal feeling goes, I would not be at all interested in trying to open any of the institutions, as long as the present regime is in control.

Needless to say, this is a personal letter to you and is most decisively not for publication. The Turks have a way of getting hold of most everything that comes out in print . . . .

To Theodore Riggs, on September 15, 1924 (from Chicago):

I agree most decidedly with your feeling that “it is the settled policy of the Turkish Government to discourage and as far as possible crowd out all foreign influence.” Dr. Barton would probably quote Ismet Pasha’s letter as evidence that the Turkish Government is not opposed to our institutions. But I can’t forget that when I quoted this letter to Fethy Bey (then Minister of the Interior), he bravely said that it did not amount to anything, and the fact remained that they considered the American Board to be an institution unfriendly to Turkey, and that they did not care to have anyone connected with it remain in Turkey.

Last summer, I asked Dr. Adnan Bey if he would be willing to tell me frankly what was the reason for Turkish opposition to American institutions. He replied (in
substance), “Turkey is going thru a stage of ultra-nationalism and while we are in this stage we do not welcome foreign influence of any sort. We have suffered a great deal from foreign interference, and now we want a chance to work out our own salvation in our own way. The achievements of the Nationalist Government in the short time it has been in power have demonstrated our ability to do this.”

It seems to me that this is a fair statement of the attitude of the present Turkish Government. Their military — and diplomatic — victories have given them an exalted opinion of their own ability. This, coupled with their suspicion of foreign institutions, does not put them in a mood to welcome foreign schools, hospitals, or orphanages.

We have frequently heard Turks say that they would like to have American schools reopen. But they always add that of course they must not be “missionary schools,” and that they must abide by Turkish rules and regulations. In other words, if we will provide the buildings, equipment, and funds, the Turks will be glad to run the institutions.

Our experience at Zinjidere is evidence to the point. As long as the NER simply paid the bills, American “cooperation” was welcomed. But when we insisted upon managing the orphanage ourselves — although we were careful to abide by Turkish laws and gave our Turkish staff a free hand in the educational program and religious training — we were subjected to so much interference and annoyance that it seemed foolish to try to continue.

After leaving Zinjidere, we spent two months in Talas, Sivas, Harpoot, and Marsovan. In Marsovan our old acquaintances were somewhat cordial, but in the other places we saw no indications of any desire to have the institutions reopened. We were never asked, “When are the Americans coming back?” The one question was, “What is going to be done with these buildings?”

It is of course true that most of our contacts were with the official class, and they would normally reflect the attitude of Angora. But I believe that the day has passed when we can disregard the governmental attitude on the grounds that we are not working for them, but for the common people. In theory, at least, Turkey is a democracy, and I feel that to be honest and aboveboard our work must be undertaken in sincere cooperation with the Turkish Government. We, of course, believe in cooperation, but to make the effort worthwhile there must be some common ground of aims and ideals. How can we cooperate with men like Saduk and Keor Nedim? And yet those are the men under whose thumbs we must work.

Our institutions have been accused of disloyalty to the Turkish Government. It seems to me that this is inevitable under present conditions. Those in power at present are guilty of cruelty, treachery, injustice, and oppression. By their very nature, Christian institutions must work against these things. If they do not, they might as well not exist. As long as the Turks wish to govern by those methods, they are quite right in their opposition to missions.

Personally, I don’t feel ready to go back to the “Saduk-Maduks” of Turkey and, tacitly admitting that they have been justified in their treatment both of minorities
and of the American institutions, say, “Here we are, ready to do whatever you say. If you will do us the very great favor of allowing us to work in your wonderful country, we will promise to be good and to do nothing of which you will disapprove.”

You have doubtless gathered that we are not at present in the mood to return to Turkey. It may be, as you say, that there will be an opportunity in the near future to carry on a boys’ school for Turks in Marsovan. But I see no reason for pushing it. The Turks have the idea that we are so crazy to work for them that we will put up with almost any sort of treatment. We have also encouraged them in the idea that any permission they may give us is conferring upon us a very great favor.

I am not in favor of pushing any work in Turkey at present. Let’s see how Marash and Tarsus come out in their struggle to get permission to reopen. Let Miss Willard and her associates continue their girls’ school. If Dr. Clark is willing to do it, let him hang on in Talas. These experiments are not worthwhile for the actual work being accomplished, but they may be worthwhile for the sake of taking care of the property and as preparation for future work. But we must accept the fact that they have no solid foundation on which to build. Our institutions can be closed on a moment’s notice for any reason whatsoever, and workers can be sent away at the whim of Turkish officials. Under the circumstances, I do not feel that we are justified in investing large sums of money or personnel. I couldn’t go to a businessman and ask him to invest money in Christian work in Turkey at the present time. Of course there may be a change for the better most any day — but let’s wait till that day comes and in the meantime use our resources where they will make a better return.

Perhaps — as has been intimated — we are lacking in faith. Perhaps, as Mr. Goodsell says, we have been “prejudiced by too close contact with a particularly hard-boiled set of officials.” The whole tone of the last annual meeting was one of great optimism. Miss Willard and many others, who are doubtless in a better position to know than we, are very hopeful.

In regard to our plans, we purposely put off any decision until after we left Turkey and had a chance to rest up and see things in perspective. The whole question has been whether we should return to Marsovan or join Dr. White in Salonica.

I must confess that your suggestion that we spend some time with Dr. White in this country does not appeal to us. I do not feel that I am in a position to be much help in that work at present. Furthermore, with Dr. White and yourself here, I should think we would be needed more in Salonica . . . .

The chief question requiring settlement is in regard to the status of Anatolia College in Salonica and Anatolia College in Marsovan — their relationship to each other, and to the Board of Trustees, and to the American Board. Dr. White and his associates understood that the removal of the college from Marsovan was accepted as an established fact. They assumed that the name, funds, endowment, etc. were to be used by the institution in Salonica. But at the Annual Meeting in Constantinople, it was recommended that the college not be moved at this time and that the name, funds, etc. be used in Marsovan.
My own feeling is that the college should continue its corporate existence in Salonica under the presidency of Dr. White, and should have the benefit of all funds and endowment. The institutions in Marsovan should be allowed to continue the use of the name “Anatolia” inasmuch as they are so designated in the “firman” by authority of which they are now functioning.

One suggestion is that the Board of Trustees authorize the division of Anatolia College into two sections, one in Salonica, the other in Marsovan. Another suggestion is that the full resources of Anatolia College be used for the school in Salonica and that the Board provide funds for educational work for boys in Marsovan to be called “Anatolia High School.” It has also been suggested that the school in Salonica take another name entirely.

One question on which Miss Willard wishes enlightenment and on which Dr. White wishes Trustee action is in regard to the upkeep on college property in Marsovan. Walls need repairing, woodwork painting, etc. Is Miss Willard authorized to go ahead with this work? If so, who will provide the funds?

If Anatolia College as an institution is removed to Salonica entirely, is the Mission permitted to use the college buildings and equipment? If so, should some compensation be made to the college?

All these points require settlement, and in addition there must of course be adequate support of Dr. White in his plans. If this is not forthcoming, Dr. White should not be encouraged to go ahead. I certainly admire the faith and courage with which they are taking hold. If the Trustees are not prepared to back them up to the limit, it is a shame to let them go ahead.

We were very glad to hear that authorization for the college has been received from the Greek Government.

To James L. Barton, on September 16, 1924 (from Chicago):

In regard to our plans, we do not feel any desire to return to Constantinople for language study. If we were to return to Turkey, we would prefer to go directly to Marsovan. Personally, I am not in favor of pressing work in Turkey at present. I am sure there will be a great opportunity some day, but with the Turks in their present mood I do not feel that the efforts put forward now are going to hasten that day.

We may, of course, be entirely mistaken, but feeling as we do, it does not seem right for us to return to Turkey at present. And aside from that question, we feel strongly drawn to the work in Salonica. We first went to Turkey to work with Dr. White in Anatolia College. That work is now in Salonica, and we are rather shaping our plans toward a return there at an early date. The suggestion has been made that we remain in this country for some months to work with Dr. White in raising money. But I do not feel in a position to be very helpful in that just at present. We need the experience of good solid work on something constructive to give us the conviction and enthusiasm necessary for the task of raising money.
We will, of course, be glad to have your judgment to aid us in our plans — but unless you see strong reasons for doing otherwise we would like to plan to start for Salonica early in November . . . .

However, their departure for Greece had to be postponed, as Carl Compton wrote to James Barton on October 22, 1924 (from Chicago):

I have been delayed in answering your last letter because of the sickness and death of my mother. It was a very sudden and unexpected blow, as mother had been feeling very well until just two or three weeks ago. Mrs. Compton and I are very thankful that we were in the country, both because of the good visit with mother while she was still well, and also because we are here to help father thru these hard days. This will make no particular difference in my plans except that it may delay our departure a short time.

I am somewhat troubled by Mrs. Compton’s health. I think the past few years have been more of a strain than we realized. The chief difficulty is a slight but persistent pain in her side. Dr. Willard examined her and found no indication of appendicitis or any other organic disorder. He attributes it to a nervous disorder and sees no reason why we should not return to the field at any time, provided we can settle down to regular living under healthful conditions.

Unless there are unforseen developments I see no reason why we cannot be ready to start back at any time after a month from now . . . .

A recent letter from Dr. White reports practically everyone on the sick list. Are there any plans for an early solution of the problem of living quarters for the Salonica workers?]
Anatolia College Moves to Greece

A large number of Greek and Armenian refugees from the Merzifon area had been resettled in Macedonia. Among them were many children of school age; it was difficult to find places for them in the already overcrowded public schools. Some of the parents had attended Anatolia College, and the school was well known to many others. So a committee representing the refugees sent a cable to the Board of Trustees in Boston, repeating the plea made by St. Paul centuries ago: “Come over into Macedonia and help.” Mr. Getchell, who had been business manager of the college in Merzifon, and Mrs. Getchell, were already there helping in relief work; Dr. White joined them in September 1923. They were much impressed by the obvious needs and opportunities. Encouraged by an invitation from Eleftherios Venizelos, the former Prime Minister of Greece, they asked the trustees for permission to reopen the college in northern Greece. The trustees cabled back: “Proceed with plans for interim school.”

What had been a gambling casino in the middle of a military encampment was purchased and “converted” into a school building; nearby empty barracks were repaired and made ready to serve as dormitories. In these rather primitive quarters, the college reopened on January 23, 1924. Dr. White wrote: “We had brought the spirit of the old college eight hundred miles to a new city, a new country, and a new continent; but the body, the material plant remained behind. Not only were we without any buildings, but we had neither bench, nor bed, nor book, nor bell.”

In March 1925, Ruth and I returned to Greece to resume our work at Anatolia College. Ruth taught mathematics, and I served as dean, taught English and psychology, and had charge of the athletic program. We were not overly troubled by the rather crude buildings and the inadequate equipment,
because the spirit of the school was excellent. Many of the students were
refugees and had lived in fear much of their lives. They were happy because
they were no longer in danger, and like the rest of the students were eager to
learn. So the school grew rapidly in numbers and steadily improved in quality.

During these first years in Greece, there was some talk of eventually re-
turning to Merzifon, and the Girls' School did reopen there for a short time.
But conditions were very unsettled and the Turkish government imposed
many restrictions; so early in 1926, it was decided that the college should
make its permanent home in Greece, where there was such great need and
where the government was very cooperative. This decision having been
made, it was now necessary to dispose of the equipment which had been left
behind in Merzifon. That summer, Ruth and I were sent to Merzifon to pack
and ship the things wanted in Thessaloniki and to sell off the rest. So once
again we ran a “flea market” on a rather large scale. When word spread that
things were being sold, great crowds flocked to the campus, and we had no
difficulty in selling almost everything at a good price. Some time later the
buildings and grounds were sold to the Turkish government, which used
them for a military school.

At the time the decision was made that Anatolia College should remain
in Greece, there was a great deal of malaria in Thessaloniki and the college
was advised to choose another site for its permanent quarters. Various
places were considered, among them Katerini, where many refugees from
Turkey had settled, and Edessa, beautifully located in the hills well above
the malarial plain. But the thriving and growing city of Thessaloniki seemed
to offer the greatest opportunities. So the search now concentrated on find-
ing a site in the hills above the city. The Greek government offered to give
the college a large rounded hill, about five miles from the edge of the city.
Work began immediately on staking out roads and building sites, but no ad-
equate source of water could be found, and Karatepe, as the hill was called,
had to be abandoned.

After further investigation, another hilltop was chosen which had one of
the city water mains passing through it. It was about two miles from the edge
of the city and was considered high enough to be safe from malaria. In May
1926, some eighteen acres, later enlarged to forty-five, were purchased.
What was to be the Anatolia College campus was a rather barren hilltop
with nothing on it but weeds. But it did have a beautiful view, with moun-
tains on one side, the city of Thessaloniki on the plain below, and Mt. Olym-
pos across the bay.

The summer of 1927 was an eventful one for the Compton family. A new
Part II: Memoirs

The house was built for us on the campus in Charilaos, planned by Ruth, with great help from Charlie House, an engineer, who was the Director of the American Farm School. Most important of all, we were eagerly awaiting an addition to our family. We had lost our first baby at birth, and Dr. Marden, a missionary doctor in Athens, advised us to go to Vienna and put Ruth in the care of Dr. Graff, an obstetrician with an international reputation. We did so and all went well. Billy was born just before midnight on August 29, 1927. Two weeks later, we returned to our new house in Greece with our new baby. When we entered Greece, the customs officer asked us if we were bringing anything new into the country, and we proudly displayed Billy, sound asleep in his basket.

At about this time, George and Elsie White joined the Anatolia College staff, George as business manager, and Elsie to take charge of the landscaping of the new campus. She began at once to plant trees and shrubs and flowers, and what had been a barren hilltop soon became a place of real beauty. In 1928, construction of the new buildings began. Our students would literally dwell in marble halls, since at that time marble dug from a nearby hill was the cheapest construction material available. The new buildings were designed by an architect in America, but the construction was under the direction of Lee Myers, who had been with the Near East Relief in Merzifon.

In the spring of 1930, Ruth was expecting another baby, and we again went to Vienna so that she could be in the care of Dr. Graff. Again all went well, and on April 21 we became the proud parents of a baby girl. She was named Esther Ann, Esther for Esther White, the wife of Dr. White, and Ann for Ann House, the wife of Charlie House, Director of the American Farm School. Quite unintentionally, mother and daughter had the names of the only women for whom books of the Bible were named, Ruth and Esther.

In September 1934, Anatolia College moved from its makeshift quarters in the city into its new marble halls. On the new campus, a house had been built for the Whites and another had been started for the Comptons. But before it could be completed, the college was caught in the financial loss caused by the devaluation of the dollar. One Friday, we had on hand enough dollar checks to buy the drachmas needed to finish the house, but when the banks opened on Monday morning the dollar had gone off the gold standard and at the new rate for drachmas, our dollars were worth about half as much as they had been on Friday. So the house stood unfinished for a couple of years, and we continued to live in our house in the city. Then, fortunately, Dr. and Mrs. Westervelt of Hawaii, old friends of the Whites, visited the college. When they saw the unfinished house, they agreed to give the money need-
ed for its completion. The house was named the Caroline Westervelt House, in honor of their daughter.

With Anatolia College now established in its quarters, Dr. and Mrs. White, George and Elsie White and the Comptons took turns at staying on duty during one summer for two months and getting away for one month. One year we went to Neveska, a delightful little village high up in the mountains, near the Albanian and Yugoslav borders. We thought that being in a rather isolated village would give us a good chance to improve our Greek. But we soon found that almost all of the villagers were Vlachs, descendants of the ancient Wallachians, and the language they spoke was a strange mixture of Latin and Greek. Like so many Greek villages, there was not enough work for all the men, so many of them went to other countries, returning to visit their families only once in three or four years. After saving sufficient money, they would return to Neveska to spend the rest of their lives.

One day we were having a picnic at a spring high up in the mountain. While we were eating, an elderly Greek came along wearing the typical ancient Greek mountain costume, a red fez with a long black tassel, an embroidered blue vest, a knee-length pleated white skirt and slippers with huge red and white pompoms on the turned-up toes. I greeted him in Greek and remarked: “You have a beautiful country here.” He took his long, curved pipe from his mouth and replied in English: “Yep, but it’s a damn poor one.” He told us that he had worked in a factory in Brockton, Massachusetts, and had saved enough money to come back and spend the rest of his life with his family in Neveska.

One day we were again picnicking in this same spot, and I left the family to climb a bit higher up the mountain. My path lay across an upland meadow, and when I was about in the middle, four savage dogs came rushing at me, barking and snarling. There were no trees nearby for me to climb, I had nothing with which to fight off the dogs, and I knew I could not outrun them. Not knowing what else to do, I sat down just before the dogs rushed me. To my surprise and relief they stopped their snarling and sat down around me. Some shepherds came rushing out from where they had been resting with their flock under some trees. As they led the dogs away, they told me I had been very wise to sit down. If I had tried to run, I would probably have been killed before they could rescue me.

Much as we had enjoyed Neveska, we never went back again. We had become good friends with the Adjemovitch family, whose two older children were about the same ages as ours. Brancho was the Yugoslav consul general in Thessaloniki, and he and his wife, Aspasia, were very popular members
of the foreign colony there. At their suggestion, we agreed to join them for vacation on Lake Ochrid in Yugoslavia. They found a place for us right on the shore of the lake in a large house which belonged to the mayor of the town. The mayor and his family were on the first floor, the Adjemovitches on the second, and we on the third. We soon settled into a rather regular pattern of summer living. We spent the mornings on a little beach which we usually had all to ourselves. In the afternoons, we would go sightseeing. The town of Ochrid was a fascinating place, which in ancient times had been an important post on the Appian way. On a bluff above the lake, there was a castle which had been built by the Crusaders. In the town and in surrounding hills were beautiful old churches with a wealth of Byzantine art. Many of the inhabitants were Turks, descendants of those who had made that area a part of the Turkish Empire. The place seemed more like Turkey than Turkey itself, as the people had resisted Atatürk’s modernization program; they still wore the old-fashioned costumes, with the women heavily veiled. We had great fun reviving our use of the Turkish language. This remained our very happy vacation spot until the outbreak of World War II.

Anatolia College began its work in Greece with no clear idea about what its permanent academic program should be. In Turkey, the emphasis had been on the four-year degree-granting liberal arts college. But the B.A. degree meant nothing in Greece. Many of our students wanted to continue their education in a university, either Greek or foreign. So Anatolia rearranged its program to conform with that of a Greek classical gymnasium, as the secondary schools were called. In 1930, this program was given official recognition by the Ministry of Education, and our graduates were now eligible to take the required university entrance examinations.

During the years in Merzifon, the girls’ boarding school was an important but separate unit, housed in buildings at one end of the college campus. When the college migrated to Thessaloniki, it found an American Mission School for boys and girls already in operation. It had been established in 1915 to serve refugee children who had fled from Turkey. By agreement between the two institutions, the mission school became a school for girls, and Anatolia College enrolled only boys. The Girls’ School was located in a rather undesirable area near the railroad station, and in 1925 it moved into a large seashore villa, which had been the home of a Turkish pasha.

The Girls’ School was operating under a temporary permit, which lapsed in 1927. The Mission Board, which had been sponsoring the school, felt that it could not provide the funds which would be needed to meet the requirements of a permanent school. As the Anatolia College charter included pro-
vision for the education of girls, it was agreed by the Greek government and
the trustees of the college that the Girls’ School would now become a de-
partment of the college. At first, the Girls’ School was a finishing school for
girls who had no intention of continuing their studies beyond the secondary
level. But more and more girls began wanting university training, so in 1937 the
Girls’ School became an officially recognized Greek classical gymnasium.

In 1939, Ruth and I went on furlough, and I spent the year studying in the
Graduate School of Education at the University of Chicago. By the end of
that school year, World War II was in full fury, and the situation in Greece
was so uncertain that we decided that Ruth and the children should stay in
America and that I should go back alone.21 We moved the family to Auburn-
dale, a suburb of Boston, and as soon as my sailing date was arranged, I left
for New York. I was in my hotel room ready to go to the dock when Ruth
phoned, saying that a message had arrived from the State Department: the
invasion of Greece by the Italian army was imminent, and I should not at-
ttempt to go. So instead of taking a ship to Greece, I took a train to rejoin
my family in Auburndale.

I spent the better part of the year in voluntary service with the Greek War
Relief Association. The Boston newspapers were very helpful in giving full
publicity to the work of the Association, and my name was sometimes men-
tioned. This caused some people to think that Karl Compton, then president
of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was taking active part in the
work of the Association. This led to an amusing incident. One day a phone
call came to my office and a very cool feminine voice said: “I am Dr. Comp-
ton’s secretary and we want to know why the Greek War Relief Association
is using his name without authorization.”

“Do you know my name?” I asked.
“No, I don’t,” and the tone implied that she couldn’t care less.
“My name is Carl Compton also,” I replied. The poor secretary was so as-
tonished that she just gasped and hung up her phone.

In the spring of 1941, I went to Greenfield, Massachusetts, to organize a
Greek War Relief Association. While there I visited nearby Mt. Hermon,
where an old friend of mine was headmaster of the school for boys. When
he learned that I would not be able to return to Greece that year, he invit-
ed me to go to Mt. Hermon to take the place of one of their young teachers
who had been called to service in the army. After talking it over, Ruth and
I decided to accept, and moved to Northfield in time for the opening of
school in September. For two years, I taught history and served as advisor
to the freshmen in the Mt. Hermon School for Boys.
VI
In Washington, D.C.:  
1943-1944

Late in the spring of 1943, I received a letter from the State Department in Washington, inviting me to join a group being prepared to do relief and welfare work in war-torn countries in Europe. I replied that I would be glad to join the group if I could be sent to Greece. Weeks went by with no further word until one night in late August I received a telephone call from the State Department asking me to report to Washington immediately, ready for overseas service. We hurriedly made our arrangements, moved back to Auburndale, and a few days later I left for Washington. On September 6, 1943, I took the oath of office and officially joined the Washington merry-go-round.

I had gone to Washington expecting to go overseas immediately, but I was greatly disappointed. The German army was not withdrawing from the captured countries as rapidly as had been expected, and so we spent our time week after week going from one conference to another, listening to lecture after lecture on conditions in the occupied countries. We even had lessons in the languages of these countries, Greek not included. Some thirty of us spent a month in New York City studying the welfare systems. It was an interesting experience but not related in any way to the work we would be doing.

On our return to Washington, I had my first experience with the frustrations caused by bureaucratic red tape. Our party left New York at noon on Saturday. I stopped off in Princeton to spend Sunday with friends, arriving at my office in Washington before the opening hour on Monday morning. I sent in my expense account, of course not including anything for the stopover in Princeton. After some delay, I received a letter from the Accounting Department inquiring why I had left New York at noon on Saturday and had not arrived in Washington until Monday morning. I replied that I had
stopped to visit friends on Sunday, that no expense was involved, and that no time had been lost from my work. It took another week and another exchange of letters before I finally received my travel allowance. I was both amused and irritated at the waste of time on such a simple matter.

There were no signs of an early withdrawal of the German army from Greece. Because I had lived in Greece, I was asked to become chairman of the Inter-Agency Committee for the Trans-blockade Feeding of Greece. The committee was composed of representatives of the newly-organized United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA), the British and Canadian embassies, the War Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Foreign Economic Administration, the Red Cross, the Greek War Relief Association, and the State Department.

The committee was organized in response to news about the desperate condition of the Greek people under the German occupation. Commerce, industry, agriculture, and transportation had almost ceased to exist. Swedish and Swiss Red Cross workers were doing what they could, but they needed relief supplies on a massive scale. The German authorities, not wanting a starving population on their hands, agreed that ships carrying relief supplies would be given free passage through the blockade, that the German army would not interfere with the distribution of relief supplies sent from abroad, and would not use any of what little food was being produced in Greece.

The Trans-blockade Committee met regularly in my office to hear reports on conditions in Greece and to make plans for the procurement and shipping of the most needed items. At one of these meetings, Titos, who had been a student at Anatolia College and had been allowed to leave Greece because he was a Panamanian citizen, gave a long and vivid description of conditions as he had witnessed them. The function of the committee was to consider requests from Greece, decide on priorities, and then refer the needs to the appropriate authorities. The committee itself had no funds for the purchase and transportation of supplies. Lend-Lease\textsuperscript{22} financed the major items; the Swedish government provided the ships. Canada and Argentina agreed to provide large quantities of wheat, the Red Cross provided medicines, and, as I remember it, the Greek War Relief Association provided much of the clothing. The major items shipped were wheat, rice, beans, dried fish, medicines, and clothing. One shipment which gave me great satisfaction was complete outfits of clothing, including shoes, for 300,000 children.

The supplies were sent on Swedish ships sailing from St. John's in Newfoundland. As this little port had no warehouses, the right quantity had to arrive at the right time to be loaded directly onto the ship. If there was too
much, there was no place to store the surplus. If there was too little, the ship had to sail with empty space. This required close contact between my office and the office of the Swedish Minister in Canada that was in charge of shipping and securing clearance from German authorities. I discovered to my dismay that I was not authorized to write directly to a foreign embassy. My communications had to be sent to my immediate superior, then up the steps of the bureaucratic ladder until they reached Cordell Hull, Secretary of State. This took so much time that we simply could not carry on our business in this way. So the Swedish Minister and I agreed to depart from protocol and transact our business by telephone.

We had a similar problem with incoming cables. All items pertaining to Greece eventually reached my desk, but they were so long in passing through so many hands that our work was seriously hindered. Fortunately, a friend of mine from the American School of Classical Studies in Athens was now in Washington working in the office which received all foreign cables. The minute a message concerning Greece arrived, his secretary would telephone my secretary, and we could begin the necessary action days before the official message arrived.

Toward the end of my stay in Washington, I had another amusing experience with official red tape. My immediate superior resigned, and I was asked to take his place. I refused, saying that I wanted to return to Greece just as soon as possible. The State Department official who offered me this position said: “I hope you will change your mind as you are better fitted for this job than anyone else.” A few days later he came to me to withdraw his offer. He had learned that I was only in the sixth rank and that the job required a man in the third rank. (My rank numbers may be wrong, but the facts are essentially correct.) He said they could promote me two grades in one year but that three was against all regulations. So much for the best-qualified person!

In August 1944, word seeped through the blockade that the Germans would soon be leaving Greece. We were informed that as soon as the Germans were out, a British Military Liaison Unit (ML) would move in, taking with them the UNRRA personnel assigned to Greece. UNRRA would now take over the responsibilities which had been carried by the Inter-Allied Committee for the Trans-blockade Feeding of Greece. So I closed my office, and Ruth, Esther, and I moved to Northfield; Bill was already away at college. A few days later, I left for Montreal to fly from there to Cairo to join the ML troops who were preparing to go to Greece.
With UNRRA in Greece:
1944-1945

Our group flew from Montreal on a British “Flying Fortress,” stopping en route at Gander, the Azores, and Rabat. We landed in Cairo early in the morning of August 28, 1944. A number of UNRRA personnel were already there, and those of us who were going to northern Greece set up our headquarters in a British military encampment in the suburb of Mahdi. Added to our UNRRA staff of twenty-two were twenty British volunteer workers from the Red Cross and a Peace Society. The Germans were slow about pulling out of Greece, and we were held up in Cairo for over two months. We used our time to good advantage, studying reports from Greece, planning just how we would begin our work, and assigning duties. We conferred frequently with George Modis, who was to be Governor General of northern Greece, and with George Papandreou, the Prime Minister of Greece in exile. Before the war, I had had the opportunity of meeting Mr. Papandreou on several occasions, when he had been Minister of Education. He had always been very helpful to Anatolia College.

On November 10, there was great excitement in our group. We were informed that the Germans were pulling out of Greece, and that our unit had been placed on alert. We were never to be where we could not be reached by telephone, and never more than an hour away from our hotel. Two days later, our long wait finally came to an end. We were rushed to the harbor in the middle of the night, had a pre-dawn breakfast standing on the dock, and just at sunrise were loaded onto a British transport.

Like the British ML officers, I was assigned a soldier as a “batman.” I was told that he would help me to put up my cot at night, wash my mess kit, and keep my shoes shined. When he was introduced to me, he told me to call him whenever I needed anything, saluted, and rejoined his comrades. I nev-
er called him and never saw him again. That was my one and only experience with a personal batman.

Four days later, during the night of November 16, 1944, we arrived in the bay of Thessaloniki. Our ship could not pull into the harbor, as the entrance was blocked by sunken vessels of all sizes and descriptions. We anchored about a mile out and were rowed ashore in our ship’s boats. It was as if we had landed in a deserted city. There was no welcoming committee, no lights, no people in the streets, and no transport to take us and our baggage to the hotel which had been assigned to us. Our hotel, the Mediterranean Palace, had been the best in the city, but it was now in badly rundown condition. I had a room with a balcony overlooking the bay and with a private bath, but there was no water, no heat, no electricity, and almost no furniture.

The next morning, a walk through the downtown area confirmed the dismal picture. There were few people on the streets, no autos, no buses or streetcars. Most of the stores were boarded up, and we were told that the merchants had nothing to sell and that the people had no money with which to buy. We learned that the Greek drachma had depreciated so seriously that it was practically worthless, and that what little business there was was mostly by barter. Later, a Greek friend who ran a laundry and public bath gave me free use of his facilities in exchange for a shirt. To pay its Greek workers and meet other local expenses, ML issued its own currency which was readily accepted by the Greeks.

UNRRA was given office space in what had been a large apartment house in a very attractive location. We had the bay of Thessaloniki in front of us and a large public square on one side. We set to work at once, assigning office space and perfecting our organizational chart. We spent a great deal of the time conferring with government officials and other leading citizens from all over the area. We were divided into four departments: transportation, distribution, welfare, and medical. During those early weeks, our office hours were usually from eight in the morning till after ten at night with an hour off for lunch and another hour for dinner. Finding local personnel was an immediate problem. As both UNRRA and ML needed a large number of English-speaking employees, many Anatolia College graduates were able to find work. I was fortunate in getting on my staff two of our fine graduates, Socrates Iacovides as office manager and Costas Sianos as secretary. Their help proved invaluable.

Anatolia College was the first place I went when I had a Sunday afternoon off. The campus was then occupied by the Fourth Indian Division of the British army; the years of army occupation had left everything in terrible shape. The solidly-built stone buildings were all intact, but practically all fur-
nishings and all window panes were gone. Plumbing fixtures had been de-
liberately smashed by the German army when it withdrew. Tennis courts
and playing fields had been used as parking lots for trucks and tanks. Gar-
dens were a mass of weeds.

At another time, I went to the home of Orestes Iatrides, the senior member
of the Anatolia faculty, to meet with a group who had been teachers at the
college. It was very moving to meet them again after they had suffered so
much. Their clothes were shabby, and they looked strained and under-nour-
ished, but they were cheerful and full of courage and hope. They were carrying
on a private elementary school, which they called Korais, in what had been the
Italian School in the center of the city. All were eager for Anatolia to reopen.

At this gathering, I learned a great deal about events at the college during
the war years. In September 1940, the school had opened as usual but there
was considerable anxiety because of rumors that the Italian army would in-
vade Greece. This invasion began in October, and, like all other secondary
schools, the college was closed so that faculty and older students could join
in the national struggle. When wounded Greek soldiers began coming back
from the Italian front, the college offered its buildings to be used as a mili-
tary hospital, and most of the staff who were not in the army volunteered for
service in the hospital. The Italian invasion was repulsed, but a greater men-
ace was the advance of the German army down through the Balkans. On the
morning of April 6, 1941, the U.S. Consul sent word that the German army
was expected to reach Thessaloniki within a day or two, and that all Amer-
icans should leave at once. The American staff at the college had already
left, except for President and Mrs. Riggs. Mr. Riggs had stayed to serve as
area chairman for the International Red Cross, which was trying to meet the
rapidly growing needs. Many of the Greek faculty were living on the cam-
pus. Mr. Riggs called them together and explained the situation. He told
them that he and Mrs. Riggs wanted to do whatever they could to be of help,
and he asked their advice about whether they should go or stay. Orestes Ia-
trides replied for the group: “It will serve no good purpose for you to stay,
much as we shall feel like children without their parents. It is better for you
to go. Go while you can. Go and do what you can for us in the outside world,
where you will be free.” Mr. and Mrs. Riggs followed this advice and left by
car for Athens just before the bridge over the Vardar River was closed. They
eventually came to America by way of South Africa. From April 1941 until
October 1944, the Anatolia College campus was German headquarters for
operations in the Balkans. Soon after they left, the British army moved in
and occupied not only the college buildings but also a number of temporary
structures erected by the Germans. With this information, I was brought up to date on events at the college during the war years.

As soon as the routine of our UNRRA work was well established, I left for a five-day trip by jeep throughout the district to investigate conditions and to organize local committees to help in the distribution of relief supplies. The devastation I saw was appalling. Traveling was very difficult: roads had gone without repair all through the war years, there were great holes at frequent intervals, and almost all bridges and even culverts had been destroyed. We crossed the Vardar River on a makeshift ferry. Some farmers bringing their meager produce to the city had to wait in line for three days for their turn to cross. It was evident that one of UNRRA’s first tasks would have to be rebuilding the bridges. Railroads were not in operation, as the tracks had been torn up at frequent intervals, and engines and cars had either been carried off or were in a bad state of disrepair. Telegraph and telephone poles had been cut down to the ground. Many of the villages were in ruins, with surviving inhabitants huddled in makeshift shelters. Livestock and farming equipment had almost disappeared. There was no way many of these people could survive without help from abroad.

To make an appalling situation even worse, some of the guerrilla bands, sometimes called “freedom fighters,” turned out to be communists and were forcibly taking control of towns and villages. When we came to Greece, we knew that we would face devastation and starvation, but we had no idea we would find such bitter factional feeling, with Greek actually fighting Greek instead of uniting to rebuild their war-torn country. Even in Thessaloniki, groups of communist sympathizers roamed the streets shouting their slogan: Oti theli o laos (whatever the people wish). What an ironical slogan! A small minority was trying to force the people to accept a government which the great majority opposed!

As UNRRA was there to feed starving people regardless of political affiliation, we continued our work without interruption from either faction. With trucks loaned by ML, we soon were sending supplies to all parts of northern Greece. Because of political tensions, all convoys had to be accompanied by either an American or a Britisher. This meant that at times our Thessaloniki office was practically closed down, as all the foreign personnel were off with relief convoys.

The week before Christmas was an especially busy one since we wanted to get food to as many places as possible, so that people could have at least a little Christmas cheer. I went with one convoy to the town of Stavros, and as we came out of the distribution center, we found some two hundred chil-
dren lined up. They gave a great cheer for UNRRA, and one little girl made a charming speech of welcome and gratitude. Then the teacher spoke to us in English, and I discovered that he had been a student at Anatolia College in Turkey. A member of the town council told me that it was because of the dedication of this teacher that this was one of the few schools in that area to continue regular work. The children had few books, they were short of paper and pencils, many of them were barefoot and in rags, but they were cheerful and friendly.

On Christmas evening, I wrote to Ruth: “What a Christmas! Work as usual, no presents, no cards, not even a letter from you, and no festivities of any sort. And overhanging everything is the tragic misery of so many people. But they are remarkably brave about it. We continue to work night and day for seven days a week, and we are getting relief supplies out to the country on an increasing scale. I have a big map of the area in my office, with a tiny flag pinned in every place where we have sent food. It is gratifying to see how much of the district we have covered.”

Usually the UNRRA workers received courtesy and help wherever they went. But there was one unpleasant incident in Yanitsa, then held by communists. Through the British army, we received word that the house where the leader of the convoy had established his headquarters was surrounded by an angry mob, and he was afraid for his life. I dropped everything and with another member of our staff rushed off at once. When we arrived in Yanitsa, darkness had fallen, but the mob was still milling around. Someone had started the rumor that because the town was controlled by the communists the relief supplies would not be distributed. The crowd of several thousand was obviously in an angry mood. I went out onto the balcony, à la Mussolini, and told them that in the morning the supplies would be distributed to those in need without regard to political affiliation. I think they were amused by my faulty Greek, and the tension began to lessen. Then it began to rain, and I told them they should go home before they got wet. They gave a cheer for UNRRA and dispersed in good humor. The next morning we distributed the supplies with no problems whatsoever.

In the middle of January, I was called to Athens for a conference with the headquarters staff and with the other district directors. They were much interested in the report from the northern district because we were the only area able to continue operating without interruption and the only one distributing relief in communist-held territory. My return to Thessaloniki was delayed because the British plane on which I would be flying, the only available means of travel, was grounded because of bad weather. So I had an un-
usual bit of leisure in the beautiful capital city. Finally, the rain stopped and
the clouds began to drift away, and I was told that we would probably be
able to leave the next day. So I decided to spend my last morning of leisure
visiting the Acropolis. As I sat on the steps of the Parthenon, I wrote this let-
ter to our daughter, Esther:

After a week of terrible weather today is a beautiful warm, sunny day. I walked
up to the Acropolis and sat for a long time with my back against one of the pil-
lars of the Parthenon getting comfortably warm and enjoying the view. Here was
Greece as I had dreamed of it, ancient temples, rugged hills and the deep blue
sea. As I watched the colorful pageant of hills and sea and sky, I thought of the
Greek myth of the creation of the world. Zeus had completed the whole world
except for Greece. He wanted his last work to be the most beautiful of all; but
what could he do as he had nothing left but a great pile of rocks? Just then he
looked up in the sky and saw a beautiful rainbow. So he cut off the end, mixed
the colors with his rocks, dropped them into the bluest part of the sea, and thus
created Greece.

When I finally got back to Thessaloniki, I found a great accumulation of
problems. The city was in the control of the Greek government in Athens,
supported by the British army. All of the rest of northern Greece was con-
trolled by communist troops and a government which they had organized.23
Going out of the city was like going into a foreign country with a border to
cross, where there were road blocks and strict passport controls. I decided
to go see General Euripidis Bakerdjis, the local commander of the commu-
nist forces, to try to obtain from him papers instructing all communist offi-
cials to give free passage to all UNRRA workers and supplies. The general
had his headquarters in Veria, which in normal times was only a little more
than an hour’s drive from Thessaloniki. But it took me most of the day to
get there, as the ferry across the Vardar was not working and I had to drive
almost to the Yugoslav border where the river was narrower and a wooden
bridge had been crudely repaired.

When I finally reached Veria, I was directed to the house where the gen-
eral was living and had his office. At the door, I was greeted warmly by his
niece, who was a graduate of Anatolia College. She took me at once to her
uncle and gave me a rather flattering introduction. When I explained the
reason for my visit, he called in his secretary and instructed him to prepare
orders to all officials to give freedom of movement to all UNRRA workers
and not to interfere in any way with their distribution of relief supplies.

I also discussed with the general the problem of getting relief supplies
over the Vardar River. One span of the bridge had been blown up by the re-
treating German army. A British army engineer had inspected the bridge 
and was sure that a Bailey bridge could easily be installed over the gap. This 
could not be done without the approval of the communists as the bridge was 
in an area which they controlled. General Bakerdjis readily gave his ap-
proval and even volunteered the assistance of engineers in the ELAS army. 
A few days later, with the combined efforts of British and ELAS engineers 
working under a flag of truce, the bridge was quickly made usable.

As soon as the bridge was repaired, we sent across it our largest and best-
equipped convoy yet, fifty-five three-ton trucks loaded with relief supplies. 
It carried food, medical supplies, and clothing to an area which for four 
years had lived chiefly on potatoes. Their barns and sheds were filled with 
potatoes, their chief source of income, which ironically they had had no way 
of sending to the cities. So, after the supplies were distributed, the trucks were 
loaded with potatoes to carry back to Thessaloniki, where potatoes were 
very scarce and very expensive. It was greatly satisfying to be able to help 
people in two locations at one time.

Another problem during these days was to find shelter for the thousands 
of refugees who had fled to Thessaloniki from communist-held areas. The 
Greek government turned over to UNRRA a number of warehouses which 
were empty because of leaky roofs. A British army engineer came to our res-
cue with several truckloads of corrugated iron and with soldiers who in a few 
hours patched up the leaky roofs so that the refugees could move in out of 
the rain. This rather simple action brought about an amusing experience 
with bureaucratic red tape. I was reprimanded by one of the top UNRRA of-
ficers in Athens for not having gone through proper channels (himself). He 
said I had no right to ask this help from the British, and that they had no 
right to give it without authorization from Athens, which would have taken 
a week or two. I heard afterwards that the offended bureaucrat had gone to 
the Director of UNRRA with his complaint, and had been told that he was 
being ridiculous.

With convoys of relief supplies now going regularly to all parts of the dis-

On March 1, 1945, I was called to Athens for a conference with other dis-
trict directors and a group of top UNRRA officials who had just arrived from Washington. I spent the night with Laird Archer, Director of UNRRA in Greece. While we were at breakfast the next morning, the newspaper was delivered. To our astonishment and dismay, we read that Archer had resigned because of poor health. He was not in top physical condition, but he was not in poor health. He had not resigned, and he had been given no warning of this action. Laird said to me: “You are probably out also, as you are one of my appointments.”

I hurried to the office to see if I could find out what was going on. The place was deserted except for a janitor sweeping the floor. A few minutes later the UNRRA Deputy Director, Sir Michael Creagh, a retired British general, came in to gather up his papers. He had just been informed that his services were no longer needed. He said to me: “You are probably out also, as you are considered to be one of Archer’s men.” Not knowing what else to do, I just sat around and waited. After nearly an hour, a secretary came in and told me that the conference was beginning in the Grand Bretagne Hotel, and I should go there at once.

When I reached the hotel, I was surprised and pleased to find that George Xanthaki was in charge. He was deputy to Governor Lehman, then Director General of all UNRRA activities. Xanthaki had been a great help to me in Washington, and when I had been put on the list to go to Italy, he had had the assignment changed to Greece. The conference was soon called to order, and we were informed that the British Military Mission would soon be leaving Greece. We had been called together to make plans for the work of UNRRA after the British left. They would turn over to UNRRA all their supplies and equipment, and most important of all, their trucks. As soon as the conference was over, I returned immediately to Thessaloniki, and began consultations with Colonel Bower, Commander of ML in Thessaloniki. I was glad that I was not relieved of my duties, but was very sorry that Laird Archer and Sir Michael were leaving. The new director, Buell Maben, was a very different sort of person, but I must say that he did an excellent job.

On the eve of Greek Independence Day, Colonel Bower gave a big farewell dinner party. He told me that this was a very special occasion for him, not only because they were leaving, but also because the next day, March 25th, was his birthday. When I told him that it was also my wife’s birthday, he announced this to the group, and they drank a toast in her honor. The lady who sat next to me knew many of the Anatolia girls, and she told me they thought that Mrs. Compton was one of the most attractive persons they had ever known.

March 25, 1945, was a very happy day for the Greeks. It was the first time
in six years that they had had a chance to celebrate properly, and they did so in true Greek style. There was the traditional Te Deum in St. Sophia, followed by a very moving patriotic program at the University. From there, we went to Aristotle Square, where we stood for several hours watching a huge parade. In the afternoon, great crowds gathered at the Hercules Field to watch athletic events.

The last event of the day was a lovely program of music and dramatics at the YWCA. Many of the UNRRA personnel were there, and they were much impressed by the ability and personality of young Greek people. The program was over at about nine, and as the Astoria Hotel, then an UNRRA personnel house, was nearby, we dropped in to see if we could get a bite to eat. One of the ladies in our party remarked that it was pretty late to trouble the cooks, but someone else said: “Don’t worry. We have Mr. Compton with us, and they will be tickled pink to do something for him.” Sure enough, the three women still in the kitchen had worked either in our house or at the college. They welcomed us cordially and scurried around to prepare a very substantial meal for us. All in all, it was a very happy and satisfying day. Some people had feared trouble, but there was none. People put aside their political differences to celebrate this national holiday. Events were well organized and went off well. Typical of the Greek spirit was the closing incident of the day. As we were eating our supper a band went by, no longer in a parade, but marching along as briskly and playing just as lustily as they had been doing all day. All of us were tremendously impressed with the courage, cheerfulness, and resiliency of the Greek people. We marveled at the way they rebounded from wars, revolutions, and near famine.

April 1, 1945 was a big day in the history of UNRRA in Greece. We became an independent organization no longer attached to the British Military Liaison. Our main job continued to be the distribution of relief supplies, which we could now do more rapidly because of the trucks ML turned over to us. And the signing of a treaty between ELAS and the Greek government in Athens made it possible for us to increase our rehabilitation effort. The UNRRA agricultural agents were able to extend their services to the entire district, supplying the farmers with seed, fertilizers, livestock, and expert advice. One of their most useful projects was turning desolate swamps into fields of growing rice.

There were so many things to attend to that the UNRRA staff worked under constant pressure, usually seven days a week. And the variety of things demanding my attention was astonishing and rather amusing in view of my complete lack of experience in most of the activities in which we were en-
gaged. To try to give Ruth a picture of what I was doing, in one of my letters I wrote her a schedule of my activities for two rather typical days.

Tuesday, April 10th:
- Conference with the general commanding the Greek army in northern Greece about the reconstruction of the railroad bridge between Thessaloniki and Serres.
- Conference with the mayor of Thessaloniki about the collection of garbage and cleaning up the city streets.
- Arranged with the British consul to turn over to the Inspector of Schools some school supplies found in warehouses abandoned by the fleeing German army.
- Received from Col. Cochrane, U.S.A., two jeeps for the UNRRA medical unit.

Wednesday, April 11th:
- Conference with representatives of the tobacco growers about how to get accumulated crops to the market.
- Discussed problems of oil distribution with Arthur Hill, representing the oil companies.
- Met with port officer on problems connected with the unloading of supplies.
- Conference with the mayor of Langada on the reorganization of the relief committee in his city.
- Met with a representative of the Auto Association to arrange the allocation of tires.
- Persuaded the Greek army to provide five trucks to carry relief supplies to the nearby village of Hortiatis. (The UNRRA trucks were all busy with long-distance hauls).

These were the scheduled meetings. In addition, countless numbers of people came to the office with all sorts of appeals. For example, one day the doorman came to me saying “There’s an old lady who insists on seeing you. I tried to turn her away, but she refuses to leave. She said, ‘Tell Mr. Compton that Miss Sima is here and I’m sure he’ll see me.’ ” She had been a tower of strength in taking care of the orphans. I said to the doorman: “Miss Sima can see me at any time she wants.” She wanted nothing for herself. She was serving as acting pastor for a little group of Armenian refugees, and she wanted help in finding a place where they could hold church meetings.

News of President Roosevelt’s death shocked and grieved the Greek people. They felt that the world had lost one of the outstanding champions
of liberty. Flags were at half staff, and schools and shops were closed. An official memorial service at St. Sophia filled the church to overflowing. Going home from this service, we were driving down the main street in the middle of a dignified procession of cars. Suddenly, our old car stalled and the driver could not get it started again. Some youngsters wriggled through the soldiers lining the street and pushed us along, much to our embarrassment and to the amusement of the crowds.

By this time arrangements for the distribution of food and clothing were all organized. This work continued regularly with no serious problems, as in this case it was fairly obvious who were the most needy. But the distribution of items needed for rehabilitation was much more difficult, because the quantities available were not nearly enough to meet the needs. For a time, a representative of the Ministry of Finance and I met regularly to try to parcel out impartially the very inadequate amount of materials available. We dealt chiefly with automobile equipment, gasoline for autos and buses, coal and fuel oil for railroads and factories, and raw materials for factories. As an example of the problems we faced, one month we had 700 auto tires to divide among 7,000 applicants. We no doubt made mistakes, but we tried to be absolutely fair.

One of the most colorful and effective of the UNRRA workers was Col. Von Spach, a retired army officer from Wisconsin. When he arrived, he asked to be sent to the most difficult area and was assigned to Kozani. He not only distributed relief supplies with absolute fairness but also opened the eyes of the people to things they could do for themselves. He inspired them to rebuild their schools and their churches, to clean up their streets and to revive the Boy Scouts. He persuaded the priests to preach about putting aside political differences and to stress the necessity of working together to rebuild their country. He picked up the Greek phrase “oli mazi” (all together), which he used everywhere. That became his nickname throughout the area, and when he arrived in a town or village the children would come running, shouting, “Oli mazi is here.” Under his leadership, the revived Boy Scouts went from house to house and building to building pulling out unnecessary nails, which were in short supply and were badly needed in rebuilding schools and churches.

“V-E Day” brought great rejoicing and new hope but also brought new problems. Greek prisoners of war and those who had been carried off for forced labor were returning, and villagers who had fled to the cities began to return to their ruined homes. All were desperately in need of help. So UNRRA added a Displaced Persons Division to its organization. Reception
centers and transient camps were set up at strategic points. They provided food, clothing, medical care, and counseling to the refugees. UNRRA and Greek organizations set up summer camps for undernourished children. It did one’s heart good to see little pinched faces begin to fill out and to hear children laughing and singing.

During this time, Mr. Riggs returned to Greece to prepare for the reopening of Anatolia College. He asked me to join him just as soon as possible, so I asked for release from UNRRA and recommended Wallace Donaldson as my successor. He was eminently qualified, as he had been deputy director for some months and spoke Greek fluently. But he was English, and as UNRRA salaries were based on the prevailing salary scale in the country from which the worker came, his salary as an Englishman would be less than mine had been as an American. Wally felt that this was unfair and refused to accept the job unless he would receive the same salary I had received. The Athens office would not change its policy, so not only did UNRRA lose a man better qualified than I was, but I had to wait several weeks before another director was found.

One day in early August, Ernest Riggs came to my office to ask if there was any word about when I would be able to join him. We stepped out onto the balcony for a moment to chat and along the bay in the area where the Girls’ School was located we saw a dense cloud of smoke. We rushed downstairs and drove as fast as we could to that area. As we approached the school, we saw that what we had feared was true. The main building, then occupied by British troops, was completely enveloped in flames. Firemen were hard at work, but they were unable to put out the fire.

Late in August 1945, the man who was to take my place at UNRRA finally arrived, and after acquainting him with the staff and the various activities, I made a final report to the UNRRA office in Athens and left for America. I rejoined Ruth in Northfield, and we began at once making plans for our return to Greece. The people in Northfield had heard about the situation in Greece, and they gathered huge piles of clothing for us to take with us. From no longer needed military supplies, I was able to buy sixty large plywood boxes which we packed full.

When Ernest Riggs had left for Greece some time before this, he had been unable to take his car with him. He left it for me to use with the hope that when the time came for us to go, we would be able to take the car. It was fortunate that we had the car, as I had to go to Boston several times to confer with members of the Anatolia College Board of Trustees and to purchase school supplies to take back to Greece with us.
On one of my return trips late at night, and in the hills just outside Fitchburg, the car lights suddenly went out. I pulled beside the road and tried to find a loose wire but with no success. Just at that moment, a rather slow moving truck came along, and I pulled in behind it hoping to follow it into Fitchburg. Unfortunately, a passing state trooper spotted me and signaled me to the side of the road.

“What are you doing, driving without lights?”

“My lights went out on me, and I was trying to follow the truck into Fitchburg to get them fixed.”

“Let’s see your driver’s licence.” After satisfying himself that this was in good order, he asked to see the car registration. I hunted through the glove compartment but found no papers. Then I remembered that I had taken them out when making out forms for shipment and had forgotten to put them back.

“What proof have you that the car is yours?”

“As a matter of fact, it isn’t my car.”

“Then we’ll have to get in touch with the owner.”

“You’ll have difficulty doing that as the owner is over in Greece.”

The officer’s suspicions were now thoroughly aroused. He ordered me into his car and we drove into Fitchburg and reported to the police captain.

“This chap was driving without lights. He has no registration papers and he says the car belongs to a man in Greece.”

At the word Greece, the captain’s interest was immediately aroused. He turned to me and asked where in Greece.

“In Thessaloniki, or Salonica as you probably call it.”

“Have you been in Salonica?”

“Yes. I’ve lived there for a number of years.”

“Do you know the airport?”

“I know what’s left of it. It was badly bombed when the Germans were using it.”

“I’m glad to hear that. I bombed it.”

By an almost unbelievable coincidence, this police captain had been a bombardier in the U.S. Air Force and had bombed the Thessaloniki airport when it was occupied by the German army. He was delighted to hear all I could tell him about the condition of the field. Then he turned to the officer who had brought me and told him to go with me and help me get my lights fixed. And that was the end of my one and only brush with the police.

In December, we had word that the State Department had chartered the
S.S. *Gripsholm* to take the consular corps, businessmen, and missionaries back to the Near East. We were informed that a cabin had been reserved for us and that we could take with us the car and school and relief supplies. We sailed from New York on January 10, 1946 and arrived in Thessaloniki on the 20th.
VIII

Postwar Years at Anatolia College: 1946-1958

What a joy it was to be back in our own home on the Anatolia College campus and to enter again the daily round of school activities. The British army had moved out of the main buildings in time for the opening of school in September 1945, though one unit continued occupying some German-built barracks until December 1949. The reopening of the college after World War II was almost as much a venture in faith as had been the move from Turkey to Greece after World War I. Four years of army occupancy had left everything in terrible shape. Plumbing had been ruined and the heating plant wrecked. There was no glass in the windows, and furniture, laboratory equipment, and library books had either been destroyed or carried off. Tennis courts and playing fields had been ruined, because they had been used as parking places for tanks and other military equipment.

The Girls’ School in the city had been burned together with its furnishings and equipment; the girls were now installed in temporary school buildings on the boys’ campus. German-built barracks were renovated to provide classrooms, and two large residences were used as dormitories. The large college garage was refurbished to be used as the girls’ gymnasium as well as an assembly hall for both schools.

What had been the Whites’ chicken house was refitted as a faculty residence. Our house became a personnel house, at one time housing thirteen people. Makeshift furnishings were gathered from here and there, and somehow both schools were reopened, now on one campus. There was a shortage of everything except students, who had waited so eagerly for the opening of the school. The teachers and other workers were wearing threadbare clothing which it was impossible for them to replace because of the exorbitant cost of anything new. We were thankful for the good used clothing we had
brought with us. Soon after our arrival, we arranged a huge clothing distribution and were able to provide outfits for over two hundred people, teachers, workers, and their families. Some of the newly-arrived American teachers were shocked at what they considered primitive conditions, and even questioned the wisdom of trying to carry on a school without proper furnishings and equipment. But the Greek teachers and the students were so relieved that the war was over and so happy to be back in school that they were not at all disturbed by the shortage of so many things. They realized how fortunate they were compared with so many of their countrymen.

The Greek Jews were the ones who had suffered the most. Before the war, Thessaloniki had a Jewish population of over 60,000, most of them descendants of people who had fled from Spain hundreds of years before to escape the terrors of the Inquisition. One of the great tragedies of the war was the destruction of this community by the German army. Soon after their occupation of the city, they forced the Jewish people from their homes —men, women, and children— and sent them to concentration camps where most of them died. One story of a quiet but heroic rescue was told to me. During the evacuation, a Jewish girl and her parents were waiting for the German trucks with a few bundles they were allowed to carry with them to exile. An Anatolia College student, a Greek boy who lived across the street, saw what was happening. He walked along the street, and said quietly: “Come with me, Marika.” Not daring to speak, she looked at her parents, who nodded their agreement, and walked off with the boy without attracting the attention of the German guards. He took her to the family farm, where she stayed until the Germans left the city. She later became a very valued member of the Anatolia College staff. She never heard a word from her parents.

After the war, I was able to help Dr. Rubens, a Jewish friend who lived in Istanbul. He had inherited the property in Thessaloniki of members of his family who had died in exile. Since he could not get permission to come to Greece, he sent me power of attorney and asked me to act for him in disposing of the family toy store. He instructed me to sell the store with all of the merchandise on the shelves but to retain ownership of family belongings, which had been stored in the basement. He warned me that he believed the family gold had been buried there. When the Greek government returned to power after the departure of the German army, it sealed all known Jewish property until the owners of their heirs could be located. I was now recognized as the representative of the absent owners. I found a buyer, and we arranged that the next morning at seven o’clock we would meet at the store with a representative of the government. I was to have twelve hours to re-
move the family belongings, and the keys would then be turned over to the new owner.

The next morning I arrived at the store at the appointed time in a truck with Lazaros Amarantides, who was in charge of maintenance at the college, and two of his workmen with picks and shovels. The government official broke the seal, handed me the key, and we began to work. On the main floor we found everything in a good order with toys on the shelves. But the basement was a mess. The one long room had obviously been broken into and ransacked. Chests of drawers had been opened and books and papers and odds and ends of personal belongings were scattered all over.

Our first task was to remove everything and clear the floor so that we could search for possible buried gold. The rough board floor had so many patched places that the gold might have been buried anywhere. The room was so large that it was obviously impossible for us to tear up the whole floor and dig everywhere in one day, so I rushed to the British army headquarters and borrowed a mine detector. I hurried back to the store and we began moving the detector over the floor. Suddenly the needle flew up. We tore up the boards and began digging into the dirt feverishly. In a few minutes we unearthed a pile of rusty nails! We continued our search, and once again the needle responded; this time we found some old hinges. All day long we went up and down the floor in a careful pattern. We found metal several times, but it was always worthless junk. By seven o’clock that evening we had used up our time and our patience, but we were convinced there was no buried gold.

The war in Greece did not end with the departure of the German army. For several years more, fighting continued between the Greek national army and scattered guerrilla bands of communists. One night in January, 1949, a roving band of guerrillas surrounded the American Farm School, just two miles across the hills from Anatolia College. They cut the telephone wires and carried off thirty-eight of the older boys as forced recruits. Fortunately, over the next few weeks, all succeeded in escaping and returned to the Farm School safely. This raid frightened the parents of students of Anatolia, and some withdrew their children. For our protection, the Greek army sent a squad of soldiers to live in one of our buildings, and as the British army was still occupying the lower end of the campus, we felt reasonably safe.

We often heard firing in the hills above the college, and one night we watched shells falling on the city. Travel was unsafe almost everywhere, and people who had to travel did so in convoys under military escort. That year a busload of Anatolia College students from the Kavala area were in a convoy homeward bound for the Christmas holidays. The convoy was attacked...
by a large guerrilla force and captured. While the battle was in progress, a Greek army officer led our students to a nearby village, where they were given shelter for the night. He telephoned the college that the students were safe and would be taken to Kavala the next morning. We telephoned Kavala, and almost as soon as the anxious parents heard of the convoy’s capture, we were able to assure them of their children’s safety.

All during these troubled days, work at Anatolia College continued much as usual. The students were deeply concerned about the suffering caused to so many of their countrymen by the war and its aftermath, and they began to seek ways to help some of those who had been hardest hit.

Near at hand was Hortiatis, a few miles higher up the mountainside from the college. A whole section of the village had been destroyed by the German army in retaliation for the death of two German soldiers in an encounter in nearby hills. In the process, over three hundred villagers, mostly women and children, had lost their lives. The students at the college organized a relief committee which made regular Saturday trips to the village carrying food, clothing, and medical supplies, most of which were provided by such relief organizations in America as C.A.R.E., the Greek War Relief Association, and the Pan-Macedonian Society.

Many other villages had been devastated by the World War and the guerrilla war which followed. The villagers who had fled to the cities were now returning to their villages to find that their houses had been ruined and their livestock, their farm equipment, and practically all their possessions had been carried off. Some were able to repair what had been left of their houses; many others were living in tents provided by the Greek army. The Anatolia alumni and the students decided that one of the best ways they could serve their country in this time of overwhelming need was to help in the rehabilitation of some of these war-stricken villages. The alumni “adopted” Lefkohori and the students nearby Mavrorahi. On Sundays and holidays committees went to their adopted villages carrying food, clothing, and medical supplies. Most important of all, they brought in livestock, farm equipment, and fertilizers, which they had obtained from relief organizations. During the summer vacation the students carried on work camps in their village, organizing educational and recreational activities for the children and work projects for the adults. The villagers, who at first were rather bewildered and hopeless, joined eagerly in the work for village improvement.

In the alumni village, practically the whole community—men, women, and children—joined in piping water from a mountain spring to a fountain, which they erected in the village square. This was a great blessing, as the
women no longer had to walk nearly a mile to get their water. The inscription on the fountain reads: “We owe this fountain to the cooperative efforts of the Greek Government, the alumni of Anatolia College, and the people of the village.”

In this village, the schoolhouse was strongly built of stone and had been used as a fort during the fighting. The playground was not usable because of trenches which surrounded the school. The first Sunday the alumni began working in the village, they sent out word for the men of the village to come to the school with picks and shovels, and in one afternoon the playground was restored to use. One of the villagers was overheard saying: “Why didn’t we think of doing this ourselves?” Books, paper, and pencils were provided; and a teacher, a brave young university graduate, was found who was willing to face the rigors of life in a ruined village. She later confessed that her first week she had cried herself to sleep every night, but the eagerness of the children and the gratitude of the parents soon restored her courage.

The younger children were now taken care of, but there was no schooling for those of high school age. So the alumni helped the villagers build a trade school, and the Congregational Christian Service Committee provided a fine young Greek as director. In this school were taught farming, blacksmithing, carpentry, masonry, tailoring, cooking, sewing, and child care — the simple skills which the young people needed to improve their village life. Word of the school soon spread and young people began coming from nearby villages.

So striking was the improvement in Lefkohori that both UNESCO and the Congregational Christian Service Committee selected this village as a pilot project in village rehabilitation. They gave advice and financial assistance to enable other organizations to undertake similar work. Among those who took advantage of this opportunity were the YMCA, other private schools, and the University of Thessaloniki.

But our young people did not confine their efforts to work in the villages. During the civil war, when refugees were pouring into the city in great numbers, the alumni conducted a child feeding station at which four hundred children were given a daily meal and medical care. After the war was over, both alumni and older students at the college volunteered their services in orphanages and in the city school for the blind.

The Alumni Association purchased from the college the former Girls’ School property on Allatini Street and renovated the unburned annex. They built tennis and basketball courts and made the place a very attractive center both for their own social activities and for their welfare services. One of their projects was a nursery school for little children from the nearby
refugee settlement in Kalamaria. This not only provided valuable training for the children but also freed the mothers to find work to support their families. This nursery school was later taken over by the city.

In this contact with the families in Kalamaria, the alumni learned that the children attending school were learning to read but had nothing to read at home. So a number of years later, with the help of Mrs. Mendenhall, wife of the Director of the Congregational Service Committee, they started the only children’s library in the city. The girls at the college helped by writing Greek captions to non-Greek picture books. In the rapidly growing suburb of Kalamaria, there was also a problem caused by the lack of educational facilities for older boys and young men. Through the initiative of some Anatolia graduates, a branch of the YMCA was established.

The various service projects of Anatolia College’s young people were greatly appreciated, and the Thessaloniki Chamber of Commerce was so impressed that it voted to finance thirty scholarships at the college. In informing us of this grant, the President of the Chamber said: “We don’t know much about what is going on on your campus, but we know what your young people are doing in the community. And what we see leads us to believe that you are giving our young people the kind of training that Greece needs. We know of no better way of helping Greece than by making this fine education available to worthy boys and girls who cannot pay for it themselves.”

People often spoke about the community services of the graduates of Anatolia College, and university professors sometimes brought their students in education to learn about the college program of extra-curricular activities. But I only remember one comment about our academic program. This came from a professor who was a member of the committee giving examinations for admission to the University of Thessaloniki. One of the important tests was the writing of a brief essay on some assigned topic. This professor was surprised to find that most of the best essays were written by Anatolia graduates. He said to one of our graduates: “You must have a very good teacher of composition at your school.” The student replied: “I can’t remember any of my teachers giving us much training in composition.” “Then how do you account for the fact that most of the best essays written in these examinations are written by graduates of your school?” The graduate thought for a moment and then he said: “I wonder if our chapel services have anything to do with this? We have chapel six mornings a week, and we are accustomed to hearing our teachers spend a few minutes presenting their ideas. Maybe this helps us improve our own way of expressing ourselves.” In telling me about this incident, the professor said: “I have often
thought about this and wondered if there might not be a good bit of truth in what your graduate said.”

The last war-time incident in which the college was closely concerned was the famous Polk murder case. George Polk, an American newspaper correspondent, was eager to have an interview with the leader of the guerrillas. Someone introduced him to Helen Mamas, a former teacher at Anatolia who was then in newspaper work in Athens. She sent him to Gregory Stacktopoulos, a graduate of Anatolia. In the course of his news gathering, Stacktopoulos had come in contact with a supporter of the guerrillas; through him, an arrangement was made for the interview. Polk, Stacktopoulos, and the friend of the guerrillas had dinner one night at a seaside restaurant on the outskirts of the city. Sometime before midnight, a boat came along and picked them up. They were told that they would row across the bay to a point where an escort would be waiting for them, with horses, to lead them to the guerrillas’ secret headquarters.

Well out from the shore, Polk was shot and his body thrown overboard. Stacktopoulos was given Polk’s passport and other papers with orders to mail them to the police. He was warned that if he breathed a word to anyone, not only would he be killed, but his mother and sister would be killed as well. The next day Stacktopoulos put the papers in an envelope, and fearing that his handwriting might be traced, he had his mother write the address and mail the envelope. The arrival of the papers, the disappearance of Polk, and later the discovery of the body led to an intensive manhunt. The only lead was the envelope in which Polk’s papers had been mailed. It happened to be a rather unusual design, so the police searched every stationery store and newstand in town. In one of these they found envelopes for sale which matched the type used in mailing Polk’s papers. They then examined every piece of mail coming from that area. After weeks of disappointing effort, their patience was finally rewarded. An envelope turned up with the same texture and with the same handwriting used for the Polk papers. The handwriting was easily traced to Mrs. Stacktopoulos, and she was arrested. Gregory then went to the police, told the whole story, and took his mother’s place in jail.

At the trial in April 1949, the lawyer for the defense was Mr. Vassilikos, the father of an Anatolia graduate, Vassili, the author of Z. At that trial, I was the only witness for the defense, and I was glad to be able to state emphatically that I had known Stacktopoulos for many years, both as a student at Anatolia College and afterwards, and that I was sure he was not the kind of person who would knowingly lead a man to his death. To our great dis-
appointment, he was found guilty and was sentenced to imprisonment for life. (Actually, he was released after twelve years.) George Polk’s brother was at the trial, and I was glad to have him tell me that he believed Stacktopoulos’ statement that he was simply trying to help a fellow writer get a story.

There has been much speculation as to the reason for Polk’s murder. Some said the Greek government was behind it, because they did not want a story about the guerrillas to appear in American newspapers. But there is no evidence to support this theory. A book recently published theorizes that the British were involved. But again there is no supporting evidence, and it is hard to see any reason for British action. A third, and I believe the most generally accepted theory, is that the guerrillas did it to cause trouble for the Greek government.

In 1950, I became the fourth president of Anatolia College upon the retirement of Ernest Riggs. The first president had been Charles Tracy, who had guided the school in its development from a high school to a four-year college. He was followed by George E. White, who bore the brunt of the tragic final years in Turkey and who was responsible for reopening the school in Greece. The third president was Ernest Riggs, who literally had been connected with Anatolia College all his life. He was born on the campus in Merzifon and died in 1952, in the midst of a speaking tour in the interests of the college.

As life in Greece was returning to normal, my wife and I resumed our practice of going abroad for a month each summer, except for the times when we were too busy with the construction of new buildings. We no longer went to Lake Ochrid, as Yugoslavia was now a communist country, and our friends, the Adjemovitches, had fled to America. We joined Charlie and Ann House to go to a delightful spot we had found in the Salzach Valley in Austria. We stayed in a simple little pension two or three miles from the nearest town. It was not at all stylish but was neat and clean and cost us about $1.50 per person per day for board and room! One year when our son Bill was teaching at the college, he and his wife, Mary, and their three-year-old, Dicky, were there with us. We did a lot of mountain climbing and visited famous places within easy driving distance: Krimml Falls, the highest in Europe; the great glacier near the top of Gross Glockner; and one year the music festival at Salzburg.

Our last years of active service were the most satisfying of all the forty-five years we had been connected with Anatolia College. The fighting was finally over, and the economy and standard of living in Greece were slowly re-
covering. At the college, the signs of war had been removed from the buildings and grounds. For the Girls’ School, a new classroom building was completed in 1951, a second in 1952, and a new dormitory in 1957. So the girls were able to move from their cramped temporary quarters to their own area of the campus across the road from the boys. In both schools, lost equipment and furnishings were replaced, and we had new and better laboratories than we had ever had. The library shelves were gradually refilled. The German army had sold the books by the truckload to dealers in the city. Many of our graduates and other friends bought these books, and when the school reopened they returned them to the library.

An outstanding part of our satisfaction were the graduates, men and women alike. Almost without exception, they had become useful and influential members of their communities. The list includes professors, teachers, doctors, nurses, lawyers, pastors, authors, artists, newspaper editors and reporters, diplomats, mayors, engineers, factory owners, chemists, and countless numbers of successful businessmen and women. Many of these alumnae were housewives and mothers, whose homes it was a joy to visit. And the many and varied welfare services of our graduates and students played a great part in the rehabilitation of many who had suffered so greatly the ravages of war.

Commencement exercises at Anatolia College are held at sunset in an open space in front of the main college building. The graduates can look across “the winedark sea” to Mt. Olympos, the mythical home of the gods. It is a reminder to them of their heritage as Greeks, and an incentive to do their part in building in Greece today a civilization worthy of their ancestry. The exercises follow a traditional pattern. At the close of the program, the graduates line up on the steps of the main building beside an altar with a flame symbolizing the spirit of the school. They light their torches at this flame and promise to carry with them the light they have received. Then they recite in unison the traditional graduates’ pledge:

“In loyalty to the ideals of my Alma Mater, the hopes of my parents, and the needs of my country, I pledge myself that wherever I go, whatever I do, I will make the guiding light of my life not wealth, nor fame, nor power, but the love of God and the love of my fellow men. I will live not for myself alone but for the good of my community, my country, and the whole brotherhood of man.”

At the commencement exercises in June 1958, Howard Johnston was inaugurated as the fifth president of Anatolia College. In my farewell remarks to the graduates I said:
Tonight Mrs. Compton and I are graduating with you. You have been here for five or six years. For us, Anatolia has been our home for forty-five years. For you, Anatolia has been a preparation for life. For us, it has been our life.

When I began teaching at Anatolia College in 1913, I never dreamed that I would later decide to make this my life work. I have never regretted that decision. Except for the wars and their attendant evils, I cannot imagine a more satisfying life. We had colleagues who were not only able fellow workers but also warm personal friends. We had eager and responsive students, most of whom, in their years after college, lived up to our hopes and dreams for them. And we had the privilege of living in Greece, to revel in “the glory that was Greece,” and to enjoy the warm hospitality of its people today. All of this, plus the constant love and companionship and support of my wife. What more could one ask of life?
In Retirement

Soon after commencement in June 1958, we disposed of our furniture, packed our bags and made ready to return to America. We were invited to travel across Europe with Forrest and Theresa Varney. Mr. Varney was an American engineer who had just completed the installation of electric power plants in northern Greece. They had lived in Thessaloniki most of that time and we had become very good friends. We first went to Turkey, visiting Istanbul, ancient Troy, Izmir, Ephesus, Ankara, and finally, the highlight for Ruth and me, one last nostalgic visit to Merzifon.

We were slightly uneasy as to how we would be received in Merzifon, but we need not have worried. The Turkish officers in the military school on what had been the Anatolia College campus greeted us very cordially. One of the officers took us on a tour, and he told us with considerable pride that what had been Anatolia College was about to become the West Point of Turkey. We were not particularly impressed with what we saw. What had been playing fields were now filled with shabby Quonset huts, and the former college buildings were rather dilapidated. It was a far cry from the cleanliness and good order which I had seen when I first entered the campus forty-five years earlier.

Our first stop in Europe was in a small city in Yugoslavia, the home of a Serbian girl who was a graduate of Anatolia College. She had given us a very cordial invitation to spend the night there, as she wanted us to meet her parents. She assured us that they had a large house with plenty of room for all four of us. On the evening of the appointed day, as we drove into the city, our hostess was standing beside the road waiting for us. She was obviously very embarrassed. She told us that earlier that morning the communist government had requisitioned their home and moved in four families. Her fami-
ily was allowed to keep two bedrooms but was obliged to share everything else with the new families. Our friend led us to a hotel, where she had engaged rooms for us; but she insisted that we have dinner with her family. She said she would come for us at nine: they could not eat earlier, because they had to wait their turn in using the kitchen and dining room in what had been their own home. Our dinner was delicious, but the atmosphere was rather strained. We were told that not only their house but also a drugstore owned by the father and a cinema owned by a brother had been taken. The men were allowed to continue running the establishments, but now they would be paid a small salary, all of the profits going to the government.

This first-hand experience with what it means to live under a communist government was a rather disturbing beginning of our homeward journey. But the rest of it was very pleasant, especially a stay of a couple of weeks with our daughter and her family in Dortmund, Germany. Another high spot was being royally entertained by an Anatolia graduate who was in the shipping business in London.

We arrived in America early in October 1958, and made our temporary home with our son, Bill, and his family in Mt. Hermon, Massachusetts, where Bill was on the faculty of the Northfield Mt. Hermon School. Shortly after the New Year, Ruth and I set out for a trip around the country. Our purpose was both pleasure and business. We visited relatives, Anatolia College alumni and former teachers and other friends. We were on the road for seven months, traveled through thirty-six states and covered some 20,000 miles. We spoke at schools, churches, Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, Chambers of Commerce, Greek-American societies, and various other gatherings. When we returned to Mt. Hermon, we began at once to look for a home of our own; and with the help of Bill and Mary, we soon found one in Northfield just five miles away from their home. Northfield is a beautiful little New England town with about 2,500 inhabitants. The chief feature of the town is the Northfield School with its wealth of interesting activities — music, dramatics, lectures, athletics. We soon became very happily involved in community, church, and school affairs.

But our chief interest continued to be Anatolia College. We regularly attended meetings of the Board of Trustees in Boston and were visited by many Anatolia College alumni and teachers. We made two trips back to Greece, the first in 1961, to share in the 75th anniversary of the founding of the college. The second trip was a very delightful surprise. Quite unexpectedly, we received an invitation to come to Greece as guests of the Anatolia College Alumni Association. The Association not only sent us round trip air
tickets, but also insisted on paying all of our expenses while we were there. October, 1970, was one of the happiest months of our lives. We were entertained morning, noon, and night at alumni gatherings, and in alumni homes, both in Thessaloniki and in Athens. It was an unforgettable experience.

We returned to Northfield with many very happy memories and for another nine years continued to enjoy our life there. But as we grew older, we began to feel rather housebound by the rigors of New England winter weather, and we decided to move to sunny Florida near our daughter, Esther. She found a cottage for us in an attractive retirement community on the shore of Tampa Bay just two miles away from her house. We moved there early in November 1979, and were just beginning to feel settled when Ruth had a heart attack. It did not seem to be particularly serious, but a few days later she passed away quietly in her sleep.

In going through Ruth’s desk, I found a letter in which she had written:

When the time comes for me to leave this lovely earth I hope there will be no mourning because I have had a wonderful life and many more of the world’s blessings than are my share, with a husband of the finest qualities and children who inherited their father’s best characteristics. All of this, with friends and experiences far beyond those of most people.

To you, Carl, I owe the deepest gratitude for having been a husband with patience and understanding and love such as no woman deserves. Try to remember me as one who loved you to the bottom of her heart. I’ll be waiting for you when your time comes.
Anatolia College began with few resources beyond the vision and courage and faith of its founders. Time and again it has faced disaster. Three times it has moved bodily from one campus to another. Three times its doors have been closed by war. But from each seeming disaster the school rose again, stronger than ever, because of the courage and devotion of trustees, teachers and staff, students, and alumni who refused to be crushed by circumstances. They never doubted the truth of the college motto that no matter how dark the night, “The morning cometh.”

Through all the ups and downs of its history, through all the changes in personnel and in program, there has been a unity of ideals and purposes handed down from one college generation to the next. In its early days, Dr. Tracy, the first president, made this statement about the fundamental purpose of the school. Today, this statement is just as relevant as when it was first made, nearly one hundred years ago.

“What do we need above all things? Not magnificence of architecture, not imitation of and competition with other institutions; not the sumptuous paraphernalia of a high civilization; but a leadership inspired with a love of God and man. Without this, the sonorous intonations of learning, the noise of progress, the pleasing harmonies of art — are all but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.”
PART III
ALBUM
IMAGES OF
CARL COMPTON
AND HIS TIMES
Carl C. Compton: Missionary, Educator, Relief Worker, Dean and President of Anatolia College. In this 1958 photograph, Carl Compton and a young friend are walking near the campus – a lifetime habit and characteristic moment.

Carl Compton joined Anatolia College in 1913 at its Merzifon (Marsovan) campus in Turkey out of Grinnell College for a two-year teaching assignment that grew into a lifetime of service. His wife Ruth, a college classmate whom he married in 1917, was partner within the family and in his career, which spanned the years 1913-1958.

During those tumultuous years, they witnessed the forced closing of the School, including the massacres in 1922 and Anatolia’s eviction from Turkey, its relocation to Thessaloniki in 1924, and the construction of a new campus in Pylea. When Anatolia was reopened after WWII (fall 1945), they helped the School rebuild once again.

From 1917-1919, the Comptons worked with Armenian refugees in the Caucasus and Siberia. Carl also served as UNRRA’s Director for Northern Greece in 1944-1945.

The illustrations that follow reflect part of their incredible journey.
2. The Williams College Obelisk commemorating the 1806 “Haystack Meeting” and the origins of the American Foreign Missions movement, from which Anatolia College would ultimately emerge in 1886 after its founders separated from Bebek Seminary (later, Robert College) and moved from Constantinople to Marsovan. In addition to Anatolia’s preparation of missionaries and philanthropic work, another of its founding purposes was “to train men and women of Christian character for the highest service to their country.”
3. The Western Turkey region of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM), within which Marsovan was located.

Anatolia College’s first three Presidents:

5. George E. White (1913-1933).
7. As the Ottoman Empire declined, modern nation states arose in the wake of their struggles for independence.

9. Carl Compton c. 1911.


13. Carl Compton, first on left, at a Grinnell service society meeting of the YMCA, of which Carl was an ardent supporter.
14. Carl and Ruth Compton as young missionaries, newlyweds off to their first adventure in Japan on their way to Siberia, 1917.

15. Anatolia College campus, Marsovan 1901. View from the South.
16. After moving from Constantinople, the Marsovan campus gradually expanded in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.
17. The geographical range from which Anatolia drew its students.
18. The Main College Hall on Anatolia’s Marsovan campus: “Within the enclosure were the Theological Seminary, College and Girls’ School ... At the highest point in the premises was located the square, white-plastered, two story structure with basement below and small bell-tower above, originally erected in 1871 at a cost of ... $1,760, for the Theological Seminary. This building was the authorized cradle of the College” (George E. White, *Adventuring with Anatolia College*). Efforts to have the bell-tower clock returned to the School have to date been unsuccessful.

19. Anatolia College Library, Marsovan c. 1909.
20. Anatolia College staff, Marsovan 1920. President and Mrs. White, front row center; Carl Compton second from right, standing; Ruth Compton third from right, seated.

21. Anatolia College staff, WWI period. The nine figures later marked with an “X” were known to have been killed. Carl Compton seated, second from right in the front row.
22. Home Economics class, Marsovan c. 1900.

23. Anatolia School for the Deaf, Marsovan, early 1900s. Miss Arshalous der Kaloustian with students. This was the first such school to operate in Asia Minor.

25. Anatolia College Orchestra, Marsovan c. 1909.
26. The famous Pontus Club, named after the Greek word for the region encompassing Marsovan (it refers to the Black Sea coastal regions, largely settled by Greeks). It was composed of three sections: literary, athletic, and musical.

27. Symeon Ananiadis displaying his athletic medals. Simos, a star athlete and member of the Pontus Club, was hanged by the Turks in 1921 together with a teammate and members of the faculty. It must have been particularly moving for Carl and Ruth to welcome Simos’ niece, Effie (’63), to Anatolia in 1958, during their last year on the Thessaloniki campus. Her brother Antonis (’65) and younger sister Tessa (’72) followed the family tradition, now on the transplanted campus. The other faculty and student who were hanged were: Dimitrios Theocarisades, Professor of Greek; Pavlos Pavlides, Professor of Religion; Charalambos Efstatides, Teacher; Panayiotis Lambrianides, Teacher, and Anastasios Pavlides, high school student.
28. Anatolia Armenian girls rescued from the Turks (1915), 1921 photo.

29. Charlotte R. Willard, Principal, Girls’ Boarding School, Marsovan 1909. Miss Willard and Miss Frances Gage were the rescuers of Anatolia’s Armenian girls (illustration 28).


31. Greek orphans at the Anatolia College Orphanage, Marsovan 1919.
Dec 12, 1918, Thursday
The White House, Washington

“For more than three years American philanthropy has been a large factor in keeping alive Armenian, Syrian, Greek, and other exiles and refugees of Western Asia. On two former occasions I have appealed to the American people ... The response has been most generous, but now the period of rehabilitation is at hand. Vastly larger sums will be required to restore those once prosperous, but now impoverished, refugees to their homes than were required to sustain them in their desert exile.

It is estimated that about 4,000,000 Syrian, Greek, and other war sufferers in the Near East will require outside help to sustain them through the Winter. Many of them are now hundreds of miles from their homeland. The vast majority of them are helpless women and children, including 400,000 orphans.

The American Committee for Relief in the Near East is appealing for a minimum of $30,000,000 to be subscribed from January 12-19, 1919, with which to meet the most urgent needs of these people.

I, therefore, again call upon the people of the United States to make even more generous contributions than they have made heretofore to sustain through the Winter months those who, through no fault of their own, have been left in a starving, shelterless condition, and to help re-establish these ancient and sorely oppressed people in their former homes on a self-supporting basis.” WOODROW WILSON
33. Poster released by the Near East Relief to accompany President Wilson’s appeal to raise funds for surviving victims in Asia Minor, 1918-19. Artist: William B. King.
34. The route followed by Carl and Ruth Compton across Siberia to assist Armenian refugees, 1917-1919.
35. Carl and Ruth Compton crossing Siberia by train, their Russian interpreter at left, fall 1918.
36. Turkey 1918-1923. At the end of WWI, under the Treaty of Sèvres, among other things the Allies created an independent Armenia and Kurdistan, invited Greece to occupy the region around Smyrna, largely populated by Greeks, and retained oversight of the region around Constantinople (renamed Istanbul after the Greek "eis tin polin", "to the city"). Following the defeat of the Greek army in Asia Minor, the Lausanne Treaty essentially revoked Sèvres.
37. 1926 League of Nations relocation map for Greek refugees, 1923-1926. More than 1,000,000 refugees passed through Thessaloniki, and many settled there.

39. Tents in a refugee camp in Kalamaria, Thessaloniki 1923 (from the Historical Archive of Προσφυγικός Ελληνισμός).
40. Anatolia’s campus (a former casino and WWI barracks) in the Harilaou area, Thessaloniki. Upon its reopening in Greece, Anatolia was “a struggling little refugee school with an enrollment of 115 boys, 113 born outside the country.”

41. Anatolia Girls’ School (the “Pasha’s palace”), Allatini area, Thessaloniki. The Girls’ School main building burned in summer 1945; the Alumni Association later purchased the property and renovated the annex, which survived the fire.
42. Anatolia students and teachers with the Macedonian Education Inspector and a representative of the Metropolitan of Thessaloniki on the day the School received its permit to operate in Greece, 1925 (published in the *National Herald*, June 1925, from the Βιβλιοθήκη ΕΛΙΑ).

43. Carl Compton as basketball coach at the Harilaou campus, Thessaloniki c. 1930.

46. The Pylea campus before landscaping began.

47. President George White and others standing before the gate of the new campus, 1928. “The infant school Dr. White had rescued from the holocaust of war in Anatolia, resuscitated in the free air of Greece, and nursed into adolescence, was ready ...”.

48. Macedonia Hall under construction, 1933-34. The first President’s house (Morley) had already been completed, and Minnesota (Stephens) and Alumni (Compton) Halls were constructed during the same period. Total budget: $153,500. As Alice Riggs noted, it was a “miracle” that funds were secured during the Depression years. Carl Compton began the library in Macedonia Hall with 1,000 books he had rescued from the Marsovan campus. The student body numbered 136 boys, and the School had a faculty of 14 including President Riggs, Dean Compton, and the business manager. Apart from dependents’ allowances, all Americans received the same salary and a ticket to the U.S. every three years. When fund-raising fell short, they as well as the other teachers took pay cuts.
49. Carl and Ruth Compton with their children, William (Bill) and Esther, mid-1930s.

50. The Comptons’ first home in Panorama, 1925.

51. Outside Morley House, Christmas Day 1938. Carl and Ruth Compton, center. Starting to the left of Carl: Mary Stephens, then recently married to Everett Stephens, English instructor and subsequent Chairman of the Board. Above Mrs. Stephens are Esther Peck and (at top) John Martin, English teachers who later married. At top right is Orestes Iatrides, long-time teacher and head of the Korais Primary School, which carried on the spirit of Anatolia when it was closed during WWII. Below him are two visiting Smith College students on either side of Nellie McGavren, Ruth’s mother.
52. Poster of the wounded being led back from the Albanian front, 1940-41. At the outbreak of the Albanian war (winter 1940-1941), during which Italy invaded Greece, Anatolia College was closed and served as the 5th Military Hospital of Macedonia. By the end of December 1940, between 400 and 500 people were living on the campus, including the wounded, medical personnel, and about 60 members of the Anatolia staff and their families.

53. The Quisling General Georgios Tsolakoglou signing the final draft of the protocol of capitulation surrendering the Greek Army to the Germans in Macedonia Hall (old President’s Office), April 23, 1941. During the German Occupation, the campus served as the German Headquarters for the Balkans (1941-1944). The underground bunkers serve as a reminder of those grim years.
55. Greek poster c. 1942-1943, promises justice under the National Liberation Front (EAM).
56. Greek poster c. 1942-1943, portraying an Evzone symbolizing Greece, warns of Stalin and Communism.
“Greece has moved the world with her brave stance against overwhelming odds. There followed the even more tragic years of the Occupation, when the Greek people proved once more that they possess the intellectual and spiritual characteristics that have enabled them to live nobly in the face of tragedy.”

“What do we need above all things? Not magnificence of architecture, not imitation of and competition with other institutions, not the sumptuous paraphernalia of a high civilization, but a leadership inspired with a love of God and man. Without this, the sonorous intonations of learning, the noise of progress, the pleasing harmonies of art – are all but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.”

57. Excerpts from Carl Compton’s first post-WWII Commencement Address, 1946. The first paragraph, translated here from the Greek-language version of the Address, praises the courage and fortitude of the Greek people during the years of World War II and the Occupation. The second paragraph, here cited in the original, quotes Anatolia’s first President Charles C. Tracy (1886-1913) on Anatolia’s fundamental purpose.

58. Four Greek boys about to be admitted to a tuberculosis preventorium being outfitted with new clothes at the UNRRA Zappeion Gardens clothing depot, Athens. The clothes were part of the used clothing collected in the U.S. by the United Clothing Collection. Carl Compton was the UNRRA Director for Northern Greece, organizing logistics for the delivery of critically-need supplies ranging from food – in July 1945 alone, 1,000,000 people in Northern Greece received rations – and clothing to materials for the resurrection of agricultural and industrial activities. Anatolia students assisted these efforts.
59. Aerial view of the Anatolia campus c. 1951.
This promotional brochure was prepared near the end of Carl Compton’s tenure to help raise funds in the U.S. as part of an ongoing effort by the Trustees to meet the increasing financial needs of their pioneering philanthropic mission.

60. Faculty members regularly met in the President’s home to discuss ongoing campus activities as well as longer-term goals and objectives.

61. Coursework focused on general education, first-hand acquaintance with great books and ideas, and emphasized students’ active participation in the learning process.
62. Anatolia had the first science laboratory in Northern Greece, the gift of an alumnus.

63. Child-care classes provided hands-on, practical training for life.

64. Competitive sports played an important role in an Anatolia education from its earliest days in Marsovan.

65. Anatolia’s female students also participated in athletic activities chosen to develop grace, posture, and strength.
66. An Anatolia student explains volleyball basics to children in the village of Mavrorachi, which the School adopted following WWII.

67. The Christian Efforts Club regularly visited the Thessaloniki Foundling Home to entertain the children.

68. A class trip to Kastoria provided opportunities to Anatolia girls to visit the city and study its traditions and customs at first hand.

69. Daily chapel visitors (here, a sociologist from Athens) helped to bring the outside world within Anatolia’s walls.
70. Anatolia’s Student Government immersed in discussion, with humor but firmness.


72. Carl Compton in the 1950s.

74. Carl Compton enjoyed a cordial relationship with the Greek Orthodox Clergy. It is said that Thessaloniki Bishop Gennadius intervened on Anatolia’s behalf to secure a critical parcel of land during the period when properties were being acquired for the new campus on behalf of an “undisclosed buyer” in order to keep costs down.
75. Carl Compton and Anatolia Alumni during “March Assembly 1957,” at which Alumni presented an artistic program featuring recitations, Greek music, and songs.

76. Carl Compton visiting Anatolia’s mission with war-ravaged villages with his successor President Howard Johnston (1958-1964) and his family, 1958.
CARL & RUTH COMPTON’S YEARS AT ANATOLIA
(Illustrations 77-86)
Anatolia 1958 Yearbook Pictorial Tribute to Carl Compton
The following section of the Yearbook was entitled
“You will be unforgettable”

77. Carl and Ruth at an Alumni Association Ball.

78. Portrait of Carl Compton as President of Anatolia College. The senior class hung the portrait on the second floor of Macedonia Hall. Today, the portraits of Anatolia’s past Presidents hang in the School’s Eleftheriades Library.

79. Accompanying one of the Anatolia athletic teams to Veria.

80. Preparing to give a public lecture. Carl Compton was a notable speaker, and was often asked to speak at important events both within and outside the College.
81-82. Carl Compton’s door was always open to everyone – from diplomats to students.

83. A student fortune-teller reveals President Compton’s future at the farewell celebration in his honor.

84. Awarding a prize on Field Day.

85. The dinner in honor of the Comptons’ retirement and the arrival of Dr. Howard Johnston (President 1958-1964). By this time, Anatolia College had become the leading six-year (ages 12-18) Gymnasium in Thessaloniki, with a student body of over 600, still separated into a boys’ and girls’ school. The boarding department housed students from various cities and villages of Northern Greece. Competition for one of the School’s coveted scholarships was intense.

86. Carl and Ruth Compton with incoming Anatolia President Howard Johnston, his wife and two sons, 1958.
87. - 88. Two of Anatolia College’s best-known philologists, both hired by Carl Compton. Left: Nikos Hourmouziades, ancient Greek scholar and theater director. The 1957-1958 Drama Club play was Jean Anouilh’s *The Lark*, in an original Greek translation by Dr. Hourmouziades. Right: Nikos Papahatzis, the author among other works of an extensive commentary on Pausanias’s *Travels in Greece*.

89. Flag Day 1957. During a ceremony held outside Macedonia Hall, President Compton entrusted the flags that would be carried during the “Oxi” Day parade to the School’s flag-bearers. October 25, 1957. Anatolia music teacher Tasos Pappas is directing the Chorale, with the faculty standing in the front row. In the background: Minnesota (Stephens) Hall.

90. - 91. Anatolia College students marching along the quay in the annual October parade. Visible in the background is Thessaloniki’s Old Harbor. October 27, 1957.
92. Anatolia College’s activities, ranging from its Halloween, Thanksgiving, and Christmas celebrations to the arrival of President Howard Johnston and one of Carl Compton’s public lectures, were well-covered by the Thessaloniki press in 1957-1958.

93. Commencement at Grinnell College, June 1959, at which Carl Compton received an honorary LL.D. and was also the Commencement speaker. His speech (cf. Part I, “Carl Compton at 68”) demonstrated a prescient understanding of what were to become the greatest challenges facing mankind in the 21st century.
94. The Comptons’ retirement home in Northfield, Massachusetts.

95. Compton family gathering. Carl and Ruth Compton (center), surrounded by son William and his wife Mary (to left) and their daughter Esther Compton Miseroy (to right). The Compton grandchildren (left to right) are Elizabeth, Robert (front) and Richard Compton, and John and Blair Miseroy. Taken in the garden of the Northfield home, 1963.
96. Carl and Ruth Compton in the 1970s.

97. Carl Compton in retirement c. 1970. On the wall above Carl's desk are the two honors he had received for his service to Greece: the Golden Cross of the Order of George I, and the vote by the Thessaloniki City Council making him an honorary citizen (see also Appendix D). On the other wall is a photograph of Macedonia Hall. Carl Compton led by personal example and inspiration, and his life is a testament to his beliefs, encapsulated in the Graduation Oath that he authored:

“In loyalty to the ideals of my Alma Mater, the hopes of my parents, and the needs of my country, I pledge myself that wherever I go, whatever I do, I will make the guiding light of my life, not wealth, nor fame nor power, but the love of God and the love of my fellow-men. I will live not for myself alone, but for the good of my community, my country, and the whole brotherhood of man.”
98. The Anatolia College campus today.
99 a, b. The 2007 Anatolia College graduation ceremony. Since the Pylea campus began operating in 1934, graduations have been held outside Macedonia Hall in late June or early July. The ceremony itself was designed during the Presidency of Ernest Riggs (1933-1950), and the original Graduation Oath was written by Carl Compton.
The seal and logo reflect Anatolia’s history and values. The School’s name is derived from the Greek word “anatoli,” meaning “sunrise” and the word “Anatolia,” of course, is a synonym for Asia Minor. On the contemporary seal, Macedonia Hall is depicted with Mt. Hortiatis in the background as the sun’s rays break forth. Hence the School colors, sun-gold and sky-blue, and its motto, “Morning Cometh,” as the Anatolia Anthem rejoices. To quote Everett Stephens, the School “survived against all odds.” The original backdrop was Mt. Akdag (White Mountain), which rose beyond the Marsovan plain.
LETTERS OF CARL C. COMPTON TO HIS WIFE RUTH,
WHILE WORKING AS DIRECTOR OF UNRRA OPERATIONS
IN THESSALONIKI, GREECE
(September 1944 - September 1945)

An eyewitness report of personal life and relief work
in and around war-devastated Thessaloniki,
immediately following the city’s liberation

Thessaloniki
March 2002
Preface

I have excerpted from Carl Compton’s letters — mostly to his wife Ruth — which were written from the fall of 1944 through the summer of 1945, while he was serving as Director of UNRRA Operations in Macedonia.

My original purpose in gathering this material was to provide Carl Compton’s five grandchildren with information which would give a broader picture of the man they knew and loved.

But I had some idea that this portion of his letters might be of interest to a broader audience, and this opinion was supported by John Iatrides, who is a historian specializing in the history of modern Greece, and whose father Orestes Iatrides is mentioned several times in these letters.

At his suggestion, the explanatory notes and background information have been considerably expanded, and I am grateful to him for the bulk of the information they provide, although what they actually contain is entirely my own responsibility.

My choice of passages from the letters was based on three criteria:
1. those that would illuminate the activities and character of Carl Compton for his grandchildren;
2. comments relating to matters associated with the re-opening of Anatolia College; and
3. material that would tell something about UNRRA operations and conditions in Macedonia at that time.

William R. Compton
September 2001
Last December, I had the privilege of receiving a copy of the transcript of the letters appearing in these pages, prepared by William R. Compton, son of “our” teacher, basketball coach, Dean, and finally President of our Alma Mater, Anatolia College. For the students who graduated before 1960, and for all those who had the opportunity to meet and know him, Carl Compton was a truly remarkable and unforgettable man.

Some of us, however, remember with great admiration Dr. Compton for yet another service he rendered to us with quiet efficiency and distinction, this one outside the educational field: directing the United Nations relief and rehabilitation work in Thessaloniki and Central Macedonia during the first year following liberation from the German occupation forces, a year that was critical for the nation’s survival.

Reading these letters, I relived the atmosphere of those difficult days, was allowed into the chambers of high level decision-making, and came to have a deeper and more intimate understanding of the personality and ideals of the author of these messages.

My immediate thought was that these letters must be made available to those who are interested in that period, whose local history has remained generally unknown. I discussed with several among Anatolia’s “old timers” the possibility of producing for free distribution initially one hundred copies of the transcript and I received encouragement and support from George Savvas, ’46, John O. Iatrides, ’50, and John E. Keshishoglou, ’50.

No changes were made in the text of the original letters. With the approval of William R. Compton, however, the names of certain officials mentioned in the letters and two photographs of Dr Carl C. Compton were added.

Manos Iatridis, ’46
I. En Route to Thessaloniki

Somewhere in Egypt, September 3, 1944

Dear Ruth:

. . . I can’t tell you where I am or very much about what I am doing. It is a good thing I arrived when I did as otherwise my associates might already have moved. I have spent a rather hectic week, getting into the harness of a new job — meeting new associates — interviewing possible additional workers — attending conferences, committee meetings, etc. The job I am slated for is much bigger than I had realized and sometimes takes my breath away.

I have seen the Prime Minister twice, once on an official call with Archer and once alone by special invitation. I was quite overwhelmed by his cordiality and expressions of appreciation. I realize more than ever what a lucky break for me the Washington job was. Incidentally, I was quite surprised to read in the local Sunday morning paper extracts from a report I made out in Washington . . .

Yesterday I had lunch in a garden villa near the river with the officers, British and American, with whom I shall be closely associated. They seem to be a very fine group. When we parted one of them remarked they were quite relieved as they had feared a “Washington desk polisher” who knew nothing about the country.

Egypt, October 1, 1944

Dear Ruth:

. . . I’d rather have the job I came out to fill than any other job UNRRA has to offer. In addition to a personal interest in that area, it is by far the largest District and I believe one of the most, if not the most, important. There are 3 Deputy Directors. One was here when I arrived, a 2nd came yesterday. He left his job with his gov’t to take this. He seems like a fine chap, capable and attractive.
Friday, October 13, 1944

... There has been lots of excitement around here today. It is reported that Athens has been liberated and Greek school children have been parading around waving Greek flags and singing and cheering. If the report is true, one can imagine the scenes that are taking place in Athens today. 29
II. Thessaloniki and Macedonia

Thessaloniki, Greece, November 23, 1944

. . . I have finally arrived at the place for which I started over a year ago. How shall I describe my sensations? It was both thrilling and depressing. Word soon got around that I was here and hundreds of students, teachers and others came to see me. Most looked better than I had expected but most of our teachers looked worn and strained . . . . Many students have lost one or both parents.

The needs are almost overwhelming — especially for clothing, blankets, window glass, and for material to repair damaged houses in the villages. Business, industry, and transport are almost nonexistent and thousands walk up and down with nothing to do. Hundreds of people have besieged me for work — and I have none to give. Costa Sianos and Socrat[es] Iacovides are working in our office and quite a number have work with ML . . . .

Many have work with the Swedish Swiss Relief Commission . . . .

I live at the Astoria [Hotel], which is an officer’s mess — and how! I have been to the College once. It is all occupied by troops.

Sometimes people come to see me before breakfast. I usually stop work at 7:30 P.M. — sometimes work thru till 10 or 11. Our office is in the Koniordos Bldg. (on the quay). We are on the north side, no glass in the windows, and bitterly cold, rainy, windy weather. We keep the same hours on Sunday as every other day.

It is terrible to have so little to give to people who need so much. Nobody begs for anything except work. How they continue to keep so cheerful and courageous I just can’t see.

Schools will open after Xmas it is hoped. Korais [a school established by Anatolia College faculty during the war] began special English classes this week with 150 students — twice as many as expected.
December 1, 1944

It seems terrible not to write oftener when I know how eagerly you are waiting for news. But most of these days I’ve been working from 8 A.M. to 11 P.M. with time out only for hurried meals. And Sunday is just the same as any other day. There are so many things that need doing and they all need to be done at once.

I moved from the Astoria to the Mediterranean Palace [Hotel] where I had what was once quite a grand room on the 2nd floor. It is now minus glass in the windows and the plumbing doesn’t work. The whole place is terribly dilapidated. Some of the same old waiters are still there and they greeted me like a long lost brother. I didn’t realize how many people I knew here. I can’t walk the block from the office to the hotel without meeting old friends.

This afternoon I took advantage of the tea hour to run out to Orestes’ [Iatrides] house for a meeting with our teachers. It was very moving to meet again after so much suffering. Most everybody was in tears. They all sent their cordial greetings to you and others of the College circle in America. Their loyalty and affection are very heart warming. They are full of hope and courage for the future. People are already clamoring for the opening of the College and it looks as if it will have a greater opportunity than ever. We sometimes wondered if the Americans would be wanted back again — but there seems to be no question in anybody’s mind about that.

I knew it would be hard to come back here, but if I had known just how hard I don’t know whether I would have had the courage to undertake it. The size of my job and its importance staggers me. There are so many complications, so many problems, so many needs. And we have so pitifully little to give to a country which has been stripped bare of almost everything.

December 8, 1944

I returned yesterday from a five-day trip up country . . . . The devastation in some places is appalling — houses, shops, bridges, telephone lines almost completely destroyed. The needs are so great that it would be almost impossible to meet them even if all were peaceful and quiet.

If it had not been for the devastation it would have been a pleasant trip. The country is beautiful, and we were greeted everywhere with the cordial hospitality that one always finds in this country. We had the best meals I’ve had since I left home. We would have felt guilty if it had not been for the fact that we could always leave some things which people can hardly find.

It was a rough trip, part of it in a jeep over terrible roads. Some rivers we crossed on ferries, some on bridges, and some we forded . . . .

. . . I am feeling fine. But I don’t feel so fine in other than physical ways. The situation is very depressing in many, many ways. This poor little country has had more than its share of troubles. How the people keep up their courage as much as they do is more than I can see. I must confess that I find it hard not to be discouraged. This is a time of all times when the united effort of all people, all pulling together, is so important.
Thessaloniki, December 15, 1944

... This is being written under rather difficult circumstances. I have on my heavy overcoat, and have a blanket wrapped around me, and still I’m shivering. I’m still in the hotel — but hope to move back to the Whites’ house soon. Not only is it much more comfortable there — but also when we move back it will mean that things have quieted down a bit. I don’t know how much you hear about what is going on here, nor how correct your information is. We knew we would find starvation, destruction and some factional feeling — but the actual situation is weird beyond our wildest imagining. It would be comic if it weren’t so tragic. How it is going to end no one can see — and in the meantime the people continue to suffer. Bridges are left unbuilt, buildings unrepaired, and factories stand idle. If the masses of people and the energy spent on demonstrations could be harnessed to some constructive work we might make some progress.

We have made some progress in getting relief out into the worst regions — after an exasperating delay due to the strike. The delay may be disastrous as the last convoy had to come back because bridgeless streams couldn’t be forded due to heavy rains. I investigated another region this week and we have plans all set to send relief there next week, weather and other conditions permitting. Tomorrow I plan to go to [Halkidiki] as no relief has yet gone to that area. Some days we can get out and go on with our work, other days we have to stay indoors.

We have been here a month now — tho it seems like a year. We have worked about 12 hours a day for seven days a week — without a single let up. Sometimes I’ve been so tired I could hardly climb the stairs to my room. (My office is on the 5th floor and no elevator.) But I have kept well — with only one little cold which soon passed. I have a good appetite — in spite of the terrible food (I should be very easy to cook for after a few more months of this food).

December 17, 1944

Dear Ernest [Riggs]:

... You can imagine how people flocked to see me and how impossible it was to refuse to see them. As a result I have been nearly frantic trying to keep ahead of the 101 tasks, all demanding attention at once. It is hard to keep from being depressed. The needs in themselves are overwhelming. The destruction and desolation are appalling. With united cooperation and goodwill the task would still be heartbreaking. But with conditions as they are it is almost impossible. Sometimes it seems to me that it just can’t be true and that it is all a terrible nightmare. The one ray of light is the loyalty and devotion of the College staff and students. With very few exceptions their spirit is inspiring. They are very much troubled at present, but full of hope and courage for the future of the College.

[The new US consul] turned me down flat when I asked him to cable the State Dept. to facilitate your coming just as soon as possible. I think I made a tactical er-
ror in bringing up that question before he had time to become acclimated. I shall take it up again soon. Just as soon as the situation quiets down I am sure that there is much you can do in helping the Korais staff, attending to College business and arranging for the reopening of the College. Many, many people have asked me when the school will reopen. It seems to me now that we should aim for next Sept. We have been able to place a good many of our boys as interpreters, secretaries, etc. So far we have not been able to do much for the girls.

UNRRA is terribly shorthanded because so many of our staff have not been able to get here. Of the three regions in my District we are able to work in only one. I have covered over half the region on investigation tours and hope to cover the rest within the next two or three weeks. The amount of [war-time] destruction is simply appalling, much of it willful and with no apparent military purpose. Every telephone and telegraph pole is chopped down; almost every bridge is destroyed; hundreds of villages have been burned; livestock has been driven off. The railroads are a hopeless mass of ruins. It is hard to see where the finances and materials are coming from to even make a beginning on reconstruction. There is much work that could be done with the materials at hand, but all public services and private enterprises are disorganized. Neither government nor industry has money to pay labor, so people are idle at a time when everyone should be devoting all his energy to rebuilding. Never in my life have I seen so depressing a situation.

But to return to the College. The buildings are all occupied [by British troops] as were the buildings in Marsovan after the First World War. We were living in the upstairs of the White house but had to move down to the hotel about a week ago and will probably have to stay there some days longer. The situation is tense and most anything can happen.

The Girls’ School is also occupied and is in bad condition. It doesn’t look as if it could ever be cleaned up again. No equipment to speak of is left at either place.

December 24, 1944

We have been especially rushed this week as we wanted to get just as many food convoys off as possible so as to bring a little cheer into the lives of as many people as possible at Xmas time. Today two UNRRA men took six truck loads of food up to the village near the top of the mountain back of the College. They said they never felt so much like Santa Claus in all their lives. That village suffered terribly and is over half burned down.

Do you remember the village where we went for the dedication of the church? I spent a couple of days in that place organizing a committee to distribute the food which we hope to send soon. It is going to be very difficult to send. The railroad is a complete wreck; the sea can’t be used unless we are lucky enough to have absolutely calm weather, which is very unusual at this time of year; the auto road is impassable for trucks as there are two rivers which have to be crossed on ferries which are big enough only for light cars.
At one village, when we came out of the town hall where we were organizing the committee, about 250 school children were lined up. They gave us a great cheer and one little girl made a very nice speech of welcome. The school teacher came up and spoke to me in English. I asked him where he had learned his English and he said “at Anatolia College in Marsovan, Turkey.” His name is Panos Stavroyannis. He was there before my day. Incidentally, this was one of the few places where the school was running regularly. In most places they have no books, no paper, no pencils, no windows, no fuel. Most everywhere children are barefoot and in rags. But they seem quite cheerful about it, and run and play and shout almost as usual . . . .

We now have a staff of 16 UNRRA people here and we are begging for more. We have to do all of the supervision of distributions in the country because our cousins [British army] can’t do that now. We simply have not enough people to go around. Regular routine of office work, reports, etc. has just gone by the boards. Most of our bunch are buckling down in grand style, only one or two find roughing it up country pretty hard work. And it is tough going. UNRRA was right in insisting upon stiff medical exams . . . .

We have a pretty homesick crowd around here and there doesn’t seem to be anything we can do about it. I am going to make a desperate effort to get us out of the hotel and into some conveniently located house before New Year’s.

Goodnight, my dear, and lots and lots of love to all of you. I hope you’ll have a very Merry Xmas even if I am not there. What wouldn’t I give to be with you.

December 29, 1944

... We still continue to work night and day for seven days a week and can’t keep up with the procession even at that. But at any rate we are not just hanging around waiting for things to quiet down. We are getting relief supplies out to the country on an increasing scale. I have a big map of the region in my office with a flag pinned in every area where we have sent food. It’s rather gratifying to see how much of the district we have covered.

That’s about the only gratifying thing I have to write about. I never in my life had a job where there was so little of exhilaration or encouragement. The best that we can do or have any hope of doing is but a drop in the bucket. And new needs are being created faster than we can meet the old ones. Yet we all feel that it is vitally important to keep on doing what we can. The food we are giving may not only keep people alive but may also help bring back sanity and order.

Our UNRRA staff here is showing very fine spirit. They are cheerfully putting up with very uncomfortable conditions of living and working, and willingly volunteer for long trips into the country with all of the discomforts and risks involved. But fortunately our risks are not really very great.

Wages are very high here now. A scrub woman gets about $1.50 a day plus food. An apple costs about 20 cents, an orange about 10. A pair of shoes costs about $50 and nobody even dreams of being able to buy a new suit of clothes. Many people
are out of work and many who have work don’t get paid. You just can’t see how they keep going . . .

January 1, 1945

. . . We had a report last night that gives us hope that the terrible struggle in this country will soon come to an end. [A truce following the fighting around Athens was signed January 12.] Anything else is suicidal. It was a very sad holiday season for most people here. They had hoped so much that they would be able to celebrate peace even if not in comfort.

. . . I have been conferring this morning on a very interesting proposition. The local govt. say they have some relief supplies to distribute to burned mountain villages. They have trucks, but no gasoline. They want us to provide the gasoline and UNRRA officers to supervise the distribution. ML has approved in principle and we are now working out the details.

Other callers this morning have been some of our own staff returning from up country. Without exception they are enthusiastic about their experience. They report fine cooperation all round and their conviction that the supplies are getting into the hands of people who would starve, or suffer serious malnutrition without them. The tragedy is that we do not have enough supplies to go around and that we do not have clothing to distribute as yet.

January 5, 1945

. . . Because of the bad weather we have been unable to send out the food convoys as planned — though we have sent to nearby places. But today the weather has been much milder and I hope we’ll have some better weather for a while. One just doesn’t dare let himself think about the poor people in windowless houses, with few clothes and no fuel. My four blankets and my overcoat haven’t been enough to keep me warm in these last few nights. I’m certainly thankful I bought a warm sweater in Cairo. I wear it night and day.

January 11, 1945

. . . You say you hope my work is a great satisfaction. Unfortunately it is far from that. What we have distributed is so pitifully inadequate that there is almost a riot every time we make a distribution. I had to spend two days last week on a rush trip up country where one of our men sent an SOS. I wish you could have seen (and heard) me making a speech from a balcony to a crowd of 4 or 5 thousand who were staging a demonstration demanding more relief. Part of the speech I made in Greek and they were so amused that it put them in a pretty good humor.
I am working late in the office tonight as I have to make another unexpected trip into the country tomorrow. I had not planned to go, but at the last minute one of our staff let me down hard. When he found he couldn’t have the kind of a car he thought he ought to have, he flatly refused to go. As there is no one else available, I’ll have to let my regular work slide and do this job of distribution relief. This is the first time anything of this sort has happened. For the most part the staff has been grand about putting up with all sorts of hardships and difficulties and disappointments. I don’t see that I have any choice but to ask our H.Q. at Athens to recall him. I’m terribly blue about it.

Athens, January 15, 1945

You’ll be surprised at this date line. In fact I’m rather surprised myself to be here. On Saturday I had a wire . . . asking me to come for a conference. On Sunday at 11:45 I had word to be at the airport at 12:30. It was a mad scramble — but I made it . . . .

Things are moving rapidly here — a truce has been signed and we are hoping against hope that the fighting is over. The changed situation will probably lead to quite a change in UNRRA plans — placing greater responsibility on us more rapidly than had been anticipated ...

Athens is a tragic city this winter. The destruction is much worse than in Salonica. And it seems especially tragic because much of the damage was done by those who came here solely to help Greece.33

This civil war has been a terrible thing, brought on by the blind folly of a few ruthless leaders. It has split the country at a time when the united efforts of all would still be inadequate to the tasks of reconstruction. Just what will be the result of present negotiations remains to be seen, but I fear there will be no real stability for some time to come.34

We are now in the process of working out plans for the immediate future in the light of anticipated conditions. Much of our district is as if it were in a foreign land as they do not recognize the government in Athens.35 UNRRA, as an international relief organization, tries to keep out of political entanglements of any sort and to get on with the job of relief as best we can.

. . . At present UNRRA is very popular because people are expecting big things from us. But when the military period is over and we assume full responsibility I fear we’ll come in for a lot of hard knocks because we won’t be able to do half of what people are expecting from us. We are perhaps lightening people’s suffering a little with the food and medicines that are being distributed, but the basic need is to get people busy producing needed goods. And who is going to advance the money to get industries started with conditions as unstable as they now are? The original plan was that relief supplies would be sold and the money raised would be used to finance industries, public works, etc. But that plan has broken down because most people have nothing to pay and have to be given their food for nothing.
Athens, January 21, 1945

Dear Esther [Carl’s daughter]:

. . . After a week of nearly constant rain, with the streets covered with soupy mud, today was a perfectly beautiful, warm sunny day. I walked up to the Acropolis and attended a service for British soldiers on Mars Hill [the Areopagos] . . . . I sat for a long time with my back against one of the pillars of the Parthenon getting comfortably warmed through, and thoroughly enjoying the view. Here was Greece as I had dreamed of it, ancient temples, rugged hills, the blue sea. Hating and killing and destroying just don’t seem to fit into the Greek landscape.

As I came back to the center of the city crowds were everywhere, laughing, joking, singing. It seemed like the Athens I used to know, and made the trouble we have been going through seem like a bad dream which couldn’t possibly be true. But in the afternoon I walked through some of the sections where the fighting had been heaviest and saw great piles of rubble and blackened walls, all that was left of what had been big apartments and hotels and stores.

As I sat on the Acropolis today and watched all the colorful pageant of city and hills and sea and sky, I thought of the legend of the creation of the world. Zeus was all through with the job except for Greece and he suddenly realized he had nothing left except a great pile of rocks and a handful of soil. He wanted his last work to be the best of all, so he cut off the end of the rainbow, mixed it with the rocks and soil, dropped it into the bluest bit of the sea — and that is Greece.

As I sat on the Acropolis today and watched all the colorful pageant of city and hills and sea and sky, I thought of the legend of the creation of the world. Zeus was all through with the job except for Greece and he suddenly realized he had nothing left except a great pile of rocks and a handful of soil. He wanted his last work to be the best of all, so he cut off the end of the rainbow, mixed it with the rocks and soil, dropped it into the bluest bit of the sea — and that is Greece.

Would you like to be a millionaire? Then just hang on to the money I am enclosing. One note is 5,000,000 and the other 200,000,000 drachmas. This money lost all value just about the time we came into Greece.

I hope you will write again soon as I enjoy your letters very much. Give mother a big hug and kiss for me. Lots and lots of love to all of you.

Thessaloniki, February 6, 1945

. . . Last Sunday I had to go on a special mission to [a provincial city]. My conference there lasted a little over an hour and I was on the road for over 11 hours. The ferry was not running so I had to make a detour of over 65 kilometers. I think the trip was very successful, but also very tiring. The roads were terrible most of the way, and much of the trip home was after dark. My arms were so stiff from holding the bouncing jeep onto the roads that I could hardly move them . . . .

It was like a trip into a foreign country, with borders to cross. But “UNRRA” is an open sesame on both sides of the line. I received a very cordial welcome when I reached my destination and was ushered into the general’s office, as his secretary-interpreter is an old student.

As a result of the visit I hope relief goods will go to the country without a hitch and that surplus commodities will come into the city. I also hope action was started which will result in the more speedy repair of the bridge.
Interestingly enough, the interpreter of the general on this side of the fence is also an old student. In fact, I run into former students everywhere I go. It is often quite embarrassing as they drop whatever they are doing to rush to greet me. It is decidedly heart-warming to see how, in their eyes, I outrank generals, or ambassadors, or what have you. It is really very touching to see the warmth of the affection the boys have for the school and for their teachers. Many of them have said that the difficulties they have gone through have made them realize more than ever the value of the school.

February 10, 1945

We have had a week of almost spring-like weather — and you can imagine what a blessing that is to people without fuel and in windowless houses. Our biggest convoy — 67 trucks — left last Sunday and is due back to-night. Its “return load” this time will be to bring back a lot of hostages — the most welcome load we ever brought back. Another service our convoys perform is to carry the mail.

Of all the varied experience I’ve ever had, I think this takes the prize. Among the things I’ve had to attend to this week are bridge building, running the Allatini [flour] mill, government soup kitchens, bringing produce into the city, relief convoys, considering ways and means of getting schools started, etc., etc. One of my latest ventures is taking over the Astoria Hotel and installing [a] matron. We are expecting a lot of personnel soon and we want to be ready for them.

February 20, 1945

I’ve been up country for a few days with a relief convoy — a very interesting trip, but also a very tiring one both physically and mentally. I took out 55 three-ton truck loads of relief supplies and brought back 55 truck loads of potatoes. So our convoy served a triple purpose. It carried food and medical supplies and some clothing to an area that has lived on little of anything except potatoes for four years; it brought to market their only surplus product and only source of income; and it brought into Salonica a food product that has been greatly needed.

Almost every area to which we send supplies has something to send back — either food or wood or charcoal. We also carry the mail and as many passengers as can crowd on the loaded trucks.

Being commander of a convoy of 55 trucks is quite an experience. I rode in a jeep so that I could sprint around the trucks and quickly get to the head or the foot or anywhere that trouble developed.

We were the 1st convoy to cross the newly repaired Axios bridge. It took us just exactly an hour to get the 55 trucks across. Every 2 or 3 hours the lead trucks would halt to let stragglers catch up.

We reached our destination, Amyndaion, about 9 P.M., parked the trucks in the
central square and got the town commandant to put a guard around them. He invited us, George Gardner and myself, to dinner and we talked till after midnight.

The next day we unloaded the trucks, two at a time. George supervised that and as fast as they were unloaded I sent them to warehouses in the town and to nearby villages to load up with potatoes and onions. About 3 in the afternoon I got into the jeep and chased around the countryside checking up on each truck to see that they were where they were supposed to be. I got back about 7 and we then had a meeting with the local relief committee to arrange for the distribution, followed by a big dinner.

The next morning I started back with the convoy, George staying behind to supervise distribution. About 2 miles out a truck went thru a bridge. Nobody was hurt and the truck wasn't damaged, but it took us 2 hours to get it out.

Just as we started up the mountain one truck developed engine trouble. They worked on it about an hour but couldn't fix it so we had to tow it all the way home. I thought we never would get it over that snow covered mountain.

We spent the night in Edessa where I was entertained in the home of the Bishop, a very interesting man who speaks English very well.

I'll have to make this a “continued story” and tell the rest of the tale in another letter. Anyway it will give me a chance to tell you twice that I love you very much.

February 20, continued

On our way back we struck a snag at the Vardar bridge. The engineer said we couldn't tow a truck across as the two would be too much weight for any one span. I scurried down the line in my jeep gathering up all available tow chains. We made on big long chain — long enough so that the two trucks were far enough apart for safety . . . .

The political picture looks much brighter — the truce has become a treaty and we hope the worst is over. But it will take a long time to heal the wounds and build up a spirit of unity. There is a new spirit abroad in the land — quite different from the Greece we knew. There is great need for a spirit of conciliation . . . .

This is the end of my 2nd paper and almost the end of me. I'm so tired I can hardly hold up my head. But I really feel very well. I seem to stand this rough life better than any of our group. I'm the only one who hasn't been laid up for a day or so.

Love,

Carl

February 24, 1945

. . . There are so many things I'd like to talk over with you. I know my letters have been very unsatisfactory, partly because of extreme care about obeying the rules of censorship, and partly because when night comes I'm usually so tired that my brain doesn't work properly when I try to stay awake long enough to write a letter.
. . . Eight [new staff] arrived last Sunday evening and 23 arrived Friday evening. And of course in both cases they arrived outside of office hours and I had hard work finding trucks for their baggage, people to help, etc. We now have a staff of 41 with about 10 more still to come. Unfortunately our finance man hasn’t arrived yet, and neither has my secretary. You can imagine what a job it is just to check travel accounts and make payments to this crowd. Socrat[es] Iacovides is filling in very satisfactorily as temporary secretary — but he is simply swamped with work. Costa Sianos has been a great help, but now that Mr. Hill has arrived he has to go back to his regular job with Standard Oil.

Perhaps the best way to give you a picture of what I am doing would be to run thru my schedule for a couple of days.

Yesterday morning I had a conference with ML and UNRRA officers to plan relief convoys for next week; spent a half hour with our 2 new welfare workers; dictated a bunch of letters and interviewed several possible candidates for work with UNRRA. In the afternoon the US consul-general came to see me about the American schools — chiefly finances and buildings. I had to cut his visit short to attend a meeting with the Governor-General [Mr. George Ch. Modis], Mayor [Mr. Petros Levis], Mr. Rohm of the International Red Cross and others on the children’s feeding stations. They are in a terrible state, the kitchens unfit for use, leaky roofs, no windows, etc. Made plans to close about half of the more than 50 stations and to fix up the others.

On my way home from that meeting I heard that 23 new personnel had arrived and I worked till nearly 10 getting them settled in the Astoria, fed at the Mediterranean, etc.

Today I started out by reading over reports of staff members, making notes and suggestions. Then I met a delegation headed by Prof. Sigallas asking if we couldn’t start soup kitchens for children in various places in Macedonia. Promised to check over total supplies needed to see if we could do this. Several of the new arrivals came in for money and to talk over their work. A meeting with a committee from the Public Works Dept. (sent by the Governor General to talk over plans for road repairs) lasted till long after my lunch hour. In the afternoon I met with the Commander of ML to talk over plans for UNRRA taking over the work ML is now doing. They go out of business Apr. 1, but we are supposed to take over departments as rapidly as we can from now on. I hurried from that (with the Commander) to a meeting with the Minister of Public Assistance, the Governor General, Mr. Zannas of the Greek Red Cross, Rohm of the I.R.C., Carter — UNRRA Director for Thrace, the Bishops of Edessa, Siderokastron, Xanthi, and others on problems connected with getting back to Thrace over 200,000 refugees from that area that are now in Saloniki and other parts of Greece.
Athens, March 1, 1945

Here I am in Athens again. I was called down this time for a conference. . . in connection with plans and policies connected with UNRRA work after ML leaves . . . .

I was quite out of patience with H.Q. for calling me down here as I am already so behind in my work that I see little chance of getting caught up. To make matters worse, the day before I left Saloniki the Regent was there.40 I was invited to a dinner in his honor given by the Mayor at noon, and to another given by the Governor General at night. And in between I had a visit with the Regent at the home of Bishop Gennadios. The day I left I was invited to dinner at noon given by the British Consul General, and that afternoon to a tea on the battleship which brought the Regent.

Athens, March 2, 1945

Now that there is an established government which it is hoped will soon be in control of the whole country, the policy of UNRRA is to put the responsibility for relief and rehabilitation upon the government. UNRRA will bring in supplies and turn them over to the Greek Government. They will be distributed by the Agricultural Bank acting as agent for the Government. As far as possible they will be sold and a certain percentage of the proceeds will be used for relief and rehabilitation.

UNRRA personnel will be observers and advisers, helping the Greek agencies in every way we can and keeping ourselves informed as to how supplies are being distributed and satisfying ourselves that everything is being done in accordance with UNRRA policies. It is going to be a very difficult job — much more difficult than if we did the work ourselves. I’m not sure how it’s going to work. I think it will largely depend upon how well we succeed in winning the respect and confidence of the Greeks with whom we are working. I am quite sure that the advice of our technical people will be eagerly sought and cordially welcomed in Public Health, Agriculture, and Welfare. I’m not so sure about the distribution of supplies. I think they will want to do that pretty much by themselves.

Ernest Riggs is still in Cairo waiting for transportation to come to Greece. All necessary permits have been given. I received $8,000 on College accounts and have paid debts and made allowances to the career members. Korais has started out very well and has had to turn away many because of lack of space. There is a great desire to learn English. The staff hope we can open the College in September. There seems to be a great demand for it.

March 11, 1945

Dear Ruth:

We have a much enlarged staff of over 40. Of these 26 are members of volunteer relief teams who have come out from London. They drove as far as Volos,41 where
they were loaded onto a small ship with no place for passengers, no lifeboats or life belts, and insufficient rations. They were caught in a terrific storm which nearly sank their ship. They were five days in making a journey which should have taken one day. We got scared about them and sent out a destroyer to hunt for them. They finally arrived — a bit worse for the wear, but in surprisingly good spirits.

March 12, 1945

. . . You asked about the work of the Swedish Relief Committee — which we call the Joint Relief Committee (J.R.C.) They have done a very good job under very difficult circumstances. I think it is safe to say that the Greeks couldn’t live on what they gave out, but neither could they have lived without it. I don’t think the Germans got much of it. The chief criticism seems to be that they had a very large staff to which they paid high wages and who also received a large share of the relief supplies . . . .

Today Gen. Hughes, the ranking officer of ML, was here. At a luncheon in his honor, he spoke very warmly of the work of UNRRA — especially here in this district. I hope we have done a good job. We have certainly worked hard enough at it. I think it’s the first time in my life I’ve had a job that I haven’t enjoyed. I think we have done a lot of good — but it’s just a drop in the bucket of need.

Now that reinforcements are arriving, I don’t mind admitting that I don’t think I could have stood this much longer. I’m so tired at night that I can’t even read the news sheet. But I shouldn’t complain as I’ve really kept very well. Everyone in Athens said “How fit you look . . . .”

Korais moves into the Italian School tomorrow and they are very happy about it. We are providing a truck to help them move.

March 18, 1945

. . . [I think] I’d like to have a job where I’d be dealing primarily with facts and ideas rather than with people. I like people — but the feeling of being responsible for their welfare is a bit wearing.

Now that our staff has grown to about 50, just handling them is a full time job in itself. Friday eight more personnel landed on us without any warning. (Why H.Q. didn’t let us know is a bit hard to understand.) Two of the ladies didn’t like the only room available in the Astoria — and seemed to think we should have had an apartment ready for them.

Quite a number of our staff are dissatisfied with their living conditions and with their working conditions (both of which are pretty tough I must admit.) But what these people have to put up with is nothing compared with what some of us had to put up with most of the winter.

These are hectic days as we are beginning to take over from ML to be ready for
ML to drop out completely. The controlling board for relief from now on will be a Joint Policy Committee composed of the Governor General, the Head of the Agricultural Bank, a representative of the Ministry of Supply, Fontaine (UNRRA Chief of Distribution), and myself. We meet three times a week to decide on policies and to lay down general plans which are then passed on to the proper departments for execution.

People have heard that UNRRA is taking over on Apr. 1, and they think that we are going to employ thousands. We are besieged with applicants. As my secretary won’t let them in to see me, many of them watch for me as I go home to lunch. Sometimes it takes me from 12:30 to 1:30 to walk the few blocks from the office to our apartment. And Greek friends of mine are pestered with people begging them to intercede with me for jobs. And the worst of it is that we’ll employ very few. The Greek Government and its organizations will carry on the activities. UNRRA will bring in the supplies and a small staff for advice and supervision...

I am not sure how the UNRRA — Government plan is going to work. It is very good in theory but possibly doesn’t take enough consideration of the complete lack of confidence in government which exists here — and in one another. And after their experience of the past few years people are afraid to show initiative and take a firm stand.

Korais opened in the Italian school with 400 students. The staff think we should definitely plan to reopen the College this fall. Ernest Riggs is due to arrive next Sunday — Mar. 25th — a big day! The Greeks are expecting to make much of it this year.

March 26, 1945

... Your birthday — and Greek Independence Day — has come and gone. It was a very successful day — undoubtedly one of the happiest Greece has seen in six years. The weather was perfect and the program went off very smoothly, with no signs of the bitter feelings which have marred all public occasions heretofore. Greece yesterday seemed like the Greece I used to know. Our UNRRA people were much impressed with all of the signs of progress. The events were well organized — and even more encouraging was the way in which people were able to produce uniforms, decorations, and equipment. Things hidden away for years made their appearance. Several UNRRA people remarked that it was evident the Greeks weren’t going to need us for very long.

March 29, 1945

... I think in my last letter I started to tell you about March 25th, but didn’t get very far with it.

I started out about 10, gathered up some of our UNRRA people... and drove to
[the church of] St. Sophia for the Te Deum. From there we went to the University for an address by Prof. Boyadjides. From there we drove to Aristotle Square . . . where we stood in the reviewing stand for about 2 hours to watch the parade go by.

We barely had time to hurry home, grab a bite to eat and rush off to the Hercules Athletic Field for some athletic events. The men in charge were most of them men whom I worked with in athletics back in College days. They gave me a very cordial welcome and escorted me to a seat of honor with the Governor General and the Mayor. The thing that pleased me the most was that the man in charge said “Mr. Compton is one of us. He has done much for athletics here in Saloniki.”

After the events were over we hurried to the YWCA for a very attractive program. A good many of our UNRRA staff were there and they were very much impressed. I remarked that for the first time it seemed like the Greece I used to know.

We left the YWCA at about 9 and dropped in at the Astoria to see if we could get a bite to eat. Someone said it was pretty late to trouble the cooks, but someone else said: “Don’t worry, we have Mr. Compton with us and they will be tickled pink to do something for him.” Sure enough, Gulezar and Ourania and Anna beamed with delight and scurried around and gave us a very good “handout.”

All in all it was a very happy day. Some people had feared trouble but there was none. Things were well organized and went off well. Maj. Niblock remarked that it was very evident the Greeks weren’t going to need our help for very long. As we went home about 10 we passed a band, marching along just as briskly and playing just as lustily as if they hadn’t been marching and playing all day long. For the first time I begin to feel the resiliency of the Greeks, which was so striking after the First World War.

April 1, 1945

This is a big day in the history of UNRRA (Greece Mission). We are no longer “Attached to ML,” and must now stand on our own feet as an independent organization. Up until now we have carried on our work under the general direction of ML (Military Liaison). We’ll keep doing much the same thing as we’ve been doing in the past, but now the direction is in the hands of UNRRA. My own responsibilities will be a lot heavier.

Up until last night Col. Bower, Commander of District III, ML, has been the ranking officer — but from tomorrow I take his place. The J.R.C. [Joint Relief Committee — a Swedish organization, which being neutral was able to operate during the German occupation] also stepped out last night, leaving only UNRRA and the Greek Government to carry on. At my suggestion a “Joint Policy Committee” has been organized to lay down general policies and to be the final authority in relief and rehabilitation matters . . . Athens thinks this is such a good idea that all Regions have been instructed to organize similar committees.

This last month has been one of the most hectic in my life (barring only those terrible days in Marsovan). I think the worst is over now that the change over has ac-
tually taken place — tho new problems are bound to be constantly popping up. I think I’ve never been so tired in my life, as there was absolutely no chance for a let up. I’ve been Director, Finance Officer, Administrative Officer, and Personnel Officer — all of which are full-time jobs. Now I have a little help as one of the ML captains has been detailed to me temporarily as Administrative Officer . . . .

April 8, 1945

Strangely enough, teachers in private schools are among the best paid people in Greece at present. Somehow or other people will find money for the education of their children. Korais is full to overflowing and is practically self-supporting. I have agreed to pay Iatrides’s salary from funds sent from America so that he will not have to teach a full schedule in addition to administrative work. I was afraid he might have a breakdown if he continued trying to do both.

It will be a relief to get back to school work again. My present job, so far, is the hardest and least satisfying of any I ever had. Undoubtedly we are doing a lot of good — but compared with the need it isn’t a drop in the bucket. We can continue giving out relief till doomsday if we don’t find some means of putting people to work at productive employment. And the future is too uncertain for people to invest much money in factories, etc.

We have done quite a little to help agriculture, so we hope local food supplies will be much greater next year. Incidentally, one of your clippings from the NY Times said it was not possible to carry relief supplies to ELAS [Communist] territories while the trouble was on. That was not true in Macedonia. By arrangement with both sides we gave relief regardless of boundary lines and with only brief interruptions. Our greatest limitation was lack of transport and at some times lack of personnel to accompany the relief convoys.

April 8, 1945

The College grounds and buildings look pretty sad. Many trees are gone and the shrubs and gardens are in terrible condition. I believe there is only one tree left in the little “park” in front of the College D[ining] R[oom] [Compton Hall]. Most of the grass plots have been graveled to make parking lots for cars. A recent fire burned out the window frames on one side of Minnesota [Stephens] Hall.

The one cheering feature about the trip was the perfect weather and the gorgeous view. I had forgotten how beautiful it was. I wish we could live up there now.
April 15, 1945

Everyone here has been terribly shocked by the news of [President] Roosevelt’s death. The Greeks have been deeply moved. Flags are at half-mast all over the city. Yesterday schools and shops were closed and today there will be an official mass at St. Sophia. The Greeks feel that the world has lost one of the outstanding champions of liberty.

The American colony is meeting at the Consulate this morning to go in a group to St. Sophia. There are about 30 of us here now — four in the Consulate, four or five army officers, and the rest UNRRA.

Ernest arrived Friday evening and today the graduates are holding a reception in his honor at the Korais [school]. I’ll be glad to turn over to him all responsibility for helping our school and mission people. One of the disappointing things about being here is that I’ve almost no time to help out the school or to visit with old friends . . . .

April 18, 1945

. . . I’ve decided that the fate of Greece doesn’t rest on my shoulders alone and that I’ve just got to let up a bit. I’m really not very well cut out for this job. It requires a rather “hard-boiled” individual who is not too easily moved by the desires and disappointments of people who have suffered much and who need so much more than we can possibly hope to give them . . . .

Wally Donaldson is supposed to be my Administrative Officer but he has not arrived. I have no idea when he will come. I certainly hope it will be soon. With a foreign staff of over 60, over 50 Greeks, and a dozen British officers on loan, and with an office to run and a hotel to manage, administrative details become very much of a problem and take up a lot of time that should be spent on major questions of policy. And some of our personnel are not easy to handle.

Last week I spent about two hours a day with the Governor General going over the new law governing our relief work. The law itself is very unsatisfactory in many respects and it does not give us proper controls. But fortunately the Governor states that he is determined to interpret and implement the law in a way that will be entirely satisfactory to us. He has asked me to help him appoint the committees which are to administer relief throughout the regions and he has instructed all Prefects to take no steps without consultation with the UNRRA representative. And if there is any difference in opinion as to what should be done, the matter is to be referred to the Governor and myself.
April 26, 1945

Fortunately, our relations with the Government are very cordial. It puts a very heavy responsibility on me because they will accept almost any plan that I propose. And the decisions that we make are not just questions of relief, but vitally affect the economic and industrial life of the country. If we don’t look out, by our distribution of relief we are going to run the risk of putting ordinary businessmen out of business. We have a virtual monopoly on all supplies coming into Greece.

The lucky ones are those out in the field who are actually working with the ordinary people, putting new heart into them and getting them to work together for the common good. Von Spach is just back from the Kozani area, where he has not only been distributing relief, but even more important, he is opening the eyes of the people to many things they can do for themselves and their community. He has inspired them to rebuild their churches and schools and clean up their streets, reorganize their hospitals, revive the Boy Scouts, etc., etc. In one place where political feeling was very bitter he got them to clean off the political slogans from throughout the whole region. Another thing he does is to persuade the priests to preach on brotherly love and to stress the absolute necessity of working together in the rebuilding of their country. He is doing a grand job. We have people in four other centers up country — and I believe that all are making real progress toward putting new spirit into people.

May 5, 1945

Every day now I meet from 9 to 10 with a representative of the Ministry of Finance to check and sign (or cancel) all requisitions. By decision of the Government no goods can be issued from any warehouse without our approval. We control not only issues of food and medicines, but also gasoline for autos and coal and fuel oil for railroads and factories, agricultural supplies and clothing. You can imagine what a job it is trying to parcel out impartially and wisely very inadequate supplies.

The quantity and variety of questions that come to me would be amusing if I had any time to be amused. The thing that capped the climax was to have the British Port Commander come to me for permission to ship some eggs to Athens so that the British Navy could have eggs for the Greek Easter. (UNRRA has priority on all shipping space.)

One day this week I had a session with the owners of the Public Baths and refused to approve the issue of coal to them until they agreed to bring their prices down to a reasonable figure. And I had several long sessions with the Governor-General to see what steps could be taken to head off an impending strike. It is the strangest sort of relief job you ever heard of — not at all what I expected it would be.

We had a tragedy this week because we ran out of flour for the Easter distribution. A wheat ship arrived on Tuesday and we had everything all set to do a rush milling job. Then we found that the ship had struck a mine and one hold was flood-
ed, ruining a thousand tons of wheat. And to make matters worse, we have to leave 2,000 tons of good wheat in the ship in order to keep it in balance so that it won’t turn turtle.

Another great headache is that refugees are on the move and it is a very complicated job to get them supplied with transportation and food and to see that arrangements are made for their care on the road and their reception at their destination. Fortunately we have a very good welfare officer, Archie Johnston, who looks after this part of our work.

Work on the railroad to Serres, Drama, and beyond is making good progress and we hope to have it running by the end of June. We have provided an engineer to supervise and push the work and we are supplying engineering stores and food and transport for the workers. We are also getting a steadily increasing number of factories going.

May 9, 1945

Yesterday was a big day — V-E Day! Shortly after we reached the office whistles began to blow and bells to ring, and we soon heard the announcement of the unconditional surrender of Germany. It left us rather limp and numb instead of wildly jubilant as I had anticipated. Most everybody broke off work and went home, but I thought I’d rather celebrate by getting caught up on my work.

[Today] I had a session with our Port Officer over the very serious situation in regard to food supplies. Our stocks are practically exhausted and we will be unable to have any more distributions after next week if new supplies do not arrive. Last month we supplied rations for more people than in any other month since we arrived; 360,000 in Saloniki and 400,000 in the provinces — tho all of those did not get a full month’s rations . . . .

Yesterday there was a big victory celebration at Aristotle Square . . . I . . . just missed getting caught in a rather serious fracas. One political faction was interrupting the victory celebration to make a political demonstration. Fighting began, first with fists and then with guns. Only a very few were involved, but four people were killed. What a tragedy it is to have such bitter political feeling when Greece so desperately needs the united efforts of everybody.

May 12, 1945

It seems too good to be true to think that we may soon be together again. I’m not quite sure whether I want it to be here or in America, but I am quite sure that I don’t want to live away from you any longer than I absolutely have to.

Lots of love,

Carl
May 17, 1945

. . . Skouras, Broneer, Curtis and party arrived Sunday P.M. about 4. We conferred till 6, then went up to Hortiatis. It is tragic beyond description — most of the houses are just shells with the interiors entirely burned out. About 300 women and children lost their lives.

Skouras and Oscar Broneer were terribly shocked — and couldn’t understand why we hadn’t done something about rebuilding, why we hadn’t given more food and clothes. It was hard for them to realize that this was only one among many hundreds and hundreds of villages in similar condition. What little we can do is such a drop in the bucket that sometimes one wonders if it is worth doing at all . . . .

The Skouras crowd went off to Kilkis the next morning . . . He was so impressed with the needs he saw in Hortiatis and Kilkis that he wanted us to use on those two places about half of our total resources of food and clothing, which must be divided among all the people in Macedonia . . . .

I had a conference with the Mayor to see if we couldn’t make plans to clean up the refuse and garbage from the streets. With the coming of hot weather the situation is serious.

We have very serious problems to face as our supplies are just about exhausted and a big movement of refugees is beginning. People who were driven, or fled, from Thrace, are beginning their trek back home. Also prisoners and forced laborers are beginning to return from Germany. Food shortages throughout the region are serious as stocks are exhausted and the new crops are not ready. There is a great shortage of rain, and we have been fighting a locust plague. All these difficulties accentuate the political troubles.

Wallace Donaldson is a “find . . . .” He is throwing himself heart and soul into the work and puts in almost as long hours as I do. We are both of us spending long hours doing exactly the same work I was trying to do alone. But we are doing a better job of it. One of the first big jobs was to organize the allocation of fuel (oil, gasoline, kerosene and coal). We get a few more industries going each month and are now providing fuel for 102 here in Saloniki.

The next big job on which I start tomorrow is working out some system for the distribution of about 700 tires — when we need about 7,000! We’ve got to divide them as fairly as we can among all the cars, buses and trucks in this region. Some job! . . . .

May 19, 1945

. . . [Yesterday I] arrived at the office at 7:30 and hadn’t even finished reading the mail of the day before one of our staff came in to get my approval of plans for handling the refugees who are beginning to return from Germany.

Before that was over the Minister of Finance arrived for our regular morning round-up and signing of requisitions. On his heels came the Minister of National Economy to discuss plans for getting factories going . . . .
I had to shoo them out at 11:00 as I had an appointment with the Mayor [Mr. Petros Levis]. He came to see me with a delegation from the city council to talk over the very critical problem of street cleaning . . . . You know the people just throw their garbage in the streets and trucks drive around to gather it up. But now the city has no trucks and to hire them takes just about half the city's income. They agreed to hire the trucks starting Monday. I agreed that I'd try to wangle some trucks out of UNRRA or the military.

Before I was through with them, the Governor General of Western Macedonia came to make an urgent appeal for more food for his area (capital - Kozani). He says the mountain villages are in a desperate situation.

The next was a call from Augie Hausmann to say that the grain which had been taken from the damaged ship had so completely spoiled that it couldn't even be used for animal food. I called the city veterinarian and chemist to go pass judgment on it. They agreed with Hausmann that there was nothing to do but throw it away. 1,300 tons!!

. . . After lunch I had a conference on making a contract with a factory to make macaroni for us to give to hospitals and children's soup kitchens. Then a priest came in from Kilkis to beg for help for the feeding station they are running to care for several thousand orphans in that area. Fortunately I already had a report on the great need and the fine work they were doing and had already signed a requisition for supplies. So he went away happy.

Next was a conference with port officials on the need for more lighters for unloading ships. We discussed possibilities for local manufacture and also for repairing a number of barges now out of commission . . .

I finally had my week-end at the [American Farm School], though somewhat broken into as I had agreed to join Ernest at the College at 9. We spent the whole morning checking over buildings and equipment. The buildings are filthy but there is little serious damage. The grounds are in very bad shape. It will take a lot of time and money to get things fixed up.

After dinner I took a nap and then went with Joyce and Sydney [Loch] to inspect a preventorium we are fixing up for use this summer . . . [using German-built barracks]. We plan to take 150 run-down children for a month [at a time] — so that 600 will get the benefit.

We also inspected a Scout Training Camp [on the Farm School property]. The Germans built a casino there with stage, etc. With the Scout leaders we’re planning a training camp for older scouts to prepare them to take charge of recreation, patrolling, sanitation, etc., in the children's camps we are planning to conduct this summer. Some of the British troops with Scout training are helping out. About 200 Scouts were busy as a bee hive and singing as they worked.

We are going to have picked Scouts sent in from towns throughout the region and train them for things they can do in their home communities. Did I tell you about one stunt Von Spach did in Kozani? He got the Scouts to organize a house to house canvas throughout the whole community to pull out all the unnecessary nails to use in repairing schools, churches, etc. They got several hundred okes
[one oka = 2.8 pounds] — and nails are almost worth their weight in gold . . . .

The Lochs are quite blue about the possibilities for the [Farm] school. They just don’t see how it can be financed as it is doubtful if village boys can pay anything. Also they are a bit dubious about changed attitudes. Like myself they are troubled because they are not sure whether they want to stay on or not. Things are in a pretty sad state and one doesn’t know whether that is all the more reason for staying on, or whether the situation is such that we can hardly do enough good to make it worth the effort.

What is needed is for people to bury the hatchet, forget selfish interests, and get together to work for the common good. One sees little indication of that spirit, and it’s very depressing. I think most of our UNRRA people are about ready to quit and go home — which makes it all the harder for me to pull out. It’s all very perplexing and it is so hard to know what is the right thing to do. How I wish you were here (or I were there) so we could talk things over together.

. . . the next two days will be busier than ever getting things cleared up so I can get away to Athens. But this time I really want to go, chiefly because I hope to persuade H.Q. to allow us extra food so that we can give the same ration in the country that we give in the city. Contrary to expectations, the villagers are worse off than people in towns.

May 21, 1945

Among my callers today were the Bishop and Mayor of Grevena, beseeching us to send more supplies to their area. Their population is about 50,000 and they say about 40,000 are destitute. Another caller was the Rector of the University asking for supplies for the University Club. They have about 1,000 students from the provinces who are practically penniless. They now get one meal a day in the Club and the Rector wants us to give them food for two meals during the exam period, from about June 1 to 21. I think we’ll be able to help them out. Then I had a call from the Gov. General of Thrace, who wanted to find out what chance there was to get auto tires. I told him we had 100 which would be sent to Kavala on the next ship.

I had several sessions during the day with various people on the strike of gasoline and fuel oil workers. There was danger that our relief convoys would be held up for lack of gas. We finally arranged to borrow from the British Army to repay them when the strike is over.

I thought I would be going to Athens to-day — but I may not have to go at all. The chief reason was to try to get increased supplies — and a telegram received to-night says they have given favorable consideration to our request and that we can give an increased ration next month . . . .

I also had some conferences today on the needs of local shoe factories and textile mills. UNRRA has given us some hope that we’ll get raw materials and fuel so as to step up employment and production considerably. That will be a godsend if we can. The situation is really getting desperate. Goods are getting scarcer and scarcer and
prices are almost beyond anybody’s reach. It’s hard to see where it’s going to end when no factory or business or institution can possibly pay a living wage.

The Government sent a number of engineers into the devastated regions to work on plans for rebuilding — but their wages were about 300 drachs a day and it was costing them close to 1,000 to live, so they all quit and went back to Athens. The whole anti-malarial campaign is going to pieces for the same reason.

May 27, 1945

Reports from all over Macedonia indicate near famine conditions. We now have some flour ready and we are planning food convoys to cover the whole region just as rapidly as possible. The first was to have started Thursday — but there was a strike on and we couldn’t get the trucks loaded. I spent a hectic day rushing from the Governor General to the military to the Labor office. We appealed to labor to let us load the trucks to keep people from starving, but they were adamant, saying “We’ve starving too.”

That night there was a general strike, no trains, no lights, no water. But by midnight it was over as the Gov’t gave in and promised a 125% pay raise. I forgot to mention that we did get permission for 20 workmen to load our trucks — but the crowd was in such a truculent mood that we decided to give it up.

The workers got their pay raise, but I doubt how much good it will do them as no one will engage labor at that rate if it can possibly be avoided. Anyway, prices will soon rise accordingly and we’ll be right back where we started. Something drastic has to happen soon — either declaration of a national emergency, or greatly increased help from abroad, or ??

May 31, 1945

... We’ve had no supply ships for some weeks, and today two arrived and another is expected to-morrow! It’s very difficult having them all come at once. We don’t have enough lighters to unload them properly — nor do we have enough trucks to haul the stuff to the warehouses. And it will be a question whether we have enough storage space.

We get very harrowing reports of starvation conditions throughout much of Macedonia. There just is not enough food to go around. We’ll now have food to send but insufficient trucks with which to send it. It will take over 2,000 truck loads to feed that part of the Macedonian population we hope to feed — and we have only 200 trucks. And we need another 100 to haul the clothes which are now ready to be distributed, another 100, or more, to transport refugees. And today the Gov’t agricultural authorities came by for 100 trucks to haul bran, which they poison and use to kill grasshoppers. We are facing a very serious plague which threatens almost the entire crop in some areas.
And we have the very difficult problem of deciding whether to let people go without food today in order to use our transport to protect crops which will keep people from starving next winter.

**June 3, 1945**

It is Sunday morning and I came back to the office to check up on a few things before going to St. Sophia to attend a special service in memory of teachers and students who lost their lives in the fight for freedom. And at seven this evening I am attending some sort of a religious drama. After years in which they could not have ceremonies and programs, the Greeks are reveling in all sorts of functions, which makes it a little difficult for people who feel a sense of obligation to attend them all.

I don’t know how many services there have been in honor of Pres. Roosevelt. There was another this week at the National Theater. The speakers were one of the University professors and Ernest, the one speech in Greek and the other in English. Ernest spoke very well and made a very good impression on the Anglo-American part of the audience, and undoubtedly on the Greek part which understood English.

**June 7, 1945**

We have opened an entirely new department, the “Displaced Persons Division.” A displaced person is one who is either returning from abroad or one who is a non-Greek and wants to return to his own country. Greeks from Germany are beginning to come in by the hundreds. We’ve taken over a big barracks as a transient camp and are setting up facilities for medical care, feeding, clothing, etc. Quite a number have brought back German wives, which is a considerable problem, as the Greeks refuse to sanction the marriage and detain them as enemy aliens. They are trying to work out some sort of an arrangement in Athens.

**June 18, 1945**

We are having lots of trouble with distributions up-country. We need to have a representative in every one of 35 distribution centers instead of two only. Politics is the curse of this country and it is very difficult to insure fair distribution when you have only about half enough supplies to go around. But we are getting a lot more supplies than before and when the new harvest comes in things should be a lot better. The next big problem will be to try to build up a surplus in the inaccessible areas to tide them over next winter.

It’s uphill all the way, with one crisis following on the heels of another. The natural resiliency of the people will eventually get into action, but it is going to take a
long time to recover from the effects, both moral and physical, of the past five years. The struggle for bare existence has been so hard that it is difficult for people to think of the common good. A good many of our people find it hard to be sympathetic and patient.

Socrat[es] Eleftheriades is due to arrive here any day now to begin sorting the library books — after collecting them from here and there where they have been stored for safe keeping.46

I've just heard that a good many of our dishes are intact and stored away in somebody's basement. Before I leave I'll try to assemble all our stuff up on the hill.

June 19, 1945

This has been a strenuous, and rather nerve-wracking week. The Governor-General [Prof. Ch. N. Frangistas] has appointed me as virtual dictator of all transportation. I have the painful task of deciding which of the many and essential demands have to be refused. Yesterday we had a meeting with the transportation people and the Governor laid down the law to them that no trucks are to be used for any purpose unless approved by me.

We are also pushing the government to force private truck owners to help out in this critical period — which is really a national emergency. And we are pressing the British to give us every truck they can possibly spare. I think I tapped a new source. Greek labor working with the Royal engineers are on strike and they have trucks standing idle. I had a long talk with their Colonel yesterday, going over our transport needs, and I am very much in hopes that he will provide us with trucks tomorrow.

June 20, 1945

Registration for next September has started and so far about 190 boys and 120 girls have indicated they want to come. About 90 of the boys and 40 of the girls say they want to be boarders. It’s astounding how many people are able and willing to pay the high fees the school will have to charge. They are talking now in terms of about 18,000 drachs per month for a boarding student. Where people get the money, I just can’t see. The Korais is self-supporting and it looks as if the College can be more nearly so than before the war. That is leaving out of account the American staff, which will be very much of a problem because salaries will have to be very much higher . . . .

As the time approaches for me to leave I realize that it is going to be very hard to pull out. So far it has been hard, uphill work, with no let-up from strain and pressure, with almost no encouraging signs, or any sort of a lift to one’s spirit. Now we are just beginning to see a few rays of sunshine through the clouds. Much greater quantities of supplies are coming in and we are beginning to reach the stage where we can begin to check up on our machinery and tighten up a screw here and there.
In other words, we are for the first time in a situation from which we can get some slight crumbs of satisfaction.

July 1, 1945

... The big job this week has been constant pushing and driving to get trucks and caiques to get food out as rapidly as possible. From all over Macedonia reports were coming in that people were out of bread. So we pressed the military to loan us all possible trucks, we pressed the government to hire private trucks and we pushed our transport to the limit. As a result, we sent out almost as much food this past week as we were previously doing in a month.

We've had several visitors this past week who have been in other parts of Greece and they say they think we are doing more here than in any other region. I think the worst is now over from the food standpoint and pushing convoys out will no longer be a matter of life and death. The harvest is beginning and lots of fresh fruits and vegetables are coming onto the market. We are reveling in fresh apricots and tomatoes.

We are now beginning to think in terms of finding warehouses throughout the Region where we can begin to lay by a little surplus for next winter when some parts will be almost inaccessible. I'm sending one of our men out on the job next week — along with a representative of the Agrarian Bank.

July 8, 1945

Dear Ruth:

Sunday morning and a perfectly beautiful day. I have just come back from walking around the campus with Ernest, talking over things to be done. The Dining Room and Dormitory buildings are now in College hands and have been whitewashed and cleaned, and look quite presentable — tho there is still much to be done, particularly windows . . . .

One of our big and rapidly growing problems is the care of Greek refugees returning from Germany. We already have established three, no, four reception camps at various places and expect to open two more in the near future. A lot of new personnel have arrived to help out in this work — one team of 24 Australian Red Cross people are already on the job. Incidentally, they themselves are something of a problem. They are quite indignant because we don’t clothe and house and feed thousands of refugees and hundreds of thousands of destitute on a standard far above what these people were accustomed to in normal times.

They think conditions are perfectly terrible and some of them are ready to quit and go home unless we can immediately provide more food and clothing and better housing — which it is physically impossible for us to do. There just are not enough supplies to go around, and even if there were, we haven’t the transport to get the
goods into Greece or out to the people. I told some of them yesterday that things look bad to them but for those of us who were here through the winter things are beginning to look pretty good. I think we distributed more clothing last month than in all the previous months put together, and almost as much food.

Yesterday we attended a ceremony on the new pier which has just been completed. Most of our efforts thus far have been emergency relief — but this is a real step toward rehabilitation. Also the railroad to the east is rapidly being repaired and should be open for use within a few weeks. This week I initiated arrangements whereby a lot of bridge building material will be made available for the repair of roads. When I think of the terrible times we had getting our relief convoys across streams last winter I really feel quite encouraged.

Another encouraging thing, though on a more limited scale, is the summer camp program. Last Sunday we inspected a camp of over 300 undernourished children in the old Boy Scout Camp on Hortiati. It does your heart good to see the little pinched faces begin to fill out, and to hear them laughing and shouting and singing. We have another camp at the Farm School, in fact two of them, one at Aghia Triada, one at Vavdos, and a number at various places up country.

Also we are beginning to bring order out of chaos in various institutions like the Foundling Home. We are now tackling the Sanitarium at Asvestochorion and hope to reopen the one on the slopes of Olympus. The anti-malarial campaign has been laboring under great difficulties. We brought in some supplies and equipment, but the workers were without shoes or sufficient clothes and couldn’t live on their small pay. Also, they had no way to get around. But gradually the needs are being met and we can begin to see signs of progress.

July 15, 1945

This has been another hectic week. The most serious crisis was that we ran out of gasoline and for three days our precious trucks stood idle . . . . One ship finally did arrive — but it carried only about enough for a week. But they assure us another will be here in a few days.

Another bit of excitement was that, with the aid of a couple of our graduates, I think we unearthed a plot to steal a lot of relief flour.

One day this week the Prime Minister made a sudden and unexpected visit to Saloniki. He sent word that he wanted to see me and I had a very pleasant visit with him. He said he had heard very much about the fine work UNRRA was doing in this Region and he wanted to express his thanks and that of the government ... But the big event of the week was last night when there was a dinner in my honor — now what do you know about that!! It was given by the staff — both Greek and imported — and there must have been close to a hundred present. There were very flattering speeches by the Governor General [Prof. Ch. N. Frangistas], Mr. Zannas, and others. Archie Johnston spoke for the imported staff and Socrat[es] Iacovides for the local staff. And the staff gave me a very beautiful rug as a token of
their appreciation. I was very much embarrassed by all the attention — but also, I must confess, very much pleased.

**July 22, 1945**

We are now beginning to import larger quantities of cotton and wool to get the textile industries going. And I am in the midst of negotiations to open a factory for making fish nets. (No one knows where the Jewish owner is — nor even whether he is alive or not.) Next week we expect to add two Greek fishery experts to our staff and are going to bring in a number of boats to put the fishing industry on its feet. We want to get the fish packing plants going again, which also means we must open the salt works over by Katerini.

Last Monday Gov. Lehman [Director of UNRRA], Mr. Varvaressos[49] [Deputy Prime Minister of Greece], Buell Maben [chief of UNRRA in Greece] and others flew up from Athens for a busy day seeing what they could see of our work here. They seemed very favorably impressed . . . . Mr. Varvaressos told me he was very sorry when he heard I was leaving, but that his sorrow had turned to joy when he found I was going back to my work at the College. He said he was very thankful for the American schools in Greece and that he was expecting them to play a big part in the moral rebuilding of Greek youth.

We have had a number of H.Q. staff up from Athens lately. We joke with them about coming up here to see how things should be done. At least one came because H.Q. was a bit worried for fear we were going beyond our authority, but I think he was satisfied that, technically at least, we haven’t departed from our role as advisers. But as a matter of fact, we work so closely with the Government that it is a bit difficult to see where we leave off and they begin. They all say that we have been very successful in winning the complete confidence of the Gov’t officials.

**July 28, 1945**

. . . Ernest has raised the question as to whether I should give up the plan of going home. But I feel I simply must get away. I am in no position, either physically or mentally, to jump right in to another hard job . . . .

The other day Henry Niblock stopped in at a shop to try to get some ice — which is very scarce and very hard to get. He wasn’t having any luck until, as Hank put it: “I used the magic password. I said it was for Mr. Compton and then you should have seen them scramble to get the biggest chunk they had.” It happened to be Katina’s place [a grocery store] in Charilaou — or rather her husband’s place. She finally married the wine seller across the street. It’s quite a joke among our crowd, they say if they ever get stuck they just say “Mr. Compton” and somebody who knows me always pops out from the crowd and helps them out . . . .

In addition to my other jobs I am now a junk dealer. The British Army has just
turned over to us several acres of junk — ranging all the way from a cannon to a kitchen meat grinder. Much of the junk consists of broken down German trucks and tanks. There are also some old tents which will be very valuable in our camps, and a lot of old shoes and socks — and camouflage capes — which we are giving to refugees as raincoats. There are hundreds of old tires from which we hope to salvage a few for our cars and the rest we’ll use for shoe soles.

This month will be the biggest month yet as far as distributing supplies is concerned. Last winter we gave rations to about 200,000 people up country. That was raised to 400,000 and then 500,000, and last month we fed over 700,000. Next month (August) we expect to distribute regular rations to everyone in Macedonia. And for the first time we’ll start selling, giving food free only to the destitute. We are finally getting enough supplies in to really make an impression.

And this week we had a shipload of livestock and another of farm machinery. I was down at the docks yesterday and every available space was crammed full of wheat, tractors, cultivators, barrels of powdered milk, thousands of boxes of tinned goods, bales of clothing, etc. I’ll tell you it looked pretty good — tho the job of handling so many shipments all at once is terrific.

August 5, 1945

Last month we gave a regular ration to a million people and in August we expect to feed everybody in the region — most on payment, but continuing to give food free to the destitute. And we are finally getting facts and figures on institutions, child feeding centers, etc. so that we can provide them with food of better variety and in more satisfactory quantities.

Transportation continues to be one of the greatest problems, but we seem to be getting ahead by organizing private trucks to carry supplies to all the nearby places. But it has taken no end of haggling, browbeating and pressure . . . .

Another thing that is finally getting under way after very trying delays is the repair of damaged houses. The work should have been started last spring — but better late than never.

Road repairs are also going forward — another of the main bridges was completed this week and officially opened. And this week I attended the unveiling ceremony for the restored sea wall to protect the harbor.

Prices are coming down somewhat — especially for food. We can now buy delicious melons and peaches, and grapes are just beginning to come in. Meat is scarce and very high. Clothing is still beyond the reach of almost everyone, but we are now getting in considerable quantities and distribution to the destitute has commenced. Rationed sale at fixed prices will probably start next month.
III. “On My Way Home”

Athens, Sept. 2, 1945

I am finally on my way home — I hope! Mr. Singleton arrived to take my place a week ago. We spent a very busy week together — and here I am hoping to go on from here very soon — and it can’t be too soon to suit me.

I haven’t missed a day’s work since I arrived in Greece. I think I’m the only one who hasn’t come down with something or other. But I am good and tired. Dr. Niblock advises me very strongly to take at least a month of vacation before I start to work again. In fact, as far as UNRRA is concerned I think I have two months’ vacation due me.

Yesterday I had the most beautiful trip to Athens I’ve ever had. Some visiting U.S. senators came up from Athens on a special plane and I came back with them. The plane took off about 5 on a perfect summer evening. We skirted around Olympus to get a good view and then followed the coast down all the way . . . .

The day before yesterday I attended the official opening of the restored Axios bridge. The temporary structure was taken out and a permanent one put it. There were speeches and cutting of ribbons and then we all drove across and back again. Every bit of reconstruction of that sort is very encouraging.51
Appendix A
Anatolia College Chronology
1806-2008

1806  Famous “Haystack Meeting” at Williams College.
1807  Andover Theological Seminary founded.
1810  American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions organized.
1831  American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (ABCFM) com- mences Protestant missions work in Ottoman Empire.
1838  Cyrus Hamlin ordained and appointed missionary to Ottoman Empire by ABCFM.
1840  Bebek Seminary founded by Cyrus Hamlin.
1862  Forced resignation of Cyrus Hamlin as founder and head of Bebek Seminary by ABCFM.
1867  Arrival in Marsovan of new missionary couple, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tracy.
1882  Charles Tracy opens a high school in Marsovan.
1886  Anatolia College evolves out of reorganized Marsovan Seminary with Charles Tracy as first President.
1891  George E. White arrives at Marsovan mission.
1893  George F. Herrick acting President of Anatolia College.
       Professors G. H. Thoumayan and H. T. Kayayan exiled.
1895  Sultan proclaims reforms in provinces.
       Genocide of Armenians accelerates.
1899  Sultan Abdul Hamid grants firman (official imperial decree) giving Anatolia College permission to operate in the Ottoman Empire.
1908  “Young Turks” come to power with new constitution.
1910  School for the Deaf established.
1913  Carl Compton arrives on Anatolia campus.  
       George E. White becomes second President of Anatolia College.
Several new buildings completed and Anatolia staff enlarged. Professor J. P. Xenides foretells fate of Greeks in Ottoman Empire and quits Anatolia for the U.S. Armenian girls seized on campus and rescued by Charlotte Willard. New wave of massacres of Armenians.

Massacres of Greeks. College ordered by Ottoman government to close, remaining closed until 1919.

Carl and Ruth Compton begin missionary work among Armenians in Caucasus.

The Ottoman Empire surrenders in World War I. Kemal Pasha convenes National Assembly. Anatolia College reopens.


Mary Ingle becomes head of Girls’ School.  
1946 Civil War.  
President Emeritus White dies.  
First combined (men and women) graduation ceremony.  
1948 Alumni Association purchases Girls’ School property for new alumni center.  
1949 Civil War ends.  
Secretarial School approved by Greek Ministry of Education.  
1950 Carl Compton becomes fourth President of Anatolia College.  
Anatolia College becomes a member of the Near East College Association.  
1951 Anatolia begins work of restoring destitute villages.  
1952 President Emeritus Riggs dies.  
1957 New Girls’ dormitory completed.  
1958 President Carl Compton retires after forty-five years of outstanding service to Anatolia College and Greece.  
Howard Johnston becomes fifth President of Anatolia College.  
1959 Dedication of Ingle Hall.  
1961 Seventy-fifth Anniversary celebrations.  
Kyrides Hall dedicated.  
1962 Williams Language Laboratory opens.  
Ladas faculty housing complex opens.  
Thomas Pappas (Anatolia benefactor) gives new economic impetus to Thessaloniki.  
1964 Robert Hayden becomes sixth President of Anatolia College.  
1966 Annual field day attended by King Constantine and Queen Anna Marie.  
1967 Colonels wrest government from King Constantine.  
1972 Joseph Kennedy becomes seventh President of Anatolia College.  
1974 Turkish invasion of Cyprus and downfall of Junta.  
Karamanlis becomes Prime Minister.  
William McGrew becomes eighth President of Anatolia College.  
Anatolia doors open wide for needy Cypriot scholarship students.  
Counseling and guidance introduced in Northern Greece by Anatolia College.  
Construction of gymnasium begins.  
1978 Earthquake in Thessaloniki.  
1980 Reorganization and expansion of Anatolia College Downtown Adult English Center.  
Building begins on new faculty housing complex.  
1981 Andreas Papandreou and Socialist Party (PASOK) gain control of Greek government.  
Trustees issue revised statement of “Principles, Purposes, and Policies of Anatolia College.”
Construction begins on classrooms, workshops, and laboratories funded by Agency for International Development (AID).
Modern Greek Studies Association holds its first summer conference at Anatolia.
Establishment of the School of Business Administration and Liberal Arts (SBALA).

1986 Anatolia’s centennial celebration and trip to Marsovan.
1987 Anatolia now fully co-educational.
1989 Eleftheriades Library dedicated.
1991 SBALA becomes the 4-year American College of Higher Studies (ACHS).
1992 George S. Bissell elected Chairman of the Anatolia College Board of Trustees.
1993 ACHS grants its first 4-year B.A. and B.S. degrees in Liberal Arts and Science.
1995 ACHS is renamed The American College of Thessaloniki (ACT).
1996 Language and Testing Office established to administer Michigan Proficiency Exams and other external tests throughout Northern Greece.
1997 ACT accredited by the New England Association of Schools and Colleges.
1997 Thessaloniki is Cultural Capital of Europe; alumni and students participate in year-long series of cultural events.
1998 International Baccalaureate (IB) program introduced in the last two years of high school.
1999 Richard L. Jackson becomes ninth President of Anatolia College.
    Michael Dukakis Chair in Policy and Public Service inaugurated at ACT.
2001 ACT assumes project management of World Bank training program for Transportation and Trade Facilitation in S.E. Europe financed by USAID.
2002 MBA Program instituted at ACT.
    Bissell Library and Stavros Niarchos Technology Center dedicated at ACT.
2004 Anatolia Elementary School opened adjacent to campus.
    Anatolia College Board Chairman George S. Bissell awarded Silver Cross of the Phoenix by President Kostis Stephanopoulos of Greece.
2005 Alumni Field and Track inaugurated.
    Ingle Hall classroom annex opened.
2006 120th anniversary of Anatolia College; 25th anniversary of ACT; 200th anniversary of Haystack Meeting at Williams College.
2007 John H. Clymer succeeds George Bissell as Chairman of the Anatolia Board of Trustees.
Appendix B
Anatolians at Grinnell and Grinnellians at Anatolia

Anatolia Graduates Who Have Attended Grinnell College in Recent Years

1977
1978 Evangelos Simoudes
1979 Alex Melencovitch
1980
1981 Mary Kosmidis
1982 Emmanuel Maou
1983 Emmanuel Skoufos
1984 Michelle Kosmidis
   Ioannis Papadopoulos
1985
1986
1987
1988 Ioannis Kontopoulos
1989 Kosmas Alexandros Kambouroglou
   Ioannis Evrigenis
1990 Theodore Tsaousidis
1991 Maria Hatzisavva
   Konstantinos Kambouroglou
1992 Ioannis Sarafidis
1993 Christopher Akritides
1994
1995 Isabelle Zabetaki
1996 Olga Sarafidou
1997 Haralambos Konstantinidis
1998 Elias Vafiades
1999
2000  Kosmas Papadopoulos
2001  Georgia Proestopoulou
2002  Ivana Semova (IB)
2003  
2004  Ioannis Loukakis (IB)
2005  Eleni Tsivitzis (ACT transfer student)
2006  Philippos Roger
2007  
2008  Pericles Hatzistavrides

Grinnell College Graduates Serving As Grinnell Corps
Anatolia Dormitory Interns

2004-05  Laura Frantz
          Will Stroebel
2005-06  Emily Zdyrko
          Bradley Iverson-Long
2006-07  Lucy McCormick
          Jason Carpp
2007-08  Kate Diedrick
          Katie Jares
2008-09  Alexandra Kossoy
          Calvin Dane
## Anatolia Staff Who Graduated from Grinnell College

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Grinnell Class</th>
<th>Connection to Anatolia</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>George E. White</td>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Faculty/President</td>
<td>1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Esther Robbins White</td>
<td>1882</td>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>1890</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sara Nollen</td>
<td>1898</td>
<td>Faculty</td>
<td>1930</td>
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<tr>
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<td>1904</td>
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<td>1912</td>
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<tr>
<td>Carl C. Compton</td>
<td>1913</td>
<td>Faculty/Dean/ President</td>
<td>1913</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ruth McGavren Compton</td>
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<td>1919</td>
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<tr>
<td>Elizabeth Arnold Vondermuhl</td>
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<td>Elizabeth Webster Mitchell</td>
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<tr>
<td>Esther Peck</td>
<td>1936</td>
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Appendix C
Carl Compton’s 1946 Anatolia Commencement Address
ζά σχεδίαζε ἀντίμετωπίζων βαρεῖαν εὐθυνήν καὶ σοφάρειν πρόβλημα. πάντως ἀναφέρον δὲ προσφημόμενον βελόνας τὴν νεολαίαν γιὰ τὰ περάτεα καθόλους πρὸς ἄγνοιαν ἔμφθεις τῶν. Θέματι εἰπαμείνει καὶ εἰπαμείνει καὶ συγκεκριμένα. καὶ τὸ ἔργον γίνεται ἀκόμη περισσότερων περιλαμβάνει ἀπὸ τὸ γεγονός δὲι δὲ τὸ κόσμος ἀλλάσσεται μὲ κατακτητικὴ τοχάνση. ἦν η ἐκκύρωται πρὸς ὧς καὶ τὸ νόμον, εἴη μὲ συρρέεται εἰς τὸ δρόμον. πάντως ἰμποτείμων γὰρ τοὺς ἄνθρωποις διὰ καὶ ἀντι-

μετατίθεντοις τοῖς διαφόροις μεταβαλλόμενοις προσώποις τῆς ζῆν τοῦ καὶ τοῦ ὑποκτοῦσας, τὰς μεταβαλλόμενας μορφὰς τῶν πολιτειῶν καὶ χαρακτηρικῶν ὁρασεῖς ἂν τὰς ποιητεῖς καὶ τὸ γεγονός δὲι καὶ τὸν κοινωνικὸς ἁρματικός ὁρασεῖς τὰς λάθεις τῆς προβληματῶν - ποιὸς εἰσὶν καὶ ἀνθρώποις ὁμοφωνάς ὑπὸ ἔξαπερε νὰ ἐξομολογεῖται εἰς αὐτάδες;

Πιστεύουμε δὴ τὸ κόσμος σκοτάς τῆς πειδείας δὲν εἶναι ἄλλως ἡ ἀπόκτησις γνῶσεως ἢ ἰδιοτήτης, τὸν καθορίζεται καὶ ἐπὶ δὲ, ἀλλὰ ἀνεπάρκειας συμμετοχής ἐντολίκης ὅπως κακασκευασίας. τὸ ὑποτίθεντον πράγμα γιὰ καὶ ἐπὶ πρόσωπον δὲν εἶναι ἃ πήκτωτις γνωσιομετατίθεν. ἔμενε τὸ τοῦ ἐνδούς καθώς κατανόησε εἰναὶ ἡ μεγάλη σύμπτωσις τῆς κοινωνίας δὲν εἶναι ἄνθρωπος, ἀλλὰ ἀνθρώποι καὶ γυναικίας. ἀλλὰ συνεχῶς καὶ ἀνεπάρκειας πρὸς ἄρθον ἀνατιθεματικά, τὸν κατανόησε καὶ κατέ τρόπον δὲν ἄρθοι ἃ ἀποδεῖ τὸν καθορίζεται ὅπως εἰς τὴν συναίσθησιν ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ συμπέρασμα τῆς κοινωνίας εἰς τὴν ἀνθρώπων ἑως.

Αἱ λεπτομερεῖς τῆς παιδείας ήμερομενὸς νὰ διαλέξουν, πιστεύουμε δὲν οὔτωσιν δὲν περιπλατήθηκαν ἀνθρώποις τῶν ἄλλων ἔθους ένθητων ὅπως νὰ ἔρθουν ἐπὶ ἐπιτυχημένον, καθορισμοῦν καὶ εὐθυμίης.

1. Καθὲς ἔχει ἀναγκήν νὰ διαπλήκει τὸν ἄνθρωπον πληροφορίας τὰς διάλεξας τῆς φιλοσοφίας. Καθὲς ἔχει ἀναπτύχθηνες δέν ἐπικαλομένης τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἐντολίκης, τὰς διάλεξας τοῦ περίπλοκος καὶ τὰς διάλεξας τοῦ κοινωνικοῦ μεταβείνει.

2. Καθὲς ἔχει ἀναγκήν νὰ κατανικήσῃ τὴν ψυχικὴν ἀποκάλυψαν τῆς κάτωμα τόρον καὶ τὴν κοινωνικὴν καὶ διάλεξας τὸς αναπάθειας τοῦ ἀνθρώπου.

3. Καθὲς πάρει νὰ εἴη μὲ ἀρχής νὰ ἐκτελεῖ τὴν κενογλωσσική κλήσισαν τῶν ἀνθρώπων τοῦ ἀναπάθειας, καὶ τῶν συγγραφέων πολιτικῶν γενικῶς.

4. Καθὲς πάρει νὰ κατανικήσῃ τῆς κοινωνικής, ὁμονοματικής καὶ πολιτικής ύπαρξιν τῆς κοινωνίας — νὰ ἔχῃ κάποιαν γνώσην τῶν βασικῶν ἀρχῶν καὶ ἔξεστι ἀναπάθειας προβλημάτων,
καθές είπε πρέπει να είναι είς θέση να εκτίμηται "τό άθινον τό
διαδό και τό άθροι". Πρέπει να θεωρεί αναμένεις και άλλους οποιοδήποτε για την ζωή του, πρέπει να γνωρίζει την διακρίνει μεταξύ δρόσου και δικαιού και διακρίνει μεταξύ δικαίου και να θυσιάζει την θηρική δύναμη να 
ακλόβη επαρχία τος πέντε αστές περιοχές της γύναικας. *Αλλά θεωρούμε

καθές θεωρούμες ότι οποιοδήποτε στόιχημα τούς προφύλαξες μας, ή κάθε
μείωση από τις περιοχές έδωσα, να οδήγησες είς αυτός κακοί θεοί ως
πόδες τούς δρόσους και διακρίνεις αρχές δια τούς κακοδιακέ
γονές είς τό να λύσαν τα προβλήματα αυτά. *Ακόροντα πολλά κράματα τά 
δικό τό δεν ημερίζον διαδοχίας είς τήν αθέουσα καταράσσεις κα τά 
οποία ημερίζον κανείς να μάθει διά τής πείραις. Αυτός είναι ένας ήλιος ανά τόν ποτέν ήλιον λεύκων λευκών συμπλήρων είς τας μακρύτερες δρόσες είς τόν τήν αθέουσαν καταράσσεις.
Δια τόν οργανιζμόν καί τόν πολέμου τός ημέρας στείρεσαν ος ζώον που
μάθησε καί από μαθησάμενες πληρέστερον να βοηθήσουν αυτός είς τό
να άναπτύξουν πρωτοκάλλεις, πλούσιον έλεον, δεξιοτήτον καί ικανότητον
οί ήμετον. Καί εκείνο τό άθροι είναι καθήμερο σκοπούσερνον,
ανατρέσανον σκοπούσερνον πολύ τά επίκεντρα καί τά αποθεημα тάν 
πόλισσα τής κοινωνίας ρυθμόν με ελευθερία μεταβόλη

είναι τό δικό
μας να διακριτομεθυμόναν κάσιον μικρό μέρος είς
tήν ανάκτησαν τής διεύθυνσις κατανομής καί καλής
θελήσεως. Η
παρούσα μάθησε καί καθήμερον διαφάνεια διάμορφης ο έκαστος μετεχόν ζώον 
μας είς τήν ζωή τής εκείνη τής σκοπιάς κατά

πέντε 
είς τήν

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Τό κολλέγιον Ἀνατολία ἦσει ἀλλάζοντι τήν τοποθεσίαν του τρεῖς χρόνων εἰς τήν ἱστορίαν του, τῷ διαφημικῷ τοῦ προσωπικοῦ ἔπος ἦσει ἀλλάζοντι ἐπειδή ὁμολογοῦσαν τῷ πρόγραμμα τῶν μαθημάτων τοῦ ἔχει θρυσοχοιτήθη κανεὶς ὑπὲρ ἕξι φοιτήτων φωτε, ἀλλὰ τὰ λόγια ποὺ ἐπε τῷ ἀρχικῷ διακατεργάσηται ὁ Δρ. Τσαγ γι' ἐπί τούτο οἱ πρόθεσεις τοῦ κολλέγιου Ἀνατολία, ήταν ἀπαραβήμενα τότε, εἶναι δριμύᾳ σήμερα καὶ ἦν εἶναι δριμύᾳ ἕσθεν δοὺς ὑπάρχουν αὐτὸ ἢ λόγοι, πρότερον γι' αὐτές εκπονήσεις τῆς πείδας καὶ γι' τῇ ἱστορία τοῦ κολλέγιου Ἀνατολία, ὁ Δρ. Τσαγ εἶπε:

ὡς πρὸς φρονήσεως κλάδους τοῦ ἑκατέρτου μᾶς συστήματος περιβάλλοντα ἀπὸ διάκλητων καὶ σοφών, μέσα διὰ τῆς διάλεκτης καὶ τῶν ἀρχικῶν φρονήσεως, κύρια χαρακτηριστικά τῆς ἀλήθειας, μερικά μεγάλα δημοφιλέα καὶ αρχαία φαίνονται νὰ προδόθηκαν μετὰ μὲ

Τὸν ὁμοίου οἶμοι τοῦ προσωπικοῦ διακατεργάτης εἰς τὴν περίπτωσιν τῆς ἀνθρώπων, ἀφιέρωσαν αὐτοὺς τῶν ἀνθρώπων ὡς διάκονους, ὡς γομολογές, ὡς διοικητές τοὺς Ἀρχαίους καὶ ἔλεγε πάντα τὰς ἐκεί παράδειγμα ἀπεικόνισε τῆς ἱστορίας.

Σήμερα ἐκεῖνο ἡ προσωπική διακατεργάσης εἰς τὸν χώρον δὲν εἶναι αμφότερον ἀρχαιολογική, διότι μίμησα καὶ ἀντανακλάμενο πρὸς τῶν θεωμάτων καὶ τῆς ἱστορίας τῆς δόσεως, ὡστε τῇ μακραίᾳ χειρότερη δημοφιλεῖς κοινωνία, ἀλλὰ ἴσως ἐκατέργαση ἡ ἱστορία τῆς ἱστορίας τῶν ἀνθρώπων. Χωρὶς αὐτὸ τούτο μεγαλύτερα διακριτικά τῆς μαθήσεως καὶ ἢ δρόμους τῆς προσωπικῆς εἶναι ἀπόδειξις καλοῦ ἤδη καὶ κύριον πληρών ἰδίως.
Appendix D
Honors Awarded to Carl C. Compton

The Golden Cross of the Order of George I (May 16, 1958)
Vote by the Thessaloniki City Council making Carl Compton an Honorary Citizen of the City (May 20, 1958)
Appendix E
Covers of the first Editions of the Memoirs and Letters

Cover of the first English edition of The Morning Cometh
Jacket in dark green
Cover of the Greek edition of *The Morning Cometh* (Σημερώνει ...) (Thessaloniki: Armenian Cultural Association “Hamazkian”, 1997)

Jacket in dark red
LETTERS OF CARL C. COMPTON
TO HIS WIFE RUTH,
WHILE WORKING AS DIRECTOR OF UNRRA OPERATIONS
IN THESSALONIKI, GREECE

August 1944 - September 1945

(An eyewitness report of personal life and relief work
in and around war-devastated Thessaloniki,
right after the liberation of the city)

Reproduced in Thessaloniki
March 2002

Cover in black and white
Notes

1. In the First Balkan War (October 18, 1912-May 30, 1913), Bulgaria, Greece, Montenegro, and Serbia defeated Turkey and forced her to cede Macedonia and Thrace and surrender all rights to Crete; the status of Albania and of the Aegean Islands was to be decided by the powers. In the Second Balkan War (June 29-July 30, 1913), Bulgaria was attacked by Greece and Serbia as well as by Rumania and Turkey. Bulgaria lost most of the territories she had gained in the First Balkan War, including Adrianople and eastern Thrace, which were recovered by Turkey.

2. The First World War essentially began on July 28, 1914, when Austria attacked Serbia, thus sparking a general war in Europe and beyond. Turkey joined Germany and Austria (the Central Powers) in October 1914, when she began operations against the Russian Black Sea coast and fleet. Because Bulgaria had also sided with the Central Powers, Turkey’s war efforts were diverted away from the Balkans and were directed against the Russians in the Caucasus and the British in Egypt and Iraq. During 1915, the British tried but failed to capture Gallipoli and the Straits. In the course of the Russo-Turkish war in 1914-1916, a large portion of Turkey’s Armenian population, which the Turkish government considered disloyal, was uprooted and virtually exterminated.

3. Although governed by its own board of trustees, Anatolia College remained an affiliate of the Boston-based American Board of Missions and received funds through the western Turkey mission station at Constantinople.

4. Enver Pasha, one of the principal leaders of the “Young Turk” Revolution of 1908 and close associate of Kemal Pasha, was Turkey’s Minister of War.

5. Following the abdication of Czar Nicholas II on March 15, 1917, a “Provisional Government” (first under Prince George Lvov and later under the socialist Alexander Kerensky) attempted to introduce reforms while keeping the country in the war. However, political unrest continued to mount and the Bolshevists tried but failed to seize power in the capital during July 16-18, 1917. The Provisional Government was finally overthrown by the Bolshevists on November 7 (October 24 by the old calendar, thus the “October Revolution”) and peace with the Central Powers was concluded in March 1918. The Bolshevist victory was opposed by virtually the entire political spectrum and caused the Russian Civil War (1918-1920), but the “Whites” were finally defeated and the Bolshevists were able to consolidate their power. One of the first acts of the Bolshevists was the move of the capital from Petrograd (renamed Leningrad in January 1924) to Moscow.
6. In the spring of 1918, during the Russian Civil War and as the Central Powers began to withdraw their forces from southern Russia, independent republics were established in Armenia, Azerbaijan, and Georgia. However, the defeat of the Whites enabled the Soviet government to gain control of these areas, and in 1921 these republics were incorporated into the Soviet Union, retaining only a very limited degree of local autonomy.

7. Under the czarist regime, the High Procurator of the Holy Synod, a government-appointed lay administrator, controlled the finances of the Synod and served as the intermediary between the church hierarchy and the crown.

8. During 1918-1920, the Allies sent troops to Russia mostly to prevent the Germans from seizing war supplies at Archangel and Murmansk, but also in the hope of reopening the eastern front and forestalling a Bolshevik victory. Concerned primarily with Japan’s expansionist plans and the presence of a large Japanese force in Russia’s Far Eastern territories, the United States also sent an expeditionary force of about 8,500 troops which followed the Japanese into Siberia. In what is generally called the Allied intervention in the Russian Civil War, the Allies assisted the White armies with supplies and by blockading the Russian coastline. With the victory of the Bolsheviks over their domestic opponents, the Allied troops were withdrawn in 1920.

9. In 1900, the Boxers, a militia force dedicated to the expulsion of all foreigners from China, had led mob attacks against foreign legations and other institutions in which several hundred foreigners, mostly missionaries, had been killed. An international expedition suppressed the uprising and imposed the Boxer Protocol (September 1901), which provided for a large indemnity, punishment of Chinese officials, razing of forts, the establishment of foreign garrisons on Chinese soil, and other humiliating terms.

10. The Treaty of Sèvres (August 10, 1920) placed the city of Smyrna and its environs under Greek administration for five years, to be followed by a referendum on the area’s incorporation into Greece. Although the Turkish government at Constantinople had no choice but to sign the treaty (Allied troops remained at the Turkish capital), a nationalist revolutionary government at Ankara, led by Kemal, defied the Allies and secured military assistance from the Soviet Union. Encouraged by the British government, Greek troops landed at Smyrna (June 1920) and advanced into the interior in pursuit of Kemal’s retreating army, reaching Eskişehir in July 1921. Soon, however, Kemal’s forces counterattacked and after fierce fighting (battle of the Sakarya, August 24-September 16) the Greeks were defeated and fled to the coast. The Turks entered Smyrna on September 1922, and the city was destroyed by fire.
20. Mostly from malaria, which plagued the coastal areas of Greek Macedonia.
21. On October 28, 1940, after severe diplomatic pressures on the Athens government, Mussolini’s forces invaded Greece through Albania. However, they were quickly repulsed and by December the Greeks had pushed the Italians deep into Albania. On April 6, 1941, German troops in Rumania and Bulgaria attacked Yugoslavia and Greece. By April 23, Greek resistance had been broken, and an armistice was concluded; German troops entered Athens on April 27. Greece remained under enemy occupation until October 1944.
22. Under the Lend-Lease Act, signed by Congress on March 11, 1941, Allied nations which had exhausted their credit in dollars could receive military and other assistance in the form of “leasing” from the United States.
23. Tension between the British-backed government of George Papandreou and the leading faction of the wartime resistance, ELAS, which was now controlled by the communists, flared up into serious fighting in Athens on December 3, 1944. The uprising lasted until January 14, 1945, when the insurgents accepted defeat and signed the Varkiza agreement (February 12, 1945), which was to serve as the basis for solving the country’s political problems. During the fighting in the capital, the rest of the country was largely in the hands of leftist guerrillas, who chose to attack their principal opponents in the resistance movement (the EDES organization, located in Epirus), and made no attempt to seize control of the urban centers. A sizeable guerrilla force in the Thessaloniki area remained passive and did not interfere with the government authorities. Following the national elections of March 31, 1946, which leftist groups boycotted, the level of violence across the country increased, and by the winter of that year a full-scale civil war was in progress. A communist “government” was formed in guerrilla-held territory in December 1947 but received no recognition, and the insurgency ended in 1949 with the defeat of the communists.
26. In his own account, published in 1984, Stacktopoulos recalls with gratitude the fact that before taking the stand as the only witness for the defense Carl Compton approached him and said: “I will do all I can for you . . . .” To which Stacktopoulos replied: “Thank you so much ... You must not be ashamed of me . . . . On the contrary . . . .” In his book Stacktopoulos maintains that his confession had been the result of extreme physical and psychological torture, and that he had no involvement whatsoever in Polk’s murder. He accuses the Greek authorities of using him as a scapegoat in an effort to blame the murder on the communists (with whom Stacktopoulos had had a brief association) and declare the case closed.
27. The Greek Prime Minister at the time was George A. Papandreou, head of the “Government of National Unity,” established in 1944 in the Middle East following fighting between Greek Resistance organizations. He arrived in Greece on October 18, 1944, following the withdrawal of the German occupation forces, escorted by British troops. Papandreou had been Minister of Education before the war, and Carl had worked with him in that capacity and admired him as a person.
28. Laird Archer had been, since 1930, Foreign Director of the Near East Foundation, an organization established after World War I to organize relief work in Greece and Turkey. He had been appointed head of the Coordinating Committee of American Agencies for Greek Reconstruction, and in February 1944 was made Chief of UNRRA for Greece. He and Carl were well acquainted, and Carl admired and felt comfortable with him.
29. By October 30, the UNRRA group had moved from Cairo to Alexandria and were making direct preparations to transfer their work to Greece itself. Carl arrived in Thessaloniki on November 16, 1944, exactly 16 days after the departure of the Germans from the city.
30. ML was Military Liaison, an Anglo-American military organization in charge of relief until April 1, 1945, when UNRRA took over.

31. Although he is not very explicit about what was going on, thanks to military censorship, the thing which made Carl so thoroughly depressed was the destructive political divide between various factions which had started as resistance groups during the German occupation and now wanted to institute their particular versions of a new beginning in Greece after the war. On the left were the National Liberation Front (EAM) and the National People’s Liberation Army (ELAS). On the right were a combination of anti-communist groups, including some who advocated the return of the King. The Left very soon withdrew its support from the Papandreou government, and serious fighting broke out in and around Athens on December 3, 1944 between ELAS and a combination of British forces and a small contingent of Greek government security forces. The British made a strong effort to retain Athens, and drove the ELAS forces out, but much of the country (major urban areas excepted) remained under EAM/ELAS control. On January 12, 1945 a truce was arranged, and a formal agreement providing for amnesty, national elections, and a plebiscite on the future of the monarchy was signed at Varkiza on February 12, 1945. The divisions in the country were not, however, resolved and eventually led (in the spring of 1946) to the Greek Civil War, which lasted until 1949, and added to the destruction and desolation so feelingly described in these letters.

32. On September 4, 1944, in retaliation for an attack on a German guard-post nearby, whose purpose was to protect the water supply of Thessaloniki, the village of Hortiatis was largely destroyed by a German “Partisan Pursuit Unit” augmented by Greek collaborators. About 250 villagers, mostly women, children and elderly, were killed, some burned alive in the public oven where they had hidden. Most of the houses were blown up. John Iatrides points to this as a particularly blatant example of pointless brutality, both on the part of the guerrillas who killed the guards and the Germans who retaliated. After all, it was clear to everybody that the Germans were about to leave Greece.

33. During the December 1944 fighting, British tanks and warplanes bombarded sections of the city held by ELAS forces.

34. The Varkiza Agreement was signed February 12, 1945. Papandreou resigned and a new government under Nikolaos Plastiras was sworn on January 3, 1945.

35. EAM/ELAS remained in control of Northern Greece with the exception of Thessaloniki, which was under the protection of British troops.

36. General Euripidis Bakirdjis, Commander of ELAS forces with headquarters in the town of Veria.

37. This bridge crossed the Axios (Vardar) River, which separated Thessaloniki from the major portion of mainland Greece.

38. During the fighting in Athens ELAS took hostages and some were moved north; many died of their hardships.

39. Following the German occupation of Greece in April-May of 1941, the Germans turned over Eastern Macedonia and Thrace to their Bulgarian allies, who annexed the area. Bulgarian brutalities forced a large portion of the population to flee to the German or Italian zones of occupation.

40. To help defuse the political crisis of December 1944 by shelving the thorny issue of the monarchy’s return, Damaskinos, Archbishop of Athens and All Greece, was named Regent. Following a national plebiscite, King George II returned in October, 1946, in the midst of the civil war.

41. Because of the destruction of roads and rail lines, overland travel between Athens and Thessaloniki was impossible.
42. The Joint Relief Committee operated in Greece during the German occupation — as neutrals they were accepted by the Germans. Following the German occupation of Greece and the wholesale looting which followed, Britain imposed a blockade on all direct shipments to Greece, aggravating an already desperate situation and causing widespread starvation in the winter of 1941-42. In 1942, under pressure from the U.S. and the Greek government in exile (Cairo), Britain permitted neutral Sweden to organize, transport, and distribute relief supplies which saved many lives. (See note on Carl’s activities during the winter of 1943-44.)

43. A cable received by the Anatolia College Trustees in Boston on April 23, from Ernest Riggs, stated that he felt circumstances justified reopening the College in September, and urgently requested the presence of his wife Alice and Ruth Compton.

44. George Skouras was Director of Greek War Relief; he was the brother of Spyros Skouras, President of Fox Films.

45. A “preventorium” was a sort of summer camp where malnourished children would spend time in a presumably healthy environment to build up their strength and resistance to disease. They were common in Greece from 1945 to the early 1950s.

46. In the winter of 1941-42, German troops occupying the Anatolia College campus began burning library books to heat the buildings. Greek faculty arranged to move and store a large portion of the school library in their homes.

Manos Iatridis (brother of John and son of Orestes, often mentioned in these letters) reminded me of how these dishes — and other College materials — were stored during the War. Here is now he describes what happened: “Your dishes were waiting for the return of your family ... in our house at Harilaou, adjacent to the Liatsos house. They were taken there, together with much other valuable hardware from the Compton’s house and the school (cutlery, typewriters, microscopes, etc.) and put in one of the basement rooms. Ours was a one-story house, with a low-ceiling basement, partly dug in the ground. It was divided into spaces according to the rooms of the house above, but was used only as a storage space. You could not live there. So, when we filled the inner basement to the ceiling, my father and I (no external assistance, for secrecy purposes) walled in the opening to this part of the basement and worked hard to make the new wall look the same, dirty and dusted, like the rest of the walls. Then we piled coal and wood for the stoves in front of the wall.

I give you all these details in order to emphasize the importance of my father’s forethought and the quality (!) of our masonry work: Late in 1942 the German Army requisitioned our house, sent us away, and established there the local HQ, with six to ten officers and soldiers living and working in it. Plus two horses in the garden! At times we, the children, were allowed to go into the garden and pick fruit from the trees. So, for almost two years, the American property in the basement had a German garrison over it to protect it. They never suspected anything.”

47. The Thessaloniki pier and cargo rail terminal were blown up by the retreating Germans.

48. Petros Voulgaris succeeded Nikolaos Plastiras on April 8, 1945; when his government fell in mid-October the Regent, Archbishop Damaskinos, became Prime Minister and served until November 1, when Panayiotis Kanellopoulos formed a new government that lasted 21 days; his government was followed by one under Themistocles Sofoulis.

49. Kiriakos Varvaressos, Professor of Economics at the University of Athens and long-time Governor of the Bank of Greece, was named Minister of Supply and Deputy Prime Minister on June 2, 1945 and immediately announced sweeping reforms intended to strengthen the drachma, impose a new tax system, set ceilings on salaries, and establish price controls on many basic commodities. At first successful, his reforms aroused the opposition of virtually
every sector of society, and, lacking the support of his colleagues in the Government, he re-signed on September 2.

50. The Church of the Brethren, which is closely related to the Mennonites, set up a service committee to send livestock from North America to Europe; Lee Meyer was a Mennonite, so it is not surprising there was a connection. The Brethren and Mennonites were pacifists and therefore conscientious objectors during World War II; instead of serving in the military they were required to perform some “alternative service,” and shipping livestock to Europe once the fighting there was ended would have qualified. That is how young men were on board the ship in question, and not in the military. In the summer of 1946, I signed up with this group as a “sea-going cowboy” to help bring livestock to Europe. I had hoped to be sent to Greece, but most of the animals were going to Poland, and that is where I ended up, accompanying a shipload of horses. (WRC).

51. This and many other reconstructed bridges were again destroyed during the Civil War, and had to be rebuilt once more.
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41. Anatolia Girls’ School, Allatini area, Thessaloniki.
42. Anatolia students and teachers on the day the School received its permit, 1925.
43. Carl Compton as basketball coach at the Harilaou campus, Thessaloniki c. 1930.
46. The site of the Pylea campus before landscaping, 1928.
47. President George White and others standing before the gate of the new campus, 1928.
48. Macedonia Hall under construction, 1933-34.
49. Carl and Ruth Compton with their children, William (Bill) and Esther, mid-1930s.
50. The Comptons’ first home in Panorama, 1925.
52. Poster of the wounded being led back from the Albanian front, 1940-41.
53. General Georgios Tsolakoglou signing the final draft of the protocol of capitulation to the Germans in Macedonia Hall, April 23, 1941.
54. U.S. WWII poster in support of Occupied Greece, 1942.
55. and 56. Greek posters c. 1942-1943.
57. Excerpts from Carl Compton’s first post-WWII Commencement Address, 1946.
58. Four Greek boys about to be admitted to a tuberculosis preventorium at the UNRRA Zappeion Gardens clothing depot, Athens.
59. Aerial view of the Anatolia campus c. 1951.
60. Faculty members regularly met in the President’s home.
61. Coursework focused on general education and emphasized student participation.
62. Anatolia had the first science laboratory in Northern Greece.
63. Child-care classes for Anatolia girls.
64. Competitive sports played an important role in an Anatolia education.
65. Anatolia’s female students also participated in athletic activities.
66. An Anatolia student in the village of Mavrorachi.
68. A class trip to Kastoria by Anatolia girls.
69. Daily chapel visitors brought the outside world within Anatolia’s walls.
70. Anatolia’s Student Government immersed in discussion.
72. Carl Compton in the 1950s.
73. Visit by King Paul and Queen Frederica, 1961.
74. Carl Compton enjoyed a cordial relationship with the Greek Orthodox Clergy.
75. Carl Compton and Anatolia Alumni during “March Assembly 1957.”
76. Carl Compton showing new Anatolia President Howard Johnston around Mavrorachi, 1958.
77. Carl and Ruth at an Alumni Association Ball.
78. Portrait of Carl Compton as President of Anatolia College.
79. Carl Compton accompanying an Anatolia athletic team to Veria.
80. Carl Compton preparing to give a public lecture.
81. and 82. Carl Compton’s door was always open to everyone, from diplomats to students.
83. A student fortune-teller reveals President Compton’s future.
84. Carl Compton awarding a prize on Field Day 1958.
85. The dinner in honor of the Comptons’ retirement and the arrival of Dr. Howard Johnston.
86. The Comptons with incoming President Howard Johnston, his wife and two sons, 1958.
87. - 88. Two of Anatolia College’s best-known philologists, Nikos Hourmouziades and Nikos Papahatzis.
89. Flag Day 1957.
90. - 91. Anatolia College students marching in the Oxi Day parade, October 1957.
92. Anatolia College’s activities were amply covered by the Thessaloniki press in 1957-1958.
93. Grinnell College Commencement, June 1959.
94. The Comptons’ retirement home in Northfield, Massachusetts.
96. Carl and Ruth Compton in the 1970s.
98. Today’s Anatolia College campus.
99 a, b. The 2007 Anatolia College graduation ceremony.
100. The Anatolia seal and logo.
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Carl Compton was with Anatolia College for 45 years and became its fourth President in 1950. Born in Iowa in 1891, he graduated from Grinnell College. An initial two-year teaching assignment at Anatolia College—then in Turkey—grew into a lifetime of service. His wife Ruth, a college classmate, was his partner within the family and in his career, which spanned the years 1913-1958.

In 1917, right after they were married, Carl and Ruth headed for the Caucasus and then to Siberia to work with Armenian refugees under the auspices of the Mission Board of the Congregational Church. In 1921, the couple returned to Anatolia. When the Turkish government closed the College in 1922, they stayed on to care for the orphanage and facilities; they were witnesses to the massacres that took place in that year. The couple remained in Turkey through 1924 on assignments with the Near East Relief Organization.

When Anatolia College was reestablished in Thessaloniki at the request of Premier Eleftherios Venizelos, Carl was appointed Dean. The couple’s work was interrupted by the closing of the College during World War II. When Carl returned to Greece in 1944, it was as UNRRA’s Regional Director for Northern Greece. He resumed his position when Anatolia reopened in 1945.

To occupy his mind when Ruth died, Carl wrote these memoirs. He passed away in 1982, shortly after completing the manuscript. The Commencement Oath, which he also wrote, provides a capsule of Carl’s philosophy and the way he lived it.

_In loyalty to the ideals of my Alma Mater, the hopes of my parents and the needs of my country, I pledge:_

_That wherever I go, whatever I do,_
_I will make the guiding light of my life not wealth, nor fame nor power, but the love of God and the love of my fellowmen._
_I will live not for myself alone but for the good of my community, my country and the whole brotherhood of man._