

**The**  
**Turkish ORDEAL**  
*Being the further memoirs of*  
**HALIDE EDIB**

*With a frontispiece in color by*  
**ALEXANDRE PANKOFF**  
*And many illustrations from photographs*

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**DEDICATED TO**  
**THE YOUTH OF THE NATIONS REPRESENTED IN THE**  
**TURKISH ORDEAL**

*“My story is simple. It does not aim at a moral. But I pray  
that the future Youth who will read it may tear away the  
veil behind which they slew each other and were  
slain . . . recognize their likeness in the eyes of  
their brothers . . . grip each other’s  
hands . . . and on the old Ruins of  
hatred and Desolation erect a  
New World of Brotherhood  
and Peace.”*

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**CHAPTER I**  
**PREPARATORY EVENTS TO THE NATIONALIST MOVEMENT**  
*(October 30, 1918 – May 15, 1919)*

My own condition – physical and mental – at that time might be taken as typical of the general feeling in my country after the armistice was signed and the Allied troops had entered. I felt stupefied, tired, and utterly sick of all that had happened since 1914. I was conscious that the Ottoman Empire had fallen with a crash, and that it was not only the responsible Unionist leaders who were buried beneath the crushing weight of it. Though disintegration had begun nearly a century before, and though I firmly believe that, war or no war, the empire would have been doomed anyhow, yet with the aid of a far-sighted policy, there might have resulted a less abrupt and unfortunate end. But at that moment the absolute finality of the death of the empire was an unavoidable fact.

That the years of elaborate political work carried out by the different powers in Turkey among the minorities, and the series of atrocities committed by all the racial units, were going to bear fruit no one doubted. As Russia was *hors de combat*, it was evident that England and France – and perhaps Italy – would take the largest share of the spoils of war. Italy naturally would be compensated in Austria, but the other powers would spread their jurisdiction over a great part of the Ottoman Empire, dividing it into “mandates,” or “zones of influence.” Even those who had believed in the moral superiority of justice, rights of peoples, etc., would not be applied to this country. Yet the Fourteen Points of President Wilson so ostentatiously announced, and the supreme war weariness of all the peoples, including the victors, made it advisable to leave the Turks along in the lands where they were in an incontestable majority.

In spite of their somewhat qualified feelings for the Allies, the Turks still believed them to have enough equity, or even common sense, to avoid the infliction of two things on Turkey: first, the attempt to create an Armenia on the east and south of Turkey where the Armenians, even before the deportations and massacres, formed only from 2 to 20 percent of the population; secondly, the invasion of Asia Minor by Greece, which would inevitably mean a bloody inter-extermination. Had those two things been avoided, I believe the history of the world today would have been different.

This is the rough outline of the feeling in Turkey at the end of the great war.

I was myself occupied with other things at the time. Apart from my work at the Ojak, where in the new executive committee I was striving with the other members to change the statutes of the old Ojak laws, I was seriously interested in an idea upon which a few young doctors were enthusiastically working. It was an association which we called “Keuyluler,”<sup>1</sup> or “Villagers.”

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<sup>1</sup> the idea behind this movement was a composite one. The ideals of Tolstoy, the social work in America as expressed in “Hull House,” by Miss Jane Addams, the publications of the admirers of Edmond Desmoulins’ school in Turkey – all contributed to create our small movement. The idea was non-political, belonging to a small group who had an unbounded desire to reconstruct a new Turkey. After 1908 all the parties and governments were bound to be progressive, but the more hurried the coming of reform or change, the more it is bound to be only on the surface. The creation of a new Turkey demanded the individual change of a large section of the Turkish masses (mostly the rural classes), and this change could be effected only by individuals whose lifelong work must be a slower but deeper reconstruction. Our little group was to undertake the health and the education of a small district in which it would

A few weeks before the armistice the Talaat Pasha cabinet resigned, and the Izzet Pasha cabinet negotiated the terms of the armistice in Mudros. Admiral Calthorpe as the Allied representative, and Rauf Bey, the minister of marine, as the Turkish representative, signed it on October 30, 1918.

With the entry of the Allied armies the insolence of the Greeks and the Armenians and the treatment of the peaceful Turkish citizens in the streets became scandalous. The Senegalese soldiers especially had become so uncontrollable that there were rumors that they bit the Turkish women in public and roasted Turkish babies for their evening meals. Large numbers of Turks were continually arrested on some pretext, fined, and sometimes badly beaten at the Allied headquarters. The requisition of the houses, the throwing out of the inhabitants without allowing them to take their personal belongings – those were the mildest forms of bad treatment. The Greek and Armenian interpreters and assistants of the Allied police – the English particularly – greatly influenced and colored the behavior of these men toward the Turks. Apart from the unjust as well as unwise policy of the Allies toward Turkey, their armies of occupation in the first months saw the Turks with the eyes of the Greeks and Armenians, and perhaps this was what hurt the man in the street most at the time. One often saw Turkish women roughly pushed out of tramcars, and heard Turkish children called “bloody cusses.” The tearing of the fezzes or the tearing of the veils of women were common sights, and all these things were borne with admirable dignity and silence by the townspeople. Let it be added that the Turk forgets and forgives wrongs and even massacres, but he rarely forgets and insult to his self-respect.

As the Turkish press was tightly muzzled by the Allied censor, and as very few of these things could be published, the rumors became more serious and probably more exaggerated.

Colonel Heathcote Smythe, who seemed to be the most powerful person in the English headquarters, had gone to inspect the Turkish prisons in Istantoul. The Turkish prisons, or some of them, are horrible; but there were no political prisoners in them, and a Turkish prisoner was exposed to the same hardship as a Christian. Colonel Heathcote Smythe had ordered all the Christian criminals to be set free. Most of them were ordinary murderers. In a country like Turkey, where so many political offenders are easily punished by death, it is astonishing to note that the courts rarely pass death sentences on murderers. Among the released Christians, there was an Armenian who had killed two members of his own family; I remember hearing about the fear of the others. There was a Greek who had shot the son of Hairi Pasha just a week before. His victim was a quiet Turkish youth. The shooting had taken place at the door of Tokatlian (a well-known Armenian restaurant in Pera), and the Greek had done it for the fun of shooting a Turk. As the Turkish population was entirely unarmed and anyone found with arms was very severely punished, and as all the Christians had deliberately armed themselves, a series of murders verging on massacre started in the Turkish quarters, especially in the Ak-Serai and Fatih regions, where the streets are dark and covered over with lonely ruins of past fires.

Soon I began to notice a gradual awakening even among the Turkish youth, usually so despairing and indifferent to everything after the war. I well remember several talks at the Ojak. A few Turkish

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choose to work. And we chose Tavshanly, a district in Kutahia. Four doctors started to work by opening little centers

officers expressed profound surprise at the regular Allied forces allowing such disorder and anarchy to go on. A few civilians abused all the soldiers including our own and said that there was nothing left for the Turk but to turn Bolshevik and pull down the inhuman edifice which we called Western civilization. One man said: "I though the British had more intelligence if not more humanity. We are the only possible obstacle to the great wave of Bolshevism. We would have been the only buffer state if they had treated us decently. Now we will let it inoculate us and pass the germ on to the West." But the worst had not come yet.

Among these painful impressions which I gathered from the people I was beginning to realize that a country belongs to its women more than to its men. It was they who recognized instinctively a danger to their homes, although they were not in a position to know the politically complicated reasons which lead the men of every country to war. The fashionable women of Istamboul – those in Pera mostly – were trying to express the national indignation and the unfitness of the Allied actions in their own fashionable way. They were giving tea parties to English and French officers and dancing with them, as well as telling them about the state of things. Both sides were enjoying themselves, and probably there was some change of view in a limited circle of the Allied officers. The material result was of course a few intermarriages. I kept out of these parties with religious care.

The lower classes were expressing themselves in their dumb but very forcible way. Scenes on the trams and the boats enlightened me every day.

I will repeat one rather typical boat scene.

When we lived in Bebek (a village on the Bosphorus) I had to take either the tram or the boat. One day it was late and the first-class cabin was full. In those days one cause of the disorder in the boats was the fact that the Christian women who had second-class tickets came and sat in the first-class cabin. The attendants and the controllers are mostly Turkish; the company is an old Turkish company. The violent-looking rabble (mostly servant class) who swarmed the first-class cabin always threatened the controllers with the Allied police if they insisted on demanding and getting the difference between the first and second class. As these poor controllers did not have the ghost of a change when reported to the Allied headquarters by Christian women, they tried to keep their peace. Blows between Turkish women and Christian women were frequent. On this particular occasion, as usual, most of the Christian women in the first class had second-class tickets, and I noticed particularly a Greek woman in brilliant yellow who had pushed two women over on each other's laps to be able to get a seat.

When the controller came she announced proudly that her ticket was second class but that she always traveled first class when she had a second-class ticket. The controller did not look as mild as she expected.

"All the Turkish women who take a second-class ticket sit in the second class," he said.

"They are Turkish," she answered, "I am Greek, and I am protected by the English and the French. I won't sit outside and catch cold."

“There is a closed second-class cabin, and I will give you a chair,” he repeated patiently but firmly.

“I won’t go,” she screamed. “You dirty Turk, you abomination,” and springing up she slapped him on the face and tried to spit on it as well. In another instant she was being carried out in his arms like a child, he holding her away from his face and she trying to reach his head with her fists. “I will tell the French, I will tell the English,” she was screeching.

Ten minutes later she came back accompanied by an inspector and by a policeman. The inspector was probably a native Christian, but he was a well-mannered person with some sense of justice. “Tell these gentlemen that the controller has beaten me,” she ordered. There was profound silence. However, when the inspector asked if her statement was true, three or four voices called out in unison, “She has beaten the controller; he only took her out.” Her language was such that the inspector ordered her to go away; but before the cabin had settled down she came back, and, sitting between two closely veiled Turkish women, she began to swear in Greek as an outlet to her roused passions. Among the epithets with which she was honoring the Turkish women beside her was the word “prostitute.” The woman thus addressed sprang up and began to harangue the cabin half in Greek and half in Turkish. Evidently she was one of the Cretan Moslems (whose mother tongue is Greek). No Moslem hates the Greek as the Cretan. Having suffered from the Greek oppression in Crete and having seen frequent Moslem massacres, the Cretan is as bitter against the Greek as the Armenian is bitter against the Turk. In a few minutes even the more peaceful of the Turkish women were standing on their seats and letting out their feelings, their pent-up sense of the injustice which the Allies were inflicting by means of these native Christians. It was a very critical moment and I would have loved to see what was to follow, but I thought of the possibilities of unpleasant consequences, and going to the door of the men’s department I called for the inspector. He was already hurrying to the scene of action. This time he dragged the Greek woman out without ceremony; but she managed to fire a last shot at an old-fashioned elderly Moslem lady who had been very quiet throughout the whole scene. “Dirt and abomination of the Christians, you dog of a Moslem,” she cried. The old lady gasped and fainted. I tried to revive her with eau-de-Cologne, rubbing her head and wrists. This excited the whole cabin into a red revolutionary mood, and the old lady wept all the time. “What will my son say? He is a liaison officer to the French, and he tells me that they are nice people, and he always asks me to hold my tongue. But what can I do with my white hair, I, who pray five times a day, if she calls me . . .?” her lament was quiet but stirred the people more. I decided that I would sit on the deck with the second-class passengers henceforth.

Although I had watched the scenes of violence in the cabin with self-control, the atmosphere of the deck began to stir me very strangely. Here were the poorer women, dressed in loose black *charshafs*, their faces always unveiled. I found their quiet ways very soothing, and they always made a place for me to sit among them. But in spite of this apparent calm I was becoming conscious of something subtle and penetrating about them. They did not talk much; still, I felt that they were profoundly affected and sad. They were neither articulate nor demonstrative, yet one could see that they had a sense of the doom of the

Turkish nation; in fact, contact with the masses in Turkey made one feel that the doom of total extermination decided on by the powers was tangible enough to be felt by the simplest among them.

These ferry-boats, upon which I came into silent contact with the people, used to wind their way through the gigantic warships of the Allies anchored in the waters of the Bosphorus. Sometimes the deck of the ferry-boat almost touched the mouths of the cannon which shone from the decks of those warships. It was then perhaps that a labor-worm hand would search for and reach my own, and a woman's pair of eyes would gaze at me with an expression of silent appeal, while I would pat the hand, answering invariably with the popular Turkish saying, "*Buda Gecher.*" (This also will pass.)

About this time I decided to go to my house in Istamboul. I had been staying in Bebek for the sake of the boys, who were going to Robert College. I preferred to have them cover the long distance every day from Istamboul to Bebek. The preparation of the house took some time. Meanwhile events marched onward to their inevitable end.

I want to relate another human incident of the kind which was preparing the Turk unconsciously for the great stand in Anatolia. This time it happened in a tram. I was taking the last tram from Emin-Eunu (Istamboul side of the bridge) to go to my sister. The conductor was an Armenian, and he was taking the Christian women in and pushing the Turkish women out. It was late and the poor women, who would, if they failed to get on, have to pass through unsafe and dark streets in order to reach their homes, looked distressed. They stood under the lamp-post and stared at the tram with despair, when an old woman managed to glide through the Christian women and get inside. The conductor ordered her out, swearing at the same time, I rose and offered her my place, proposing to stand by the door. The conductor at once roughly pushed me with his ticket-book, using unrepeatable language. But before I could open my mouth, the curtain which divided the women's part from that of the men was pulled back and a military voice spoke in a commanding tone, hoarse with rage:

"Conductor, stop swearing at that woman or I shoot."

He was a tall, fat, middle-aged, shabby Turkish officer. A worn-out calpak which had shrunk with rain hardly covered his head. His jacket lacked a button and he had no coat, although it was a cold evening. In a glance I took in his face, with its short nose and large eyes, and I saw that his hand was on his hip. I do not know whether he had a revolver or whether it was merely habit, but he looked enraged enough to strangle the conductor there and then. The conductor was so frightened that he did not even stop and look for one of the Allied police. There was a sudden and ominous silence as the tram sped through the deserted streets of Istamboul. I was very anxious for the big manly creature who, in the depths of misery and despair, found the courage to stand for a Turkish woman whom he did not even know. I left the tram at Turbo, my knees trembling under me like empty rubber tubes.

Amid all the hostile atmosphere created in our own country by the narrow policy of the victors, the internal process, which was gradually hardening me into an absolute rebel against the enemies who was capable of understanding the desperate position into which the Turks were being pushed. Apart from the



gradually weakening flicker of hope that the West might solve the Turkish question with more common sense if not with more equity, I felt the fundamental oneness of all those who, regardless of race and creed, dare to believe in truth and reality in a noisy world of politics. The first of such to come to my mind is Dr. Miller, the professor of history in the Girls' College. On one of her visits she brought an English colonel to tea with her. I do not remember his name, but he had something strong and spiritually broad about him; he had lived and fought in Macedonia and loved the Turkish peasants. We did not talk politics, but I thought that he was not unlike a Turkish peasant in his kindness and good manners.

Another able to effect one of these temporary pacifications of the soul was Mr. Philip Browne. He had come to Turkey as the American representative just after the armistice. I have spoken of him already in my reminiscences of the college. He took temperamental delight in everything that was Eastern and Turkish. It was not only this which gave him special charm in the eyes of every Turk; he was also a sincere believer in the Fourteen Points of President Wilson. After hearing him speak on these points with surprising eloquence and conviction, I went home thinking that Time would soothe and soften this political malady called anti-Turkism, and that the coming peace, however hard or however drastic, would not lay the foundation of a bloodier era of revolution and horrors, especially over the bones of the twenty million human beings who had died for the sake of a better human understanding and adjustment. The peoples, judging from my own, I felt to be intensely anxious to act on the principle of live and let live. Mr. Philip Browne had been a friend of Damad Ferid Pasha before 1908, and during this visit in December, 1918, he exerted himself courageously, visiting Damad Ferid Pasha and advising him to stand up for his own people; for it was believed that Ferid Pasha would be promoted to power by the sultan. In the days of Abdul Hamid, Ferid Pasha was a well-known liberal and democrat, but he had changed entirely: he was trying to reinstate absolute monarchy in the person of Sultan Vahideddine.

The first sigh of foresight and the greatest evidence of wisdom was publicly shown by Dr. Gates at this period. He is a fervent Christian and naturally a friend of the Armenians. He took a small trip to southern Turkey all through Adana to study the situation. On his return he dared to say that owing to the fact that the Armenians were so infinitely in the minority, an Armenia in southern Turkey was an impossibility. The Armenian press was furious, never realizing that his declaration, if listened to in Paris, would prevent a tragedy in the unfolding of which the Armenians as well as the Turks would suffer. Dr. Gates failed to get a hearing in Paris, where the Peace Conference was in preparation. The "Down with the Turk!" cry drowned every voice which spoke the truth.

The Western politicians who dreamt of dividing the whole of Turkey were more than encouraged by the internal situation of the country. Turkey had never appeared to be such an easy prey to partition and extermination. The sultan was ready to take part with any strong power to turn against his own people, and the power he most favored seemed to be England. Evidently he was dreaming of a British protectorate similar to the one in Egypt. There had been cruel and corrupt sultans in Turkey, there had been imbeciles and drunkards in its history, but never had a son of Osman fallen so low as to maneuver for the subjugation

of Turkey so that he might live comfortably. The Entente Liberale, the opponents of the Union and Progress, who surrounded the sultan, seemed also intent on the same idea. Absolute monarchy under a British protectorate they meant to have, and in order that this should be realized both they and the sultan were mediating the closure of the parliament. I want to add that not all those who thought that parliamentarism was too advanced a form of government for Turkey were at the same time in favor of a foreign protectorate; Mustafa Kemal Pasha was said to be one of those trying to persuade the sultan to close the parliament, but he wished him to inaugurate afterward a regime of absolutism – with a cabinet in which Mustafa Kemal Pasha himself would be the minister of war.

When the Izzet Pasha cabinet fell and the Tewfik Pasha cabinet came into power this question of closing the parliament became very acute. The parliament consisted at the time of a Unionist majority and was extremely unpopular on account of the disasters and failures of the great war. Yet, however bad a representative government may be, however completely a National Assembly may fail to do the right thing, it is strange to note how any and every people feels safer with than without it. I believe that the bad impression made by the talk of the dissolution of even so unpopular a parliament was due to this feeling. It should be noted that at this time each of the different forces and parties that might have taken the reins of power was even more unpopular than the Unionists.

Tewfik Pasha closed the parliament shortly afterward. The opponents of Mustafa Kemal Pasha at this time insisted that the sultan had taken this decision only after consulting him and receiving his personal assurance that the army would not turn against him (the sultan) if this were done. As this allegation is still one of the chief themes of the opposition, it would be fairer, perhaps, to see exactly what Mustafa Kemal Pasha did say by referring to those articles which were published as his memoirs in April 1926, in *Milliet*.

Of his interview with the sultan he says:

“I went to the parliament for the first time in Fundukli. I had friends among the deputies whom I asked to bring me into touch with the large groups of deputies . . . The passing of a vote of confidence in Tewfik Pasha’s cabinet was to be discussed on that very day. I advised them not to pass a vote of confidence in Tewfik Pasha’s cabinet. ‘If we do not give him a vote of confidence, the parliament will be dissolved. Let us gain time,’ they said.”

Mustafa Kemal Pasha goes on to tell how he continued to insist and how some promised not to vote. But in the end the vote of confidence was passed and Mustafa Kemal Pasha left the parliament disappointed. Immediately afterward he asked for an interview with the sultan and was granted it on Friday of the same week. It was a long interview. In defending himself against those who said that this action of his showed that even in those early days he was aiming at absolutism, he says:

“Although this interview was a long one, nothing fundamental was discussed . . . I tried to inform him on certain subjects the nature of which you will guess.” (He does not tell us what we are to guess.) “But he [the sultan] was obviously unwilling to talk of them and stopped me by saying, ‘The commanders and the officers in the army love you; is there any feeling against me?’”

“Although I have been back for some days in Istamboul, I do not think there is any cause for them to be against your Majesty.”

“I am not speaking only of the present; I want to know whether there will be any cause in the future.”

Mustafa Kemal Pasha does not tell us what his answer was to this, but he lets us know that he suspected the sultan of having some scheme up his sleeve which would have the effect of turning the army against him in the future.

The interview lasted more than an hour and Mustafa Kemal Pasha goes on to tell us how those who were waiting outside to be interviewed looked suspiciously at him.

On this very same Friday when the sultan was having this historical interview with Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the sultan’s doctor, Reshad Pasha, went to see Rauf Bey (the ex-minister of marine) and demanded a private talk.

“His Majesty has great confidence in you and wishes to see you, but he thinks that the demand for the royal audience should come from you.” Rauf Bey’s answer is characteristic:

“I am not in a responsible position which would necessitate my asking a royal audience. I am a private citizen and I can have nothing to say to his Majesty. But I am an officer at the same time, and his Majesty can command me if he desires to see me.”

That the sultan was pretty nervous about the possible opposition in the army to closing the parliament there is no doubt, for he accorded an interview to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who had a great standing in the army, and wished to see Rauf Bey, who had an equal prestige in the navy.

Two days after the interview with Mustafa Kemal Pasha the parliament was closed, and Mustafa Kemal Pasha heard that he was under suspicion of having assured the sultan that he and the army would approve of the dissolution.

The Nationalist movement had in the meantime started in the East – always tremendously excited and angry at the mere possibility of an Armenia in their lands. Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha, as the commander of the only considerable Turkish forces in the East, was arming the population from the military depot and getting ready for an effective resistance in case the Allies should decide to create an Armenia in Eastern Anatolia. As there was as yet no Greek army in Smyrna, Western Anatolia was in no immediate danger. This strongly rumored movement in the East had frightened the sultan and the Ferid Pasha government, which had succeeded that of Tewfik Pasha. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who had their confidence in those days, was chosen as the man to pacify the dangerous tendency of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha.

He started for the East as the general inspector of the Eastern forces in May, 1919.

My personal feeling about Mustafa Kemal Pasha at this period can be summed up as follows: he was the brilliant organizer of the Anafarta victory in Chanak; he was aide-de-camp to the sultan; he was a man of extraordinary intelligence and cunning as well as of abnormal ambition. I had met him at a meeting

without exchanging words. I had also seen him often walking down the Sublime Porte road and thought that he had a remarkably strong face. That he had personality and capacity was beyond doubt, and when I heard that he had taken part with the Nationalist movement in Eastern Anatolia, where he was officially sent to pacify them, I did not trouble myself about the various rumors about his personal ambition, desires for despotism, and so on. As long as he retained a clear vision of the Turkish future and managed to serve the Turkish cause, I for my part would not have objected to his asking for any position he might have liked as a reward for his services from the Turkish nation.

Inspired and encouraged by the principles of Wilson, which had taken in the entire world of the defeated, a temporary association called the Wilsonian League was formed in Istantboul by a number of writers and publicists and lawyers. In the midst of blind hatred and the cry of "no quarter to the defeated," the only gleam of justice and common sense seemed to come from those principle. Under the shadow of an ugly partition the enlightened Turks naturally turned their eyes to President Wilson and America, which showed no desire for territorial acquisition in Turkey. The press representatives met in the central office of Vakit to discuss among themselves a form of memorandum to be sent to President Wilson in Paris. The memorandum proposed a scheme by which America was to help Turkey financially and economically, send experts and advisers for a certain number of years, guarantee a period of peace in Turkey, and give the Turkish nation change to start a new regime and set up internal reform. The league started in December, 1918, and died out completely in two months. Eastern Anatolia was against it from the very beginning. In the Erzerum region massacres had been perpetrated on a wide scale by the Armenians under the command of General Antranik in 1916, and the greater part of the population had emigrated and died on their wanderings in Eastern Anatolia. America, whose sympathies seemed to be entirely on the side of the Armenians, having heard only of Armenian massacres and sufferings, appeared dangerous rather than helpful. The feeling of the people of Erzerum about America at that period is illustrated by an amusing incident during one of the preliminary sittings of the Erzerum congress. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had proposed an article which dealt with the necessity for the economic, technical, and political aid of some one great power which had no territorial designs in Turkey. As England, France and Italy were on Turkish territory at the time, it was evident that this clause aimed at America. One of the Eastern representatives rose and asked Mustafa Kemal Pasha to name openly which power he meant. Able politician that he is, he immediately saw the antagonism of Eastern Anatolia to any idea which might bring American influence to bear and refrained from pronouncing the name.

In the midst of all this the taking of the Armenian children from the Turkish orphanages began to assume a tragic aspect. There were a large number of Turkish orphanages in Anatolia filled with Turkish children whose parents had been the victims of the Armenians. These orphanages had taken Armenian children as well and made them Moslems (which was wrong). The rest of the Armenian orphans were taken by the Americans. Apart from this, some Turkish families had taken Armenian children out of

kindness and pity without any desire to make them Moslems: for the Moslem Turks do not have the missionary instincts of the Christians of the West. That the Armenians should want their children back from those orphanages, and that the British should help them, was very natural. Indeed, so much were these orphanages suffering from want and misery that I believe they were glad to have their hands free of them. Anyway, Turkey seemed a country where the number of orphans and their suffering were pitiful to see. Somehow the Turkish orphans got the worst of it. There were about ninety thousand Turkish orphans, and the orphanages contained only twelve thousand children in the southern and eastern regions there were practically no Turkish orphanages worthy of the name, and the American relief organization in those years took only Christian orphans.

An international committee for the separation of the Armenian children was formed under the patronage of Colonel Heathcote Smythe. It rented a house in Shishli, and the central committee which had to separate the children were mostly Armenians. Nezihe Hanum, the general secretary of the women's section of the Red Crescent, was asked to represent the Turks. She went three times a week for nearly two months, but resigned afterward. She used to say that her presence did not in any way help the Turkish children, who were being Armenianized daily. The children who were brought to the association were left in the care of the Armenian women, and these Armenian women, either by persuasion or threats or hypnotism, forced the Turkish children to learn by heart the name of an Armenian woman for their mother and the name of an Armenian man for their father. All this I heard from Nezihe Hanum, who is still the general secretary of the Turkish Women's Red Crescent and a very well-known woman both in Turkish and European circles in Istamboul. So much for individual cases. When the children were brought in large numbers from the orphanages of Anatolia they were sent to the Armenian church in Koum Kapou, a hot-pot which boiled the Turkish children and dished them out as Armenians. Some children tried to run away but were always brought back.

It happened at that time that I was visiting Nezihe Hanum in the Red Crescent office, when two frightened boys, one limping and the other wounded on head, which was tied up with a dirty white rag, broke into her room. They wore the khaki uniform of the orphanages; their clothes were torn, and they looked miserable and frightened beyond description. And they told their story. They came from an orphanage recently brought to the church. They had fiercely objected to being made into Armenians; Armenians had massacred their parents. They had been badly beaten but they had managed to run away. The first member of the police they met had brought them up to the Red Crescent office. They begged in tears to be protected and not sent back. Nezihe Hanum telephoned to a few Turkish press representatives and asked them to take the children to the British embassy and make them say what they had to say to Mr. Ryan, the first dragoman, the man who had been directing the British policy in Turkey for years and who spoke good Turkish. Although well known for his intense hatred of the Turks, still, the sight of two innocent children in this helpless condition might make him look at their case favorably, thought Nezihe Hanum. Two young journalists went with them to the embassy. It was quite dramatic. I heard that as the children were speaking, an Armenian employee entered the room to say something to Mr. Ryan,

whereupon one of the children turned and exclaimed, "this is the man who has kicked us and beaten us." Apparently the man was a member of the council in the church of Koum Kapou.

In the meantime these public scandals led the British to ask the American Near East Relief to open a center in Bebek to take care of the children and to give judgment, among other things, as to which was which. The center was opened – it has the advantage of being clean – and the children were well looked after. It was run on more equitable lines; but there also the Armenians go the benefit of the doubt. As Nezihe Hanum had retired, it was Nakie Hanum this time who represented the Turks. She also could not bear it for more than a few weeks. The difficulty was the impossibility of producing official papers. Any child who could not produce identification papers, which many could to, was taken as an Armenian. The last case had been too much for Nakie Hanum. A Turkish boy called Kiazim, from Adana, had been taken as an Armenian but did not submit easily. The boy was the son of a Turkish official in Adana. His father had died. As he had no mother either, the neighbors had given him to the orphanage to get something of an education. The boy remembered his father and his former life very clearly. But when the commission wrote to Adana and asked for a copy of his birth certificate, it was found that the government house, together with the desired papers, had been burned during the riots. The boy was pronounced Armenian. He had stuck to Nakie Hanum, crying and begging to be saved. But the commission was obdurate. Then the boy had stood up and said, "Kiazim is small, Kiazim is weak, his fists cannot protect him, but the time will come when Kiazim will be strong: then he will show the world that he is a Turk."

Nakie Hanum left the Bebek center and never returned, nor could the Bebek center itself keep going. For the Armenians were not content with occasionally wresting a Turkish child from its nationality; they wanted every child brought there to be pronounced an Armenian without exception. So far even the American missionaries could not go in their Christian zeal.

The pain of the little creature affected me strangely as Nakie Hanum told me about it. To me he was a symbol of the helpless Turkish nation at the moment. He had been small and weak.

**CHAPTER II**  
**THE OCCUPATION OF SMYRNA AND THE INTERNAL UPHEAVAL**  
*(May 15, 1919 – March 16, 1920)*

It will be useful to outline as simply as possible the facts which led up to the tragedy of May 15, 1919, and the blossoming of the Nationalist movement into life and action after that event.

In Istamboul there were a large number of associations, springing from a vast number of causes throughout the country. They were not as yet strictly revolutionary. Of the eastern associations those of the Black Sea and Erzerum and that of the southern vilayets had great vitality. True they were threatened by a fictitious Armenia with Trebizond as its port; but in spite of the imminent danger of such a situation coming about in the course of the approaching Peace Conference, they were the least helpless of the entire Anatolian district. The independent fighting character of the people, and the geographically isolated position of the region made them safer than the western part of Anatolia. To establish an Armenia over this vast majority of fighting people in a new army of invasion was absolutely necessary.

Cilicia was occupied by the French, and the formation of Armenian legions by the French forces aroused a keen sense of resistance and caused untold destruction and human suffering.

Adalia was occupied by the Italians. Although as foreigners people hated to see them in a country which did not belong to them, still the behavior of the Italians wherever they went during the occupation period was that of a civilized people.

Thrace and Mesopotamia (the Turkish side) also had their associations and representatives. At first Smyrna, with Nouredine Pasha as its commander, had felt fairly assured that in the event of foreign invasion there would be some effectual resistance. Nouredine Pasha's recall caused a vague but strong uneasiness, and uneasiness which prepared the ground for the new political organization which blazed out after Marcy, 1920.

In Istamboul the Entente Liberale appeared to be splitting; National Block, National Liberals, Liberals, and Peace and Security were the new parties coming up. All those parties gathered in a humble house in Istamboul,<sup>1</sup> called the "National Congress" and were under the protection of Essad Pasha. One could describe all their written and verbal activities in the famous Persian saying, "To discuss affairs they gathered in council; they sat, they talked, and they dispersed."

In view of the extreme difficulty of getting the Turkish side of the question published inside and outside the country, Turkey owes a great debt to the individual fairmindedness and the wholesome curiosity of the American correspondents at this period. They came to us of their own accord, and it is through their efforts that the Turkish standpoint gradually leaked out through the dense cloud of prejudice and hatred, and the political obstruction of the West.

The organization which was most important from a practical point of view was a secret society called "Karakol," that is, "The Guard." Its president was Kara Vessif Bey, a tiny dark man, and very deaf,

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<sup>1</sup> Istamboul is the name given to the Turkish quarter as well as the Turkish name for the city of Constantinople.

which gave him the introspective expression of those who are saved from the unnecessary noise and empty talk of everyday life. His childish dark eyes, deeply lined lean face inspired one immediately with an absolute confidence in his moral and humane qualities. I have known most of the Turkish revolutionaries and leaders since 1908, and I worked daily for years under the most critical conditions with the leaders of the Nationalist movement; but rarely, if ever, have I seen any one who stuck to his principles with such uncompromising insistence. No idea of personal success or fame made him waver for a second. Tender as only the simple heart can be tender, he showed the strongest will and courage in all that he undertook. "It is not easy to success which will recreate our nation; it is the jealous guarding of its oral power, love of freedom, and unwavering belief in the final triumph of truth and right," he used to say. Although he is the least known of those early workers whose efforts contributed so largely to the success of the Turkish cause, although he is the least successful from a worldly point of view, to me is the highest expression of that future Turkish type which is to find its expression in a struggle for a free and prosperous internal government, when the Turk will dare to try to put his house in order without any fear of being meddled with by external powers.

The circumstances of my meeting with the "Karakol" had that dramatic twist which the revolutionaries love so well. Although I knew Kara Vassif Bey, their leader, socially, and interview with their envoy was arranged with as much secrecy and as exciting a *mise en scene* as one could wish. Neither he nor I knew the identity of the other before we came face to face.

"Is that you, Major Kemal?"<sup>2</sup> I asked.

"Is that you, Halide Hanum?" he answered in the same surprised tone. It was the same major who had helped me in Syria to provide for the orphanages and schools.

We went to work with him immediately. On bits of paper we put down in its clearest and simplest form the national aim, while he traced its geographic limits. A large number of youths – mostly officers – were going to disperse throughout Anatolia to instill this purpose, this simple doctrine of the simple Nationalist Turk: Turkey to be free in those districts in which the Turk is in an incontestable majority. This was a preparation of the public in case that partition of Turkey took place which was already more or less threatened by the Allies.

If Kara Vassif Bey was the soul of the organization in Istamboul, Major Kemaleddine Sami was its administrative limbs and its five senses. He was able to feel continually the pulse of the foreign occupation, to aid those who on their own initiative started to smuggle<sup>3</sup> and hoard arms in Anatolia under impossible conditions. When Major Kemaleddine Sami became the commander of the Tenth Division in Istamboul, and his time during the day was taken up by his military duties, he worked for the revolution through the night. Midnight sometimes would find him in a boat going to the other side of the water to

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<sup>2</sup> He is at the present time Kemaleddine Sami Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to Germany.

<sup>3</sup> Besides Major Kemaleddine Sami and other Turkish officers of position who managed to take out arms, ammunition, and other military equipment from the depots which were under the strict control of the British and the French, any drivers, porters, sailors – in short, a large number of humble Turks from every class – worked to smuggle them into Anatolia. Three hundred and twenty machine guns, 1500 rifles, a battery, 2000 boxes of ammunition, 10,000 military uniforms, etc., were smuggled at this period.



keep in contact with the various heads of the units, and often he would come to us dead tired at two o'clock in the morning, a time when our house was no longer watched.<sup>4</sup> "Dr. Adnan," he would say, "I get so tired that I cannot any longer stay in bed. The moment I fall asleep my body throws itself on the floor."

With all my writing, talking, seeing people, and keeping in touch with various persons or groups, I was hardly conscious of the continually changing governments. I only knew whether the government was neutral or friendly to the cause, or whether a purely Entente Libérale government was in power. In the latter instance the work became infinitely more difficult.

It was on the morning of May 16, 1919, that Miss Dodd rang me up on the telephone.

"Hello, is that you, Halide? I am so sorry about this Smyrna business."

"Smyrna? What about Smyrna?"

"It has been occupied by the Greeks!"

"Oh!"

That is all I said. The details came in the evening through some friends in Istanbul, again by telephone.<sup>5</sup>

After I learned about the details of the Smyrna occupation I did not speak much. In fact, I hardly opened my mouth on any subject except when it concerned the sacred struggle which was to be. Turkey was to be cleared of murderers, the so-called civilizing Greek army. What we wanted was very simple and it did not matter how and when we got it. Every detail of the coming struggle was of the utmost importance and worth any sacrifice we were willing to make. And we were willing.

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<sup>4</sup> A man called Kiz Ali was arrested in Istanbul in June, 1925, on a charge of theft. It was reported to the court that he had also acted as a spy to the English headquarters. When the president of the court asked whether this was true, he answered, "I was only charged to watch the house of Dr. Adnan Bey and report."

<sup>5</sup> On May 15 the Greek army landed in Smyrna before the Allied warships, which were there to see the occupation properly carried out. A military detachment went to the Government House, the governor, Izzet Bey (a prominent member of the Entente Libérale, hence a faithful friend of the Allies), was pulled out of the *konak* with the rest of the officials to the quay and made to cry, "Zito Venizelos!" (Long live Venizelos!) under the threat of bayonets. Their fezzes and dresses were torn and they were made to march on the quay for hours. In the meantime another detachment went to the Turkish barracks, where there was only a handful of soldiers, who hoisted the white flag by order of the commander, Nadir Pasha. But the Greeks opened fire all the same and dragged all the soldiers out, including the commander and the staff officers, tearing their headdresses and uniforms, and forcing them to cry, "Zito Venizelos!" Colonel Fethi and Major Shukri, two brave veterans who had refused to cry out – in spite of bayonet thrusts – were added with a number of other officers to the large crowd of Turkish notables who were gradually dragged out of their homes and brought to the quay. The crowd of martyrs were a few thousand strong and included boys of twelve. All were marched from the *konak* up to Karshi-Yaka on the shore, bayoneted, torn, spat on, and tortured by the Greek soldiers or the native Christians, who had joined in either as spectators or murderers. The jeering and applauding as the mud and blood-covered Turks succumbed one by one on the shore was tremendous. A few hundred died on the quay, the rest were taken to prisons in Smyrna or sent on the Greek warships. The waters near the shore were pink, according to the Smyrna people, and this spectacle of human slaughter by torture was calmly watched by the allied warships, which were near enough to the shore to perceive the details of the show. While this jubilee went on in front of the fleets, the Greek soldiers and some native Christians were entering the Turkish houses in the back streets, robbing and killing the men and violating the women. In a week this celebration by murder, robbery and rape went farther into Smyrna regions. So the Greek army sent by Mr. Lloyd George to civilize the Turkish inaugurated its future work in this spectacular way.

Nothing mattered to me from that moment to the time of the extraordinary march to Smyrna in 1922. I suddenly ceased to exist as an individual; I worked, wrote and lived as a unit of that magnificent national madness.

Two days later I had to speak in the Girls' College. The occasion was a public one and the representative of each nation in the college was to make a speech. The subject was strictly educational and I was chosen by the Turks as their speaker.

The hall was crammed and the representatives of all the nationalities had spoken, amid wild cheers. It is rather a beautiful hall, a harmony of soft cream, gold and green. The blazing blue light of the Bosphorus flooded the somber middle space, through the high gallery windows, in the slanting gold light showers, and those light showers flew over the faces of the audience like some mysterious gold fluid. The brilliant uniforms of the French and the English seemed to receive an abundant flow of the light. Their faces looked unconsciously proud with the pride of the victors, while the faces of the native Christians were lit with grinning hatred and the triumph of the weak. All eyes were concentrated on the little shabby black figure which moved slowly up the five steps of the platform.

It was while I was climbing those five steps that I had to think what I was going to say. I could feel the gaze of the relatively few Turkish eyes. They might have been watching a national contest, they might have been expecting Turkey to accomplish some feat before her enemies, so absorbed were they with anxiety. Each gaze went its message, and I was intensely conscious that at that moment I was identified with my country. The pink-cheeked young representatives, all dressed in bright colors, their eyes happy, had just left the platform. Here she was, Turkey in black, her cheeks pale, her eyes sorrowful, her shoulders bent. Yet she was stronger than the victors and their force and joy. She had the internal force of her martyred race and their sublime faith in their rights. She felt sorry, the Halide of that day, that the end of those five steps led to an ordinary speech instead of to the rack or the pile of wood where she would have stood and smiled, proud at being chosen to consecrate her devotion for what she loved with an indescribable passion.

I made no word of allusion to Smyrna, but I spoke of the futility and vanity of education unless it affected and bettered the behavior of men toward their fellow-men. All the time before my eyes the vision of the tortured and martyred on the quay of Smyrna stood with horrible clearness, while those civilized and educated people in uniform looked on, callous as the Romans of old, gloating over the spectacle of men tearing each other to pieces. I was so much absorbed by my internal vision that the applause hardly called me back to reality. I remember a tall, broad-shouldered man in English uniform, whom I had accidentally met, was already talking to me. He had spoken at our first meeting of the disinterestedness of England in the Near East and finished off with this memorable sentence, "We have bitten off more than we can chew already." The genuine concern and the manly trouble in the face of General Long forbade my saying anything. I smiled in my absent way, but something in my head was repeating and repeating, "Turkey is certainly a big mouthful to swallow – England is making Greece bite off the awkward corners first."

I had another telephone call the next morning. It was from the Ojak.

“Come at once,” said the voice. “We are going to have a meeting to protest against the massacres in Smyrna; all the student associations have joined.”

I started for the Ojak immediately. The president of the Ojak was Ferid Bey.<sup>6</sup> He had been exiled by the Union and Progress in the remote past, and that fact (which he naturally made the most of) was in his favor in the eyes of the present government. He pretended to be – perhaps he actually was – one of the extreme absolutists, and he insisted that Turkey should go back to absolutism. All this gave him a chance to get a place in the new cabinet. But the misfortune of Ferid Bey was that no one would take him very seriously, and every one considered his political opinions to be so many methods of obtaining a position.

Besides Ferid Bey there were some old members of the Ojak present, and they looked extremely despondent. I remember one of these saying that if he had thirty pounds in his pocket he would pass on to the Smyrna mountains. “Going to the mountain” is a Turkish term which means the raising of the standards of revolt. I had a profound sympathy with any “going to the mountain” feeling at the moment. I was feeling most bitter not only against the Allies, who had inaugurated their policy of spoliation in Turkey with such ugly bloodshed, but also against all the Turkish leaders, past and present, who had driven the poor Turks into the adventure of the great war, or who were now at each other’s throats from more or less personal motives, complicating and endangering the people’s chances of ever standing on their feet. Somehow neither the presence of the Allied armies nor the sorry state of Turkish politics prevented a great number of Turkish youths from going to the Smyrna mountains before many months had passed after the events I am recording.

The idea of the meeting was at first simply the making of some sort of protest against the Smyrna massacres; but from the way Ferid Bey was speaking, I gathered that there was also a desire to send a delegation to the sultan demanding a cabinet composed of more independent and Nationalist elements. The political part did not interest me, although the protest seemed entirely natural and necessary. I remember a young member of the Ojak humorously whispering, “Is not Ferid Bey the ideal independent and Nationalist member for the coming cabinet?” All I could see after a great deal of speaking was that Ojak had chosen no speaker, and no one seemed to be willing to speak. Ferid Bey, who as the president ought to have spoken, said with a significant air that he had been called away by Ali Kemal Bey (who was the minister of interior as well as of public instruction – from whom Ferid Bey had strong hopes of office), and that he would come back before the end of the meeting and speak and propose the national cabinet business. Every one there somehow felt that he was taking this meeting, which was conceived by the student unions, as a move in his own personal political game and that he was trying to force Ali Kemal Bey’s hand to give him a seat in the cabinet – failing which he would address the crowd and try to bring about the change of cabinet by popular pressure. All this seemed to me futile and only superficial. I was concerned with the pain and the disaster, which could no longer be ignored.

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<sup>6</sup> Ferid Bey is now the Turkish ambassador to England.

When the talk came round to the choosing of a speaker for Ojak, each one looked at the other nervously and seemed to be hesitating.

“I will speak,” I said at last, which pleased every one. Fatih, where the speaking was going to take place, was already crowded, and it was a serious and hazardous undertaking to address an excited monster meeting, with the Allies and the government looking on suspiciously and policing it with aeroplanes. Although I had been a public speaker since 1908, I had never addressed an outdoor meeting, having always considered such meetings undignified in the extreme, after witnessing the speakers in the streets shouting to the mob in 1908. But for the moment I was too much worked up to bother about ridicule, so we decided to start at half past one for Fatih.

The people had gathered in big groups before the square in front of the municipality building. They were to be addressed from the balcony. As I looked up and realized how far my voice would have to carry, over a mass of people estimated at fifty thousand, I quailed; but at that instant, by a dramatic coincidence, something happened which engulfed me in a great storm of sorrow, to the exclusion of every other feeling. There, over the red flags and their white crescents, which were hanging down and waving in the gentle breeze, an enormous black drapery was being lowered. This sight, so sudden and so dramatic, roused such emotion – coming as it did on top of my small material fear for my voice – that I immediately had the poignant feeling of a woman who sees her most beloved covered with a shroud. As the soft black draperies swayed, patches or bits of brilliant red slits appeared and disappeared like streaks of flowing blood. Some one evidently with an conscious feeling for the psychology of the masses had conceived the idea. But I was caught by its symbolic tragedy as much as any simple man in the street; the palpitation and its pain were so strong that I had actually to lean against the railings of the garden and wait before I could proceed. Then we walked up to the large halls of the building. I was to speak first and I had not prepared a word.

Leaning over the black draperies on the railings of the balcony I fell under the spell of a sea of faces.

The center of the mass was formed by a compact group of soldiers and officers. In the front and around the soldiers was a thick circular human wall composed of women dressed in black, mostly young, and their faces, the drapery of their black veils shading them from the shimmering sun, were strangely quivering with emotion and ecstasy. The rest seemed all white turbans, red fezzes, and a few hats. But one had a very dim impression of the colored tops – the necks seemed to be screwed backward, all the faces seemed to be screwed upward and kept in that position with absolute immobility. And there were eyes, thousands of the, glistening, shooting their message and their desire. I had the sense of repeating what they were thinking. I realized that their supreme demand was identical with mine. We all longed for hope, for absolute belief in our rights and in our own strength, and I have them what they wanted: “Brothers, sisters, countrymen, Moslems: When the night is darkest and seems eternal, the light of dawn is nearest.” I began

thus, and my voice as I spoke struck against the broken column opposite, a memorial for the airmen killed in the war, and came back to me in a distant echo. It was a strange coincidence that this column should be the agent which kept my voice in the square and made it audible to each one in the crowd. Somehow, between my voice and the faces screwed round on the necks below, there was a wonderfully intimate communication. I hardly thought it was my voice speaking. I listened to what it said as a creature aloof, believing in and feeling comforted by its message as much as any one of the crowd down below. The voice was telling them to trust in their own rights and to lean on their own strength, the strength which is not of machines but of brave hearts and unconquerable ideals. We were hardly conscious of two aeroplanes which policed the crowd and flew so low sometimes that in ordinary circumstance we would have been terrified. As I finished the speech a tattered old man with a white beard began to tear his clothes and cry in very loud and distressed tones, "Allah, Allah, help us!" It was then that one of the aeroplanes almost descended on the right end of the mass, which swayed and opened, and I remember for the first time seeing bits of pavements on the right. But in the center the women seemed to be nailed to the ground.

A military voice shouted up, half entreatingly and half in command:

"Speak again!"

I went on. I do not know what I said, but it was like holding the hand of a frightened child in the middle of a dreadful storm and telling it stories to keep its mind off the possible danger and disaster. In a moment the crowd was thickening.

It was Selaheddine Bey, the much beloved professor of international law in the university, who summed up the resolution of the meeting. The people unanimously demanded representatives who would go to his Majesty the sultan and ask him to take the side of the people.

Ferid Bey came back about this time. The Ministry of Public Works had been proposed to him by Ali Kemal Bey. Ferid Bey's attitude had been distinctly modified in consequence. He was no longer anxious to ask the sultan for a new cabinet.

The organizers went to the university at Bayazid to draft the resolution and to choose the representatives to be sent to the sultan.

Accompanied by two students, I was to go to the palace and present the prayer of the people to his Majesty.

It was quite dark when our carriage climbed the hill of Yildiz leading to the royal palace, and the lamps were already lighted: the hill of Yildiz, where I had so often wandered as a child. A man in black – one of the secretaries, I believe – led us to the great reception hall. He looked furtively and hesitatingly at my companions and myself. I found myself wondering if we were repugnant to them in the same way that the French crowd were to Louis XVI. The rumors of the meeting had preceded us, and naturally nothing is so likely to upset a royal palace, with strong ideas about hereditary and divine rights, as the assertion of the people's will in some outward demonstration.

Two aides-de-camp, one naval and other a major in the army, received us very cordially; one could feel at once the suppressed sympathy and hope aroused in their hearts by the meeting, although they said no words to express it.

Yaver Pasha, the first chamberlain of his Majesty, came hurriedly forward, rubbing his hands apologetically. He seemed most uneasy, especially in front of the young students, who seemed to enjoy their position as the people's envoys immensely. Yaver Pasha went to his Majesty's apartment several times; he was ill, and to his great regret he could not receive us, but he let us know that "He would consider the pleasure of his children" and do whatever he could. Yaver Pasha added some very kind words himself and seemed to be happy addressing himself to my more moderate manner, for the students repeated several times, "We are the envoys of the people and want to be admitted," the mere idea of which evidently made poor Yaver Pasha shudder inwardly. He must have pondered on the changing times, when a young man would try to dictate to the All-Powerful, at prayer time in the evening. I gave a message from his Majesty's children to Yaver Pasha, and felt extremely glad when I left the palace. Outside I felt a sudden sadness: the hill of Yildiz seemed completely deserted, the lights gleamed on the royal road, so dusty and so different from the time of Abdul Hamid. In some curious way I had the feeling that the house of Osman had fallen.

On the following Friday the medical students in Haidar Pasha, together with the residents of Kadi-Keuy, organized another protest meeting at which they wanted me to speak. It was a stormy and rainy day, but that did not prevent a large crowd gathering on the quay of Haidar Pasha. I addressed them from the balcony of the big town hall. There was a sea of umbrellas in slow and perpetual movement under a drear, watery atmosphere. The faces looking up through the gray and drifting mist seemed sometimes very near and sometimes distant and blurred. A wild wind swayed the human sea, and the Marmora looked far away, strange, its brilliant blue toned to a dull and colorless expanse and its white foam undulating in large and rhythmic motion. The populace stood in the rain nearly three hours.

It was more or less Fatih over again. These months were months of almost continuous public speaking for me. But the meeting of the revolution was to be in Sultan Ahmed, the Friday after. And whenever people speak in Turkey about the Meeting they mean the one at Sultan Ahmed on June 6, 1919.

I entered the Hippodrome through the narrow street called "Fuad Pasha Turbessy." I could not tell how many people accompanied me. I could hardly stand on my feet, so fast and loud was my heart thumping: it was only when I entered the huge square that this violent thumping was stopped by the mere surprise of the spectacle. The minarets of Sultan Ahmed mosque rose into the brilliant white flutes of magic design. From tier tiny balconies high in the air the black draperies waved softly, flying like long, black detached ribbons in the sky. Down below, just in front of the mosque railings, rose the tribune, covered with an enormous black flag on which was inscribed in huge white letters, "Wilson's Twelfth Point."<sup>7</sup> Not only the square but the thoroughfares down to St. Sofia and Divan Yolou were blocked with a

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<sup>7</sup> "The Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty, but the other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely

human mass such as Istamboul had never seen and will probably never see again. “Two hundred thousand,” said the staff officers.

Besides this mass of humanity, hardly able to move, railings, domes, roofs, and the grand old elms in the yard of the mosque were filled with human bunches. How I reached the tribune I have no idea. Two soldiers with bayonets walked at my side, and four more marched in front, opening the way in as friendly a manner as they could – I have an unforgettable impression of their kindness and brotherly feeling on that day. I do not know whether these soldiers were asked to escort me or whether they had sprung from nowhere and wanted to help me in their own way.

As I set foot on the tribune I knew that one of the rare, one of the very rare, moments of my life had come to me. I was galvanized in every atom of my being by a force which at any other time would have killed me, but which at that crisis gave me the power to experience – to know – the quintessence of the suffering and desire of those two hundred thousand souls.

I believe that the Halide of Sultan Ahmed is not the ordinary, everyday Halide. The humblest sometimes can be the incarnation of some great ideal and of some great nation. That particular Halide was very much alive, palpitating with the message of Turkish hearts, a message which prophesied the great tragedy of the coming years.

Flutelike voices from the minarets chanted, and hundreds of low bass voices, the voices of a myriad of ulemas and religious orders, took up the refrain from below – that refrain which is the hallelujah of the Moslem Turks: “Allah Ekber, Allah Ekber, La Ilaheh Illa Allah, Vallahu Ekber, Allah Ekber, Ve Lillahil Hamd.” As Halide was listening to this exquisite chant, she was repeating to herself something like this:

“Islam, which means peace and the brotherhood of men, is eternal. Not the Islam entangled by superstition and narrowness, but the Islam which came as a great spiritual message. I must hold up its supreme meaning today. Turkey, my wronged and martyred nation, is also lasting: she does not only share the sins and the faults and virtues of other peoples, she also has her own spiritual and moral force which no material agency can destroy. I must also interpret what is best and most in her, that which will connect her with what is best in the universal brotherhood of men.”

Halide’s voice could not have been heard beyond a certain area, I am sure. She must have seemed a mere speck to those human bunches above and to the human sea below. But there was a profound and almost an uncanny silence as she began to speak. Each one seemed to listen to his own internal voice. And Halide was perhaps nothing more than a sensitive medium which was articulating the wordless message of the Day.

She began by pointing out that years of glory and beauty looked down from the minarets, and when she said this she was appealing to their sense of continuity in history. When she repeated the sentence – which became afterward something like a national slogan – “The peoples are our friends, the governments our enemies,” she was expressing the proper sentiment of a Moslem nation, highly conscious

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unmolested opportunity of autonomous development, and the Dardanelles should be permanently opened as a free

of its democratic principles. When she was asking them to take the sacred oath, which they were to swear three times, that they would be true to the principles of justice and humanity, and that they would not bow down to brute force on any condition, she was formulating that moral characteristic without which no people can survive in the human family of the new world which is to come.

“We swear,” answered thousands of voices.<sup>8</sup> And there was a mighty swaying and a continual human thunder which made the frail boards of the tribune sway under her feet. In the meantime, the Allied aeroplanes flew in and out of the minarets, policing the crowd. They buzzed like mighty bees and came down as low as they could in order, I believe, to intimidate the crowds. But no one was conscious of brute force: there was that in the heart of the crowd which comes to a people at moments, a thing which is far above machines and death; and had the aeroplanes fired, I still believe the crowd would have stood in absolute stillness, in absolute communion with the spirit of the new revolution which was coming to life. The last time she stood and gazed in front of her, she saw that there were a mighty crowd of mutilated soldiers forming the head of the mass. All of them were dressed with religious care. A younger group holding each other’s hands formed a semicircle around the tribune to prevent the crowd surging forward. In this semicircle, nearest to the tribune, there was a slender man with a beautiful and refined face, dressed

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passage to the ships and commerce of all nations under international guarantees.” – The Twelfth Point.

<sup>8</sup> I had no text of the speech, as I had not written it. A week after I met Miss Dodd, who scolded me: “My dear, I hear that at the great meeting of Sultan Ahmed you made the people swear to massacre the Christians.” I at once got hold of those papers which had repeated parts of the speech, translated them hurriedly, and sent her a copy. A give the translation here. I am aware that nothing lends itself so much to parody as this speech, but in spite of the smile which it excites, I still have tears in my eyes as I go over it.

“Brethren, Sons and Countrymen!” (Woman is included in the word brethren in Turkish.)

“From the tops of the minarets high against the heaven, seven hundred years of glory are watching this new tragedy of Ottoman history. I invoke the souls of our great ancestors who had so often passed in procession through this very square. I raise my head before the just wrath of those invincible hearts and say:

“I am an unfortunate daughter of Islam and an unfortunate mother of the equally heroic but more ill-fated generation of my own day. I bow to the spirits of our ancestors and declare, in the name of the new Turkish nation presented here, that the disarmed Turkish nation of today still possesses your invincible hearts; we trust in Allah and in our rights.

“Listen, brethren and sons, hear the sentence the world has passed on you.

“The aggressive policy of the allied powers of Europe has been applied during the last generation to the land of Turkey always unjustly, sometimes even treacherously. The European powers would have found a way to send armies of conquest to the stars and the moon had they known that Moslems and Turks inhabited those heavenly bodies. At last they have found a pretext, an opportunity to break to pieces the last empire ruled by the crescent. And against this decision we have no European power to whom we may appeal. But surely even those who have no share in Turkish booty are just as responsible – more responsible – in the inhumanity of this decision. They were all sitting at a court whose ostensible object was the defense of human and national rights, yet all that court did was to sanctify the spoliation of the defeated peoples. And these men who call the Turks sinners have sinned themselves so deeply that the great waves of the immaculate oceans cannot cleanse them.

“But the day will come when a greater court of justice will try those who have deprived the nations of their natural rights. That court will be composed of the very same nations whose governments are now against us. Those peoples will condemn their own governments then for having been unjust to other nations in their name, for there is an eternal sense of what is right in the heart of every individual, and nations are made up of individuals.

“Brethren and sons, listen to me. You have two friends: the Moslems and those civilized peoples who will sooner or later raise their voices for your rights. The former are already with you, and the latter we will win over by the invincible justice of our cause.

“Governments are our enemies, peoples are our friends, and the just revolt of our hearts our strength.

“Now swear and repeat with me:

“The sublime emotion which we cherish in our hearts will last till the proclamation of the rights of the peoples!”



in a French uniform. It was General Foulon, a Frenchman by birth but a Turk at heart, who was standing there with the rest of the Turkish youth, tears rolling down his cheeks.

The tension was broken at last by a young student of the university, who started to cry out in a hysterical voice, and who all of a sudden fell and fainted. "My nation, my poor nation," he had sobbed. That woke Halide from her trance, and becoming her ordinary self she hurried down from the tribune to help the sufferer.

And my story comes back to the first person again, for that unnatural detachment which had created a dual personality was no more. At the foot of the steps an apparition in green robes and a turban took hold of me. It was a simple Anatolian hodja, with a round beard and black eyes streaming with tears.

"Halide Hanum, Halide Hanum, my daughter," he cried quietly, holding my hands. I made him sit on the steps of the tribune, and he leaned his old face on my hand and went on crying. As some one else was speaking at the time, I sat down also and patted his hand. I think I was also crying. Then I pushed him up the platform, very gently. "Go and pray," I said. And he did go up and pray, in Turkish, very simply and beautifully, I thought, and that ended the meeting.

At the entrance to Fuad Pasha Turbessy I was conscious of a change in the contribution of the vast crowd. It was as if some internal wind had blown, starting a wave which would develop into a great and stormy movement. In a few seconds the mass was moving – running, gesticulating, talking. That it was not a panic of any sort I could tell by instinct. It was a lighter motive which was moving them. A crowd is subject to the baser and more brutal instincts of the herd, but once in a blue moon it does get into a grand mood: then it is sublime enough for any miracle to be possible. Sultan Ahmed day was one of those good days and this special new wind that blew was to be its crown. I saw an old man leaning against the building of the Ministry of Public Works and crying aloud with his hands lifted to the sky, muttering something which I could not understand. A middle-aged woman, very shabby but strong-looking, was moving her hands as she ran like a young girl. "He has come to us, he has come to us!" she shouted. In fact, this was the general cry. Who was it that had come? My first thought was that in their excited imagination they had brought to life some great saint – as the Moslem Turk will in times of trouble.

When I saw my niece Feride stoop down for a second I stopped. Suddenly, to my surprise, she took off her high-heeled shoes and began to run in her flimsy silk stockings with the rest. Then all of us began to run, I trying to catch my niece and the rest trying to find this mysterious new arrival. Before we reached the main road I got hold of my niece.

"What is it, Feride?"

"Ah!" she panted. "He has come, auntie, he has come!"

"Who has come?"

"The padishah . . . the sultan!"

Then I understood, and on the pavement of Divan Yolou I stood leaning against a tree and watched the flow of the human stream. No vehicle of any sort could pass the great road that day. It was

unmixed humanity. I could see no sultan nor any royal equipage. A tired-looking naval officer was leaning against the other side of my tree. As I leaned toward him he turned his face and smiled. I remember very distinctly the queer bitterness and sarcasm which gathered around the lines of his mouth.

“Where is the sultan, brother?” I asked.

“Oh, there is no sultan; the crowd imagined that he had come. Do you see that man in the uniform of a marshal, walking in the midst of the crowd?”

I did look, and for a moment I thought it was really Sultan Vahideddine, the tall thin man looked so much like him.

“It is Shevket Turgoud Pasha<sup>9</sup>, the minister of war. Apparently he was going to the Ministry of War when the people, thinking it was the sultan himself, stopped his carriage and made him walk. They are already beginning to recognize him,” went on the officer.

The wave of emotion was already subsiding. “It is not he,” they were shouting. But some still continued to run after Shevket Turgoud Pasha, hoping against hope. I felt infinitely saddened by the childlike disappointment of the people. Was the house of Osman really at an end as I had imagined a fortnight before at the dusty road of Yildiz?

The naval officer’s last words as he disappeared among the crowd were significant:

“Thank Allah, sister, that the sultan has not come.”

I was to spend the night in my house in Istamboul. About half past eight one of the university students called. He told me that there was great excitement and that it was rumored that I had been arrested by the Allies. Some one had seen me in a car carried away by two Allied officers. I had at least ten telephone calls that night inquiring about the same thing, and heard the next morning that the meeting in fact the cause of great anxiety in the official and military circles of the Allies. Moreover, it appeared that while we were crying and talking and behaving peacefully in Sultan Ahmed, a great panic was going on in Pera, the Christian quarter of the town. People were running about the streets with a cry of terror on their lips, “The Turks are coming, the Turks are coming!” And the occupation army was despatching detachments of artillery to the Istamboul side of the hills over Kassim Pasha. I also heard that on that very morning the British had taken all the foremost Unionists, who had been imprisoned by Ferid Pasha, and had transported them to Malta in a battleship in a great hurry and with the greatest possible circumspection. This group of prisoners, which included Fethi Bey,<sup>10</sup> Hussein Jahid Bey (famous Turkish publicist), and others of more or less intellectual reputation, was the first to be sent to Malta. But it was strongly believed that Ferid Pasha’s government had approved the measure.

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<sup>9</sup> the rumor had got round that the mob in Sultan Ahmed was going to release the Union and Progress leaders who were imprisoned in the Ministry of War. Shevkt Tourgoud Pasha was sent in haste by Damad Ferid Pasha, the premier at that moment, to take precautionary measures.

<sup>10</sup> The present Turkish ambassador to France, and the premier in 1924.

Events were moving in a cinematographically fast manner in those days. The murmur of popular disapproval of the closing of parliament by Tewfik Pasha had become louder; there was even more anxiety, because it was rumored that the sultan might never open the parliament again. This was a point which worried very seriously not only Anatolia but all the little political centers in Istantoul. On the seventh of June all the representatives of the different groups were to meet in the building of the National Congress and discuss this question, and in addition the National Block was going to meet separately in the same building and talk the matter over. The National Block had a very distinct character. It was formed by thirty of the biggest names of the fallen empire; it was under the leadership of Ahmed Rize Bey; it was attended by almost all the ex-prime ministers, and most of the ex-commanders-in-chief. As a witty youth had remarked, they had between them enough material to form three cabinets, which meant that the young men and men of secondary importance had no chance whatever of a place in a cabinet which they might form.

First, the representatives of the thirty-five organizations met upstairs. There was no end of impractical talk and attempts at oratory by young people. Finally, it was decided that eleven people should be chosen to meet in the morning and take the necessary steps to get the elections started. I was one of the eleven. I knew I would leave that meeting with the same Persian saying as I did the other one: "To discuss affairs they gathered in council; they sat, they talked, and they dispersed."

Then I was asked to join the meeting of the National Block. To this day I cannot make out why. Anyhow, in the rather small and shabby room I saw the most stately looking council of thirty that has ever existed, and if I live a hundred years more I will never have a chance to see a more dignified body of men. All seemed above six feet, all were finely dressed, and all had some past pages of Turkish history attached to their records in some way or other. Ahmed Riza Bey stood in the front and presided. He looked immense, beautiful, and almost mythical in the grim realism of the little room. And I, the pygmy, in a black *charshaf*, earnestly tried to find a corner where I would not be seen – my presence seemed so incongruous and out of place. However, I laughed at myself with the thought that these dear old men seemed equally uncomfortable. Then they talked, in very grave and beautiful official Turkish, very respectful and very careful in whatever they said; and in some way I wished my grandmother were alive, and thought how she would have loved to hear me tell her about it. I sincerely hope that some of them will continue to handle the destinies of the Turkish nation, so efficient and patriotic they are, yet on that day they were the most hesitating, the most unpractical lot of men imaginable. After long speeches and discussion they decided at last to send two men to the sultan to beg him to call the election; but when it came to the point of choosing the actual persons, the hesitation was greater than ever. No one seemed to want to face the sultan with the request of the National Block. In some curious way it reminded me of the day at Ojak on the occasion of the first meeting, when every one was wondering whom to choose for a spokesman.

I remember saying to myself inwardly, "This time it won't do to offer yourself; the sultan won't see you, and even if he did it would be of no use." Finally, Jelaleddine Arif Bey, the biggest-looking of

them all, was proposed, and Marshal Hourshid Pasha was chosen to go with him. So, after mutual salutations we dispersed, more gracefully and more politely than words can describe.

It was half past nine when I climbed the steep hill of Roumeli Hissar and reached home. Too tired to eat, I took off my shoes, put my feet up, and settled in my big armchair. But the day was not over yet.

Mahmoure Abla came to my room and said with some excitement:

“Last night Colonel Heathcote Smythe called twice and said he wanted to see you. He also called just before you came and told me that he could come again.”

Colonel Heathcote Smythe was the right-hand man of Admiral Galthorpe and he had taken a house near ours in Roumeli Hissar.

“Surely,” I said to myself, “he cannot have undertaken to arrest me personally. It must be political.”

I do not think I am saying this for effect, but I happen to remember that some one was ringing up Dr. Adnan at the telephone when Colonel Heathcote Smythe arrived at quarter past eleven. I remember the hour well, because I stood by the door looking at Dr. Adnan, who was talking at the telephone.

“No, no,” he said; “she is safe – by my side.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Another one of those excitable students has seen you in an English car, under arrest, led by two English officers.”

Colonel Heathcote Smythe was an extremely pleasing looking man, very different from the sinister description which obtained among the people of Istamboul. He was tall, slim, dressed in a naval uniform, and had the exquisite manners of all sailors all over the world. His face was a complicated one, full of shrewd lines around the eyes and the tight lips, but his eyes were melancholy and very English.

He began by speaking Turkish, having been a pupil of Tewfik Fikret once upon a time. He spoke it well, but we soon fell back on English. He came to the point at once. He said that England was very much in sympathy with the national demonstrations (meaning the meetings), and further that England was more in sympathy with a national and representative form of government than with the absolutism of the sultan.

“I hear you have despatched to Malta men who would have stood for representative government,” I said, not without some sarcasm, which I tried hard to control.

“They were Unionist,” he answered.

“Every man in this country was once a Unionist in the past: Fethi Bey, for instance, who was opposing the Unionist lately.”

“Is he not the Tripolitan hero?”

So, heroic natures were tabooed.

“The rumor of my arrest is all over the town,” I said without answering his question.

He was taken aback, but he said rather hurriedly in these exact words:

“Oh, we gave up that idea.”

Had they really decided to arrest me and given up the idea, and had he let the cat out of the bag unwittingly, or was it a veiled threat that the English headquarters in Istamboul were prepared to arrest me at any moment? I could not tell.

“We know about your activities in the National Congress,” he went on.

“No attempt was made to conceal them.”

“We know that you have decided to hold another meeting, like that of Sultan Ahmed, the object of which will be virtually to force the sultan to call the elections and open the parliament.”

This time I was taken aback. This decision was under consideration, not in the big assemblies of the National Congress, but behind the scenes. In fact, nothing revolutionary but big talk had been heard at the congress. We would have had to tell the English headquarters sooner or later about the meeting we intended to hold and get their permission, but their knowledge at this premature hour indicated either indiscretion or spying. Probably my face showed that I had been unpleasantly surprised; anyhow, he smiled triumphantly:

“Well, go ahead, hold a big meeting, as big as you can get, and persuade the people to stand up for the restoration of the parliament. England will be readier to come to an understanding with the representatives of the people than they will with the sultan.”

“We will see,” I replied.

“Talk it over with your friends,” he replied as he left me, smiling and wishing us success.

Before I talked it over with my friends, I tried hard to disentangle the meaning of Colonel Heathcote Smythe’s words, but in vain. Were his words really officially inspired? Had England for a moment hesitate in her Near Eastern policy, thinking it wiser to back the incipient Nationalist movement, and had they sent Colonel Heathcote Smythe to find out how the land lay? Or was he acting on his own? There is only one man who can answer this question – Colonel Heathcote Smythe. If he ever writes his memoirs as well, I shall certainly read them.

Colonel Heathcote Smythe’s words mystified my friends as much as they had me. This was the verdict of one of them, who is eternally suspicious of the English policy in the Near East:

“When the English make a suggestion, there is only one rule: do exactly the opposite. Would they have carried away those men to Malta if they meant well? Perhaps they are mediating some mischief which will give them an opportunity to carry off at one stroke a much larger number of our thinking men. My advice is that you do not speak at this meeting, and that you weep to it that the numbers are kept down.”

I telephoned to Dr. Reshid Galib, who controlled the organizations of the medical students. He was to join Dr. Hassan Ferid in Tavshanly as one of the chosen pioneers of Keuyjuler in Anatolia. He was to meet me at my house in Istamboul.

I told Dr. Reshid Galib that the meetings were becoming dangerous and that the slightest disturbances might be used as a pretext to send more people to Malta; that we hoped the sultan would be influenced eventually by Anatolia.<sup>11</sup> As we could not prevent this meeting, we could limit its numbers by not sending too good a speaker. Dr. Reshid Galib promised to mobilize some students to go around among the people and advise them to turn back.

But Dr. Reshid Galib and myself decided very childishly on a more dangerous step. We decided to put up posters demanding the call of the elections in the name of our constitution, and the opening of the parliament before the Peace Conference started in Paris.

“Remember that four bodies of police as well as an elaborate spy system are watching us,” said Dr. Reshid Galib. He hated getting mixed up in any political trouble, particularly as he was soon leaving for Tavshanly and was full at the moment of the dream of Keuyjuler but he had such a hold over the youths in the medical school and such ability for this kind of work that he could not stand aside so long as he was in Istamboul. I believe he rather enjoyed the secrecy, the difficulty, and the danger of the whole thing. It was a very complicated business.

Two days after Istamboul was pasted over with posters. The authorities were enormously excited and tried to take them down as fast as they could; but it happened that there was one poster left just on the wall of the Sublime Porte where the police patrol stands; there was a general impression that it was the daring act of a dangerous secret society. To my great amusement I saw that every society was rather pleased not to deny that it was personally responsible. Dr. Reshid Galib, who left the next day, told me as he took his leave: “I stuck up the one on the wall of the Sublime Porte; it was the last one. The police officer got so friendly with me over a chance conversation that he never dreamed of my sticking up the revolutionary stuff. I did it when he walked away for a moment to talk to another policeman who was coming to the Sublime Porte.” Dr. Reshid Galib had a winning face – the delicate chin, the half-humorous, half-melancholy curve of the mouth, and the childish blue eyes which inspire confidence at once. His bent form and the strange cough of the consumptive aroused instant concern

The meeting took place. It was not a big one. After that the open meetings began to be discredited; from this time on we held our meetings mostly in the university hall.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha left for Anatolia on the sixteenth of May, the day following the occupation of Smyrna. The date is a turning point in the Nationalist movement. He was given the task of pacifying the East by the sultan and Damad Ferid Pasha. Behind his obvious acquiescence in the order of the government he had come to some understanding with Ali Fuad Pasha (the commander of the Twentieth Army Corps in Angora), Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha (the commander of the Ninth Army Corps in Erzerum). And Rauf Bey. Among the officers who started with him were Colonel Refet (later Refet Pasha), who was appointed the commander of the Third Army Corps in Samsoun, and Lieutenant-Colonel M. Arif, who

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<sup>11</sup> The Erzerum congress was then in the making.

fought in all the Anatolian campaigns up to Sakaria and was with Mustafa Kemal Pasha during the first historical meeting of Amassia.

Rauf Bey started about the same time from Istamboul, and after a short visit to Ali Fuad Pasha in Angora the two went on to Amassia. There, on the nineteenth of June, the Amassia protocol was signed by Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Ali Fuad Pasha, Colonel Refet, and Rauf Bey. All four of them have given me their version of the meeting.<sup>12</sup> Colonel M. Arif, who was present, writes in his book, called "The Anatolian Revolution," a summary of the resolutions which is confirmed by the others:

"The central government is entirely under foreign control. The Turkish nation is resolved to refuse foreign domination and this is proved by the various organizations of defense all over the country. The activities of these groups must be unified.

"A representative congress must be called at Sivas, and the date as well as the place must be kept secret till the opening.

"Those commanders sent from Istamboul whose convictions are doubtful from the nationalistic point of view must not be accepted."

It was also decided that in case of necessity Ali Fuad Pasha should take civil and administrative control of Middle and Western Anatolia. The commander in Konia, Mersinly Djemal Pasha, and Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha accepted the decisions by telegram.

So far, up to the signing of the Amassia protocol, there seemed to sign of a desire to break away from Istamboul and form a new government in Anatolia; moreover, the Amassia protocol was so worded that it also could be taken as an attempt to unify and organize the national defense against the occupation. The sorry state of the bleeding country was such that, except Colonel Refet, no one had said a word indicating the enormous responsibility which the protocol involved.

After reading carefully the last form of the protocol, Colonel Refet had looked at Mustafa Kemal Pasha and said, "Are we going to start a new government or organize the defense of the country?" Ali Fuad Pasha had answered this: "In discussing these points we did not think of forming a new government, but if the defense is only possible under those conditions, why should we not do so?" Colonel Refet's answer was characteristic: "We can do it only after open discussion and after seeing its absolute necessity. I objected because I saw the intention behind the action."

Ali Fuad Pasha had patted Colonel Refet on the back and said, "Stop theorizing, Refet, and sign." And he had signed. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, sizing them up, must have come to various conclusions about their respective qualities. But Colonel Refet had evidently appeared the most difficult to handle. His critical mind, his shrewdness, and his quick revolutionary ways, coupled with his courage and nerve, must have awakened the old suspicion and defiance which Mustafa Kemal Pasha never could manage to hid any time.

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<sup>12</sup> Mustafa Kemal Pasha wrote from Amassia to different people. I received his first letter from there. His letters used to be brought by some special order. In cases of emergency one could communicate with him through Major Kemaleddine Sami, who submitted those despatches to a mysterious major in the War Office who had a particular cipher.

Ali Fuad Pasha went back to Angora and the others started for Erzerum via Sivas, where they formed contacts, talking with Reshid Pasha (the governor of Sivas), who promised support and absolute loyalty for the Sivas congress. But it was not to be plain sailing. Colonel Refet's position was shaky; the Allies did not want him at Samsoun, where he was in command. Ferid Bey, who had entered Ferid Pasha's cabinet, communicated with Colonel Refet, trying to turn him against Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the Nationalist movement. For the news of the meeting of Amassia had reached Istamboul. Colonel Refet had been loyal, and the Allies would not allow the government to keep him at his post. It was easy to put him aside, for Samsoun was so easy for them to get at. Ali Fuad Pasha, on the other hand, who was in Central Anatolia, had with great sagacity laid the foundation of a national defense force with the nucleus of an irregular army, which had no connection with the regular forces under him. Istamboul foresaw complications if he was removed, so they were forced to keep him at his place. Besides, a week after the Amassia protocol was signed he seized the telegraph offices of Middle Anatolia and assumed control over the civil and administrative machine by a declaration. The removal of Mersinly Djemal Pasha from Konia and the sending of men who were not trustworthy as governors precipitated him into this action.

Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha had a large army backing him, as well as the strong support of the people of Erzerum, a combination which made him invincible.

The chief reason for the Erzerum congress was the immediate danger of an Armenia in the eastern vilayets, with Trebizond as its port. The leading members of the Nationalist rising, which included Nedjati and Hussein Avni Beys and Hodja Raif Effendi, had been sent to Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha by the people to find out what he would do in case of an order to him to evacuate Erzerum. The following conversation had taken place:

If I am ordered to evacuate Erzerum by the government I will have to do it, for I am a soldier and have to obey orders."

"How will you leave us to the enemy?"

"Above the order of the government there is the superior will, which is that of the nation. If there is a national desire expressed by its representatives, I will obey it and resist the invasion."

The congress of Erzerum had risen from the desire of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha for a more legal pretext to pass into action. So the Erzerum congress had taken place, with Mustafa Kemal Pasha as its president. Unfortunately, he made a *faux pas* in the congress which had aroused strong feeling against him. He came to the congress and opened it in his uniform of the aide-de-camp of the Sultan Vahideddine. "It is a fool's belief that people like their leaders only with ideals. They want them dressed in the pomp of power and invested with the insignia of their office," he used to say, and of course this was one way of getting at the people. But it did not work with the men of Erzerum.

During the congress the minister of war ordered Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha to arrest Mustafa Kemal Pasha and Rauf Be, and appointed him (Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha) inspector-general of the military forces in Eastern Anatolia (replacing Mustafa Kemal Pasha), and asking him to close the congress as well.



Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha refused to obey the orders from Istamboul, deeming them unlawful, and advised the central government to appoint an inspector to replace Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Once having accepted Mustafa Kemal Pasha as the leader of the movement, Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha was loyal to his word and took orders only from him. Mustafa Kemal Pasha then resigned from the army.

A study of the conditions in general during the days of the Erzerum congress brings forward Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha as a man who possessed vision and ability to act promptly. He also was well-balanced and sagacious. It is evident that he had no desire to throw the East into an impossible adventure. He did not wish to create a separate government which might easily become personal, although he saw that to force the hand of the central government, and make it help the national cause, a certain amount of preparation and demonstration was necessary; further, in case of failure to dissuade the central government from becoming a foreign instrument, it seemed necessary to have both the military and national forces ready to take action and prevent the establishment of an Armenia on the Turkish lands. The national outburst was strong enough on this point to throw itself into the fire at any moment, but the conditions demanded moderation and extreme precaution; any precipitate action would have been disastrous. The situation needed particularly delicate handling for the following reasons.

There were two well-equipped British divisions in the Caucasus – pure English soldiers of first-class military value. The presence of those division naturally strengthen the Armenian position and encouraged them to provoke the Turks by bloody deeds. The Armenians were continually burning Turkish villages on the frontier by opening artillery fire or by raids. In the meantime, Colonel Rawlinson was the chief controller in the eastern vilayets, and was residing at Erzerum. He was watching the events with extreme care and at the same time was connected both with Istamboul and with the English divisions in the Caucasus. Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha had to hold back the popular fury and prevent reprisals. For reprisals on the part of the Turks would have been most welcome both for the Armenians and the Allied politicians who wanted an immediate pretext to establish an Armenia on Turkish soil. If the Armeno-Turkish struggle had started with the British troops in the Caucasus, it might have involved a much greater international complication, and Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha was hoping that there might be eventually an understanding with the West. So he was determined to start the struggle – if it became unavoidable – after the removal of those troops.

The apparent duty of Colonel Rawlinson was to disarm Eastern Anatolia under the threat of those troops and send the munitions and arms out of the country via Armenian Caucasus. This naturally looked like taking Turkish arms in order to arm and send the Armenians in the Caucasus against the Turks, thereby repeating the Smyrna game. Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha opposed very seriously the transport of the Turkish arms through Armenian territory, but when her received a firm and absolute command from the central government, trains loaded with the Turkish arms and guarded by a small Turkish military detachment started toward the Armenian Caucasus. But it did not get farther than the frontier, for at Hassan Kale the Turkish Nationalists and the population attacked the train and took the munitions and arms. It was those arms which Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha used later in his Armenian campaign, in October, 1920.

The admirable order and security in the eastern vilayets, in spite of all the various and contrary influences which made it a very hot place, were among the praiseworthy achievements of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha. General Harbord the chief of the American Military Commission which went through Eastern Anatolia on to the Armenian Caucasus, spoke to me of this order and security with great admiration.

In the meantime, the Erzerum congress, having chosen subcommittees, started work along these three lines:

The preparation of a national pact; the organization of the Anatolian defense of national rights; the election of a representative body (Heyet-i-Temsilie) which would, in case of necessity, take the place of a temporary government in Anatolia to carry on the national defense. But the congress emphatically declared that if the elected body (In case of necessity) formed a temporary government, it should follow the established laws of the central government and should, after realizing the National Pact, cease to be a government.

The congress of Erzerum made a profound impression on the sultan's government and the immediate result was that the question of the calling of the elections was discussed seriously.

The Erzerum congress had taken place on the twenty-third of July, and in August, 1919, a feverish preparation was going on for another congress in Sivas. The necessity of another congress in a more central place, where the representatives of Western and Middle Anatolia – even Istamboul itself – could come, had been talked over in the Erzerum congress and accepted. Sivas had chosen Rauf Bey and Erzerum had chosen Mustafa Kemal Pasha and Hodja Raif Effendi for the coming congress.

The Allies in Istamboul as well as the sultan's government took different actions to stop the second congress. The French officers called on Reshid Pasha, the governor of Sivas, and declared that the Allies would occupy Sivas in five days if the congress took place. On the heel of this ultimatum the British began to land four battalions at Samsoun, which they had brought from Batoum. Colonel Refet immediately marched to Samsoun with the regular and Nationalist forces and asked the British to evacuate at once, which they did. After this he was replaced by Colonel Selaheddine. Colonel Refet, who was sure of the patriotic and nationalist zeal of Colonel Selaheddine, let him have the command, but he remained on the scene of action. Colonel Selaheddine reassured the Nationalists and helped to make Sivas secure from invasion.

The Sivas congress took place on September 1, 1919.<sup>13</sup> its demands were identical with those of Erzerum. The "Anatolian and Roumelian League of Defense of National Rights," which had been started in Erzerum, was more thoroughly organized. Most of the political clubs of the Union and Progress in the provinces changed their names and took on a more revolutionary complexion.

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<sup>13</sup> It was at this period that Javid Bey, ex-minister of finance, asked to see me. He was in hiding in a house in Shishli. He had gone into hiding when Damad Pasha came into power and began arresting all the Unionists. The Unionists in Istamboul had wanted him to represent Istamboul in the Sivas congress and he asked me what he ought to do. When I learned that the invitation was not from Mustafa Kemal Pasha personally, I said I would write to him and ask him what his views were. I was becoming aware of the manifold difficulties and the exacting atmosphere of Sivas. Javid Bey decided to wait for Mustafa Kemal Pasha's answer. I called Major Kemaleddine Sami and give him the message. When it arrived (it came the next day) it was as I had expected. It was polite, but it was obvious that Mustafa Kemal Pasha had no use for him. When I told him, he seemed sad but not bitter; he escaped from Istamboul that very week.

The central government also gave orders to Ali Galib Bey, the governor of Malatia, to gather the tribes around the place and march to Sivas and arrest the representatives. The orders of Istamboul were brought to the knowledge of Sivas, and the Nationalists in Malatia frightened the governor into a speedy flight. But this act of treachery on the part of the central government led the representative body (Heyet-i-Temsilie) to break with the government in Istamboul and to take the reins of government into their own hands. The loyalty of Sivas was great. Among those who endangered themselves and supported the representative body, Haliss Tourgoud Bey<sup>14</sup> stands out as the most able and enthusiastic.

The break from Istamboul frightened the sultan very seriously. Damad Ferid's cabinet fell. The sultan called upon Ali Riza Pasha, who was sympathetic to the Nationalists, and chose Mersinly Djemal Pasha as the minister of war. The relations between the Nationalist and the central government were resumed. Salih Pasha, the minister of marine, came to Amassia, met Mustafa Kemal Pasha and Rauf and Bekir Sami Beys (members of the representative body), and discussed the situation more seriously. They decided, among other things, that the seat of the parliament should be in Anatolia. But this part of the understanding was not realized, for the reasons which I give in the following pages.

As soon as the elections<sup>15</sup> were over, the question whether parliament should be opened in Istamboul as usual or whether it would not be safer if it chose a new seat in Anatolia was discussed once more. On this occasion Mustafa Kemal Pasha wrote to all of us in Istamboul<sup>16</sup> who were cooperating with

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<sup>14</sup> Haliss Tourgoud was a fiery Nationalist and belonged to one of the well-known families of Sivas. He was the deputy of Sivas for years, and was hanged in Smyrna during the famous trial in June, 1926. Although there was no proof of his having had anything to do with the attempt on Mustafa Kemal Pasha's life, his liberal tendencies, which led him to join the opposition, cost him his life.

<sup>15</sup> The elections took place in absolute freedom all over the country. I do not remember any election which had been so free, with the possible exception of the one in 1908. An interesting episode – which might have raised a constitutional issue – happened during the elections. The Turkish constitution (before it was revised in 1924) specifies the enfranchised Ottomans as “males of twenty years old or more,” while it designates those who are qualified to be chosen as deputies as “Ottomans,” no sex being mentioned. Whether it was owing to this rather tempting situation, or whether it was a spontaneous expression of trust, I cannot tell; anyhow, I was profoundly touched to hear that the electors of Bey Bazaar (a town near Konia) had given me twelve out of their twenty votes; Kiresund (a town near Trebizond) gave me eight votes, and Erzerum three. As women do not have political rights in Turkey, and as I essentially dislike the idea of a political career, I have never made a sign which would have given them any cause to think that such an act on their part would please me. I think it really was a sincere and impulsive expression of their affection for me. Had I asked a majority of votes in those days, I believe I could have had it without difficulty, though the Turkish senate would have been called upon to interpret the clause and pronounce on such an unconstitutional action. Bey Bazaar made me its free citizen, and Kiresund followed suit by opening a school for girls and calling it “Halide Hatoun.” My countrymen have honored me at other times, but this first expression of their feeling for me in those days comforted and thrilled me to a great degree.

<sup>16</sup> I give an extract from one of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's letters in which he advocates the necessity of transferring the seat of the parliament to Anatolia:

SIVAS, November 10, 1919.

. . . The seat of the National Assembly has raised a new and very important issue. The public opinion of the capital has met almost generally with great surprise the idea of the National Assembly in a place other than Istamboul. I find this natural. Surely, the meeting of the National Assembly outside the capital has many drawbacks. But its meeting in Istamboul may also be very dangerous.

In my humble opinion, if the purpose of gathering the National Assembly is merely to legalize the position of the central government and to disable the National Assembly from exercising its legislative power, the danger would be slight, but if the National Assembly is to protest against all injustice and use its conscience and language freely in performing its legislative duty, it is necessary to admit that this would be impossible in Istamboul . . .

him, and urged that the opening of the parliament in Anatolia would be preferable. But the position of Istamboul was shaky: if the Turks had shown any sign of regarding it as of secondary importance, they might have lost it altogether – so, at least, the majority thought – and Istamboul was chosen in the end. The leader of the overwhelming Nationalist majority that came to Istamboul in January, 1910, was Rauf Bey. He also, like Mustafa Kemal Pasha, had advocated an Anatolian seat for the parliament, but both had to bow down before the majority.

Of the old Turks of the old school, the one I loved most, although I was attached to them all, was Adnan's brother-in-law.<sup>17</sup> He was about seventy years of age and made me think of St. Francis of Assisi. In some strange way he was not only a very hold man but was an absolute child as well, just as a saint should be. It seemed an eternal surprise to me that he should live in an ancestral home and have daughters, a son, and a wife, as well as the most beautiful Turkish garden, instead of abiding in a mountain cave. A tiny mosque near his house called for prayers five times a day, and he would come from his lovely garden, where he used to work most of the day, and he would pray. He must have been several inches taller than six feet. Very slim and bent, generations of culture had given him the perfect grace of a tall reed moving by the watery banks of a stream. He always wore a black gown over the whitest of old Turkish shirts, the sleeves of which he would roll up so that he could work comfortably. His turban had that fold and elegance which have passed out of the Turkish lands forever.

His face was a delicate oval, with a pink skin, small refined nose, benevolent mouth, and eyes of the most wondrous blue. Nature must have used a special tint to get that strange blue. With his lovely soul, and the silky white beard, it was an escape from all the earthly worries only to look at him. Each time I went there his household would inform him, and whether it was a prayer, or a rose, or a cabbage he was tending, he would leave it at once and come to me. He had a gliding gait and he would give me his hand,

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In spite of all the drawbacks in assembling the parliament at a safe place outside Istamboul, it is unfortunately necessary. In the case of his Majesty, the central government, and the public opinion in Istamboul fearing to face this necessity, the situation will be very difficult.

I presume that the issues are resolved thus:

1. By the pressure of his Majesty and the central government the National Assembly will meet in Istamboul; the Allies will take the central government and the National Assembly under their control and force them to pass the resolutions they desire; if the National Assembly is able to show the capacity for keeping its freedom it will be attacked and dispersed. If the nation preserves its present organizations and depending on them watches developments, it will revolt against the attempts at its life, and interest. The subsequent manifestation of it [the revolt] cannot be foretold . . .
2. Or, the representatives will be afraid to assemble and meet of their own accord somewhere outside. They will ask the consent of the central government to allow the senate to follow them. Failing in this the representatives will meet and form alone a National Assembly and watch the acts of the central government. Or, they will form a constituent body and taking the executive duty of the central government into their hands they will face Europe and America invested with their national sovereignty.

It is very important to study and to compare the first and the second issues. It will be very valuable for me to know your opinion on the question if you will for an instant free yourself from the pressure of the Istamboul atmosphere . . .

<sup>17</sup> Ali Riza Bey, my brother-in-law, was the grandson of that Selim Pasha who was grand vizir of Mahmoud II, at the time when the Janissary system was abolished by a general massacre of all the Janissaries. It seemed to me to be a most mysterious freak of the laws of heredity that such a gentle and tender soul should descend from such a cruel and bloody grandsire.

which looked like an ancient and precious piece of parchment. Then he would sit on the sofa and smile his most beautiful smile, insisting on my smoking (I did not want to smoke near him out of respect), and asking always in the same tender voice, "How is my lady daughter?"

His presence raised his lady daughter's soul from the daily tragedy of Turkey to a more even plane. She never crossed her legs when he was near, and felt guilty as she smoke, and talked about roses, animals, and vegetables, which were the most congenial subjects for the holy man. Of humankind he spoke rarely. The barriers of race, religion, and class – even of good and evil – had ceased to exist in the serene atmosphere of his thoughts; for the dead there was simply a pious "Allah's grace on his soul," and for the living a remote and benevolent indifference. He seemed hardly conscious of the wickedness and hatred around him. Only once his lady daughter discerned a slight reproach in his voice in speaking about a man. It was in this way:

Thinking to please him, I had told him about the touching surrender of Fahreddine Pasha, the military commander of Medina. Fahreddine Pasha had refused to give up Medina to the English forces after the armistice. There had been a siege, a rigorous one, and all had suffered from the lack of food and water. When in the end his staff begged him to spare the lives of all from what was certain starvation, and the Sublime Porte sent its third order to evacuate Medina according to the terms of the armistice, he was heartbroken. It is said that he went to the tomb of Mohammed, saying that his sword belonged to his Supreme Master, and that if he had to give it up for the sake of human life, it would be to him alone; whereupon he had laid his sword at the foot of the Holy of Holies and had swooned.

As I told him of this I was feeling very much elated at the idea of the religious pleasure which this episode would give him. What was my surprise when his tender face filled with an expression which was not one of appreciation at all. He seemed strange and far away from what I was telling him. Almost reproachfully, with a stern note in his voice which I had never heard before, he said, "Fahreddine Pasha has cut the beautiful palm trees around the tomb of Mohammed," and I stopped, amazed. Then suddenly there flashed on me an inner perception of his spirit as a region where armies and swords and the rest did not matter. He was more concerned with the beautiful palm trees. This was more than Gandhism, this was St. Francis; and then I found myself wishing passionately that this holy man would ask some sort of service of me – some very difficult service. But as he never asked of any human being any favor, I thought at the time my wish was useless. Nevertheless, the next time I went to see him he did ask one of me.

Sherif Nassir Bey, the cousin and friend of Ali Riza Bey, lived in Istamboul. Now it happened that in the sherif's household some woman had adopted an Arab orphan girl. The girl, on account of her dark skin, was seized by the Armenians as an Armenian. I do not know why Sherif Nassir Bey, the protégé of the English, failed to get the girl back; anyhow, my brother-in-law, who did not care whether a child was with the Armenians or with the Turks so long as it was well treated, was terribly concerned by the tears of the adopted child's mother. "I wonder if my lady daughter could make the English authorities understand that this particular child is a Moslem; that she has her regular birth certificate taken at Mecca to prove it," he said. I confess I felt embarrassed, for I had decided to have nothing to do with the English authorities,

and I knew that they hated me like poison; but I decided with some difficulty to go and see Colonel Heathcote Smythe in Roumeli Hissar. And I went very early the next morning.

His pretty little Greek wife received me with perfect courtesy. He came down as soon as he could. I came to the point at once.

I asked him if he remembered his declaration that England wished to respect national feeling, and told him about this friction between the Armenians and the Turks over this question of children, and that there was a possibility of worse things if the Christians went on taking Turkish children in this way. But he shook his head. Then, putting his fingers into each other, he said: "The Armenian and the Turkish children are like this. We cannot separate them without cutting straight through the middle. Of course it will hurt now, but it will be better in the future." I took leave of him very quietly and did not even mention the case of the little Arab girl. I took the situation right in. The moment for a milder and more humane British attitude toward the Turks had passed since I had seen Colonel Heathcote Smythe last. I remember the reports Major Kemaleddine Sami brought in. The British headquarters was actually wishing for a violent bloody fray between the Turks and the Christians, according to those reports, and so of course it was to their advantage to let us throttle each other so that they could be given a pretext to occupy Istamboul in the name of peace. Perhaps it was really true that they were arming the poor Christian quarters around Phanar, and perhaps the anxiety of the Turks in that district lest they be massacred by the Christians had some foundation; at any rate, the provocation by the Christians was becoming intolerable; and so, though Colonel Heathcote Smythe would possibly have granted what I asked, no amount of self-control would have allowed me to ask him a favor for that little Arab girl after the way he had spoken on the subject.

I went back to my house with a feeling that it was impossible to make any one understand that we were drifting right into disaster. The feeling of hatred between the different races was almost phenomenal in those days. It had gone so deep that the Turkish children and the Christian children could not pass each other's quarters without being stoned or beaten. Sometimes they fought singly, and sometimes in packs. When one side had a strong pack it wandered into the quarters of the enemies, stoned windows, even forced a pitched battle if it was strong enough, always running away before superior numbers. Allah knows how closely the miniature warfare resembled the World War. The bigger and more brutal type of boys of both sides enjoyed it immensely, like their prototypes, but the timid, the good little ones suffered martyrdom on both sides. I cried over one little Greek boy, I remember – a pretty, timid, poorly dressed little one, -- who had wandered into the Turkish quarters. I took his little hands and saw him out of the danger zone, consoling him and patting him. Another time I had to get a Turkish water-carrier on the road of Fazli Pasha to rescue a little Turk who was being attacked by the pack of Christian boys who had invaded the street when the bigger boys were at school. They had taken hold of this little one and were beating him terribly in front of my house.

Mahmoure Abla used to tell me about those fights. Of course, the Christians had the protection of the Allied police who occasionally passed, and their presence gave the Turkish boys a disadvantage; but Mahmoure Abla told me, deprecatorily, that recently there seemed to be a real organization among the

Turkish boys in our quarter. When the Turkish boys saw the Allied police, they debouched into the side streets, keeping up a fusillade of stones and retreating at the time into the mystery of the old Turkish streets. "The imps have their guards peeping like devils from behind the corners, waiting for the Christian pack," said Mahmoure Abla. "When things go badly they whistle for help . . . Oh, Allah has forsaken the world," she lamented. Once I discovered a little boy peeping out behind one of the side streets on Fazli Pasha road. He was evidently a Turkish sentinel. I called him. At first he hesitated, then he came up, with a sidelong glance down the road from where the Christian children emerged. When I talked to him seriously and wiped his dirty little nose, which ran all the time, he permitted himself to look at me, full of pity and condescension. "They have all the foreign soldiers and guns on their side, Lady Aunt," he said. "The soldiers run after us and threaten us, and they are helping the Christian boys, but we have only our courage and our Allah," he finished. I told him about the little Greek boy I had saved the other day. "I will let you fight the packs," I conceded; "but how can you beat the little stray boys? That is not Turkish, it is not brave." He gave in this time. "I would never fight them when they are alone," he said. "It is not enough to fight them, you must protect them," I insisted. He seemed to hesitate, but suddenly he promised – strangely eager. "I will always protect them, Lady Aunt –" Then, even more hurriedly, "I hate to attack the single ones." I almost wanted to kiss the little imp, but I knew he would have thought it disrespectful of me, so I wiped his nose once more and walked off. I still hear the little voice, "*Allah Ismarladik, Hanum Teize.*" (Goodbye, Lady Aunt.\_

For a day or two I felt troubled in my conscience for not having asked Colonel Heathcote Smythe to help the little Arab girl; it was the first, probably the last thing the holy man would ask me. What is more, I did not have the courage to go and tell him that I had failed.

I saw a strange sight under my window on the Fazli Pasha road a day or two later, something which forced me for some reason to go and tell him that I had not done what he had asked me. It was early in the afternoon. A great stampeding and noise led me to the window. Two packs of children, Turks and Christians, stood facing each other, and among them stood four women, two of them Turkish and two Christians, all four poorly dressed, all fraternizing and helping to pacify their own pack, and all in the most motherly language begging the other side as well as their own not to fight. It was, I think, the only day when there was no fighting. The two packs dispersed sulkily, and I, who saw it, sat down and allowed my tears of hope to wet my cheeks. Was it an allegory of a world which was to supersede our own, where all the women of all nations would stand before their boy packs and stop fights? With this thought in mind I took my courage in both hands and went to see my brother-in-law.

I met his wife feeding her poultry in the yard as I came in by the garden.

"Where is Bey Effendi, sister?" I asked.

"He is in the vegetable garden," she said, pointing to a closed door on a high wall in the yard. "Do you want to go and see him at work?"

without further urging I opened the big wooden gate and entered the largest, coolest and most gorgeous vegetable garden and fruit orchard. I had a sense of luscious fresh figs hanging on the shady

branches of old fig trees; irregular vine trellises very beautiful and very primitive, shaded the place; no end of pumpkins, squashed, and cabbages lay on the rich earth in royal dignity; and on a terrace an old donkey went round and round drawing water from a gigantic well, while he, the man I was looking for, dressed in an old blue gown and linen cap, as white as his beard, went round and round with it, helping it and talking to it familiarly. "*Haidi Ogloum, Haidi Ogloum*" (Come along, my son, come along, my son), he repeated, as his delicate face grew pinker with the effort. When he saw me standing there he called out sweetly, "Come up, lady daughter, I will give him a rest now and I will pick figs for you." I sat down on a stone opposite and we ate those figs, which are the specialty of his garden. Somehow I could say nothing. These old people have an uncanny knowledge of the human heart. I can swear that he knew all that I wanted to say beforehand, and seemed anxious to console me by being especially tender. We never mentioned the subject of the little Arab girl again.

It was in those days that the question of the children's fights was again brought to my attention in a way which I should have never dreamed of. Since we had come to Istamboul my own boys had been going to Robert College, and as it is very far away, I could only see them late in the evening. But on Sundays they were at home. Now Ali Ayetullah was a very peaceful boy, very fond of sitting by my side and reading books. He always hated physical exertion, the aimless and idiotic waste of energy of the little boys of his own age most of all. But Hassan Hikmet, on the other hand, had immense stores of physical energy. He was in almost continual movement, always doing something or other; his legs were never without scratches, his hands and face never without bruises. His greatest regret in life was – perhaps still is – that he was rather small. He wanted to be a tall and powerful man: what he lacked in size he tried to make up by developing the strongest muscles and greatest agility possible for such a small body. He knew every little boy in the quarter, poor or rich, small or big: was interested in their lives; knew all about their troubles and family difficulties. And yet, although he was by nature a fighter, there was something chivalrous, almost Quixotic about him. These qualities always drew from Ali humorous comments, which were usually answered by fists and sharp retorts. However, they managed to keep fairly quiet and peaceful in my presence.

One Sunday we came rather late with Dr. Adnan. Ali was waiting for us at the door. I asked where Hassan was; he answered evasively. Then Ali went up with Dr. Adnan to his room and I heard them shut the door. After ten minutes, during which I heard occasional bursts of laughter, Dr. Adnan came to my room.

"I will tell you something, Halide," he said. "And I don't want you to take it too seriously."

"It is some trick of Hassan," I answered. "Tell me at once."

"It is simply about the fights. You know we were thinking that there must be some one organizing the Turkish side. Well – it was Hassan. He apparently had a series of aides-de-camp, lieutenants, and so on. Ali told me he had been trying to dissuade him from the beginning – but it was no use. Today, however, something almost serious happened first the Christian pack invaded our quarter and took the Turkish boys unawares, then the Turkish pack prepared a revenge and raided the Christian quarter. Ali saw



them going there with Hassan and their head. He went after them and tried to stop them, but there was a regular battle. Finally, Ali and an old Christian managed to pacify them . . . and Ali says it must be stopped, for some of the boys are bound to badly hurt soon.”

“I will talk to Hassan after the dinner,” I said; and I confess that it reminded me very forcibly of another event, very similar in character, which had happened when he was only six years old. His father had insisted on sending him to a night school and I had taken it terribly to heart, feeling utterly miserable without him. I had gone every week to see him and he used to write daily letters, which were a combination of childish naiveté and precocity. Very much hurt evidently by the separation, he had at first taken to religion. He prayed five times a day, performing all the elaborate ritual of the pious Moslem, including the “washings.” But he had caught a cold and these were forbidden. Then not being able to exhaust his energy in prayer and washing, he took to military adventures. The next week I found him in the garden among a group of some forty boys. They were older than he was, but he was definitely the boss of them all, I thought, as I watched him coming toward me, his pink face pinker, his coat thrown over his shoulders in a negligent but rather swanky manner, walking like a future conqueror. Actually I lived long enough to see victorious – and elderly – commanders walking after battles just as boyishly, just as swankily.

“I have won a big battle, mother,” he said. “I have an army of forty boys . . .”

he was six then, now he was thirteen, and my reminiscences were not consoling.

Hassan kissed my hand in an embarrassed manner and was silent throughout the meal, during which I noticed that he had to try hard to swallow his food. After dinner I took him up to my room, locked the door, and had a long talk with him. I was rather merciless, but he took it all manfully.

The only sentence he uttered when I opened the door to let him out was, “I will disperse my troop, Mother.” I thought he sounded regretful.

One could tell when the organization began to break up. All the zest went out of the fighting, and Hassan kept his word, though he openly declared that he was not going to allow single boys to be beaten when he was present. I knew how he loved those queer little creatures with running noses, and how he had an almost fatherly interest in them, spending his money to buy them sweets. I accepted the reservation.

I found out from Mahmoure Abla that he had become as violent a pacifist as he had been a fighter. The boys who rebelled and insisted on going on fighting had to fight Hassan first. I knew he must always be completely self-forgetful, passionate in whatever he was doing; he was not so very different from me.

After he succeeded in partially pacifying our district, Hassan came to me one day and declared that it was high time he should wear long trousers. “Ali started wearing them much earlier,” he said resentfully. And I was not tactful at all when I told him that Ali was a taller boy. I promised in the end that he should have long trousers in the spring. He counted the months on his fingers and said, “So many more months of misery.”

As the time for the Peace Conference drew near, the societies representing the different centers in Anatolia began to grow restive. Their mouths were shut by the prejudice of the Allied censorship, nor, owing to the general hatred of Turkey, could they get a press outside the country to represent their grievances. Western Anatolia demanded annexation by the mother country and groaned under Greek occupation; Adana decimated by the massacres conducted by the Armenian legions armed by the French, wanted to protest; Eastern Anatolia had absolutely determined not to have an Armenia on their lands, and armed guerrilla warfare was being conducted on the mountains of Smyrna.

Toward the end of September, 1919, the King-Crane commission came to Istamboul. It was not on their program to study our affairs, but at the last moment they courteously intimated that they would take a note of the various complaints of the different peoples before they started for the Peace Conference in Paris. The Thracian representatives asked me to take them to the commission and interpret for them. It was not pleasant. I felt as if everything had come to an end as I walked up the stairs of the American embassy. Anatolia had some chance, now that the movement was becoming stronger; but these people, thrown amid hostile races and cut off from the mother country, were absolutely helpless.

There it was – the commission; where we used to take our social tea with friendly Mrs. Bristol. There they sat. Any man sitting at a big table with a green cover is imposing, and there were five of them, all looking ominous. It made one feel bewildered and hurt to be obliged to defend national rights before an embassy.

I translated for my three countrymen. I remember Mr. King asking, “Won’t they prefer Bulgarians to Greeks?” No, they wanted either annexation or autonomy. I believe all of us were very glad when it was over. I was in such a hurry that I walked straight away into a small group of men without seeing who any one was. But I became conscious of Suleiman Nazif Bey’s grand head with its extraordinary eyes. He was holding my hand like a nervous child. “Do mother us too, and take us up and translate for us.” They were representing Eastern Anatolia and were determined to get a hearing.

Suleiman Nazif Bey<sup>18</sup> stated the case, which of course was self-evident – namely, that as the Turks were in an incontestable majority in Eastern Anatolia, it was impossible to establish an Armenia there. Things went smoothly until one member of the commission mentioned the word “massacre.” This immediately set Suleiman Nazif Bey on the high horse. He poured forth an eloquent and just view of the case – how the massacre was two-sided, and if they would condemn the Turks they must also condemn the Armenians. It sounded almost like what President Wilson said on September 27, 1918, in New York: “The impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just. It must be a justice that knows no favorites and knows no standards but equal rights of the several people concerned.”

The interview was extremely painful to me. I was very much aware of the somewhat unsympathetic attitude of the commission at my left, sitting at an enormous table, and the four Turks in black on my right with fixed and tragic faces, while in the middle of the room in a single chair I sat like an interpreter (and perhaps like a lawyer too) defending the case of Eastern Anatolia. All this was reflected in a larger mirror opposite; where I had seen very much nicer things reflected –very gay tea parties of Mrs. Bristol, and laughter and talk. As we walked out of the room it seemed to me that Suleiman Nazif Bey’s face was ashy pale. He smiled at my inquiring face and said, “If it had not been for the Moslem-like understanding and benevolence of that old man’s face in the middle, I could not have borne it.” “The Moslem-like understanding face” belonged to Mr. Crane. I was rather subdued by the pathetic sorrow of Suleiman Nazif Bey’s face: he is accustomed to express his passions very forcibly. We separated at the door. I understood how deeply he must have felt when in 1924 he spoke of this event in an article called “King Oedipus and His Daughter,” which was published in Istamboul in the “Son Telegraph” (a Turkish daily published in 1924).

Mr. Crane was in his unofficial capacity very friendly to the Turks and he proposed to send six students to America, girls and boys. He sent the correspondent of the “Chicago Daily News,” Mr. Brown, to Sivas to study the Anatolian point of view. Mr. King seemed a very cool-headed man with an impartial view. But above all, the presence of Professor Albert H. Lyber was a very fortunate thing for future

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<sup>18</sup> Suleiman Nazif Bey was the son of Said Pasha of Diarbekir. His father and his whole family are placed high in Turkish literature. First cousin to Keuk-Alp Zia, Suleiman Nazif Bey’s own place in the thought and literature of the Ottoman Turk is as great as, if not greater than, that of his famous cousin. He used the splendid prose of the empire writers, and, what is more, his whole being had all the vigor and the pomp of the empire that was passing. All his contemporaries seem to have passed away, mostly through getting out of touch with the rising generation. But Nazif Bey remained as young and as fiery as the most useful. It was the invincibility of the throb of life in his veins. He fought the new movement in literature with tooth and nail, he fought Nationalism (simplification) in the Turkish language with a tigerish hatred, and in a world where all the ideas and schools of his age had become dead matter he was more alive than any one of us. He lived and fought, loved and hated as very few in world’s literature do. Like the soul of the empire, his faults and virtues had the glamour and the color of high chivalry.

In 1909 he was the bitter political opponent of Hussein Jahid Bey. But when the counter-revolution tore to pieces a man in mistake for him (Jahid Bey) it was Suleiman Nazif who braved the mob fury and defended him in an article. He was on very bad terms with Rauf Bey in Malta, but when political hatred attacked Rauf Bey it was Suleiman Nazif who came forward with a brilliant eulogy. On the anniversary of the Pierre Loti day in 1919 his speech in the university hall caused a great burst of enthusiasm. He was deported to Malta with the Nationalists in March, 1920. His poems there helped to keep our hearts alive. To see him pass in the streets was somehow always significant. One felt that as long as he was there Turkey was alive and free.

historians. For Professor Albert H. Lybyer and Professor Arnold J. Toynbee are the two most dependable and fair-minded writers on the impossibly difficult tangle of Near East.

The long-talked-of defense which was being organized on the Smyrna mountains began to take shape very fast. The inception of the movement was not much connected with the political organization which was crystallizing round Mustafa Kemal Pasha in Sivas.

There have always existed on the mountains of Smyrna semi-political bands that had achieved great local fame – like the companies of Robin Hood. They were in eternal conflict with the Ottoman government. They lived by kidnapping the children of the rich and holding them for ransom, robbing the rich merchants and killing the government officials and gendarmes; but they were sympathetic to the poorer peasants. Legends and songs of romance have gathered around them. In the early days of the Greek invasion, not having seen the manner of the occupation, they had come down from the mountains and had joined the Greeks. This was partly due to a desire to loot, and partly to their hatred of the Ottoman government. But before a month had passed, they had taken their arms and marched back again. Keukje Effe was one of the first to lead his band against the Greeks. His story has turned into a sort of legend.<sup>19</sup>

The simple leaders and fighters among the people soon gathered around Aidin and Nazelli. With some technical help from the regular officers, who kept themselves behind the scenes, they made the region too hot for the Greeks. A perpetual warfare raged, Aidin alone being captured and recaptured seven times. Finally the front of Nazelli was held for a long time by the Turkish Nationalist forces under Mehmed Effe, commonly called the Demirdji.

The front of Salihli was created by Halil Effe against the Greek invasion, and Edhem the Circassian became the leader of that particular front. As Major Edib (called the Sari Effe) and several Turkish battalions had joined this front with their batteries and machine guns, it became one of the strongest national defense units. Colonel Bekir Sami (not to be mixed with the minister of foreign affairs of that name) and Colonel Kiazim Bey (the present president of the Great National Assembly) are among the heroic names of the first struggle.

European public opinion, which had been entirely indifferent to the official massacres of the Turks on the quay of Smyrna under the eyes of their warships, became agitated at the possibility of this new danger to the Greek population in the interior of Smyrna.

An interallied commission, composed of the Italian, English, French and American admirals and generals, went to those regions to investigate in October, 1919, but their report was not published until after

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<sup>19</sup> To begin with, Keukje Effe was made much of by the Greeks, and he was drinking and fraternizing in the coffee-houses of Smyrna with the Greek officers during the first days of the Greek campaign. Then all of a sudden he shot two Greek soldiers in a coffee-house in Smyrna and disappeared. The story is this: a Greek sergeant with whom Effe had made friends had offered him some tobacco out of a blue velvet pouch. The simple Effe had admired the pouch, and the sergeant – evidently very drunk – had told him its story: simply that he had met a Turkish peasant girl on the mountains, had violated her, then killed her and robbed her of the golden coins round her neck and of her blue velvet vest, which he had turned into a pouch. Keukje Effe had shot the man and one of his companions and fled. Others soon followed him.

the Greco-Turkish campaign was fairly advanced and the European public opinion had begun to doubt the wisdom of the Greek occupation of Smyrna.

These random events that I have recorded give me some idea of the situation in Turkey up to the time of the gathering of the first Nationalist parliament in Istamboul, about the first week of January, 1920. The first act of the parliament was to make out the final form of the National Pact.

The sulky silence of British headquarters after the publication of the National Pact as, in contrast to the somewhat sympathetic attitude of French and Italian headquarters, decidedly ominous, but no one was expecting any counter-action for some little time.

In February the atmosphere was becoming suspicious. Major Kemaleddine Sami came oftener after midnight bringing with him important documents about the trend of the political moves of the British in Istamboul.

Some of these documents belonged to Said Molla, a well-known member of the Entente Libérale and openly in British pay. He was evidently used to sending agents into Anatolia to start an anti-Nationalist movement. In Ada-Bazaar we learned that the Circassians were being used to effect a counter-movement. The letters were written on bits of yellow paper and I sometimes suspected their authenticity.

“How do you get hold of them, Kemal Bey?” I once asked.

“Through a relation of Said Molla, who acts as his secretary.”

“Are you sure they are authentic?”

“Sure? The boy is heart and soul for the cause.”

“Since the boy does not think it wrong to steal papers from his relative, why does he not steal the originals?”

“Said Molla would suspect and would not let the boy handle his correspondence.”

I was never quite sure of their authenticity – until it was unfortunately placed beyond doubt by the Ada-Bazaar rising in 1920, which nearly wiped out the whole Nationalist movement. But of those events I will speak in the coming chapters. The last document Major Kemaleddine brought was of great political importance but of its absolute authenticity I cannot be sure even now. It was the copy of an agreement, in Turkish, between two Englishmen (one signed Forester) and Ferid Pasha, for the forming of an English protectorate in Turkey similar to the one in Egypt. The document was published in “The Chicago Tribune” and some French papers.

This same month of February also brought all sorts of warnings from different Allied quarters that the English were preparing a counterblast to the National Pact and that all individuals like myself might be taken prisoner seemed possible, but that the parliament would be closed and the deputies arrested – that we could hardly believe.

All along, of course, I knew that I was regarded with great suspicion by British headquarters, but I had a strange confirmation of the fact through a woman journalist, Sabiha Zekeria Hanum. She went to get

an interview from General Milne and came to see me one afternoon afterward in some excitement. This was how she began:

“Take care, Halide Hanum, General Milne hates you.”

“How do you know?”

Apparently as General Milne had not been in when she had called, Captain Armstrong had talked to her. He had asked during the conversation whether she knew a woman called Halide Edib and had warned her not to mention her name in the presence of the general. Of course she had not asked for the interview for the purpose of talking about Halide Edib, but all the same she was rather taken aback.

I had never met General Milne, but I was inclined to believe that his hatred of me was significant of his feeling toward all the Nationalists who were of some use to their country. And we have every reason to be grateful to him, for his drastic measures in Istamboul helped a great deal to increase the prestige of the Nationalist movement.

I tried to sell my house in Antigone after these little but significant events, and was fortunate enough to find a buyer almost at once; so I made arrangements with Robert College for the boys to live there as boarders. With some money in hand and the boys safely installed, I need have no more anxiety on their account.

It was at this particular time that I asked Major Kemaleddine Sami about our plan of escape in case of a sudden surprise.

“Our plans of escape in case of emergency is the old *tekke* in Sultan Tepe, that of the Euzbeks. The password is, ‘Jesus has sent us.’”

I wondered if it would be really necessary for me to use a password to enable me to enter its sacred gates, and also if some curious fate ordained that I should be sheltered as a refugee for the second time in that very same building.

“You shall have your grown-up suit, Hassan,” I said to my son. “And you shall go to college next week as a boarder with your brother.” His excitement was tremendous and we heard of nothing else during the whole week.

On Wednesday, the tenth of March, I went to the headquarters of the Smyrna Defense League, where I saw a telegram from one of the American agencies. It spoke vaguely of a possible naval movement in Istamboul and of the landing of troops. I could not believe it, but I remember praying that nothing should happen till Monday the fifteenth, the day appointed for the boys to enter the college as boarders. My wishes for those whom I love have rarely failed to be realized. In this respect I have been mercifully served.

**CHAPTER III**  
**REFUGEE FOR THE SECOND TIME**  
*(From March 16 to April 2, 1920)*

at three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, March 15, 1920, my home was in an unusually excited state. The boys were packing their things and a carriage was waiting for them at the door. At last they were going to be boarders. Hassan at this moment was a little peevish and disappointed; the tailor had not got the suit – the first grown-up suit – ready in time. He could not, he declared, go to school any more in a baby's suit. But I was firm and kissed them goodbye. As Hassan was almost in tears, I gave him permission to ask for special leave on Thursday afternoon to come in to town to have the last fitting of his new suit.

After they left I spent one of the gloomiest afternoons in my life, though fortunately in those days I was never idle: there was always some piece of writing for the cause. It was eight o'clock in the evening when Adnan came from the parliament. He made pleasant remarks about the boys, smiled and tried to be gay. But there was something forced and painful about the expression of his face.

“We will go and see Nighar after dinner.”

“I have promised to stay at home,” he answered.

“Why?”

Then he told me that the long-expected *coup d'état* of the English was to take place that evening.

“What do you propose doing?” I asked.

“We decided to stay at our homes and let them take us if it really is to take place tonight; if not, we will go to the parliament as usual and let them close it themselves.”

“You will do nothing of the sort.”

“Haven't you yourself been urging that the peoples are our friends and governments our enemies? Let the peoples – let the English people – see to it that their government, the oldest parliamentary government in existence, does not do injustice to a representative institution.”

I suddenly had a vision of old Roman senators sitting tight in their seats while Rome was being taken by strangers. At once I became very calm and businesslike. I immediately collected my papers. The most important, such as Mustafa Kemal Pasha's letters, and documents belonging to the cause, I gave to Mahmoure Abla. Then by putting on my coat and my veil I tugged Adnan by the hand.

“I gave my word,” he said rebelliously; but I told him that it was a word, and that the more who could get clear away to Anatolia the better. This was not the time for thinking and acting like characters in a medieval epic poem. The atmosphere was not romantic but entirely brutal. It was hard to have to face him, but I felt strong enough to carry Dr. Adnan away by force if he had resisted further. I asked Mahmoure Abla to stay in the house that night. If anything happened she would know how to act, and if she could escape being watched, I told her to come to Nighar's house next morning and report. That was

where I meant to spend the night to watch developments. So we sneaked away from the kitchen door and walked into the depths of the dark back streets.

The unreality of the great trouble came over me as we glided like shadows from one back street to another, always looking back and trying to see if we were being followed. Nighar and her husband lived in an enormous red house. Naturally they took our visit as an ordinary evening call. Dr. Adnan immediately told Saib (Nighar's husband) the position and that there might be trouble during the night, but they did not seem to mind at all and were reassuring enough to call it a false alarm. The night went on as usual – occasional footsteps, the closing of doors, the noise of a printing machine opposite. It was the printing-house of "Tasvir-i-Efkar," and everything seemed normal there, which reassured us all the more. For "Tasvir-i-Efkar" was nationalistic and one of the first places to be attacked would be its office.

Two long Turkish sofas stood on opposite sides of the long room, a stove in between. Nighar and Saib sat on one and Dr. Adnan stretched himself on the other, though a bed was laid for him on the floor. But he did not want to sleep. When Saib retired to his room Nighar and Dr. Adnan remained as they were, while I undressed and went to bed. As I turned my back to their shadows whispering by the fire and tried to think, I knew that Dr. Adnan was more miserable at the idea of not having kept his word to Rauf Bey than the possibility of danger. Was I doing right? I could not say that Rauf Bey was wrong; knowing his chivalrous and impossibly heroic nature I could understand his point of view. Besides, I was sure that he was taking what he thought to be the bravest and the best course; if the parliament was closed and the deputies were finally taken from a representative institution, the appeal to the popular sense of justice, he thought, would be enormous. Had I not realized with terrible clearness how painfully and irrevocably there existed in Europe two separate standards of humanity, I would have accepted his decision. My own course was doubtful, dangerous enough. But I would attempt it and take my part in the coming struggle, whatever it cost me. Having come to that conclusion, I slept as peacefully as a child. I vaguely remember hearing a strange sound or sounds in the night and opened my eyes. Dr. Adnan was still on the sofa and Nighar was sitting by the fire, and they did not seem to be conscious of any noise, so I turned over on the other side and went to sleep again.

I shall never forget Mahmoure Abla's face that morning. She was sitting on my bed, her knees under her as if she were going to pray. Her thin pale face, the austere lines of the black veil surrounding it, looked strong and courageous. With her black eyes burning, and her hooked nose she looked like a great Kurdish chief going to battle. Dr. Adnan was sitting on the other side of the bed and she was whispering her story.

As I opened my eyes she put her arms around me and kissed me like a child. The night had passed quite calmly, she told me, except that an unusual number of lorries kept racing backward and forward along the usually silent Fazli Pasha road.

Early in the morning Haliss (one of the attendants of the Red Crescent) had come. The occupation of Istamboul had taken place at two o'clock after midnight.



A detachment of thirty soldiers had raided the Red Crescent office. There were no Armenian or Turkish interpreters with them; the whole thing had been carried out by the English alone, who had trusted the cooperation of any other forces in making the first move. Telephones were torn, papers scattered, and the four attendants who slept there were pulled out of their beds and asked, with revolvers pressed against their foreheads, if Dr. Adnan was among them. The cupboards, the cellars – even big paper boxes – were searched. When they were sure Dr. Adnan was not there, they asked where his house was. All this, remember, was in dumb show, for only one of the English soldiers could speak but a few words of Turkish. All, of course, feigned ignorance, all four knowing the exact position of our house as well as they knew their own. In the end the soldiers concentrated their attentions on the youngest, a boy of sixteen called Hamid, a Balkan refugee and orphan, a special protégé of Dr. Adnan, but he also denied all knowledge of anything. This made the soldiers angry and they started striking him with their bayonets; they would try and force him. Blood was oozing from his forehead when he left the Red Crescent, but he had found time to tell Haliss that even if they tortured him to death he would never tell, and he begged Haliss to go to my sister and repeat his message. I saw tears streaming down Dr. Adnan's cheeks as he listened to this sublime act of love, but I did not cry. I was not going to let my tears come till we saw better days: this was my decision and I abode by it as long as I could. After Haliss had left, two men with Armenian accents telephoned, asking where Dr. Adnan was to be found; but Mahmoure Abla told ever one that we had left the house the day before and that she did not know where we were. The house was watched, she knew; but no one followed her, though for safety's sake she had walked up to Bayazid first before coming to Nighar's house. And on the way she had seen the entire Turkish staff of the War Ministry standing in the square, Fevzi Pasha, the minister, with the rest, while the English searched the War Office. But what moved her most terribly was the murder of six soldiers at the headquarters of the Tenth Division (that of Major Kemaleddine Sami). The raiding forces had first killed the guard at the door, had entered, and finding five soldiers asleep had shot them in their beds. As my sister walked through Bayazid six stretches passed the place and there were drops of blood on the pavement. In Guedik Pasha the English soldiers were now searching houses and digging out the old tombs in search of bombs and arms. This was her news.

When I had heard her out, I told her to sent me Belkis, my youngest sister, and asked her to act in every way as if we were already taken by the English. It would stop curiosity. She was to come and report the next morning.

Saib was a secretary at the Red Crescent at the time and he had gone early before Mahmoure Abla came. He brought additional information at midday when he came in for lunch. The Red Crescent was all upside down, a secretary who came from Scutari reporting that he had seen Esaad Pasha and Jevad Pasha in their night clothes passing the ferry-boat on board an English launch, obviously en route for an English warship, anchored by Selimie. Everywhere there were armed soldiers, captive Turks, tanks rolling up and down the streets, machine guns showing their muzzles from minarets.

Probably our house had escaped because no Armenian or Turkish agents had been used on the fifteenth of March. It would take some time before they discovered our present place of concealment, but there was no time to lose.

Every one was so completely flabbergasted, so dazed by what had happened, that it was necessary for me to think clearly, decide quickly, and act carefully. There were two possible courses – either to go to Scutari with Dr. Adnan at once, or wait a few days and let the storm die down a little. This would be better: I wanted to make arrangements for a few others who I knew would be glad to escape.

At last I was quite alone, my back to the wall. Two days were lost in a futile attempt to link up with other would-be refugees, and after that I decided to attempt to cross over to Scutari; for even in those two days the measures had become stricter, and all the boats were being watched by Armenian and Turkish agents of the English together with the English police.

On the eighteenth of March I finally decided to take the step and prepared to leave. We would take the 6:30 boat to Scutari, as it was getting dark at that time of the day. Belkis would take a closed carriage from Bayazid to Beshiktash, come to us at six, stay for ten minutes, and then we would go with her in the carriage as far as the bridge, where she would drop us by the entrance to the Scutari pier. Said and Abdul-Muttalib, a trusted friend of ours, were deputed to keep watch by the pier and make signs in they saw any one likely to recognize us. In Scutari, Abdul-Muttalib was to hire a carriage, drive along the shore, and drop us at the nearest possible point to Sultan Tepe, and leave us to our fate. The most difficult part of all was the disguise. Nothing is so dangerous as too much disguise. On the other hand, Dr. Adnan's silhouette is very characteristic: his dressing, his fez, and his gait are all well known. He refused, moreover, to shave and to adopt a woman's dress, not only because he was too tall for an average Turkish woman, but also because he hated the idea of being caught in ridiculous clothes. So we decided to dress him like a hodja – partly because his cousin next door was a hodja, and the two men are the same build. He wanted to wear glasses, but I objected to dark glasses, for they suggest disguise. The next difficulty was myself. My general appearance was also pretty well known, particularly since I had started addressing crowds, so I decided to wear Mahmouré Abla's loose, old-fashioned *charshaf* and arrange my head in the way rather old-fashioned women did. My idea was to try and look like the typical hodja's wife. My face I could not veil, because of woman of that class never veils her face, also because the Turkish and the Armenian spies attached to the English police had orders to uncover every veiled face they saw. My family thought my eyes would give me away, but I do not think eyes are ever characteristic without the characteristic expression behind them, and that I could easily manage. I would see that they had no expression at all.

“Do you *put* expression into your eyes?” asked some one.

No; it was simply that I never thought about a physical mask which covered my real self, or how that mask should be manipulated to convey certain impressions. I was merely unconscious of it. Perhaps that was how my real self was stamped so clearly on my physical self. But how Halide, the Halide not of flesh and blood, was going to turn her back on the physical Halide and interrupt the contact. I like to imagine myself sitting tight with my back to my own face – I thought I could manage it. So at five on

Thursday the eighteenth of March we began to dress for the great drama of our lives. Dr. Adnan looked most refined and aristocratic in the long black garment and the snow-white turban gracefully arranged over his delicate head. He might have been one of the oldest Moslems come to earth to preach the Moslem faith afresh. When his dressing was over he asked for some ashes. We all wondered what he wanted the ashes for, but when he sprinkled them over the polish of his shoes we understood that he was falling unconsciously under the influence of his semi-disguise. I padded out my slimness by putting on my sister's loose black skirt over one of her thick woolen jackets, while the black pelerine I arranged loosely covering the shape of my head and half hiding my eyebrows, which I think express the individuality of eyes more than anything else. I pinned the pelerine under my chin, turning my rather long, thin face into a rounder one, and with the long veil hanging behind I looked like a new person. When it was all completed and the carriage arrived I made to go, but all of a sudden Nakie Hanum exclaimed, "Your hands will give you away." And sure enough, no amount of acting could disguise my hands. They were too pale, too well looked after, and the nails were very fashionable; so I sat down, cut them very short, and took a shawl, letting it hang on my folded hands. With a small white bundle under my arm I was as unrecognizable as Dr. Adnan. So we entered Belkis' carriage fairly confidently and drove away. The first difficult bit was the Sublime Porte road. The habitués – mostly editors and writers – knew us well. But no one seemed to recognize the serious young hodja and his old-fashioned wife. In Sirkedji, where the lights are strongest, a little group of French soldiers, partly black and partly white, ran up to us as the carriage was held up by the traffic, and knocked at the window and made faces at us, sticking their tongues out. I felt myself beginning to glare, but Dr. Adnan pulled me up at once . . . "Don't look like that: any one knowing you could recognize the expression." So I turned my internal face to the wall once more and fell into stupid and expressionless silence. On the bridge as we descended from the carriage and walked to the pier we perceived Saib and Abdul-Muttalib standing under a lamp post. At first they completely failed to recognize us, but when Dr. Adnan questioned them with his eyes they took in the situation. I walked in front with a somewhat undulating walk, my eyes bent and my shawl in perfect folds. They told me afterward that the acting was so good and I looked so utterly like the wife of a hodja that they had to get away to Galata and laugh steadily for several minutes. We took our tickets and I entered the boat – fifteen minutes before it was due to start. I sat on the deck and was anxious about Dr. Adnan. He was standing under a lamp post and reading the evening paper, while a few Turkish police walked up and down; farther on, in a small group, two men with black calpaks (which meant Turkish agents of the English) and three English police stood together. It all looked very unread somehow. I was repeating to myself all the time, "I do hope he won't cough." No one else in the world coughs like Dr. Adnan; it is the longest, queerest cough I ever heard. But life is dear and freedom precious; for the first and last time in his life he did succeed in controlling it. After the unusual whistling and bustling the boat started. Had Dr. Adnan entered the boat?

The Bosphorus was brilliantly illuminated by the lights of the warships, the guns glistened, and the sailors walked the decks; the waters were harsh and white with foam and the cold was penetrating. The

controller passed me by to go to the cabin, and spoke to my huddled figure with strange compassion. “Lady mother, why don’t you go in the cabin?” Suddenly I felt that no one would give us away that night.

In Scutari, Abdul-Mattalib came near me and whispered as we walked out: “An Armenian, Efkar by name, was in the boat; I think he recognized Dr. Adnan. If we can get fast enough to the carriage, it may be all right.” But whether Efkar, a printer in the Sublime Porte, had recognized Dr. Adnan or not we never knew. Anyhow he never gave a sign.

Near the little steep road which leads up to Sultan Tepe in Pasha-Liman we got out and started to walk up. It is the darkest and the most disagreeable little place imaginable at night. The danger of thieves as well as the English police kept haunting us. So we held each other’s hands like two little stray children and walked up as bravely as we could. Dr. Adnan carried the little bundle – and almost had to carry me as well, for steep places affect my heart badly. How strange it was to see the light in my father’s house among the cluster of pines! How strange to pass it that very night of all nights and to be thinking of the time when I played there as a child and my children tottered along as babies among the pines. Then came the turn up to the *tekke*, placed on the highest peak above our house. A few lights flickered from its windows and we toiled endlessly and breathlessly toward them. At last we were in front of the door, pulling the old-fashioned rope which we knew would ring an old bell inside. A little window opened from above and I recognized the round face of the young sheik, who was the grandson of the old holy one who had named my children.

“Who is there?”

“Jesus has sent us.”

Some one pulled the rope from upstairs; the door opened. In the dimly lighted entrance a dervish came toward us. He wore a long loose robe, a sleeveless short jacket, a woolen cap and soft felt slippers on his bare feet. He was holding a lantern up to the level of our faces and recognized Dr. Adnan at once. He was the old sheik’s son-in-law and one of the dervishes in *tekke*.

“Oh, Dr. Adnan,” he said in his soft voice. “Thank Allah you have come! I have had the most awful indigestion. You see . . .”

It was very curious; we might have gone there for a medical consultation. But the doctor patted him on the shoulder. “Never mind, brother,” he said. “Let us go upstairs; I will see to your trouble.”

As the old wooden stairs creaked under our feet the dervish began to talk about the real object of our visit. “We have been expecting you since Tuesday and yesterday we began to think you had all been captured.” The sheik came hurrying down and welcomed us warmly.

There were four more refugees, deputies, trying to escape to Anatolia. The sheik took us to his own room, which looks out on the brilliant panorama of the winding Bosphorus. He was very anxious and hurried and said that we must start as soon as possible – the Jeladledine Arif Bey, the president of the parliament, had gone the day before, and Colonel Ismet (the present prime minister), as well, with a few other officers. The name of Colonel Ismet gave us sudden joy. He was so much trusted and loved for his

intelligence and character that his name alone was almost sufficient to give us a faint ray of hope for the future struggle.

With Dr. Adnan safely across the water, I felt more confident, so I decided to go back to Istamboul the next day and make another attempt to get n touch with some of those who would, I believe, be helpful to the cause if they came with us.

The sheik meant to keep our coming a secret from the women folk; it was only Kahraman (his brother-in-law) and Shemseddine, his younger brother, a boy of sixteen, who were in the secret. That very day posters had been put up all over the city in English and Turkish, threatening death to any one who gave refuge to a Nationalist. I remembered one of the posters at the station, with "DEATH" in enormous letters. It was signed by General Wilson, who was evidently in charge of the proceedings. It seemed very odd. If they meant to kill those who merely harbored us out of pity, what penalty were they reserving for us, the chief offenders?

The other four refugees came to welcome us for a moment. One<sup>1</sup> had very blue eyes, a shrewd face and perfect manners. "What we want," he said, "is a really good map and a guide." "This is a wise man," I said to myself. Another<sup>2</sup> was a tall dark man with a broad Kaisariyan accent. "I have five bombs and three revolvers in my bag," he said; "have no fear. If anything happens, we can fight." "This is a foolish man," I thought. "He is more dangerous to us than the forces we are flying from. Firearms are no good against a well-equipped army." Still, there was something so utterly childish and good-natured about him that I could not help liking the big dark fellow.

At this very moment the bell rang, and a very small man with a thin, nervous face entered the room. "Manavoglou Nevres,"<sup>3</sup> announced the sheik.

If a bomb had fallen among us we would have not been more taken aback. All I had heard about the man flashed through my mind. That he was an English agent or spy kept in Cyprus to send information against his country; a man who issued publications against the Turks in Egypt during the great war. Could it be true? Major Kemaleddine Sami had talked to me about him. "He is half mad, half a saint and half a criminal. He would die for his country, and in another mood he would sell it for a penny. He takes opium; is trying to join us but cannot be trusted; used to believe that the Unionists must be defeated for Turkey to be saved; used to believe in European justice; now utterly disillusioned and would do anything to help us. But no one can be absolutely certain that he is not trying to get at our secrets and sell us to the English." All this passed through my mind in a flash, and at the same instant I saw Riza and Reshid looking murderously at him while the rest stared at him with a stony gaze of distrust and hatred. Manavoglou Nevres winced: abject humility is terrible to witness. I have never seen a more despairing gesture than that with which he let his outstretched hand, which they all ignored, drop to his side.

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<sup>1</sup> Major Reshid, the brother of the famous Circassian Edhem, who was the most powerful chief of the irregular forces of the Nationalists at the time. Reshid was the deputy of Saruhan.

<sup>2</sup> Riza Bey, the deputy of Keskin near Kaisariya. He had kidnapped the governor of Angora, who had started mischief against the Nationalists. He was known for his courage and patriotism rather than for his intelligence.

<sup>3</sup> Manavoglou Nevres is serving under Ibn-Saoud, according to popular rumor.

“How are you, Nevres Bey?” I asked, giving him my hand with sincere cordiality, concealing the pity I felt for him. His face lit up wonderfully and he looked at me with a strange gratitude.

“I want to escape to Anatolia, Atta Effendi,” he said to the sheik.

“You come and see me tomorrow and I will see about it,” the sheik answered.

Poor sheik! He evidently believed in the sincerity of the man and was extremely embarrassed by the attitude of the others. Although I felt very much relieved when he left the house unmolested, I was well aware that our safety depended on his whim. Yet in some strange way I had formed a spiritual contact with the tortured-looking, intellectual face.

A bed was laid for us in the sheik’s sitting-room, and the others soon retired: I heard that they left in the night. I meant to risk one more day at Istamboul – for one thing, I was obliged to make some sort of arrangement for the boys in case something happened; I could not guarantee my life for an hour. That night I asked Dr. Adnan to rest and promised to keep watch myself; at the slightest sign of danger it was arranged that we should try to escape from the back of the *tekke*, over ground that was very wild and difficult.

As I sat by the window and watched the distant lights and the dark house of Sultan Tepe in the foreground, searching the dark seep road which led to the city, I saw at first no sign of life whatever. But about midnight a long, thin gleam of lighted turned the corner of the lonely road. “Hello,” I said, “has Nevres betrayed us already?” I strained and strained my eyes, but I could see only one single man walking up the road, holding an electric light in his hand. Should I wake the people up and fly? No, I would wait and see if another light or shadow turned the road; then I would give the alarm. It was an unpleasant test of nerves. The light walked up and up, very slowly, and I was just turning to wake everybody up, when the light suddenly entered the depths of a large garden next to the *tekke*. I learned the next day that Salih Zeki Bey (my first husband) had taken the house there and he was in the habit of visiting a friend in the neighborhood, just as he had done fifteen years before when we lived in my father’s house. What had made him haunt the place? What made him pass that very night through that very street? How human beings haunt each other, O Allah of Grace!

Early in the morning I dressed and sneaked down the road, keeping to the filed and the more unfrequented roads till I reached the pier of Scutari, where I have been known by sight for hundreds for years and years. There were more men with black calpaks, and more peering at faces. Every one looked frightened and guilty, but I could not afford to look frightened: for two days I had to play the hardest game I have ever played. It was not so much the danger of death as the fear of being beaten which made me so determined not to be taken. I meant to win.

For a second time I found myself on deck freezing in the wild winds of the cold Bosphorus. At Istamboul for a second time I drove to Nighar, where I knew I would meet Abdul-Muttalib, who was making the last desperate efforts to get into touch with our friends. It was in vain, for he ha only managed

to get on the track of Jami Bey<sup>4</sup> whom, he said, I could see the next day. As his whereabouts was kept a secret even from Abdul-Muttalib, my meeting with him had to be carefully arranged. A relation of his called Rifki Bey was to meet me in the morning in the Scutari pier. I did not know the man, but I had a picture of him, and he was to know me by my dress and the way my dark blue shawl hung over my religiously folded hands. When he recognized me he was to walk toward me and say, "How are you, Fatima Hanum?" Then he was to lead me to the house of Jami.

The next day would be my last in Istamboul, for I had decided to give up hunting for the others. Among other things I had heard that the parliament had been raided and that Rauf and Kara Vassif Beys and a large number of other deputies had been taken. Concerning this incident, a story of personal courage was related. The officer in command of the parliamentary guard (only some thirty strong, I believe) proposed to defend the parliament against the English regiments long enough to let Rauf Bey and the other deputies escape from the quay side. It meant that all these men were offering their lives for the safety of the deputies. Rauf Bey had refused.

I asked Nakie Hanum to fetch my oldest son Ali Ayetullah the next evening, which I was to pass at Mahmoure Abla's little house in Guedik Pasha. Her own family were staying in my house and only Nakie Hanum and Mahmoure Abla would be with me. Next morning I would go for good. Although this meant more danger, I could not bring myself to set out on a journey the odds of which were all against my being able to complete it alive, without saying a word of farewell to one of the boys. But I thought it had better not be the little one. His nervous temperament and lack of control had already made the Armenian boys in the college jeer at him and tell him harrowing stories about my having been taken prisoner by the English. I feared that if they goaded him far enough he would tell them the truth – that I had escaped; so I thought it better to let him know about it afterward. I returned to Scutari, my face dull and expressionless – a mask behind which I was learning to conceal my real self and keep cut off from my surroundings. I passed the official posters with the tremendous word "DEATH" and I climbed the dark steep roads all alone. The next night would be the last.

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<sup>4</sup> Jami Bey was certainly one of the real old Turkish Liberals. Exiled as a young officer in the time of Abdul Hamid to the utmost confines of the Tripolitan desert, he had, after years of great adventure, been called by Rejeb Pasha, the commander of Tripoli, to that country as aide-de-camp to that great patriot. He had been famous as one of those who had worked for the downfall of Abdul Hamid, and he had come to the first parliament in the capacity of deputy of Fizan; but very soon he too had passed to the opposition against the Unionist party, to which he had belonged. He had greater vision and liberalism than the Unionists, who were in power, but he soon left the ranks of the opposition, disappointed and disillusioned. He had intended to leave politics forever, but the sorry state of affairs dragged him back once more into the turbid stream of the struggle for "mere existence," as he called it. That the extermination of all the Ottoman Turks was a definite policy of the Allies seemed obvious from the way in which they encouraged and calmly looked on at the massacres in Smyrna and in Adana. It seemed certain that the nation was to be stamped out; only by struggle was there a possibility of survival. Jami Bey's lack of success in politics was due partly to his absolute lack of ambition both under the Unionist and the Nationalist regimes, and partly to an abnormal sensitiveness, and a lack of energy and oratorical power, which made him more inclined to sulk in corners than to stand and fight for his principles. Very early the mystical side of his nature had led him to sympathize strongly with Gandhi's message of passive resistance. After all, it may be the best way, even in politics. The beast in men, whether they are attacking or defending, is perhaps bound to destroy and to meet destruction, and who knows that survival itself is possible in the end only through this same passive resistance? These were his arguments. His career, though short, is significant in the early history of the Nationalist movement. I will deal with it more fully in its place.

On Saturday morning I walked down to Scutari once more. It was the worst day of all and several of the black calpaks stopped and looked me up and down. Instead of walking on hurriedly, I made myself stand and look at them stupidly, with even curiosity and wonder.

“How are you, Fatima Hanum?” A fairish man walked up to me. I learned from him that we were to go to Beshiktash and we would take a boat in fifteen minutes. The pier was full. I bought a box of tobacco, some cigarette paper, and some pistachios. The cold was so bitter that I could not face the deck, so I had to sit inside and act as unlike myself as possible to escape recognition. A young girl sat in the cabin all alone looking at the sea. She was one of my old students at the university. I could see only the pretty profile and the wistful expression of the young lashes turned toward the waves. I tapped the tobacco box on my knee, opened it, and began to roll a cigarette, and just as I was beginning to get rather swollen-headed about my marvelous powers of imitating the tricks and the exact habits of the class of women to which I was pretending to belong, I became conscious that she was staring at me. It was nothing – I went on with what I was doing; but suddenly there was a change in her expression. I had lifted my arm to strike a match, and immediately her eyes were fixed on my lifted hand. “This time I am recognized,” I said, trying to keep the sudden leap of my heart from showing in my face. How I hated my hand – and how happy I am today that my hands have turned into proper working-women’s hands, strong and rather red, instead of slim, delicate, fashionable hands of a society woman. The best thing was to ignore her excitement and her curious look of mingled joy and alarm, though the fact that she seemed on the verge of coming over to me had relieved me. I went on smoking steadily, looking at her or at the sea as if I could not tell the difference. Gradually the wave of red which had inundated her pretty cheeks and the light which had leaped into her eyes – was it made lighter by moisture? – gave way to an expression of doubt and disappointment. After I had finished the cigarette I opened a bag of nuts and began cracking them with my teeth and spitting the shells on the floor. This decided her. Halide Edib could never do such a thing, and she turned once more toward the sea. I knew from the first that she would never have given me away, but it was better not to burden her with this terrible secret the knowledge of which was to be punished by death, according to the posters of General Wilson.

At Beshiktash we took a carriage and rode up to Nishantash.

“Follow me at a distance,” Rifki Bey instructed, “and when I stop by a door and wipe the dust off my feet, go in at that door. You will find Jami on the third floor. Don’t stay more than an hour. I will be watching at the corner.”

Jami Bey looked at me stupidly for at least two minutes before he was sure that it was really I. We made arrangements at once. He must start that very afternoon, go to Bebek, take a boat to Beylerbey, meet Abdul-Muttalib, who was to wait for him there, and go up to the *tekke*. The preparations would be complete by the next morning, when I would return to the *tekke* and we would start together.

“Isn’t it very risk to spend the night over here?” he asked.

“It was but it could not be helped, and he looked extremely distressed: he had a beautiful young wife and five children, the eldest fifteen and the youngest nine months old, and he had not sufficient money



to keep them for a week. But he hoped to procure something from a friend almost at once. I remember very clearly his squeezing his head between his hands in a strange way as if it were swelling up.

I found Rafki Bey at the corner and we walked together toward the main road in Shishli opposite the Osman Bey Casino. There was a driver – a eunuch – with a pair of very fine horses.

“I will take that carriage,” I said.

But as we walked over toward it we noticed two English police with a man in plain clothes, who were standing and watching those who were taking carriages, I suppose.

So we stood by the carriage and talked on quietly with apparent ease.

“I have wanted to come and see Effendi Hazretleri (his Eminence),” he said in a raised tone; “I will not neglect to pay him my respects soon.”

As I entered the carriage he stood and saluted me in the most graceful and elaborate Turkish manner. Then I asked the driver to take me to the bridge – I meant to change carriages at least three times before I got to Mahmoure Abla. For some reason I am convinced that the eunuch was the only person who was not taken in by me. He turned right round several times and looked at me curiously, and I began to think that he was driving more slowly than was necessary when we got to Pera. I had a feeling that he was wondering whether he ought to give me up to the English police or not. There was a rumor that five hundred English pounds was promised to any one who could reveal our whereabouts, and I was thinking what a great deal of money it would mean to the poor fellow. But he dropped me at the bridge without further incident.

Mahmoure Abla had to hang very thick blankets over her windows before she would light the lamp. Every one in the street thought that for the time being she was living in my house. What a glorious relief to ask her to undress me and make a bed for me on the floor! Nothing would have made me sleep in a high bed that night. I was not only in a very high fever but I was also dizzy in a funny way which I had never felt before. The ceiling, the lamp, the floor, and the women whirled round and round while I clung for comfort to the lavender smell of her old-fashioned nightgown. But I had to be absolutely calm and unconcerned; I had to arrange everything. First of all I had my little talk with Mahmoure Abla – in case the worst should happen; then I gave her a list of things which she had to prepare.

“Two tooth-brushes, one small towel, six handkerchiefs, a bottle of iodine, half a pound of bread, a piece of cheese, and an electric lamp,” I only heard her scribbling them down, for I kept my eyes shut from the eternal whirling. Then Nakie Hanum came in with Ali Ayetullah. He seemed all eyes; and the boy of fourteen had suddenly turned into a big man, I thought, as he knelt by the bed and kissed my hand.

When they had finished their hasty supper I asked to be allowed paper, pencil, and my son all to myself for a whole night. So every one retired and he sat squatting against the hard sofa, his dark little hand supporting his face, and watching me with all the life that was in him.

“Come and hold me while I write,” I said.

And I really wondered at the strength of the little boy as he held me tight and I tried to write. The most important letter was written to Mr. Charles Crane, telling him that I was going to Anatolia, and that whether I escaped alive or not the struggle would be hard and long. Would he take the boys to America and educate them and protect them?

When I had addressed it I lay back with some relief. What a fever and dizziness! – and the next morning was the beginning of the hardest part of all. No, I would not cry. In some way the Halide that had turned her back on the Halide of flesh and blood was keeping her word; no trace of tears were to be seen on her face. It all seemed to have been going on a very long time – the boy, the whirling room, and the light that swung and swung . . .

Intermittently I talked to the boy, while he said, “Yes, Mother,” All the important things I wanted to say I left out; there was not need for them. I wanted him to tell me about Hassan – how he was going on, and about his new suit, and about the school.

At six in the morning Mahmoure Abla came in. They had actually to hold me as they dressed me, for I was still burning with fever and was dizzy and sick – more than ever before; but I knew I should be able to command myself as soon as I was on the road. She brought down a funny talisman which the children wore around their necks.

“This is the prayer of the Unknown,” she said. “It is used to be hung on the wall in the room of Sheik Edbali. One day when Prince Osman was visiting the sheik he saw it and asked what it was. He was told how important it was, and that night he stood under it and prayed reverently till day for the country he was going to build. All he has built a great country. It is gone and you people out there are going to restore it; put it around your neck; nothing will ever happen to you as long as you work for the sacred cause.”

Mahmoure Abla had never talked seriously to me before; it touched me to the point of pain. Had she also begun to feel as we did? I saw her peering at my face, ready to scold me if I dared to laugh, and was very much afraid lest I should do so.

“Put it around my neck, Abla,” I said. “I will never take it off.”

As a child I could never wear anything around my neck, but now I felt that the touch of it would keep Mahmoure Abla’s presence alive in my heart. Nothing is more essential to the idealist and the revolutionary than the human element; the lack of it is a danger to both the people they are working for and to themselves. They must sometimes be made to feel that the world is not built for their dreams and ideals only.

Nakie Hanum and Ali Ayetullah left first. They must not cry or say goodbye: the boy was solemn and had courage enough to force his trembling lips to smile. After that there was nothing left but to start. My whole belongings were a tiny bundle and a small package of cheese and bread. F I had not eaten much for days and did not feel as if I could touch it. The feeling of nausea never left me – perhaps it was only

physical. But I had by now mastered the flesh – I was not even conscious of its misery more than I was conscious of the obvious misery of the other people around me.

“Remember to say that you are the daughter of Ali Shamil Pasha and the granddaughter of Bedirhan Pasha if we are caught.”

“All right.”

“You must be ready to prove it if necessary, so get your birth certificate ready.”

She obediently took it out of her basket from the corner in which she kept it and put it in her bosom.

Again we stood facing each other; it was to me like one of the many games we had played in the wisteria-covered house almost thirty years ago. How like a repetition of our childhood is the play of our grown-up state! But she was not entering into the spirit of the game as I had expected.

“I am not I,” I went on.

“Who are you?”

“I am the orphan maid of Mahmoure Hanum Bedirhani; my name is Ayesha. The impoverished old aristocratic families dress very much like you and they usually take a maid about with them, their *bonne a tout faire*, who walks about a yard behind. Occasionally the lady will turn and scold her, ‘Come along, Ayesha – do be careful with the bundle.’”

She agreed at last. I wanted her to treat it all as a game, but she looked dead serious; as she closed the door of her little house behind us a suppressed cry escaped her: “Help us, O Allah!” It gave me such an unpleasant wrench that I told her brutally she must not do that sort of thing again.

There is not better mimic than Mahmoure Abla when she wants to be, but now she seemed stupid and clumsy and would not play properly. At first she did not want me to carry the bundle; then she was in perpetual fear lest I should fall down, overcome by my dizziness. She kept looking anxiously behind her, but fortunately the streets, except for a few Albanians salep-sellers, were deserted. We met no one till we came to Divan Yolou. There we took a carriage. I had to act for the two of us. My dizziness, however, seemed to have gone completely – at any rate, I didn’t think about it. The question was, should we take a caique (a kind of small gondola on the Bosphorus) or the ferry-boat? The weather was terribly cold – moreover, any one who took a caique was suspect, so in spite of the danger of recognition we went on board.

There are hardly any regular drivers in Scutari who have not known us for years. But there are funny one-horse carriages which the poorer classes use, and we hurriedly got into one of those, abandoning it at the top of Bulbul-Dere. The rest of the way we walked. She was to have left me at the bottom of the hill. But she begged me to let her come up. There was no one visible. When we were two yards from the door of the *tekke* the younger brother of the sheik came out of the *tekke* door, running toward us, his boyish face almost green with fear; as soon as he got near enough he began speaking in a frightened whisper.

“The police made a raid last night,” he said. “Everyone has gone; walk quickly over there and go in by the second gate.”

His eyes almost sprang out of his head. We walked toward the house he indicated and entered. It was the house of Suleiman Bey, an old neighbor, whose son was Dr. Adnan's secretary in the Red Crescent. It so happened that the family were only just recovering from a great blow: that very month the beautiful young daughter of the house had died. At once my mind leaped from my own peril to the grief I should find there. But the mother was perfect: calm, sympathetic, brave, and beautiful. Saffet, her son, and Abdul-Muttalib were there.

"What has happened?" I asked.

The night before apparently, after Jami had arrived at the *tekke*, the Italian and English police had entered it, whereupon the sheik had leaped out of the back windows and Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey had taken refuge in Suleiman Bey's house. As their adjoining gardens are completely wild and broken by undergrowth, they had succeeded in escaping. Fortunately, the younger brother, Kahraman, had denied the existence of Nationalist refugees in the house. Jami Bey and Dr. Adnan had left on foot early at dawn. They knew that every carriage was being stopped in Kissikly at Tchamlidja by the English guards. But Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey were to take the mountain paths and wait for me at Yalniz Selvi. I, being a woman, had a greater chance of getting through. A carriage was waiting at Bulbul-Dere, and a gendarme was to go with me.

"What about the driver?" I asked.

It seemed that there were good reasons why he was to be trusted. The commander of the Scutari gendarmerie, Remzi Bey, had arranged it. The driver was under a six years' sentence for some crime or other and was to be let free if he carried me successfully through the danger zone. We were to start at once. I was glad to find that they had invented a sham destination in case of questions – it looked as if they were efficient. At last the carriage started. The gendarme's face look deadly serious, and the driver, a colored man, could hardly keep his thick lips in place – they twitched so terribly – and his eyes rolled in his head like a comic picture of a frightened negro out of an American magazine. He kept leaning back toward us and stammering, "If I get out of this place with a whole skin. . . I . . . will. . . ne-never. . ." He never finished the sentence; but I couldn't make out whether he would never carry refugees in his carriage or never commit another crime. In Kutchuk Tchamlidga the gendarme jumped down. "I have to leave you till you have passed the English guards, but I will rejoin you where the road to Yalniz Selvi begins." In ten minutes the first difficult test would be over. The poor negro actually let go of the reins and looked round to me with a roll of the eyes so that I could see nothing but two enormous white balls. "The penalty for those who help the Nationalists. . ." he stuttered, almost crying.

I leaned forward and talked to him seriously and pleasantly.

"Now listen to me. Is there any penalty bigger than death?"

"N-n-no-o-o."

"Well, we are the ones they want to punish, aren't we? And their hardest punishment must be for us, surely. After all, if you are discovered driving a refugee woman your punishment could not be *more* than six years. . ."

He gulped down something and made a final effort.

“You are Halide Edib Hanum and they want to catch you very much.”

“The honor of the death penalty is all the more likely to be reserved for me, then.”

He did not think it was an honor.

“Are you *sure* it won’t be more than six years?”

“Look here. All you have got to do is to tell them that I got in a Bulbul-Dere and that you are driving me to a house of Djemal Bey. Leave the rest to me. You will go back to your people surely tonight. Don’t drive fast, whatever you do, when we are passing the English. If you show no sign of fear nothing will happen.”

But took the reins and made a gallant effort, but he kept turning round every minute and rolling his eyes. I did not analyze my own feeling till the outpost of English soldiers came in sight, just under the big tree at Buyuk Tchamlidja where four roads cross. Fear had left me since that night on the fifteenth when the English had given the signal for the struggle to begin by their occupation and the persecutions; but I was occasionally curious to see whether it would return at times. This was the supreme test, and it had not returned yet. The fever was there, the fatigue was there, but my pulse had not quickened; I could not have been calmer or more indifferent if I had been lying down in the safest and most comfortable hospital in the world.

One English soldier stood under a big tree scanning the road, his face very tired; behind him on a little raised earth terrace were three others. They were flashing signals with a heliograph. I leaned out of the carriage and watched them with interest. The man on the road aroused my pity. How pale and yellow and miserable he looked – surely the poor fellow must have had malaria. I had no ill-feeling, no grudge against him. If I was a victim in the form a hunted fox, the poor thing was a victim in the form of a persecutor who evidently did not enjoy his job. How he must have longed to be home! Then I had a look at the signalers. About the refugees, probably, I thought. All the roads were guarded by cavalry and infantry, and the mountain paths were raided by the Greek and Armenian peasants of Bakkal Keuy and Pasha Keuy, who were given arms and ordered to exterminate all who dared to pass. But an armed handful of Turks were struggling hard on the mountain paths at the same time to help the refugees. What a struggle it was! The man on the road, after a careful look at the plain, simple Turkish woman in the carriage – she was watching the signaling like a stupid child --- did not think it worth while even to stop the carriage. He turned his eyes down the road for the next and we passed on without any question. The negro could hardly believe it. But he was so exhausted with his colored emotions that he stopped the carriage before we arrived at the beginning of the road to Yalniz Selvi. A storm came on. Vans, mule carts, English soldiers, all moved busily up and down, but we stopped still; and although they were not thinking about the refugees, I felt our standing there in such weather looked suspicious. The ten minutes passed in waiting for the gendarme were very long – very anxious; it would be so stupid to be taken after having got through the really dangerous place. At last the gendarme came running up. He was out of breath and extremely excited

– I felt he had bad news, but we could not afford to wait on the road any longer. “Drive on,” I said; “we will talk later.”

His news was not at all pleasant. Doudoullou, the last village before Samandra (the village which was to be our objective that night), had been suddenly occupied by a small detachment of English soldiers, all asking if there had been any arrivals from Istamboul. The gendarme had learned of this by means of the secret telephone service. He had to report to them that I was passing Tchamlidja. From Istamboul to Angora extended the wires of a secret telephone system, organized and staffed entirely by telegraph officials who did this entirely out of love for their country, preferring the dignity of serving Turkey to the better pay and more comfortable circumstances offered by the officials of the foreign occupation. One admired them, perhaps, more than one admired the great names. They gave all and they demanded nothing in return.

As we drove on toward the Yalniz Selvi the scenery became wilder and more in harmony with this prologue of a grandiose tragedy. Across and immense plain the wind seemed to move in a gray, white and blue blend of color, roaring along at a tremendous pace, the hills on both sides caught this wild movement of color even on the plain of Yalniz Selvi (the lonely cyprus) where one slim, tall cyprus swayed like a somber flag in the midst of it all. Three coffee-houses, a few villas, far apart, and one small village formed the Yalniz Selvi. The carriage stopped by the road as the gendarme went to look in the coffee-houses for Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey.

“Do you know them?” I asked.

“I know Dr. Adnan very well from the pictures of him,” he said.

After going to each in turn he came back with a disconsolate face; they were not there, and we could not ask about them at the villas because we did not know what kind of people lived there and whether they would suspect us or not. As we could not stop about long, I was just deciding to go on, when I had an idea. I had heard Jami Bey once say that a brother of his lived somewhere in Yalniz Selvi with the well-known painter Nazmi Zia. We asked for Nazmi Zia Bey’s house at one of the coffee-houses and were directed. We had hardly turned, when a gendarme came running toward us, shaking his hands. He was the gendarme allotted to Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey by the organization, and it appeared that after walking about five miles they had set the gendarme on the road and had gone to the house I was looking for. The poor gendarme, who did not like the cold, had gone down to the village and forgotten all about the time. Within five minutes we saw Jami Bey, Dr. Adnan and the brother coming in from the fields. Dr. Adnan was in plus fours, which made me forget all about everything else. It was the most remarkable sight in Istamboul. Saffet, the son of Suleiman Bey, had made him wear his own pair, for the well-groomed and sober attire of Dr. Adnan looked very much out of place in the wilds. He carried a small hunting bag, a gift of Jami Bey’s brother, which became our joint traveling bag. We never realize how little we need in life till we are knocked on the head by necessity. Both looked gloomy. They had also heard that Doudoullou was guarded by the English: Samandra seemed out of the question. Moreover, the negro got another one of his nervous fits and declared that nothing would induce him to go father than Doudoullou. Jami Bey and Dr.

Adnan had thought of walking on to Samandra over the fields. It was three in the afternoon, and the distance was about twenty-five kilometers. They would be there by eleven at night. But the difficulty of a conveyance for me at Doudoullou worried them. Each begged the negro by turns and in concert, but he was not to be persuaded; the more they begged the more he shook his head and rolled his eyes, crying with tears in his voice: "I won't and I can't. They would kill me." "Never mind," I said "I will manage. I will ride an ox if I can get nothing else. Goodbye." Without another word I walked to the carriage – every minute was becoming precious. As I entered it I heard Dr. Adnan called, "Halide! Oh, Halide!" It was more like the cry of a rat caught in a trap than the low tones of a man. I did not dare to look back. "Effendim," I answered.

"If by eleven were are not at Samandra you will go on. Everyone will be kind to you. . ."

"If you do not find me at Samandra when you arrive you also will go on as if nothing had happened. . ."

No answer for an instant, then another funny little cry, "I will. . ." How it reminded me of poor Mahmoure Abla's "Help us, Oh Allah!"

It was soon dark on the road. The sweep of the whitish wind mixed with the hail blended with the darkness of the night in grand harmony, and we drove on and on. It was nearly five when we reached Doudoullou and saw a detachment of English soldiers marching out of the town with mules. Suddenly a pair of very blue and very tired eyes peered into the carriage. Was the negro going to shriek? But the soldier simply turned his head and walked on, certain that there was nothing to worry about. Hardly had we entered the place when a young man came up, a telegraph operator, a loyal member of the cause. No, there was no possibility of getting on any farther. Though the English detachment had left the place, the village was completely terrorized. The gendarme nearly lost his head, but decided at last to go to the Turkish Karakol and try to find something, even if it was only an old mule, which he could put me on. As soon as the telegraph operator left us I asked the negro driver to get down and come up with me. He did so sheepishly, repeating all the time with its monotony of delirium, "It is no use, I won't go." Then I talked to him. I do not remember what I said exactly, but I absolutely meant to make him drive me to Samandra. I think I can boast that once in my life I have had hypnotic powers over a stupid negro to make him do what he did not want to do. When the gendarme returned, the negro was arranging the reins. "Get on the carriage quick, Ihsan Effendi," I said. One instant of surprise might have thrown the negro back into his state of mulish panic. The gendarme jumped on and we drove off, as fast as we could. I understood from his looks that he had failed to find even an old mule.

It was about eight when we entered Samandra. We went directly to the gendarme Karakol, where two very Macedonian-looking men helped me down and hurried me inside. A narrow corridor of beaten earth opened into a big room lined with four camp beds. There was a big stove in the middle and a solitary wooden chair which the gendarme put under me. Then he threw the wood into the stove and he tiptoed to a telephone. I remember the gleam in his yellow eyes as he introduced himself at that moment. "I am

Sergeant Shemsi, the commander of the Karakol. Will you allow me to telephone?" There was something both tender and reverential in his diffidence.

"Hello . . .Alamdar. . . Alamdar (the center of Alemdag). . . Halide Edib Hanum has reached Samandra safely. . .What?. . . No. . . No. . . No one else. . . Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey are coming later. They are walking. . . Well, only three of us are allowed guns. . .No, we cannot leave the village. . . Yes, the Twenty are in the fields. I will telephone when they arrive." He turned to leave the room, saying to me as he went out, "When the villagers are all in I will take you to a house to rest till the Beys arrive."

But before he could close the door the telephone rang. Back he came. "This is Samandra. . . Is that Guebze?. . . Yes, she is safe, she has escaped without accident. . . Yes, the others are walking through the fields. . . Yes, the Twenty are there. . . " Well, after all, it was not a hopeful outlook. The Twenty was the chief band of Bakkal Keuy. If Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey fell into the hands of the Twenty there would be no mercy; there was little mercy in those days between the hunters and the hunted. After all, there were worse things than personal fear – but I would not give up the hope till eleven. The sergeant left once more and I was alone with the heat of the crackling wood. I was almost happy for a moment; then the feeling came over me that there were people outside the corridor. I got up and opened the door. I was right. There, under the feeble rays of a lantern, stood six stalwart men leaning against the wall, erect, their attitude almost military. The small pools of water in the earthen corridor were frozen.

"Come in friends, come in, please; you won't disturb me."

And they came in one by one and sat down on the beds, walking on tiptoes as if a child were asleep in the room. At first there was absolute silence and I could feel without looking that all the eyes were lowered. The silence had lasted a few minutes, then one of them tiptoed to the stove and threw in some logs.

I was the first to speak. "I am hungry, my friends." The last thing that had passed my lips was the cup of tea Mahmoudre Abla had given me at six that morning. All shuffled to their feet and six hands thrust forward six black loaves, each trying to push his a little nearer, that I might take it. I could hardly refrain from smiling.

"Just cut me a small slice." I said, and of course the commander had to be the one to do that. It was hard to swallow and it was bitter and horrible, and those men were doing what they had done for years and would go on doing for years for a country which offered them this kind of bread to eat. I felt strangely humbled and ashamed of myself. But breaking the bread had also broken the ice. Six pairs of eyes were looking straight at me now, with the awe, the curiosity and admiration that only brave men have for what they consider a brave soul. One of their women had crossed the lines of the English and had joined them in the hopeless struggle which was to come. Tongues were loosened. The commander began first. Taking a dirty yellow paper from the bosom of his jacket, he laid it carefully on the bed. "This is from the 'Sunday Times'," he said. It was an account of Enver Pasha fighting with the English in India at Khyber Pass. (The "Sunday Times" had never published such a thing, I learned afterward; it was a fabrication to heighten the morale of the soldiers.) Then, one by one, they joined in conversation. The sultan was the traitor; Enver



the brave man. What if we had lost the war? Had not Germany also lost it? What right had they to deprive us of our independence? It was surely the sultan who was selling us to the enemy -- shame on him -- a padishah from the house of Osman! Surely we could end all this tyranny. Look at the Bulgarians -- what splendid people! . . . Do they allow their leaders to tyrannize over them? Have the Allies enslaved them as they did us? This was the trend of conversation. All of them were Macedonians, all had the wildness, the enthusiasms, the emotions, the rebellious instincts under tyranny, the dominating, cruel instincts when in power, common to their race. Hero-worship, desire for change, desire for some vague thing called a New Turkey -- those were the feelings that prompted them. Enver, I could see, dominated the Macedonians at that time. One of them had been with him on the mountains of Macedonia, fighting the *komitadjis*. The commander occasionally restrained the conversation and brought it back to Mustafa Kemal Pasha -- a great soldier also, they said, who would beat the Greeks back to Athens. It was very interesting to hear their political opinions and to see the wide difference between them and Anatolians. At nine the commander rose. "We can go to the house now, Halide Hanum" he said. The gigantic six once more marched out as silently as they had come in.

As I rose from the little chair and turned my face toward the window I saw a manly shadow marching up and down in the pale flicker of light which our little lamp threw out. He looked different from any man I had seen before, not because of the face, but because of the movements and expression. He must have been there for a long time, yet I had not heard his footsteps, although my ears are as sharp as a savage's. I became so interested that I walked up to the window and stared. His feet must have been like paws. I am sure that the paws of a tiger could not have touched the earth so noiselessly or sprung up so elegantly, or given quite such a subtle swing to the erect, tall body as it moved incessantly. One of them was conscious of the strained attention -- a short of alertness, a readiness to leap for a prey. I went nearer to the window to have a closer look at the face. The head turned a little and I caught sight of two very brilliant black eyes, a long, thin, rather crooked nose, a long face, and mustaches which hung down like two black silky fringes on both sides of the cheeks. It reminded me both of the old Gaulois pictures and the ancient Yenicheri (Janissary).

"It is Mehmed Chavoush -- he is on guard outside."

"Who is Mehmed Chavoush?"

"An Anatolian *komitadji* who has seen a bit of Macedonian work in the Balkans. He is one of the Kouwa-i-Millie" (Nationalist forces).

So this was the type which had sprung into existence, standing like a tiger at bay before the merciless hunting of the powers. Face to face with it for the first time, I had not realized that it meant something for which I also was willingly giving my life. I walked out with the commander and he stopped and welcomed me. "Welcome, Halide Hanum." His smile gleamed with white teeth. Sergeant Shemsi went on telling me about him -- that he had been wonderful at smuggling arms. "He is a bit cruel; and he talks too much," he added. That made me shudder a little, because what a Macedonian calls a "bit cruel" definitely had the power of making one shudder; but the fact about talking was not so significant. A Macedonian

calls any one talkative who uses words for something that can be explained by a shake of the head or by a look in the eyes. As we went, Mehmed Chavoush called after us in a low, harmonious voice which seemed to conceal humor, "I am on guard." I realize now what a great compliment he was paying me by not saying, "Do not fear." It was the voice of one comrade to another!

The sudden plunge into the dark muddy road with the roaring wind in my face made me conscious of my physical weakness. The fireside and the warm hearts of the gendarmes had made me forget that I was to be a wanderer for an indefinite period, always knocking at the doors of others who own hearths and homes. On the main road where our carriage had stopped, Sergeant Shemsi tapped gently at the door. "It is the house of the *mukhtar* Ressoul Aga. He is faithful to the cause and they are very nice people – you can rest till the others get here."

The entrance was dark. On the left rickety wooden stairs led up to the dim light of the first and only story. A tall peasant woman stood on the top of the stairs, holding a small lamp in her hand.

"Welcome, my daughter," she called. She could not have been a year older than myself, but it was the mother in her which was trying to warm the miserable little refugee woman. I sat at the lowest step and took off my muddy shoes and her voice came again pleasantly. "You needn't do that – it does not matter."

A grate with a roaring fire, a floor drenched with the shadows of the flames, a long sofa, sheepskins all over the place, and two little girls – this was the I wandered into. The lasses ran up to me and pulled me to a sofa. They made me sit between them, each with an arm around my neck, and they showered me with kisses on my cold cheeks. If I had ordered the only kind of atmosphere which would have soothed and comforted me after these nights of suffering, I could not have done better. The mother stood erect and watched me with a serene smile. She asked no questions about my identity or mission.

"I hear that 'blood carries corpses' in Istamboul," she said, using a Turkish expression meaning "wholesale massacre."

"It is not quite as bad as that."

"I have a daughter in Istamboul – I have been very anxious. . . ."

"How are you getting on in the village?"

"Things have been very bad; the Twenty from Bakkal Keuy killed three men only last month. No one could venture out alone. Till recently we had only one gendarme, but now we six, which makes it a bit better. The commander, Sergeant Shemsi, is a very good man. . . . Will you have something to eat?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Coffee?"

"If you please."

Then she brought a dainty tray with the coffee implements and made the frothiest coffee imaginable.

All she knew about me was that I was the wife of a man who was going to join the Nationalists. The Karakol meant to keep it all a deadly secret till after we had gone on.

The husband came in to welcome us for a minute – a tall Anatolian with a gentle face and a round black beard; then their boy of fifteen, dressed like a little Anatolian shepherd, entered and threw some more wood into the grate. I was very conscious of the wide difference between Anatolia and Macedonia that night. The man said little, but he made me feel the difference all the same. In him I saw the humor – quiet, sardonic, buried deep down; in him I saw this intensely practical nature. One felt with this man that he was not going to believe easily in the possibility of Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s marching to Athens or Enver Pasha’s fighting with the English in Khyber Pass. However deeply he had felt injured by the padishah’s treachery, probably nothing would have induced him to swear at the sultan. Yet for all that he would not work one particle less stoically for what he considered to be almost a lost cause.

I was beginning to feel very much interested, when suddenly the door opened.

“A man to see you,” said the hostess.

A tall, strange-looking man entered the room. I was petrified. “So glad you have escaped at last, Halide Hanum. I said you would. At the Smyrna National Defense last Friday. . . “

“I never saw you at the Smyrna National Defense. How did you come here?”

“Through Guebze. I had four gendarmes to escort me.”

“Does the Karakol know?”

“The Karakol? Oh, I am inspecting – I wanted to inspect. All this is under me, you know,” he answered, with a wave of the hand indicating a vast and spacious but indefinite region.

“How did you know I was here?”

“I went to the old *mukhtar* Ahmed’s house, where they told me that there was a woman in the village who had come in a certain carriage and been taken first to the Karakol, and afterward to Ressoul Aga’s house. The old *mukhtar* is the better man, you know – you should have gone to him. Of course it realized it must be. . .”

When the peasant woman told me that he had got in by saying that he was my husband, I was both angry and suspicious. The man was either a fool or a dangerous spy who had managed to sneak in. Anyhow, he was a brazen liar. And what a disagreeable face he had, a foolish head on a thin long neck, two tiny black eyes which turned round and round, and the most awkward long arms and legs! He was not in the least put out by the bad impression he was making, but chattered on from one subject to another with his wave of the hand and “All this is under me.”

“I am a great friend of Jami, and I know Dr. Adnan quite well too. Is he coming too? Did I ever tell you what I did to the six Greek officers in the Smyrna mountains? I had only five bullets, you know. I fired: one fell. I fired: the second fell. I fired: the third fell – still they would not run away. But at the fourth the rest took to their heels. . . “

In the meantime Shemsi Chavoush entered and looked as dismayed as I had done.

“Did you report to the Karakol, sir?” he asked sharply.

“There was not need. I came from Guebze.”

“It must be verified.”

“Quite unnecessary. I am Jami’s friend. Once in Smyrna I killed. . . “

I noticed that there was not more “Everything is under me” before the commander, but still he seemed completely unabashed and went on jabbering.

The attitude of Chevovush made me realize the danger of the situation more fully. He was standing and looking his grimmest, his right hand on his right hip. He was only waiting for a sign from me. What right had I to stop him if the lives of all of us depended on it? No, I would not allow murder – for perhaps, after all, the intruder was only a fool. I extremely real a revolution was! I went out and the Chavovush followed me.

“Jami and Adnan Bey reached Doudoullou safely and started from there twenty minutes ago. They will be here in an hour. But I can’t leave this man here, and he must not be allowed to leave.”

“Chavovush,” he called from the room, opening the door, “I heard that you were expecting more people. The woman took me for one of them. . . “

“Are you armed, sir?” the Chavovush interrupted him.

“No, you must give me a gun. I will go to Anatolia with Halide Hanum.”

“We’d better wait till they come,” I whispered.

Chavovush walked out. I knew that he was meditating on the unsuitableness of women for revolutions even if they had got nerve enough to give the slip to the English, and I knew that any hitch in the proceedings would mean the end of the fool with the long face – who was still talking.

How the time dragged on!. . .

“Please don’t worry about your shoes.” Once more the peasant woman was talking to some one from the top of the stairs, and I heard Jami Bey’s cheerful greeting ring out below.

“How are you sister?” Oh, but we are too dirty; we mustn’t dirty your nice clean boards.”

I darted out at once; they were coming up the steps, and that man who called himself F ----- was standing at the door. I asked Jami Bey in a hurried whisper whether he knew any one called F ----- . He did not. I suggested to Shemsi Chavovush that he should go now and find if the man was genuine or not.

A steaming of dish of eggs, some yoghurt, and some black bread were brought in and the men attacked them ravenously. It was just as well they did not linger over this, for there was no time to spare. We had to reach the village called Tepe-Euren before the first morning light.

The Chavovush was soon back. From the way he looked at F ----- I understood that he no longer considered him important enough to be shot, but that he merely thought him a tiresome fool.

“The commander in Guebze thinks you may be allowed to travel with the rest,” said Shemsi Chavovush, condescendingly. . . “

“Of course, but I must have a gun. I am, I think, fairly expert. Not long ago. . . “

No one listened. Shemsi Chavovush was speaking to Dr. Adnan:

“I am sorry, sir, but you must start at once. Ressoul Aga has harnessed his ox-cart; he will drive you himself, and we will provide two guns (two armed men) and two gendarmes. Mehemmed Chavovush is going with you as well. You know that Corna was occupied today by the English?”

“Then how are we going to Tepe-Euren?” asked Jami Bey, who was studying the map.

“There I a special turning off the main road which Mehemmed Chavoush knows. The English<sup>5</sup> have found out you are coming, and they are on the lookout, but if you stick to this route you will be able to slip pas them.”

I understood now the anxiety of the Karakol to keep my name a secret in the village.

It was only after Jami Bey had pushed his chair back and lighted a cigarette that he deigned to notice poor F ----, who by this time was getting quite humble and almost silent.

“I believe I saw you in the Smyrna National Defense,” he said casually.

“Wretched man,” I thought. “And we nearly killed him.” He might have remembered it earlier.

It was a quarter to twelve when I was put on the ox-cart. There were three large jute bags full of hay on the cart and I sat on the one nearest the oxen. It was the first time in my life I had ever wanted to be near one of those frightful creatures, but the neighborhood of any living creature was of immense comfort to me. No lights were used, and no one talked above a whisper. Under the dim light thrown from the window about I could just see the outlines of the gendarmes and the muzzles of their guns. The woman came out and covered me with two big jut charcoal bags – my only protection from the rain. The men walked by the side of the cart in single file, and we pushed forward into a pitch-dark night, a shapeless jumble of black outlines. It drizzled, it rained, it snowed, and it hailed by turns, but the heavens never stopped pouring something wet and cold on our heads for an instant, and the roar of the icy sweep of the wild wind never once stopped. The *giirch*. . . *giirch* of the wheels, the cough of Dr. Adnan, which soon became a continual refrain, and the splash of the feet of the men walking by the cart were the only indications of humanity in the eternal, soaking darkness.

“Mehemmed Chavoush!”

“Here I am,” said the low and humorous voice – so near me that I was started. I looked down at my side, straining my eyes to see. There he was, either holding a bit of my skirt or a part of the jute bag under me – so as to know where I was, I suppose. He was there at my side till the end of the journey.

“What is this Twenty?”

“The Christians of Bakkal Keuy. . .” (A string of most picturesque oaths followed.)

“Are there any other bands of the same sort?”

“yes, one of fifty from Pasha Keuy which works over a bigger area, and another of eighty from Ismidt which patrols the inside of the peninsula.”

“How do the Turkish villagers defend themselves?” I asked.

“They do not defend themselves at all; they have no arms.”

“No arms?”

“None whatever – but we have two bands also – farther inland.”

“Who are they?”

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<sup>5</sup> Ismail Fazil Pasha had just passed through Corna the night before and had communicated with M. Kemal Pasha by wire, telling him that we had also started. The news had leaked out in some mysterious way.

“Aslan Captan has a force of twelve, there is also Dayi \*Uncle).”

“Who is Dayi?”

“Dayi Massoud (Uncle Massoud), of course,” how surprised he was that I did not know the famous Uncle Massoud!

“The object of the Christian bands in to hunt and kill the Turkish villagers and refugees on the fields. The open roads? The English cavalry keep them. . .” (Another string of oaths on the cowardice of everybody in the world except the few miserable wet people at the moment accompanying Mehmed Chavoush.)

Long silence, and endless soaking and shiverings. Suddenly a long bluish projection of light lit up for an instant the endless waste and the black hills on our left. What was it? The darkness was terrible for the staggering men, yet whenever the light was on us, whenever the grim faces of the gendarmes were touched by it, I could see anger – even anxiety.

“What is it, Mehmed Chavoush? It can’t be lightning – there is no thunder.”

“English searchlights. They are lighting up the fields for the Christian bands to see us.” How pleasant it all was, the grim Anatolian dialect suggested.

“Mehmed Chavoush.”

“Effendim.”

“Tell me how you smuggled so many guns and so much ammunition into Anatolia.”

I couldn’t have asked for information he would have liked better to give. He immediately began metaphorically to roll up his sleeves and plunged into his recital with terrible gusto. At first he confined himself to the general technique of smuggling on sea and on land. However, he very soon became more personable.

His field of action lay between Samandra and Ismidt. Cartloads of arms had to be hidden in sacks of coal or loads of hay, transported by night and buried before dawn. When it was dark again they were reloaded and driven on again. Simple as it sounds, it really required bravery, intelligence and resourcefulness – and a minute knowledge of the country and the character of its inhabitants. The highways were rigorously watched by the English patrols, and the side tracks by the armed Christians, so that Mehmed Chavoush’s shrewdness and fighting capacities were tested to the utmost.

He was most proud of his latest expedition.

“There were forty cart-loads,” he began, in his broadest Anatolian accent. “The occupation had just taken place. We reached Corna after midnight and buried the arms outside the village. Before the light of the dawn, I summoned all the able-bodied men and told them to load. There was a panic: no one would budge. So I showed them my gun. ‘I will kill every mother’s son of you if you don’t. Your names are not enrolled in any government book – no one will be any the wiser: you will die like dogs. Get to work.’” And he told me all about it –how they submitted in the end, how they were attacked by the Christian bands, how he had to fight single-handed to keep them back, and how the villagers worked with incredible endurance.

Though it was obvious that Mehemmed Chavoush and the gendarmes did not get on together, yet they were in perfect agreement politically, in spite of the fact that he was an Anatolian and they were from Macedonia. Both hated the old government. Both thought it was too complicated and too exacting. They wanted to do away with the tax-gatherers and the gendarmes and substitute some sort of a national force to police the land and to fight against its enemies. What do they really want? I asked myself. Bolshevism, anarchy, or what? Their ideas about the family and the women were so orthodox that I could not believe for one moment that they would tolerate Bolshevism. They had even gone so far as to accept the absolute equality of the woman as a citizen and as a worker in every branch of human activity but family life, which they wished to remain as it was. They could not understand that the Marxist ideal turned into practice demanded a far greater standard of efficiency and a more saintly attitude of human beings toward each other than was possible. But Russian revolutionary propaganda, and the fascination of the legends of the revolution which were circulated among them, charmed their simple minds.

The darkness, the wicked searchlight, the cold, the wet, the torturing *giiiiirch* – I began to believe that time had stopped. Gradually the wet penetrated my jute covering and reached my skin. There was one alive, cheerful thing left – Mehemmed Chavoush’s voice. “There were about forty,” it began again, and on and on he went. I cannot tell how many times he told the story. I knew that at first it was the desire to show off before the stranger from Istamboul that made him keep on; but in time he was doing it out of kindness to me. He seemed to realize that his voice soothed me and shut me off from the misery of the night. Why *not* repeat what he loved best to repeat?

There was a sudden sagging of the cart and it stopped. A voice called, “We have missed the turning – here is the great well.” A hurried shuffle and – “Stand still, all of you.” We wear near the well. They called to each other and made sure that no one had walked into it. “Lights, lights!” There were no lights – the matches which every one carried were too wet to strike. “I have an electric torch with me,” I said. From the depth of the hunting bag my bundle was produced and I took out the light electric light. We had nearly fallen into the terrible big well, and every one blamed Mehemmed Chavoush, who was our guide and had done nothing but talk. He did not answer but immediately became his very practical self and pulled the cart out of the mire and turned us toward the mountain pass for Tepe-Euren.

What straining of muscles and heavy breathing! But the cart wouldn’t budge. They wouldn’t let me get off. I made no difference at all, they said. At last it was on the road again. Now there was a mountain to be climbed and the men had to share the work of the oxen. Ressous Aga was by the animals, coaxing and urging, “*Haidi Ogloum, Haidi Ogloum*” (Come along, my son). Mehemmed Chavoush managed to get back in his old place – his voice was very gruff as he pulled and pushed, but he still managed to start an occasional “They were about forty.” I closed my eyes and resigned myself to my fate. The universe had decided. This night would never have a morning.

When I opened my eyes the night was thinning away, one could almost see the black particles fly and disappear; a distant yellowish earth was becoming more and more visible; the rain was a gentle mist, and above it there was a hilltop on which could be seen a line of yellow earthen huts. The cart *giiiiirch-*

*giiirched* over the muddy village roads and the men marched along silently. Finally the cart stopped by the only wooden house and some one helped me down. I had to forget that I had such a thing as a body; as long as I could drag it to our destination nothing else mattered.

The stuffy smell and the smoke of the single big bare room were the first things to greet me. I could make out two wild-looking figures standing by the grate and tending the fire, and noticed that there was a bed in the corner on which a man was sitting, rubbing his eyes. A couple of soldiers ran to welcome us, and though I was still dazed and hardly able to move, I was struck by their extreme youth and their general air of refinement which coarse clothes could not hide. One looked about eighteen and had a delicate, oval face with very large greenish-brown eyes and long lashes, which reminded me of Ali Ayetullah. The other was short and fair and looked a little older. "Lieutenant Bekir," the younger one introduced himself, and indicating his comrade he added, "Captain Essad." So they were officers disguised as private soldiers. "Where is Halide Edib Hanum?" asked Lieutenant Bekir of Dr. Adnan. When he was told, he stared incredulously. However, he cleared the rather dubious-looking gentlemen away from the fireplace and sat me on a stool near it to dry. The man in the bed was yawning. "So you have arrived safely after all," he said. "I will cut into little pieces the peasants of Corna who told the English, and refused to help us. I will, Vallahi! I will, when I get the change." He went on swearing at the peasants of Corna and describing the pleasant and original way he was going to punish them. The men piled on more wood and started singing a sort of wild song in a mixture of Bulgarian and Turkish, while the gendarmes and Mehemmed Chavoush stood by the door talking to the two wild men, who were shabbier and less picturesque versions of the new type which I had discovered in Mehemmed Chavoush. "This used to be a village school," said Lieutenant Bekir to me. "Shukri Bey [the major who was doing so well at the head of the organization for the safety of refugees] will be here directly. Wouldn't you like to rest?" I looked around, wondering where rest was possible. "Oh," he said, "there is a little place partitioned off behind you – the hodja's room, I expect. I can put a mattress for you there." I got up and followed him gratefully. It was a tiny alcove in the corner behind me. Lieutenant Bekir laid a big mattress on the floor, and discovering a strange dirty bag he put it on the mattress as a pillow. He also took off his big rough coat for a coverlet. "I have come to so many of your lectures and been to all the meetings, but I should never have recognized you," he said apologetically, and walked out, closing the door behind him. From over the partition I could see the tops of the calpaks and the headdresses. I lay down on the bed and pulled the coat up. I remember trying to get my head right on the dirty bag, which seemed to contain nothing but huge, hard, irregular stones. I examined it curiously and found it contained the men's ration of black bread, the hardest and most unpalatable in the world.

Then almost immediately my sense were assailed by the bitterest and most horrible smell a nose could experience. Who knows how many rough and sturdy sons of the people had rested on that bed for an hour or so? It was not exactly a dirty smell – it was ominous, and bitter and eloquent of the life of the lower strata of humanity in Turkey. The centuries of oppression, hardships, and silent toil seemed to



saturated that bed with their essential smell. So this was my initiation into the life of the people. It was thorough! I smiled in the midst of my misery, thinking of the anemic efforts of young writers who tried to “picture the life of the people,” or tried to penetrate their psychology. Every one of them ought to have smelled the inner mystery of the people’s lives lying in this bed before they even began to talk about it. I knew I could not rest. I had to endure the pillow and the smell of hatred and oppression. Fortunately, I could keep my once particular physical self under absolute control. It had to give place and let the Halide who was all mind and heart live to the full.

“What are you doing here, Shukri?”

“So you have escaped with your head on your shoulders! Well, I am leading the nation over here, as you see.”

There was humor and strength in the voice. I could see two heads kissing each other like two children who are making up a quarrel. It was Dr. Adnan and Major Shukri. Underneath a silken brown calpak I could see a high forehead and two fair eyebrows delicately and humorously raised. “Bekir, is my bag ready? Tie it up tight – my toothbrush is such a temptation.” Again to Dr. Adnan, “where is our sister?” (That was me.)

They were evidently sitting on the long bench whispering, so as not to disturb me. I got up slowly and went out to greet Major Shukri. Dressed in a well cut brown sport suit and a brown silk shirt, with a beautiful red tie, he might have been a prince playing at revolution in a charade. It was a strong face humorously lined; his manner was casual. He kissed my hand and arranged my shawl on the bench to make me more comfortable. There was a mangal (brazier) where eggs and chopped meat were being cooked. “We will eat soon and then you will be able to start, sister.”

“Where for?”

“Keusseler, the headquarters of our beloved Uncle Massoud and the terrible chief Aslan Captain. Two of these heroes will guard you on the way – it will take eight hours.”

He must have been watching my face as I studied the two “heroes.” These also were minor Mehmed Chavoushes, one a black man, very short, very broad, and very bowlegged.

“You do not approve of my heroes, sister?”

“I will like them very much in time, I expect, but at the moment I would rather go without guards.”

“You cannot. Trust these men. This is OUR ARMY NOW, you know.”

He scratched his head, thinking. Fortunately, the head produced a good idea: he called: “Come here, Bekir.” Then to me, “He is my aide-de-camp, sister.” To Bekir, “You are to accompany this section to Keusseler. Haidar and Ihsan will go in front and clear the way, and fight the Christian bands if necessary. They keep off the Christian bands and you keep off Haidar and Ihsan.”

As I climbed on the hay-filled bags a new face appeared. It was that of a merchant called Ahmed Halim. He hurriedly took off his mackintosh and wrapped in around me, for the rain still kept on. Shukri

Bey was seeing us off in his casual way. Lieutenant Bekir stood by the cart, a gun on his shoulder, a revolver in his belt, and two bombs dangling in front of his leather belt.

“After me, this young man is the best shot in Turkey,” said Major Shukri. I had already heard of the extraordinary skill of Major Shukri, who was at the head of the Musketry Military School in Maltepe. Once more we were laboring along the by-roads and steep hills of Anatolia.

Twice we rested in villages, where we thought it would be safe, one of which had a warm, tidy coffee-house where we could have steaming cups of coffee. Occasionally I noticed the two heroes in front gazing at the bombs which dangled from Lieutenant Bekir’s belt. The irregulars were not allowed to have bombs, and their mouths waters at the sight of them. The men walked hard, trying to keep warm. I remember the extraordinary perfume of roses which enveloped us when we passed a village where rose perfume was extracted.

The heroes were out of sight for some time; then we found them sitting behind a rock. They said all was quiet and we should be able to get to Keusseler without any trouble. Then they began to talk about their marksmanship. We were passing the foot of a high rock at the time, Lieutenant Bekir stopped and looked up at the top. One of the heroes pointed to a white speck on the summit, challenging Lieutenant Bekir to hit it. Lieutenant Bekir immediately leveled his rifle and took aim with great deliberation. “Bang!” A piece of mossy rock (the white speck they had pointed to) rolled down to their feet. To be a good shot in Turkey was a mark of distinction, but it was absolutely necessary at the moment to use firearms with skill is one meant to be somebody. Lieutenant Bekir told me that I also had to learn to shoot as he watched and listened at the passes where we might have come to grief.

Toward evening the wind blew wild and cold once more and the solid impenetrable darkness of the wilds set in over us. The mackintosh saved my life: no more wet drops starting little shivers down my back. At last we crossed a marshy plain, and the men declared that we were at the gate of Keusseler.

What they called the “gates of Keusseler” was a long, steep, stony road leading down through a cemetery into a valley surrounded on four sides by hills. They asked me to leave the cart going down, it was so steep; the cart seemed almost to fall the shoulders of the oxen as they labored forward. But I had no strength left and I cared for nothing. At last I could see the faint gleams revealing the presence of houses, and solitary soldiers appeared here and there with lanterns in their hands. The cart stopped at the end of the village before a house in the middle of a garden. We walked under a primitive vine-trellis before we reached the house, which was evidently prepared to receive us. It was a typical village cottage, with a stable underneath where two surprised cows lifted their heads and looked at us curiously. I was relieved to see that the men who showed us over the house and lit the fire were regular soldiers. Soon big logs blazed and illuminated a clean bear room with piles of bedding covered with spotless white sheets, and a thickly carpeted floor. Lieutenant Bekir put a mattress by the fire against the wall, where I sat and leaned back with absolute satisfaction. The others laid out two more mattresses and covered them with rugs, making sofas of them. A little lamp rested on a tiny table, but the blaze from the logs was enough to light the

whole place. I remember the men warming their feet at the fire and then one by one going to the sofas and lighting their cigarettes in silence.

A soldier brought in the yoghurt and the eternal dish of eggs, and I began producing my private piece of cheese and bread. As the men sat down, footsteps were heard in the corridor. Some one knocked at the door and a hearty voice called:

“May I come in and join your supper, Adnan?”

As the door opened, Major Shukri walked in, his arm linked with a stranger who was as tall and as well dressed as himself and as handsome, with his young skin and regular features, notwithstanding the great fact that his face was as black as that of Nevres Badji.

“This is Uncle Massoud,” said Major Shukri. There was pride, even tenderness, in his voice, and I could see that he had to make an effort not to kiss the black manly face by his own fair head. I understood the reason for this affection when Uncle Massoud kissed my hand reverently. Every movement of his fine frame had that refined grace and unconscious chivalry which took one’s heart at the first sight. Major Shukri was in a gay mood, told me about the new baby of Uncle Massoud, described its exact color – milk with a dash of coffee – insisted on my making the acquaintance of the honored heir of Uncle Massoud at the earliest possible opportunity. The men smoking their chibouks (pipes) quietly in that little Anatolian room gave me a feeling of infinite peace, which was spoiled when Jami Bey opened his eternal map and began grumbling.

“What is the good of bringing us to a village like this at the bottom of a well, when the English are only nine kilometers away? They can ride here easily in less than an hour and take us like rats in a trap.”

There was truth in this. I was ready to face anything but capture. They should not take me alive.

“What is your fighting strength, Uncle Massoud?” I asked.

“Thirty, sister.”

My eyes fell on the two bombs of Lieutenant Bekir, lying on the sofa like toys, and I thought of Major Shukri’s marksmanship.

“What will you do if we are surrounded, Uncle Massoud?”

“We will fight, sister,” he said so curtly and decidedly that I felt absolutely comforted.

They were leaning over Jami Bey’s map and discussing our route. At Lieutenant Bekir and Captain Essad one after another came into the room and brought telegrams from different centers on bits of paper, Major Shukri’s face began to cloud. It seemed as if every possible road was held by the English cavalry. The commander of Ismidt was vacillating; Ada-Bazaar was getting ready to strike at us. We must get through within the next three days if we did not want to be caught by the Ada-Bazaar reactionaries. There was just one way possible, through the village of Tchal. That meant crossing the mountains, dodging the Christian marauders, but it was practicable. In the middle of the discussion the commander of gendarmerie of Guebze increased our anxiety by telling Major Shukri that the sooner he removed us away from Keusseler the better it would be. The English had, he said, exhaustive means of information in this area.

Another knock at the door, the sudden lift of every head, and behold! the hero of the whole thing, Aslan Captan himself. "So you are the chief of the new tiger men around here," I said to myself, looking at him with esthetic pleasure. He was a tiny man, with a Jesus Christ profile. The perfect nose, the soft tapering chin, the very eyes – almond shaped and childish – of the boy Christ in the Temple. How strangely out of place and incongruous his face looked on his tiger-like body; feet leaving the floor almost as soon as they had touched it, a tiger's tread, the whole poise of his body like an arrow braced back for a bowshot. He wore heavily embroidered brown woolen trousers, very tight at the bottom and very loose at the top, a vest covered entirely with shiny cartouches, a chemise of striped silk with loose sleeves, and a gorgeous red and yellow Oriental silk cloth gathered around his head. He held a gun in his hand; two revolvers stuck to his belt; various knives hung in front. He left his gun by the door and walked toward me, kissing my hand twice and putting it on his head both times with ceremonial respect. "Welcome, sister." Immediately he took up his gun again and sat on the sofa, placing it on his crossed legs. A chief of a band never leaves his gun longer than he can help.

Major Shukri began telling him at once about the seriousness of the situation and the necessity of procuring horses. "Do you think you can manage the riding part of it?" he asked me. I could bear anything.

Aslan Captan listen silently with a queer smile on his lips. The grimmer the situation the sweeter he smiled. "Thank Allah that the English are making separate men of us," he said at last.

"Why, Aslan Captain?"

"Because sister, we are a very soft-hearted and easily impressed people. Decent treatment, friendly treatment, might have led us to believe in them and lose our independence. Don't be anxious, sister. I have always my cave on Yelken-Tepe. If we cannot pass to Ada-Bazaar, I will hide you there. There is food for six months in it. No English army will be able to discover the place."

After deciding that nothing could be done that night, he started telling me about the bloody struggles between the Christian bands and his own little force: how ruthlessly the Christian bands tortured and killed the villagers and the Nationalists, and how prompt and ruthless was Aslan Captan's band when the murderers fell into their hands. All this with minute detail, and scanning my face furtively the whole time to see how I took the hint of the possible fate awaiting me on the coming march into Anatolia. I remember listening, completely passive. There was no fear to be seen on my face. No. My real self was invisible: it was kneeling to Allah for the safety of all the villagers, for a time when the sweet snug rooms of Anatolia, built and kept with such infinite hardship and danger, might have peace. Before he said good-night his last words were:

"There is one thing I would love to do, sister, if our blessed cause triumphs."

"Which is, Aslan Captan?"

"To stand by the door of Tokatlian in Pera in this dress I am wearing, with my rifle in my hand, and look at Greek bankers going in and out." It was so boyish and so beautifully sardonic that the evening broke in general laughter. Major Shukri was to ride back to Keusseler.

I slept on the mattress leaning against the wall, the men too, half sitting. I heard Lieutenant Bekir move and add logs to the fire intermittently. He was responsible for our safety.

Early in the morning Lieutenant Bekir brought the news that more refugees were expected at Keusseler that evening. At midday Major Shukri arrived. There were to be thirteen of us under the escort of Aslan Captan and his men, who would take us as far as Ada-Bazaar – three days' march, it was calculated.

“There is a man called F----- with us somewhere.” I had just remembered him. “Where is he, Major Shukri?”

“The man looks suspicious to me,” said Major Shukri. “I gave orders that he was to be shot at once if he moved away from the village.”

I must have looked dismayed: Jami Bey consoled me. “Don't worry – he won't budge an inch.”

In the evening the new a lot arrived. Major Husrev, the deputy of Trebizond (the present Turkish minister to Bulgaria), entered the room first, followed by Colonel Kiazim (Kiazim Pasha, the present second chief of staff in Angora), Major Naim Jevad (one of the principal agents in sending arms and ammunition out of Istamboul), and Major Bessalet, the brother of Major Husrev. The rest of the party I saw the next morning. It was strange to contrast these officers, perfect in their bearing and their exquisite Old World manners, with the tiger types.

Early in the morning we got ready to start. The snow was a meter high on the ground. Before I left the room a private soldier came put he stairs timidly.

“Come in, countryman; what is it you want to tell me?”

He wanted to ask me something. He began by telling me about himself. It appeared that he was the sixth son of a mother in Modurnou (a town near Bolou), and that his brothers (whose names and regiments he related very carefully) had all been killed within the last four years of the great war. He himself belonged to one of the military fire brigades in Istamboul. He had escaped with the intention of going to Modurnou and seeing his old mother once more before he returned to the war – from which Turkey was to have no respite ever again – but . . . I began to see daylight. He wanted me to ask Major Shukri to let him go and see his mother now. And he must be allowed to take his rifle. Major Shukri had said he would give him leave but not let the gun go. But how could a man travel without his gun in Anatolia? He had forty pounds which he was taking to his old mother; they would rob him in no time if he were unarmed. In the middle of the conversation Major Shukri came up with Jami Bey, and I sent Mehemmed away and told Major Shukri that I wanted the man to come with me.

“I may need some one to hold the horse's head. I have not been on a horse for ever so many years.”

He agreed at once, but I had to press the point of the rifle.

But now it was time to go. Outside the garden of the little house was a humble square surrounded by a cluster of village houses. There we found assembled all the members of what was called in those days

Halide Edib's Group. From every window looked out women, old and young, all on the verge of tears, I really believe.

The horses had wooden saddles, and two bits of rope dangled down instead of stirrups. It snowed hard and our faces looked very strange and anxious through the white air. Major Shukri knelt to help me mount, Colonel Seifi bunched his coat on the saddle to make it a little softer, some one else brought a woolen scarf and tied it around my neck and head, all in anxious silence. Aslan Captan came last, and as he got on his horse Major Shukri said gravely: "Three men went on ahead half an hour ago; march slowly for twenty minutes, and as you leave the village stop and wait for three shots: this will mean 'all is clear.' Then climb the hill and march on to Tchal. May Allah open your way! Goodbye." It is the only time I have ever missed the slight sarcastic note in Major Shukri's voice. This time it even trembled dangerously.

Aslan Captan and I in front, the little group of riders behind: thus we marched into the snow and storm while Uncle Massoud and Major Shukri looked sadly after us. "*Allah Selamet Virsoun, Allah Yolunizi Achik itsoun*" (May Allah give you peace, may Allah open your ways), came a chorus of women's voices, and there were sobs strangely mingled with their blessing. Mehemmed walked by the side of my horse, hugging his gun. For twenty minutes we rode on slowly, then, by the foot of a high mountain, we stopped and listened. Then the welcomed three reports, and we began to climb the mountain. It was so steep that I had to lean forward and hold the saddle to prevent myself from falling back. I am sure no horse born outside of Anatolia could have managed to climb that slippery, stony, frozen hill. The cold was well-nigh unbearable and the wind ruthless. It was a regular fight up and down through the steep rocks and the dangerous valleys, where every man rode with his hand on his revolver. Aslan Captan was a wonderfully cheerful man. He chatted hard and showed me places where he had carried on guerrilla warfare with the enemy. Mehemmed held my horse's head faithfully and carefully at all the most impossible place. One of the men who were on foot fainted – only a few had horses. We did what we could for him and then marched on again leaving him in charge of the mounted men. I remember his face turning almost gray with dizziness as he leaned against a tree, his mustaches and eyelashes white with the falling snow, a mere boy, very fair and very tall, and looking after us very sadly, ashamed of the weakness. At midday we stopped by the entrance of a village and bought cheese and bread, which we ate on horseback. The going was twice as slow by our difficult route.

That evening saw us at the gates of Tchal. We were the guests of a local magnate, who had a nice large house: the room where they gave us a meal was beautifully warm and covered with rugs. The whole evening was a blur. I was too tired. I only know that when I lay down I felt perfectly happy. I was on a bed facing a large fire and listening to the creak of the cradle and a voice of a young mother singing a lullaby to her restless baby. After a time the village women came in one by one, walking on tiptoe, and sat around my bed. They were sturdy women, all very anxious about the possibility of a new war. They wanted me to tell them what it all meant. And I did tell them, as simply as I could. Each signed in turn, "Help us, O Allah; will this be the last, I wonder?" It broke my heart to see them listening and gradually realizing. They had borne the weight of the war so long. Where and how they found the courage to go on

is a miracle to me. I remember one who told me about her life as she knitted. She had lost her husband in the war and was doing odd jobs. Marriageable men were getting more and more difficult to discover, but she, it appeared, meant to find one. But she would not share any one's husband. "Why not kidnap one of the Nationalist youths who will be passing this way?" I said. She threw her head back and laughed, enjoying my joke immensely. "I thought of that, but I have not seen one handsome enough," she said. They covered me up and kissed me each in turn as they left me to rest, but it was only a few hours till morning, and my raw muscles were aching very queerly after my first long ride.

They were discussing next morning the question of leadership. Was Aslan Captan the right man? It was thought that a cleverer man with more powers of organization would be better; Aslan Captan must be deposed. It was decided to ask Colonel Kiazim to fill the gap. He was the highest in rank and so the dignity of the other staff officers would not suffer – and he certainly had great tact and capabilities. He was chosen. He immediately walked up to Aslan Captan and shaking him by the hand declared that his command did not extend over Aslan Captan or his men. Aslan Captan took it very well, but he felt it – he had so enjoyed having real staff officers under him. The first thing he did was to bring a big bay horse, beautifully saddled, over to me and offer it with infinite pride. "Sister," he said, "this is yours." It was a wonderful offer, and I thought of the wooden saddles, but I wasn't going to forsake my good little pony, which was very strong and extremely beautiful. I decided to stick to it. It was his own horse he had offered me – I think he was a little relieved. But making the offer had somehow compensated him for the slight humiliation of the loss of leadership. This time it was Aslan Captan and his men who would not allow any one else to help me to mount. Aslan Captan himself tied the funny ropes to my feet as the finishing touch.

Mehemmed was at my side again and he was very glad that a real soldier was in charge. He could never stand mere irregulars giving orders to soldiers of the Turkish army – the pride of caste. His attitude was like a prophecy of what was to happen years later.

We heard the firing signal as before and went on. Though the snow was deep on the ground, it was quite dry; we even had occasional glimpses of sun. Aslan Captan joined us in an hour and rode by side whenever he was not riding ahead to reconnoiter.

For some reason I was losing my objection to the irregulars. They seemed such boyish creatures with their personal ideas of right and wrong, mingled with humanity and cruelty, all subservient to a very definite sense of the inviolability of the given word. They had an invincible resentment against the government, considering all government's promise-breakers and capable of performing any dirty trick in the name of law, and were very well aware that the Nationalist government, to whom they happened to be useful at the moment, would as likely as not have them all killed if it suited them to do so. Yet they would always consider themselves the faithful children of Turkey.

About noon one of Aslan Captan's men came running toward us. He was very much excited and reported that a small detachment of English cavalry had left the village five minutes ago, *inquiring about us*. Colonel Kiazim halted and thought for a moment. There was an ominous silence, but I could see that

whatever happened there would be no panic: every one would abide by Colonel Kiazim's decision. "This is the best place to halt," he said quietly. "If they only left the place five minutes ago they won't get here for some little time. Did you ask which direction they took?" No, in his excitement he hadn't. I could almost read Colonel Kiazim's thoughts as he looked critically at the simple creature. "Oh, these wretched irregulars!" However, he made no comment; he evidently thought I better not to interfere with Aslan Captan's men, as he had promised. He ordered us to make a half at the entrance of a village near-by. They brought us yoghurt and eggs as soon as they realized we were not the Christian bands, and we had half and hour's rest. Then the march once more. It was easier now; there was a proper road of us now. But – which way had the English cavalry gone?

It must have been something like three o'clock in the afternoon when from the direction of a village in the valley below, suddenly *girrrrr* – a rifle shot. "Halt," ordered Colonel Kiazim. And we stopped, all in a row. How agile the men were, leaping from their horses and pulling out their revolvers. It was intensely interested and curious. When some one said I ought to get down too, I refused: for one thing, the rope stirrups were too tight to undo, and also I wanted to get a good view of the whole thing and study the psychology of men fighting. Besides, I wanted to see what Colonel Kiazim did, and wondered how this brilliant staff officer was feeling with the shabby group on the top of the hill. He was scanning the country carefully. A second *girrrrr* showed him where the firing was. The bullets passed over our heads, but no one was struck. "Gallop down to the village, Bekir. It will take you about five minutes. If there is danger, fire your revolver three times. If in fifteen minutes I do not hear you fire, I shall know that it is all right." Lieutenant Bekir saluted just as if it were a battle and galloped down. The firing stopped as soon as he started. I could see Colonel Kiazim looking at his watch and glancing at the valley. It was abnormally still. If it turned out to be the English cavalry or a big detachment of Greeks, he would order Aslan Captan and his men to ride on with me and would stay himself and fight to the last to cover our retreat. Would Lieutenant Bekir be allowed to fire, or would he be shot at sight? It was a nice question. The English, perhaps, no; but the Greeks . . . Ten, fifteen minutes passed; then from the valley the head of a white horse, that of Lieutenant Bekir, appeared. In ten minutes he reached us. He and Colonel Kiazim looked as if they were rehearsing a military game. The rigid military salute, then, "The commander of Ismidt has sent us ten mounted soldiers to escort us, sir." He said distinctly. "They have been waiting in the village to see us pass; the firing was to attract our attention." At that moment ten mounted soldiers emerged from the valley.

Life is not so very different from the cinema after all. The only difference is that one gets more excited at the movies.

This was the first material aid we had gotten from the vacillating commander in Ismidt.

The rest of the day resolved itself into a struggle to force my muscles into some sort of harmony with my movements. I felt as if each muscle of my body had been pulled out and put back very clumsily, so that none of them took any notice of the others. It was very painful. After a second day's hard riding over impossible ground we reached the village of Kutchuk Kaymaz. It was extremely muddy and sticky,



and the villagers – mostly women – looked at us very hard indeed as we came in. Colonel Kiazim rode ahead and arranged accommodation. We stopped before a door of a house. There were twenty steps up to the main entrance, which I just succeeded in managing. I can dimly remember passing through a yard full of turkeys that gobbled with terror at us, when another long flight of stairs, and the usual big room with the usual lovely fire in the primitive grate. The room looked out over the valley and the hills opposite; it was furnished with long sofas, one of which had a gorgeous red Angora goatskin. Only an old woman, who escorted us to the room, was visible. I halted by the fire and involuntarily fell on my knees on the fluffy white sheepskin laid in front of the fire. I had to clench my teeth not to call out with pain, so sore and aching was every muscle of my body. As I fell, I clutched at the apron of the old peasant woman. In a moment she was bringing clean white cushions and laying me down as comfortably as she could. One would never have expected such tender solicitude from her coarse hands. “The young get tired sooner than the old,” she said. “My own daughter sometimes get just as tired as you are now.” After she had served the men’s supper she brought me some soup and insisted on my drinking it. She actually fed me with a spoon, like a baby. Then she brought warm water and bathed my face. As her hand strayed into my hair I found myself wishing I could stay and die by her fireside; four hundred kilometers seemed impossible to me at that moment. Then as the others ate I listened to her quiet, pleasant voice. She was the mother-in-law of the imam of the village. He was a learned man apparently and was always buried in books, hating to be disturbed. When he had heard that the Nationalist refugees were passing his way he had run away from the village for fear of being punished by the English for harboring outlaws. She pulled one of the bills published by General Wilson – “Death to those who hide the Nationalist refugees” – from under the red goatskin. She herself seemed entirely detached from it all. She came into the room several times to tend the fire and bathe my forehead. Sometimes she kissed it. I began to like her immensely and called her “*Ninnejim*” (granny mine), as if she had been a dear old nurse of the old days. I spent the night almost without changing my position, lying on the sheepskin in front of the fire.

The next day was to be the longest. We had to ride seventy-five kilometers to reach Ada-Bazaar.

Next morning I heard an unusual bustle in the street. Lieutenant Bekir ran out to find the cause. “You donkeys and sons of donkeys,” one of our men was shouting. We soon heard what it was. The Karakol of gendarmes in the village had all run off together early in the morning because of the rumor that the English cavalry were after us – what was more serious – three of the horses had been removed by their drivers for the same reason. Fresh horses were found with great difficulty, and in the end we were able to make a start about half past eight. I was glad to find that the owner of my horse was not among the deserters. The friendly brown creature lifted its dainty ears as I patted it before I climbed on its friendly back.

The weather was bright and a glorious sun shone over the frost.

We were once more obliged to go over hills and through impossible byways to avoid the road. In two hours we had climbed the last peak from which Marmora and the coiling blue waters of the bay of Ismidt could be seen.

All the horses stopped and all eyes were turned toward the patch of enchanting blue-green liquid. No one looked at his neighbor; every eye was turned toward that part of his life which he was abandoning – perhaps forever. Each and every one of us seemed entirely apart from the rest. I wrenched myself round first, and turned my horse’s head downhill, down the other side of the range. The sea was shut out . . . I could hardly hear the thud of the hoofs behind. It was the sort of leave-taking which does not happen twice.

“Lady Aunt, the sea is very beautiful and the fields are so green.” It was Ismail,<sup>4</sup> the one-eyed aide-de-camp of Aslan Captan. He was a native of Guebze, and from the tremor of his lips and voice I understood how it was with him. “We will come back together again, Ismail,” I said.

It was a day of difficulties. As we were about to pass the outskirts of an Armenian village a human face peered fearfully through the reeds. I heard Aslan Captan shout out at once:

“who are you?”

“Artin.”

“What village?”

“Ermishe.”

I had developed the uncomfortable faculty of being able to make deductions, and I knew exactly what was passing in the head of Aslan Captan. That Armenian might be a spy left there by the Christian bands to observe us; something must be done at once. There was, I saw, a sinister purpose in his face when his eyes met mine. I am very grateful to Aslan Captan. He rose to the occasion. The dark look in his face gave way to a sunny smile and he spoke to the Armenian in a contemptuous but benevolent tone.

“Stay where you are for an hour.”

“*Peki Agam*” (Very well, my Aga).

It was a critical pass. The land was very marshy, and frequently a horse sank into the mud; and we had to lose time pulling out horse and rider. At two in the afternoon we were passing a Circassian village called Ikiz-je-i-Osmanie. There was a large open space, a sort of square, with a mosque and a large fountain in the center and houses built all around, very pretty with the verandas all covered in green and the dwellings mostly painted red. Circassians in their native costumes walked about sedately, looking at us with not too friendly faces. From the way we were marched straight to the fountain to water the horses, without being allowed to get off and stretch ourselves, I realized that the village was not entirely to be trusted. The horses were kept as near each other as possible, and Aslan Captan’s men were all eyes, peering around in suppressed agitation. Colonel Kiazim chose a Turkish lad in a brilliant red shirt, who was to guide us through a thick bushy wood beyond the village. I rode on in front of everybody as usual, following the red shirt through the thick trees. By the time we came out of the wood the red shirt was torn all over by the thorny bushes and my cheeks were covered with bruises. Evening was wetting in already

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<sup>4</sup> In later years of the campaign he used to come to me and rave about the blue sea of Guebze and the green fields and the green olive-groves which haunted him eternally. “How dusty and bare and waterless this Angora is, Lady Aunt!” he used to say. “We shall go together, ride together, through Guebze, shall we not?” He wanted to be reassured. The

and we were still far away from the village we were making for. The roads were getting more and more difficult and a damp cold was freezing our tired bones and making every one look sullen with fatigue. Near a deserted village of eight houses the men on horseback stopped and began talking in little groups of three or four. Poor Colonel Kiazim! The men did not want to go any farther; they were too tired. I saw Colonel Kiazim talking and gesticulating, but I rode on quietly, feeling that he would be able to persuade them. The district was getting more unhealthy every moment and another day's delay might be fatal. I rode on slowly, thinking about bones and aches, and how miserable it was, when I suddenly missed the sound of hoofs behind me. I drew rein and looked back. The riders had stopped. Almost immediately Colonel Kiazim rode up to me in haste, looking very distressed. "Major Husrev and Dr. Adnan refuse to go on and the others are going to follow their example; I think we ought to make one more effort and reach Ada-Bazaar tonight. What do you say?" "We will ride on," I said. Colonel Kiazim brightened up to find an ally, and we shouted back, as decisively as we could. "We are going; let those follow who wish." And without looking back we rode on. But when we did turn, there they all were following us meekly but looking utterly depressed and broken. "How much more to Ada-Bazaar?" I asked. "Twenty kilometers," was the answer.

Absolute darkness, occasional rain, a wretched road which might have been made of stone once upon a time, horses constantly staggering, a thousand aches, a thousand pains, a group of riders as silent as death, whose very outlines I lost in the black night! To crown everything, dizziness threatened to bring me down upon the unseen road. No, I would not be beaten by this wretched contraption of flesh and bones which is the human body. If I fell, I determined to fall noiselessly so that no one would know, so that they could go on and reach Ada-Bazaar.

The only sign of life around me was the occasional flicker of a cigarette. It must have been nearly midnight when I perceived the faint lights of our destination. I was too far gone in fever for relief. I was dimly conscious of some mysterious hand leading my horse up, a cry of "Halt!" which tore the night, and strong arms pulling me down from the horse. When my feet touched the earth I felt as if they had no connection with me; but my body was very much me indeed. I fell back and managed by what seemed to me a miracle to lean back against a hard stone wall. "I am finished," I said out loud, and from the darkness near me a man's voice echoed, "I also am nearly dead." It was Major Husrev. And how comforting it was to know that a six-foot man was as overcome as I was!

There was some knocking at a door, which opened; a dirty yellow flicker was flung on the road. It was the village coffee-house. Two silent men led me into a large square room with benches all around and an enormous stove in the middle. I sat on one of the benches and leaned back. It was like a dream. Mysterious figures came and went with piles of twigs to throw into the stove. Aslan Captan's men were passing a bottle around and moving their legs up and down to get the numbness out of them. A feeble and rather harassed-looking person, the owner of the coffee-house, was walking aimlessly about with a dirty little lamp. I shall never forget its yellow gleam. He told me that his little girl had got measles and was

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brave lad has now only one leg as well as only one eye; but he lives in Guebze and has the blue sea to look at all day

lying upstairs in a bedroom. Half an hour later Colonel Kiazim, who had managed to get places for us all in the village, came to escort me to mine. I had to get up. I clenched my teeth as I leaned against Dr. Adnan for support. A bed – a spare room – a stove. What a job it was to lie down; how utterly impossibly it seemed to bend. When I had done it I had to make an equally big effort not to move, to keep absolutely motionless: anything to avoid the pulling and tearing of my muscles. I groaned, I remember, like a wounded camel. Fortunately, I was rather feverish, and felt the whole time as if I was sinking into vagueness. “If my body goes on like this,” I said to myself, “I will change it and get another one.” This comforted me immensely, I remember: I laughed and groaned, repeating it all the time. “I will change my body.”

But the morning came, and my body – was still the same.

The actual town of Ada-Bazaar was an hour’s distance from the little village, but we took carriages to get there. As we neared Ada-Bazaar a few riders came out to meet us, one of whom attracted my attention especially, partly because he was trying to recognize some one in our party. It proved to be Fuad Bey, the ex-governor of Ada-Bazaar, turned out for being a Nationalist, and a friend of Jami Bey’s. a Circassian by birth, he was extraordinarily handsome besides being very cultured. He was coming with us to Angora to throw his life entirely into the service of the cause. By the time we wound through the outskirts of the town to get at an empty house by the station without attracting any attention, our party had grown very numerous. It was a cold day, but after searching all over the house where we were installed, they found a few rugs and a few comfortable chairs. Installed by the blazing fire on one of them, I forgot all my troubles. The governor Tahir Bey came to see us and talk over plans. He looked so very much an official that I could hardly believe he could have had any sympathy with a revolutionary movement. He said that the place was in a very uncertain condition and that he expected the two parties to start throttling each other every instant. Ada-Bazaar is the most mixed place – Circassians, Lazes, Albanians, and Turks were all represented, each with their Nationalists and anti-Nationalists. Party fought party, and race fought race – no wonder everybody looked worried.

On the banks of the Sakaria we took leave of Aslan Captan and his men. Since we had been in a town with a governor running about after us they seemed to have disappeared into the background, but I never felt more strongly toward them than then. Their sacrifices seemed to me almost super-human, in spite of the suspicious feeling of the town and the governor. The authorities had been rather suspicious of them, but I knew that in the face of that suspicion they were trying to establish a free country for people who would not perhaps even deign to trust and thank them. I shook hands with every one of them as we got into the ferry. They were waving as we crossed.

After that everything seemed to go on smoothly till Hendek came in view. The ex-mayor of Ada-Bazaar was coming with us; we were to be the ex-mayor’s guests.

From among some carriages in front of us, which were surrounded by Circassian horsemen, we heard a monotonous tune played on a concertina. It was a Circassian wedding, some one said. Two of the horsemen came near our carriage and addressed us. Would I be the guest of the bridal carriage? They seemed so anxious, that I went up to them. The bride and her elder sister were rather middle-aged than otherwise: they were pretty in their own way, however, and giggled and behaved generally as much as possible like very young girls. I tactfully took a maternal attitude at once, which pleased them. The elder sister played the concertina all the time, a maddening tune consisting of four notes. This was "the music," and it had to be kept up all the time as the proper accompaniment for the bride as she acted the shy, unwilling daughter taken by force from her parents. The horsemen performed all kinds of dazzling acrobatic feats and the ladies shrieked with astonishment at everything. Every five minutes the two leading horsemen stopped the carriage and asked for handkerchiefs. "You are our guest," said the elder sister, going on playing the whole time. "Please tell them to go away: they will do it for your sake." "Please go away for my sake," I said, and they respectfully retired. The ladies thus saved themselves innumerable handkerchiefs, which otherwise they would have been obligated to give. I took leave of them at the turning of the road as the minarets of Hendek became visible.

Two men on splendid horses came to meet us. One was Laz Rauf, the leader of the "Anatolian and Roumelian League of National Defense." In Hendek. Some of our party were to be his guests. So on this, the eighth day of our escape, I had a real comfortable bed and bath – and the companionship of ladies.

It was an anxious time. There were mysterious gatherings in the streets of Hendek and trouble seemed imminent, while the news from Bolou, through which we had to pass, was not reassuring at all. There was a great deal of map-perusing and discussion among us about our route. When we were just going to start in the morning we had a long telegraphic message from Mustafa Kemal Pasha. It was exciting news. Ali Fuad Pasha had driven out the English from Eskishekir, and wanted us to go to Gueive and continue by rail. This meant going back to Ada-Bazaar. After another big council of war, we decided to go to Ada Bazaar late at night and start early in the morning. Dr. Adnan and I would stay in Fuad Bey's house, the rest would sleep in the empty house as best they could.

Fuad Bey's mother was a charming old Turkish lady, highly cultured, living with the widow of her eldest son and her beautiful children. They all spoiled me with attentions -- I shall never forget the feel of a dainty nightgown and nightcap with blue ribbons they gave me. The world where such things existed seemed so far away to me. Very early in the morning we went over to the other house, where we found every one in a state. The governor was there, looking very gloomy. Apparently the British had telegraphed from Ismidt asking the names of certain "suspicious visitors" who had entered Ada-Bazaar in the night. The British might have arrived any moment, and the carriages which were to take us to Dogan-Tchay, the new headquarters of the Nationalist forces, had not arrived. Could we do it in time? A young lieutenant with eight horsemen was to escort us. He happened to be an old schoolfellow of Lieutenant Bekir's, and they assured me that they would resist to death. So we left Ada-Bazaar under the shadow of imminent capture. Altogether the ride to Dogan-Tchay was anxious and difficult. The carriages got buried

in the mud several times and every one had to help to get them out. The sight of the river at Dogan-Tchay was a blessed relief to us all.

Colonel Mahmoud had sent a hundred Nationalist horsemen to welcome us. It was wonderful not to be hunted any more, to feel that here was a bit of our country really our own. The scattered Nationalist forces which we had met here and there were collected in large numbers at Dogan-Tchay. Some five hundred irregulars, neatly dressed and armed like Aslan Captan, paraded in the streets. The victory in Eskishehir had evidently raised the morale of our party to an extraordinary degree. Colonel Mahmoud joined us in half an hour. He looked like a symbol of the revolution, so determined and yet such an idealist he seemed. There was no end of coffee-drinking and telling each other of our adventures.

We reached Gueive that evening and spent the night in the house of the governor. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had sent a circular throughout Anatolia asking each district to choose two representatives to be sent to the National Assembly, which was to open in Angora. As no one could tell how many of the deputies from the closed assembly in Istamboul were available, it was thought necessary for the free parts of the country to send as many representatives as possible. For the assembly was to be a constituent body and make grave decisions. As not only the sultan but the entire Turkish government seemed entirely in the hands of the English and the Allies, it was evident that some sort of government must be set up in Anatolia to direct this struggle for the life and freedom of the persecuted Turkish nation.

We met the member of Heyet-i-Nassiha (the pacifying commission) in Gueive. The commission contained two very well-known men – Yussuf Kemal Bey and Dr. Riza Nour. It was sent by the government of Istamboul to pacify Anatolia. Any effort to calm the public and encourage pacific acceptance was naturally unpopular at this time, and it was a great pity that all these men, all well known for their public services, were associated with this move on the part of a government whose hand had been forced by the Allies. Yet Anatolia was so lacking in public men that the most sensible course seemed to be to take a friendly attitude toward these men and persuade them to stay and join the movement. Major Husrev and Dr. Adnan tried to make things pleasant for them, and I believe Major Husrev communicated with Mustafa Kemal Pasha on the subject. Whatever Mustafa Kemal Pasha thought about them personally, he was not going to countenance any pacifist influences. So, though the more intelligent Nationalists tried to be pleasant to them, they were not allowed to mix with the people. This they resented.

We reached Lefke the next morning, after stopping for an hour at Ak-Hissar. There I had a talk with Yunus Nadi Bey,<sup>6</sup> the editor of “Yeni-Ghun” in Istamboul, who had escaped by a different route and had joined our group in Gueive.

The moment the danger and the hardship of the route had abated I began to think about the work I would be called upon to do in Angora. As the weakest part of the Nationalist movement in Anatolia was its lack of journalists and means of publicity, I thought of Yunus Nadi Bey as a godsend. He speaks of his

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<sup>6</sup> The present editor of “Jumhuriyyet” (the Republic).

impressions in a series of articles published in “Jumhuriyyet” in 1924.<sup>7</sup> I naturally talked about the work of publicity and the necessity of starting an Anatolian agency to be the mouthpiece of the Nationalist movement.

We took the train at Lefke. The next day we were to reach Eskishehir –with what delight we anticipated it! I had dreams of real Turkish baths. All of us looked wild and not at all respectable with our clothes, never very smart, now almost in pieces. In the morning, when we were only an hour short of Eskishehir, the train stopped. Every one was much annoyed. But they told us that there were some repairs to be made to the track. I soon found out that it was put-up job – and felt a sneaking admiration for Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s devastating efficiency. His idea was to stop Eskishehir hearing what the representatives of Istamboul had to say. Instead of the usual six hours, we were only going to be allowed two minutes at Eskishehir before the train passed on to Angora.

The scene at Eskishehir was dramatic. The people assembled hardly had time to welcome us, when the engine gave a shrill whistle, the sharp order “*Tamam!*” rang out, and the train started off again at full speed – from the suspected city. There was nothing to be done but accept the situation.

On the second of April our train was nearing Angora in the gray light that always spread over the Anatolian plains in the evening. I remember Yunus Nadi Bey coming up to me at the last moment in great agitation. “Oh, Halide Hanum,” he said, “the station is full of a tremendous crowd. There will be speeches. You will speak for us, won’t you?” “Don’t worry, I will do it,” I said, though I was not thinking very much of what he was saying. I was moved, in some way. This was to be the Kaaba of the Nationalist movement.

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<sup>7</sup> “The imam in the village of Agatchli repeated all the time, ‘A group of fifty, on horse and on foot, with strange headgear, all armed, passed gliding through the village of Buyuk Kaymaz like a dark storm cloud.’” (“Jumhuriyyet,” May 18, 1924. A description by the imam of our group of refugees.)

“March 31, 1920. This is the fourth day of our arrival in Gueive. Halide Edib Hanum’s group, which was being expected, arrived last night. I was very curious about one thing. How would Halide Edib Hanum, who we had known as a delicate woman and novelist, look in this rough adventure? The fact that under these conditions a Turkish woman could show such shapes in my head that Jeanne d’Arc seemed a mere legend beside her. Last night she passed like a fleeting shadow with the wife of the governor, whose guest she was to be. I had an interview with her at the station of Kaish-Dagh [where people have their picnics]. She did not say a word about the hardships and danger but talked business at once. And the Anatolian agency which functions now began then. It was born Ak-Hissar station.” (“Jumhuriyyet,” May 27, 1924.)

**PART II**  
**IN ANGORA**

THE MAD ONE IS GONE LEAVING THE HOUSE OF THE WORLD  
IN MY CHARGE AND KEEPING: IT IS A RUINED HOUSE LEFT FROM  
FOOL TO FOOL.

*Bektashi lore*



CHAPTER IV  
ANGORA, MUSTAFA KEMAL, AND THE STRUGGLE

A vast crowd, which looked somber in the shadow of the approaching night, and a slender gray figure which merged into the dim Angora twilight met my gaze. The gray figure moved quickly toward the train, pulling his gloves off. His face, with its long-cornered calpak, had become indistinct and colorless in the dusk. It was difficult to recognize the sharply cut line of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's military silhouette which I had seen on the Sublime Porte road.

The door of our compartment opened suddenly and Mustafa Kemal Pasha's hand reached up to help me down the step. In that light his hand was the only part of him I could see distinctly, and it is that part of him which is physically most characteristic of the whole man. It is a narrow and faultlessly shaped hand, with very slender fingers and a skin which nothing darkens or wrinkles. Although it is not effeminate, one would not expect it to be a man's hand. Its swift and sudden movements reminded me of Mehmed Chavoush and of that new revolutionary type of whose existence I had become aware in Samandra. It seemed to me that the merciless hunting of the human tiger in Turkey had its answer in this hand. It differed from the large broad hand of the fighting Turk in its highly strung nervous tension, its readiness to spring and grip its oppressor by the throat.

"Welcome, Hanum Effendi," he said in a low voice, and after inquiring after our health, turned and introduced a gigantic man in black, with a head and beard which could only have walked out of the Old Testament.

"The governor of Angora."

Then came the greatest surprise of the station. Didar Hanum, wife of Colonel Emin Bey, was there to receive me as her guest for the night. She is Mahmouré Abla's niece by marriage and we grew up together, both as children and as young girls, in the days of Sultan Tepe. So that at the very moment when I felt completely torn away from my past she, by her presence, brought it back again. I was conscious of her trembling arms clinging to me, and of her voice, full of tears:

"Thank Allah, you have come safely, dear."

Then the ride through the pitch-dark streets to her house. The carriage jolted over stones and went through a sea of mire. I tried to see into the mud houses through the faintly lighted windows in their dark facades. We passed Koyun Bazaar, the horses panting up the steep broken road. At last, a narrow street, a dung-heap, and an old fountain round which Angora women were waiting in a queue to get their water. Children were running about, playing around its corners. There was a continual patter of children's feet, and a continual sing-song of children's voices repeating the words of their game: "*Gheliyor yavash yavash yavash – patlijan Arkadash.*"

It was all like the fantasy of a fevered imagination, and I was strangely aware of my own voice as I said:

"Didar, I want hot water – plenty of it; and soap – enough for a continual lather."

"You shall have it, my dear," she said, laughing.

The long divan covered with bright red rugs, the white blinds closely drawn, and the roaring fire in the stove were hardly believable. Besides, I was rubbed and scrubbed as much as it is possible for any human being to be without being skinned alive. With my feet in felt slippers, and my hair down my back and tied round with a soft point kerchief to dry, I thought I had inadvertently strayed into Paradise.

Before I could settle down on the divan to enjoy this new state of things the door-bell rang. Didar peeped through the curtains to see who it was then hastily gave me her long coat and a bigger veil to cover my head and hair. "It is Dr. Adnan and Mustafa Kemal Pasha," she said, and left the room. For she is but half emancipated and sees only a few intimate friends of her husband.

The gray figure came in, but the lamplight was not good enough for me to study it. He sat on the divan and talked, but this first interview would have been disappointing if I had thought that I could take in Mustafa Kemal Pasha at a first meeting. His mind is two-sided, like a light lantern. Sometimes it flashes and shows you what it wants you to see with almost blinding clearness; sometimes it wanders and gets itself lost in the dark. This evening the dark side was evident. And as I listened to him I was lost, for he showed none of the clarity I had expected of him, both from his letters and from the prompt and decisive steps he had taken in the quick and dizzily moving panorama of the first days of the revolution.

"Will you come up tomorrow to the Agricultural School to talk?" he asked as he left. And I thought to myself: "This man is either hopelessly confused or too complicated to be understood at once." I wanted to believe the latter, so I slept, forgetting everything except the lavender smell of the fresh sheets and the sensation of a clean skin.

When morning came I had a better view of my surroundings. From the window of the black bedroom I could see across to the summer resorts opposite, the Jebeje hills. They rose out the morning mist, wreathed in a soft haze of that peculiar heliotrope which can only be seen at an Angora dawn, and they stretched away into the distance, delicately curved yellow mounds with here and there a cluster of green. The dark houses built on the slope immediately below me added wisps of thin blue smoke to the white mist. Angora is at times made into a pun, "En Kara," which means "darkest." But it has the clearest of air, and a lofty dome of sky tinged with an indescribable variety of colors, sometimes glaring, sometimes subdued, according to the time of the day.

This particular morning Colonel Ismet and Jelaleddine Arif Bey (the president of the dispersed parliament in Istamboul) were arriving with their party, and Dr. Adnan hurried off to welcome them on the Bolou road.

"Didar," I said, as we sat at the breakfast table, "don't you think my rags had better be changed for something presentable?"

"Leave that to me," she answered. And after breakfast she went to the bazaar and bought some dark cloth to make a dress forme. She told me that a young woman from Sultan Tepe was living near who was as clever with a needle as she was herself. Between them they were going to change me from a ragged nondescript into a respectable person.

A number of Angora women came to see me that morning. To this day the people of Angora are extremely local. With few exceptions, all people from Istamboul they call “strangers,” but they made exceptions of the doctor and myself from the very first. For this I am infinitely grateful to them. I can only thrive and create the little there is in me in a kindly and intimate human surrounding. Didar’s maid served the coffee and we all settled down for a long talk. I was a little amused when one of them looked out along the corridor to see if any one was there, then closed the door and drew very near to me. Yet as all of them knew how much the Nationalist movement meant to me, I was very flattered to be honored with their confidence in this way.

“Look here,” she said, “we desire our country’s good, of course, but why should Angora struggle and sacrifice herself in a hopeless cause because Istamboul is in the hands of the British? Can we ever defeat them and drive them out? Is it not enough that half Angora died in the Dardanelles? And of what use has it been? Let each town struggle for itself.”

This strikes me now as very typical of the current belief in selfishness and isolation: the belief that we can keep the good things to ourselves and enjoy peace and prosperity while our neighbors are destitute. Not that the women of Angora were just selfish: they were tired of what seemed to them a useless and hopeless sacrifice. But I told them frankly that although the struggle was of unparalleled difficulty, there was no doubt of its success. I was not trying to delude them with false hopes: I firmly believed I their ultimate realization, though I was not concerned with what time or sacrifice it might entail.

In the afternoon a carriage arrived to take me to headquarters, the building within which it was destined that a new government and a new republic should be created.

On the northern side of Angora, six kilometers away, is a low hill among other hills which rise one above the other. On it is a big strong stone building. It was originally the main building of the Agricultural School of Angora, which was erected by the Unionists. On its left side in a low valley on the main road is the model farm and other necessary buildings. I was told that as the school was not being used as such, we were going to be given rooms at the farm.

With much difficulty the horses reached the top of the hill, and I saw two private soldiers standing before the main entrance of the school. It was dark hall, across which passed a few military figures on their way to rooms opening out of the side corridors. I was taken upstairs by a pleasant sergeant and led across the landing into a light spacious room. As I recall it in all its minutest details, it seems to me that my simple entrance into that room was the lifting of the curtain on a scene in which I was to be one of a group of other players who were to act a historic part. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was talking with Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey when he saw me enter. He came over to me and kissed my hand with warm cordiality. He looked almost cheerful as we sat together on the divan.

He opened the conversation by asking me for my impressions of the journey. But I at once began to tell him of the talk I had had with Yunus Nadi Bey. Our most urgent need was a news agency. Both the outside world and our own people knew very little about our movement: and all the people I had seen on the way seemed to be suffering from lack of news. It could be called Anatolian Agency, and as Yunus

Nadi Bey and I had already discussed it, he and I could set it going. It could distribute news to every center which happened to have a telegraph office: the news could be written out and stuck to the walls of the mosque, or of the telegraph office itself. In this way our own people could be kept informed, and the news might attract the attention of the outer world as well. But, besides this, we required that the English and French papers should be brought in more expeditiously, in order that we might study the trend of thought. The "Times," the "Manchester Guardian," and the "Daily Herald" were to be taken, as they represented three different political bodies, and we decided to take the "Daily Chronicle," because it was said to be the mouthpiece of Mr. Lloyd George. Mustafa Kemal Pasha then asked me if I would also help o the "Hakimiet-I-Millie," which was going to be published by Yunus Nadi Bey for the present. I then asked him for a typewriter, which he said he hoped to procure from the Ottoman Bank. And that brought our conversation to an end.

While we were still talking, a little man dressed in black came in, accompanied by a slim, fair officer. Dr. Adnan went up to the little man and introduced him as Colonel Ismet. He had a wistful dark face with two wondering childish eyes. He had the charm of a very simply and Old World Turkish manners, and a modest way of talking the most expressive and colloquial Turkish. His eyes were thoughtful and had a distant look till he began to speak; but then one had the flattering impression that he was giving one his whole attention. He was slightly deaf and bent his head forward to listen. He reminded me of Kara Vassif Bey. With both of them, deafness added to their attraction by giving them an aspect of deeper seriousness. He introduced the young officer as Major Salih. I had thought him to be a youthful lieutenant, and as the grade of major is not to be easily attained in the Turkish army I became interested.

"Did you come with Colonel Ismet?"

"No, I came by train."

"But the British do not allow any one to pass."

"I'm officially sent by Fevzi Pasha to advise the Nationalists, the same as the Advisory Committee of Yussuf Kemal Bey and Dr. Riza Nour. I am the major who used to send the messages to Mustafa Kemal Pasha from the War Office in Istamboul."

So this was the mysterious major of the War Office.

I asked Mustafa Kemal Pasha to give me two days' respite before beginning work at headquarters, and then returned to Didar. The morning of the day I was due back to take up my work and settle at the farm, another interesting personality of the revolution came to Didar's house to see me. It was Colonel Refet. He had just arrived, and finding Dr. Adnan at headquarters, had asked to be taken to me at once.

He also sat on Didar's long divan and talked. He talked of literature, especially of "Handan," and what the book had meant to him during the hard campaign at Gaza. He seemed to me to be made of nothing but nerves and muscles of steel, without an atom of flesh on them anywhere. His face was as thin and strong as his slim, wiry, and rather elegant military figure. His head was very large and handsomely covered with gray hair. Energy of an unusual quality sparkled from his face, his eyes, his movement; and head, hair and hands all talked together with dramatic gestures. His clothes were faultlessly cut, his spurs

and buttons flashed, his boots were of the shiniest patent leather, his whole attire just glowed with fastidiousness. When I brought the conversation round to his present life in the mountains of Smyrna with Demirji Effe (one of the numerous war lords of the first days of the revolution), he gave me a graphic description of the table manners of the mountaineers. It was impossible to find a man who could bear greater hardship than Colonel Refet, yet there was not one among us who so faithfully and temperamentally longed for civilized surroundings and habits of life. This, then, was “Aidin Effe,”<sup>1</sup> that mysterious visitor who came like a whirlwind to Istantoul and whose presence we had such difficulty keeping a secret from the British headquarters. He was to me as complex a personality as Mustafa Kemal Pasha, so I could not judge him hastily, either favorably or otherwise.

That evening, the third after our arrival at Angora, we moved into headquarters, occupying the rooms assigned to us at the farm. They were on the second floor of the large, low central building and used to be dormitories for the pupils of the Agricultural School. Dr. Adnan and I had the two rooms looking down toward Angora, one of them having a delight balcony. The house stood in the midst of a thick cluster of acacias and old beeches. In front a stretch of fields led down to the Tchubouk River, which wound through the farm grounds. Beyond the river rose two smoothly rounded hills: the nearer one low and verdant, the farther one higher and barren. On the summit of the higher one stood a dark object shaped like a huge loop. It was an ancient mausoleum of the most primitive kind, built to some unknown saint. It had four columns and a small arch which from a distance looked like a big handle such as is seen on the covers of old Turkish wells. I named the smaller hill the Mount of Heaven and the larger one the Mount of Hell – because one was smooth and pleasant and the other was dark and scowling, and there was the handle of the lid which kept Hell down in its place in the bowels of the earth. I talked about it and thought about it, and finally wrote a little story for the “Hakimiet,” calling it “The Mount of Heaven and the Mount of Hell.” The Angora people became quite interested, and among them they called the valley with the stream beyond it “The Valley of Hell.”

With the approach of spring the acacias were coming out in bloom, and the fields looked as though they were trying to get green. So that outside, our abode was all that I could wish for. But inside it was the dirtiest place I have ever been in. It evidently had not been cleaned for a very long time, for the school had been closed down on account of the revolution, and it smelt of every possible accumulation of dust and dirt.

The first floor was occupied by the headmaster and his family, and the surrounding buildings housed the laborers, and the horses and cows. I asked the wife of the headmaster where I could get women to give our rooms a thorough cleaning, and she called in Emine Hanum, the washerwoman of the farm, and an inhabitant of the nearest village, Kalaba. This woman was very able, both as a gossip and as a worker. She brought four sturdy peasant women next day to work in our rooms, and I got to work with them to

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<sup>1</sup> Colonel Refet had gone to Smyrna to join the irregular war chiefs who arose in 1919, immediately after the Greek army started on its massacring career and the people took arms. He had assumed the name of Aidin Effe, under which he used to smuggle himself to Istantoul whenever it was necessary to have personal contact with the revolutionary centers there.

scrub and clean out the place thoroughly. It was not an easy task, and they could not see the point of such vigorous rubbing of the boards. But there was one small creature who very soon began to understand scrubbing as it is understood in Istamboul. She could not have been more than fifteen, and looked twelve. She had a slightly Mongolic face with two pleasant eyes that might have been those of a quaint little frog.

“What is your name?” I asked.

“My name is Fatima, but they call me Fatish.”

“Are you from Kalaba?”

“No, we are immigrants here. My uncle, Mehemmed Aga, is the head gardener at the farm, and I am an orphan. We came from Kaisariya.”

“Then I’d like to engage you as my servant, Fatish, if you’ll tell your aunt and can come tomorrow.”

If, in Anatolia, you see a peasant distinguishing himself by a capacity and intelligence above the others, you may be certain at once that he is from Kaisariya. So that on hearing her native place, I decided immediately. For, although an orderly called Suleiman had been sent from headquarters to look after us, we needed a woman, and the girl had taken my fancy from the first. With her and Suleiman, I put the place in order. Jami Bey had his room behind ours, and soon we three began to feel quite at home with the help of this intelligent girl, who was to become almost a historical figure in the life of the first days of the revolution.

The natives of Angora lent us all those domestic accessories which are so necessary for life even under such primitively simple conditions. Dr. Refik Bey became a kind of fairy godmother to us and to Jami Bey by getting rooms ready and supplying extras from headquarters. In fact, the first refugees from Istamboul owe a great deal to Dr. Refik Bey (the present minister of health).

In the interesting but very turbulent atmosphere of those days he managed to create among us quite a family feeling. He occupied a room at headquarters, and I loved to be asked to have a cup of tea there. It was immaculate, orderly, and even old-maidenish. For he, in person, had the fussy ways of a spinster combined with a zealous and utterly unselfish care of any creature whatsoever in whom he took interest – were it a cat, an orderly, or one of his old friends. And one could talk with him affectionately about the humble things of every day which are so sadly lacking in a revolutionary milieu. He had a lovely yellow cat, Kadife Hanum (Lady Velvet), who ruled him with all the tyranny and caprice of which a cat is capable. When she had kittens he offered us all red sherbert with due ceremony and fussed over her and the kitten like an old granny.

On my fifth day in Angora I began my regular work at headquarters. I had a long narrow room next to the central hall. Dr. Refik Bey had helped to convert it into something like an office. A large desk, a set of pigeonholes for papers, a very old typewriter, and two wooden tables completed the furniture. I had to translate the English papers and note their tendencies, read the telegraphic messages handed me by Hayati Bey, Mustafa Kemal Pasha’ secretary, collect the news for the Anatolian Agency, help a little with the “Hakimiet,” and do any odd writing headquarters, or rather Mustafa Kemal Pasha, might require of me.

Yunus Nadi Bey prepared the bulk of material for the "Hakimiet" and also helped me to get despatches. There was, too, an Afghan youth by the name of Abdurrahman to help me.

Abdurrahman had come to Turkey during the Balkan War, had become naturalized, and had joined the Turkish army during the great war. After active service with Rauf Bey in Mesopotamia, he had followed him to Erzerum, and had there been recognized as being a valuable unit. So, naturally, he had followed the headquarters of Mustafa Kemal Pasha to Angora.

He could type with one finger, but did not care much for office work. Yet rarely have I seen a youth with such absolute idealism for the cause in which he believed. Personally he was a strong Pan-Islamist, and his interest in our cause was mainly from the point of view -- in fact, he saw everything from the religious viewpoint. He was a valuable study for me, for he was a product of Aligarh College, and through him I was able to understand the psychology of the Indian Moslems and how they are obsessed by religion.

Among the permanent residents at headquarters, besides Colonel Ismet and Major Salih, was Captain Redgeb (the present minister of national defense), who became one of our best friends in those days. He had been the secretary of the representative body in Sivas and was acting at the moment as Mustafa Kemal Pasha's military secretary. Jelaeddine Arif Bey also lived there for a month.

We had our meals at headquarters. The lunch was a hurried affair. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Dr. Adnan and Jami Bey, and usually Colonel Ismet, left daily for Angora to meet the new arrivals at the old Unionist Club, where preparations were being made for the new assembly. The evening meals were more sociable and pleasant. One of the biggest rooms downstairs was turned into a dining-room, and there we all dined round an enormous horseshoe table. It was then that every one relaxed and talked of past experiences. Mustafa Kemal Pasha can be a brilliant talker at times, and he was at his best at those meals. Throughout his anecdotes and reminiscences of past life ran a dominant vein of bitter irony at the expense of many well-known personalities. He spared no name. And, as the evenings passed, I began to wonder vaguely whether there was any well-known man of whom Mustafa Kemal Pasha had something good to say.

In contrast to the strong satire of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Colonel Ismet had a subtle humor which never became bitter, and the gentle innuendoes of his very able appreciations of character made his conversation a delight.

After dinner we gathered in the central hall for the serious business of the evening. And it was very grim and very real business -- it was the struggle for life!

Trouble and difficulty were gathering like an avalanche and threatening to wreck the movement at its outset. Konia was becoming restive, if not yet openly in opposition; the notables were growing suspicious of the Nationalist movement; Colonel Fahreddine, the commander in Konia, was reported to be vacillating between Istamboul and Nationalism; Boli and the entire region around Ada-Bazaar and Ismid had already become the center of civil war; and, though the area round Angora seemed neutral, no one could tell what attitude its inhabitants would take in case of a serious revolt in their own province. The

East, with its regular army and Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha as leader, seemed to be the only reliable center. But It was separated from insurmountable mountains, with no railway communication between us. Besides, Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha's army had to stay in its place in case of any trouble from the extended and complicated frontiers.

The first week of April, 1920, the Konia situation became acute. As the commander, Colonel Fahreddine, was not trusted, a sudden decision seemed necessary. So Colonel Refet was commissioned to go to Konia, study the situation, and come back and propose action. He set out with one single aide-de-camp.

Two days later as I entered the central hall after my evening's work I heard hearty laughter. Colonel Refet was the cause of it. He had returned and brought with him all the notables of Konia as well as Colonel Fahreddine. To put it mildly, this was an extraordinary kidnapping feat. He had done it in this way: His train had stopped at some distance from Konia and he had sent a polite message to the commander and to the notables, requesting them to meet him to discuss the prevailing situation. They had all come and settled down to talk, when suddenly the train started at full speed toward Angora. One could imagine Colonel Refet saying with his sweetest smile, "You had better talk this matter over with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. It is very important that we should come to some definite understanding in Angora." So the notables and the commander were in Angora to talk the matter over. The commander had asked for a few days in which to decide whether or not he would collaborate with us, and the notables had taken a temporary oath of allegiance.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha did not trust Colonel Fahreddine, so it was decided to send Colonel Ismet and Major Salih to Konia. Colonel Refet was to accompany them, both to effect introductions and to make speeches in favor of the Nationalist movement.

Two days after Colonel Ismet's departure for Konia, I heard his voice again at headquarters. I ran out and saw him enter the central hall with Major Salih.

"We have come back," he said, laughing. "Colonel Fahreddine has finally decided to join us, to take the post, and to throw over Istamboul."

I remember Dr. Adnan's joy as he and Colonel Ismet kissed each other affectionately. It was a strange sight to see all these men, even the hardest revolutionary, so affectionate and attached to each other. It made me feel that as long as men like Colonel Ismet had a strong influence in a revolution it could not degenerate into brutality and mere bloody struggle. It was this belief which made me rejoice at the sight of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's increasing attachment to Colonel Ismet, although he seemed in brotherly intimacy with the others as well. And the homeliness and kindly humanity of the attractive little colonel seemed bound to counterbalance whatever hidden danger there was in Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who everywhere aroused so much distrust and suspicion.

After the settlement of the Konia affair, Yussuf Kemal Bey and Dr. Riza Nour agreed to stay and work in Anatolia. They were to be in the first cabinet.



Hamdullah Soubhi and Bekir Beys arrived from Istamboul after a difficult and dangerous passage. Bekir Sami Bey was one of the outstanding figures in Sivas, and as one of Turkey's ablest and most humorous statesmen his coming was a great gain. I have already spoken of Hamdullah Soubhi Bey in the first volume. Hamdullah Soubhi Bey had a room with us at the farm, and Bekir Sami Bey stayed at headquarters. Both joined in the work and in the heated discussions which were to prepare the form of the new government.

The decision to be made which was to have a lasting effect on the future of the Turkish nation was on what basis the new government was to be founded.

Shortly before the British occupation of March, 1920, Kara Vassif Bey wrote a letter to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, speaking of the insistent rumors of the British *coup d'etat* and containing a passage in this sense:

"It is very probable that the parliament will be dissolved. In that case a temporary government will be formed in Anatolia under your leadership. If you will let us know the names of those whom it is desired should be members of this new government, we will take the necessary measure to insure their passage into Anatolia in time."

Before Mustafa Kemal Pasha could reply, the *coup d'etat* of March had taken place. The few who were able to escape to Anatolia were naturally pondering over this part of Kara Vassif Bey's letter – though, knowing the deep attachment of the people to the traditions of the sultan's government, they knew that the new government had to be announced as temporary. So when they assembled in the central hall at headquarters, those evenings of the first weeks of April, 1920, these men from Istamboul were already expecting to discuss and to formulate the basis of the new government which was to be created by the coming assembly in Angora, and they were naturally thinking of this assembly as being a constituent body.

Having come with an entirely Western outlook, they expected to discuss the new government in terms of Western systems with which they were already familiar. Thus, in the minds of such men as Jeleddine Arif Bey, who was an eminent professor of constitutional history, the new government was regarded as being possibly a constitutional monarchy without the monarch: it would have a legislative assembly, a cabinet, an executive, and, as a neutral power to represent the monarch, a regent under the name of the President of the National Assembly.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha opposed any such proposition. "What you want sounds like a republic," he would say; "but the republic is a form which will frighten the people. And why should we adopt an old form already known? We can create something for ourselves that will suit us." Then he would talk in a way which sounded vaguely like Jean Jacques Rousseau: "All power belongs to the people. Power is indivisible and must not be divided into legislative and executive."

After arguing for these two principles – the indivisibility of power and the people as the source of all power – he confronted the men from Istamboul with a form which, in all its elaborate details, seemed as if it had been carefully studied and worked out. but to those who had studied the Western forms, the one he

proposed as original was not so at all but appeared to be rather like a clumsy and twisted convention. As it was first drafted on paper it was somewhat as follows:

The National Assembly would exercise all legislative and executive power and it would select the members of the cabinet. They would be selected on their individual merits and would be responsible individually to the assembly alone. In this way cabinet ministers would have no responsibility to the cabinet as a collective body. The cabinet, in fact, would be only a set of officials who would carry out the decisions of the assembly. It would be presided over by the president of the National Assembly, who would have no personal responsibility. The ministers were to be called the commissary of the people for education, the commissary of the people for national defense, etc.

For hours Mustafa Kemal Pasha discussed the merits of this proposition with the inner circle of his associates. Those who were inclined to interpret it as being merely an adopted convention came to the conclusion that it was only a modification of the sovietic form, without all the economic and social policies being implied. But all those who opposed it argued against Mustafa Kemal Pasha on the grounds that the scheme was inappropriate and impracticable desisted from expressing this opinion to the other deputies who were arriving from the various parts of Anatolia. They did not want to betray any division of opinion among themselves at the critical moment. First of all, they tried to come to an understanding with Mustafa Kemal Pasha that they might support him as their leader. But Mustafa Kemal Pasha, on the other hand, talked with the new deputies one by one and carried out an intense propaganda for the form of government he proposed. Naturally most of the simple Anatolian deputies could not understand much of the inner meaning of this new principle of government.

The discussions used to begin after dinner, at about nine o'clock, and often lasted till five o'clock next morning. They were carried on in the friendliest though in the most earnest and passionate manner. Most of the talking was done by Mustafa Kemal Pasha himself. Jelaeddine Arif Bey and those who thought like him eventually accepted his proposals. The civil war was raging over an area which increased every day, and any sign of division among these few would have been disastrous.

To me the whole discussion was of extreme interest. Such phrases as "The power belongs unconditionally to the people" stirred me. The idea that what one had read in books was going to be realized by one's own nation was very thrilling to such a simple mind as mine. Besides, I could see much that was in favor of Mustafa Kemal Pasha's thesis. The country was at the most critical moment of its history; it seemed to be divided from ruin only by a hair's breadth, and that a person or a cabinet should undertake the responsibility was of great importance. Then, if the representatives of the people were given the entire power and led to identify themselves with the forming of the new state, they would work with a new responsibility and pride. If the form chosen did not seem practicable according to the arguments of those who spoke in terms of historical knowledge, there was the personality of Mustafa Kemal Pasha to remedy the deficiency. To me forms did not mean much. The man in gray made one feel the inevitable vitality and force of an extraordinary being. It was not what he said that would create the new state – for if his arguments were as sharp and clear as a searchlight at times, they became obscure and degenerated into

mere demagogies at others – it was the desire of the man who worked with a strength and insistence which would have wearied any normal human being. Throughout his whole career Mustafa Kemal Pasha has shown an untiring persistence, and has indulged in endless talk which has exhausted every one around him. He has one of the intensest ambitions known in history, the sort of ambition that is sure to prevail. Ideas and wisdom change the destinies of men gradually, but it is the dynamic and volcanic temperaments of men of destiny which make the sudden and dramatic episodes in history.

After his proposition had been accepted by those selected few with whom it had been fully discussed, he began to prepare an elaborate speech which was to give a clear account of the causes and the first stages of the Nationalist movement which had led inevitably to the necessity of a new government. The assembly was to open on April 23, 1920, and the day before he asked me to go to his private study and read the speech which he was to make next day to the assembly. I found Hakki Behidge Bey already settled there, and the three of us passed the whole day reading and discussing this historic speech. It was a clear statement of events from the time Mustafa Kemal Pasha had gone to Anatolia, and an exposition of the basis on which the new government was to be established. And again I felt that whatever shortcomings this new form might have, it gave the impression that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was leaving the entire power and responsibility with the people's representatives, and that the prevalent belief that he wanted to be the sultan or the dictator of the new regime was quite groundless. In a strange way I was beginning to feel that he was to be our George Washington.

While we were in the midst of reading the manuscript an American journalist representing the "Chicago Tribune," a young and pleasant man named Williams, arrived in Angora and had an interview with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. I naturally interpreted for them. Before he left he room he took Mustafa Kemal Pasha's photograph. Next day he took mine at the farm. When the film was developed the pictures were superimposed so that I appeared behind Mustafa Kemal Pasha against a background of a single cypress. Williams showed it to me and said laughingly, "The woman behind Kemal." Strangely enough, although he promised not to publish the funny thing, it appeared in several papers under the title "The Woman Behind Kemal."

In the afternoon Mustafa Kemal Pasha's aide-de-camp announced that another man, Safvet Bey by name, had just arrived and wanted to see him. Safvet Bey was an ex-officer who was helping to smuggle arms from Istamboul, and who brought any news he could get there. Mustafa Kemal Pasha asked to have him brought in: he was a tall fair man with a military manner. It was the first time I had seen him, and I thought he kissed my hand with some emotion as he said: "I have great news to tell you: you are a woman unique in Turkish history to be so honored." I wondered why he did not tell me at once what the honor was. Instead he sat down, opened his notebook and proceeded to give me items of news of more or less importance. But he had the air of one about to announce something extraordinary.

"I went to see Nakie Hanum before I set out," he said at last.

"Do you know Nakie Hanum?"

“No. But I wanted to bring you news from your family. Unfortunately, she was not sure whether I was a genuine Nationalist or a spy, so she did not give me a letter. However, every member of your family is well.”

I was wondering why he took so much interest in my family when he stood up and handed me an old copy of “Peyam-Sebah” (an Entente Libérale paper) in a solemn manner.

“You are condemned to death by the tribunal of Kurd Mustafa Pasha, and your death sentence is confirmed by a religious *fetwa*.”

“Am I the only one?”

“No. You are one of the first seven.”

I took the paper and looked through it hurriedly. Mustafa Kemal, Bekir Sami, Dr. Adnan, Ali Fuad, Ahmed Rustem, Kara Vassif and Halide Edib were the seven. The tribunal of Kurd Mustafa Pasha was an extraordinary court which the government of Ferid Pasha and the sultan had summoned to judge us “rebels and outlaws,” as they called us. And Halide Edib, on time professor of Western literature in the University of Istamboul, was accused on inciting the Turkish people to revolt against the government of the sultan, and of stirring up civil strife and bloodshed throughout the whole country. For some reason they honored me with the longest and most picturesque description of misdeeds. The decree of the court was confirmed by a religious decree of the sheik-ul-Islam, so that it became the religious duty of all Moslems to kill us on sight.

“Your home is seized by the government, and it is said that a heavy price is set on your heads.”

Then Mahmoure Abla’s face passed before me. How was she taking it? The boys I would not allow myself to think about: that was a soft weak part of me I must try to put aside. But how had they seized my home? Strangely enough, the loss of my books was the thought which hurt me most. One by one I had gathered them together . . . But when I remembered Kara Vassif Bey I could free myself from this chain of selfish thoughts. Would he be brought back from Malta and hanged? And so occupied had I been with my own questionings that I had felt no curiosity as to what Mustafa Kemal Pasha was feeling about this ugly sentence which concerned him also.

It was getting dark, but the lamps were not yet lighted when I entered the central hall. Dr. Adnan and Mustafa Kemal Pasha were sitting in the dusk near the window, and Colonel Ismet was opposite them leaning against the table.

I walked up to Dr. Adnan and asked him in a jesting tone what he thought of the new honor. He turned toward Mustafa Kemal Pasha and said: “I feel very much upset myself – I hate to be condemned to death. How do you feel about it?”

“I also mind it very much,” he said frankly.

“Those men who have condemned to us death have no sense of political values,” I said. “Nothing could make us more popular than this.”

“On the contrary, they have a strong sense of political values,” said Colonel Ismet very earnestly. “It is true that in occupied regions such as Istamboul and Smyrna the condemned will gain popularity and

affection but that will not be so among the large vacillating populations who have not yet decided whether to support the sultan or the Nationalists: in those large areas to support civil war is still raging, this sentence will win undecided minds to the other side. Besides, the *fetwa* puts you at the mercy of any religious fanatic, as well as your being prey for any man who wants to win the special favor of the sultan or the British. So that we must prevent the papers from Istanbul entering Anatolia, and we must take every possible precaution to prevent the spreading of this news.”

Half in earnest and half in jest he continued elaborating the counter-action we were to take. Next day the assembly was to meet and the new government to be formed. Then its first act would be to condemn to death those who had condemned us and get the sentence sanctioned by *fetwas* from the muftis in Anatolia. Thus were we to return every blow we received.

That evening the name of the new assembly was finally decided on. Hamdullah Soubhi Bey proposed “*Kurultay*” (“Assembly” in old Turkish); Jelaleddine Arif Bey proposed “*Mejliss-I-Kebir-I-Milli*” (“Grand National Assembly” in Arabic); but one was too archaic and the other was Arabic. Then someone proposed “*Buyuk Millet Mejlissi*” (“Great National Assembly” in Turkish), and this was accepted.

The cabinet was to be constituted as follows.

*Commissary for Foreign Affairs* – BEKIR SAMI Bey

*Commissary for the Interior* – JAMI Bey

*Commissary for National Defense* – FEVZI Pasha

*Commissary for Public Health* – Dr. ADNAN

*Commissary for Education* – Dr. RIZA NOUR

*Commissary for Economics (included Agriculture and Commerce)* – YUSSUF KEMAL Bey

*Commissary for Justice* – JELALEDDINE ARIF Bey

*Commissary for Sheri (included Pious Foundations)* – MUSTAFA FEHMI Effendi

*Commissary for Finance* – HAKKI BEHIDGE Bey

*Commissary for Public Works* – ISMAIL FAZIL Pasha

*Chief of Staff* – Colonel ISMET

The chief of staff was included in the cabinet for the first time.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was to be president of the assembly, which meant that he was to be head of the government. And Jelaleddine Arif Bey was to be vice-president, which corresponded to the speaker in a parliament.

We returned to the farm earlier than usual that evening. Hamdullah Soubhi Bey was in a funny mood, making mock speeches to the empty air. I felt strangely elated and objected to the secrecy imposed on me: I wanted to tell everybody that I was condemned to death; the novelty of it pleased me. Yet I could not help noticing that our little group scanned the empty spaces anxiously; it was always a lucky chance not to get a bullet through one’s head. As we wound our way down the narrow path leading to the farm the

grave barking of Karabash, the grand old sheep-dog, greeted us. Every night it was my duty to talk to her and make her harmless, for I was her best friend. She was a royal creature with a white hide and a ferocious but lovely head which might have belonged to the ancestor of all the wolves. From behind the stately acacias a then silver crescent months-old puppy of Karabash barked at it. That night I was filled with a strange sense of the fullness of life in everything around me; and I lay awake imagining myself wearing the white chemise of the condemned, walking to Bayazid, where I had once addressed thousands, and making a wonderful speech with the rope dangling round my neck. Then I repeated to myself the words of Quret-ul-Ain, that great Babi woman who died for her ideal uttering these simple and beautiful words in Persian: "Oh, raise me from the earth that from the heights I may look upon the world." On April 23, 1920, the Great National Assembly met and accepted a form of government based on the responsibility of the whole gathering. Mustafa Kemal Pasha read his speech and made a very good impression. All the traditional and constitutional forces of the country seemed to be helpless and far away, so that the representatives felt that they were taking on the whole burden themselves. The assembly issued a proclamation announcing that the sultan-caliph had become a prisoner in the hands of the Allies and therefore they had taken the executive and legislative powers in their hands. And the proclamation was signed by Mustafa Kemal Pasha with the formula, "By the order of the Great National Assembly." The obvious reluctance of Mustafa Kemal Pasha to take any personal responsibility gave him the appearance of being a great and wise man whose ambition was exaggerated by popular ignorance and envy. A few days later the cabinet too was accepted, as the names of its members had been propagated among the deputies some time before; and, in fact, there were very few to choose from. These ministers, or rather commissaries, as they were called, began work in the bare humble rooms of the Government House of Angora with scarcely enough chairs and table to accommodate them. And as for their personal conveniences, these were not only limited but third rate at the best. The Staff Department was opened at headquarters. Next to the central hall was another hall which had once been the gymnasium of the school. One had to cross it to get to Dr. Refik Bey's room. One day I found Major Salih seated there working busily at an enormous table with piles of papers and maps arranged very tidily on it. More maps concealed parts of the wall-paper opposite.

"Is this your work-room, Major Salih?" I asked.

"This is the staff organization," he said, smiling.

A tall mild-looking staff officer took a seat at the other end of the same table a few days later, and in a week's time Captain Kemal, a gendarme officer, joined him. Then for at least two months the staff organization continued in this way till new arrivals from Istamboul made enlargement possible, and the necessary sections were started one by one.

Till the Foreign Commissariat could be organized on the working basis my little bureau supplied the need. To me the most difficult part of the work was the typewriting. I could use only one finger, and

the machine was half broken and the ribbon in shreds. At first it was torture to copy the documents: sometimes it took me eight hours to type six pages. And my back ached as it had never ached before.

At the end of one of those days of tortures I left my office and went into the parlor. The lamps were lighted and every one had gathered there before supper. I sat down in an arm-chair in the corner which I always used, and tried to rest my back. Everybody else was reading the papers which had just arrived from Istamboul. Suddenly Mustafa Kemal Pasha raised his eyes from his papers and looked at me with a queer smile, saying "*Nitchun olmassoun?*" (Why should it not be?) As he said it the others stood up and, going near him, leaned over his shoulder to read the passage which had brought forth this remark: then they all looked at me and smiled in a way I didn't understand. It must be some new attack in the papers of Istamboul, I thought: for not a day passed without some of them dragging my name into the mire one way or another. But when Hamdullah Soubhi Bey read the passage to me, I laughed. It was announced that my name appeared in the list of members of the Anatolian cabinet as that of the minister of education, and there were added some caustic remarks meant to arouse the suspicions of the fanatical Moslem East: a rebel, an outlaw, and a woman to be a cabinet minister! And the fanatical Moslems used it with such enthusiasm that the sham title stuck to me, and I have been unable to shake it off. And I very much want to shake it off and to deny any worldly honor or reward whatever for what was a service of love.

There is a trail of blood from Erzerum to Smyrna, shed by the unknown and the unrenowned, each one dying to save his country from the ignominy of slavery and to create a free and independent Turkey which should be an inspiration to all other suffering and enslaved peoples. It is enough for any individual to have been with these, to have seen them close their eyes with the dream of justice and peace as the goal of their agony and martyrdom. I demand no other honor, nor ever will.

I was also attacked by the press on the grounds that I had worn a green robe to address the peasant crowds in Anatolia. Green is the sacred color of the Moslems, but the Turkish Bolsheviki in Russia had also adopted it as their color. The Moslems, however, ignored the Bolshevist interpretation which would have put me out of favor with them, and saw in it only a sacred emblem. And I have often listened to the legend, told in religious whispers, of the elusive green robe which I have never possessed.

Mahmoure Abla managed to smuggle a letter from Istamboul through one of the many men who were then passing into Anatolia. It was the one in which she described the seizure of my home.

"My beloved, may Allah give you health and safety. The death sentence has made me very angry, but the people in Istamboul love you all the more. I sat down and wrote a letter to the 'Peyam-Sebah,' which is so against you, but the children laughed at me and would not let me send it. When they came to seize your house I was there with Feride.<sup>2</sup> She, knowing my short tempter, did not let me see the men. An officer representing the tribunal and a hodja representing the Sheria Court came to make an inventory of your belongings. The officer came out into the corridor while the hodja was handling your books and told Feride that e was ashamed and humiliated at being among those who persecute you, and that he hoped to escape to Anatolia at the first opportunity. The hodja was very shocked when he saw pictures in your

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<sup>2</sup> Feride, her eldest daughter.

room, and when the young officer showed him volumes of the Bible in the Gustave Dore edition and said that the illustrations were of the prophets and even of Allah Himself, the hodja was furious. 'No wonder she is condemned to death,' he said; 'no punishment is too bad for her.' But when he saw the writings from the Koran he became gentler. The house was surrounded by the police. I was in the kitchen walking up and down in a terrible state. Then one who was guarding the kitchen door knocked, and when I asked him what he wanted he said: "Please, Hanum Effendi, I hate to be doing this to her house. I am ready to do anything service for you. If you want any of her valuables, books, or anything else to be taken away and hidden from the wicked men upstairs, I will shut my eyes to it."

It was about the end of May. I had just read a certain British statesman's speech on the "Big Stick Policy" for the East and had translated it. I was surprised at the storm of rebellious feelings it gave rise in me. I realized then to the full that we were no longer a nation of empire-builders who were unconscious of their own superiority complex, as we had been not long ago – ten years before this speech would have left us calm and cold; instead we had now become one of the peoples who suffer from the superiority complexes of other great empire-builders.

When Mustafa Kemal Pasha came into my bureau I laid the translation of the speech before him without comment. I flew into one of the most violent rages I have ever seen him in, and made a speech which, though it smacked of heroics, seemed to me then to be justified by the occasion. I was feeling as passionately wronged as Mustafa Kemal Pasha by the assumed superiority of the West to the East. And when this great statesman, who was usually so fair-minded a man, made this superiority articulate in a speech which clearly defined those two standards for East and West which the whole East so resents, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was moved by it as perhaps never before. His low voice became loud and hoarse as he spoke out his indignation at the long old-fashioned sentences which on other occasions had had such a weighty influence.

"They shall know that we are as good as they are! They shall treat us as their equal! Never will we bow our heads to them! To our last man we will stand against them till we break their civilization on their heads!" Rhetorical as this may sound today, the "we" and the "us" had some meaning then, though he may have been unconscious of it. It was as if the whole East were crying out in his voice.

I felt at that time that even the massacres by the Greek army, and the Allies' high-handed occupation of Istamboul, were insignificant compared with this insufferable assumption of superiority by the West. I had come to know through long and painful experience that there is no outrage which is committed by human beings on each other which cannot be forgotten in time by some common interest and sympathy arising – except one: the assumption of superiority: the one who assumes it and the one who has to submit to it are irrevocably divided. And I would say that if the much-talked-of clash between East and West should ever become a reality, and all the latent hatred become expressed, then the fundamental cause will be this assumption of superiority by the West and the resulting two codes of justice, and not all the economic and political difficulties we so often speak about. As long as the world lasts, herd feeling will



culminate in such ghastly and ugly deeds as recent history records, whenever it is stimulated and used by leading politicians to satisfy their greed and lust for power. But nothing they effect can be lasting; only the struggle to level all nations and classes and men will never cease till man stands with man on a basis of equal dignity and justice.

## CHAPTER V

### IMPORTANT PHASES OF THE CIVIL WAR

It is difficult to give a clear account of the Nationalist movement during the next few months. It appears as a seething mass of human beings all pulling in different directions: everywhere there is continual bloodshed between brothers; everywhere there is conflict between ever-changing and but half-formed ideas. Personalities rise into prominence and disappear too confusedly to be fixed in portraiture, and our own everyday life is beset with dangers, crises, and sudden decisions. At that time we in Angora thought that amid all the confusion we were the guiding force; or, at least, that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was; for to those near him he appeared to be the most vivid personality of the movement, and he worked, talked, and gesticulated with frenzied energy to get control of all the dispersed forces which were not his at all. For, as a matter of fact, it was the secondary figures with their groups of armed followers who were turning the trend of events this way or that in the general melee.

It seemed to me then as though an invisible hand had directed the Turkish people along a new path. The immediate goal was clear – deliverance from the invaders. But the final goal was hazy – haziest perhaps in the mind of the supreme actor, Mustafa Kemal Pasha. There was no doubt that he meant to wear the laurels of victory alone should the issue be victorious, and there was no doubt that he meant the others to bear the responsibility of the divine folly of struggling against impossible odds so long as victory seemed distant and unattainable. All the same, he spared himself no effort to bring the struggle to a successful close, for that would mean the realization of his great ambition.

We had only just settled in Angora when Anzavour, a rough and illiterate man, a Circassian by birth, was made pasha by the sultan and sent against the Nationalists with an armed force. He set out from Bandirma and swept everything before him, reaching Broussa in next to no time, and then advanced toward Ismidt.

The Nationalist forces which stood out against him were those of Edhem at Bandirma and Broussa, and those of Ali Fuad Pasha at Ismidt. Edhem was also of Circassian birth and nearly illiterate, but he was stronger, braver and much younger. He had distinguished himself as leader of the irregular forces in the Salihli district immediately after the Greek landing in Smyrna. His armed group was our strongest at that time and included a great number of regular officers and men. His two elder brothers, Reshid and Tewfik, were both officers of the Turkish army, and had had staff training. These advised him on strategic points and helped him with political matters. As the maintaining of his army depended solely on the patriotism and sacrifice of Salihli and the towns around it, the people suffered a great deal from the way he extorted money from them. But to him fell the honor of defeating Anzavour as well as fighting successfully with the Greeks during the very first months. He represented a power which the Nationalist movement needed and, in fact, depended upon, but which it watched rather anxiously, for no one wanted a man like Edhem to become too powerful. Fortunately, there were Ali Fuad Pasha and his miniature regular and irregular forces in the Eskishehir and Ismidt districts, and he seemed to have the tact and ability necessary to handle all the other units which were moving about and fighting.

Ali Fuad Pasha and Edhem had hardly cleared the Broussa and Ismidt districts from the caliphate forces (all the anti-Nationalist forces, both those sent directly from Istamboul by the sultan and those raised by his emissaries in Anatolia, were called the caliphate army) when another anti-Nationalist movement began in Bolou and Dusje, led by some Circassian chiefs who were personally attached to the sultan and by Turks from Kerede and the neighboring villages. Within a few weeks it spread like wildfire and came as near as Yaban Abad, which is only about twenty-eight kilometers from Angora. So long as it was only within the Circassian region it was not of much importance, but as soon as it spread to the vast Turkish areas around Angora it became more than serious.

At the very beginning of the Bolou anti-Nationalist rising Major Husrev and Osman Bey, both deputies from Trebizond, were sent from Angora to Kerede, the purely Turkish district near Bolou, to enlighten and advise the Turks there and prevent them from joining the caliphate forces. But the feeling against us had been intensified by our excommunication and condemnation by the religious and civil courts in Istamboul. And also, it was loudly rumored that an abundance of British gold had been brought by the emissaries of the sultan to support the rising – though of this I have no evidence except that some of the anti-Nationalist staff used British money. Anyhow, the loyalty of the people to the old constitution, together perhaps with foreign money, helped to give rise to one of the cruelest and most uncontrollable of the revolts against us. Unfortunately, some of the smaller units of our own forces, by their cruelty and corruption, themselves kindled our opponents. For instance, Kirshehirly Arif Bey, one of the irregular chiefs who had been sent to crush the anti-revolution, was so cruel and unscrupulous in his methods of extorting money and of punishing people whom he suspected, that a large number of neutrals rose against him and joined the other side. But eventually he himself was mysteriously shot in his tent, and his forces, which had already been defeated, were dispersed, fortunately for everybody concerned. I remember the young doctor who brought us the news. He seemed to be half out of his mind. He said that no man fighting under this terrible leader ever felt safe, for he always knew that he might be shot at any moment to satisfy some personal whim. I realized then what homicidal maniacs a revolution may create, maniacs who torture their own followers and destroy the country they at the beginning set out to serve. We hoped then that the honest and humane Major Husrev would calm down Kerede, which was rightly incensed against us for the misbehavior of Kirshehirly Arif Bey. And we hoped too that the regular forces of Ali Fuad Pasha under Colonel Mahmoud would march toward Bolou through Hendek (which had also become very anti-Nationalist) and restore order by lawful and regular methods. For Colonel Mahmoud was one of those idealistic revolutionaries and patriots who combine strength and loyalty with goodness.

But a series of disasters awaited us. Evidently fighting during times of revolution calls for other methods and other qualifications than those demanded by normal fighting at normal times. It is not enough to be brave and loyal and fair to fight in a revolution. One must be shrewd and even unscrupulous to an extent which the idealistic revolutionist, writing of revolutionary theories or dreaming of the deliverance and happiness of his people, can hardly imagine and cannot willingly accept. So that when a revolution which has arisen for a sacred cause reaches the stage when selfishness and brutality are the means to its

ultimate success, then all the better elements of that revolution disappear. And then when it has achieved its success, one sees the scum at the top beginning all over again those abuses and to remove which the best people have struggled, suffered, and died.

But to return to Major Husrev and Colonel Mahmoud. Both fell victims to their own fine and manly instincts.

Major Husrev reached Kerede with the twenty horsemen who were sent with him. At the far end of Kerede bridge he saw a large crowd waving white flags and calling to him. Taking this peaceful demonstration in good faith, he crossed the bridge in order to talk with them and come to an understanding. But the moment he was among them he was pulled down and struck, and there began a regular stoning and beating which might have ended fatally for him. Major Husrev is one of the handsomest and winsomest men one could meet anywhere. And for once a man's looks saved his life. As he lay on the ground expecting to die, with his head cut open and his face covered with blood and mire, an old man threw himself on his body and began making a dramatic speech, wringing his hands, crying and pleading as though Major Husrev were his own son. Major Husrev heard the old man say: "How can you have the heart to kill such a brave and handsome man? I am old and have not many years to live. For the sake of Allah and the Prophet kill me and spare him!" And strangely enough, for a moment the old man diverted the attention of the crowd and they decided to postpone the killing. So Major Husrev and Osman Bey had enormous chains put round their necks and were then dragged to the town jail amid insults and jeers, the wilder element in the crowd still throwing stones and spitting in their faces. The jail of a provincial town is usually at the entrance of the Government House, where one sees an iron-barred door. Through one of these Major Husrev and Osman Bey were led. And the mob behind still shouted and brandished their knives, threatening to kill them next day. For three days this threat of murder hung over them till the Circassian leader of the anti-Nationalist forces, Sefer by name, had an idea which saved their lives. He had some misgivings at the possibility of the Nationalists retrieving their losses and punishing him severely, so he decided to take Major Husrev and Osman Bey under his protection on the condition that they in turn would protect him in the event of a Nationalist force entering the town. We had the news of their capture from Bolou in all its horrible details, and we also heard that the anti-revolutionists were thinking of sending them to Istantoul to be hanged as examples to us. This news fell like a bomb among us, and left us in a dark cloud of anxiety regarding the possibility of their tragic end.

Almost simultaneously the forces of Colonel Mahmoud were marching on Bolou through Hendek. At that time Colonel Mahmoud's division was the only considerable unit of the regular army that Central Anatolia possessed. It had dislodged the British forces from Eskishehir and was having a sane and normal influence over the irregular forces in the surrounding district, which were very far from being popular among the people. Colonel Mahmoud himself was loved and trusted by every one as very few people are. And there was no doubt that he and his forces together were more than able to quell the civil strife which was then being added to all our other disasters. In consequence, the anti-revolutionists made every possible attempt to influence his men against the Nationalist movement. As they passed through Hendek, men

called from the minarets, "How will you be able to shoot at your own brother?" And it is important to note that the regular Turkish army hates to shoot at civilians. The men who fight at the front very rarely come face to face with the men they are out to kill. And the war in some strange way is not considered as murder by the brave. Besides, there is the incentive of defending one's country or the excitement of conquest, both of which are quite natural and human. And all the talk about principles and ideals does not affect the ordinary men in the army. "God is with us" -- "We are defending civilization" -- these are only war cries even in the Western armies. So that the Turkish soldier, who was already very tired of war and full of the despair of defeat, found himself being offered the new idea that in order to defend Turkey he must shoot his own countrymen and punish his own village. This he had no use for, so that at its outset the Nationalist movement derived its moral force from the revolutionary chiefs of the army -- except for those masses whose home country was actually under foreign control, and who therefore had a natural motive for being revolutionary. And Colonel Mahmoud's division, at a time when the army as a whole was obviously in a state of disintegration, owed its unity and strength almost entirely to the personal magnetism and sympathetic power of its commander.

The division had just passed Hendek, when it came face to face with the caliphate forces, which, however, did not fire. A group of their leaders stood in front and, waving white flags, asked for parley. Then a man came to Colonel Mahmoud and asked him to meet the opposing leaders in the middle of the empty space between his men and theirs. It was suggested to him by his followers that this might mean treachery; but confident of his personal prestige and unable to imagine treachery in that form, he took some of his staff officers with him and went toward the appointed place, the opposing leaders already being on the way there. But before he could arrive, the other side opened fire on him and he and his chief of staff were instantly killed, with about ten bullets through them. The sudden death of its commander was a decisive moment for the division. The greater part of it dispersed and thus we lost our last important regular force.

The news of Colonel Mahmoud's death was not only for us a personal disaster; it forced us to face a very serious general situation. It was clear that a regular army was an unreliable instrument, as it would not fight with the reactionaries who were threatening to bring the Nationalist resistance to an end. The only power we could depend on at that moment to establish our prestige was that of the irregular revolutionary bands. And that had distinct disadvantages. Those scattered units were difficult to unite and impossible to discipline. If some of their leaders were idealists willing to sacrifice everything for the cause, most of the rank and file combined with patriotism a lust for power and a greed for gold; and it was obvious that, but for a few exceptions, neither leaders nor led would ever be popular among the people of Anatolia. The very best among them talked vaguely and dangerously about revolution and reform: all were instinctively against the formation of a regular army; all had different ideas as how the country should be administered; all hated authority and established power; all assumed that the people should be ready to give time, money and everything else for their cause. But, strange to say, the feeling against the formation of a regular army was expressed even by very distinguished soldiers. They contended that a regular army was not only

useless in civil war, but also of no value for fighting the Greek army; it was impossible to raise and equip the regular forces necessary to expel the large army of occupation. The only practicable method was to maintain the irregular revolutionary forces and continue a guerrilla warfare which would eventually exhaust the Greeks and perhaps even expel them. This view was taken even by such a distinguished soldier as Colonel Kiazim, the present speaker of the National Assembly.

But the situation was too grave to spend time theorizing; the only thing to do was to use whatever forces were available and to cope with emergencies as they arose. So one just had to accept the power of the irregulars and direct their activities whenever possible. But after the fall of Colonel Mahmoud the anti-Nationalist rising spread like a prairie-fire, and even far off regions were caught alight by some scattered spark and added to the general conflagration.

Edhem, who at that time seemed to be the only one who could supply the necessary troops, was asked to come and extinguish the Bolou rising. He had just defeated Anzavour, but he set out for Bolou, though he was rather slow about it. Demirji Mehmed Effe, one of the leaders on the Smyrna front, was asked to send us reinforcements. As he stood between the Greek army and a large part of Anatolia, he had but few men to spare. Some of these were led by Colonel Refet; and Major Nazim, one of Demirji Effe's staff officers, marched with a small force toward Bolou. They were to take up a front in Modurnou and stop the continual flow of anti-revolutionary forces from Bolou. This was the situation while the Great National Assembly was sitting in Angora during the months of June and July.

One night when we gathered in the central hall after dinner a despatch arrived from Edhem, who had just reached Bolou. It was a series of death sentences which he wanted Mustafa Pasha to sign, and the list included the names of Sefer and his companions who had protected Major Husrev and Osman Bey, and who had in turn been promised protection and safety. Though indirectly, Angora had, in fact, given them its word of honor that they would be pardoned in return for what they had done; and all of us present were firmly against their sentences being signed. When it looked as if Mustafa Kemal Pasha was going to sign them, in spite of the opposition of everybody there, I stood up and spoke. And let me say here once and for all that although at that period I was present when nearly every critical decision was made, I never offered my opinion before being asked of it. Besides, Mustafa Kemal Pasha always asked for everybody else's opinion as well as mine, and in action followed that which was in agreement with his own views. There has been a great deal of nonsense published since in the foreign papers about my being the woman behind Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and it has been stated that I even influenced his strategic decisions. That is entirely untrue. There was always much general talk before decisions were made; he insisted on hearing the views of everybody present, and whatever he discussed with me he also discussed with many who had practically no intellectual standing. On this occasion I did for once speak before he asked for my opinion, and I spoke very emphatically against signing the death sentences of those men to whom pardon had been promised. It was open treachery to allow Edhem to butcher men who, when in a similar situation themselves, had shielded our friends; and I hated the idea that a new government which boasted of being

based on high principles should be tainted with such an act. But I spoke in vain. I soon saw that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was obdurate. Occasionally his eyes flashed, then again went cold and pale; the lines of his face deepened, his eyebrows stood out, and altogether he looked extremely dangerous. He openly avowed that in our condition there was no place for mercy, pity, and sentimental morality; that scruples about breaking a promise were a sign of weakness; that any who indulged in such considerations were bound never to succeed. Once we got hold of our enemies, there was one thing to do, promise or no promise, and that was to kill them; dead men can't cause trouble.

It is only now that I realize how significant his words were, and how they symbolized the government he then meant to set up and which he has since succeeded in establishing. But even then I could not help seeing how much like Edhem he was, and how ruthless and primitively practical are these men of destiny who upset old dispensations and impose their own order on a nation. And although Mustafa Kemal Pasha's ideas, which still dominate his administration, have numberless supporters all over the world, I still believe that they represent only a short-sighted, expediency which, though it may make for immediate success, in the long run will make men feel so unsafe that they will rebel against it for the sake of security if not for the sake of morality. But time then was too precious to be lost on philosophical speculations; and I saw at once that Mustafa Kemal Pasha had made up his mind. I looked round the room and every face there reflected more or less the same helpless indignation and disgust. Then I met Colonel Ismet's eyes. He was sitting in an arm-chair and leaning forward to hear what was being said. His face was lined with thought, his black eyes alight. He rose and walked to Mustafa Kemal Pasha's desk with that brisk lively pace of his. He leaned over the desk and, looking Mustafa Kemal Pasha straight in the face, began to speak.

Even now I can see it all if I close my eyes. The corner desk with its littered papers; the gray face under the gray calpak; the eyes that now go colorless with anger, now flash with sinister determination; the fair eyebrows erect like those of a royal tiger which intends to keep its prey though inferior animals threaten to take it. Then in front of the gray figure, which is so like a blind and inevitable force of nature, the slight figure in khaki: the head, receding at the back and with a bald patch on top, and the pale gesticulating hand. I have elsewhere spoken of Colonel Ismet's attractive style of speaking. But never has his Turkish sounded so simple, so sane and wise in its humanity, as it did then. Allah bless him for that night! He spoke and spoke: he answered Mustafa Kemal Pasha's arguments one by one, insisted that if we were to be a government with any claims at all to decency we must keep our word, that a certain regularity of procedure was essential even in emergencies, that nothing could be achieved without some measure of mutual trust between the government and the people. He said this is the simplest and most attractive way, but Mustafa Kemal Pasha replied to every one of his points, and there followed so intense a dispute that had human lives not been at stake we might have sat back and enjoyed it as a brilliant dialectic display. I remember how I felt when I saw, as I had so often seen before, the pearl-white Angora dawn illumine the widow behind Mustafa Kemal Pasha's back and cause the yellow light of the lamp to dwindle into a dirty insignificant flare. I wanted to shout aloud: "Look, it is morning!" But I saw Mustafa Kemal Pasha rise,

ring the little bell on his table angrily, and tell the orderly who answered to call Hayati Bey. Then he leaned over, wrote a few lines, and signed. I see again Colonel Ismet's eyes hurriedly scanning the lines, then lifting his head with a smile of joy like a small boy. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had asked Edhem not to kill Sefer and those of his men who had been given a promise of pardon.

The next morning I was in my office at headquarters when Hayati Bey brought the despatches from which I usually prepare news for the Anatolian Agency.

"What news from Bolou?" I asked.

"They had already been executed before Mustafa Kemal Pasha's orders had gone."

Did Mustafa Kemal Pasha feel that Edhem would destroy these men anyway, with or without his consent? Where would it all end if Edhem and leaders like him could wantonly take human life without any control? How unutterably horrible was the suffering of a people during civil war and revolution! And this was worse than civil war. There was the sultan's government preying on the people; there was the French occupying Cilicia and sending Armenian legions to persecute the people too; there were the Greeks around Smyrna massacring, burning, ravaging, and violating every human law; there were the Allies in Istamboul oppressing the Turks at their pleasure – there was the whole Western world with its everlasting "Down with the Turks!" There were Western statesmen insisting that the big stick should always be used with Orientals, with the unspeakable Turks; and, amid it all, there we were, the Nationalists, fighting to free our people from all their alien oppressors. I realized then as I had never realized before the ordeal of the Turkish people, walled in by the world's hatred, divided against themselves by internal strife.

Life at headquarters, although apparently calm, had intense moments of danger and perplexity. But the day passed for me with my usual work in my little office, translating, writings, typing. Occasionally Mustafa Kemal Pasha would come in, sit down for a little while, order coffee, and talk or muse, looking through the window at the picturesque lines and colors of Angora which stretched away into the distance. He looked harassed and at moments almost hopeless, although he continued with the utmost subtlety and energy trying to keep in touch with and direct the dispersed units which were struggling for the cause. At no time had those working nearest him felt more warmly or affectionately toward him. He was suffering from some internal trouble and had frequent fevers. Dr. Refik was continually hovering round him, and Dr. Adnan used to watch his face with utmost anxiety. After a long hard day we would gather together in the central hall, where he sat working.

He would sit at his desk in the corner, leaning over his papers, the large lamp with its yellow flicker burning and burning. Colonel Ismet walked up and down. Jami Bey, who was commissary of the people for the interior, sat with his portfolio on his lap waiting to discuss matters with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. For every event in the interior raised such harassing problems that the usual methods of dealing with them were not to be thought of. Every half hour Hayati Bey, Mustafa Kemal Pasha's secretary, would come in with despatches. They always concerned the fighting between our scanty forces and the almost general rising against us, and their contents were invariably something like this:



“Is that Angora? This is the town of X. I am the kaimakam (governor). The anti-Nationalist caliphate army is approaching. I can hear the uproar in the town; I believe the townspeople will join them. Can you give me instructions before the cut the wires?”

And after the despatch Hayati Bey would add, with a military salute: “The wires show earth” – which meant “The wires are cut.”

That was one of the methods of revolution.

Or the despatch might read like this:

“Is that Angora? I am the telegraph operator of the town X. The wires are cut, but I have managed to place an instrument at two hours’ distance from the town and can communicate all night. I have been listening to the conversation of the governor of --- with the anti-revolutionaries. He has come to an understanding with them. I will now repeat the conversation: ‘. . .’ He is a traitor.”

And so it continued: every night we found ourselves severed from more towns and centers. Yet amid all the unspeakable dangers of civil war, these telegraph operators, mostly men poorly paid, half clad, and half starving, continued to perform their brave and patriotic service; no one can tell how brave and loyal they were.

And then, as night advanced and the yellow light went pale because of the coming dawn, every one there looked weary and haggard. Mustafa Kemal Pasha looked the most weary and haggard of them all. Never did he look so hopeless as then: there were moments when his eyes and his whole mien seemed like those of a powerful tiger caught in a trap, angry and afraid.

It was always morning when we went down to get a few hours’ sleep. But even that sleep was not guaranteed. We did not know the moment when the caliphate soldiers might come and tear us from our beds and kill us in one of the many horrible ways they had found of killing every Nationalist they could lay hands on. It was during the days when they dragged the wounded officers from the hospital of Bolou and smashed their heads in with stones in front of the building itself.

It was one of those nights as we walked from headquarters to the farm that I missed the friendly bark of Karabash, the grand old mother sheep-dog. Next morning I heard that she had been shot by some one unknown. Within the same week I missed her six-months-old puppy: he no longer paraded majestically among the trees or sent bloodcurdling howls along the deserted road. Next morning I heard that he too was dead: he had been mysteriously poisoned. Naturally this looked as though something might soon happen to us.

At this time there was only one place where the Nationalists were in the ascendant: that was in Modurnou, where Major Nazim’s force stood firmly against the regular attacks of the anti-revolutionary forces from Bolou. Major Nazim had been joined by Major Ibrahim, one of the old Unionists from Saloniki. In those days he seemed a modest and very patriotic man with a good deal of understanding. He managed to influence the villagers in our favor, so that around Modurnou peasants who had been alienated from us by the cruel treatment of Kirshehirly Arif Bey were once more helping the Nationalists in their defense work. Night after night the news that this position was still being held was our one gleam of hope.

But attacks on it had been no means subsided, and between Bolou and Angora village after village was rising. He had no force strong enough to prevent them, and in any case we never knew when or where to expect an outbreak. It was mostly mob force which suddenly flared up, killed, and destroyed, then dispersed by itself.

One memorable evening I went down to the farm early because I felt too sick and feverish to stay at headquarters. Dr. Adnan came with the others in the early morning. Before he went to bed he said: "Last night was the night of our lives. There was a moment when nearly all the wires were cut, firing was heard quite near, and there was a general panic."

Those days I noticed that something unusual was happening at headquarters: a large number of horses were arriving led by soldiers.

"What are those horses for?" I asked an officer.

"Precautionary measures," he answered.

"In what way?"

"Well, if the situation does not improve, we may be obliged to leave Angora. We will go to Sivas again. We're thinking of procuring a carriage for you."

No, I did not want a carriage, and I told him so. I wasn't going away. Not that he must think of me as being braver than they were. Not by any means. I have been beset all my life with all sorts of fears, real and unreal. But I was free, at least for a time, from the physical fear the mob and adversity in revolution inspire. And I had thought out the whole situation clearly. It was like this: if we had one single chance in a hundred to bring this struggle to a successful end it was here in Angora. Even our lives were safer in Angora than if we left for Sivas. Certainly we had infinitely more chance if we firmly stood our ground than if we wavered and showed that we were afraid.

That evening Dr. Adnan took me aside and told me the same story. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had told him at the assembly that the time to leave Angora had come, and that I would be sent on ahead in a carriage. I answered him as I had answered the officer. He listened patiently and said: "I'll get some poison tomorrow. I will never face the death a mob would give one." And he did carry poison on him for ever so long. What made it possible for me to be calm and without worry was the news I had received from Istamboul concerning the boys. Mr. Charles Crane had replied to my sister and had undertaken the education of the boys in America. They were to start in October.

One morning as I was going up to headquarters I met Major Shukri, the brave and stalwart leader of our few forces near Istamboul, and with him Lieutenant Bekir. I turned back with them and took them to my room to hear the news. Having had to withdraw from the region between Ismid and Istamboul, they had come over to join us.

"By the way," said Major Shukri, "do you know how to shoot? And have you received a revolver?"

“The report of a gun in my hand would make me jump two meters high,” I said. “Besides, ammunition is almost unprocurable; and, anyhow, I haven’t one. I could easily get a Mauser from headquarters, but I couldn’t handle it. I’ve tried and I can’t lift it, even.”

He laughed and, taking his own Parabellum from his pocket, began to play with it.

“Now,” he said, “we’ll go behind the farm and you’ll begin to practice. No. You won’t jump two meters high when it bangs. You will soon learn to take any noise calmly. And I am going to give you my own revolver as a present.”

So we walked to a few hundred yards behind the farm where there was a queer hut dug out of a mound of earth. It had a wooden door. As the hut was completely buried in the mound, we could use the door as a target with out being in danger of hitting anybody. Then I learned that even shooting has its own psychological knack, that one can become quite unconscious of a noise which before made me jump, and that one learns to see with an accuracy one had never thought possible. It became a very absorbing practice. And out there in Angora that tiny door behind the farm probably carries our bullet-holes to this day; and there is a little sham coin which Major Shukri nailed there, and a ring of holes carefully encircling it which are mine. He gave me a good stock of ammunition, and when it was known that I had taken to the sport of shooting, several friends supplied me with cartridges. Strange to say, we felt safer now that one of us had a firearm and could use it. I remember discussing with Jami Bey, before we retired, the strategic points of the part of the building where we slept. He had a Mauser and was to hold the stairs while I held the window should we be attacked.

Colonel Refet had come to Angora with three hundred Zeibeks, Smyrna mountaineers, and was about to join the fighting Modurnou was still holding out, but the people roundabout were vacillating between us and the caliphate army, and sometimes rising in wild revolt and killing many whom they supposed to be Nationalists and infidels: somehow the two went together in the minds of the people. It was also a rule among them to kill all who shaved and wore collars. It was after dinner and we were sitting in the central hall. I had drawn up my chair near Colonel Refet, who was smoking peacefully. The peasant women of Kalaba, the village headquarters, had complained for the second time of the Zeibeks who were quartered nearby. The village nestles at the foot of the hill on which the headquarters building stands. In front of the village stretches a fertile plain where the villagers have their fields, and across which the Tchubouk River flows through clusters of willow-trees which hang over the water. The women do their washing on the shores of the river, and, in fact, their lives are lived mostly roundabout there. These women had complained that the Zeibeks came too often near the river, and that they stared at the village girls in a way that made their hearts leap into their mouths with fear. The Zeibeks were very wild-looking men, very strangely dressed, and armed to the teeth. I had promised some of the villagers that I would speak to Colonel Refet about it, and that was why I had drawn up my chair near his.

I remember vaguely Hayati Bey in with the usual despatches and giving the news whose grim details even had become too familiar to excite me. Colonel Refet smiled quizzically at the complaint of the women. “I ordered that they should not go down to the plain when you complained last week; but they are

starting for the front tonight,” he said. It was at this point that Hayati Bey came in again. “The wires are cut, sir,” he said to Mustafa Kemal Pasha – not forgetting his usual rigid military salute. And no sooner were the words out of his mouth than firing began outside: sometimes solitary shots, sometimes a regular volley. At once every one was excited; Mustafa Kemal Pasha walked about and gave orders, gesticulating, his eyes gleaming, and every one else was on foot and moving about too. Perhaps everybody thought we were living our last minutes and that headquarters would immediately be surrounded by a mob.

At that moment my dominating feeling was curiosity. For the first time I was seeing these great men in a moment of imminent danger. How would they face it? The civilians in the room didn't interest me; they were frankly frightened and their faces showed it. But the two great soldiers famous for their courage, Mustafa Kemal Pasha and Colonel Refet – what of them? Well, Mustafa Kemal Pasha faced it badly; but Colonel Refet seemed quite indifferent and sat smoking in the same peaceful and slightly sleepy way. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was obviously nervous and, what is more, could not conceal it. Now, having suffered myself from fear complexes of every known variety, it is a feeling I have always observed with the greatest possible care and interest. And Mustafa Kemal Pasha is one of the men who will be known in history as among the most daring. I have seen him on the battle-field. Although a commander-in-chief is not exposed to the same danger as the common soldiers, he is as courageous as the Turkish private, whose standard of bravery is unequalled in the world. He can walk through the trenches or stand upright in the midst of firing, when he might easily take shelter and protect himself. And he has the dash and insouciance of a subaltern. Yet he lacks the courage needed to face a mob, and I believe he lacks the courage which can survive without a gallery. All this I saw in a flash and in a flash realized its significance to us. He would never jeopardize his safety by any action that had more than the appearance of bravado. And at that moment his safety meant the success of the Nationalist movement. This was to the good so long as the national hopes were identical with the undertakings of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. And it never occurred to me then to consider the possibility of his personal ambition to become a detrimental to the Turkish nation. Arriving at this queer conclusion at that critical moment, I walked out of the room quite sure that if this time we escaped, Mustafa Kemal Pasha would never again place himself in such a dangerous situation.

Outside the central hall young officers were walking about making preparations to defend us. They were absolutely calm and their movements were not different from those of every day. I heard the voice of one of them telephoning in an adjoining room: “What's that? Did you say that the firing was done by the Zeibeks who are going to the front? Please see that they don't waste any more ammunition: they must stop it at once. Besides, the city of Angora may be nervous.” Then he went into the central hall and announced to the excited gathering that the Zeibeks had been demonstrating before going the front. I remember some one remarking that Turkish regulars would never had done such a thing and that it was high time some sort of discipline was imposed on those harum-scarum troops.

Next day there was another discussion about leaving Angora: but it was the last. For although that week had been one of the most exciting, our position was becoming obviously secure. Colonel Refet had left with his wild army in the morning, the caliphate onslaught was slackening, and no new centers were

joining the enemy, although there were few left that hadn't joined them. And the Bolou rising having more or less subsided, Edhem was coming to Angora.

When he came the streets were thronged with his men, all of them beautifully equipped in a wild irregular fashion. The sight was rather imposing. There were even women fighters. Edhem himself was the picturesque of all. He was received with great honors. Mustafa Kemal Pasha lent him his car, the only car we had in Angora then; and the National Assembly stood up and greeted him with loud cheers.

It was at headquarters that I saw him first. One morning on the way to my office I found myself among a crowd of armed men who stood starrng at the central hall with their hands on their hips. I knew them at once to be Nationalist fighters and guessed they were Edhem's body-guard. Later I went into the central hall to show some reports to Mustafa Kemal Pasha and found there a tall gaunt figure sitting in an arm-chair opposite Mustafa Kemal Pasha. As he rose to kiss my hand I saw how tall and unusually striking he was. He had to stoop to speak to us and his figure was more like that of a power skeleton than like that of a body of flesh and blood. It was built on the best Circassian model – very high shoulders, a slim waist, long arms and legs, and a large fair head with a short nose and eyes whose gaze was even paler and colder than that of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. The whole face was very pale, the sort of pallor that is unaffected by the sun, wind or frost. And sometimes the eyes paled to a degree of colorlessness that was uncanny. The short nose gave the cadaverous features pugnacity, and the cheek-bones, chin, and well-shaped head an air of pride.

I could not help thinking that it was not the famous soldiers or the intelligentsia in Angora who put Mustafa Kemal Pasha in the shade, but this fantastic-looking simple Circassian fighter. And, naturally, I could not help comparing and contrasting them, for a future clash between Edhem representing irregular methods and Mustafa Kemal Pasha representing disciplined methods appeared to be quite possible.

During the interval of comparative security I had more time to observe the people around me. Mustafa Kemal Pasha seemed to be occupied studying everything in his surroundings which would be of use to him when he should come into power. He was most interested in the clericals. And he was reading with an intense concentration that period of early Mohammedan history when the Moslem republic of the first twenty-four years, which was an almost ideal democracy, was struggling against Mouavie who founded the Ommiad dynasty and caliphate and changed the democratic representative government of the Moslems into a despotic dynastic rule. The shrewdness, the unscrupulousness, and the almost diabolical intelligence of Mouavie, and the way he took advantage of the extreme chivalry of his enemies, especially of that of Ali, the fourth caliph, fired Mustafa Kemal Pasha's imagination and moved him to admiration. He had begun to read about that period because of the possibility of the religious elements in Angora becoming a powerful influence, and, as he was studying them with a view to using them for his future glory, one of his tactics was to impress the clerical mind with his knowledge of religious history.

This was about the middle of the summer of 1920. Life at headquarters was of the austerest. We lived like members of a newly founded religious order in all the exaggerated puritanism of its inception. Mustafa Kemal Pasha shared our life, and while among us was as strictly pure as a sincere Catholic priest.

But some evenings he disappeared, and we knew that some feast had been prepared in one of the summer-houses round about Angora for him and for those men he wanted to meet. He would always tell us about it next morning. "Last night I worsted the hodja So-and-so in a religious discussion," he would say with almost childish glee. Then he would add in a sneering tone something like this: "Hanum Effendi, don't you believe in the holiness and purity of the hodjas. In public they're against drink, aren't they? But they can outdrink anyone, as well as . . ." For those nights they let Mustafa Kemal Pasha see their weaknesses, and evidently he was not imposed upon by their market value as moralists and religious teachers of the people; but he tried to keep on good terms with them till that day when he would be free and powerful enough to dictate to them.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha during all those first months, and during those brief periods of crisis when I worked near him in later years, was never other than sober and correct in his person. And entirely occupied dealing with the situation at hand. But a student of human nature observing him then, or in his present mode of life, is obliged to admit that he must be considered as one of those human beings who are abnormal morally. Immoral he certainly was not; he was merely amoral. He never accepted the current standard of human morality, or saw its necessity. Those people who professed moral ideals or claimed to adhere to austere standards were to him either hypocrites like the hodjas or, if there were a few who were genuine and consistent, then they were just fools. But he was intelligent enough to see that any such fools make very valuable and dependable tools in times of crisis such as ours was then.

Although his cynicism sickened one at times, it was impossible not to admire the emphatic way in which he attacked shams. But the man was a paradox. The very next moment one saw him trying to establish other shams which happened to suit his temperament better than the ones he had displaced. He seemed to have no convictions whatever: he adopted now one thing and now another with the same vehemence and energy, no matter how contradictory they were, so long as he thought they would benefit him and the cause in some way. But one could not condemn him too severely in those days. The success of the cause he believed to be the only event by which he could realize his own dreams of grandeur, so that nothing could be allowed to stand in the way of his achieving that end. Had we not given up everything we possessed in life for the success of the cause? And were not we willing to let him or any one else enjoy all the benefits of success if we could but once see Turkey freed from the murdering hordes which were overrunning it?

But perhaps the most characteristic element in Mustafa Kemal Pasha's make-up was his complete lack of heart. At that time it gave him an ascendancy, for he could work out his plans untroubled by human weaknesses. And pity, affection, sacrifice were to him useless weaknesses. Intelligence and self-interest were what mattered in the intricate scheme of human life. Nothing spiritual, nothing which could not be explained by the everyday intelligence, was worth considering. The intelligent man uses other people who have these weaknesses, but he himself remains an absolute materialist and a heartless one at that. But here again a paradox. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was superstitious. He was deeply affected by omens. I remember a green cloth of Arabic inscriptions of magic a clairvoyant sent him which he had hung against the wall

behind the desk. And he was constantly telling of the dreams of his followers. And his followers always managed to have good dreams, dreams which foretold his success.

Bekir Sami Bey, the commissary for foreign affairs, and Yussuf Kemal Bey, the commissary for economics, left for Russia to complete the negotiations relating to the first formal treaty between the two countries and to sign it in Moscow. In a world which had disowned Turkey as a member of the human family, Bolshevik Russia alone was ready to accept her and encourage her in her struggle for existence. In sentiment France also seemed to be on our side, and occasionally Frenchmen came to Angora to talk things over, but as yet there had been no serious result.

The friendship with Russia and the policy of the Western governments to exterminate Turkey, together with those influences which had brought the Government of the Great National Assembly into existence, were now giving rise to two distinct trends of thought which were causing fierce dissensions in all thinking circles. The conflict was between the two ideals which in those days were known as the *Garb-Mefkuressi* (the Western ideal) and the *Shark-Mefkuressi* the Eastern ideal).

Those who adhered to the Western ideal had tried to shape the new government on Western lines, but had not succeeded as completely as they had hoped. And they still wanted to organize the economic, social, and educational systems of the new Turkey on those Western models which Turkey had been struggling to attain since 1839, at the cost of so much bloodshed and suffering. In their foreign policy, however, they were in complete agreement with those who adhered to the Eastern ideal – that is, they opposed the policy behind the Western armies to convert Turkey into a series of colonies; and they therefore believed that to face this aggressive policy soviet Russia was the only power with which friendship and cooperation were possible. But they were nevertheless determined not to copy its internal politics or its economic system. Considering that the West was universally hated in Turkey on account of the massacres and oppression she had suffered at the hands of its agents, the Greeks and the Armenians, great courage was needed to express any confidence at all in Western institutions. However, among the men of education in Angora the few who counted were mostly Westernizers, and there was one consideration very much in their favor. The dispersed leaders of the army would be instinctively against the sovietic system: they would resent any civilian interference in military matters and would be shocked by any theoretical suggestions which tended to destroy discipline or undermine the military hierarchy, for in Turkey the military caste is perhaps the only one still unbroken.

The Eastern ideal is more difficult to define. It was an amorphous collection of ideas arising from thwarted desires for some more congenial state of affairs which should be appropriate to the East. These ideas were of course very much influenced by the Russian revolution, and the man who may perhaps be considered as the most important representative of the Eastern ideal was Hakki Bahidge Bey, who was one of the few who had seriously studied the Marxist philosophy. He was then commissary for finance, and had been one of the foremost and one of the youngest among the incorrigibly idealistic members of the Union and Progress. He read constantly and shaped his ideas according to books rather than according to

events. But very rarely could one meet a more loving and sincere soul. He loved mankind in general and Turks in particular, and was born with a great heart ready to share all he had with his kind, and a mind which rebelled against all barriers of class, wealth, race, or religion which separate man from man. So that with him the essence of communism was an instinct. He had been responsible for the first draft of the new government which Mustafa Kemal Pasha had proposed to his intimate supporters and then had had accepted in a modified form by the National Assembly.

He lived on a little hill opposite headquarters known as Etlik, and very often we went to see him. One found all sorts of people staying there. For his wife had sentiments very much like his, so that besides his own numerous children one found also adopted orphans and stray dogs which they both tended with as much care and interest as they did their own.

I was very eager to know how he proposed to realize the Eastern ideal in Turkey. For Turkey was, at that time, a vast territory of unexploited land which needed either forty million hands or very up-to-date machinery and first-rate transport to make it prosperous. At most there were only a very scattered population of about fourteen million, but little means of transport or communication. Agriculture, which was the staple means of livelihood, was still in a comparatively primitive state. And though the land was free, so that any one who would work it could own it, there was not enough money to work it properly, and what men there were had been on the battle-field for years. There was as yet no industry and in consequence no labor problem. So far as the administration of the country had been in imitation of the West, so that its social life was that of a Moslem community which had been slightly Westernized. Therefore, such being the state of Turkey at that time, while it remained obvious to me that before any new system could be imposed it was necessary to clear the country of those large foreign forces which were draining its life, I could not see on what basis a new economic and administrative order could even then be established. Anyhow, even such a country as Germany, which was most efficiently organized and unhappy enough to catch a new ideal, had not succeeded in establishing a Communist system: so that for Turkey such a leap seemed to me to be well-nigh impossible. But still, I was quite willing to hear all Hakkı Behidge Bey had to say and even to be converted.

I found, however, that he evaded rather than answered my objections. He said that he was not proposing anything workable. He argued endlessly that Western civilization had outlived its time and was doomed. All over the world something new was struggling to be born, but especially in the East. The New was still in an unformed state, but by its growth it was destroying the whole fabric of the Old. Therefore, by the time Turkey could be thoroughly Westernized, there would be no Western civilization left. Why then cling to that which is already falling into decay? He held the belief in the advent of the New as fanatically as a religious creed; and he was glad, in a way, that Mustafa Kemal Pasha had taken a new initiative when he set up the government of the Great National Assembly. But Mustafa Kemal Pasha had not been looking at it as an idealistic dreaming of what was to come. He just considered the practical value of the loose, semi-democratic, semi-sovietic system as a basis for personal power in the future, and was



shrewd enough to see that the more old landmarks he destroyed the easier it would be to get people to look at his new ones.

Another man who shared Hakki Behidge Bey's dreams arrived from Istamboul. This was Hikmet Bey, the grandson of the old Grand Vizir Kiamil Pasha, who was well known to the English-speaking world. Kiamil Pasha was particularly pro-British and stood out against the high-handed policy of the Union and Progress, always hoping that his personal prestige with the English would enable him to help Turkey in her foreign affairs by winning England over to her side when she should come into power. But he had been rudely disillusioned, and his grandson, Hikmet Bey, with the impetuosity of youth, took the attitude of Britain toward Turkey as typical of the Western world and hated it without discrimination. He had studied at the Sorbonne for years, and his French was perfect. He had already been a brilliant teacher of mathematics and had come very much under the influence of Marxian doctrines, which he now regarded as the means of saving the world: he longed whole-heartedly to see Turkey become Bolshevik. Never having lived away from his mother's home before, he was very glad to be able to stay with us at the farm, and he had a great affection for Dr. Adnan.

With his arrival a more serious attempt was made to organize the Foreign Office. Although many of his ideas seemed rather raw, no one could deny his sincerity or his ability to set in motion the sort of work which was necessary for the foreign department. And he was of real service to his country when the treaty of Sevres was signed on August 10, 1920. This treaty was like fresh fuel thrown on the smoldering fire of hatred which the Western world had provoked by its conduct in Turkey. Hikmet Bey wrote an excellent simplified explanation of the terms of the treaty, and no pains were spared to let the country know its evil significance. For although Hikmet Bey called himself a Communist, and was convinced that a Communist government was best, he managed paradoxically to be Turk enough to want Turkey to be independent not only of the West but of Russia. And this was very unusual for a Communist.

Other than Hakki Behidge and Hikmet Beys, who were both well read and both definite in their desire that Turkey should turn her back on the West not only politically but in every other way, there were classes of people who interpreted the Eastern ideal in different ways.

There were the irregular chiefs. These, for some reason, needed a new label in order to reconcile themselves to what was happening. Their forces were supported by the people either voluntarily or otherwise, but whether they were moderate in their methods and direct in their intentions, or whether they were using the revolution to acquire wealth and personal power, they seemed to feel justified by having some new name or another. An organization called the "*Yeshil Ordu*" (Green Army) had come into existence under the leadership of Hakki Behidge Bey. Then Edhem joined it and published a paper in Eskishehir called "*Yeni Dunia*" (The New World). But this evidently made Mustafa Kemal Pasha uneasy, for the "Green Army" was then dissolved.

And besides the irregular chiefs, there was another class of persons who, though less numerous and less important, interested me more. These were the clericals, or rather those who were clerical in mind though not always in profession. The power of the clerical in Turkey had been broken for at least a

generation, and no new regime had missed an opportunity of reducing it still more. Yet distinguished individuals among them had stood up for liberalism and reform every since the Tanzimat, and now some of them were interpreting the Eastern ideal as a revival of the first democratic age of Mohammed.

Out of the heated conflict between the ideals of East and West arose the Turkish Communist party. It was under the leadership of Hakki Behidge Bey and it came into existence not only with the approval but at the express desire of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. As usual, he was looking at it from an entirely practical and political viewpoint. He knew that the Sevres treaty had so intensified the hatred of the West that something had to be done. And he knew that it would be a compliment to Russia, whose sympathies the treaty had already provoked, and who was certainly our only possible supporter. Though probably his dominant thought was that if the country suddenly went Bolshevik of its own accord, it would then be safer for him to have a nucleus of the party in his hands by means of which he might get control of the new force.

There were Turks in Russia who were taking to Bolshevism as ducks to water. The Communist party of the Turks in Baku was headed by one named Mustafa Soubhi Bey, who was evidently *persona grata* in the eyes of the Bolsheviki. It is true, they still retained Enver Pasha, but they could have no confidence in him; for, like Mustafa Kemal Pasha, he couldn't dream of Turkey being under a foreign rule, not even that of Russia. Mustafa Soubhi Bey, however, was evidently no half-hearted Communist and had quite outgrown the bourgeois ideals of patriotism and independence. The existence of these Turks in Russia who might return and lay hands on Turkey contributed to make Mustafa Kemal Pasha encourage the newly born Communist party, so that he might cope with nay emergency which might arise.

I cannot remember exactly what were the activities of the party, Hakki Behidge Bey was the only one of them I knew; and I know that very soon he was out of favor with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Evidently he was riding the high horse of his ideal and not carrying Mustafa Kemal Pasha's orders.

Concerning the influence of the Russian embassy in propagating the Eastern ideal one can form only hazardous guesses, though some have tried so hard to detect Communist conspiracies. At this time, however, the Russian embassy was not yet established, although individuals who called themselves Bolsheviki were arriving from Moscow. The first to come were Turks and Moslems, but they were joined later by an increasing number of Russians. It was rumored that they were subsidizing some of the people who were interested in the Eastern ideal. And though it was impossible to suspect men like Hakki Behidge and Hikmet Beys, it was evident that the Communists had a very efficient propagandist system.

I realized this when a Turkish Bolshevik called Vakass came to see me. He had been a member of the "Green Army" before it was dispersed, and I believe it was Hikmet Bey who brought him over. It was evening and there were quite a number of people in my room. He spoke Turkish with a Kurdish accent, for he had come from the South Diarbekir region, where Turks and Kurds are so mixed that it is difficult to say which is which. He had the dark face and the childlike affection and dependence of the Kurd, with the shrewd yet fanciful talkativeness of one born in the South. He combined a practical utilitarian spirit and a grabbing and rather efficient way of doing things with a whimsical tenderness and an unlimited imagination.

He looked at me in a curious way, and his black eyes seemed to say: "You and I will understand each other. You are a woman, and you will be simply swept away by the beautiful things I am going to tell you." One could see how eagerly he was anticipating the moment when he would begin, and that he was relishing beforehand the admiration and applause like a poor simple clown in a village fair. He hadn't any personal belief in what he was going to say: it was all part of his job; but it was the kind of job he enjoyed doing, and which he did with great dramatic ability. "Now, Vakass," said someone at last, "tell Halide Hanum about Bolshevism." He overlooked the mocking tone with indulgent scorn and began. And I still have a clear picture in my mind of Vakass as he expounded Bolshevism. He is sitting on the floor with his legs under him and a hand on each knee like the humble preachers in the corner of a mosque. And though it is hardly visible, one feels the slight swaying of his body which accompanies his speech and one senses its primitive rhythm. Actually he may have been sitting on a chair, but that is my picture of him; and I can't dissociate him from a poor hodja who preaches in the mosque corners or in the open places during Ramazan and spreads handkerchief to receive his fee from the people. For the hodja too it is a job; in one month he earns his few necessaries for the other eleven. And though he does it with the seriousness of business, there is something winningly honest about him: he believes that he is selling spiritual necessaries which the people require and that quite justly he is being paid for it. He would work with just the same uncritical intensity if his job happened to be fighting, or laying bricks, or weaving carpets. Vakass, though, was a little different: he had humor and art as well, and in his soul he was dimly aware of his fundamental unbelief.

"When I have finished," he said, "if there is any point you haven't grasped you may ask me questions and I will clear it up in no time." Then, in the simplest idiomatic Turkish, he proceeded to destroy capitalism in the neatest way I have ever heard it be done. He used two lines of argument and each had its special appeal. The first was for use with people supposed to be of serious minds and spiritual dispositions, and he dwelt on it for a long time. The lust for possession, the lust for money had destroyed the world. It had made all men miserable and turned the masses into mere slaves. Yet while he was speaking I could feel that somewhere inside he was winking at himself and saying: "Don't you believe it, Vakass: you know quite well that it is the nicest thing in the world to have money, or to be comfortable and to live like a grand seignior." Then he produced his second appeal. The good things of the world had stayed far too long in the hands of one class of people; it was high time they changed hands. The masses, the nobodies, it was their turn to live in ease and comfort without working. Let them have a taste of enjoying life. Too long they had worked and slaved with no hope of relief or respite. After all, what was this stupid heredity that gave one man millions and made another a mere drudge? Whatever it was it was absolutely unjust. In this appeal, however, Vakass was entirely sincere. It accorded with the deepest desire of his heart. So that, although when expounding all the other articles of the Communist creed he did so as though he had learned it all by heart, and even occasionally held up his lively flow of words for a moment in order to recall the self-same phrases he had been taught, now he allowed himself to be almost original. And when he came to the refrain "Property must change hands," he lifted up his own hands, which had

hitherto lain passively on his knees, and made a most expressive gesture to illustrate his thought – and perhaps dreamed of all the luxury in store for Vakass should the refrain come true. So he asserted the idea, displayed it, explained it, and fondled it lovingly, then concluded with a joyful gurgle in his throat.

I remember him looking at me then with very bright eyes and with his right hand wiping sweat from his brow on to the floor.

“Now,” he said, absolutely delighted with himself, “ask me questions.”

“How do you deal with the problem of the family, Yoldash (comrade)?” I asked at random – simply because I wanted him to go on.

“Oh, concerning the family and the child . . .” And he continued at a great rate to explain that so long as the child is the property of the family and is brought up in the old bourgeois environment, there is no hope of changing the world. The family is the unit, responsible for the solidarity of the old regime: obviously it must be broken. About marriage he wasn’t quite certain, but he had no doubts about the child. It must be state-owned: it must be brought up to be one of the human machines which shall some day construct the new order. Comrade Vakass wanted the whole of the coming generation, every single individual, to be busy seeing that property changed hands, so that a state might be established in which Vakass would go on talking and get everything done without working. Truly, his was a remarkable performance. I could imagine him talking in a village coffee-house to a crowd of peasants. He would be irresistible. If, after such talk, the peasants did not take their spades and scythes and go to the nearest rich man’s house, murder the owner, and seize his property, then it must be due to some ineradicable conservatism of human nature or to an unduly strong fear of gendarmes.

Vakass was typical of the Bolshevik propagandists that Bolshevik schools were turning out into the world. Every tenet of the Communist creed had been dogmatized and simplified, translated into all languages, and every person who was to preach communism learned the whole thing carefully by heart. It was from this procedure that Bolshevism derived much of its force. And I believe that there are men all over Asia preaching in this way.

The most remarkable among the Russian Communists I met was Comrade Verboff. He was a man with an extremely pale and an extremely small face, with an almost disproportionately large and high forehead. His eyes were small and very far apart and shone with a dark luster. He had a long chin and a pointed beard. He wore a black suit made of some rough cloth, with a leather belt around his waist, and had high riding boots. His interpreter introduced him as one of the commissaries of the soviets from some Ukrainian district. We shook hands and sat opposite each other. His interpreter opened a handbook and began to speak, Verboff adding sentences in Russian occasionally. I liked the direct way he set out to say what he wanted to say without preliminaries. It was all clearly written out in that handbook, and it was practically a repetition of what Vakass had said, only more dull and more in the style of secondary school textbooks. I had hardly listened to what his interpreter was saying; it was Verboff the man who interested me. I noticed that his hands were broad and very clearly designed to be those of a worker; and a worker he was, for he had been a blacksmith. I learned that he was one of the foremost men around Lenin, whose

name he mentioned with reverence. But no fire was lighted in this man's soul by his great love for Lenin. It was not persons – no, not even Marx himself – that kindled his zeal; it was his creed. He was absolutely absorbed in the Communist creed, and he was so because he believed in all simplicity that it was the only one that could save humanity. This extraordinary expression of love and pity for his fellow creatures was with him almost an obsession. He spoke of women with reverence as “my sisters,” and of men as “my brothers.” And he was deeply earnest and devoid of any spark of humor. In his narrative of the horrors of Russia under the old regime he never became personal or even national. To him the suffering of the Russian people was but one part of the suffering of the whole human race, and they in Russia had adopted communism not for their own sake but for the sake of the whole world. And moreover, they would ultimately convert the whole world and save it.

He was watching my face as intently as I was watching his; after a while he began to speak in very bad French. At no point did he become excited, but beneath what he said was the fixed passion of the fanatic. So fanatically was he true to his faith that one shuddered at its hopelessly narrow and unalterable rules, though one was yet grateful for his consistency.

After that interview he frequently came to see me without an interpreter and undertook the task of converting me to communism with bad French.

One day I spoke to him of the horrors I had heard were perpetrated under the Bolshevik regime. He neither denies them nor looked offended, but shook his head sadly. Yes, it was true. The destruction of the old order which had been responsible for the misery of humanity could not be achieved in any other way. He did not deny that many Russians were suffering from the sovietic rule. But it didn't matter. He was willing to sacrifice not only himself but the whole Russian people as a scapegoat for the world's deliverance from tyranny. He was the only Communist who seemed really to have outgrown the instinctive preference for one's own race and one's own country, and I could not help respecting him for it. But I didn't believe that the creed he preached was capable of doing what he claimed for it: and that which will prevent it is the nature of man himself. Always he embraces one creed or another, and always he blunders and works it out in the same messy and inadequate way. It is true there are always the Verboffs, but there are also always the homicidal maniacs who kill for the pleasure of it, like Djerjinsky, and the humble clowns like Vakass who made it just a means of earning a living. And the end of it all always is that the same only tyranny is repeated in new form under some other name.

I did not discuss with him the weakness or inadequateness of his creed. On paper it sounded grand and in parts even sublime. What I did attack was the way they were trying to compel its acceptance. On this we could never agree. His tales about some of the sacrifice undergone by some of the first revolutionaries made my flesh creep. He told me of women who had been brought up to purity and refinement, yet who had gone to the lowest class of boarding house – no, even worse than that: to a sort of brothel for soldiers and sailors, where they lived with them in degradation in order to teach them the sacred principles of the revolution. And Verbeoff, although he was a sincere idealists, was willing to countenance such diabolical outrages on human decency if he imagined they might lead to human happiness in the

future. But to me this fanatical communism was no different from any other unscrupulous religion which refuses to consider its ways and means so long as it achieves its end. Why, then, should one criticize the Inquisition, religious wars, or the ruthless tyranny of the capitalist? These iniquities also employed men of the Verboff stamp. No. So long as any ideal is to be realized "by any ways or means," then one is as good or as bad as another. So that, in spite of my interest in Verboff, I felt sad and discouraged. It seemed to me that poor humanity was doomed to suffer just as much from its idealists and believers as from its villains and infidels.

Although Verboff was indefatigable in his efforts to convert me, he eventually realized that it was an impossible task. And I believe he liked me in spite of his growing conviction that I would never share his views. He brought me no end of Russian pamphlets which I could not read, and copies of all the literature issued by the Third International. All I could read was what was written in French or English; and there, as even in Verboff, I discovered a paradox which tended to limit whatever admiration I had for their apparently sincere desire for the equality of mankind; and that was that they seemed to divide all men into those who were Communists or likely to become Communists and those who were not, and that they had a different standard of judgment for each. Here was a new class division, a new judgment, a new barrier: not one of race or religion, perhaps, but still a barrier all the same.

Verboff, however, was not an official, and later the Soviets sent their first official representative, Comrade Upmal. He was very simple and rather dull. He was as convinced as Verboff and as clean and sober as all the Communists who first came to Angora. None of them spoke any language other than their own, and judging them through their interpreters they had none of them gone beyond a secondary school education. All knew the Communist doctrines by heart and could recite any part of them at will. And one could not help being affected by their air of complete conviction and by the utter simplicity of their lives and habits.

Often one of them opened the conversation with this sentence: "I have read about you in Madame Tirkova's book." And I think it worth while here to add a few words about Madame Tirkova. Her name takes me back to 1910-11. She came to Istantboul at that time as a Russian correspondent, and it was Hussein Jahid Bey who introduced her to me. I remember his saying before he brought her over to my house: "She puts all the Western correspondents in the shade; she is by far the most intellectual and charming personality I have met in the world of journalism." And he had met an enormous number of journalists. But Madame Tirkova was much more than a mere journalist. She was a novelist, a speaker, a feminist, a prominent member of the Cadet party, and a convinced Russian liberal who had suffered imprisonment under the old regime.

She was a woman with serene gray eyes, with great depth of expression, and she had pale hands of great sculptural beauty. Her mouth was sweetly tender and benevolent without spoiling the strong lines of her face or destroying its intellectual poise. I felt rather raw and much out of place in her presence, though I was at once drawn to her with all the impetuosity of my temperament.

Afterward I saw a great deal of her as we went to the schools or the women's clubs together, and I soon discovered that we had more than one thing in common. She loved Russia with an unending passion, and loved it in a way which made her suffer for its misdeeds. And she had a large tolerance and understanding of other people, and a love of liberty which made the Russian regime of those days intolerable. At that time we did not talk politics.

Now I learned from Bolsheviki that she had written a book about her experiences in Turkey called "La Jeune Turquie," in which she had evidently given me some space. I at once tried to find out what had happened to her, for I understood from the tone of the Bolsheviki that the state of things had become so intolerable for her in Russia that she had left it. And I mused sadly over the fate of too sincere and too uncompromising people. But I did not know then that I would come across her again, for all my inquiries as to whether she had been among the White Russians in Istamboul were in vain.

Summer in Angora is short, but it is terrifically hot, and to me all heat is unbearable except that of the desert. So that that summer the efforts I had to make to drag myself through the day's work were almost unendurable, and I found that the drudgery and boredom of a daily routine were far more trying than hardship and danger. Also, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was becoming irritable and fussy. There was no longer sufficient scope for the exercise of his will, so he began to interfere with the details of quite unimportant matters. And the Great National Assembly was not so easy to manage as he had probably expected it to be. It had all the pride and the exaggerated sense of responsibility of a newly constituted body. The very few intelligentsia and the deputies chosen from among minor officers and lesser officials supported him, and also the heads of the irregular Nationalist forces to some extent; but the majority stood apart from him and took up a critical attitude. There were among them many notables from all over Anatolia who for the first time in their lives were in a responsible position, and they realized to the full that it was a most critical moment in their country's destiny. Each knew very well that he represented a fraction of the power formerly wielded by the sultan, whom he now considered to be merely a tool in the hands of foreigners; and each was proudly conscious of the fact that he had run a tremendous risk in undertaking the responsibility for the initial proceedings of the new state he had helped to found. And they were all jealously watching Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and were ever ready to oppose the slightest suggestion which tended to his personal power. So that though they voted unanimously on all questions which were quite obviously of vital importance, they intended to have their own say in all other matters which concerned the working of the state machinery according to the newly formed constitution they had accepted.

Though this attitude of theirs made things very difficult for the executive, one could not help admiring their sincerity and independence of character, for with but very few exceptions they were all genuine lovers of their country. This critical part of the assembly, composed as it was of Anatolian notables, formed the beginning of the opposition and later became known as the Second Group. Besides these and the staunch supporters of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, there was yet another group consisting of a

limited number of clericals who called themselves Independents. Though these were in a small minority, their vote was of great value to either side, as it often turned the scales one way or another.

In spite of the difficulty of handling all these forces, Mustafa Kemal Pasha intended to cope with them and to work through an assembly rather than disperse the house and take the entire responsibility on himself. But it meant an enormous amount of talking – of flattery, persuasion, or bullying; and in many cases it meant giving in to the demands of this or that group, and even sacrificing those who had acted most in accordance with his desires.

Jami Bey was the first to be sacrificed. As commissary for the interior he had tried to work rather in harmony with Mustafa Kemal Pasha than with the assembly. But when in August, 1920, the assembly severely criticized the Department for the Interior, Mustafa Kemal Pasha desisted from backing up Jami Bey and declared that Jami Bey himself must reply to his critics. The moment Mustafa Kemal Pasha left he responsibility on the shoulders of Jami Bey the feeling of the house underwent a curious change. Jami Bey was asked to explain, and when he had done so he was given a vote of confidence and greeted with loud applause. But in the midst of the applause and in spite of the vote of confidence, Jami Bey, true to his conviction that there should be no difference of opinion with the leader in a time of crisis, resigned. It must be recorded in the favor of Jami Bey that although his self-abnegation gave him considerable prestige among the members of the opposition, he took no advantage of it. This was Mustafa Kemal Pasha's first hit below the belt, and he conceived a strong dislike for the man whom he had hit.<sup>1</sup>

As there was no imminent danger from anti-revolutionaries in Angora at this time the talks of an evening consisted for the most part of local political gossip and repetitions of what had already happened. Their man interest lay in the fact that they gave one opportunities of studying Mustafa Kemal Pasha at leisure, for he drew very great pleasure from such talking and revealed himself then in all his varying and contradictory moods. Not that these moods were always interesting in themselves – they were only the moods that any man in the street might have; but in each and every one of them he displayed the most extraordinary vitality.

He was by turns cynical, suspicious, unscrupulous, and satanically shrewd. He bullied, he indulged in cheap street corner heroics. Possessing considerable though quite undistinguished histrionic ability, one moment he could pass as the perfect demagogue – a second George Washington – and the next moment fall into some Napoleonic attitude. Sometimes he would appear weak and an abject coward, sometimes exhibit strength and daring of the highest order. He would argue with all the intricacies of the old-fashioned scholastic till he had become utterly incomprehensible, and then illumine some obscure problem with a flash of inspired clarity. Having been hesitant to a degree that made one conclude that he must be one of the most impotent men who could nothing but talk, suddenly he would make some

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<sup>1</sup> Soon after this Jami Bey was sent to Rome as our first representative there. But an incessant underhand propaganda against him was carried on in the house during his absence. It concerned money matters mostly. And although he cleared himself to the unofficial inspector sent from Angora (Mr. Jelal Bey), nothing could induce him to return to the limelight of politics again. He now leads a life of solitude and poverty devoted to books and study.



instantaneous decision which marked him as being master of his own life and the life force of a far-reaching movement.

Of course, one knew all the time that there were men around him who were greatly his superior in intellect and moral backbone, and far above him culture and education. But though he excelled them in neither refinement nor originality, not one of them could possibly cope with his vitality. Whatever their qualities, they were made on a more or less normal scale. In terms of vitality, he wasn't. And it was this alone that made him the dominant figure. Take any man from the street who is shrewd, selfish, and utterly unscrupulous, give him the insistence and histrionics of a hysterical woman who is willing to employ any wile to satisfy her inexhaustible desires, then view him through the largest magnifying glass you can find – and you'll see Mustafa Kemal Pasha. It was perhaps just because he was a colossal personification of one part of everyday human nature that he had a better chance of controlling the masses than a man might who possessed subtler and more balanced qualities or more profound wisdom. I can still see him standing in the middle of the room talking everyone into exhaustion, while he remains as fresh as the moment he began. And I can remember saying to myself: "What an astounding man! Is he just some elemental force in a catastrophic form? Is there anything human about him at all? And how can this cyclone ever come to rest when the nation has reached its goal?"

He always wanted everybody to join in these talks, and though he always managed to remain the central figure, he demanded that the others should supply him with ideas. And, paradoxically enough, he suspected both the man who talked too much and the man who talked too little. The great talker might have ambitions of his own; that would never do. The silent one might be secretly analyzing and criticizing all the time: that would never do either.

But the difficulties of dealing with the National Assembly and the enforced austerity of a hermit's life at headquarters were obviously telling on Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and he was becoming more and more irritable. After the incident with Jami Bey he had an open quarrel with Hamdullah Soubhi Bey. In a heated discussion he called Hamdullah Soubhi Bey a liar, and he in turn demanded that Mustafa Kemal Pasha should take his word back. This he did, but at the same time he began his usual clever underhand propaganda against Hamdullah Soubhi Bey.

Dr. Adnan, at that time, was acting as commissary for the interior till Jami Bey's successor should be found, as well as doing his very hardest to deal with all sorts of dissensions both personal and parliamentary. And with the firm belief that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was the most important person in the government, he was always attempting to placate and reconcile. I believe that Mustafa Kemal Pasha saw that Dr. Adnan was not only devoid of any personal ambition but also meant to stand by him so long as it didn't involve concessions on points of personal principle. Both Jami and Hamdullah Soubhi Beys had been Dr. Adnan's very dear friends, and he felt very keenly the differences which had arisen between them and their leader; so that he was really jubilant when Hamdullah Soubhi Bey made it up with Mustafa Kemal Pasha and entered the cabinet as commissary for education toward the summer of 1920. Dr. Adnan was very much blamed by some members of the opposition for his moderation, while the extremists of the

other side also blamed him as being the man whose influence prevented Mustafa Kemal Pasha from taking as extreme measures as he might have done when dealing with his opponents.

Toward the end of August, Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha wrote to Mustafa Kemal Pasha concerning the prospects of his intended campaign at Kars. The discussions this gave rise to lasted for days, and several night we sat up till five. But it is only fair to allow the two prominent men themselves to publish their correspondence and give their own views. It is far too military a matter for me to venture an opinion on.<sup>2</sup>

Near the close of summer the endless dissensions and the heat and the growing desire to be alone and think made me seek refuge more often at the farm after my day's work. The evenings brought respite from the long dreary stretches of heat. The green clusters of acacias and beeches were acquiring golden tints; the fields were patches of yellow glory, and the thin silver streak of the river as it coiled its way gently through the arid plain, with the stately hills behind it, was very soothing to look upon. Crickets chirped; occasionally carts rumbled by; and in the distance a solitary horse galloped along the road.

One evening Mustafa Kemal Pasha came to the farm. He was in a very queer mood. He began a discussion with the men who were there, but it was quite impossible to see what he was driving at. It sounded like a scholastic contest in which the combatants try to defeat each other's dialectical tricks. And at time when he is neither fighting on the battlefield nor worsting his political enemies he delights in engaging anybody who is at hand in some useless and pointless debate. It seemed to me then as though that was what he was doing; and he reminded me of Murad IV, the formidable sultan, who used to exercise his swordsmanship by cutting donkeys in two with one stroke when he wasn't fighting in some other way. So I wasn't paying much attention to what he was saying when he addressed me.

"What do you think, Hanum Effendi, am I not right?"

"I don't clearly understand what you want to say, Pasham."

"Come to this chair near me and I will tell you."

I took the chair near him. At once he lost his vagueness and dropped his childish debating tone. Then he was dazzlingly clear that I remember vividly not only the sense of what he said but the very words that he used. For once his life-motive was apparent without concealment, and he said what he really meant with the utmost simplicity.

"What I mean is this: I want everyone to do as I wish and command."

"Have they not done so already in everything that is fundamental and for the good of the Turkish cause?"

He swept my question aside and continued in the same brutally frank manner.

"I don't want any consideration, criticism, or advice. I will have only my own way. All shall do as I command."

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<sup>2</sup> When Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha became the leader of the opposition in 1924, attempts were made in the Kemalist press to discredit his achievement in the Eastern campaign. Of the military value of his work I am quite unable to speak, but I will only be voicing all fair-minded opinion in Turkey when I say that the credit for the glorious initiative

“Me too, Pasham?”

“You too.”

His absolute sincerity deserved a reciprocal frankness.

“I will obey you and do as you wish as long as I believe that you are serving the cause.”

“You shall obey me and do as I wish,” he repeated, ignoring the condition.

“Is that a threat, Pasham?” I asked quietly but firmly.

“I am sorry,” he said; “I would not threaten you.”

I knew that he would threaten any one of and every one, including the most powerless; but I also knew that at that moment he did not mean to threaten me. For he was saying just what he felt regardless of those who were present: it was as though he were thinking aloud – my presence there was irrelevant.

He took his leave with his customary cordiality. But Colonel Ismet and Ismail Hakki Bey (the commander of his bodyguard) seemed to regret what had happened.

This was the only incident in my whole intercourse with Mustafa Kemal Pasha which at all approached a scene. For, although I know that he did not make an exception of me when I was absent, and criticized and abused me as he did everybody else, when in my presence his attitude to me was that of a perfect gentleman. And this was not exception to his usual attitude to women. He was modern in one respect – that he did not have different standards for men and women. And those women whom he thought to be of the respectable sort he treated as he would have treated men – though this trait must not be viewed apart from the rest of his mental make-up. He always considered every Turkish subject to have been brought into the world specially to serve his purpose: each was a member of the collective mass of Turkish humanity which he meant to possess and command. And should a woman among them oppose him she would be given to chivalrous consideration, but would be ruthlessly dealt with by whatever horrible means he could devise.

That night I did a lot of thinking.

Hating sham at all times, and being tired of the intrigues and subterfuges of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, I admired him for having told me his intentions in one single sentence. But I could not reconcile myself to the other Mustafa Kemal Pasha – the one who had refused to take any responsibility in the struggle of the Turks for their very existence. The phrases “All the power belongs to the people” and “Power is indivisible” were in his mouth mere catchwords intended to transfer the responsibility to lesser people in case he should fail others had to suffer and die to achieve deliverance. Should they fail, they would have to pay the penalty. Should they succeed, Mustafa Kemal Pasha would step forward and say:

“You are only the herd! You were in chains and threatened with extermination, and lo! I have delivered you! Bow down and worship me to the exclusion of your God, your Past, your Personality and of very other right!”

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of the Eastern campaign, which was no less than open a way to the East and thus connect us with the only friendly territory there was, belongs solely to Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha.

Although I hated this picture of him, I was practical enough to see that he was the most important of our leading men of the time: his extraordinary vitality and his unlimited ambition obviously predestined him to some great future. But I want to say very clearly that I don't believe it is the men of destiny who change the course of human history – it is the quality of the human material with which they work. Men of destiny are those who identify themselves with some fundamental though perhaps only half-expressed ideal of the crowd, and then manipulate the crowd intelligently. Often they achieve some personal end distinct from the collective purpose, but no man of destiny has remained on his pedestal after the crowd has got what it wanted. But besides holding this belief, I also recognized the irrefutable necessity for self-abnegation and discipline among all those of his followers who were sufficiently intelligent to know what was happening. Mustafa Kemal Pasha could succeed in no other aim than that of the cause, and that consequently, whether one approved of him as a person or not, it was one's supreme duty to back him.

I knew very well that he would never forget the incident of that evening, but that he would appear as if he had, and that I would be expected to go on working as though nothing had happened. But just then I couldn't: the strain was too much for me and the work wasn't important enough for me to compel myself to do it. So I decided to do something else which was then taking shape in my mind. I would try to recreate that period of Turkish history by preserving a faithful record of my experiences during that great ordeal. I would try to tell the story of Turkey as simply and honestly as a child, that the world might some day read it – not as a historical record nor as a political treatise, but as a human document about men and women alive during my own lifetime; and I would write it in a language far better fitted to reach the world than my own. It was that very night, as I lay in bed after the scene with Mustafa Kemal Pasha, that I determined to write my Memoirs and to write them in English.

## CHAPTER VI

### PEOPLE, HORSES, AND DOGS

The very next morning after the scene with Mustafa Kemal Pasha I set to work on a new program. I took an old wooden table to one of the empty rooms at the back of the farm and there began to write the story of my own life. Some queer intuition made me call it "The Last Act." I thought of it as an attempt to touch people whom I had never met, and would never meet – an attempt to reach distant firesides where human hearts are yearning for true contacts with other human beings who are too far away from them to meet in flesh. But in reality it was to be written above all for the little folk who were just setting out to cross the Atlantic. I did not allow myself to visualize them or to dwell on the thousand and one memories ever ready to arise: the time had not yet come for me to permit myself the luxury of tears. Nor did I allow myself to face the fact that there was only one chance in a million to have an account of me. I wanted them to understand how circumstances and my too large and greedy heart had led me to be more than a mother. And since it was in 1908 that I had stepped outside the safe boundaries of home, I planned the work to be from that date on.

My mornings were given to writing, and the material contained in the first volume of my Memoirs was fully prepared in those days. It was a personal and dramatic account, which subsequent events, however, have thrown into such insignificance that when it was ultimately published it was almost unrecognizable to me. I was dimly aware of other things to be expressed – of the intrusion of earlier events and of my childhood. But I pushed them back then, though I knew that I would never be free till I had given at least a pale picture of my childhood as well.

My afternoons I spent riding. Some one had lent me a white mare – a big creature on which one sat as comfortably as on an armchair. She was stupid and lazy and rarely felt amorous, but it was she who carried me to the villages and wild wastes round Angora where real initiation was beginning. The orderly Suleiman who had been given us by headquarters road with me.

I had never had riding lessons, and, except for that wild ride during our escape, my only experience of a horse had been when I used to ride a side-saddle around Antigone some ten years before. So before I could ride astride properly I needed much practice. Jami Bey, having then resigned his post as commissary for the interior, had plenty of time to give me and Hamdullah Soubhi Bey riding lessons. In his youth he had been one of the most dashing cavalry officers of the Turkish Empire. His methods were thorough, and too strenuous for me. He began by making complicated drawings of the horse's anatomy, which we had to learn in detail before we were permitted to mount the live horse. And when we did I did not prove an apt pupil: I remember his saying that I was too cowardly ever to be a good rider. I took it meekly, for it was true. I could never be a first-rate rider, but I became a most obstinate and untirable one. However, he was kind enough to ride out with me, and he continued his learned discourses on the horse and how to ride it. But he soon left for Rome, where he went as the first representative of the government of the National Assembly. After that I was left to my own devices.

I then took long solitary rides to explore the country, and these gave me infinite rest amid unparalleled surroundings; all around me numberless low hills, before me long stretches of undulating land, above me a clear sky and a bright sun. Up and down I rode, sometimes straying across a small plain concealed among the hills. And there I would find, nestling against a mound, a village of yellow huts, blue smoke curling upward, surprise vineyards, green orchards, and silver streams.

One magic hour, just at sunset, I found myself on one of the hills facing Angora the mass of the houses formed a dark silhouette, but all the windows were ablaze like so many uncanny eyes, blinking at the setting sun. The two stately hills which the city climbs, and the ancient fortifications, which have stood since Augustus, in which they culminate, were a rich bluish mauve. From the hollow between rose a red and golden glare like a furnace fire. Behind stood a single mountain, a pyramid in shape, evenly tinged wine-red. As I descended it changed to a clear blue, while the city mantled itself in a darker, softer shade. But oftener I went along other roads, my favorite being the Changiri road, which led from behind the farm; it seemed endless, and wound its way sometimes among precipices and ravines, sometimes among orchards and gardens where the foliage was yellow and burnished brown. A solitary peasant with a red costume or a blue vest would be seen through the trees; a cart or a single rider would pass on down the road; and that was all. Two hours' ride took me to an impressive opening between tall dark rocks through which I could look across the immense plain where Tamerlane's army had camped, listened to the concert of the owls who sent their strange muffled sobs from the top of the rocks – till the evening shadows urged me to return in haste. Opposite the village of Kalaba I would draw rein and fall into a slow pace, and then ask the orderly for a light and begin smoking. I invariably took the stirrups off and let my feet dangle while I enjoyed this last little valley through which I had to pass.

There the green clusters were most abundant and the silver stream broadest, walled in by gentle yellow slopes down which came flocks of sheep. A shepherd whistled a village song from Kalaba, and the sheep-dogs barked. In the very heart of the valley were two houses, one with a red top, the other, a tiny one, with an enormous balcony – both nestling like birds' nests among the willows and tall poplars. Both were in ruins at that time, but I said to myself:

“I must, I will live in one of those houses.”

It was when turning toward this corner that I met Major Salih on horseback one afternoon.

He suggested that he should accompany me on those rides. I hesitated at first, for he was a mighty rider. I had seen him gallop down the steepest and stoniest hills where one would hardly dare to walk, and I remembered once a cavalry officer telling me: “It is mad and criminal. He could break the horse's legs – and such a horse too.” Of course he was free to break his neck if he wanted to, but the horse's legs were not his to break. And I hadn't the least desire to have my own neck broken.

“Promise that you will not gallop down steep hills if you ride with me,” I said.

“I promise,” he answered solemnly. And most week days we went exploring together with our orderlies. He was an ideal companion for this sort of riding, for he neither tried to entertain me nor expected to be entertained. Our way was the same, but our minds followed their own paths freely.

I was taken by the looks of his horse from the first moment I set my eyes on him. He was a creature of astounding beauty, incredible smoothness and rhythm, his whole body with infinite agility and grace. His head, proudly arched, never drooped for a moment, and he had a tail like an adventurous comet. He was always prancing impatiently, always straining to use every ounce of energy he had. He wanted, every moment, to give all that was in him, whether he was only showing his love for his master, or plunging ahead at a flying gallop. And any living creature with the temperament of this fascinating horse had only to look at me once to win my heart forever.

“I most own that horse,” I said to myself.

Major Salih told me that he must have been a valuable horse once, but had since fallen into unworthy hands, so that he now needed infinite training. He then said that he was having his own big white Arab horse from Istamboul; and, noticing the way I looked at this one, offered it to me.

“He will break my neck in no time,” I said; “I won’t dare to ride on him.”

But dare I would. I wanted that horse so much that I knew he was destined to be mine, body and soul. Such a desire was bound to be fulfilled.

“Lieutenant Abdurrahman sends this with his compliments,” said a private soldier as he put down a white bundle at the door of my room. The bundle began to move and a tiny black creature emerged from the folds and sat on its hind legs, blinking its blurred coal-black eyes, both curious and timorous in the way of a negro baby. It was a puppy. I then remembered Abdurrahman telling me about a stray puppy who had funny tricks and who had been seen in a street in Angora. And as I had expressed a deep concern for the fate of a puppy all along in those deserted streets, he had said impulsively: “I will get it for you.” But knowing that he was taken up with ideals and theories, I hadn’t believed that he would actually do so.

It was tea time. “Come along, you Jinn,” I said, and he walked after me. He drank his tea from a broken cup, and what is more took a second cup and ate some of my pears – those delicious pears which only Angora produces – sniffing with delight. If I had met the creature in my childhood I would have taken it for a human being turned into a dog by the magic of some wicked peri, so intelligent and so appreciative of human moods and ways he seemed. For a stray puppy from the streets of Angora it was uncanny.

In the evenings he took his place among “the condemned,” as we called ourselves, playing, making love to and licking everybody in the room. When we went to bed Dr. Adnan said: “You are not to take that creature into bed with you on any account. Those dogs sometimes have very dangerous tenia and you might catch it.” I put a small cushion on the floor for him to sit on, and he sat there at the foot of my bed staring at me, and now and then turning his little head furtively toward Dr. Adnan’s bed. I had a feeling that he had understood what Dr. Adnan had said. I waited, full of curiosity, looking back into his black little eyes in the dimness of the night light. He sat still and expectant for some time, then suddenly he jumped up on my bed, crawled under the covers, licked my neck, and curled himself up for the night, his head against my shoulder: in some uncanny way he had known as soon as Dr. Adnan was asleep. My heart ached strangely with old remembrances. It was exactly what my little Hassan used to do when he was

three: watch his brother's bed stealthily, then jumped into my bed and curl himself up against my shoulder like a puppy. I put my hands over my eyes to restrain the tears which welled up at this thought.

And this strange scene was repeated. Sometimes Dr. Adnan had to stay with Mustafa Kemal Pasha late at night, for serious revolts.<sup>1</sup> and critical situations had arisen with the first Greek offensive which demanded long conferences. Then Jinn would go to bed with me. But as soon as he heard the door open he would jump down as if he been found out in some fault. Then he would wait till Dr. Adnan had undressed and gone to bed, but as soon as Dr. Adnan had fallen asleep, back he would creep to his warm corner in my bed.

We were congratulating each other that none of us had caught the devastating malaria of Angora. I believed myself to be perfectly immune, for I had been through Syria when everyone was catching it, without being infected, and in Syria when the infectious diseases were so prevalent.

But during the first days of September I began to feel queer. Often the long yellow stretches of undulating land began to move up and down like real waves, and sometimes the trees would begin to dance. When I came back very hot from long rides and tried to change my clothes, I could not go on with it, so I sat on the sofa; but soon I had forgotten all about what I was going to do. And I was beset with very unusual whims.

“Shall I undo your boots?” said Fatish, the little maid, one evening, looking at me with her frog's eyes full of pity. And I let her do it – which I would never have thought of if I had been in my normal condition. “It can't be malaria,” I kept on saying to myself, “for when people have it they begin by trembling like aspen leaves, and they look so pale and strange their teeth chattering all the time.” But I went to bed before supper, and my memory of that night is like the memory of a painful dream. For the first time since I had slept on it I became aware of the nature of my bed. It was an old black bedstead with a hard straw mattress on its long hard boards and a thin cotton-filled mattress on top of that. But surely something was wrong with it. Where were the soft springs? And the sheet – why wasn't it of linen? It was a hard native cloth of colored check and it had yellow stripes -- the color that always nauseates me and makes me so utterly miserable. And the pillow was hard: so hard I preferred to sit up rather than rest my throbbing head on it. Jinn sat at my feet looking at me very thoughtfully, but he did not try to creep under the covers. And my head became heavier and heavier till its weight dragged me down and I had to rest it

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<sup>1</sup> the last of the important internal revolts was the rising of Konia for the second time in October 1920, when practically the whole of the large province, with most of its towns and villages, was involved. The governor fled to the hill of Alaeddine with two machine-guns, where he was besieged by the insurgents and had to fight as long as his ammunition lasted. Hundreds of people were killed in the town of Konia itself by the peasants. But Colonel Refet, who directed the forces against the rising, pacified the whole district in a miraculously short time. It was by very drastic methods, but the insurgents had looted a great deal and had achieved a record in massacring and torturing innocent inhabitants. They formed a peasant government of their own in Konia which functioned for a few days till Colonel Refet's forces reached the town. Miss Billings and Miss Allan, who happened to be in Konia during the revolt, told very interesting stories about it. They had to visit the peasant governor and his officials to beg them to spare the life of a young Turkish doctor who was working in the American hospital there. The peasant governor, they said, seemed very ill at ease, and almost consulted with them as to whether he should let the young doctor live or not. I was in bed with malaria at the time and was unable to follow the events. But during my subsequent travels in the district I saw and heard enough to realize that this revolt was most complicated in its causes, most drastically suppressed, and most rich in romance.



on the hard pillow after all. Then the room began to turn round me, so slowly and gently at first, but then faster and faster, till its motion was a dizzy whirl. I remembered there were two doors – one leading to the sitting-room, the other to the corridor. I looked around trying to find them everywhere, but they were nowhere to be found. I was a prisoner. There was nothing else for me to do but to stay there helpless and miserable. But no, I must somehow take out that hard lump in my throat. And I must cling to the memory of some happy moment, or I would sink into a dreadful darkness.

A memory full of enchanting light and sound came back to me, one which has always come to me in times of illness or of nearly unbearable hardship. The orchestra of the Hofoper I had heard in Vienna began playing in the darkness, and the curtains parted on a brilliantly illuminated stage . . . Venice, colored paper lanterns, gondolas, a lady with red hair, masked figures that serenaded softly . . . *Mephistopheles* torturing a poor sinful woman . . . Castanets *Carmen* in a red robe with wings on her feet, a sobbing *Don Jose* chasing her with a knife. . . Weird, unearthly sounds, *Parsifal* trying to pierce the Evil One with his spear in a dim half light . . . A vast blue sea, refugees taking leave of their past lives on the top of a hill, turning their horses' heads toward a winding path of endless strife and struggle. . .

“Hanum Effendi, are you very ill?”

A hard small hand crept through the net, and my fingers twined round it convulsively. On the wooden stool near my bed sat the little Anatolian maiden in her red trousers and tight bodice, looking at me with her narrow eyes full of affection.

“Is that you, Fatish?”

“You are talking and moaning, Hanum Effendi.”

“Tell me a story, Fatish.”

An amused chuckle, and then –

“Once upon a time there lived a woman who had two husbands, one husband for the day, and one husband for the night . . .”

I never heard more, though she began it many times, for it was the only story she knew, and when I was feverish I was grateful to hear a voice. More than ever before did she seem to me to be a little frog, with her eyes like slits and her swollen features, a little frog who had become a maiden out of pity. And all the time the black puppy sat there too, and stared at me mournfully, understanding . . . I was glad these were my only companions. I did not want human beings really: I wanted their kindness and sympathy, but better to have it from animals instead – there was no need then for me to suspect their motives.

It must have been after midnight when I saw an immeasurably tall figure approach me which lifted my head from the pillow and tried to make me swallow a pill. Dr. Adnan always seemed different to me when I was helplessly ill. He appeared at least twice as big as at other times, and he had the authority and dependable strength of the physician with the calmness and vigilance of a superior being. There was no fussiness in the movement of his hands: with an extraordinary gentleness they knew just how to adjust one's sore and feverish body to its hard surroundings. At those moments I was always aware of the

soothing influence of his pure breeding. Those who are to attend the harassed in mind of the afflicted in body should be chosen from the best aristocratic types.

I was suffering from a complicated sort of malaria which occupied the doctors for some time before they could diagnose it, and I lay for twelve days in a state of semi-consciousness. For me the period was a profound rest when I was released to wander away from all stern actualities.

Dr. Adnan came early in the evenings, and there was something very kind and friendly about the way in which every one at headquarters was interested in and concerned about by illness. I can remember seeing Dr. Adnan leaning out of the window to whisper how I was to Colonel Ismet who came nearly every evening to inquire.

One morning I realized that the floors of my room were once more where they used to be, and that the mosquito-net was only a mosquito-net and not a prison cage. My fever had gone and slowly I crawled back to life.

It was a harassed and anxious world to which I returned. The first Greek offensive, which had begun at the end of June, 1920, had progressed slowly to even beyond the lines of the Sevres treaty; Balıkesir and the Sea of Marmora had been reached by one section; Ushak had fallen long ago; Bandırma and İsmid were already under Greek control; and now Broussa had fallen, and it was expected that Afium Karahissar would soon fall. Our organized army had been disarmed and dispersed and the slowness of the advance of the Greek army was due only to their continual skirmishes with our irregular forces, who fought gallantly and often with superhuman efforts, but who could do nothing decisive against a large and well-equipped modern army. The only battle worthy of the name was that of Demirji, at which Edhem led the Nationalist forces and the Greeks suffered many casualties. This battle had a special interest for me, as two women combatants died fighting.

The fall of Broussa affected me personally. Both my father and my sister Nilufer (married to a sheik in Broussa) were among the refugees from Broussa who were now in Eskişehir, and something had to be done for them at once. With Dr. Adnan I planned to go to Eskişehir and remove them to Afium before it could be taken by the Greeks, and then send them down to Adalia, where they would be safe.

We found them in an empty school-house in Eskişehir and were able to put them on a train which started for Afium that very evening. Nilufer and her babies looked like plants plucked out by their roots and thrown on a rubbish heap. And the sight of the father carrying one of the little ones in his arms and Dr. Adnan another was pathetic.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha himself was in Eskişehir at that time studying the situation, and it looked very desperate indeed, for we were once more at a crisis in our short but eventful sojourn in Anatolia. The railway line parallel to Angora was practically in the hands of the Greeks, and we were immured in the wilds of Middle Anatolia with no regular army, no equipment, no ammunition, and next to no connection with the outer world. The few staff officers who had stubbornly insisted that it was possible to resist the Greeks only with an organized army were now getting a hearing; and the irregulars, who had never been too popular with the people, were becoming even less so. The cities threatened with a Greek occupation

had liberally sustained the irregular troops only to discover how useless they were in any serious military operation. Still, each side held to its theory and there was much interminable discussion with for some time, at least, little practical outcome.

In the train coming back from Eskishehir I traveled with Miss Allan and Miss Billings, who had come from Broussa. Miss Allan had become representative of the American Near East Relief in Anatolia. The daughter of a missionary, she was born and brought up in Harpoot and spoke Turkish as her mother tongue. Her religious sympathies naturally attached her very strongly to the native Christians, especially to the Armenians. But when she had taken this post she had had to resign temporarily her position as missionary and could therefore look at the suffering peoples from a merely human standpoint: and she acted accordingly and kept strictly out of the political differences. Being one of the rare genuinely Christian people among very unchristian Christians, she filled her place with admirable ability, tact, and broad-mindedness. I believe that she was very sore at heart over the misdeeds of the Greek army of Christians and that her strong sense of justice made her very sympathetic to the Turkish cause. She and Miss Billings, who worked with her during her lifetime and succeeded her after her death, were the only foreigners who stayed with the Turkish people from the beginning to the end of their historic struggle, and they were regarded with sincere respect and affection by Turks of all classes. Miss Allan, whenever she went to Istantboul, did much by visiting the families of those who were struggling in Anatolia, and telling news of them.

She made Angora her headquarters, and her residence was always a hospitable and friendly corner where most of us went with great pleasure. Both Miss Billings and Miss Allan soon became for me part of the scheme of life there, and their personal friendship was a continual comfort to me during the days of the great struggle.

On my return I found that a new and exciting element had been added to our little colony. The horses from the Chifteler-Chiftlighi (the royal horse-farm) in Eskishehir had been brought to Angora and put in the spacious stables of our farm. The royal farm in Eskishehir was an institution of some hundred years' standing, and many of its horses were of great value and beauty. It had supplied the royal stables of the sultan and had bred the most famous horses of the Ottoman Empire for centuries. And now the large square between our stables echoed from early morning with the neighing and the impatient stamping of these grand creatures. Kurdish cowboys hurried in and out, with loose striped trousers, enormous headgears, and bright vests, all fringed and tasseled and of many vivid colors. I got up and dressed earlier than was my usual habit and went down to the stables. From each stall a head with curves of exquisite grace towered proudly above the partition; its eyes flashed black hatred at its neighbors; and all around a concert of indignant and angry neighs filled the gloomy air with what might have been a modern symphony entitled "Invitation a la Guerre." Never had I seen a more picturesque manifestation of hatred than that of those steeds toward each other. The cowboys told me that if constant precautions were not taken, they

would bash each other to pieces. And those swarthy men their wit as well as all their muscle to prevent the stable becoming a slaughter house. Each horse was brought out after a great deal of trouble. Then a cowboy mounted it while some eight men or more tried to hold it. More neighing, rearing, stampeding. Then at last they were ready and away they went for their morning gallop – some gray, some roan, some chestnut, some black and white, but all spotlessly clean, with their hides glistening: a furious rhythmic play of sinews, heads tossing angrily and manes and tails streaming in the wind.

The School of Agriculture was going to open again in the farm buildings, so that I could realize my hope of living in one of those two houses in the valley opposite the village of Kalaba. The smaller one was the one more habitable, and the owner of the big one with the red roof promised to get it ready for us in a few months. The smaller one had to undergo a few repairs before we could move into it. It had two rooms, one of which Dr. Adnan and I were to occupy, and the other was to be shared by Hikmet and Hamdullah Soubhi Beys, who were living with us for the time being. Our horses and grooms were going to live in the stables and rooms of the bigger house, and Fatish was going to use the kitchen. My own cook, who had been with me some ten years, came to us from his village near Bolou.

His coming stirred much in me that I would rather have had left untouched. He had carried the boys on his shoulders and played with them from the moment they could walk, and he still loved them dearly. The day he arrived he sat on the steps leading to my room and, putting his head between his hands, raised his voice and wept. Over his shoulder I could still see a fair impish face winking his brown eyes at me, and another one, dark and melancholy, looking at me with strange mournful eyes of greenish brown. I knew too well why this otherwise quiet and reserved Anatolian wept so loud, but I was impatient with myself for being susceptible.

“Won’t you go and see the kitchen where you are going to cook, Shevket?” I asked.

But instead he grew worse and wept louder, stirring old memories with greater insistence.

“Ayetullah Bey used to say how he was going to be a great engineer,” he sobbed; “we used to speak a lot about it. He was to build great bridges in Baghdad, and I was to go with him and be his cook. Then there was the little one too, and he was always so mischievous. He was going to be a great Pasha. What else should he be?”

and I had to bear it all and wait for this outburst to spend itself. When he rose and looked at my dry eyes and my unfeeling mask of a face he looked puzzled. But he made no comment.

It was around this time that Aslan Captan turned up with his one-eyed aide-de-camp, Ismail. The Ismidt peninsula had passed out of our hands and Aslan Captan was to join the front at Eskişehir. “It was very exciting after you had left,” he said, laughing in his boyish way. “All the villages you had passed through were searched, and I have heard that Ressoul Aga, the *mukhtar* of Samandra, was badly beaten. ‘Where have you hidden the Bolshevik woman?’ asked the English from Istamboul. And Mehmed Chavoush had deserted us, you know. And . . .” His talk was a string of gossip about the places he had had to leave behind.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha had left headquarters a few weeks after I had. He had taken a house at the station and rarely came to headquarters, as there was no important military operation in process at the moment. Colonel Ismet (the chief of staff) had asked me several times to return to headquarters and resume my work, and I was still hesitating. But the day when I heard that his father had died I went up both to offer him my condolences and to start work again.

I waked in. the large hall in which there had previously been one single table – Major Salih’s – was now divided into thirteen small compartments to accommodate the staff officers who had joined us within the last few months. I found the room that was to be mind, but before I could sit down the door opened and a stout captain with tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles and a jolly face peeped in. “Welcome,” he said; “you have brought us luck. There is a telegram from the East – Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha has entered Kars.” Then standing in the narrow corridor he called to the officers in their box-like bureaus: “The Department of the East will have sweet dishes tonight. But the Department of the West will have only leeks boiled in water.” This jovial officer was Captain Tewfik, the present chief o the military cabinet of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and as he spoke thirteen doors flew open and some twenty staff officers assembled in the narrow corridor and all talked at once with suppressed emotion. This victorious achievement of the Eastern army, the conquest of Kars, was the first incident to give us confidence; and it rewarded us in some measure for those long and hopeless months.

Colonel Ismet came in overjoyed. He patted me kindly on the shoulder, and his first words were: “Shall we write out congratulations to Kiazim Kara Bekir?”

We wrote them there and then. Before Mustafa Kemal Pasha had entered Colonel Ismet’s life with his all-absorbing personality Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha had been his greatest and dearest friend. From the vivid description of him Colonel Ismet gave I could see Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha has a hard-working, sturdy soldier with an unflinching sense of justice and order, and always quiet, always working, always trustworthy. He was very much attached to his violin, which he played whenever a pause for rest allowed him to wander in the world of sound. And Colonel Ismet did not only value his victory for what it meant to the cause: he was generously proud of his friend’s success.

The military success in the East, encouraged those who urged the need for a regular army, and they insisted with even greater vehemence than before that the irregular unit should be abolished. The continual joking about he slowness and incapacity of our forces in the West began to be altogether too cruelly earnest. This was, of course, a little unjust. In the East the army had not been completely disarmed as it had been in the West, and the opposing forces as well as the counter-revolutions with which the Western army had to deal were on a much vaster scale. Still, they were quite right to suppose that a well-equipped Turkish army might do miracles in the West.

Throughout the controversy which arose, an intensive propaganda was carried on against Ali Fuad Pasha, who was at the head of our forces in the West. This was evidently Mustafa Kemal Pasha's work.

But did he genuinely think that Ali Fuad Pasha was incapable of coping with the situation, or was he growing suspicious of the man as a possible rival in the distant future? It was difficult to say. But I could see that even those who were the devoted admirers of Ali Fuad Pasha's character and ability were being affected, and it looked as though here might be some change in the near future. Colonel Ismet was mentioned as the man to be sent to the Western front, but there was a feeling that it might not be expedient to move him from his present position. He had the reputation of being a very scientific and able staff officer, and there was no one adequate to take his place.

I was getting to know quite a lot about village life in Kalaba. Fatish's aunt, Emine Kadin, who was washerwoman at the farm, often came to room in the evening to broadcast the goings-on of the village. She seemed to be in everybody's confidence and quite *au fait* with everything that happened there. The notable shrewdness and intelligence of those who came from Kaisariya were well exemplified in her, for in spite of her not belonging to Kalaba she succeeded in retaining the friendship of all its conflicting persons and parties.

"One has to be very patient with them all," she would say; "and indeed with everybody. Life is so hard in a village when one wasn't born there."

But my association with the village really began through Dr. Adnan. The peasant women, whether they worked on the farm or not, often wandered on to the farm grounds, especially near the shore of the river which flowed through them. The river was shaded by tall shrubs and willows, and there the women did their washing or sat down and gossiped with the farm-hands. There was one tall woman who always carried a little boy her arms. I noticed her especially, for she looked very sad. When I asked her what was the matter she pointed to the little boy and said that he was always ill and that nothing seemed to cure him. He was the youngest and favorite child. I told her to bring him to Dr. Adnan, and eventually the cure of this child brought other villagers to our door early every morning, begging Dr. Adnan to attend to their troubles. The peasant judges by results, and a few simple cures in this village were enough to convince the villagers that medicine and medical men were preferable to home cures and magic. And this conviction evidently spread to other villages, for soon the sick were being brought to us in ox-carts from villages some distance away. The veneration and affection of the villagers for Dr. Adnan made them very friendly to me, and there were none of the women who didn't overcome their timidity enough to take me aside and whisper the latest tidbit of village news.

They were very excited just then about the approaching wedding of a young widow of Kalaba. She was marrying a youth from Erzerum who was one of the farm-hands and a skilful builder, and who had become quite a personality in no time in spite of the fact that he was a stranger in the place. I had noticed him already, partly because I knew that he was from Eastern Anatolia, which was my grandfather's country, and partly because he was very comely to look at. Besides, he had excellent manners and he was always at ease when he let one pass or answered a question. But although he seemed so very quiet and peaceful, he had quite a lurid reputation.

The widow was a still more remarkable person, according to the peasants. She was an unscrupulous heart-breaker and a cause of numberless quarrels and even of bloodshed among the youths of the village. "Last year a shepherd was stabbed because of her," one woman told me. "And the laborer Hassan nearly went to prison for her," added another. This, in fact, was quite true. Two men, rejected suitors of her, had suspected Hassan of having designs on her, and had accordingly lain in wait for him and attacked him in the dark. But though he had been carrying no arms, he had not only defended himself to good effect, but had administered such severe chastisement that one of his assailants had died after six weeks' of prostration. Hassan had been arrested and kept in custody for some time, but as he had been defending himself and the death could not be legally proved to be due to the subsequent thrashing, he had been released. In consequence, he had become a hero in the village, and, for the time being at least, had won the heart and now the hand of the dangerous widow.

She must indeed be very beautiful, I thought: for I had already seen several peasant girls than whose figures and coloring I could imagine nothing more perfect. But one evening as I was walking with a young girl from the farm she suddenly became very excited at the approach of two women with scythes on their shoulders, evidently returning from some distant fields. "It is she. It is she," she said. And the famous widow it was. She stopped and spoke to us quite pleasantly and very naturally for a few minutes before resuming her way. In dark check trousers and a tight bodice, her body looked rather badly formed; the shoulders were too high and the hips too large. The face was dark, and two scowling eyebrows, thick and very black, met over her eyes in a vicious line. The nose was decidedly ugly; flat at the top and broad at the nostrils. At first one wondered where her power could be; but when she spoke there was no longer any doubt. Her voice was soft and gentle, but it came through a slight hoarseness as though she spoke through a veil, to a man giving her every utterance a curious sex appeal. But perhaps her reputation was due even more to a queer undefinable quality most nakedly expressed by her eyes. I have seen others with such eyes: Tallulah Bankhead for one. They were green – as green as spring leaves; and they were shaded with long black lashes. She never looked straight – always a furtive oblique glance. No cow's eyes, these, nor the cunning eyes of a designing woman, but the unconscious power, the mesmeric glitter of some crouching animal of the woods. Look into her face and she would at once look down at her feet with polite mock-humility; but catch her looking at you unawares, and she would be probing you without a thought of you, with a half-frightened, half-malignant curiosity. I began to divine her danger.

A week after the widow's marriage to Hassan, another wedding took place in the village, and my peasant friends insisted on my going. The village square was lit by lamps hanging from improvised posts, which shook in the wind. There was a huge bonfire in the middle, and men danced round it while one beat a drum and another placed a "zurna," a flute-like instrument, very like the Highland fife.

The women received me in the spacious room belonging to Hassan's wife. She was no longer the dangerous widow, but was trying her hardest to play the part of the newly married young woman. The room was warm and clean, and simply furnished with rug-covered divans. I sat among the women and

chatted with them while our hostess served coffee. Desiring to appear fashionable, she had discarded the pretty costume of the village and wore a very old and very old-fashioned dress such as had been worn in Istanbul some twenty years before. Two long yellow braids tied with red ribbons hung down her back and dangled as she moved to and fro with undulating hips and swaying shoulders. She meant her walk to be seductive and graceful, but it was more like that of a fat goose. On her head she wore a red kerchief, and her black eyebrows looked even straighter and more vicious under its red line. Her fair hair fell on her cheeks in youthful-looking and artfully arranged ringlets, and she kept her green eyes modestly downcast, fluttering her black lashes with an extremity of coyness.

Two women sang in squeaky tones "Ayesha, the blue-eyed and the fair," to the accompaniment of a tambourine and a tiny drum. Two other women danced, whirling around, waving their hands, and wagging their hips.

"What are you whispering about?" I asked, seeing a group of women in a corner all speaking in undertones with suppressed excitement.

"The slut is coming to dance for you," they said. "The men are going to let her come, since it's for you."

The slut was a hired woman dancer who usually performed only for the men. Although in a village there are more love affairs without the benediction of the clergy than in a town, there is no prostitution. So that a prostitute or "slut," as they called her, was a person to arouse intense curiosity in the peasant women. The sins of flesh, and in fact sins of all other categories too, gave rise to no outburst of virtuous indignation among the village folk. They regarded all flagrant sinners much as they would a rope dancer, and felt a secret thrill at the thought of any person daring to do that which was forbidden them by custom and fear. Besides, the presence of a slut at weddings and other such celebrations often coincided with knife-drawings and similar outbursts of violence; and although the peasants as good women deprecated these rough events, as mere females they felt a sneaking admiration for any other female who could stir up such violent passions in the male breast.

"Where did the men get her from?" I asked.

"From the Street of the Red Lanterns," they answered.

At once all my impressions of that street returned.

Whether there should be such a street where the government can control prostitution and check the spread of venereal disease, or whether morality should be protected and those streets abolished, has been the subject of long discussions between moralists who think in terms of public morals and scientists who think in terms of public health. The triumph of the latter in Angora was marked by the existence of the Street of the Red Lanterns on the outskirts of the town.

I had had to pass through that street every time I had gone into Angora, and often seen young women in flame-colored silk trousers and purple vests standing in the light of their red lanterns at the doorways of the earthen huts. And I had noticed that their eyebrows were always painted black in a long line over their eyes, and that their faces were either sprinkled all over with artificial beauty-spots or had one



spot carefully placed at the corner of the eye. I had seen that their eyes were bloodshot, glaring at me through the blackened lashes with a sullen challenge full of a relentless and savage resentment. I had had to look away from them with that discreet pity which makes one loath to look upon a fellow-creature who flaunts some repulsive defect with mingled bravado and humiliation. So that when the villagers told me that the slut was going to dance for me I did not want to see her; I remembered too well those girls with their flame-colored clothes, and one incident especially came too vividly before me.

It was one evening which I had promised to spend with Didar, who lived at the other side of Angora. As it was late when I left headquarters, two officer friends offered to ride with me to her house, and to reach there of course we had to go down the inevitable street. As we drew near it we heard a woman's shrill voice scolding, pleading, and weeping in turns, while a man's bass voice tried to drown it with oaths and curses. The street itself was deserted, its yellow earthen huts dimly lit by the dull red glow of the lanterns. We had to look round everywhere before we could find the owners of the voices. On our left was a raised mound on which a few huts had been built, and in front of one of them stood an old woman, her arms stretched out, her feet planted firmly on the ground, protecting the entrance against a big rough man who with shouts and blows was trying to get through the forbidden door. For an instant there was an embarrassed silence among us, but I knew that one of my companions was thoroughly roused. He had one of those clean and manly hearts which reveres women even when they live in a Street of Red Lanterns, where the very worst and beastliest in both women and men are unloosed. And I knew that he was wanting to protect the old woman, and was only hesitating because I was there; so I drew rein. At once he leaped from his horse and ran up the mound. We saw him pull the man away and heard him address him with unmistakable authority:

“You leave that woman alone at once! And now go away from here!”

The man looked at him for a moment, then at us, and went away.

There was pity and tenderness in his voice when he spoke to the old woman.

“You may go into your house, mother. You need not be afraid.”

But the woman walked behind him down the mound, and while he was remounting his horse she looked at me with eyes swimming with tears and said: “*Allah razi olsoun*” (May Allah be pleased with you).

And I have never forgotten that woman. Who was she? What was she? Why did she bar that door, shielding it with her body, heedless of blows and curses? Was she the mother of one of those girls in flame-colored trousers with resentful eyes? The supreme martyrdom of being a mother has always seemed most poignant to me. How many pairs of mothers' arms are stretched out to receive the blows and curses which the world would inflict on their loved ones? And this slut who was coming to dance for me, might not she be just another such girl, and might not her mother too have sacrificed herself to protect her – but in vain?

“Here she is! Here she is!” They whispered still more excitedly. Then the door opened and the slut came in. I would have laughed if something in her eyes had not arrested me. She was only a tired,

shivering, poorly dressed, middle-aged woman. Though the straight black line of the eyebrows denoted some effort to regain her lost youth, the face had no other make-up. But the eyes were extraordinary. Such hatred, bitterness, resentment I have never seen in any other woman's eyes. She did not even look at her excited and interested audience, but I was stabbed by her knowledge of sordidness and cruelty.

"It's cold," I said. "Come and sit down by the fire."

"I am to dance for you," she said.

And I knew then that human kindness was that which would infuriate her most. She did not want any new light on human nature: to her it was filthy and incurably cruel and she had no hope of it. She was strong and proud in her isolation, and she realized without flinching that her life as she had lived it could not be altered now. But I did not want to see her dance. I could imagine that her slim erect body might express more of the life of Red Lantern Street than I had ever known, but it would have hurt me too much.

"I am sorry," I said, rising; "I have to go."

She was not at all humiliated by the fact that some one did not want to see her much-praised dancing. I believe she was triumphant because she had made me feel for a moment the despair to which she was condemned for life. Like a shadow she vanished, closing the door quickly in my face.

The women in the room were disappointed, like children whose toys have been wrenched from their hands. They wanted to see and to touch the slut, this vamp who aroused such devils in their men. And they disguised their disappointment by enumerating all the sinful ways which were common among the creatures. But I did not wait to hear the whole list of their misdeeds. I went back to the farm deep in thought. And I was not thinking only of the Turks or of the revolution. I was brooding over evils which are far more universal.

Two weeks after the marriage of Hassan I discovered Emine, the village broadcaster, furtively searching the stables, looking behind each heap of hay.

"Do you want some one?" I asked.

She winked, beaming with excitement.

"I want Hassan. I have a message for him from his wife."

She was just aching to be asked for more about it, and when I expressed no curiosity she offered the information gratis.

"They are on very bad terms," she whispered. "Hassan has slept at the farm for two nights."

"But weren't they married only two weeks ago?"

"Yes, but they've had an awful quarrel. He has beaten her very badly. He was jealous of a cousin of hers who was in the house, so till the crow of the cock in the morning he thrashed her: he really might have killed her. And now he has left the house, and she is in bed and has sent me to find him. 'He is my man,' she says; 'and roses will grow on the places where he has struck me, so he may hit me as much as he likes. But he must come back, he must come back, or I will die with longing!'"

"What color are the places where he has hit her?"

“Black,” she said.

This was the first love-drama of this sort I had come across among the villagers. Two weeks later another beating – and Hassan stayed away four days. This time his parents-in-law had to come and beg him to return for the sake of their badly beaten daughter, who was still in bed and who waxed and waned like a love-sick moon. He had found her in the stables flirting with a very attractive-looking sergeant from headquarters. “And it was very difficult to persuade him to return,” the broadcaster told me in a serious tone; “he says she will make a murderer of him before he is twenty-five. It’s strange, but he doesn’t even think her handsome: he told me that he wished she would put something over her nose so that it couldn’t be seen.” But all the women in the village took her part: they knew that in spite of her nose all men were but wax in her hands.

“Ayesha, the blue-eyes and the fair,” sing the villagers: the men to the beat of their drums, the women to the rhythmic swing of their bodies as they wash their clothes in the river. And I have wondered whether it is about Hassan’s wife they are singing, for there is a stable in their song, and she always talked with her lovers at stable-doors.

By the first week of November, the little house in the valley was ready for us and we moved in. Jinn was hopelessly ill, and my anxiety for him was tearing me to pieces. He seemed to me to be the only living creature to whom I was attached with such intense affection. The vet told me that I must have him put out of pain: his legs were paralyzed and whined pitifully all day long. All one night I sat up with his poor sick body on my lap, where he seemed to be soothed a little, then in the morning I went to inquire about the marksmanship of the orderly – was he sure that he could do it painlessly? When he came in and took Jinn away to carry him to the dung-heap behind the red-topped house, I lay down with my face to the carpet, and the report of the gun opened the floodgates which I had kept closed for so long. I marveled that so much salt water could have accumulated behind my eyes: it came not as drops, but in a steady stream. But afterward, in spite of being utterly worn out, I felt relieved as though something hard and bitter which I had been pretending to ignore had now dissolved and left me free from it.

All my friends, old and young, were very concerned about Jinn’s death, although I did not let them see how utterly cut off from life I was feeling. Every one offered me his or her own pet dog, but I refused them all. No, I would never own another dog: never, never. And I went out every afternoon for longer and harder rides. I was now riding Doru, the much-coveted horse of Major Salih, which I was to try for a month, and which I intended to buy if I found it satisfactory.

After the first difficult week, during which Doru and I tried hard to understand each other, he became as docile as a lamb. When on his back I felt perfectly happy and in harmony with life: there was always the perfect response of another living being who knows the meaning of every movement of your body, and obeys it with joy. There exists no other creature who understands the language of touch as well as a horse does. A cavalry officer, a new arrival from Istantboul, joined us on our rides. I remember his

saying with a smile: "Doru is a gallant beast: and he behaves much better with you on his back than he did with Major Salih." And this was a fact.

For several evenings after Jinn's death I was dreadfully lonely, and moped and sulked in a little room by myself, still keeping to my resolve never to form another tie the breaking of which would give me such a wrench. But a dog affair is like a love affair, and to those who declare they will never have another there are two proverbs which apply very aptly. One is in French, and says: "One who has loved once will love again." The other is in Turkish and says: "The only way to extract a nail is with another nail." Perhaps I was pondering the simple philosophy of these proverbs one afternoon as I lay in my room too miserable even to take a ride, when some one knocked at the door.

"What is it you want?" I called out. I was in a gloomy and ferocious mood.

"E --- Bey sends you this with his compliments," came the answer in a voice I knew to be the orderly's. Then he opened the door and let in – a dog.

There was no wrapping him up in a bundle this time. He was a huge creature. He had enormous brown eyes, sad and indescribably fierce. His face was a large triangle patterned like the Sphinx, with a black band over the eyes and parallel bands meeting under the chin. His coat, which was black on his back, merged into light brown underneath him, and he had a broad white breast with extraordinary muscles standing out. His paw too were white, and he had a patch of white on his regal head. His eyes glistened as he peered round the room, and I felt that the ferocity and incurable sadness of the mood they expressed harmonized with mine.

"Come near me, Yoldash," I said. I didn't know what his name was, but at that moment he was the perfect *yoldash* (comrade), and I named him instantly.

He had been sent me by an elderly deputy he had seen Jinn on one of his visits, and had just heard about his death.

Yoldash was of the Macedonian Kupoy breed, which is used for the wildest hunting. If I did not love him at once in the way in which I loved Jinn, I nevertheless felt more kinship with his way of looking at life in general and at human beings in particular than I have ever felt with any member of my own species. And soon the internal loneliness which I had suffered after Jinn's death left me never to return for the years that Yoldash lived with me.

The friends who often came to my house to play with Jinn were rather ill at ease in the presence of this huge creature, who stared angrily at them all. Dr. Refik particularly was very nervous, and before he dared to come in would always shout from outside the door: "Please tie up Yoldash: I want to come in." And he was by no means the only one who felt like this. They all admired the royal beauty of the mastiff, and all of them would have liked to stroke his velvety ears – if they had dared. But Yoldash felt too superior to those mere human beings to allow them to touch him, though he never attacked my friends if they didn't try to caress him first. One big man, however, once tried to pat him on the head, and if a piece of his flesh was not torn away from his body with his coat, then it was only because he had such a thick

packet of papers in his breast pocket. The big man who so narrowly escaped was the commissary of foreign affairs.

“You are not going to have that beast with the frightful eyes in our room,” said Dr. Adnan as we each went to our respective divans to sleep. But Yoldash jumped up on mine and stretched himself out with all the majesty of a proprietor. And there on my feet he slept for years on every sort of bed I had after that.

When I open my eyes in the morning he was sitting on the floor barking, but in a way which brought no noise from his mouth. Dr. Adnan sat up in his bed and laughed. “Curious beast,” he said; “he actually knew that you were asleep and wanted me to open the door and let him out.” And he never forgot to do this, even in the desert, so that I shouldn’t be awakened by the noise of his bark.

Now I had Yoldash, the lonely silent rides became the liveliest adventures imaginable. Up and down the hills he raced, barking joyfully, charging full tilt into cattle herds, and grinning with real canine glee when the huge beasts dispersed in all directions.

“With the compliments of Hakki Behidge Bey,” said my orderly.

And once more I realized how touchingly each of us was aware of the other’s troubles during even those strenuous days of revolution, though none of us ever spoke about our personal troubles or pains. This was ten days after Yoldash had arrived, and once more the door opened to let in a dog.

It was a most graceful black hound. If it is true that human souls inhabit animal bodies, then the soul of a renowned heartbreaker of men must have entered into the body of this bitch. She had a way of giving you her paw which evoked memories of the grace and daintiness of all the great French courtesans who have made mince-meat of kingly hearts. And her character was in keeping with her charms. What she liked doing most was stealing, and she was utterly incapable of being corrected, and by no conceivable means could she be turned into an honest hound. Never would she resist the temptation of what she wanted, while Yoldash would rather have starved to death than touch anything that was not put before him. Yet she was a fascinating creature in spite of her incorrigible dishonesty.

She fell into one graceful attitude after another and was extremely affectionate in an easy and superficial way. She never fought and had no strong likes or dislikes, but took life as it came, making playful advances to everybody, allowing herself to be patted by everybody, and being in all ways a spoiled, selfish, though very beautiful creature. She was, I believe, the canine prototype of Arnold Bennett’s creation, “The Woman Who Stole Everything.”

I called her Sevda, which means black in Arabic. And she brought Yoldash down in a way rarely achieved by the human female. Around their tragic love story I would like to write a novel some day, for I felt much sympathy with poor Yoldash, who suffered because of her, I believe, more than a man would suffer.

Yoldash had no end of relations with the lady-dogs of Kalaba. Every afternoon he used to stroll toward the village, rolling his muscles, with the air of a world champion with challenge written all over

him. The moment of his entry into the village was announced by a chorus of fearful barks and snarls. But later he returned with his tongue hanging out and his face beaming, and then settled down to lick his slight wounds. Before the years was out a new breed began to be apparent among the puppies of Kalaba. The majestic sheep-dog of uniform color, either gray or white, was now getting a head with strange designs and bands of color, and its wolfish jaws and elongated skull were becoming much rounder. The onslaught of Yoldash on the harems of Kalaba must have enraged the male element in the dog world very much indeed, for I witnessed a scene which made me conclude that animals, like me, can cooperate to an extent hitherto unsuspected when they are face to face with a common danger.

One day as I was returning home with Yoldash, feeling thankful that there were no dogs in sight, six sheep-dogs which had been hiding behind the bushes suddenly attacked him. So far all Anatolian dogs had objected to Yoldash because he was a strange breed, but however large or numerous they had been, Yoldash had always stood his ground firmly and stared at them absolutely calm, ready for the worst. But this time he was taken unawares. And in an instant I saw Yoldash raised from the ground by his throat and his breast, which were held in the enormous fangs of his enemies. The dog at his throat had to be shot at by my orderly before he and the others fled, leaving Yoldash almost dead.

He lay in a pool of blood, his throat and his chest nearly torn. We had to carry him to my bedroom, and he lay on the floor near my bed bleeding and in fever for two days. The extraordinary constitution of the beast surprised us all, for in a few weeks he recovered completely from that mangling and was as strong and as sound as ever. But the cleanliness of the beast surprised me even more; for two days after the catastrophe he would crawl out of the room, whining at each movement and bleeding all the time, in order not to mess my room.

His love affairs in the village, if they can be called such, were but casual everyday incidents to him; but his feelings for Sevda were far about those of a canine soul, and in my eyes gave him a status much higher than a dog. For Sevda he would give up his meat and with pleasure. When Sevda was threatened with punishment for her misdeeds, he would stand by barking fiercely and ready to jump at the throat of any one who dared to carry out the threat. Panting and miserable, he would chase her shadow without being able to catch her, for no dog could catch Sevda when she raced across the hills. He would bark with delight if she condescended to play with him, but she very seldom did. Most often she scorned him and chose for herself a big gray sheep-dog from Kalaba with whom she went for moonlight walks.

And Yoldash could not touch that dog, for when he tried, she turned on him and fought the battle of her favorite. And Yoldash could not fight Sevda; he whined piteously whenever she attacked him.

When she was stolen he refused food: when she was recovered he leapt back to life. When later she was stolen again and never recovered, he mourned continuously in a manner very unusual among human lovers. Even after six months when any one called her name – and people did sometimes, to see its effect on him – he would wander disconsolately all over the place, sending up heartrending howls of yearning to the empty air.

In November, the villagers of Kalaba were having a hard time. The babies were suffering from an epidemic of diarrhea, the grown-ups had a complicated influenza, and many of them were down with pneumonia. That November too was a full month in the annals of the Anatolian revolution as crisis after crisis arose. Dr. Adnan, who had been chosen vice-president of the National Assembly, an office corresponding to that of the speaker in parliament, was now between the devil and the deep blue sea – that is, between Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the opposition. He had to attend all the cabinet meetings and many special meetings summoned by Mustafa Kemal Pasha. He rarely returned before midnight, and often after five in the morning. For, as usual at critical times, Mustafa Kemal Pasha with his abnormal energy worked all night, but he could sleep in the morning, while Dr. Adnan had to go out at eight. The severity of the winter as well as his continual work was putting too heavy a strain on his constitution. The sick of Kalaba wanted all his care. A peasant was usually waiting for him at the turning of the road in the morning, and if by chance he should return at nine or ten in the evening he would be taken right into the village, before he would come home. Friday was the only day of rest, but on that day we got up even earlier, tidied my room and heated it, since before eight o'clock the sick of Kalaba would pour in. The women patients came into the house, crowded my room and the narrow corridor, while the men waited outside.

One Friday there was an even large number of them than usual, and Emine Hanum, our gossip, was there introducing everybody, explaining everything, and feeling very important and happy. A number of Anatolian girls with bright eyes were sitting in a row and were attended by one by one. Most of them were in a state of high fever, but they were so robust they did not seem to mind it much, and they watched Dr. Adnan with the intensest interest as though he were performing some marvelous feat when he sounded them. A row of women with babies were sitting on the other divan. When they had been attended to, Emine Hanum brought in two young women from the corridor. One of them, who sat on the divan listlessly, attracted my attention. She was evidently very sick, but was unusually beautiful in a delicate and sensitive way. The curves of her slim figure were very unlike those of a peasant; and she had a triangular little face with a pointed chin and very wistful eyes. They were particularly lovely eyes where both gold and green glistened like precious stones between her dark lashes. A little girl of six, a perfect image of her mother, was sitting on the floor, clinging to her mother's trousers and looking at Dr. Adnan with frightened wide-open eyes. I don't know what she would have done to him if he had hurt her mother, but she would certainly have done something. "Come here, Sirma" – which means Thread of Golden Silk – "come here," called Emine Hanum, in order that Dr. Adnan might be free to examine the mother more thoroughly. I tried to talk to the child, but she only stared at me like a frightened animal and said nothing. And I noticed how much she was suffering from poverty and neglect; her little face was dirty, her clothes tattered, and her golden hair was matted and unkempt.

It was the news-spreading talent of Emine Hanum rather than my curiosity to which I owe my knowledge of the family history of the sick woman. And even then Emine Hanum had to contend with difficulties, for Dr. Adnan constantly interrupted to ask questions, the woman herself being too dazed with fever, and perhaps even indifferent, to give him the information he wanted.

“Why did you bring out this woman in such weather?” he asked. There was a severe frost and every drop of water outside was as hard as a diamond, while the moisture on the trees had become a white veil. From the compassionate way in which he helped the woman to dress and patted her shoulders I understood that her case was not very hopeful.

“Who is going to take care of her?” he asked next. “This woman,” said Emine Hanum.

And the second young woman came forward. She was the only woman from Kalaba whom I had seen trying to pull her veil over her face in the presence of Dr. Adnan; all the others were as familiar and trustful with him as they would be with their own fathers or brothers. She was a short stout creature, who wore very tight trousers and an old-fashioned purple velvet jacket. Her face was all flesh and color and she was the very embodiment of health and sturdiness, in contrast to the other woman. And also, she seemed to be remarkably clean and tidy, which is by no means usual for an inhabitant of Kalaba.

“Who is she?” I asked Emine Hanum.

This gave her the opportunity she wanted and in a few minutes I knew the whole family history.

The sick woman whom the doctor had been examining was Halime, the wife of Deli Mehemed – Mehemed the mad. Deli Mehemed was a silent and well-mannered young peasant whom I had often met in the fields, but I also know that beneath his mild exterior lurked an unmanageable devil. In the village both men and women feared him and let him alone for reasons they themselves could not explain.

He had married first a wife some twenty years older than himself. Then seven years ago, according to Emine Hanum, he married Halime, then a girl of fourteen. Kalaba had hitherto been monogamous, and this sort of *menage* the villagers wisely considered to be a peace-destroying innovation. But the old woman took it quietly and the two wives did not quarrel, Halime being so listless a person that she always looked as though she would not move a finger to obtain her life’s desire.

Then last year he had met this red-faced stumpy woman at the harvest and had married her too. She was a regular slut before she married him, but she was certainly the first person in Deli Mehemed’s life to have had any domineering influence over him. The first wife died: Halime became a servant rather than a wife: and the slut now had everything her own way. But Deli Mehemed evidently still retained a sneaking affection for Halime, otherwise he wouldn’t have insisted on her being taken to the doctor.

As Dr. Adnan sat shivering by the fire, entirely worn out with his doctoring after a sleepless and difficult night, he seemed to be a saint like those whom women worshiped in medieval times. He never grumbled, and he never grudged the attention of love and mercy he gave these poor peasants, and to cheer him up I told him about Halime and her *couma* – the rival or the second wife is called the *couma* in Anatolia. He seemed sorry for the woman, who with her lack of vitality, he thought, could hardly survive her pneumonia. And he laughed; “You women!” he said. “How ever did you manage to learn all this, when I didn’t hear a word though I was here all the time?”

“Don’t forget Emine Hanum was talking to me,” I said: which of course was very convincing.



As the various remedies to be applied to the village sick would appear very complicated to them, it was decided that a man should fetch the stuff from Angora, and that I should take it around in the afternoon, explain to them how simple it all was, and show them just what to do. This would insure that the remedies were properly applied, for when an Anatolian peasant believes something has to be done he does it with great seriousness and exactly as he has been told.

When I asked the village children to be taken to Halime's house, I was surprised when I was led to the top of a hill where there a tiny hut which looked as though it were uninhabited. They pushed the door open and crowded in with me, the other women whose sick I was to attend that afternoon living up behind.

Inside there was only one room. On a thin mattress with incredibly dirty coverlets lay the sick woman, huddled on her side with pain. The room was stuffy and dirty and terribly cold. An empty stove stood in the corner, but there was no wood to be seen anywhere.

"Now, you children, go and fetch some wood for me," I said. "Gather it from the trees." And away they skipped excitedly. Then I sent the women away, keeping only one with me who was rather quiet-looking and middle-aged. Together we tidied the room, and in no time the children returned with the wood. They were rather disappointed that I wouldn't let them assist in the mysterious ceremony of putting hot lint poultices on Halime's back. Sirma stayed in the room, leaning against the wall, her nose running and her eyes full of tears. When the fire roared and the room had lost some of its smell, I drew back the coverlets to have a look at Halime. Her lips were blue with pain and her eyes had a vague and far-away look. After the poulticing had eased her a little I combed out her matted hair and washed her face and hands, all of which she bore with utter listlessness and silence. In order to put on the poultice I had to take off her chemise, and I marveled at the freak of nature which had made such a fragile but perfectly beautiful body in that remote corner of the world. If she had been a Hungarian villager and a manger Hollywood had passed her way, she might have appeared on the screen and outstarred all the rest. That exquisitely pathetic expression on that tiny triangular face was enough to move the world. Nearby was a plate of cold soup – of very objectionable soup – which we heated and tried to make her drink. It was the only occasion when she refused anything.

When I had taken her temperature I retired with the middle-aged woman, leaving the little daughter in charge. I wondered whether she would live. She seemed so utterly beaten and bowed down by the grim realities of her life, so lonely and so determined to let her vitality ooze out rather than react and try to get well, that at first thought it seemed pretty hopeless. And yet I felt she would not die easily. Dr. Adnan would call me a "mere novelist" when I should tell him, but there was one fact to be taken into consideration: that her lord and master Deli Mehemmed loved another woman – Deli Mehemmed who had hitherto treated all other women as withering grass under his feet: and I believed that she would linger on to see the end of it. And besides, I had surprised something else in her eyes: a pale flicker of humor. She may not have been conscious of it when she looked at me, but there it was. And one who thinks the hard ways of this life rather funny does not die easily, even if the fun of it only brings tears or a somewhat twisted smile.

“Where is the *couma* who was to look after her?” I asked; “and is this Deli Mehemmed’s house?”

The woman shook her head. “The *couma* won’t have her in her house. Halime steals, she says, and is dirty, and so is her little girl. So she has sent them out of her house. This is an old hut which belonged to Halime’s dead father, and the *couma* has given her the bed, and brings her food.”

“And Deli Mehemmed?”

“Oh, he can do nothing. The slut is full of witchcraft and will have her own way.”

The rest of my sick-visiting that afternoon required nothing out of the ordinary to be done. The mothers strictly obeyed the doctor’s injunctions, and gave their sick children only boiled lukewarm water, and kept them as clean and warm as they knew how. I was rather surprised at this, for I knew that when the same epidemic had broken out in the town it was very difficult to make the mothers do what the doctors wanted. They would give the babies the warm water and keep them clean, but in secret they made the babies lick *bulamaj*, a heavy dish made of flour and grape juice. They did as the doctors said to please them, but, after all, they couldn’t let their babies starve, they told me.

Halime did recover and crawled about the village more dead than alive, staying sometimes with her sisters and sometimes living on the charity of her *couma*. Emine Hanum came to me once more full of mystery and importance and began talking about Halime. “One could not blame the *couma*,” she said. “Halime does steal, and she is dirty and will make no effort to work, nor will she ever try to look presentable and regain the favor of Deli Mehemmed.”

“But Halime is weak and sick,” I said. “The *couma* is a cruel woman to send her out of her own house. She must be a very hard-hearted woman and not a good Moslem to act as she does.”

Emine Hanum shook her head. I knew that she had heart enough to pity Halime and do what she could for her. But the *couma* was rising in her estimation. The *couma* was not of the village and she had been a slut, but in spite of these handicaps she had acquired a position for herself and she ruled at least one powerful man who stood between her and the bad opinion of the village. All this counted with Emine Hanum. It was wise to be on good terms with all those individuals who had any sort of power. Of course, it would not do to depend only on them. One must have reserves. And she had them. But I knew that what influenced her most was the fact that the *couma*, like herself, was not from the village and had yet made herself invulnerable while defying every custom of the place. In order to win my good-will for the *couma*, she added: “And last night I took the village women to see her. And the woman, who is called ‘the slut’ behind her back, chanted verse after verse from the Koran. It made us all weep.” Well, secretly I admired that slut, that red-faced stumpy creature who had neither beauty nor reputation, but who yet had enough wit to outwit all the women in the village. She herself preferred to dance and sing, but she was not at a loss to do whatever happened to be appropriate to her public. So she appeared to be religious, offered up her prayers regularly, and stuck to Deli Mehemmed as an exemplary wife.

“But what I wanted to tell you is something quite different,” continued Emine. “Deli Mehemmed kisses the hem of your garment, and begs you to persuade the *couma* to take back Halime. He is sorry that

he has beaten Halime so often, but it was all to teach her to be clean. And he is very sorry that she is in such a sad condition.”

“Why doesn’t he ask his second wife himself?” I asked. “The house is his.”

Emine Hanum winked shrewdly: “That would make the *couma* insist all the more to keep Halime away. But if you speak to Deli Mehmed when the *couma* is there he’ll be able to pretend that it is out of respect for you that he wants Halime back.”

“I will not interfere in family affairs,” I said.

The *couma* avoided me as much as she could, skulking behind trees as she saw me coming through the fields, and covering her face if I met her in the village.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha had not been very well, and Dr. Adnan was worrying because he did not get the necessary care, having no woman in his house to direct it. One evening Dr. Adnan seemed much pleased to be able to tell me of the arrival of a young cousin who seemed to him to be the proper sort of sensibly brought up and sensible girl. She had come to be a nurse, but being rather delicate in health and having been asked by Mustafa Kemal Pasha to keep house for him, had accepted. But I soon forgot all about this. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had dropped out of the horizon of my life. He was a dim figure who was somewhere leading things, and I don’t believe I would have come into contact with him again if it hadn’t been for the trouble in July, 1921, which I will relate in due course. I rarely went to the side of Angora where he lived, and kept away from headquarters on the days I knew he would be there. And if by chance I saw his car, which was the only one in Angora at that time, I rode into the fields out of his way. He also had a carriage with two fine horses, but this he used very little. I was therefore both surprised and annoyed when I saw his carriage coming down the street of the Red Lanterns, where there were no fields into which I could ride. But as the carriage approached and nearly touched my horse I saw in it not Mustafa Kemal Pasha but some one with a very pretty face, though she looked very tired and very cold – the tip of her nose was almost blue and the lips had no color. Framed in black, the delicate lines of the oval face were at their most effective. The eyes, dark brown, and with very long and curling lashes, stirred in me some dim memory of the distant past. I thought that she must be the cousin, Fikrie Hanum, the proper sort of sensibly brought up and sensible girl. She certainly looked it, so tastefully and simply attired, and so different from the very colorful female friends of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. But whom did she resemble? Why did her face trouble me so? She looked at me with something of a smile on her wan face, and when she had passed I was haunted by the ineffable sadness of her look. Her eyes particularly I could not get away from; then at last I knew. They were like the eyes of my mother, who had never been anything more than a shadowy vision in my life. When I told Dr. Adnan about it he smiled. “Well,” he said, “I don’t wonder at it. You tell me your mother was consumptive, and Fikrie Hanum is nearly that.” But she could be nothing other than the nicest of girls. She had her eyes.

In November the resentment of the regular military authority against the irregulars reached its height and they absolutely insisted that the irregular units should be got rid of. Strangely enough, this was all mixed up with propaganda against Ali Fuad Pasha. It was said that he didn't handle the irregulars with nearly enough severity, and that Edhem was becoming the real master on the Western front. Ali Fuad Pasha must be removed at once.

As a matter of fact, Ali Fuad Pasha was organizing the nucleus of a regular Turkish army amid tremendous difficulties. Colonel Arif in his "Anatolian Revolution" speaks of five new divisions – the Twenty-fourth, the Eleventh, the Sixty-first, the Twenty-third, and the Fourths, whose formation and reorganization were partly due to the work of Ali Fuad Pasha. This fact, together with the prestige which he enjoyed throughout the whole country, made gentle handling necessary before he could be removed from the army. But at the most opportune moment it became necessary to send an important man to Moscow. So the Western front, as it had been called, was divided into the southern front, the command of which was given to Colonel Refet, and the western front, the command of which was given to Colonel Ismet. As Colonel Refet had been commissary for the interior, Dr. Adnan had to act ad interim.

Ali Fuad Pasha's venerable father, Ismail Fazil Pasha, the commissary for public works, was a great friend of mine. He had taken a charming and fatherly attitude toward me, and every one of his talks was a living piece of history which I enjoyed very much. But Ali Fuad Pasha I did not know, except through the unfavorable propaganda, which, however, savored so much of political intrigue and rivalry.

Ali Fuad Pasha accepted the post quietly. There was something very patriotic in his efforts to prevent any schism among the Nationalists, and especially any quarrel between Mustafa Kemal Pasha and himself. He was given a week to select the personnel of his embassy. He came to my house about the twentieth of November, and before sitting himself down on my hard divan he began to speak.

"I do believe that the Russian revolution will have a much more far-reaching influence on the world than we imagine," he said. "So far, we know next to nothing about it. All we know we hear either from those who are paid agents of the soviets, or those who are definitely prejudiced against them. We have a few men who have read Marx, but in any case the revolution cannot be judged from books and theories. It has a greater human significance, and a real intellectual with an impartial and cool head should go to Moscow, mix with the Bolsheviki, read what they have written, hear what they say, and watch what they are doing – and this, not as a tourist or a visitor just passing through, but with patience and an open mind determined to get at the truth."

I agreed with him, and began to see Ali Fuad Pasha in quite a new light. He was not at all the simple soldier who was fighting the enemies of his country. He was clearly a man versed in all the constitutional and international issues at stake, and there was no telling how much of the new ideal from Moscow would creep into the new Turkey which might emerge triumphantly from the tangle of old ties and loyalties. He seemed to have grasped the fundamental meaning of all the discussions concerning the Western and Eastern ideals which were still going on. I personally had lost sight of the future and of any

comprehensive vision of the new Turkey I may have had, in the mechanical work I had been doing at headquarters, and in my new interest in animals and peasants.

“I want you to come with us to Moscow, Halide Hanum, and study the whole trend intellectually and practically. We’ll take great care of you and you will be comfortable at the embassy. Your time will be your own, and you may study the situation in whatever way you want to.”

There was nothing in the world which could have tempted me more than this offer, and I nearly accepted it then and there. But I asked him for two days in which to think it over. He wasn’t setting out till the end of November. And when the two days had passed I was obliged to refuse with very great regret.

Colonel Ismet’s leaving headquarters made us all feel very sad. Major Salih among the officers was affected most, for he had a very great love for him. I remember the last evening we all dined together. There were wet eyes turned to him as he sat in the middle and talked in his very charming manner. Fevzi Pasha, the commissary for national defense, became the chief of staff, with Major Salih as second. He lived at headquarters and was a man of very simple tastes, and he lived very simply, spending all his spare time reading a voluminous history of the Tartars.

The next event for us was the coming of Major Nazim with his division, the Fourth. I was very curious to see this figure around whose name so many stories of heroic adventures had gathered. He sounded as though he might be a person of very distinct originality. In the clash between the regulars and irregular military personalities, he had taken up a peculiar position. He was the most anti-militarist of the military. His division, which had a most distinguished record in the first battle in Anatolia as well as in the civil war, always had something distinctly characteristic about it. One saw it at once from the way they were dressed: they wore uniforms half way between the picturesque looseness of the irregulars and the formal stiffness of the new army. In consequence, Major Nazim’s military friends criticized him for being too inclined toward the irregulars.

He was a dapper man who just radiated energy. He wore the blue uniform of the artillery, to which he belonged, and his large blue eyes with very black lashes laughed at you with a good deal of human and common sense. He seemed to have broken many of the barriers of the Old World, and to have attained an understanding and breadth of outlook of a very much older person. Yet in his gait there was a suspicion swank which gave him a boyish look, and he always seemed full of a keen desire for life and its adventures.

He had no sooner arrived than he became the central figure. He and his division were stationed at the yellow barracks on the outskirts of Angora, but he spend most of his time at headquarters, and the evenings became lively. We all delighted in his vivid and humorous descriptions of his adventures. But his remarkable elasticity of spirit would suddenly become fixed and rigid whenever he solemnly announced the one and only method by which he believed Turkey could be saved, and a new state created.

“We cannot survive, even if we clear all the strangers out of our country – which we certainly will,” he would say. “There is something by which she will always be led back to her old destructive ways,

even though she call them by different names. This 'something' is a fanatical and deadly force, and we must have soldiers of the spirit who will fight it. And I have a formula which if acted on will solve all the problems involved."

Then he would stand up and with his hands in his pockets recite his formula in deadly earnest – while his fellow-officers laughed at it as a joke. And I can still hear him reciting his formula, accentuating each word he thought important.

"First, kill all the officers.

"Second, kill all those who have killed the officers.

"Then Turkey will march on her new and happy way unhindered," he would add with a satisfied grin.

"Come, Nazim," some officer would invariably say, "you are not serious."

"I am, Vallahi. There is a pernicious spirit in the officers of the whole world, and the world is doomed unless it kills all its officers before it is too late." Then he would develop his idea that suffering and bloodshed are caused not by economic factors but by the professional fighters who cannot live without excitement of war and who unconsciously perpetuate the ideal of strife in mankind. Yet he himself was one of the bravest of fighters and could have made a record in any part of the world as one of the most undaunted and adventurous spirits.

Often after my return in the afternoon I heard a knock at my door and saw a sergeant with a big Angora hare with beautiful fur which he said was for me, "with the compliments of Major Nazim" who gave up his mornings to hunting on the hills.

On rainy afternoons he often came himself with Major Salih, and we had a regular shooting competition. Opposite the little house in which I was living were some high black rocks about a hundred yards away, and on these were white mossy spots which we used as targets. On the balcony of the house was a table with sandbags on it, and from there we did our firing.

In fine weather, which was more frequent than rain, we took long rides together. They were very different from my lonely rides. He would have a dozen of his best riders following us at a distance, and many people joined in behind, so that the lonely road through the valley became alive with horses' hoofs.

One memorable evening I found him looking sad. "Two deserters had to be shot this morning, and I hate it," he said.

Another evening he spoke to me at length, musingly: "You know, Halide Hanum, there is no division in Anatolia which is run with more friendliness and affectionate camaraderie than mine. I look after them as if I were their elder brother; they are better clothed than I am, there is not one who has not learned to read. I have introduced the most up-to-date games, and if any one is sick I am at the side of his bed. And I had almost persuaded myself that I had destroyed class suspicion and broken down class barriers in my division. But as I was coming here this evening I overheard two of my men talking behind the hedge: "They are looking after our wants and comforts too well: there must be something behind it; they must be getting ready to demand some new and impossible feat from us.' See, the barriers are still

there, and will be a long time yet before the lower classes cease to be suspicious of the ruling classes. Even the kindness of the higher classes seems to be some new trap to get the very best out of them. They have been deceived too often and too long.”

How I wish I could tell him now of the absolute faith in him of his own men, of their reverence and love for him which I learned a few months later, but when he had already passed through the “veil behind which no one may see.”

The arrival of Lieutenant-Colonel Kemaleddine Sami was another event of importance to us. We had for a long time believed him to be one of those Nationalists who had been captured and imprisoned in Malta. So the news that he had been for nine months hiding in Istamboul was most welcome. And now he had at last managed to escape, and had reached Inneboli as a stowaway on a steamer.

The day he was due to arrive in Angora he was to dine with us at my house, and quite a number of his friends from headquarters were to be present. It was a Friday, and there was a bright sun. We set out from my house, a gay and large party of riders, to welcome him, and to escort him back in state.

Doru was behaving wildly. The presence of Major Nazim’s Arab steed with whom he had had a great race the day before excited him tremendously. I managed to keep him in reasonable bounds until we had crossed the rickety wooden bridge opposite the yellow barracks. The moment we were on the plain he evidently thought he was on racing ground and ran away with me. One of the stirrups came off my foot, and as I could not get it back I removed the other foot too to prevent disaster in case I were thrown. I was seeing the possibility of a first fall, and trying to decide how I should protect my head and nose if it did happen. He was now indulging in a wild gallop without stirrups, and soon all the other riders were left behind out of sight. Then he saw a red rag on the ground. He was terrified and took a sudden side leap. I flew into the void.

When I opened my eyes I found myself sitting on the ground and moaning, while blood oozed from my mouth and nose and an unbearable pain gripped me in the chest. Gradually I realized with some amusement that quite unconsciously I had held out my arm and protected my head from the shock. I remember the officers telling me that it was necessary to fall twenty-nine times before one could pretend to decent horsemanship. But I never fell again.

In spite of one lame leg and a swollen eye I was able to move leaning on two canes, and I enjoyed the evening as much as the others, although after that I was obliged to stay in bed for a whole week.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kemaleddine Sami, before he left us that evening, told me that he had traveled with an Indian called Mustafa Saghir, a representative of the caliphate’s committee, and that the man wanted to come and visit me. He never did come, and as he had a tragic end I am glad that he didn’t.

Before he had been in Angora a month he was suspected of being a spy. The suspicion was well founded, and during the famous trial in Angora he confessed that he was an important British spy who had done special work in Germany during the great war, and that he had come to Angora for the same purpose. Before he died, however, he bravely admitted that his loyalty was to the British and that he did not mind dying for it. But he was a Moslem, and his wife and family didn’t know that he was a spy and that Mustafa

Saghir was only an assumed name. He was evidently very fond of his little daughter, and he asked the Turkish authorities not to publish his real name. He knew that his family would be hurt and ashamed beyond words if they knew that he had tried to betray a Moslem race in its struggle for existence. His wish was respected by the Turkish authorities as a dying wish.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE LAST OF THE IRREGULARS AND THE NEW ARMY

IN December the resistance to the irregulars stiffened, and many irregular groups merged into the ranks of the new army which was still in the making and became subject to its more rigid discipline. But a completion of this process was made impossible by Edhem and his forces. Colonel Arif, the commander of the Eleventh Division, who had taken a most active part against Edhem and his forces, writes of them in his "Anatolian Revolution" in this way: "Edhem's men numbered about three thousand and were gathered from different sources. They were all mounted and between them had four cannons and a hundred machine-guns. Their paper, the 'Yeni Dunia' (the New World), published in Eskishehir, continually printed articles against militarism and the formation of a regular army. Their center was Kutahia and they were in direct communication with Angora. The privates of this irregular army received from fifteen pounds to thirty pounds a month, which was three times as much as what was paid to those of the regular army. And the regulars were badly clad and irregularly paid, besides being under a rigid discipline. Any poor and shabby private could desert his battalion and join the irregulars, where an excellent equipment, a good horse, a silver-mounted whip, a belt of shining cartridges, a better and regular pay, as well as an easier life, awaited him. Why should any one be a regular soldier under such conditions?

Naturally the existence of these opportunities hampered the organizers of the regular army, while Edhem, of course, and the chiefs of the irregular units under him—some of whom had risen from being nobodies to being miniature dictators—watched the determined efforts of the militarists with strong disapproval. Then, when an attempt was made to bring all the irregulars under the direct control of headquarters at the front (then under the command of Colonel Ismet and Colonel Refet), Edhem and his chiefs offered open resistance by refusing to take orders from these, announcing that they were responsible only to the National Assembly in Angora. In the meantime the army was in the making and was still very



small, while the Greeks showed signs of advancing farther, and would certainly do so if they saw any dissension in the Turkish ranks. The situation, therefore, was a most difficult and delicate one. The ruling minority of the National Assembly in Angora and several important heads of the army wanted to take conciliatory steps and prevent an open breach between the regulars and the irregulars. In consequence, several delegates from the National Assembly were sent to negotiate with Edhem.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha kept a very watchful eye on the situation, and he went to Eskishehir himself to study developments; but although there can be no doubt of his desire to see Edhem's power destroyed, he took no decided step at this time. Colonel Refet, on the other hand, quite uncompromisingly advocated the suppression of the irregulars. And he told me personally that he had the support of Lieutenant-Colonel Salih (formerly Major Salih, the second chief of staff, who was promoted about this time) and a few other younger members of the staff. Colonel Ismet also told me later that Colonel Izzeddine (Izzeddine Pasha) and Colonel Arif had been on his side.

Colonel Kiazim Kuprullu (Kiazim Pasha, now the president of the National Assembly), was at the head of the delegates to Edhem and was very much against any internal division in the ranks. This was an important setback, for he had been one of the most valuable military leaders of the Nationalist movement, though he was for a time out of favor.

In the midst of this indecision another event occurred to hasten a crisis. During the last of December the government in Istamboul tried to come to an understanding with Angora. It was the second cabinet of Tewfik Pasha. Besides the unquestionably patriotic premier this cabinet included such renowned men as Izzet Pasha and Salih Pasha, both highly honored and trusted by the country. The fall of Ferid Pasha's government had been a relief. For, although the new cabinet did not approve of a separate government in Angora, they were heart and soul loyal to the best interests of Turkey, and it became much simpler to pass officers, munitions, and equipment to Anatolia.

Izzet Pasha, the minister of interior, and Salih Pasha, the minister of marine, proposed to come to Anatolia and talk things over. From their communications it was understood that they were going to suggest a pacific solution of the Anatolian problem, and that they considered it possible, by coming to an understanding with the Allies, especially the English, that the Greeks could be made to evacuate Anatolia. The government in Angora would have asked for nothing better.

The pashas arrived at Biledjik with a number of well-known persons. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was at Biledjik and traveled with them to Angora. There was hope and excitement throughout the whole country at the possibility of a peaceful settlement. But one realized that if the pashas had nothing serious to offer which could justify the disarming of new military movement against the Greek invasions this hope and excitement might prove disastrous, as it would naturally tend to weaken the defense, which was already so difficult to maintain. The presence of Izzet Pasha made the position even more difficult. He had been the chief of staff of the Turkish army which had beaten the Greeks and driven them to Domekos in 1897 during the time of Abdul Hamid. In addition his firm and broad-minded attitude during his campaign in Yemen in 1909-12, which had solved one of the sorriest problems of the Turkish Empire, together with his great personal charm, forced one to conclude that if he too believed in a pacific solution there must be a serious possibility in it somewhere.

Unfortunately for the country, this was not so, for what they proposed was this: they asked the government in Angora to recognize and to submit to the sultan's government, and then to open negotiations with the Allies to bring about the evacuation of Turkey by the Greek and the foreign armies. But no serious and official word was given by the Allies that there was a possibility that such negotiations might be successful. Izzet Pasha and his colleagues based their hope on the assurance given by secondary and irresponsible English individuals. I have no doubt these English individuals fully realized the false step taken by Mr. Lloyd George's government and sincerely hoped to prevent further loss of British prestige in the East. But Mr. Lloyd George was determined to exterminate Turkish rule in Asia Minor and to replace it by a vast Greek empire. Mustafa Kemal Pasha and his immediate supporters must have seen at once the danger of the situation and the unwitting but irreparable harm Izzet Pasha's mission was going to do throughout the country.

The evening they were to arrive in Angora I was at headquarters. As I came into the sitting-room I met Lieutenant-Colonel Salih, who looked troubled and embarrassed. Lieutenant-Colonel Salih and Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim (who had been recently promoted), when young officers, had been with Izzet Pasha during the famous Yemen campaign, where Colonel Ismet had been one of the important staff officers. So, all these distinguished soldiers were personal friends of Izzet Pasha, but none of them was pleased with the dangerous step he had now taken.

“Have they arrived?” I asked Lieutenant-Colonel Salih.

“They will arrive after dinner, and I have to present to them the communiqué of the Anatolia Agency.”

“What communiqué?”

He gave it to me and I read it then and there. I could not help admiring the shrewd and instantaneous decision of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. If the country were told that Izzet Pasha proposed that it should give up the difficult struggle without any material security, this would not be accepted at once as true but would take some time to prove. In the meantime the spirit of resistance would be weakened, especially since the fighting forces themselves were on the brink of a serious dissension. But if, on the other hand, the country were told that Izzet Pasha and his colleagues had come to Anatolia to join in the struggle personally, this would at once raise the whole morale of the Nationalist cause. This was what Mustafa Kemal Pasha had decided to do, and as a counter-stroke to combat the effects of Izzet Pasha’s mission it was masterly. Of course, the country could not be misled for long, but time would be gained, and then it would be explained that Izzet Pasha’s proposition contained nothing reliable enough to justify any one’s laying down arms or trusting the government in Istamboul, which had so far been an instrument in the hands of the Allies. To keep up the illusion that Izzet Pasha and his colleagues had come to stay, they were to be politely invited to remain in Angora, and Dr. Adnan, then acting as commissary for the interior, had already prepared the best and biggest house in Angora, where all their comforts could be attended to.

But what Izzet Pasha would say to this was another matter. Knowing how much his honor meant to him, and knowing too that he was of a proud and touchy disposition, I surmised that he would object to it very strongly. Apart from his mission, which was his only *faux pas* in statesmanship, he agreed with the majority of the government in Istamboul and believed that his being in it helped the cause of the Turkish people. But Mustafa Kemal Pasha thought very differently. He believed that having a decent government in Istamboul only served to decrease the prestige of the government in Angora, and that if Izzet Pasha and those like him left the power in Istamboul in the hands of the sultan and of the universally mistrusted and hated sycophants of the Allies, the power and the opportunities of the government in Angora would be considerably increased.

The next day Izzet Pasha's mission came to visit me in my little house in the valley. I have a vivid recollection of Salih Pasha, twice premier and several times cabinet minister of the empire, over six feet in height and beautifully dressed, nearly doubling himself in half to get through my tiny door, and then walking up the rickety stairs of what must have seemed to him to be a mere mud hut. Izzet Pasha and the rest followed in dignified but significant silence till both the pashas involuntarily exclaimed, "Poor Hanum Effendi! Oh, poor Hanum Effendi!" The tone of pity in their voices actually hurt me and made me feel rebellious almost to the point of wanting to be rude. Pity was a shock to my state of mind in Anatolia at that time. The continual hardships we were all suffering and the ever-present dangers amidst which we lived made us believe in what we were trying to do as being an almost superhuman task, and we were exalted enough to pity those who were so impressed by obvious externals that they missed the inner meaning of our efforts and were blind to the presence of a national spirit which was invincible in the face of the worst possible daily discomfort. But they did look so fine as they came in and brought back my old world to me in my little hut with such genuine affection, that I only said in a laughing tone, "Please don't pity me; it is my choice."

And I was really happy to receive them, after all, in my tiny room, as they each offered me some token from Istamboul—biscuits, eau-de-Cologne, chocolate—gifts for a civilized but childish woman who had gone into the wilderness.

The more I looked at Izzet Pasha's open face, with its fine trustworthy eyes, the more I prayed in my heart that he might be persuaded after all to join the Anatolian movement. His presence and capacity, and the absolute confidence of the people in his moral qualities, would make such a big difference. But, although we did not talk politics, their frequent references to the primitive conditions under which we were living somehow made my inner hope of his support grow weaker and weaker.

A few days later the Angora cabinet waited on them and begged them with a great deal of insistence to join in the struggle. They frankly admitted that after looking at the situation from the Anatolian point of view they saw that the proposition with which they had come was out of place, and that Anatolia was absolutely right in what it was doing. But they wanted to go back: they would be more useful to the cause in Istamboul.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim offered all his beautiful horses as mounts for Izzet Pasha, his old chief; Lieutenant-Colonel Salih went to see him often; Hamdullah Soubhi Bey took him and his colleagues the French papers; and I called on them several times. Izzet Pasha also came to see me in my little house. The conversation then was restricted to horses and to general subjects: we all of us avoided politics. They were now the honored but unwilling guests of the Anatolian government. They were free to do whatever they pleased except that they could not leave Angora. I could understand that although Izzet Pasha might have joined us of his own free will, he would never do so when forced even in the politest manner. Probably when Mustafa Kemal Pasha had that communiqué published without the consent of Izzet Pasha he knew what Izzet Pasha's reaction would be. I remember Colonel Ismet saying later: "If Izzet Pasha had shown interest in the Anatolian government, and if he had taken an active part in the life in Angora, he would have been one of the popular favorites." But he did no such thing.

And it was not long before the misleading effects of Izzet Pasha's mission were evident. Edhem, who had heard of it and taken it seriously, seized upon it as a pretext to rise against the National Assembly without losing the support of his followers. The possibility of peace without further trouble was too good not to be used as effective propaganda against the government of Angora. He attacked and disarmed a regiment of regulars in Kutahia and sent the soldiers back to their villages. He sent an ultimatum to the National Assembly on December 29 in this sense:

The country is too tired to fight. . . The pacifying mission of Izzet Pasha must be allowed to return to Istamboul to open negotiations for peace. . . I am interpreting the desire of the soldiers and of the nation.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF ALL THE NATIONAL FORCES.

And during the first days of January the young regular army marched against Edhem's forces, which had gathered in Guedos. It was a moment of breathless anxiety and expectation—there had never been such a crisis before. The Greek army was moving inward on the Broussa front, and the already scanty Turkish troops were chasing each other behind the line. In one of the severest Anatolian winters the forces of the southern front under Colonel Refet marched on Edhem and forced him to retreat. But it was

Edhem's treachery as well as the brilliant efforts of the young army which so suddenly reduced him from a dangerous power to a despicable nothing. The moment his followers saw Greek officers talking with him on friendly terms, and saw him letting them have Turkish guns, which were so scarce and valuable, to be used to fight Turks—when they saw this they all deserted him. The betrayal of Edhem brought out the idealistic side of his followers. Their loyalty and devotion to their own cause was unquestionable.

On the second of January Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim said good-bye to us. The Greeks went into action the moment Edhem joined them, and most of the newly formed Turkish army was away at the front.

In his "Anatolian Revolution" Colonel Arif speaks as follows of the Greek offensive:

The Greeks could easily occupy Eskishehir and would easily control the whole of the Anatolian railway.

The Turkish army fighting the Greeks would be attacked by Edhem's cavalry from the flank and the rear (the Greeks imagined Edhem to have thousands of followers) and the scanty Turkish forces would be annihilated. This was the Greek plan. And when the Greek army corps, consisting of three divisions, opened the offensive from Broussa and came in contact with the Turkish outposts on the west of Pazarjik on January 6, 1921, the greater part of our army was between Derbend and Guedos.

In Inn-Eunu we had a partly fortified place. This was to cover Eskishehir. And from Pazarjik to Inn-Eunu the distance was only thirty kilometers, and the enemy could reach it in one day. On the other hand, the greater part of the Turkish army had eighty kilometers march and eight hours train to reach Inn-Eunu. So that at the latest the Greeks could reach Inn-Eunu one day before the greater part of the Turkish army, and could therefore get control of Eskishehir.

Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim's division, the Fourth, reached Inn-Eunu first. The Eleventh Division, which set out from Derbend on the seventh of January, had already been fighting for eight days, but it marched night and day and in twenty-four hours covered a distance of seventy kilometers and entered Inn-Eunu at dawn on January 8.

This is Colonel Arif's account in a condensed form. There was hard fighting on the hills, mostly with bayonets. The two hills where the back of the Greek offensive was broken took the names of "Nazim Bey Hill" and "Arif Bey Hill," after the brave commanders of the forces. On the eleventh of January the

battle of Inn-Eunu was won by the Turks. The Greek army, which had so far advanced without any serious resistance, had had its first encounter with the Turkish army and had suffered its first setback.

The first battle of Inn-Ennu was also the first fight and the first victory of the new Turkish army. Colonel Ismet had commanded the military forces, and both he and Colonel Refet (the commander of the southern front, who had annihilated the insurgents) were promoted. They became brigadier-generals and therefore pashas.

The joy in Angora was unbounded, and that was the only occasion when Izzet Pasha forgot his grievances and went to headquarters, where he joined in the general rejoicings.

The Red Crescent in Angora asked me to go to Eskishehir and visit the wounded in the hospitals and take them presents. A group of officers from headquarters were also going, so I traveled with them.

I took with me my maid Fatish and my dog Yoldash. I was absurdly happy in anticipation of a bed with a spring mattress. There was a tiny hotel run by a nice Czech woman called Madame Tadia. She was affectionately named Mama Tadia among us. Her little place was a clean and homelike corner. I had had slight attacks of malaria, and during each there was one thing I had fancied above everything else—a spring bed.

“I am going to have a spring bed to-morrow, Fatish,” I said with childish glee as the train left Angora station and we waved to the friendly crowd which had gathered to see us off.

“What is a spring bed, Hanum Effendi?”

“What Turkish Delight is to the palate a spring bed is to a tired back.”

She grinned appreciatively.

The “atmosphere” of the railway seemed to have changed since we had traveled by it nine months before. Gone were the good-humored, “swanky” irregulars who used to fire from the train windows to display their marksmanship. The stations no longer echoed with the din of their wild songs and their loud, lively repartee. All seemed under an iron discipline; and if the regulars who were there instead were priding themselves on their recent achievements, they certainly repressed any expression of it under their quiet manners. I remembered the place ringing and throbbing with the presence of the picturesque and dramatic irregulars, while the regulars were in the background. Now things had changed. Everybody

moved as though by machinery: there was an occasional clink of spurs, a single voice here and there commanding—nothing more.

Major Tewfik, formerly Captain Tewfik, came to welcome us. I was to occupy one of the available rooms in Mama Tania's two-bed roomed inn. The officers were to be guests at headquarters.

When Mama Tadia took us—Fatish, Yoldash, and myself—to my room, each of us became interested at once in a different thing there. I went toward the bed, immaculate in its white sheets; Fatish stared at the crucified Christs and the pale Madonnas on the walls of the pious Mama Tadia; and Yoldash flew at the strange dog he saw in the large mirror, flew at it with a guttural growl that brought all the servants of Mama Tadia to the bedroom door. I forgot to examine the mattress to see whether it had a spring or not in my anxiety to prevent Yoldash from smashing the mirror, from which an enormous dog was growling at him in a frightful rage. I did not blame Yoldash, who had never seen a mirror in his life: his resentment was natural. For even I, who had been so familiar with big mirrors all my life, had forgotten what it felt like to see myself in one. And the sudden appearance of a woman in black with high boots made me stare back at her with a resentment equal to her own. She seemed to be a stranger thrust into the intimacy of my room. Leaving Yoldash in Fatish's care, I walked to the Red Crescent hospital. There I found the doctor and made my plans for the next day.

I put on a gray suit consisting of an ample skirt which buttoned both front and back (all my skirts were made in that way for riding), a Russian blouse with a leather belt, and a long gray veil which covered my hair and fell back in folds, leaving my face exposed. I then felt like an ordinary civilized woman in spite of my high boots.

In Mama Tadia's dining-room are three tables: a long one specially prepared with flowers and some show of silver and set with twenty covers; a round table in a corner set for four—and mine, where Major Tewfik and Lieutenant-Colonel Salih and Major Shemseddine are to dine . . .

We have hardly begun when the door opens and they come in . . . They seem to be a group of tall star-players from a Caucasian operatic company . . . The Caucasian costumes are of brilliant colors, especially a bright blue and black one whose owner has to stoop with careless grace to pass through the low doorway of Mama Tadia's dining-room. The cartridges on his breast shine, the wide shoulders droop like a woman's, from the slim waist hang two silver daggers of exquisite make, a black écharpe with golden



tassels is carelessly wound round the neck, the black boots, high and elegant with their dazzling gloss, make one expect a sudden stage dance of startling swiftness, and on top of it all the proud head turns and looks at you. The eyebrows are so arched and one of them so aristocratically raised that you think it must be a stage make-up; the yellow glitter of the eyes makes you think of race and breeding—for to rear such a specimen would take a few centuries and cost a nation no end of picturesque but useless adventure and expenditure. The others are dressed on more or less the same lines. Then at last walk in two very tall middle-aged men in the unmistakable black garb and with the unmistakable manners of old and experienced diplomats. One has a gray beard, a leonine head; the other—"Hullo," I say to myself; "it is Bekir Sami Bey, our commissary of foreign affairs and the head of the delegates who had gone to Moscow to sign the first Russo-Turkish friendship treaty." His eyes twinkle as he bows and passes. . . . And I think of the hours of backache the typing of his credentials had given me.

Major Tewfik explains in undertones. "It is the Georgian ambassador, the Menshevik. The new Bolshevik ambassador of the same name, Comrade Mdivani, is a brother of his, but they are like cat and dog. The Soviets may invade Georgia any moment, and this one may lose his job. Bekir Sami Bey met them on their way and they have traveled back together. The rest—the silver daggers and small waists—are the secretaries of the Georgian embassy; the very beautiful man is a Georgian prince."

When we have all discreetly taken in the new arrivals and got used to the unfamiliar sound of French conversation in an Anatolian hotel, we forget all about them and begin to talk about ourselves. "I have bought a new Parabellum," says Major Tewfik, putting a large revolver on the table. As I always use a Parabellum, he wants me to examine it. I unload it carefully first before I raise it toward the light and look at it. At the other end of the barrel Mdivani's eyes meet mine. I wonder vaguely whether he has seen me unload it, but he turns to Bekir Semi Bey and asks, "Est-ce que cette dame est Bolshevik?"—the word Bolshevik hisses with hatred. There is an uneasy movement. The silver daggers turn, the arched eyebrows are raised that the elegant one may get a glimpse of the Bolshevik woman. Bekir Sami Bey hastily explains in Russian and Mdivani looks sheepish. I have already put down the Parabellum and I go on talking to Major Tewfik as though the behavior of those at the diplomatic table did not concern me. Major Tewfik's bland fat face ripples with a suppressed grin.

There was no spring mattress after all on Mama Tadia's bed; but a feather-bed, cushions, and a fluffy soft eiderdown to some extent made up for it. Yoldash climbed on my feet and growled disapprovingly at the unusual softness of his sleeping place, which to him was an effeminate and needless innovation. Fatish's bed was made on the long couch opposite. When she tried to settle herself for the night, it moved, and she was giggling when she said good-night. "My bed does shake, and it is tickling me so," were her last words.

I woke up with military music passing in the street. I went to the window and pulled back the curtains. A regiment was marching by. The tallest and handsomest man among them was the standard-bearer at the head. The sun was playing on their strong faces, and although their uniforms were tattered they seemed to be the most dignified and unconsciously proud men one could see. There was something theatrical in the way the curtain had fallen on the picturesque irregulars and the same curtain was now raised to show on the same stage the rebirth of the Turkish army.

I passed the morning visiting the military and Red Crescent hospitals. The men were pleased with their presents and perhaps even more so with the interest taken in them. Most of the wounded were from the Fourth Division: that is Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim's division. As I talked at length with several of them I could easily see the good effects of Nazim's care and training—and, above all, how deeply they were in love with their commander. Nazim himself was resting in a sanatorium in Konia.

I lunched with Ismet Pasha at his headquarters. All his fellow-officers at headquarters were elderly veterans, with the same charming Old World manners as his. To me—for quite a long time—Ismet Pasha was the keystone of the Turkey of the future; it was a satisfaction to note that although he was the most progressive man one could meet, still he retained the best that was Turkish. My grandmother could not have found fault with him.

Toward evening, when I returned to the inn, Bekir Sami Bey came to see me in my room. I wanted to know his impressions of the new Russia. He was completely disillusioned. He had been one of the enthusiastic adherents of the Eastern ideal before he had left for Russia. He had come back believing that the new Russian régime was one of the worst sort of tyrannies. And he did not believe them to be sincere in their international spirit either. All the alien races which had helped the Bolshevist régime and hoped to have autonomous governments had been deceived. Bekir Sami Bey prophesied that before long

none of them would retain any vestige of national liberty, and that they would all be subjected to much worse treatment than they had received at the hands of the old régime, which was at least an empire without pretensions. He said with a smile: "Their rule by an autocratic minority is not original. It is a copy of the worst side of the defunct Union and Progress. We managed it much better." Of course, feeling as he did, he had quite turned against the Eastern ideal. He believed that we should do all that could be done with the Western ideal, and try to become Westernized in spite of all the shortcomings of the West.

Dr. Adnan met me at Angora station next day and gave me the news. The Allies were inviting the Angora government as well as the sultan's government to a conference in London. They were going to talk things over and moderate the terms of the treaty of Sèvres. The Angora government was divided in opinion whether it should send delegates to the London conference or not. The extremists insisted that if this vague invitation were accepted, the newly formed Turkish army would be weakened after its victory by vain hopes, and the Greeks would be given time to prepare for a bigger and more decisive battle. The moderates insisted that even if the invitation were nothing but a ruse, it would be better to accept it, otherwise it would not appear that Angora wanted war at any cost; we would, of course, continue our preparations as if nothing had happened, but we must send our delegates all the same. If by any chance the invitation were based on a sincere desire to bring about peace without further bloodshed, we would benefit by accepting it; and if it were a mere ruse, the Greek army would take the offensive in no time and the whole of Turkey would see once more that the Western powers were merely deceiving us in order to further Greek interests.

The delegates of the Angora government to the London conference, which was to take place in February, 1921, were soon chosen. Bekir Sami Bey as the commissary for foreign affairs was the chief delegate. They soon left for London. The delegates from Istantoul under Tewfik Pasha (the premier of the sultan's government at the time) openly recognized the Angora delegates as the legal representatives of the Turkish nation. In London nothing definite, however, was proposed to the Turks. Mr. Lloyd George's government suggested an autonomy for Smyrna, and the powers were to declare absolute neutrality in the Greco-Turkish struggle. These vague propositions were to be discussed by the Angora government, and if the National Assembly voted favorably on them, there was a probability that another invitation would be issued to Turkish delegates in August or September.

That all this was only a ruse, as the extremists had declared, was soon made evident by the fact that the Greek army passed to a second offensive on a much larger scale than the first while our delegates were still on their way back from London.

The Greeks attacked from Afium and from Eskishehir and this time with superior forces. But on March 31, 1921,<sup>1</sup> they were again beaten by the new Turkish army. This is known as the second battle of Inn-Eunu.

In spite of its lack of means, and in spite of its utter exhaustion and its desire for peace, the Anatolian government, supported by a host of unknown workers as well as the greater part of the nation, struggled to get ready to drive out the Greek army from Turkish territory. I cite Colonel Arif again:

A good deal of the ammunition and the arms were brought from Erzerum, Diarbekir, and Sivas on camels and in ox-carts under the worst possible weather conditions, across roadless deserts and over mountains.

Workshops were improvised so that every single weapon might be examined and repaired. Men walked on foot from the East under the same hard conditions. Women undertook the hardest part of the transport—when ox-carts were broken or stuck in the mire, they carried the heavy loads on their backs.

It was the women again who, in spite of lack of animals and implements, tilled the ground, sowed seed, and gathered in the harvest. More than half these crops went to sustain the fighting forces.

Apart from their great work behind the lines, the women also actually fought (though only when the irregulars were fighting). I consider it a duty to mention one of them at least.

She came from the village Razieler in the Osmanié district. Her name was Rahimé. [She took part in the national struggle in Cilicia, which was almost entirely the work of the people. Colonel Arif took part in it with the Eleventh Division.] In 1920 she joined up as a volunteer with the irregulars under Hussein Aga. And in February, 1920, she took part in the attack made against the Ninth tunnel, near Hassan Beyli. The small group of fighters took eighty rifles and two machine-guns from the French.

She risked her life to bring in on her back the bodies of two Turks who had fallen on the field. No man had dared to do it, and they named her “Tayar” (the flyer) for her swiftness.

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<sup>1</sup> After the first battle of Inn-Eunu, Ismet Pasha came to Angora on a flying visit. He persuaded Mustafa Kemal Pasha and the government to let Izzet Pasha and his mission return to Istamboul.

She led the men to attack the fortified French headquarters at Osmanié in July, 1920. "I am only a woman, but I fight standing while you who are men are not ashamed to crawl on the ground and hide." She fell before the door of the French headquarters, shot dead.

After the second battle of Inn-Eunu the southern front under Refet Pasha was joined to the western front under Ismet Pasha. Refet Pasha was among the advocates of this unification. He somehow always rose above petty personal feeling whenever the true interest of the cause was in question. He became the commissary for national defense.

The army was now divided into what were called groups (corresponding to army corps). Each group comprised two or three divisions, and Ismet Pasha had the supreme command

The battles which the new Turkish army had fought, as well as those it had still to fight, and also the state of things in the villages, made a vast amount of relief work necessary. The Red Crescent was the only relief center. There had been during the great war a section of the women's Red Crescent, which had now ceased to exist, and the women in Angora wanted to reorganize it.

When the women asked me to reorganize it for them I declined from the very beginning. I would be a member of it when it was formed, but they must call a new congress and choose their Central Committee first. I was at that time suffering from fever. I could not take on any extra work.

This incident made me see the difference in character between women from Istamboul were mostly wives of deputies or officials, and most of them were educated, very modern, very fiery, and ready to undertake any public work. The Angora women were very different and kept away from those from Istamboul. The Anatolian women's lack of education was the barrier: and a certain lack of humor on the part of the women of Istamboul gave them in their turn a hasty and somewhat superior attitude. There was one woman from Istamboul, however, who was an exception. She was a widow who had settled in Angora. Every one spoke of her as the wife of Jemal Bey. She was the saintliest woman I have ever known: beautiful, tender, unassuming, and entirely devoted to helping the needy and the unhappy. The women of Angora loved and trusted her—she and another able woman, the wife of Colonel Noury Bey—these two would lead the Istamboul section of the women's Red Crescent. The Angora section would be led by two well-read native women whom I had so far watched with much interest. One was the wife of the mayor, and would have been a more efficient mayor than her husband. The other, Zehra Hanum, had married from

Istamboul in her youth, had traveled all over the empire, and had received a very good classical education. The classical education (Persian and Arabic) which usually affects men by making them scholastic had not injured her native common sense or curbed her progressive tendencies. She was a sincere and religious woman who was conservative and believed in slow change, but she did believe in change and openly condemned whatever was ridiculous in the old ways. She could speak forcibly and with dignity and clearness. One could see at once that if one had to do anything with the women of Angora it was necessary first to procure her good-will and her help.

All meetings such as those associated with the formation of this section of the Red Crescent took place in the Girls' Normal School. The directress was an efficient and charming young woman who could ably manage the two parties. But after two meetings they came to grief. Early one morning one of the Istamboul women came to see me and told me the trouble.

"The women of Angora have walked out of the meeting, declaring that they would not cooperate with the Istamboul women," she said

"But why?"

"It happened this way. We had decided to call the congress and were discussing how we would issue the invitation to the Angora women. One of us suggested that it would simply be announced in the papers. The Angora women insisted that there were many of them who did not read the papers, and that it would be better to get the Bekji of each quarter to go around to the houses and announce the meeting in the way in which other events of importance are announced. Then that one of us—who is sometimes rather hasty—said that we did not want women among us who were not enlightened enough to read the papers. When they heard this they all stood up and walked out. Won't you speak to them and arrange this matter?"

The trouble with me always is that I see too clearly the pros and cons on both sides. I knew that the "one of us" who had been hasty was really an enlightened active woman who was very necessary to the organization; on the other hand, I knew how hurt the Angora women had felt, for, after all, their proposition was the more practical one under the circumstances.

So I consulted the directress of the Normal School and got to know all the details on the most delicate points. Then the four leading Angora women were invited and I began to talk to them. I can see them now, all four of them, sitting in a row in dignified silence. At once I tackled the most delicate point—

the question of “enlightened women.” I told them, and I was perfectly sincere, that enlightenment did not necessarily depend on education, and that most of the native women were much more enlightened than the women of Istamboul, because they had a more real sense of values and were much more practical. Finally, I appealed to their loyalty to their own sex; I told them that a division among the women would make all the women the laughing-stock of the men: I knew they hated ridicule more than anything else in life. And lastly I made the patriotic appeal, for I knew that they would hate to appear less patriotic than the women of Istanbul, and once they had joined in they were active and useful. They consented to have the twelve members of the Executive Committee made up of six from Istamboul and six from Angora. The Central Committee would be composed of women from Angora mostly, and we would be unable to get one single Istamboul woman elected without the good-will of the Big Four who sat opposite me.

When we put down the names of the candidates, they accepted all but one, over whose name they shook their heads sadly: it was the name of the Istamboul woman who had made the unfortunate remark. “For your sake,” they said politely, “we will personally vote for her; but we are sure the rest won’t.” However, they promised to use their influence. But when they had gone and I sat talking with the directress, she smiled knowingly and said: “You will not be able to get her elected.” I will never forget the effective lobbying of the Anatolian women in this miniature election. It was far beyond me. They kept to the letter of their promise, and every one on that list was elected except her. I was elected president and Zehra Hanum the vice-president, but I knew that she would be the strongest force on the committee.

Of course, the new association wanted funds, and it was proposed that there should be a large gathering and that I should speak to them and make an appeal. And we wrote to different philanthropic women, especially to some Egyptian ones. Princess Iffet Hassan sent us a large sum. As soon as all the machinery had been set in motion, preparations were made for the large gathering. The estimate was that the Angora women were so close-fisted that we could not expect to raise more than a hundred pounds. The preparations had to be hurried. I was about to undergo an operation and was feeling extremely low in health. The meeting was to take place the very next Friday, and I was to be operated on the next morning. As my house was so far away from the doctors and not well equipped, the operation was to be at Didar’s house; and after the meeting I was to ride there.

The largest hall in Angora is that of the Boys' Normal School, and that was where the meeting was to be held.

On the eve of the meeting I went to the Girls' Normal School. The directress was taking some classes, and some one told me that a lady was waiting for me in her room.

I found her sitting in the golden light of Angora which filtered through the window and bathed her delicate face. She stood up and came toward me with outstretched hands and a smile—a smile of both eyes and mouth by which I recognized her at once, although I had seen her only once before for an instant. She was Fikrié Hanum, Mustafa Kemal's cousin, who was keeping house for him.

"I have come to help. What can I do?" she said. I was fascinated by her voice: it was very low with a tone of sadness far beyond her age. Of course, there was at that late hour not much left to be done, but I sat down and talked with her. There was the same gravity in her beautiful eyes as in her voice, but both eyes and voice were offering to be friends with me. I could reconstruct her life in my mind. She did not have many women friends. The passionate and deep feeling she had for Mustafa Kemal Pasha led her occasionally to be rather hard and tactless with his young women friends. I knew through Dr. Adnan that she was keeping house for him, sitting at the head of his table with dignity and grace. There was no decent and clean-minded man who did not speak of her with respect. She had already received several good offers of marriage, all of which she had refused. Although her attachment to Mustafa Kemal Pasha was obvious, it was of such a nature that it made you respect her and sympathize with her. It was the one thing in her life, and she was perhaps the only human being other than his mother who loved him as a man regardless of his position and genius.

Unfortunately, she was not the sort of woman who had the necessary shrewdness and capacity to make him marry her. Yet she believed he would marry her some day: at the moment it was a friendly relationship. With or without the patronage of the clergy she loved Mustafa Kemal Pasha and considered him to be the only mate the world could give her: she could accept no other; and one could foresee that if she lost him, the springs of her life would dry up and she would soon die. It was sad to see her making great efforts to understand things that were quite outside her mental scope, simply because they interested him. Yet she kept on trying, always with that exquisite smile of hers which gave her eyes and mouth so strange a wistfulness.



I had to look at them all before I could begin. The front rows were occupied by Istamboul women. Some were well-dressed older women and some young and pretty, but they were familiar to me as a part of my audiences in Istamboul. Behind them was a vast crowd of Anatolian women. I was not familiar with that kind of audience within walls and under a roof. In the very back rows were peasant women whose presence there set my heart thumping. It flattered me more than anything that they should come to a city hall and sit in a row and look up at me with their serious and timid eyes, as much as to say: "Look, we also have come; what are you going to say to us?" For fully three minutes I stood on the platform looking in silence at this new element in my audience. It amused me to think that the Istamboul element of my audience was getting uneasy. To them I represented Istamboul, and they were undoubtedly wondering whether I had forgotten what I had to say.

I told them as clearly and in as simple language as I could all that had happened in Turkey within the last half century. I tried to make them understand that although their men were as brave as ever in the fight, and had at times had such splendid victories as the Dardanelles, the fact remained that Turkey was beaten. My intention was to make them realize that no nation can survive by battles and physical courage alone, and it seemed almost as though I were preaching against war. But I wanted them to see first how much more necessary and even how much more difficult it was to achieve peace and maintain it. Then I returned to war and put before them the significance of our struggle, telling them that it was nothing less than a matter of life and death for the whole of the Turkish nation. For, let the Greeks occupy Turkey and in thirty years' time the Ottoman Turks will be entirely wiped out. I was not making a war appeal. There is a place called the Plain of Thessaly where once Turks lived and prospered. Greeks are there now. The names of the places are still Turkish, but there is not one Turk there. . . .

But my audience did not need to be told what would happen if their country did pass to the Greeks: they had relatives who had come from the occupied regions. The politicians who had sent the Greeks into Asia Minor knew very well too. It would certainly solve the Turkish problem at once—and for all time.

After I had spoken a very old woman in a check dress—she was very poor and very clean—came toward me. Evidently her eyes were not good, for she almost groped her way, and she asked: "Where is she? Where is she?" When some one had led her to me she put her arms around my neck and leaned on

me. I could hear her poor heart thumping. Then she stood and peered into my face, trying hard to see it clearly. "I want to tell you that I understood what you have been telling us," she said. "I have a daughter whom I send to the Normal School. She will do the useful things that will bring peace. I am only a poor washerwoman. I work hard to give her that schooling; but some day she will be a teacher and teach and speak as you do. . . ." This was the Citizen, the Builder of the Turkey of the future, who was talking. Now the woman herself wanted a contact with me. "My son died in the Dardanelles. I don't cry about it; I don't let my grief keep me away from my work, for on my work depends my daughter's schooling. But I want to tell you that I felt sad when every one talked of the new battles, for those who died at the Dardanelles were not mentioned then. But you spoke about them. I am at peace." Then she took out a pound, which must have been the fruit of very hard work for her old hands and dim eyes. "I want to give this to the Red Crescent—for the wounded," she said. We stood looking at each other. Her poor eyes were dimmed by the tears which were not shed—they all went to her heart instead, the heart which belonged to the lad who had died. Yet she stood there in the hardest of worlds and struggled on. At no time have I believed in the future of my country as I did at that moment. So long as this human element lasted it was bound to be a country worth living and dying for. . . .

I put my arms around her neck and kissed her on both cheeks. My head lingered on her shoulder for a moment: I could not send my tears back to the heart as she had done for years in such a brave way . . . .

As I walked out, Zehra Hanum came to me with joy in her eyes. "Something unbelievable has happened," she said; "the women in Angora have given a thousand pounds." It *was* unbelievable. A Red Crescent table stood at the corner and the audience crowded around it and gave as they had never given before. The sum total of the men's contribution to the Red Crescent after an appeal had been made was only a thousand pounds.

Forty-eight hours later I was on the border-line between this world and the next. I had been operated on and my temperature was ominous. For the first time Dr. Adnan was not attending to me: the case was in the hands of his former pupils, who were the very best doctors in Angora. If my temperature was due to the operation, I would die; if it were due to malaria, I might still live. But that did not concern me. I was in peace and at rest. I was quite clear-headed and took in whatever was happening in the room—but only with a part of me. During all my former illnesses I had had the feeling that I would not die

unless I wished to do so, and that no physical body could drive my spirit away so long as it chose to inhabit that body—such was the satanic pride and will-power of my spirit. But this time I ceased to struggle: something infinitely sweet and peaceful penetrated me—somehow associated with the whitewashed wall at the back of my bed. Whenever I turned toward it—and to do so made my heart throb with pain—I saw it disappear and in its place was an infinite stretch of soft white light, and I was being diffused into it and loved it. Why did not the other part of my consciousness which was recording the goings on in the room cease to be? Whenever I had really lost myself in that white glow I became aware of something else looming over my head, some one leaning over me and peering into my face, eyes which were drawing mine away from that long white patch. On the second day it was found that I was suffering from malaria. It was a bad attack, but still not hopeless, so they continued giving me injections.

Gradually the white wall reassumed its solidity, and the vista beyond appeared to me as an illusion and not as a reality. I tried hard to regain the illusion—but it was of no avail.

Didar sewing quietly by my bed, or walking about the room on tiptoe. . . . Her maid bringing in trays with nice things to drink. . . . Dr. Adnan talking with the other doctors in whispers on the divan . . . .

A fortnight later I was back at my home in Kalaba again. The bigger house which was being repaired was ready for us now, so we moved into it. Didar came over to get it ready for me. She was truly a sister to me all those days. And the house was converted into what might have been a home for me always. I still think with undying affection of its long divans and its red curtains, of its white walls where hung my whips, and a few pictures of a personal nature. Hamdullah Soubhi Bey's wife had come from Istamboul so that he had his own *ménage*; and Hikmet Bey was living with cousins, so Dr. Adnan and I had the house to ourselves. Yet I have never had a home peopled with more congenial beings—though they were not human. The dogs multiplied, Yoldash remaining always the supreme favorite. A large number of cocks and hens of all colors inhabited the yard. These were Dr. Adnan's charge. He moved among them in state, studying their peculiarities and personalities. There was not a single cock or hen which was not known to him personally. Early each morning he fed them and talked to them, walking up and down the bank of the little stream, followed by a crowd of feathered creatures, he talking seriously to them all the time, they cackling flippantly in reply. A baby donkey and its mother were among our adopted children. They raced down the valley, and every day the baby donkey came to my room to play with me. Doru

neighed happily in the stables. And for myself I wanted nothing more than a quiet and simple life in that valley among all these friends.

When I was well enough to begin work again at headquarters I became aware of the hard and relentless struggle which I had kept in the background during my illness. Our delegates were soon to go to London for the second time, and it was believed that the Greeks would make at this juncture a very big effort to attack us and defeat us and so destroy our chance of getting things sensibly and peaceably settled. Those at our headquarters were very hopeful. After the two battles of Inn-Eunu it should be difficult to defeat the Turkish army. Although we were still very far behind the Greeks in manpower, ammunition, and equipment, we were very much stronger than we had been before our previous victories. And since we had beaten them then, why not now? This might be a decisive battle, and then there would be peace for every one. Oh great and unbelievably happy idea!

There was one man who seemed almost as if he were going through a psychic phase. It was Fevzi Pasha, the chief of staff. He seemed full of fears and premonitions. I remember him working on a map for hours with his staff and continually pointing to one spot, saying: "Nassouh Tjal will undo us." The plan prepared at headquarters had a vulnerable point: it left Nassouh Tjal insufficiently covered. But those at headquarters, as well as Fevzi Pasha himself, saw that they had prepared the best scheme they could, considering the available means: the rest would have to be left to the chances of war. One officer said to me: "Fevzi Pasha is troubled with dreams and forebodings; you cannot consider those in war." Mustafa Kemal Pasha was as hopeful and as confident as the others, and it seemed to us that this mattered most in any military undertaking in Turkey.

Bekir Sami Bey, our commissary for foreign affairs, had resigned after his return from the London conference of February, 1921, to which he had gone as chief delegate of the Angora government. The cause of his resignation is interesting, both psychologically and politically, to future students of English, Russian, and Turkish history.

I had seen Bekir Semi Bey in January at Eskishehir just after he had returned from Russia, and I have already recorded his complete disillusion with the new Russia, and his determination to return to the West. I could understand the strength and depth of that disillusion after what had happened in London when I met him for the first time after his return.

By this time I had recovered, and he called on me in my new house. "I want you to translate a document for me," he said. "I want it to be done properly, and as it does not officially concern the Foreign Department I have not given it to any of the interpreters."

It was the verbatim report of a private interview with Dr. Lloyd George. The copy was sent to him from the archives of the British Foreign Office. One part of the interview consisted of Bekir Sami Bey's pleading for peace, and for the evacuation of the Turkish lands by the Greek army. Bekir Sami Bey believed England to have enough influence to stop the war and to persuade Greece to evacuate. Mr. Lloyd George declared that England had thought a great deal before sending the Greek army into Anatolia and that she meant to abide by her first decision. Mr. Lloyd George's talk made one realize that he did not believe in the possibility of defeat and disaster overtaking the Greek army. There was no notice taken of the fact that the presence of the Greek army meant bloodshed on a colossal scale, and that it was contrary to the declaration he had made on January 5, 1918:

" . . . Nor are we fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital, or of the rich and renowned *lands of Asia Minor* . . . While we do not challenge the maintenance of the Turkish Empire in the homelands of the Turkish race, with its capital as Constantinople—the passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea being internationalized and neutralized—Arabia, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine are entitled to a recognition of their separate national conditions."

Although this attitude, so different from that of 1918, means that the British Foreign Office has decided to wipe out Turkey at any cost, Bekir Sami Bey still makes an astounding offer, taking the responsibility of persuading Angora to back him, in case Mr. Lloyd George should after all consider the offer. Bekir Sami Bey belongs to a princely family in the northern Caucasus in particular to be free. What he has seen in New Russia has convinced him that not only those border people but the entire world is in danger if the new Russian ideals are allowed to pass to the West and to take hold of Turkey. What he proposes is the unity of those border people with the Turks to form a federal buffer state between Russia and the West; and if necessary, to mobilize all those people under Turkey to fight the Bolshevist régime, and he wants England's support. He believes that if Turkey is freed from invaders and allowed to exist, she will forget the massacres and the supreme injustice of the occupations, and work heart and soul, even fight, for the maintenance of the Western ideals. Mr. Lloyd George ridicules the idea, and the interview comes to

an end without any result. But an unbelievable thing happens. A copy of this interview reaches Comrade Chicherin, who quite justly sends a harsh note to Angora. Then Bekir Sami Bey takes the whole responsibility on his shoulders and resigns.

Judging from the standard of personal morals and in the face of the cynical Western policy to exterminate Turkey, while Russia was the only power to extend its friendship to Turkey, Bekir while Russia was the only power to extend its friendship to Turkey, Bekir Sami Bey's proposal to Mr. Lloyd George is an ugly act. But knowing Bekir Sami Bey as the soul of loyalty according to any standard, one must be convinced that what he had seen in new Russia made him put aside his loyalties before the sore needs and the miserable conditions of its peoples.

In May it looked as if the Greek offensive was not very distant. Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim, suffering from a nervous breakdown and a weak chest, was resting. Ismet Pasha wrote to Dr. Adnan, begging him to go to the front and examine Nazim. He did so. The chest trouble was not serious, and even if it were, he could not be spared—he had to fight. Dr. Adnan brought back a Greek rifle, beautifully cleaned, a cartridge belt, and a hundred cartridges. It was a war trophy, the personal rifle of Nazim; he had cleaned it while in bed and had sent it to me. Shortly after this he invited me to visit his division. I could not go then. I was to see him once more—but under what conditions!

After the first of May, Yacoub Kadri (the writer and novelist) came to Angora. He was our guest. We were very fond of him both as a writer and a friend. Dr. Adnan more so, for Yacoub Kadri had been a patient of his—being a consumptive.

He occupied the room at the very top of the house. It had windows all around giving on a veranda from which could be seen arid and yellow hills. It was good to have him with us in the evenings: his conversation was subtly arresting, and no one speaking with him in those days could doubt the brilliant author behind this gaunt man with his large head, his enormous black eyes, and his very deep voice. It was in those days that I asked him what he was writing. "An Anatolian novel, called 'The Shirt of Flame,'" he said. And I, who was dimly supposing that I also would write an Anatolian novel some day, teased him. "Oh, I will write that novel before you have finished yours."

About a week after Yacoub Kadri's arrival, Halimé came to see me one morning. As I was dressing, I called her to my room. Her languid eyes blazing with excitement, she sat on my divan and pulled up her loose trousers, showing me black bruises all over her legs.

"What are they?" I asked.

"My husband has beaten me—that *couma*—that slut who turns him against me!" The strange thing was that she did not seem to be entirely displeased.

"Why don't you get a divorce and live in peace?"

She gasped. She could not have been hurt more if I had plunged a knife into her heart. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

"But he loves me too—at least he loves me a little—I can't leave him in the hands of that slut! He is going to join the army in a week. And I don't want a divorce—besides, he would never divorce me." I had to soothe her. I wondered at the strangeness of human nature when she left me. The bruises were nothing to the cruel possibility of losing him.

At the end of May I decided to go as a nurse to the Red Crescent hospital in Eskishehir. The frontiers were getting lively and a Greek offensive seemed imminent. At headquarters it was thought that there was every possibility of this battle being a decisive one, and I knew there was a great need for nurses. Arrangements were made and I was to begin about the first of June.

It was the day before I started for Eskishehir. I was hardly out of bed, when I heard strange noises outside; it was unusual to hear conversation of that sort in my lonely valley. Many voices were raised and there was knocking on the door of a big stable where a poor woman lived. "She is not here," I heard her say. "How dare you break my door?" Then the footsteps went in and out; men swore and spoke in undertones. "It sounds like a mob," I said to myself; "what can it be?"

Before I got up to go out, Fatish came into my room. She was very frightened and looked more than ever like a frog.

"What is this row, Fatish?" I asked.

"The village is after Halimé's *couma*. The men have come with clubs and plows, swearing they will kill her, and they have broken in the doors of Ayesha Hala's place."

"Why?"

“She has broken the arm of her mother-in-law, and her sister-in-law has fainted. And she has run away because the villagers have risen and have sworn to kill her.”

“What are you afraid of, Fatish?” I asked, noticing suddenly how her lips and her limbs trembled. She gulped and the words stuck in her throat—I understood at once.

“I am afraid of them. I know they can be quite mad, and I am afraid of you because . . .”

“You have hidden her downstairs. . .”

She grinned in spite of her trembling, relieved and hopeful at my tone. As I knew how much she was afraid of the men and how she hated the slut, as she always called Halimé’s *couma*, it meant a great heart and more than ordinary courage to hide the hunted woman.

“Where is her husband? And where have you hidden her?”

“He is in the army already. I hid her in the hay behind the stable. And I swore to the men that she was not in our house. They have not forced our door—they have only inquired.”

In the middle of this conversation I heard hard knocks at the door. I also did not like the woman downstairs who had caused so much trouble to Halimé and the village, but the knock decided me. I had on only my dressing-gown, and my hair was down; but I tied a handkerchief around my head, put my bare feet in slippers, and walked out to the veranda.

There was a crowd of village children—boys in front and girls behind—with sticks in their hands and their eyes shining; and from behind the little house opposite heads peeped out—the men were waiting with some misgiving as to how I should take this knocking.

“What is it you want?” I asked the children, and turning toward the half-hidden heads, I almost shouted, “Why don’t you all come out and tell me what you want?” This made them recede a little farther, but the urchins were fearless, almost drunk with the joy of hunting a living creature.

“We know Fatish has hidden the slut in your yard. We want her. Our fathers will kill her.”

“Who are your fathers? How can they kill a woman?”

“She has broken an old woman’s arm. We will kill her. Our fathers will kill her. They have sticks, they have ropes.”

I knew that the only way to handle a mob is not to be afraid of it. No pretense of courage, no sham bullying; they sense that at once. And the next thing is never to threaten them. You can scold them,



you can harangue them, you can appeal to them without any show of weakness, but never threaten them. So I went ahead and harangued them and enjoyed myself immensely. I have never enjoyed a public speech as much as I did that wild one I made on the veranda. It is the only public speech in which I gesticulated, fell into demagogics, dramatized and scolded and scorned and appealed . . . The noses, the tips of beards, the ends of sticks needed more and more. When the backs were turned, I addressed the urchins, who were less impressed by my heroics than their elders.

“What are you waiting for? Go at once. . . and don’t let me see you again. Killing a woman whose husband is not in the village, indeed! You sham champions and heroes . . . go at once!” They did go; but they returned several times, and I had to raise my tone higher and higher, and to my surprise it was at a moment when I had really become angry and meant to go down in person that they dispersed. Sham heroics, anger, and assault can cow grown-ups any time, but you must be genuine with children.

When I saw the crowd walking away through the open field I ran in:

“Quick, Fatish, bring the woman.”

She came up, holding her shoes in her hand, her whole dress and hair covered with hay. No one can realize the fear in an individual’s face who is hunted by a crowd unless one has seen it.

“Why did you break that old woman’s arm?” I asked severely. I meant to stand by her at the moment of her danger, but I did not mean to like her or even be nice to her.

“It is not really broken . . . they are all cowards—Halimé has stirred them up against me—and since my man is away they treat me like dirt. She called me slut. Could I bear to be called a slut?”

I looked away discreetly. Perhaps she was right. After living the way she had, no one could resent the name of slut more than she. Whatever she had been, she was at present an honest wife and the most respectable woman in the village. What I objected to was not her past life but her lack of heart, her cruelty to the woman whose man she had taken. There was no time to argue. . . .

“Where is your village?”

“It is three hours’ distance.”

“Which way?”

“The Tchubouk way.”

This road led away from the village and would not be in view of the villagers unless they returned.

“Have you any people there, and are you on good terms with them?”

“There is my brother: once he refused to know me, but since I am married he has been all right.”

“You start at once for your village. The villagers won’t come back for some time.”

“Won’t you keep me as your servant?”

I wouldn’t: I did not need one. So I smuggled her out of the stable, and I myself walked toward the village. If I met a villager I would keep him talking till she had had time to get away safely.

But the villagers did not return for an hour, after which one by one the urchins began to come back. But the woman had gone away, the doors were wide open and our house looked as if it had nothing to hide.

## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **THE FIRST GLIMPSE**

ON June 2, 1921, a small figure in a nurse’s uniform walked from the Eskishehir station to the Red Crescent hospital. It was I. I was thinking that this time Fatish and Yoldash were not with me, and that while I could very well do without a maid, I didn’t know how I was going to sleep without Yoldash. And then my mind wandered to Lieutenant-Colonel Nazim. Had he recovered? Would he be able to fight the coming battle?

The head doctor of the hospital was an old friend of mine. He at once began to tell me about the many mutual friends who had been wounded in the second Inn-Eunu. And this led him to two sisters, two Turkish nurses who had done such a lot when the hospital had such a lot to do.

The intense heat of the June day was in the room, and as I drank tea to cool myself, though it always had a contrary effect, I was very conscious of the elder sister. She was slowly becoming the heroine of my Anatolian novel, "The Shirt of Flame." I was glimpsing the clinging reality of her presence, her whims, her peculiarities, even her manner of nursing. She had passed through the wards and stood by the operating tables like Life itself which will not let you sink in the misery of physical pain. I visualized her as a tall presence, with the eyes of emerald shaded with black fringes, the ivory colored oval of her face, and the lips that made one feel the fragrance of the tropical carnation.

"She shall be the heroine of my novel and her name shall be Ayesha," I said.

Dr. Shemseddine laughed:

"Already? Who will be the hero?"

Well I did not know the hero yet. There would be several; the commander whom she had nursed; an Istantoul youth who lost his legs at the front—and also his heart; Mehemmed Chavoush and all the others: but the man whom she would love I had to create yet. This was what I brooded upon every night when I retired to the feather-bed of Mama Tadia; but when I became aware of the tragedies of real life in Eskishehir, all these shadowy thoughts fled away. Months passed in which many events, many moods, and many personalities so oppressed me that the moment I was back in Angora I had to put them down on paper.

There were quite a number of wounded in the hospital and several more arrived every day. I was to take charge of the biggest ward with third beds, all for the private soldiers. The matron was an experienced and very efficient Turkish woman; the women nurses were from Eskishehir and very mixed . . . some serious and willing to learn with good nerves . . . some perpetual gigglers. The men nurses were chosen from among the unfittest in battle, and considering the scarcity of men, one could easily imagine how very unable these poor things were: they were even less efficient than the gigglers, who were at least young and able-bodied. The two nurses worthy of any mention were Sergeant Mustafa and myself. Sergeant Mustafa was worth some two hundred Halidés and worth almost some fifty of the best-trained nurses in any part of the world. I understood the generosity of the army in dispensing with his services when I saw that his right arm was no longer capable of using a gun. In his immaculate white apron and white cap he made one say: "A white man, inside and out." And he was. One wondered how he always

managed to look as if he had just been lathered and scrubbed, how it was he always managed to shine with cleanliness in a white apron and cap amid the worst kind of hospital work.

His yellow eyes shone in that long and almost royally big head that reminded one of an Alsatian or a wolf, the crooked nose had a trick of smiling internally but understandingly at the human tragedy, but the mouth . . . especially on that long, sleek head it surprised and arrested you . . . mercy and love . . . unbounded love and mercy without any suspicion of tears.

He had some two hundred beds to look after, and only the weak and helpless human wrecks to assist him, but there was no other part of the hard work in which he did not manage to help. He always came to my ward at the right moment, when lack of strength and intelligence had nearly reduced me to despair. He lifted giants like feather pillows, removed the dead from my ward in a way that the manner of their removal, instead of shocking one with its haste, made one feel it to be a spiritual ceremony.

Among the doctors it was the most insignificant-looking one who attracted my attention. He was a surgeon, Dr. Djemil Bey, and he had a heavy face, big expressionless blue eyes, and arms with muscles as mighty as those of a wood-cutter. When he made eighty-three amputations in a day, and still lifted stretchers without any tremor in his arms, speaking in the undertones of a mother who does not waste words, with his blue eyes smiling like a child who is cheering another child, I blessed him as a saint, a saint who has no aggravating pose of holiness.

And among the wounded I was nursing before the ninth of June there was a man called Abbas, of whom I became very fond. He was wounded in the head, in the side, and in the feet, and was struggling to remain alive. He was the swarthiest giant in the ward, and he had an incredibly patient and mild expression when he was conscious; but when he was in a delirium, his moaning was so startling that it affected the whole ward. Each time that strange subterranean moaning began I had a feeling that he was being dragged down to death, and I gripped his hand and almost pulled him back. . . . He invariably took possession of my hand in the way a drowning man might cling to a floating spar, and opened his eyes . . . blurred and red they stared at mine, and he murmured, 'Hadijé, my Hadijé . . . ' with infinite compassion and in a tone which asked forgiveness for being obliged to die and leave Hadijé alone. Whether she was a sister, a wife, a daughter, I never asked; but I knew how hard it was for him to leave the unknown Hadijé all by herself to face the hell of those days . . . .

“Abbas is not going,” I said, and he recognized my voice and answered it with the kind of sad humor which makes one want to weep, “Abbas will not go, sister.” And Abbas did not go. Destiny, which indulges in incalculable surprises, brought him once more into my vision on the hot battle-fields in Sakaria, on those scorched, gray, ruthless Anatolian steppes. He lifted his hand to salute the little woman on horseback, but it was the salute in the eye with the same sad smile which established the recognition. . . . It said, “Abbas will not go, Abbas will not leave Hadijé alone, sister.”

On the seventh of June, about five o'clock, I went to the doctors' room. We could still afford the luxury of a cup of tea and half an hour's rest in the afternoon. There was no one in the room, and I took up the papers from Istamboul and glanced at them rather absent-mindedly. “Great loss,” “The death of a savant,” dominated a page. I read a few lines without understanding, but I had an uneasy feeling in me somewhere . . . . Salih Zeki Bey had died . . . the father of my sons had died . . . the pity, the helpless longing to reach them beyond the Atlantic, to touch them and say, “I am still alive,” was intolerable at first.

Yet the vision of his sons and mine in mourning soon passed away. I realized suddenly that this was the master mind to which I had bowed down with all the veneration I was capable of in my youth; this was the first man I had loved with all that my eighteen years held, and the capacities of my eighteen years for loving were infinite. And this was the man who, after having ruled all the moods and the sufferings I had gone through for nine years, had passed out of my life completely, so much so that I was not able even to recognize him during the few chance meetings we had had. But on the seventh of June, 1921, when I knew that he had passed away from among men he came back to me in a flash. . . . A well-lit room in Nour-Osmanié, with all the details of a well-cared-for and cozy home . . . the green shade covering the light by his spacious writing-table . . . it is evening . . . he is in his dressing-gown, and the usual brown warm cap is on his head . . . the same utter absorption as the pen grates the paper . . . and I am choosing the story I read every evening to the little boy who will presently come and climb on my knees . . . he rises from the desk and comes toward me . . . have we quarreled again? Why is that intellectual look which has awed me so long and still awes me at this moment turned to me? Why does he say with the same tone he has used so often, “Oh, you poor little girl!” The superiority, the pity, the whimsical yet affectionate tone reechoes in the doctors' room in Eskishehir. “Poor little girl!” . . . What is she doing in this room in Eskishehir, now that that other room has gone? What is she doing, anyhow, in this strange and funny world? How many

times have the man in the brown cap and the poor little girl vowed in earnest that they would die together and be buried in the same grave! Oh, the utter travesty, the unreliability, and the clownishness of life.

“The tea is getting cold, why did you not drink it?” said Dr. Shemseddine. Another remarked that I was flushed. Was I tired? Was the work too hard? . . . And the talk drifted . . . they are discussing malaria.

On the seventh and eighth of June, Mama Tadia’s room is haunted. I begin the evening with a book and keep the candle burning on the table. Oh, it is stuffy, it is hot! I look longingly at the curtain, hoping to see it shake with a breeze, but it doesn’t . . . carts passing, the patter of feet on the pavement, a cloud of dust that slowly rises up to my window and penetrates my room. No one is talking in the street . . . what a silent race we are . . . what would I not give to hear a human voice. I know it would expel this uneasy expectation, this unrest. When the book falls from my hand—the book which my eyes read without my knowing what a word of it means—I decide to let my mind have its own way . . . what harm is there in evocation?—let the haunting memories unfold their scenes as they will. I close my eyes that I may see better the past. The Master tiptoes into my room. The brown cap, the dark blue dressing-gown, the soft muslin kerchief he ties around his throat before going to sleep. He has his brass candlestick as he comes from the dressing-room, pulling the heavy silk curtains apart . . .

“Do you remember—“ I begin, as if really he has come in and is sitting on my bed. He does remember . . . about that everlasting nightcap of his. Yes, in that half-hypnotized moment when I had invoked his presence, this was the first thing my memory gave back to me. For six months after our marriage the Master slept with bare head. Then one night, I believe it was after a quarrel—but then we had so many of them—he pulled aside the curtains of the dressing-room and called out angrily, “Look here, please!” He had a brown woolen nightcap on his head.

“What is that hideous thing for?” This was beginning another angry scene.

“Indeed! I have suffered no end of colds because a foolish little girl, the least of my pupils, who one day spoke with derision of nightcaps . . . idiot that I was, to change a habit of twenty-five years because of her!—I will do no such thing!—I will wear my nightcap whenever I want—do you hear?”

At first she was amused, but displeased too: she never thought of age when she thought of him, and did not want it flung in her face. Then in a moment her foolish mind was troubled with other thoughts.

She was no longer worried about age and the unseemliness of nightcaps: she was remembering this old cap had already been worn in the intimate presence of another woman, in another home; that that tie had been broken—the same tie which she in the ignorance of her youth deemed unbreakable but which he seemed to have forgotten so easily. Was there no possibility that this one too might as easily pass away?

But the figure that haunted her that night did not dwell on this scene for long; and it stayed till the gray dawn came—as often before we had stayed up together and talked. Then he would draw from the great and immortal minds which had tried to explain the mystery of life—in terms of figures, lines, symbols—and failed. But the scholar, the mathematician in him never saw the failure. So he peopled her nights with those great minds and their great thoughts—but sometimes he wandered from their thoughts to their human frailties; then she listened hungrily. But when he piled explanation on explanation, something of her lagged behind, though she followed it all; to her every representation seemed but a mere mental illusion. But morning would find them gradually mellowing into a gentler, more human mood, she rather sad and he very nearly feeling her mood. Then he would talk of his boyhood, how he was sent to be an apprentice in a carpenter's shop because they had thought he could not read and write; how he loved the old mosques and the chants in their dim corners, and how, although now a convinced materialist, he still went to mosques and was strangely moved in the same old way. It was curious to see the master mind and the mind of the girl at one with each other at such moments. Then he would give her breakfast, tucking her in bed, and go away softly chanting a verse from the Koran in his fine baritone. "Halidé," he would call from his bed before turning in, "thou wilt never free thy mind from my mind. . . ." And it was true.

On the ninth the hospital was nearly full and we were to admit only the most serious cases. As we were having more wounded than we expected, part of the evening was spent in turning every other room into a ward.

The Greeks had opened their biggest offensive—a hundred thousand men, a most efficient staff, the very best equipment, and a strong artillery. The Turkish headquarters was at Karaja Bey. I neither knew nor cared to know what was happening at the front. The battle which was of such vital importance to me before I had come to the hospital had now been driven into the background. In the ward there were none but those to whom battles had ceased to mean much. Many of those who were unconscious groaned as I undressed them to wash away the mud which smeared their faces and sometimes their bodies too; but it

was good to hear them groan: it meant they might still live—and each of them was a whole world to me. When I had put them all to bed, I had the feeling that for the last fifteen years Turkey itself had been just such a hospital.

One sergeant, a fairish man whose legs were wounded, belonged to Nazim's division—not that I made any difference between this division and any other, but he was the only one who seemed so eager for news. He spoke very little and in the manner of strong men who feel very uneasy to have weak women doing all the hard work of life. His face was the domineering and intelligent face of a Turkish sergeant. Near this sergeant lay a worn-out and silent figure. I wondered why no one came to take him to the operating theater or to attend to his wound. I asked him whether he wanted something. He did not answer, and some mysterious impulse made me put my hand on his head—the face was so sunken and the color so queer. He opened his eyes with an effort, and one could see that their light was fading. “Don't you want anything?” I repeated softly; the answer too came with an effort. “Lemon,” he said. As I lifted his head on my arm to give him the drink, he smiled, and the eyes looked at the glass with the same look. It took me such a long time to make him drink; then he let his head fall on my arm . . . surely the poor fellow was feeling very faint, I thought. I put his head on the pillow, meaning to go and call the doctor, yet I couldn't move away from the bed. I felt a hand tugging at my apron: it was Nazim's sergeant in the next bed. “Go out now, sister,” he said with a protective tone; “you'd better call Sergeant Mustafa.” But still I didn't move. “Will you make my legs comfortable?” he said. I knew that he was only trying to keep me from the next bed. “I cannot lie still,” he said. I tried to make him comfortable as quickly as I could. When I turned round again Sergeant Mustafa was leaning over the other bed. He was lifting the man, and I knew from the expression on his face that the man was dead. That same night another of the wounded arrived, so tall that no bed we had could hold him. He also was a sergeant. He was perhaps seven feet tall; anyhow, the largest bed was prepared for him and he lay on it with his legs bent and his head high up on the pillow. His wound was in the abdomen; he had peritonitis, with a fever incredibly high. Yet he was perfectly lucid, though very restless. The doctor had no hopes of him, but it was hard to believe that such a grand human specimen could so easily die. The last thing I did before leaving the ward was to feed him with milk. Suddenly I noticed Nazim's sergeant trying to raise himself up in bed, his eyes bulging with the effort. I must have



looked surprised, for he apologized. “We fought together,” he said; “he is such a lion of a lad—and now to see him fed by a woman with a spoon!”

Next day when I walked out of the ward to speak to the doctor, something extraordinary was happening. From the stairs leading to the large landing there was literally a throng of stretchers, and crammed between them were men with bandaged heads and arms and supporting each other. Except for Sergeant Mustafa, nobody seemed to have room to move. The gigglers had their giggles frozen on their lips and stood flattened against the wall. The doctors with blood-smeared aprons came in and out of the operating theater, where lacerated masses of human flesh lay on the tables. Everywhere was silence except for the patter of feet. A young officer, quite blind, clutching the hands of two of the wounded . . . and a big man on a stretcher crying aloud suddenly—crying as if his heart would break, rebelliously, stubbornly refusing to be carried to the operating theater: “I don’t want to live! I don’t care! He is dead—my commander is dead!” A middle-aged major, all bandaged, tried to comfort him in vain. “We will revenge him,” he says. How strange the word revenge sounds in that hall crammed with slaughtered humans! . . . So this is the scullery, the backwash, the kitchen where the remains of the bloody feast of war are sent to be put out of sight—that grandiose feast which the artists of the world have celebrated for so many centuries without once depicting its effects as being maimed and lacerated human bodies! Great names are made: great generals and politicians must have their palaces, statues erected in their honor, and the daily adulation of the public. They write the names of the millions on marble slabs, stand in silence for two minutes, and then—the music begins again—the bloody feast goes on, called by high-sounding, romantic, patriotic, soul-stirring names!

“We have squeezed eight beds into the room opposite; please take charge.” It was Dr. Shemseddine who whispered to me and passed on. The elderly major was leaning against the door of the room, white and faint. I tried to make him sit on a small table that stood near the door of my new ward. “That lad has upset me,” he said apologetically. “I have had no food the last twenty-four hours—could you get me a cup of tea?” I got him some tea. When I looked around to give the next cup to another, I saw a stretcher practically under my feet. A face half bandaged, the other half smeared with blood-kneaded mud, the arm bandaged, the jacket torn and caked in mud, and, in spite of it all, gray-blue eyes which looked on as coolly and as steadily as if he were walking down the street. He managed to roll a cigarette with one

hand, and holding it between his fingers he looked at me. I lit it for him and he puffed it with satisfaction. I felt disturbed by something about the eyes . . . who was it he looked like?

He was the first I took into the ward; he took his washing quietly, looking at the red and black water in the basin with an amused smile, then suddenly he burst out, "How in the name of the devil . . ." and continued with a vocabulary compared with which damn, devil, and darn would be sanctified words taken out of a prayer-book. He laughed at the fact that he was left alive; he swore at the shell which had killed a bunch of five officers; he swore at ever conceivable thing on earth, but his rage was most fearful when he vented it on Nazim, his commander, the man whom he evidently loved most in the world, the man who had the damned cheek to let a bullet go through his heart. So then it was Nazim for whom the private in the stretcher was sobbing, and Nazim was dead with a bullet through his heart. I went on washing the men, dressing them, and laying them in their beds—that is, so that what was left of them should suffer as little as possible.

It was half-past four when I went back to Mama Tadia's. "There are two men waiting for you," she said. It was Roushen Eshref, the writer, who was a correspondent, and Youssouf Akchura, who had joined up as a reserve officer. All was not well; Nazim was shot, the retreat had begun. "You better go and see Ismet Pasha," said one of them. "He is very distressed."

It was the beginning of the retreat. I was driving to Karaja Bey, Ismet Pasha's headquarters. The retreat might lead us anywhere. Yet I could not bring my mind to dwell on it; the values of life which had swung from national destinies to individuals could not swing back again.

Major Tewfik met me at the door and I went to his room.

"It all looks very serious—" he began. "And that poor Nazim—"

"When did it happen?" I asked.

"Yesterday. He went into the trenches and fought with the privates. Half an hour before, he spoke to me on the phone. 'Tell Pasha not to worry,' he said. He was troubled all the same and told me that he held his breast out to the bullets."

Nazim was now standing before me lifesize, smiling, one corner of his mouth slightly drawn up with a painful humor. "Kill all the officers," he was saying. Had he begun by getting at least one of them killed?

“Pasha is very distressed . . . shall we go in?” said Major Tewfik.

It was the usual Anatolian room, with its low ceiling and two small windows. A camp bed, a wooden table, and a single chair were its furniture, and Ismet Pasha rose from the chair and came toward me with his habitual cordiality. He had on the simple khaki of the private soldier which he always wore during a campaign, and which seemed to harmonize with the austerity of his character in those days. But his face was haggard and his eyes feverish, and the lines about his mouth and eyes had multiplied. He had to face the incalculable result of the retreat which he himself had had to order. I felt very great pity as well as respect for him, and that made me inarticulate. I wanted to tell him that the heroic and super-human effort of the army he commanded was much greater than any obvious success. But he did not agree with me. He told me with bitterness that to the world it was only success that mattered. The world never considered sacrifice, however sublime and great it might be, if it was not crowned with success. This seemed to me significant of a danger in Ismet Pasha’s otherwise deep nature. I never minded hearing such talk from Mustafa Kemal Pasha, but Ismet Pasha I looked upon as being one of those who help to create the lasting things, and to lasting things success is irrelevant.

“You will dine with me,” he said. And we went to the open space in front of the little house which was being used as headquarters. I can still see grilled tomatoes catching the red light of the lantern over our table, and me looking dismayed because I have to eat them. Ismet Pasha spoke of Nazim a little, and before I took leave he said, “Pasha is coming.” He meant Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

On the road driving back I was thinking Eskişehir was to be evacuated. Perhaps Ismet Pasha would make a last stand and try to cover the retreat of the main forces. But what would all these shattered, agonizing human beings do? I felt sick beyond description at the thought of war, but my mind was caught like a rat in a trap by the necessity of it. The war seemed inevitable on our side. The enemy was in our very homes, and, fighting or no fighting, those homes turned into ashes and our people put to the sword. Why? Simply because a politician or a few politicians had a capricious desire to change the map of Asia Minor. And the Greeks too were caught by the promise of gain and glory without effort. But already they were seeing what it was costing them; for the moment they were being successful, but everything had not yet finished. I saw again the hospital; I imagined other hospitals—the backwash of the feast of war! Poor Turks . . . poor Greeks . . . poor world! . . .

The morning came and another hectic, painful day. But beneath the suffering and pain of these half-conscious, half-dying men was an undercurrent of despair that, after all, their efforts to protect their loved ones had failed. Oh, Allah of Mercy, when would it all end?

The swearing of Nazim's young officer had a very wholesome effect on my troubled soul. He sat up in bed and attacked his soup with his left hand as if nothing were wrong with him. He did not look at me furtively and apologetically for being alive. Now that his most beloved Nazim was dead, he was concerned with his next beloved, who happened to be his orderly. He would stand no nonsense from the hospital, he said. What did the hospital mean by not letting the orderlies come up to the officers? "Look out of the window and see if the devil of an orderly is there? He does stick to the pavement down there, I suppose." I did look out, and sure enough a tattered private with eyes glued to the window stood on the pavement. I offered to go down and fetch anything the orderly might bring for him. Anything be damned, he thought; he did not want anything, he did not want hospitals, nurses, and doctors—no, he only wanted his orderly. Then he returned to poor Nazim and swore most savagely—the incredible cruelty of the man to let himself be killed by a bullet!

In the afternoon I met Dr. K.—from the military hospital—on the staircase. As the military hospitals were being evacuated, I took his presence as being connected with the removals.

"Do you want to say good-bye to Nazim?" he asked, which naturally made me look most surprised. Then he made a sign toward a small partition at the end of the landing, with a glass door and white curtains. "He will be taken to Angora for military honors," he said, and as the lines on his big good-natured face deepened, I understood why he had come to the hospital.

"You go in first, Doctor," I said. "I will wait at the door."

He pushed the door open reverently and tiptoed into a very small place. I could see the interior through the open door: a couch covered with an enormous Turkish flag stood in the middle; the crimson cloth with its majesty Crescent and the Star shone in the June light from the single window. I turned my back as he began to remove the flag; two minutes passed in silence, and then he moved. Thinking that he was coming out,

PHOTOGRAPH – ISMET PASHA, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH ARMY

I turned my face: he was leaning over the reclining figure on the couch and kissing it. He covered it before coming out.

So this was Nazim's form—it could not be Nazim himself. Should I remove the flag myself and destroy the pleasant picture of him I had in my mind? I hesitated—and I went back and removed it again. Slightly propped on pillows, he lay on his back with his hands folded on his old blue artillery jacket, and he wore his blue-topped brown calpak. Strange . . . most strange! . . . The moral form which was to turn into dust had Nazim's soul on its clay face. The gray-blue eyes looked with the self-same free and questioning light, but I thought that they had some new understanding now. How had it affected his idea of human beings and their endless grievances? Had he discovered their tragedy to be only a melodrama? The mouth decidedly was fixed in his most characteristic smile, the half-pitying, half-laughing smile which drew up one corner of the mouth when he used to say: "Kill all the officers. . . ." Did he still believe that the knotty problem of human life, especially of that in Turkey, could be solved if the officers were killed? Whatever new knowledge his soul had acquired—whether there was conscious continuity or not—his dead mask had retained it: it would smile in that tortured pitiful way till it would crumble into dust . . .

It was good that my eyes dwelt at last on his hands. They were small and freckled as those of a little boy; they were folded on his breast as though he were a child asleep. They were no longer the hands which pulled triggers, and cleaned guns, and worked at such high nervous tension. Their peace soothed me. After all, in some corner of his being there had been peace before he passed away.

I put my hand on his and took leave of him as a sister would of a brother. Then I drew the crimson flag over his face.

I went into the street. I wanted air and I wanted to be alone.

The life in the streets had become more agitated. Among the military transports were a large number of ox-carts laden with household goods, on which children sat looking at the movement in the street with frightened eyes. The women bending coaxed the oxen to make them go faster, and the whole human stream moved on and on . . . The order to evacuate Eskishehir had been given.

I had hardly gone to my room at Mama Tadia's, when an orderly brought up a note from headquarters. It was from Lieutenant-Colonel Salih, the second chief of staff at general headquarters. He

had come to Eskishehir with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. He said that the president pasha (meaning Mustafa Kemal Pasha) had in his train a compartment reserved for me. The train would start at half-past nine. I wrote to Lieutenant-Colonel Salih and thanked him and the pasha. I would be there on time.

A minute after the orderly had gone a series of explosions shook the house, shattering all the glass. Guns began firing quite near, and a great stampeding was heard in the street. Either the Greek army had entered unexpectedly, or there was a new revolution, I thought.

I went downstairs to find out what it was and collided with Mama Tadia. She pulled me toward another staircase which led to her coal-cellar while she explained: "The Greek planes have come—the bombs have fallen behind my house." I could not stay long down there. After all, the firing now was from our own guns chasing the planes. There was a painful thought in my mind—I knew that the station was lined with stretchers waiting for the train, and no doubt the planes had bombarded the station first.

The nauseating horror of human suffering in an atmosphere of disaster and defeat was at its highest during the next few hours. Those wounded by the air raid, twelve in all, were brought to the hospital just as I got there. Several of them were boys, and they sent up continual yells of pain.

By eight o'clock all the wounded who could be removed were ready for the train; the others were to be left in the care of a Turkish and a Jewish doctor. The young women who had giggled the first day and had grown dumb at the sight of suffering were now in hysterics. Their heads on their arms, they were leaning against the garden door, in front of which was a row of dead, and crying aloud. I had managed to soothe them and remove them from the door, when Dr. Djemil and Dr. Murad (of whom I shall speak more fully later) came near me.

"There is nothing more to be done," said Dr. Murad. "Come out and eat; you must eat." I walked out with them mechanically, preferring the ordeal of eating to the effort of remonstrating. Just by the garden door was a tent where the dead were laid; a row of feet protruded from under the edge of the canvas. There was a bright yellow moon and I stared at the feet, almost hypnotized. Big Anatolian feet, some bare, some in heavy tattered shoes, all of them swollen, lacerated, and hardened with the walking of years and years. At last they were at rest forever!

We sat at a table at the farthest end of the garden. There were meat balls to eat. I know their exact size, and just what they looked like, as I do the grilled tomatoes on Ismet Pasha's table. I don't

believe any one ate. Dr. Djemil leaned on the table and smoked, at last utterly exhausted. Dr. Murad said that the last train would go at three in the morning; he said he could offer me room on a goods truck by which he was going to travel himself. I felt almost humiliated by the thought that I was to go earlier and in a more comfortable train.

There was a last scene of horror for me when I went back to the entrance hall. A delirious man with white bandages around his head struggled to get free from the firm but kind hands of Sergeant Mustafa. He sobbed, he begged to be taken away, to be taken back to his village in Angora. "I kiss the soles of thy feet . . . for the love of Allah do take me to Angora." Another man was lying on his stomach on the stretcher, because his back was wounded in several places. I knelt down to feed him and began to talk as soothingly as I could: a few hours more they would all be in warm beds in Puladli, I said. One by one each of them was begging to be sent to a hospital where there would be women—women and Sergeant Mustafa were so good. All the wounded were now talking in undertones of home associations. I was getting acquainted with everybody's children, learning their names and their village . . . .

I moved on and saw Sergeant Mustafa kneeling by a stretcher at the door of the room from which the delirious apparition had emerged only half an hour ago. "You tell her," he was saying, "she is coming this way." Sergeant Mustafa rose smiling at me. When I bent over the stretcher, I gasped. It was a little boy about seven, with a face smaller than the palm of my hand, with trembling lips and amber-colored eyes.

"Why are you here, dear?" I asked.

"I was operated on in the military hospital and now I've been brought here, Lady Aunt."

"Where are your parents?"

"My mother is in Biledjik, and Father is in the military band. His name is Ali, my name is also Ali . . . do find him for me, Lady Aunt," he begged, keeping the tears back with a gallant effort but unable to stop the tremor of his lips.

I went to the matron and asked her to take the little boy into her room, and to let him travel near her, then to take care of him till the father should come. She promised very willingly and had the stretcher removed to her room at once.

At half-past ten the train was still at the station. The lamps glared like so many wicked eyes. Women sat on the open trucks near their goods, nursing their babies. Women swarmed over the station, trailing their household goods and holding the hands of their bewildered children. I had never seen so many frying-pans before—does one really use them so much? Women looked up at the sky, frightened; the station lights were brilliant: the aéroplanes might come.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha stood on the platform and talked with the high officers. His face was grayer than his calpak, a kind of rigid mask which hid the man behind. They all looked unconcerned, while the women squatted in rows with their kitchen utensils scattered around them. They stared at the military group with infinite bitterness, but with the inexhaustible patience which belongs only to Anatolians.

The train whistled. As it moved out slowly into the dark, I felt that the curtain had fallen on another act in Anatolia.

### **PART III**

#### **AT THE FRONT**

“THEY FOUGHT FOR GLORY AND THE ‘BIG IDEA,’ BUT THE TURKS  
FOUGHT FOR THEIR HEARTHES AND HOMES.”

*A. H. Lybyer*



## CHAPTER IX

### HOW I JOINED THE ARMY

IT is from 'Nassuh Jal' that the Greeks have come, just as Fevzi Pasha said," declared Dr. Adnan. "There is something uncanny about his military knowledge."

"How is he feeling about the present disaster?" I asked.

"He is curiously optimistic. He says he will lure the Greeks to the east of Sakaria and defeat them for good in the wastes of Middle Anatolia."

This conversation took place as we rode together from Angora station to our house in the valley. But Fevzi Pasha was the only person who seemed elated and enthusiastic. Silence reigned over the place; headquarters looked grim and said nothing: the civilians talked a lot of military stuff in a learned tone and were bitterly critical; some went so far as to declare that Ismet Pasha ought to be punished for the defeat. The assembly took a patriotic attitude, and there were rumors about sending Mustafa Kemal Pasha to the front as generalissimo. His name is always associated with the magic quality of "luck" in battle. Besides, the country was getting restive and wanted to see him take the responsibility on his own shoulders; but he waited and pondered.

One evening, just two days after my return from Eskishehir, I dined at headquarters with Dr. Adnan, and having worked in my room for an hour afterward I looked around for him to go home with. One of the rooms on the corridor was open and I heard his voice. As I entered the room I found him talking to Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Both were standing in the middle of the room, and the Pasha's face was

turned to the door. His face had its characteristic gray hue but not the iron mask I had seen at Eskishehir station: it was discomposed and sullen. He looked as he did during the worst days of the civil war. The trouble on his face was even deeper: it was the trouble of the Turkish nation, and I knew he had struggled hard to avert it.

I walked up to him and shook hands. I told him I was sorry for the military disaster, but believed that better days would come.

“Won’t you have a cup of coffee, Hanum Effendi?” he said, and he settled down to a talk over the coffee-cups, as though he were quite unaware of the difference there had been between us.

“Ismet is fighting in front of Eskishehir; stay and hear the result,” he said.

We did stay and we heard the result. Yacoub Kadri, who was at headquarters with us that night, also stayed. Though Mustafa Kemal Pasha was not directing the fighting, he incommoded those who were with his incessant demand for news. But one had a glimpse of the ruthless soldier in him. As his aide-de-camp came in to tell him the whereabouts of this or that regiment he grew restive, and his language became more and more realistic; the men in command at that unfortunate battle would have been aghast if they had heard the names he called them. Again the morning came, the lamp paled out, and he said with a tone which was almost a groan, “Ismet has lost the battle before Eskishehir. Let us have another cup of coffee.” Then he leaned against the desk, his face grayer and more discomposed as he smoked.

Dr. Adnan, who had left the room for a little while, came in smiling, and one wondered why he was cheerful at this grave moment, for he is one of the born and incorrigible pessimists. But as he looked at the pasha with a subtle concern in his face, I understood that his smile was not after all very whole-hearted.

“Where have you been, Adnan?” Mustafa Kemal Pasha asked rather wearily.

“With Fevzi Pasha. He is the most hopeful sight in the universe: he believes that all this is tending to the final defeat of the Greeks.”

Pasha laughed and called Fevzi Pasha a name which is not usually complimentary, though one saw that he was well pleased at Fevzi Pasha’s optimism. He was always most superstitious at the critical moments.

The next two weeks passed like an agonized dream. The natives of Angora maintained a reproachful silence which hurt one. It seemed to say: "It is you who have brought the Greeks." Every evening at the harvest-place before Kalaba the villagers gathered around my horse as I rode back from headquarters. I can still see the glaringly yellow field, with piles of dried crops, and golden straw which glistened in the early moon. Here and there tiny huts for those who slept in the fields rose up like veritable toys, and the women in their red and blue hurried toward me. I know exactly how all their upturned faces looked as they asked in a whisper, "What is the news?" And the men as they moved slowly and quietly at their work would stop and strain all their faculties to catch the news.

Youssof Akchura Bey came for a few days on leave from the front. He said with a significant reproach, "There are so few to do the tremendous work that has to be done by the field headquarters. Yet any ordinary man who can read and write is of immense value. I do wish some of our intelligentsia would come to the front and stoop to doing ordinary writing." I believe I was more concerned by Youssof Akchura Bey's remark than I cared to admit. It kept me awake a whole night.

On August 5, 1921, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was elected as the "Bash-Commandan" (generalissimo) and became a kind of military dictator, invested for a time with the full power of the assembly. The law which made him "Bash-Commandan" reads thus, and it shows the psychology of the assembly at the moment, both its desire to save the situation and also its desire to prevent their chosen leader becoming a real dictator:

I. The Great National Assembly, which is the supreme power, holding in its hand the destiny of the nation and the country, and whose every member retains his judicial and constitutional immunity and rights by the status conferred on him through the fundamental laws, and which [the assembly] also holds the rights of the generalissimo, has invested Mustafa Kemal Pasha to wield that power in its name.

II. Generalissimo, for the increasing of the moral and material capacity of the army to its utmost limits, is authorized to use all the prerogatives of the Great National Assembly.

III. The above-mentioned rights are conferred on the generalissimo for three months. The Great National Assembly reserves the right to take away the authority and the office of the generalissimo before the term expires, if it thinks it necessary.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha formed a military cabinet which included Diarbekirly Kiazim Pasha and Colonel Arif.

The week following the appointment of Mustafa Kemal Pasha passed with hectic expectations. One of the first days he fell from his horse and was carried back to Angora: and this did much to reduce the morale of those who had hoped so much from his appointment. But his injury was found to be slight, and he returned to the front after twenty-four hours. But for some reason there was an atmosphere of suppressed panic in Angora which was bitterly disappointing. Unfortunately, those who were the daily companions of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, extremists who boasted of invincible courage, were the first to leave Angora and take their wives and goods to Kaisariya. It is the irony of fate that these very men are now acting as the desperadoes of the dictator. But in those days the dictatorship of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, although conferred by the assembly, did not reassure them when there was still a possibility of danger and defeat. This naturally increased the antagonism of the inhabitants of Angora. The village stood firm for a few days more, but on the fifteenth of August quite a number of them came to me and said: "The great beys are hurriedly leaving Angora; they say that the Greeks are very near; the whole place is full of deserts; nothing is safe. We have our carts ready, and we want to go as well. What do you advise?" I believe it was this that clinched my inner resolve.

"I should not budge," I said.

"Will you not go to Kaisariya like the rest?"

"No."

"Will you tell us the time when we must take our children away?"

"There will be no such time, believe me," I said.

They went back a little comforted, but still sad and anxious.

Events had come to a climax. The Greek army was 100,000 strong; it had the very best equipment, fire-power, means of transport, and a strong morale which their last victory had given them. They were so sure of getting to Angora in a few weeks that they had even invited the British officers who were in their army to a feast there. And the Turkish army was twenty-five thousand strong; it had just suffered an ugly defeat, its fire-power was much less than one half that of the Greeks, it had very little means of transport, its arms were of inferior kinds, and its lack of artillery was so obvious that the belief

was prevalent among the men that Turkey's bad luck was really insuperable. So either we must stop this final assault, or pass away as having failed. The Turkish nation would go on and conquer its fate, but we, who had struggled so painfully and with such infinite faith and hardship, each according to his utmost capacity, would not see the result.

The curious way of identifying myself with my nation now took its highest and strongest form. I meant to be among the strugglers who might prevent the imminent disaster or die in the effort. I did not mind how insignificant and absolutely small my part might be. It was a gigantic picture of an unparalleled struggle: let me be the most insignificant detail.

On the sixteenth of August I wired to Mustafa Kemal Pasha and volunteered. I had an immediate reply. After very high and, I believe, for once sincere praise, he said that I was detailed to the western front for which I must at once set out by the swiftest means possible, and take orders from Ismet Pasha.

## CHAPTER X

### SAKARIA

I DID not know where I was going. Where headquarters was had been kept a deadly secret. I only knew I had to get out at Malli station in order to reach it. A young captain, a special courier who was going to the front, was to take care of me.

Only a short line from Angora to Sarikeuy remained in the hands of the Turks. As there was next to no coal, the trains ran only for military purposes, with wood which was cut down and brought to the stations with infinite trouble. The carriages were all third class and very old. Besides the discomfort of the wooden seat, which they had tried to soften by putting a blanket under me, there were bugs, and the windows were broken. At each station new recruits came and took their places in the trucks; women stood on the platform and looked on with silent agony on their faces: one old woman ran after the train, her toothless mouth a black gap frozen into a voiceless groan of despair. The men held each other's hands in the trucks and called out to those in other trucks, asking for any who might be from their particular place or village. "Is there a man from Castamoni?" "Is there a man from Changiri?" "Is there . . . ?" one heard them say. One felt that the morale of the men was not very good, and although they were going to fight in their own incomparable way, death and disaster were in their hearts. But on the other hand, there was a current of absolute strength and faith with which one came into contact occasionally, and which gave one the impression of a high and immovable courage. It came from the officer element, from the youngest and most unknown. Sakaria is the battle of the youthful and unknown officer. As the train plunged into the illimitable wastes of Anatolia I knew that this was going to be the turning point in the hardest ordeal Anatolia had as yet gone through. Just one station before Malli the moon was beginning to rise; on the left stood a cavalry group, a geometrically perfect rectangle, in front of which a young officer shouted, "March," at which the rectangle was at once set in motion, still retaining its perfect form: in spite of the thuds of hoofs that echoed in the yellow waste, it was like a machine; it seemed so utterly devoid of individuality. Two men were trying to climb on to the train and looked in through my broken window. I leaned out and asked:

“What is it, countrymen?”

One of the managed to reach my hand and kiss it.

“We two were from Commander Nazim Bey’s division. We are in this village; we came to kiss your hand.”

He helped his comrade to reach up to my hand and kiss it, and then put it on his forehead as is done with a mother’s hand. “Good luck, countrymen,” I called out as they walked away hand in hand in the manner of little boys. My voice sounded hoarse: I was trying to fill myself with the invisible resolve and faith of the officer. I was wondering whether that twist of bitterness on Nazim’s mouth would be straightened if the disaster could be averted this time. One must find some way of letting him know all about it if we clear our hearths and homes . . . .

“This is Malli station,” said the young captain who opened the door of my compartment. On the left again men in khaki clothes sat on the ground, dispersed and in absolute immobility. The moon was higher and the light an amber diffusion in the cold air. From two front trucks orderlies were trying to lead the horses out.

A short military figure walked toward me.

“I am Ismet Pasha’s aide-de-camp,” he said saluting. “He sent you his car.”

Although I had my horse and my groom somewhere, I said nothing, following the officer in silent obedience. Now that I was a soldier I was acting like a soldier; consciously, even subconsciously, I seemed to have ceased to be an individual. I was a number in those military designs which moved hither and thither, a mere drop in the gathering human torrent in the wastes of Anatolia. And we drove on. A silent and yellow bareness, occasional rises of land in the distance, solitary horsemen whose horses’ hoofs awakened echoes in the silence at intervals. When we neared a kind of high earthen terrace formed of mounds and hills, and over which gleamed here and there edges of single bayonets, I asked:

“Where is the headquarters?”

“The village of Ala-Geuz, rather the dependence of the village itself. It is in a little valley, walled in by those low hills.”

“How is Ismet Pasha?”

“He is very well.”

Then the car went through the narrow opening which led to a low valley. I heard the far-off barking of sheep-dogs and saw several tents of light looking like huge fireflies. At last we were in the village, and the car stopped before a wooden house, the lights of the lanterns at the door shining red behind the crimson ensign of headquarters. Two bayonets gleamed and we descended from the car.

Two rooms are seen through open doors, earthen floors everywhere, officers are working in the flickering smoky flames of naked lights. A rickety wooden flight of stairs leads to the only story. Major Tewfik comes out from one of the rooms, shakes hands genially, and leads me into another. A slight knock. Major Tewfik pushes open the door: it is a dimly lighted Anatolian room with a low ceiling, a camp bed in the corner, a big table. Ismet Pasha stands at one end and a young major with very blue eyes, who is speaking rather loudly and gesticulating; he has a somewhat unmilitary air.

After the gleam of recognition in the eyes and the formal salute, Ismet Pasha shows me a wooden chair and continues listening to the major. When the major has gone, he shakes hands cordially. He is kindly, as usual.

“Now you are a private in my army,” he says.

“Yes, my Pasha,” I say, trying to appear very military. He laughs.

“You will live like a private.”

“Yes, my Pasha.”

“You will live in a little house, and you will have an orderly: you need not feel like a private when you are in your room,” he says with a humorous twinkle. Again he becomes serious as he resumes his talk.

“Did you make your ‘*Meldung*’ to the Bash-Commandan?”

“No, my Pasha.”

“Then you must do so at once; he is expecting you. Then you come back here. I will assign you your work and send you to your quarters.

He pats my hand reassuringly, as he sees the almost ridiculously earnest way in which I am taking my military service.



An officer goes with me to Mustafa Kemal Pasha's headquarters. On the left, close to the circular high mounds, are several houses and a few lighted tents; a solitary voice from one of them tears the silence of the dark: it is the telephone service and the voice is calling the village of Inler-Katranji. On the right there is a dark void, a stream running through; behind it are three more houses, and in the far distance a row of lighted tents and a long pointed pole—the wireless.

“That is the general headquarters,” says the officer.

The short village road is full of holes, it is muddy, and rather dark. The moon is already set. I believe it is after midnight. We cross a tiny bridge and get to the largest house in the village on the other side of the stream. I recognize Mustafa Kemal Pasha's body-guards in their black tunics such as the men from the Black Sea wear. The officer leaves me at the door and retires. One of the guards lights the way through the entrance and up the stairs. It is a half-built house with large beams standing out on the ceiling. Pasha's aide-de-camp, Captain Muzaffer, comes toward me across a large landing and leads me to Mustafa Kemal Pasha's room. Then the door opens on a very brilliantly lighted Anatolian room, the only room which has an acetylene lamp!

Mustafa Kemal Pasha rises from the arm-chair he is sitting in. His rib is evidently still very painful, for he walks with difficulty and leans against the wooden table in the middle of the room. A colonel who, curiously enough, looks as though he might be the twin brother of Mustafa Kemal Pasha is also standing near.

At that moment I went toward Mustafa Kemal Pasha with absolute reverence in my heart. In that half-built humble Anatolian room he embodied the resolve of the young to die in order that a nation might live. No palace, no title, no power will ever make him as great as he was in that room from where he was to lead the Turks to their final stand against annihilation. I went up to him and kissed his hand.

“Welcome, Hanum Effendi,” he said. “This is Colonel Arif.” He introduced the officer who looked so much like him. The same slim, rather elegant figure, the same lines of the head, the same cynical curve on the thin-lipped and tightly closed mouth. But Colonel Arif's relaxed on the corners, and the cheek-bones and the square chin were less formidable. The same blue eyes, but they protruded slightly and were not so pale. I had the impression that he did not approve of my being there, although he was very

courteous to me.<sup>1</sup> Mustafa Kemal Pasha made me sit down, asked no end of questions about Angora, ordered coffee, and, again moving with difficulty, leaned over the map pinned on the wooden table and gave me a lucid explanation of the military situation which a child of four could have understood. There was the Sakaria traced out like a magic coil on the paper; there were the blue slips of paper on pins which were the Greek forces, and the red slips of paper on pins which were the Turkish: they stood like blue and red butterflies sprinkling the map. My impression of the military situation as Mustafa Kemal Pasha explained it to me would have made him laugh. The Greek army was a long black dragon coiling toward Angora to devour it. The Turkish army was another long coil stretching out in a parallel line on the east of Sakaria in order to reach Angora first and prevent the black dragon from swallowing it. I had a feeling that the Greek dragon, so much thicker and so much bigger than ours, might after all reach Angora first and leave us behind.

“What if they finally reach Angora and leave us behind?” I said. He chuckled in his dangerous, tiger-like way.

“I will say, *Bon voyage, messieurs,*” he said. “And I will attack them behind and they will perish in the wilds.”

“I must report to Ismet Pasha that I have reported to you, Pasha,” I said rising. He laughed for the first time, realizing the situation.

Photograph – Major Tewfik, Corporal Halidé, Major Tahsin, and Galib Bey.

“Are your quarters comfortable?” he inquired. All that was in Ismet Pasha’s hands, of course. Mustafa Kemal Pasha insisted that I should dine at his table in the evenings. Ismet Pasha, Colonel Arif and his aides-de-camp also dined with him. There was something in Mustafa Kemal Pasha during Sakaria

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<sup>1</sup> I learned from a friend a little later that at first Colonel Arif had really disapproved of my presence. Dressed in simple clothes, a long straight tunic, high riding-boots, and a black kerchief round my head—rather like those of the Black Sea guards—I must have appeared very boylike and ever so much younger than my age. So he said to my friend:

“That child should not have been allowed to join the army.”

“Child? What do you mean? She is a middle-aged woman and perfectly able to take care of herself.”

which he never had before or after. He was less cynical; he was not quite sure that this would lead to victory, and he saw that he had to die with the rest if the disaster took place. He was feeling almost as a condemned man would feel toward his comrades who will die with him.

“I will give you to the First Section,” said Ismet Pasha. “We are short of hands there. Your chief will be the young major you saw here. And now the garrison commander will take you to your little house.” And the garrison commander, a short, proud-looking person, took me to my little house. It was the school of the village and consisted of two rooms. The inner one was already taken charge of by my new orderly, and my camp bed was spread out. He stood holding a small lamp. A tall, gaunt figure, eyes that were very near each other and very sad, legs and arms too long for his clothes, and shoes all tattered, he gazed at me with protective affection.

“May I bring my blankets and sleep outside your door, sir?” he said, saluting respectfully.

“May he?” I asked the commander with all the respect I could gather into my voice.

“He may if you wish,” he answered, and leaned over the table and wrote down my name, age, and regiment. “Private in the headquarters guards Halidé the daughter of Edib.” He added before he left: “Your orderly will bring your food here; you will go to headquarters at ten. They work at night and get up late. Good-night.”

“When shall I give you your tea, sir?”

My orderly was evidently taking me for a boyish-looking officer from Istamboul. And he had immediately taken the responsible and loyal attitude of the Anatolian, and he meant to look after me well.

“What is your name?”

“Ali Riza.”

“You give me my tea at eight. Good-night.”

At last I was alone in the long narrow room, with its low ceiling. There was a small window covered with a white curtain, and the railing behind reflected on the white cloth like an enormous iron cross. I tried to go to sleep staring at the cross: a light moved outside, an automobile started, and I knew no more that night.

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After that conversation with my friend his manner changed entirely and he assumed a respectful but very sincere camaraderie. I liked him all the better for his concern about a woman whom he did not know, for his reputation did not make one expect the delicate and protective sensibility he showed.

Somewhere the buzz of gigantic bees, continual firing: annoyance that I should be thus disturbed.

A knock at the door awakened me from a semi-dazed state of dreaming. The cross-shaped iron bar behind the curtains met my eyes, and queer tiny forms fluttered and threw their shadows on the white cloth—falling leaves from the few trees in the yard.

As Ali Riza brought in my tea I could see that his was even a more lovable face by daylight: the quiet gray eyes were so affectionate and loyal.

“Was there firing early this morning, Ali Riza?”

“The Greek aëroplanes came to Malli station, as usual.”

Those in the room where I was to work were just getting up, and I went into Major Tewfik's room. There were neither enough men nor space to form the orthodox number of staff sections. Most of the principal sections were subdivisions of the First Section, the Major Tewfik was the general chief. I was to work in the subdivision of which Major Kemal (not to be confused with Kemaleddine Sami) was the chief. He was a young officers who already carried nine wounds in his body, having fought at every Turkish front from the day he had left school. But he was more than just a military man; side by side with his love of discipline there was something in him which demanded space and freedom: and he wanted it for everybody else too, so he was identified with those semi-irregular officers who dream of reform and anti-militarism. Naturally he was not in favor in the higher circles.

The walls of his room were lined with camp beds: in the middle stood an enormous table, at which sat officers very tightly squeezed together; and the scratch of their pens seemed so much louder because of the grim silence. Major Kemal made a place for me and explained my work at some length. I had to prepare in detail the daily list of the strength of divisions, men, ammunition, and arms. I took the details from the officers who brought in their reports and very carefully made a daily diagram as Major Kemal showed me. He had a very complicated way of putting stars of different colors against each item. The task needed infinite patience and good eyes, neither of which I possess. The lamps burned the whole day, and being only smoky flames were very tiring to the eyes. Fortunately, no one smoked except myself, and I had no time to do it there.

I lunched with Major Tewfik and several other offices. As there was not much work in the Second Section of the moment, its chief, Major Tahsin, and Youssouf Akchura Bey (a voluntary helper) were

assisting Major Tewfik. My natural place ought to have been in the Second Section, they said: and I volunteered to help them at spare times if they needed it. In this way I got to know Major Muharrem, one of the bravest and worthiest officers in the Turkish army. He had been the chief of staff in the Eleventh Division, that of Colonel Arif, which had been abolished. I understood that Colonel Arif had been sacrificed to the prejudice and hypocrisy of some who disapproved of his drinking habits. But having been Mustafa Kemal Pasha's classmate and comrade in his youth and manhood, and the boon companion of his revels, and having served the Nationalist cause from the very beginning, he was attached to his military cabinet. One could see that Mustafa Kemal Pasha had rightly suspected a hidden reproach to his own drinking habits when he was asked to remove Colonel Arif from command simply for drinking. But all this did not concern me. I could see that though Colonel Arif was called to leave the command of forces which he had gathered together and led in many battles and hopeless days, he had the strength of character to take it calmly and in good humor. He was said to be one of the best staff officers, and knew the complicated and wild land we were fighting in as no other staff officer did. Besides all these military attributes he was the kind of man whose personality would always arouse interest.

"What do you think of Colonel Arif, Hanum Effendi?" a young officer would ask me. I would say that I thought him to be an extremely shrewd and witty person who used his remarks with reserve and effect.

"His conversation is not of the kind which would please a lady," would be the answer. When I assured them that there was not one single attitude or word of his which could hurt the most old-maidenish lady in the world, they seemed surprised.

After dinner I sat with Colonel Arif in Mustafa Kemal Pasha's room, and we talked with him or rather we listened to him talk. Until four or five in the morning one officer after another came in and brought different reports. Sometimes Ismet Pasha also wandered in, but he was so worn out with work that on two occasions he sat on a wooden chair and fell asleep at once. Most of the time Mustafa Kemal Pasha was talking on military matters. He leaned over the map which was neatly fixed to his wooden table and, moving the tiny red and blue flags on the pins hither and thither, rehearsed aloud all the possibilities in the coming encounter between the armies. The armies were still stretching themselves out. It reminded me of a game we played as children and called "*Tjaylak Yavrumu Kapamassin ya*" (Hawk, thou canst not take

my chicks away). Mustafa Kemal Pasha was the hen and Paulas the hawk in this grim game of grown-ups. And there could not have been two better-matched men, for Paulas and his staff are the best which the Greeks have had at any time. Mustafa Kemal Pasha's knowledge of the detail, both human and material, of the army he was handling seemed to me nothing short of uncanny. He could visualize in an instant its whole ensemble, the number of every regiment down to very small units, and their position on the map. Colonel Arif supplied the exact knowledge of the lay of the land as well as a knowledge of the moral qualities of many commanders. He leaned over the pasha's shoulder, his face looking like that of a twin brother and saying in his low tones, "The village X---- lies ten kilometers to the north; there are two mounds on the left—excellent—the commander of the regiment? Like wood—stupid, but what a soldier!—and the men are veterans. No fear of artillery-panic in that quarter: when they exhaust their ammunition they will fight with bayonets, commander and all."

Mustafa Kemal Pasha in his tactics would have to think of the supreme drawback of insufficient artillery and ammunition, as well as the shortage of men. Although human loss and suffering would never trouble him at any time, he had not more than one against three, and he had to economize them as best he could. There are little hills of some strategic value in Sakaria which had been lost and regained by the Turks at least seven times, and each time meant the complete annihilation of one small Turkish unit. He often spoke longingly of the days in the

#### MAP OF ANATOLIA, SHOWING ZONES OF FOREIGN OCCUPATION

Dardanelles when he could send eleven thousand to death in one battle. However, he was very careful this time. Every evening the diagram with the detailed list of men and arms had to be presented to him either by Major Kemal or myself. His knowledge of detail struck me most one evening when in the midst of harassing circumstances he read my report and, putting his finger on one item, said severely, "This number cannot be right." I took it back to Major Kemal. I understood at once that he had made a mistake with one of his colored signs. Major Kemal did a very manly thing: he owned up to his fault, which was an extremely difficult thing to do with such a strict and ruthless commander as Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

It is through doing the kind of work I had to do during the first days of Sakaria that I realized what an important work Refet Pasha, then commissary of the national defense, was doing. He was achieving the

impossible by sending so many recruits and arms and ammunition to the Sakarian army, hunting for them in the remotest corners and conveying them so swiftly in a country where the quickest means of transport were ox-carts and human backs. Although at the beginning of the battle of Sakaria we had approximately twenty-five thousand men and rifles, and we eventually lost sixteen thousand men, yet after the battle we had increased our strength to approximately forty thousand. Fevzi Pasha, the chief of staff, who spoke without the personal and political motives which color Mustafa Kemal Pasha's declarations to-day, at that time said: "We owe the greatest part of the success to Refet Pasha's timely and swift contribution of fighting material and men." And Refet Pasha spoke on the same subject differently. "We owe our success to the Anatolian peasant women—for hundreds and hundreds of miles they transported the ammunition on carts or on their backs along roadless wastes, protecting the ammunition with the scanty covers with which they covered their babies who accompanied them tied to their backs."

Sometimes Mustafa Kemal Pasha spoke of other things, often of the future, and twice of our possible retreat to Sivas if we were beaten in this line. Neither Colonel Arif nor I liked this kind of talk. I remember Colonel Arif one evening trying to cheer Mustafa Kemal Pasha by saying with bitter irony:

"You will always find enough men in this country to send to death with or without reason. No one ever asks questions about the waste of human life."

Did he realize that the time would come when he himself would be sent to an ignominious and undeserved death by this comrade of his youth?

Colonel Arif was one of those who had no life other than that of war and military training. It was either his life in Germany as an officer or his life as a commander which furnished the themes of his rare conversations, yet he would at times make a remark on other phases of life which made one shudder at his cynical but realistic understanding of human motives. The only time one could associate him with anything human was when he talked of his housekeeper, Ayesha Hanum, an old woman of fifty, and of his grizzly bear, which he called "Gray Boy." He had caught the bear as a cub in the woods of Bazarjik. It had a passion for wrestling from its very first days of babyhood. The children came and played with it and enjoyed its wrestling, but in six months wrestling with Gray Boy was too grown-up a game. Then Gray Boy was in sore need of its sport, so its teeth were extracted. Though Colonel Arif hated doing this, it had to be done for public safety. Then he asked the strong men in his army, men who had been professional

wrestlers, to wrestle with the bear for the glory of it. “But,” Colonel Arif would say, “Gray Boy is invincible. A man may beat him several times, but a man gets tired and Gray Boy doesn’t. It never rests till it beats its opponent, be it at the twentieth round.” “Does he ever want to wrestle with you or with Ayesha Hanum?” I asked. “No,” he answered, “he loves us like a little boy. You ought to see the show, Hanum Effendi, when I change houses. Gray Boy sits in an open cart leaning against Ayesha Hanum lovingly, and the children of the quarter follow the cart in great state.” I would often imagine Colonel Arif’s home life after this: Ayesha Hanum bustling about or furnishing him with the latest gossip of the quarter, he drinking peacefully, and the bear at his feet munching pears, which were its favorite fruit. I met Gray Boy in Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s garden a few months later. He was a big, sturdy fellow, who came toward me scrutinizing his surroundings in the shrewd way which bears have. He was chained, but he received pears from my hand politely, and did not ask to wrestle with me—which was extremely knowing and courteous of him. I never saw his Ayesha Hanum,<sup>2</sup> and I am glad I did not—for she failed in her affection and loyalty very miserably—in a way perhaps Gray Boy would never have done.

On the twenty-fifth of August the battle opened. The first days the Greeks gained ground, although very slowly and with infinite difficulty, occupying each little hilltop which had some strategic value with great losses to themselves and to us. I understood from Colonel Arif’s description that the Sakaria Valley was composed of a series of plains surrounded by immense chains of hills. And the Greeks were making a furious offensive then, occupying one little hilltop after another in spite of the stubborn defense.

“Until they occupy the Mount of Tchal,” Mustafa Kemal Pasha would say, “there is nothing serious to worry about; but if they do that, we had better look out—they could easily occupy Haimana, and after that they have us in a trap.”

I went with Youssouf Akchura Bey and Major S. Aali from the general headquarters to the Mount of Ala-Geuz to see the fighting. As we rode from the village we heard the buzzing of the Greek aëroplanes

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<sup>2</sup> Colonel Arif was executed in Smyrna for having been implicated in a plot to assassinate Mustafa Kemal Pasha. The plot had never gone beyond the talking stage. Two men who had come to Angora and seen Colonel Arif a whole year before the plot were among the would-be assassins. They were alleged to have stayed in his house one night. It was Ayesha Hanum who came to the court and said that the men actually did spend a night in his house. She was crying bitterly all the time, but I do not care to think of the bitter realization by Colonel Arif of the treachery—even if it were perpetrated by fear—of the only person he seemed to care for in life.



. “They have evidently discovered where we hide ourselves,” said Major Aali. And we drew reins and looked back anxiously. Fevzi Pasha, Ismet Pasha, and Refet Pasha were near Mustafa Kemal Pasha holding a conference. All four seemed irreplaceably important at the moment. Then a crash—a cloud of yellow earth and black smoke and continual firing. “They are going,” said Major Aali, as we tried hard to hold the horses.

When we climbed the Mount of Ala-Geuz a landscape which still haunts me in its grandeur spread before me. It was primeval, on a grand scale—endless valleys walled in by semi-circular hills—colored depths of earth, glistening through a pale blue-gray mist in shades of violet, red, and blue—while the hills loomed over them in fantastic shapes, dark and somber. Mount Tchal, a giant hill of ink-black earth seen through a silver haze, dominated the scene. The silence was like that of some uninhabited world—then the air was shaken with distant “booms,” and wreaths of smoke arose, sometimes a thick black mass, sometimes in bluer tapering shapes, and were lost in the many colored void.

I met Fevzi Pasha in front of Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s house. It was too dark to distinguish the strange light he had in his eyes all those days, for he had the air of a man who has a great secret conviction. We talked and walked together; the serenity of his spirit and his certainty of our success were good to feel. He only came a few times to headquarters in those days: he was in the front lines with Lieutenant-Colonel Salih. I wondered whether it was the belief in his own plans or some invisible strength coming from the young officers which made him so hopeful. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, though a blindingly brilliant perpetual motion of intelligence, had drawbacks in his character and temperament which might have proved fatal to our cause if Ismet Pasha and Fevzi Pasha had not been there to counterbalance them. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was harsh and extremely jealous of personal distinctions. Like most men of destiny, he hated to see any one in the public eye, even in a sphere which did not touch his: this feeling became with him a fierce resentment which took the shape of persecution the moment he felt himself strong enough. Ismet Pasha is the only military man whom he has ever praised in public, yet behind the praise there was a subtly concealed motive. Ismet Pasha had been badly beaten in Kutahia and in Eskishehir, which defeat had almost brought the Greeks to Angora; so Mustafa Kemal Pasha in praising Ismet Pasha was saying with a wink, “I have commanded Sakaria and the march to Smyrna: Ismet was under me, so by all means praise him freely; it all comes back to me.” Knowing this side of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, it is for the future

historian to decide whether Ismet Pasha would have been in the position he is at the present if he had not had that military misfortune. On the other hand, Ismet Pasha had a pleasing and generous disposition and realized the necessity of handling human beings with special care. So he stood like a buffer state between Mustafa Kemal Pasha and those whom he might easily have offended to the disadvantage of the cause. Depending on the prestige of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, he made every one feel his individual importance in the general scheme. Another drawback in Mustafa Kemal Pasha's temperament was his variability: sometimes he was able to attempt the impossible with the greatest zeal and success, but sometimes we would lose heart and easily despair before the odds against which no amount of calculation was of any use. Fevzi Pasha stepped in at these moments and with his strange certitude about our success kept Mustafa Kemal Pasha going.

Mount Tchal, which seemed so important to headquarters, did fall before the week was out. That evening is memorable in the annals of Sakaria. There was grim silence everywhere, and the ugliest sort of fate seemed to hang over every one in the headquarters. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was most affected. He fumed, swore, walked up and down, talked loudly, summed up the situation with the rare lucidity of a delirium, and tormented himself with indecision as to whether he should order the retreat or not. And I sat opposite him feeling as if the iron curtain of doom, something like the fire curtain of a theater, was coming down, ever so slowly but surely.

“Fevzi Pasha wants to speak to you on the telephone, sir.”

It is two o'clock in the morning and an officer is speaking to Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

The dimly lighted landing, with the half-built ceiling from the beams of which cobwebs dangle, is like a stage-scene. The guards in their black, and the entire household behind the few officers who stand in a line—eyes glisten over their shoulders, hectic, curious, anxious—I am leaning against the door. In the room opposite, Mustafa Kemal Pasha is at the telephone. . . . A breathless instant, then: “Mustafa Kemal speaking. Is that you, Pasha Hazretleri? What? Did you say that the day is in our favor? Did I understand right? Haimana is nearly occupied—do you say the Greeks are at the end of their strength? What? A coming retreat of the Greeks? . . .” Eyes flash fiercely from the group, standing in the dim background of the landing. The gray face that comes back is bewildered: there is a strange chuckle in his throat, half amused, half pleased. Will the division he is sending to close the gap be there before the Greeks make

another move? He calculates, writes, and red and blue flags are moved hither and thither. There are enormous blue circles around his eyes, he looks like a face in Dante's *Inferno* tortured beyond words.

"Hadn't you better rest, Pasha?" I say.

"No, I cannot," he says hoarsely. "Let us have another coffee. Is that rascal Ali asleep?" he shouts. Ali was one of his serving sergeants. Is there such a thing as an accidental human gesture which may change the tide of a people's destiny? If so, it is the call of Fevzi Pasha.

Fevzi Pasha was right. The Greeks were too worn out to follow up their attack on Haimana the next day, and the breach was filled. But the fighting went on fiercely in the center. The fourth group (the army corps) had to face the music, and the loudest yet. Kemaleddine Sami Pasha, who was the fourth group's commander, told me that they had to fight at least three Greek divisions at a time. A Turkish group was composed of three divisions, and each division numbered 1500 at its greatest, while each Greek division was 3000. He told me that his group was placed in a way which formed a projecting elbow, and that the Greeks did their best to straighten it out. It was a lively time. Three times a day at the least he demanded artillery ammunition, he fumed, and threatened the general inspector of the artillery with death. The general inspector smiled pleasantly, unruffled by the threat. Kemaleddine Sami Pasha telephoned to Mustafa Kemal Pasha in the middle of the night, begging for ammunition in heartbreaking terms. The Turkish army was handicapped even by its rifles, which were of some five kinds, including old Martinis and Winchesters. The losses of the fourth group were whispered in awed tones, but Mustafa Kemal Pasha smiled one of his unpleasant smiles. "It is not as bad as he says," he remarked. Evidently Mustafa Kemal Pasha was not kindly disposed toward Kemaleddine Sami Pasha in those days, and did his very best to belittle the fame which was his due.<sup>3</sup>

In the meantime, Fevzi Pasha was insisting that the Greeks were going to retreat. Mustafa Kemal Pasha would not believe it without very obvious evidence, and there was a great deal of discussion. The

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<sup>3</sup> The reason for Mustafa Kemal Pasha's aversion to Kemaleddine Sami Pasha leaks out in his six days' speech delivered in Angora in 1927. Although he says nothing against Kemaleddine Sami Pasha, he speaks against the revolutionary organization Karakul, in which Kemaleddine Sami was an active member (see Chapter II). And although Kemaleddine Sami Pasha has crept into favor since, it is noteworthy that two members of the revolutionary tribunals, the two Ali Beys, are praised in the speech (neither of them did any regular fighting in Sakaria and Smyrna), while he does not give any place to the services of men like Kemaleddine Sami who served in the fighting against the Greeks.

work in the Second Section was getting serious, and I went there in the afternoon to help. Eventually I became attached to the Section.

The Akinjilar, that half irregular section of the light cavalry, which carried the foray into the rear of the enemy by raids, played a considerable part. Greek transports were continually harassed and captured, their ammunition depots exploded, stations raided, and railways destroyed. Even the rest of Edhem's old forces who had left Edhem because of his treachery, but had declined to join the regular army and lived on the mountains in the occupied area, began a guerilla warfare. Through the information we obtained from the Greek prisoners we learned that they had lost one third of their forces already, and that their up-to-date transport was no good in the wilderness of the miry and dangerous marshes, even if it escaped the raids of the Akinjilar. Some Greek regiments were actually giving their men fried maize as rations. A young prisoner told me with a grin: "They tell us that Angora is behind every mountain we attack: but sixteen days have passed and no Angora. They tell us that if we fall into the hands of the Turks we'll be killed, and they drive us on with machine-guns." The Anatolian wastes, with their ruthless silence and desolation, were not to the liking of the joyful Greeks. Yet they did fight well in Sakaria. Half of the Greek army was composed of native Christians—that is, Turkish subjects; and according to martial law they were liable to be shot if caught by their own government. I believe that if we had made an exception of this rule we would have had mass desertions from the Greek army. Although many of the native Christians have been the worst in the atrocities committed in the villages, some of them seemed to be between the devil and the deep blue sea. When the Greeks began to burn systematically all the villages, rob the animals and the goods, and send them down to Smyrna in cart-loads to be transported to Greece, we began to take the rumor of retreat seriously. They would never have aroused the hostility of the inhabitants of the country-side by slaughter and plunder if they hadn't meant to retreat.

The Greeks had twenty-one aëroplanes which they used effectively, and we had one aëroplane which we used still more effectively, although the benzene was bad and the machine rotten. The courage of the few Turkish airmen in this foray has no adequate adjective in my poor vocabulary. Their great service was not only the valuable information they brought concerning the movements of the enemy, but they also bombed successfully the Greek air fleet and the Greek convoys. The outstanding figure, Captain Fazil, was one who would have captured the imagination of the whole world.

“Can I do anything for the airmen?” I asked the liaison-officer of the air force.

“Please send the ‘Temps.’ Fazil wants only that.”

And Fazil always got it.

If Fazil was to me the superman among the Turkish fighters in those days, Dr. Murad, the general inspector of the field health department, was the miracle of mercy. He seemed to create hospitals and ambulances out of nothing, transporting the wounded in ox-carts. Already a cold, bleak wind blew on the wilds, and thousands of those wounded who still had the use of their legs tottered on, their heads or arms bandaged, their faces masks of pain and weariness. And Dr. Murad wandered in the vast desert on his own horse, a man of powerful physique, great will-power, and an exceptional medical training which would have distinguished him in any country. Often he even worked under fire, transporting and bandaging in the field.

Our Greek translator in the Second Section translated articles from “Risos Pastis,” the Greek labor paper in those days, which made the Greek as an individual rather attractive to me. Whatever their faults were in Athens, at least there were individuals who saw that the Greek war in Asia Minor was a clumsy and criminal waste of human beings.

On the morning of the ninth of September I met the commander of the garrison as I walked out of my house. There was an extraordinary bustle in the muddy street before my house: headquarters was ordered to move on.

“You can only take two blankets and such things as you and your groom can take on your horses,” he said. “Dr. Murad is riding down to Malli station; you could go down with him. The order was sudden.”

The joy in the atmosphere was as voiceless and as grim as the depression in the bad days had been.

The headquarters moved to railway carriages standing ten miles away from Puladli, where the fighting was going on. They stood in a curve, both sides of which were hidden by high hills. From Malli we took the train, taking our horses with us, and for the first time I saw the famous Fazil, the hero of the air. He and his little gray dog sat opposite me in the compartment. A neat, poorly dressed officer, with a broad, regular face and very gray eyes, serene, good, and sad. He seemed a person alone, looking at something which the others did not see, and reconciled to being shut in behind the walls of a unique individuality.

No kitchen utensils could reach the place, so we had to go on without our midway meal, and as I had only one single cup of tea in the morning, I was assailed by a hunger which became almost a physical pain. I left the salon where we were working and tried to walk it off. In front of the carriage we occupied was a pile of artillery ammunition: it was no wonder we all of us looked at the Greek aëroplanes passing overhead with silent anxiety. I saw Sergeant Ali, Mustafa Kemal Pasha's man, at the door of the next carriage.

"Give me some bread, Ali," I said, and he brought a piece of bread and some grapes which I ate, sitting on the ground, and which I relished as I have rarely enjoyed a meal.

The night was one of the most uncomfortable I spent at the front. My bedroom was a third-class compartment: its door was of glass as usual, and the wooden seat was very hard. One of my blankets I had to hang on the door, and I used the other one as bed-clothes and pillow at the same time. I shivered the whole night. Early the next morning we got ready to assist the first Turkish offensive. The three pashas rode away first in a car, waving pleasantly as they passed on. And then we started, some forty of us, I think, on horseback, the whites, blacks, chestnuts, and roans mingling in a blend of beautiful muscle and shiny hides. Of course my Doru would be second to none: he and I were to be leading—it was in his very skin to be that. The corn-fields, yellow and ripe, waved on either side; military transports were in groups here and there, with khaki-colored figures moving among them. We passed by a field hospital, and I saw one sister in a white apron standing near. The wild ride with the hoofs echoing amid the booms of artillery stirred something strange in me, by which I began to know the emotion which takes hold of the men in fighting. I meant to put it all in a novel; even the sister whose face I could not distinguish was going to be the center of a human hurricane.

"That gun over on the left is a fifteen-centimeter one," said one of the officers proudly. We reached the foot of a hill where a Tartar village nestled close, and dismounted. Then we climbed the hill, keeping to one particular side. We caught sight of the Fifty-seventh Division huddled together in a narrow gorge. It was the reserve one of the Third Army Corps, which was making the offensive: the Fifteenth and the Twenty-third were fighting. From the top of the hill, over which the Greek aëroplanes whirred and buzzed in the manner of giant bees and wasps, one had a marvelous view. It all seemed to me like a very exciting game. The hill overlooked a wide valley bounded on three sides by the hills of Gordium, Puladli,

and Katirli. Earth-colored masses moved on in the valley, and on the hills immense clouds of earth and smoke, black and ugly, rose into the air, and shrapnel exploded, sending down pretty tapering wreaths of bluish smoke.

“It looks so pretty at night,” said one of the officers. I saw Pasha’s man, Sergeant Ali, coming toward me, and as he approached he knelt down.

“What is it, Ali Chavoush?” I asked.

“Your left spur is put on the wrong side. Pasha sent me to put it right,” he said grinning. And over his shoulders I saw Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s face peering from a trench and laughing at me.

“Come in here, Hanum Effendi; we are fighting,” he said, with the delighted voice of a boy who is at his favorite game. I went toward him and jumped into the trench. “Colonel Kiazim, the commander of the third group,” said Mustafa Kemal Pasha. A man with a very pointed shrewd nose and very small and cunning eyes, in a fur coat, sat by a telephone and spoke quietly with the distant hills. A field-glass glistened in the trench. “We are attacking ‘Dua-Tépé,’ the highest hill on the left—“ Mustafa Kemal Pasha began explaining. I went along to other trenches. The hills, surrounding the valley at our feet were lively with the lugubrious intonation of artillery, and the nervous *tac-tac* of the machine guns. Through the field-glass I was seeing the game of war as it is played, and the beast in me was enjoying it as much as the rest, forgetting what its results would look like in the hospitals later on. I could see men coming nearer and nearer, and even the fall of the men in the front line, leaving it indented and broken; and the final onslaught with bayonets. Thus the ants take their exercises around the small yellow mounds of their nests. Until I realized that those who could not rise after the smoke had cleared away had had their eyes opened to reality and were scorning this clumsy, stupid game of death, I was feeling sorry for them for not having been able to continue.

“Do you see that black pyramid, very pointed? It is called the Black Mountain [Kara-Dagh]. Look there, through that opening, and you will see the Greek retreat.” Yes, I looked and I saw a mighty cloud of dust rising from the ground to the sunlit sky, and a dark mass flowing ceaselessly like a flood.

“The Greeks are fighting gallantly,” he went on; “their artillery is doing its utmost, and sacrificing itself to cover the retreat of the main forces.”

It was this clear-sightedness of Papulas, this early order of retreat, that made the war go on for another year. From a soldier's point of view it was admirable, but from the human point of view it would have been better if the war had ended there and then.

The battle lasted till four o'clock, the two sides being kept in suspense until Major Muharrem said to Major Tewfik:

"The Twenty-third Division has entered Chekirdekler, behind the 'Dua-Tépé.' The Fifteenth Division should be told, for it is in a bad way. Corporal will come with us," and turning to me he added, as if promising something to a child:<sup>4</sup>

"You will be now at a place where people die by artillery fire." So we three started in a carriage and went as far as we could with it; then we walked stealthily and carefully till a narrow opening was in view. It seemed to me that we could almost touch "Dua-Tépé," where men moved frantically under the smoke, when from the opening something glistened and a metallic voice rang out. "*Atesh . . . sh . . . sh*" (fire). The glistening object wiggled: smoke and a boom. We had come up to our own artillery. The same metallic voice shouted out harshly:

"Walk on your faces."

"They do not want their position to be discovered," whispered Major Muharrem in a consoling tone, while we walked on all fours, I feeling extremely ridiculous.

"Be careful; we are the commander's trench," whispered one of them, and an arm which seemed like that of a giant in a story-book stretched out and pulled me in. It was that of the commander, Colonel Shukri Naïli (at present pasha and commander of the Third Army Corps in Istamboul). He is a man nearly seven feet tall, with an enormous blonde head and very blue childish eyes: the smoke on his bronzed face made them glisten strangely. He lifted me up to his field-glass in the trench and added pleasantly:

"Now, Corporal, you will fire at the Greeks from my trench."

I asked to be excused. My exultation never went so far. He went on with the business of war, directing the artillery. As we crawled back again very carefully, I thought that Colonel Shukri Naïli would look ideal in a Teutonic camp of the old days. Colonel Arif had spoken of him as the commander who

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<sup>4</sup> The day we had arrived at the new headquarters, the chief of staff of the western front, Colonel Assim, made me a corporal. "You have brought us great luck," he said, which in a way gave me the air of a mascot among them.



could use his bayonet like a common private if the occasion demanded. Seven division commanders had already died in Sakaria: I hoped that he would not be the eighth. “Dua-Tépé” was taken. My last vision of it was with a single Turk standing all alone against the setting sun, his water-bottle<sup>5</sup> glistening against the blue-gold sky.

We returned to headquarters at nine. The valley we had come through was now enveloped in inky air, the groups of men and transport lit here and there by ruddy flames casting their tremulous shades that moved around them. Again we rode wildly, the hoofs making that strange echo in the valley.

This lasted nearly a week. The Turkish offensive on Kara-Dagh carried on by the Fifty-seventh Division took place. As I watched it I understood how the individuals ceased to be separate beings, with feelings and thoughts of their own, but got submerged in the killing and dying mass. Of course, there would be no more war if this were not so. At half-past nine in the evening we descended the hill. The Fifty-seventh Division, composed of 1200 men, had already lost seven hundred men. And I was gradually being criticized by my normal self, which was wondering how I had got lost in the grim and ghastly emotion of Hell Scenario and the hell music on the mountains. I felt extremely tired, and Colonel Kiazim, the commander, asked me to rest in his tent while we were waiting for Mustafa Kemal Pasha. I sat on the straw bed of the commander and mused, till Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s car growled; then I joined the others and we followed him on horseback.

The Greeks were leaving the eastern part of Sakaria as fast as they could. We would soon move to Puladli. On the thirteenth of September I lunched with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Fethi Bey was just back from Malta and had come to visit the front. Colonel Arif was also present. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was in a childish mood and asked Colonel Arif to read our future on our palms. I remember so well Colonel Arif holding Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s elegant palm to the light and saying?

“You are not discreet, sir. See how the light comes through your fingers.”

And Mustafa Kemal Pasha, laughing in his cynical way, said:

“Do you need to look at my hand to tell me that?”

When he held mine to the light he gave me a friendly smile.

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<sup>5</sup> Lack of proper military water-bottles forced the Turkish army to make use of ordinary tins. This was a great handicap, for they glistened in the sun and exposed the moving khaki crowds to the Greek fire.

“You are both discreet and strong,” he said, and gave some flattering hopes about my future. I wonder if he ever looked at his own palm, if he ever dreamed of the sinister end which his great friend with the tiger-like paw kept in store for him!

We had to stay some time in the railway carriages at Puladli till the shell-ravaged houses in the town could be put into some shape. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had gone to Angora. The commanders of Sakaria came one by one to congratulate Ismet Pasha and to receive congratulations. In spite of their subdued and dignified manners, I could not help thinking of my little Hassan when he had worsted the boys of another quarter in a street fight. As I sat on the step of the carriage trying to get some warmth from the sun, watching the dust cloud rising over the red-tiled roofs of Puladli, I saw a Turkish sergeant leading a group of Greek prisoners. They also sat opposite the train and rested. One of them, a youth about eighteen, with a narrow sun-burned face and wistful eyes, looked at me, and I beckoned him to come near me, which he did eagerly. He seemed to be so happy to hear Greek spoken, for he was from old Greece and did not know Turkish. I hate to see a prisoner, even of war; man is born free. He cheered up as he talked about his little town, his mother, and his six sisters. He told me how he hated the brutal way his government forced them all to fight. No, he was not the Greek patriot of these days. Greek patriotism meant such a lot of ugly and inhuman things these days, and the young boy I was talking to was a simple human boy. He did not understand the “Big Idea” of the Greeks, which meant this: “Asia Minor belonged to the Greeks some thousand years ago. The Turks, who own it now, must be swept aside. Their homes, women folk, and property, as well as their lives, belong to the Greeks. Kill, rob, and violate: these things are holy actions when done to the Turks.” When the young Greek got up to go and shouted his last “Adioses Kiria,” with a gleam of comfort in his pathetic eyes, feeling less lonely because a woman who had two lads in a far corner of the world and no end of human ties had listened to his woes and patted his back, I thought a great deal with some queer hopelessness in my heart. Patriotism which could make people bear the impossible could also transfer itself into this beastliness whenever it took an aggressive form.

Late that evening Youssouf Akchura Bey and Dr. Murad came to see me. They had ridden to the top of Kara-Dagh to see the little plateau where the hardest fighting had taken place. They were touched and subdued by what they had seen.

“It was Providence which sent us up there,” said Dr. Murad. “We found three soldiers, unable to move, who were waiting to die because they had been overlooked by the search party. I was glad to hear that a Greek doctor had been kind to them, and had left them some bread and water, besides looking after their wounds.”

Youssouf Akchura Bey’s story was perhaps more characteristic. He had seen a Greek soldier and a Turkish soldier lying in each other’s arms. Had they first fought and throttled each other and then realized in the throes of death that they were brothers after all? Had they, like two dying humans who have ceased to have any barrier, embraced each other in agony at the supreme moment of death?

We were hardly settled in Puladli when very ugly reports began to come to our section about the burning of the Sakaria villages by the Greeks and the atrocities committed. That masses sometimes commit atrocities is a fact, and rape is one of the evils when herds are allowed to give vent to their animal instincts, but the extent of it, and the deliberate way in which all the beastly things were carried out, did not seem to me believable. On the third day of our stay in Puladli I took some reports to Ismet Pasha. He was in one of the comfortably but archaically built Tartar houses, with their low ceilings and picturesque verandas. He asked me to lunch with him. He told me during the lunch that he wanted me to undertake a special work—the investigation and the reporting of the Greek atrocities in Middle Anatolia. He agreed with me that the hysterical and exaggerated way the people spoke of their grievances should be avoided and the whole report should be an undeniable historical document rather than propaganda. We decided on my staff before I left him.

Before I enter into this phase of my work I want to say that there is no such thing as a guilty nation. And that of the obstacles to peace is the hysterical and exaggerated propagating of people’s sufferings for political purposes. It burdens the younger generations of each nation with the crimes or the martyrdom of their fathers in which they have had no share. The consequence is either a destructive and pathological feeling of revenge, or shame in the generation which is not responsible for the past. And the political gambler takes advantage of this passion and uses it to the detriment of one nation or another. However, I believe that a dispassionate and unprejudiced study of the human tragedy involved in massacres and atrocities is necessary in the Near East. Though when I undertook the work I found it was almost impossible not to be carried away by the mere human side of it sometimes.

Yacoub Kadri Bey, Youssouf Akchura Bey, a lieutenant, and a photographer were the workers in my subsection. The lieutenant and the photographer went out into the distant areas and reported to me. I also received reports from all the military groups placed in the devastated villages. A few days of study convinced me that I must personally do research work, especially in the districts where the reports sounded as if the Greeks were a pack of lunatics who devised the ghastliest ways of torturing and violating women and very small girls. The races in the Near East, so far as I know, have all committed massacres on as large a scale as the Greeks, even on a larger, but the Greek treatment of the Anatolian women surpasses anything I have so far heard. This seemed to me the most delicate and difficult part to deal with. I finally decided with my new chief, Major Tahsin, a man of family and very strict morals, to avoid publishing the women's names as much as possible. How often I have sat on the ash-covered stones of villages and heard confessions!—I don't think there is any Catholic priest alive who has heard as much about the everlasting and the untamable beast in man.

The village of Euzum-Beyli and that of Chekirdekler seemed to have been the worst scenes of horror in the neighborhood of Puladli. Papulas with his staff had been surrounded in Euzum-Beyli by a Turkish detachment and had escaped with great difficulty. And the Greeks had, according to reports, not only burned the village but all the villagers as well. In the iron bars of the windows there were charred human hands, clutching. It was only after twenty days that we could ascertain that the greater number of the villagers had been able to escape, and that they were slowly coming back. Chekirdekler I went personally to see. It was at the foot of "Dua-Tépé," a tiny village of twenty-five houses, although only three remained. Everything was either carried away or destroyed as was the habit of the Greeks. In their hasty retreat from "Dua-Tépé" they had not been able to carry away all the cattle, so they had killed them, and the swollen animal carcasses, purple-red and hideous, obstructed the way. In the wildness, in the bleak, dark-gray atmosphere of that day, among the ashes, and the stone-heaps, the men stood in a group, staring absently, the women moved among the ruins, and a baby cried all the time. Colonel Kanaan and Yacoub Kadri had come with me. Both sat on the stones, affected by the silence of the men. A woman ran toward me. She was shriveled and old—a dirty kerchief tied round her head. A long sharp nose loomed over the toothless mouth which moved incessantly; the black eyes were frightful in their insane agony. Hands like claws clutched me by the shoulders, and she sobbed all the time, although her eyes were dry.

“They have burned my husband, my Uzeir, alive,” she screeched into my ears.

The villagers hung their heads and said nothing. One old man, with some understanding left on his face, was watching the scene curiously. He shook his head. It was some time before I could extricate myself from her hands. I meant to hear it all from the old man with the face which looked less dead than the others.

“Have they really burned people alive in this village?” I asked.

“It looks like it,” he answered quietly.

“Show me the place,” I said. Uzeir’s old wife was taken away by the women, and as we walked away I questioned the men and took notes. The villagers, men and women, were marched away five days before the battle at “Dua-Tépé” and each group kept separately in a different valley. Hardly any food was given to them, and to get water they had to beg the guards for it and often in vain. Occasionally several men were sent for “*angaria*” (work for the army) and they never returned. Uzeir was among them. At the general retreat, what was left of the men returned and found their women on the ashes of their homes. Some babies had died of exposure and hunger. As to the treatment of the women in the valley, men looked as if they would rather die than speak. On the outskirts of the village they showed me what made them think that four of their men were burned alive. There were four depressions in the earth where there were ashes, bits of charred bones, remains of burned paper with Turkish letters on, though not enough to make out anything, and bits of khaki blown here and there. Uzeir’s wife had discovered the place, and according to the villagers she howled like a wounded jackal, believing that one of the four was her old man.

This was one of the typically badly treated villages in Sakaria. But the horror of the place had a haunting quality, partly because of its extreme isolation, partly because the spirit of the villagers seemed to have been killed. None of the vitality of those who looked forward and made plans for their future over the ashes was evident here. There was a supreme philosophy of life in the other suffering villages, a feeling that all evil things pass just as do the good ones. The villagers of Chekirdekler were originally emigrants from Roumelia and still had the accent. The blow had taken their life away. If the harrowing spectacle of Uzeir’s wife had not been there, I would have had the illusion of a visit to a graveyard.

The Turkish army was too worn out after the Sakaria to chase the Greeks much farther than Bolvadin. About the twentieth of September we were expecting Sivrihissar to fall into our hands. I went to

Angora on three days' leave to get the reports printed. And I came back with Yoldash. The end which we had hoped to attain had not been achieved. How many more days? How many more lives to be lost to achieve it?

## **CHAPTER XI**

### **CORPORAL HALIDÉ**

*(September, 1921-August, 1922)*

**CORPORAL HALIDÉ** is almost a stranger to me now. I often turn her soul inside out and stare at it hard. Where did she find the patience to go through that drab misery? Where did she find the strength to endure the sights of so much human suffering? Yet dogged, dull patience throughout an endless stretch of days for the sake of the supreme moment, when the nightmare would pass from over the Anatolian lands, was characteristic of the psychology of the Sakarian army. From the humblest private up to Ismet Pasha, every individual had this patience. We used to look into each other's empty eyes, feeling all the time that there was the same invincible resistance to drudgery, to dullness, and to hardship, the same unalterable belief in the future behind their colorless stare. It was good that Mustafa Kemal Pasha was not in the army in those days; he would have brought in discord, impatience, and mischievous excitement. Ismet Pasha seemed to be the right person for that time: his austerity tempered with kindness, his sharing in the hard conditions, his efforts to keep together that huge mass of human beings, made each one feel that if he fell short of his necessary quota of endurance the whole dream would be shattered. I can safely say that it was this temperamental capacity of the Turk to wait which finally unnerved the highly strung, sunny, and joyous Greeks. Their own patriotic ideal, the "Big Idea," dwindled into efforts to get rich by loot, and to enliven the dull days of waiting with drink, with debauchery, with quarrels.

I found the headquarters still at Puladli after my three days' visit to Angora. When I announced that the work of my section was to begin at ten in the morning and end at four in the afternoon, Youssouf Akchura Bey was furious. A professor of history and an important writer, he objected to routine. Major Tahsin, who had been a former pupil of his, had made things very easy for him, and in consequence had been constantly bullied by him. In fact, he bullied every one who was not smart enough to begin the bullying first. Besides, he was getting very bored now that the excitements of the battles were over: one did not blame him much, for he was newly married and naturally wanted to get back to Angora. The fact that any one, especially an old friend of his, should ask him to work regularly without consulting his convenience made him lose his temper and his sleep too. Yacoub Kadri, who took everything very quietly, shared a room with Youssouf Akchura Bey, and he told me in the mornings, between outbursts of laughter that nearly choked him, that Youssouf sat on his bed and swore at me.

"She must be a sorceress, she must have cast a spell on me; why should I lose my sleep otherwise?" were his complimentary words. And Yacoub Kadri would add, "The fun of it is that he really

believes it.” So my old friend sulked a whole week, grunting significantly as he took his seat in our improvised office; but at the end of the week he came to me with a piece of chocolate as a peace-offering and made it up. But he did not stay much longer. Yacoub Kadri was next to go, but in his case it was bad health rather than boredom.

I explored the Sakaria Valley on horseback in great detail. It was partly to see the villages; but I reconstructed the whole battle in my mind, though from a different angle this time. The fields were full of many poignant signs of the struggle—so many little hollows obviously scooped out with a stone or even with human nails, to protect one human being’s head that it might shoot at another human being.

I spent quite a time in the Tartar villages, which the Greeks had spared because they mistook them for Russian settlements. They were all clean and well cared for; the women looked wide-awake and less tired, every child could read, and it was a surprise to talk to their schoolmasters, so much were they above the average Anatolian master. In every form of material progress they were superior to the Anatolian villagers—these Tartars were emigrants from Crimea some fifty years ago. Their birth-rate was high and their infant mortality low. As the supreme problem in Turkey seems to be the scarcity of its population, I wondered then why we did not allow them to emigrate to Turkey from Crimea, where there was a great famine at that time. I mentioned it to Ismet Pasha one day. He was looking at his garden, where a Tartar woman was passing with a pail of water. She was an elderly and typically Mongolic woman, plain but pleasant, with slit eyes and high cheek-bones. He shook his head humorously.

“They would alter the looks of the Turkish race,” he said. “I don’t want us to look like that.”

I had found a broken iron on the veranda of the headquarters. I was looking at it thoughtfully, when the general inspector of artillery, Colonel Galib, came along, and I told him how I was appreciating the infinitely important use of this article, since I was forced to use unironed handkerchiefs. He smiled and said:

“Send it to our military workshop, Corporal. I will get it repaired.” I did so, and there I found my old chief, Major Kemal, who was obsessed with one idea. He thought that he had found a device for improving the old Martinis, which after firing some five times refused to fire any more. On passing through the military workshops I was more impressed by the tenacity of spirit of the army than by its up-to-date facilities.



Sivrihissar (Pointed Fortress) is built at the mouth of an old crater. The crescent-shaped piles of rocks dominate the Sakaria district, and as we marched toward it I could see the pointed rocks in the clouds. We had set out with Major Tahsin to investigate the Sivrihissar villages on the way—all seemed to have suffered.

Mulk, the largest on the Sivrihissar route, almost broke my heart. I had no idea that this part of Anatolia contained such big and prosperous villages. The extent of the golden vineyards showed it, and the stone heaps of two- or even three-storied houses, for the destruction of which dynamite had been used, made one wonder whether Anatolia will ever be able to build them again. The young women wandered among the ruins sullen and silent; some nursed sick babies, some dug the burned heaps of the harvest for grains, and some tried to get water from the fountains in bits of broken crockery, while the utensils, all of cooper, lay in the streets, with holes through them made deliberately by bayonets. The Greeks had made a very clean job of it in this region: they had been able to destroy all the means of subsistence; no roofs, no utensils, no animals, no food. I talked to an old woman, called Fadime Ninné (Granny Fatima), the wife of Kerem Dede.

“Oh, daughter,” she said, impatiently putting her hand on my notes, which lay on my knees, “what is the use of scribbling about burned huts and people whose throats are already cut? They are no more. Will it feed us or cover us or make us live? The village had three thousand cattle and sheep . . . there is not even a hen which can lay eggs. How am I to feed my old man and my daughter, who is wounded by the Greeks? There is not even salt to put in the leaves which we boil to silence this angry hunger in our stomachs.”

“I shall send you two hens and a nice cock from Sivrihissar, but I have to write down the happenings. It is my job: Ismet Pasha wants to know.”

“Better tell the pasha about our needs; let them get busy to help us,” she said, wiping her eyes and her nose on her sleeve. She looked at the ruins and beyond them too.

“Something is wrong, something is wrong, daughter. We used to think the gendarmes were the only calamity sent by Allah in the old days. Then we used to say that the sultan did not know that we were oppressed. Oppressed? It was Heaven compared to this. Oh, my Allah, how I begged the Greeks to leave some cover for those who were left alive! They laughed and told me that Avrupa (Europe) had sent them

to do it all, and that they would never leave us in peace. That man Avropa must be told, daughter: he must leave us, the poor peasants, alone. What have we done to him?"

The Greeks have made the Sakaria people in general understand that Europe was the responsible power behind—even the stupidest knew it. I put down my notes on the stones and wrote an urgent and detailed telegram to the Red Crescent center—if some cover, food, and medical care were not sent, the villagers of Sakaria would be almost wiped out in the coming winter.

I reached Sivrihissar late that night. And I have a vision of Corporal Halidé in the days following, either in the saddle in the wilds where the clouds of vultures were acting as scavengers on the remains of the battle, or with the villagers among the ruins, or talking the heads off the commanders or any other persons who were likely to help the villagers. My previous chief, Major Kemal, became their hearty champion and did what he could. Ismet Pasha ordered that the men from the devastated regions should be given two months' leave.

A cold that froze every drop of water settled on the Sakaria region before the month of October was out. I felt ashamed of my wolf-fur coat while the villagers shivered in their tattered clothes, but my conscience was eased when my feet were nearly frozen and my hands nearly dropped the reins with the acute pain and cold caused them. Before the month of October was out the Red Crescent answered my telegram. They were sending Abdul-Muttalib as their representative to study the most urgent needs of the region, and Miss Allan and Miss Billings, both representatives of the American Near East Relief, were also coming to see some of the devastated region. Concerning their coming, a government official told me later: "Miss Allan seemed skeptical about the reports we have published on the Greek atrocities, so we have asked her to see them for herself." I was sorry for her, for I knew how she hated to see misdeeds done by Christians.

I had to meet them in the village of Mulk, and I was going to show them six villages in different parts of Sakaria to give them an idea of the things which had happened. Where to house them was a difficult problem. Fortunately, at Mulk there was a field hospital in tents, which the commander of the Twelfth Division had left there to attend to the wounded and the sick villagers, and the doctors offered us hospitality. My American friends rode in a carriage and the rest of us went on horseback. As there are few carriage roads to those villages, the tour took us rather a long time, and the cold was so severe that I had to

tie Yoldash to myself with my necktie in my tent in order to keep myself warm at night. Major Tashim and the photographer of our section, Captain Djemil, also came with us. We did what we could to make them comfortable, but it was very little under the circumstances, and they took the hardship heroically.

Miss Allan spoke Turkish with an Anatolian accent perfectly, and she gathered so much material on the subject, and got so friendly with the villagers, that I wished she had been a permanent helper in my section.

There is a most poignant picture which is connected with this long tour. We were coming from Kosaghaj to Gejek, where we were to spend the night. Our guests drove as usual and I took a short cut with Major Tahsin. It was late, and the ruby light of the setting sun was getting dusky. We were still on the hilltops, when a woman came toward us leading a donkey. "Tahsin, Oghul Tahsin" (Tahsin, son Tahsin), she called out. Her voice searched the wilds softly at first, then coaxingly, pleadingly, and pathetically, then it rose higher and higher, filling the silent hills with her despair. Major Tahsin drew rein, taken aback by the pathos of the scene. "I am here, mother," he called out. "Come here, what do you want?"

She left the donkey and ran to his horse. Putting her hands on the horse's neck she peered into his face as she lifted her gaunt body to his level. She was chuckling strangely, and she broke into a happy talk in undertone.

"Where didst thou get the uniform? How didst thou grow a mustache?" She was a woman from Kosaghaj perhaps, and her son, a twenty-year-old lad, had been carried away by the Greeks and killed. Major Tahsin was in a difficult position now, for her poor mind was wandering and she was insisting that he was her son disguised. After he had tried to explain as gently as he could, she sighed in a way that made me nearly lose control of myself.

"But thou must find my Tahsin and send him to me," she said. "I have this beast with me: if he has fallen on the fields I will carry him on it."

As she started for Kosaghaj her pathetic voice rang out searchingly again, "Tahsin, Oghul Tahsin."

The house in Gejek had a pleasant veranda: the ladies were in a warm room, with a rustic fireplace, which opened upon the veranda. Captain Djemil was amusing them in his original way. He was a man who won every one's sympathy at the front. An old student of St. Cyr, an airman, he had become deaf in the great war, and as he was rheumatic and delicate and was a painter, he was given work behind

the lines. Captain Devil's caricatures of Anatolian villages were the joy of all of us. I regret nothing more than the loss of a whole collection of them which he had made for me. One was called "Anatolian villagers' thank-offering to Halidé Edib Hanum after a lecture on the Emancipation of Women," and in it men and women were offering me donkey-loads of gourds. He was at heart a very strong anti-militarist, but he had learned the value of keeping quiet. He was as kind and obliging as he could be to every living creature. It was rather hard to ride with him for any length of time, for after an hour's ride he would dismount and lead his horse by the reins, apologizing and making love to it for having made it carry him so long. And he would philosophize to it loudly on life and men, especially on the military side of it. "I am deaf, I am ugly, I am rheumatic, and I am poor," he would say. "But as I don't want to die, I also have to endure the cruelties of men."

The English press and English public opinion have always had a strong influence in the Greek world and in the Greek army. If Miss Allan's report had been published at that time in England and some indignation had been expressed against the proceedings of the Greek army, the greater tragedies of the Smyrna campaign would have been averted, not only for the Turks but also for the Greeks, who naturally had to face the vengeance of the Anatolians.

Hardly was I back at Sivrihissar before I had a letter from Major Muharrem. He was chief of staff of the first group under Zibeline Pasha and was quartered at Assize. Two hours' distance from Assize there were several burned villages which had suffered rather badly. He asked me to visit them and to be Zibeline Pasha's guest. I had taken some papers to Ismet Pasha that same day and I spoke about this.

"Look here, Corporal," he said, "I am going to Bolvadin and spend the night at Assize: if you can get here in half an hour I will give you a lift."

Half an hour later we were motoring. I specially remember this trip because of Ismet Pasha's interest in the children whenever we passed a village. The villages on our way had not been destroyed, and the people were more or less in a normal condition. There were a large number of Macedonian settlers, and the children were mostly fair with bright blue eyes. One little girl with fair plaits of hair dangling on her shoulders climbed to the car and looked curiously into Ismet Pasha's face, the others hopped about like sparrows, attracted but too timid to approach. Pasha was charmed; he patted the hair of the little girl. "You

had better give me some of it, little girl," he said. "I am bald, and you have such a lot of it." She laughed at his joke, all the time examining his uniform and face intently.

"She is like a baby deer in her grace," he said as she ran off. "I wish I had a little girl of my own."

Then Ismet Pasha talked at some length of a future Turkey, a Turkey where there would be no persecutions, no favoritisms, no corruptions, and no tyranny: all the things for the abolition of which the Union and Progress had made a revolution and had failed. No man can be judged before he is in a position to work out his own ideas.

Zibeline Pasha was having a dinner party. The division commanders and chiefs of staffs were all there. Every one who had entered the brightly lit room took his belt with the revolver attached to it and laid it on the table. I did the same. There was one civilian among them who was introduced as the former governor of Assize, and at present a merchant. They called him Noury Effendi. Zibeline Pasha said to me, "He does not need introduction to you," and looked at me in such a way as might lead one to suppose that the man was an affectionate uncle who had recovered a beloved lost niece. I noted the hurt feeling on the man's face as I failed to respond. His accent was distinctly Caucasian, and I racked my brains to remember who he was, but in vain.

He was evidently the rich man of the town and always offered hospitality to the pashas who passed that way, but on this occasion Ismet Pasha had courteously offered his place in Noury Effendi's house to me. He would sleep instead at headquarters. I was very sleepy and rose to go, when the man at last spoke.

"Have you forgotten, O Halidé Hanum? How often have I carried you on my shoulders! Haven't I made the gates of the palace open to you in the middle of the night?"

I gripped his hand.

"You are Mehemmed Effendi the Caucasian. Why did you call yourself Noury Effendi?"

The whole thing promised to lead to such a family scene that I decided to have the rest of it out with him in the street. So we walked out and I forgot my belt and my revolver.

He was as happy as a child on the way—he told me how many roads he had built and how many schools he had opened in Anatolia during his long career as a governor. The beautiful school in Assize was his work.

“These two things my beloved benefactor, thy father, told me to do. But I have gone further. I did a lot of flogging during these constructive undertakings, of which he would never approve.”

It was his family next I had to learn about. Seven children and a grandchild: their sex, name, etc. . . . By way of refrain he came back to talking of me. He could not get over the fact that the delicate and timid child who had so many rides on his sturdy shoulders was living in the saddle and in the wilderness.

“There is a curious space between they eyebrows which I think is responsible for it all—I have so often visualized it. Oh, Halidé Hanum, I am so rich and blest with this numerous family, but I have a deaf and dumb little daughter for whom I could give my life and all if anything could be done. She so different from the others; she has a space between her eyebrows—it means something.” And it really did mean something in her case.

I saw all of the seven of them—even the baby of seven months had to be pulled out of bed. But it was the dumb girl who interested me—every atom of her little person brimmed over with life and effort to express it. She jumped into his lap at once and the two stayed locked in each other’s arms, almost absurdly, sentimentally absorbed with each other.

“Tell her all that has happened, dear,” he said. And she, after looking at his lips for an instant, started. She was a dumb Ruth Draper, even more effective than the latter, for gesture is superior and more expressive than words. I saw the entry of the Greek army into Assize, the procession of the Moslem notables going to beg them to spare the lives of the Moslems—at a later date, when I saw the Greek commanders and the way they saluted and talked, I thought of her in wonder—then it was our army, the procession of the Christian priests going to beg the Turkish army to spare the lives of the Christians—the prayers in the mosque and the prayers in the churches, the incense, the chant . . . .

“Now you tell her about the school and the speeches,” he said, and again after watching his mouth she began. This was her masterpiece. It was a patriotic entertainment given by the girls’ school in Assize in honor of the Turkish army—no end of patriotic speeches—all learned by heart and recited. She climbed a chair, pursed her mouth, with her hands imitated the enormous bows of ribbon on the hairs of the little speakers, and gave it all. Being very familiar with the scholastic elocution and the child performer in the schools, tears ran down my cheeks as she acted it all, accompanied with shrill cries which had the intonation without the words of the whole speech. I kissed her and went to bed in a pleasant mood. When

I discovered that my door had no key, I felt a little uneasy. From the time I had set foot in Anatolia it had become a habit to sleep with my revolver by me and a dog at my feet. But I soon laughed at the suspicious ever-be-on-thy-guard sort of feeling we had all been developing.

Some one is pulling at a drawer. It must be his wife trying to take out nappies for the baby—the drawer is just near my head. Will the noise never cease? A crash . . .

I sit up on my bed and look about me drowsily. The white curtains of the window which opens on the garden and is near my bed are trembling strangely. The noise had been from that direction. A full minute's complete silence. I lie down again. Then some one lifts the window from the outside.

“Who is it?” I call out, and jump out of bed. The window falls with another crash. I pull back the curtains and stare at the black calpak of a man in the newly breaking light of the early dawn. He is dressed in dark blue or black; his calpak is of a peculiar shape, all one piece of astrakhan instead of having a different-colored cloth on the top. He has put his face on his hands, which are holding the window sill from outside. No human shoulders can be so expressive of listening and waiting. I must arrest that man. If I call he will jump down. But how can I? His dress shows that he is no burglar: he must be a murderer. I cannot conceive of any one trying to murder me. I am not important enough. Ismet Pasha was to sleep in this room. Is this meant for him? All this is a lightning thought which passes through my mind. Shall I open the window? He might jump at my throat. I don't want that, but I must arrest him. I run to Mehmed Effendi's room, which is next to mine.

“Come out quick,” I call out. “There is a man trying to enter my room.”

Oh, bother, he is searching for his slippers. “Thou must have been dreaming, Halidé Hanum,” he calls out. “Come out quick and run to the garden,” I call back. But he runs to my window, pulls the curtains. “Thou must have been dreaming,” he repeats. But when he lifts the sash he is white to the lips and runs down to the garden: there is a long ladder against my window.

There was an opening between Mehmed Noury Effendi's garden and that of the present governor of Assize. The ladder belonged to the governor, and had been left in his garden overnight. The man just have dragged it from there, as his footprints and traces of the ladder marked the morning frost. The fact that I sleep with a light must have made him wait a long time in that garden.

The commander of the Fifty-seventh Division, who was responsible for the order of the town, took the matter into his hands. He traced a man dressed as I have described with the unusual calpak, a stranger who had appeared in Assize the night before, and inquired at different places concerning the visitors to headquarters. He was also seen by the Karakul at five in the morning, soon after the time he would have been trying to open my window, going away along the road which starts from Mehmed Noury Effendi's house. That was all.

When I saw Ismet Pasha again on my return to Sivrihissar, he asked:

"Were you afraid, Corporal?"

"I don't like the idea of being stabbed. I don't suppose he would have used firearms."

"Would you have shot at him if you had your revolver?"

Curiously enough, I had never thought of it—I had only cursed the lack of it because it did not permit me to arrest the man at the window. Now that he spoke of it, I was glad that that night I had left my revolver at headquarters.

"I wish you had had it, and I wish you had shot the man," he said with conviction.

The matter to be printed for the headquarters was in piles. And about the middle of November I had leave for twenty days to go to Angora. Major Tewfik also had leave and was to join his family at Nelly Han, so we traveled by carriage together to Beylik-Kupru, from where I had to find out about the train in Puladli. This time I had left Doru with my groom, Ibrahim, and Ali Riza was coming to Angora with me. On the way Major Tewfik gave me a graphic description of the commander in Beylik-Kupru. "He is a very cross man, and in that camp there has been a considerable number of desertions, and the oxen have been dying in great numbers, so he is in bad water anyway. I shall have to make some inquiries," he said.

I had to keep a tight hand over my face and purse my lips hard when I entered the commander's tent. It seemed that I could not keep myself from laughing like a child. He was the personification of a caricature of the Macedonian bully which the old Turkish theater "Orta Oyoun," or the Kara-Geuz, created to our delight as children twenty-five years ago. The busy eyebrows, bristling over his bloodshot now-is-there-any-one-who-dares-to-look-at-me-askance eyes, might have been the mustaches of an ordinary being, so abundant were they; and as to his mustaches themselves, they were like a clumsy makeup for a low-comedy scene and fell on both sides of his sagging chin like two long ropes. His nose was long and



crooked, his calpak cocked at a threatening and daredevil angle, and he greeted me in his deep menacing bass.

“Merhaba Onbashi” (Good-day, Corporal).

“Merhaba Commandan Bey” (Good-day, Mr. Commander).

“I want you to meet another woman soldier, the head of the woman’s transport—Fatima Chavoush<sup>1</sup> (this is a louder tone and with his finger pointing dramatically at a figure skulking in the shadows).

We faced each other and saluted in the rigid military fashion.

She was six feet tall and seventy years old, but her gray hair and her erect and strong body was like that of a woman of thirty. Her back was so straight, the whole skeleton so powerful and so devoid of flesh in its sinuous strength, that she had the unconscious pride of a warrior queen. Yet the face was softened with ever so many lines which seemed to me to be rather of understanding and suffering than of age. She seemed a creature wrought in steel when you looked at her body, yet with eyes brimming over with affection and desire to serve.

“Two journalists passed this way this morning,” bellowed the commander. “I had Fatima Chavoush photographed with her gun on her shoulders. You must see it, Corporal.”

So, I was saying to myself, you are very conscious of journalists and writers; all the bullies are, from emperors down to coffee-house desperadoes. Bullyism is a kind of exaggerated hankering for publicity. And the man was calculating the possibility of my writing about the days we were living; of course, he was sure that I would speak of the dread commander with a women’s transport under his orders.

“There are some deserters being brought in just now, sir. What are your orders?” This was an orderly of his who had just come in.

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<sup>1</sup> Eleven ox-carts laden with wheat had been brought by their women owners from Seughud to Eskishehir before the Turkish débâcle of July, 1921. Seughud had been taken by the Greeks. The women had volunteered with their carts and had become a transport under Fatima Chavoush. Her own story was pathetic; she had no one but a blind grandson, a lad of eleven, for whose sake she lived and labored. The transport had done valuable service during Sakaria, quietly going its way under fire in danger zones. The town of Seughud had a historical significance. The first Ottoman Turkish clan had settled there when it had come from Central Asia to Asia Minor. That clan had transformed itself into a mighty empire, playing a significant part in world’s history, and naturally acquiring many new characteristics and losing a great many of the old. But the people in Seughud had retained their physical and racial qualities through seven centuries. One rarely saw any one below six feet from Seughud, and the last sultans always had their guards from that town, partly because of their size and partly because of historical significance.

“You see, Corporal, there is not one minute when my presence is not needed,” he said and left the tent.

She sat on one of the chairs and took her head in her hands.

“Oh, daughter,” she said, “I hate guns. I tremble like a leaf when I touch one. What have I to do with guns? I love the soldiers and I want to serve them. Why should they take my picture with it? I am trembling all the time anyway, my child: whenever the commander speaks, my knees give way . . . .”

“Is he unkind to you, Mother?”

“No, no, but he shows me to every passing visitor as if I were an amusement [show]. I am more afraid of the old man with the baggy white beard, the commander’s second. He shouts when he speaks, he carries a whip and strikes the soldiers with it. They do flog the deserters so badly . . . the poor lambs; my heart weeps blood for them. Nothing is done by beauty [kindness]. When do you think Seughud will be cleared? There is nothing but fear in this camp. I have to bear it for the sake of the soldiers and for my blind lad.”

The vociferous tones of the commander haranguing the deserters ceased. She added in whispers:

“He is coming. I will go. Don’t ask to see me with my gun, my child.”

When he came in, his mind had already wandered away from Fatima Chavoush, so her noiseless retreat did not attract attention.

“I want you to tell me, Corporal, why these donkeys and sons of donkeys desert? Please sit down. Yes . . . is there any fighting that they should desert? They sit tight in the trenches; they fight all right at the front—but they disperse in my camp. Is there any hardship that they should do so? And some have formed themselves into a band of robbers around here—did you hear?”

“Yes, I have heard that there were two murders last night, near Beylik-Kupru.”

“You have, have you? All this is to stain my reputation, sons of abomination! I assure you I am not to blame. Ismet Pasha must know that: I flog them, I flog them till my hands grow corns and whip after whip breaks, and the soles of their feet fly off like beaten cotton wool. Can I do more? I must tell you some instances . . . there is some one at the door. . . . Come in!” he shouts.

A young military doctor entered. He immediately took up the I-have-swallowed-a-walking-stick-I-am-forced-to-stand-straight-and-rigid attitude which is the military salute. But although his face was twitching nervously, he made gallant efforts to be firm and stick to his point.

“Your new orders to transport the sick cannot be obeyed, sir,” he said.

The commander was frightful to see. His eyes screwed up, his mouth distorted and foaming, his elbows sticking out at right angles, his chest drawn in, and his enormous head thrust forward, he made one expect to see him jump at the doctor’s throat and throttle him at any moment.

“You can’t, can’t you, Mr. Doctor? Are you the commander, or am I? Why shouldn’t the sons of donkeys be transported at night? Don’t you know that it is out of wisdom I give you this order? I am providing them with extra blankets . . .”

“Some of them have weak chests . . . I cannot as a doctor allow them to be transported at night; the cold is seventeen below zero and it would be fatal.”

“Not allow them? You shall, Vallahi, you shall transport them at night. Fatal? What about the oxen? Do you know how many have died? How can I feed the oxen if they work at daytime?”

The doctor stared hard at the pole of the tent, kept his determined tone, although his face was twitching more and more, while the commander was shouting louder and louder.

“It is my duty, sir—“ began the doctor.

“Your duty is to obey the order of the commander . . . March.”

The doctor marched out and the commander turned to me: “It is only the civilians and the doctors who can never understand the order and the efficiency of the military arrangements. Now, Corporal, within the last months several hundred oxen have died. You know how the scoundrel Greeks have robbed the country of all its animals, you know how valuable an ox is now.”

“Evidently more so than the humans,” I was saying to myself, although I listened patiently while he explained his night transport plan.

“Now why do they die? From starvation and overwork. There is not enough to feed them to keep alive anyhow. The only food they can get is on the meadows, and there are no meadows near Beylik-Kupru. What I want them to do is to go at night and to be let loose in the daytime to graze while they are resting. Do you catch me?”

I did—but said nothing. The first months in the army had made me feel that, after all, the military machine was an efficient even necessary thing at times—and perhaps the country could be set right through it at the critical moments. Anyway, among the officers at the front, high and low, and among the men I had seen a great deal of self-sacrifice, self-abnegation not easy to find elsewhere, but the Beylik-Kupru episode was now damping my admiration for the military machine. Even if it were quicker and more efficient at times, yet no one behind the lines ever criticized its shortcomings or its evil effects. I at the dinner in silence, noting the cleanliness and the good quality of the food. I said at last:

“I want to retire early, Commandan Bey; could you kindly find out if there is the possibility of a train from Puladli?”

He called the station commander of Puladli to the telephone. He could not speak to a subordinate without swearing or bullying. Oh, he must be a perfect sycophant with his superiors, I thought

“Why don’t you know when the train is going? Do you know that I am a major and you are only a captain? Let us speak with that knowledge. I want a train to start tomorrow. What? What do I care on what sort of backs the wood is brought? What? Hello, hello—what the devil has happened to the telephone?”

The captain had closed it at the other end.

The charcoal in the mangal was well burned. A table stood by my camp bed with a bright lamp on it. The tent was very pleasant, there were boards on the ground so that one did not step on the mud, and an arm-chair stood in the corner. The commander had some qualities anyhow, for it meant ability to have a tent of this sort prepared in that wilderness. Ali Riza hovered about although he had finished his work in the tent. I understood that the silent man wanted to talk, and I felt that now that I was beginning to like the commander for selfish reasons, he was going to spoil it. He changed the place of Nazim’s gun several times (I always had it with me on my Anatolian travels), and at last spoke.

“The place is like hell, Effendim, every one is deserting . . .”

“It is a great sin to desert, Ali Riza.”

“It is, Effendim; but nothing is done by beauty here . . . flogging and swearing at every one’s mother and religion. Even his man-child, hardly so high, has a dirty mouth and a whip in hand: he worries the men all day long.”

“We will go to-morrow, Ali Riza,” I said by way of consolation. “*Allah Rahatlik-Virsoun*” (May Allah give thee rest).

“*Allah Rahatlik-Virsoun*, Effendim.”

I plunged into the hysterical woes of *Foscarina* in D’Annunzio’s “Le Feu.”

He must have crept in like a mole through the tent without opening its door. He was handling my revolver and looking at the gun with his mouth watering. When he caught my eyes, he looked at me with an admiration which I have never seen in another human being’s eyes. He must have been about seven: he had a fair face with delicate curves and babyish chin; his two eyes of bright brown nearly jumped out of their sockets with impish curiosity. I would have loved the owner anywhere, but I knew he was the commander’s man-child and I meant to be severe with him.

“Leave that revolver alone, at once.”

He dropped it—my harsh tone increased his admiration.

“Oh, Lady Aunt, my mother feels faint at the sight of these things, my sisters too . . . they are women, but I am a man and I—“

“Stop talking, I don’t want to be disturbed.”

The admiration went still higher. “Why,” I said to myself, “if I flog that boy he will worship me all his life.” That little boy was the only human child for whom a flogging would do good, I thought.

“May I sit in the arm-chair, Lady Aunt? I won’t breathe.”

“You may.”

He fidgeted all the time.

“I am the commander’s son, Lady Aunt . . .”

No answer.

I do what I want with the soldiers. At home I command my mother and my sisters, as my father does . . .”

No answer.

“I even beat my eldest sister, every one does at home, the slut . . . “

“Stop calling our sister names.”

“But she is not my sister really, she is my mother’s step-daughter. She does all the dirty work, she has no good clothes, she wears clogs . . .”

“You leave the tent now.”

His little lips trembled and his eyes made manly efforts to keep the tears back.

“Let me be your dog, Lady Aunt, don’t send me away. I won’t say another word . . . may I be an Arab if I do!”

The curves of the little chin were enchanting.

“You may this once, but you are not to speak again.”

He settled in the arm-chair. A stone doll could not have been more motionless.

Thus of heavy boots came nearer and nearer. In a moment he was in the middle of the tent, his eyes ablaze and his little body quivering with excitement. The cross woman with the gun and the revolver was no longer the dominating passion.

“Soldiers,” he hissed, “soldiers to be flogged. You will hear how they tremble at the sound of my father’s voice. . . .”

And he whizzed out as he had come, a baby hound who instinctively smells and runs after the hunted hare.

Why the flogging was near my tent I did not know. The commander probably wanted to impress upon me his power and his just treatment; it all had an element of very cheap melodrama.

“Are these the new deserters?” in very pompous tones.

“Yes, sir.”

“Thou hast allowed thy mother-land to be trampled on by the heels of the enemy; thou hast allowed thy women-folk’s honor to be stained by the enemy. Thy mother-land has seen no other man without honor and fame such as thou. Strike.”

After eight strokes, during which I sat in bed, my heart thumping, he said:

“That will do; the next.” And he began his speech over again, recited it with flourish and zest, and it gained by the time he was repeating it for the benefit of the thirteenth. I had at first been so upset that I had almost run out, for physical pain inflicted on humans has a physical effect on me which makes me lose all reason. I forget even the morals of the case. I understood that he was showing mercy to-night for my

benefit. I would say, "It is in his hands to make the soles of their feet fly off like beaten cotton wool, yet he has let them off."

I returned to headquarters in December. It had moved on to Azizié. Colonel Arif, now commander of the third group and quartered in Sivrihissar, sent me his car to Sarikeuy station. I lunched with him and was glad to see him back in the army. He looked in his element and very happy indeed.

The next stop was Chandir village, where another old comrade, Lieutenant-Colonel Salih, now commander of the Sixty-first Division, was quartered. I knew the village pretty well and its chief man, Seid Aga, was an old friend and gossip of mine. The village was one of Macedonian settlers and was rather progressive in its agricultural methods. Seid Aga was already thinking of sending his son to Hungary to learn better methods of agriculture. He proudly told me how the Macedonian settlers led the Turkoman nomadic tribes of the region to settle and build villages, and that they had imitated the Macedonian settlers. The two things he complained of were the malaria and the lack of schools.

Lieutenant-Colonel Salih, who rode with me half-way to headquarters, complained of Seig Aga and his like on the way. Lieutenant-Colonel Salih always took sides with the people against their chiefs. He said that the notables were selfish and exacting and did not help the poor. The division, however, did a great deal for the village, improved the hygiene, tilled the ground for the poor ones who had no animals. It was a young, enterprising, and idealistic division. The order was perfect without spoiling the friendly unity and the cohesion of the mass. The soldiers adored the young commander, and the subordinate officers seemed on brotherly terms with him. He was the youngest division commander, and the fact that veterans as old as his father could love and respect him spoke much in his favor. I smiled as I looked at his soldiers. He had turned the skins of the sheep they ate into winter coats. The lack of clothing was what the Anatolian army was not able to cope with.

Toward the end of December the headquarters moved from Azizié to Akshehir. The ride of five hundred horsemen (a cavalry battalion accompanied the headquarters) to Tjay, where we took the train for Akshehir, stays in my memory as one of the exciting episodes of my military life. I rode at the head with Colonel Assim, the chief of staff, and he gallantly asked me to set the pace. Both Doru and I enjoyed leading the five hundred horses. Up went my hand after half an hour of trotting and we fell into an easier

pace; up it went again and we tore ahead amid the formidable echo of hoofs from the hills. Especially in the valleys the echo was fantastic. After eight hours we reached Tjay, almost frozen, it was so cold.

I did not get to know Akshehir the first weeks. The cold was intense, and the food at headquarters was at the time as bad as it could be. I was suffering badly from dysentery and from malaria. I did not complain, but I was depressed as I have rarely been in my life.

Toward the end of the month I had a telegram from Dr. Hassan Ferid, now the director of the Health Department in Antalia. My father had had a seizure and I had to go to him. Fortunately, a Red Crescent mission was going to Isparta to establish hospitals for the coming campaign, and Ismet Pasha let me go with them. He gave me twelve days' leave to be spent in Antalia: the number of days one would be obliged to spend on the way no one could tell. From Isparta onward especially the road was horrible, beset with dangers and discomforts; if one did not fall from the *Yayli* (a kind of carriage used for traveling in Anatolia) and break one's bones, one was assailed by the robbers who were pestering the Anatolian region in bands. The kind of fate one would meet at their hands depended on their humor of the moment and on the working of their imagination. They had a pretty original imagination for disposing of you, and if they let you live they did it in a way that made you remember them always.

I left Ali Riza with Doru and took Ibrahim with me. He was one of the best drivers in Anatolia and he was a good shot besides, being a giant in strength and a fairly well-educated man of no mean intelligence. Yoldash naturally accompanied me.

Covered with blankets, warmed with hot-water bottles, sitting in a closed lorry with five sisters and three doctors was a luxury in traveling which I had not as yet experienced in Anatolia. The chief of the mission, Dr. Kemal, a well-known Turkish surgeon, seemed to possess a first-rate capacity for conducting the affair. I watched the gorgeous scenery of the Sultan Mountains, I patted my dog, and thanked Allah for his mercy.

At half-past ten in the evening we were near the village K. by the lake of Ighridir, which we were to cross the next day. Dr. Kemal found us houses for the night.

As I entered the yard of the one he had found for me I caught sight of a sleepy donkey, two surprised cows, and a chained sheep-dog, who growled at Yoldash by way of greeting. But the room was good to go into after the long day. Piles of enormous logs lit the rustic décor with ruddy brilliance. Three



women moved in the fantastic shadows of the crimson flames. The youngest put her arms around me as though I were a little girl who wanted comfort.

“Oh, girl, how white and cold thou art!”

Everything about her person spoke of abundance: the hips, the stately shoulders, the big oval face with its star-like greenish-gray eyes with long lashes, the golden hair that waved on her pink cheeks from under the pink headkerchief over her head. She combined passion and humor in whatever she did or said. And she was Shebben, the wife of Kara Hussein, once a carpenter of the village, now a soldier in the army.

I lay by the fire, the women bustling about me and Shebben telling me all about the village, mostly the wicked side of it, though. In an hour the room was filled with peasant women to its utmost capacity. They talked, knitted, sang. It was the familiar Anatolian scene. Although their songs were all wails and calls for the absent one behind the mountains, although life was one long struggle for daily existence, they had an essence of life which promises well for the village. Their tones fell into a dirge only when some one said, “Oh, when will the war end?” They wanted their men badly, to relieve them from the gigantic work of keeping themselves and the country alive; they wanted them for love also. There were not more than twenty men in that village, and none under seventy, I believe. As Kara Hussein, Shebben’s husband, had been away for two years, I promised to get him leave; it was the rule that they could get it after two years. She talked shamelessly of the anticipated love and the child he might give her. I left the village with no end of notes of people’s grievances, military or otherwise. It was always that way. And after each long trip I opened my notes and gave them to Ismet Pasha. He knew the value of a people’s good-will in such a struggle. He often said in Akshehir, “If there is any difference between the military and the people, I will take sides with the people.” It was not always carried out, but he did what he could and I was grateful to him. I knew he would be interested to know about the people of K. In fact, he got so interested in Shebben after I had told him about her that he personally got busy to give her husband leave, and he hoped that I might put her in a story. And when “Shebben’s Kara Hussein” was published he wrote: “I did not know that the hundred thousand men I commanded had Shebbens at their homes. They seemed like human bundles to me going on their donkeys.”

At Isparta the mission reached its destination. I had to stay two nights till I could hire a carriage.

The next day the Red Crescent asked me to open the big new hospital just ready. It was a solemn occasion, and besides the military and civil authorities there, the halls were full of the notables and the natives of Isparta. The people have always been very much attached to the Red Crescent. I spoke to them in the garb of peace, a sister's uniform. In the afternoon the women of Isparta had to be addressed, and at the sight of the large number of peasants sitting on the benches, with their incomparable dignity and the interest burning in their eyes, I talked to them as one does to a family circle. At last I attended the inauguration of the officers' reading-room, this time in uniform. Happy at the thought that there was no more speechifying, I sipped my tea; but in the middle of my bliss Dr. Kemal got up and declared that I was going to speak. I felt my mind fallen into a pit and lost, and it was so far away that I could not drag it out. What was I going to do with all these faces staring expectantly at me? However, my eyes met those of a private soldier who with a tea-kettle in his hand on the other side of the room was also staring at me. He salvaged my lost mind. I made the speech for him. I spoke of the part of the private soldier, the Anatolian citizen in the rebirth of Turkey. The Ottoman Turk had derived his name and his institutions from the name and from the efforts of his chief. The new state builder was to be no longer one single sultan or chief: it was to be the Anatolian. My eyes were on the eyes of the soldier for whom I was speaking, and his were on mine. When it ended he came near me and poured fresh tea into my cup.

“Why did you look at that soldier all the time you were speaking?” asked some one. I laughed.

Ibrahim chose the carriage and hired it on the condition that he himself was to drive it. The wisdom of this I understood on the road to Bordour—a sea of mire beset with rocks rather than a road. Out of the seven carriages which had started with us, only mine was not wrecked. Four of them were left where they were, only three being able to continue after being repaired. Three more days of hard journeying and dirty inns, the mighty passes of Tchubouk, and lo! I was in the bosom of my family, and no bandit adventures there.

Father, who was getting well as fast as he could, sisters, old friends, the Mediterranean Sea, and the green groves—what could I ask more? The twelve days passed in a flash.

Dr. Hassan Ferid wanted to go to Angora to see the commissary for public health on one of the numerous health-reform schemes he seemed to be always concocting. A Red Crescent official, and a

doctor's widow who was joining the Isparta hospital as a nurse, also came with us. We started in two carriages one afternoon.

At Kirk-Geuz inn the stories about bandits were the dominating subject of conversation. The Haji Murad band was the terror of the region. Among the many original ways of killing people (he did not always kill them) was the method of boiling olive oil and pouring it over the body of the unfortunate victim. Rana Hanum, the doctor's widow, was nervous. Dr. Hassan Ferid consoled her, "He does it only to those who have capital; he is full of revolutionary ideas; he might even be kind to you when he knows that you are poor. But when he says, 'Lie on your face and throw down your gun and purse,' you must do as you are told." Then he told us the gossip of the travelers who had had the experience. When the ominous voice shouted from behind the rocks on the steep and narrow road in the Tchubouk Pass, "Lie on your face and throw down your gun and your purse," sometimes forty men would flop down on their faces in a row and wait till the bandits went through the business of despoiling them. It was the position of the pass which made it possible. Two armed men could stop a whole army.

Through the Tchubouk Pass Dr. Hassan Ferid and the Red Crescent official walked on the side slopes with their guns to prevent surprise. The snow was high and at most of the climbs the carriages stopped, and had to be pulled up with some eight horses and as many men pushing behind. Ibrahim was of immense value: his intelligence and his strength as well as his capacity to organize the other drivers were astonishing. Dr. Hassan Ferid and the Red Crescent official, a very big man, kept guard. I was beginning almost to enjoy it, but it seemed to me next to impossible to carry on trade and to make the country live under these conditions. A little boy driver of twelve, with tears of despair in his blue eyes, was pushing the cart upward with all the strength of his little body. I can still hear him crying: "Where art thou, Lady Mother? Come and see thy son." It nearly broke my heart. And after helping him through I walked by his side, talking to him. He was the bread-winner of the family; he had to live daily in this way.

When we had passed the region where we might have been surprised by the Haji Murad band, and when there were no more climbs and steep gorges, we felt relieved. We were then passing across the plains of the Chiné. I remember the road so well—one side sloped mildly to the plain and the other side rose gently upward. Rana Hanum was sitting at my side with a toy revolver in her hand. I sat with my gun on my knees, looking rather wild in my wolf hide and the tight woolen headgear which I had tied over my own

headdress. Ibrahim was by the side of the driver with his gun ready at hand, and Dr. Hassan Ferid and the Red Crescent official were in the carriage behind, both well armed.

“I am sure we will meet the bandits,” said Rana Hanum.

“Don’t be psychic, my dear,” I said.

“There they are coming,” she said. I believe she had seen them already when she spoke. In fact, from an old mill in the plain eight men had come out and were walking toward the road. “Oh, they are only hunters,” I said. But I knew they were not. Ibrahim looked back and waited orders. “Go very slowly,” I said.

And as we went slowly they came nearer and nearer, until we could clearly see each other’s faces. The chief wore a soldier’s coat. He wore it, I heard later, to show his victory over the officer from whom he had taken it. Two had calpaks, the rest wore anything and everything. Their guns were antediluvian Winchesters and Martinis. My eyes were fixed on the bandits, and their chief’s eyes on mine. I believe he was taking me for a young officer and was speculating on my wolf fur. No, I did not mean to lie on my face and let him take it. I carried on a low conversation with Ibrahim while Rana Hanum pinched me hard.

“Ibrahim, if they ask you to stop, you jump down and take cover in the ditches on the other side of the road.”

“Peki, Effendim.”

“How many cartridges have we?”

“Hundred each.”

“What chances have we against the eight, firing?”

“Our guns are better, and also our position. Dr. Ferid Bey will understand the situation, and he also is a good shot.”

But at this moment the chief after reaching the road turned back, and the others followed him. He did not wish to fight. I am almost certain that he would have ordered us to lie down if we had not stared at him hard and coolly, and had not deliberately slackened our pace. They were looking back all the time as they went away, slowly and carefully.

“Shall I fire, Effendim?”

“No, Ibrahim, the victory is bloodless and quite sufficient.”

When we entered Bordour and went straight to the hotel, we found it full of people with complaints. The man was Mahmoud, the bandit chief, and the eight men had that very day stopped three convoys. The coat he had got from an officer. Mahmoud must have been a man of some courage and some humor too, as he exhibited himself in this coat in the neighborhood of Bordour. The gendarmes marched out the next day in his pursuit. They said that it was an impossible task until the army could help. But the heads of the army were full, and it had to let things go on as they were in Antalia for the time being.

In Isparta we found Dr. Murad. He had been attacked by a band on his way. But he had exchanged shots and oaths of a very lively character and had not given up his coat. Mahmoud's military coat became a joke. Every one wanted to know to whom it belonged: they wanted to tease the unfortunate owner.

At Ighridir we were the guests of the hospital. Early in the morning there was one of the rather bad earthquakes which are habitual to that region. As a lute, evidently belonging to one of the doctors, fell on my head from the wall where it was hanging, and as I happened to have my hand over my head to avert the blow, it made me think of the marvelous immunity life seems to have supplied me with against every possible mishap. A God certainly with a sense of humor had ordained that I should live to watch the spectacle of life in all its curious manifestations.

We were offered tea and rest in the governor's room at the *konak* at Ighridir while waiting for the little boat which was to take us to the other side. I heard angry voices in front of the *konak* and looked out. There were some thirty chained convicts, who were protesting because the fare of the boat was demanded from them. Rebellion was written all over their faces; they had belonged to various bands who had done a lot of robbing and a number of murders—in short, men who had gone to the mountains. One of them in front had an arresting face and a voice that reminded me of the “Fire” command of our artillery at Sakaria. One sleeve was empty, and he towered over the others, his dark eyes blazing.

“Did we ask to be transported?” his voice rang out over the angry growls of the others. “We shan't pay; what is the difference between the robbery on the mountains and the robbery by governments?” It was the eternal note of revolt against authority, very often against the established tyrannies protected by the law. Yet he had been a soldier in Gallipoli and did know how to fight within the law too. It was a mere chance that society had turned him into a robber chief.

The crossing of the lake was stormy, and that night at Shebben's house I expected her roof to come down on my head at any moment. She was rather pale and subdued this time. She described her longing for Kara Hussein as a force which emptied her knees and gnawed her inside. But her old spirit was not altogether gone. She gave a graphic description of a village enemy of hers, of her hypocrisy in blaming Shebben because she did not veil properly, while she herself had two lovers.

"I don't mind the sluts," she said. "When I want any one to be my lover, I will be a slut; but these snakes who pretend . . ."

She counted the days which it would take me to reach Akshehir on her fingers, and she put touching words into my mouth by which I was to soften Ismet Pasha; and all the time she was very anxious as to whether she was beautiful enough to attract Kara Hussein after two years of absence. Her nose was her principal trouble: it was too big.

"If thou has big eyes thou lookest in a languishing way; if thou has a big mouth thou squeezest it; but if thou hast a big nose, what dost thou?" She had got it to rhyme in Turkish. Then she showed me his picture. It was taken in Istamboul when he had had a carpenter's shop there: and to my amusement I saw that he had hired a dinner jacket to impress her. When she told me about his plans for the rebuilding of the village, I felt that the man was not an ordinary peasant. We parted in tears.

The road on the Sultan Mountains was narrow, one side a precipice over a thousand feet high, the other side rocky hills. The carriage shook and the horses stumbled in the gale. Just when we had reached the highest point, the horses got into such a panic that Ibrahim jumped down to control them. The next moment something queer was happening to the carriage: its back wheels were rising up, and Ibrahim was fighting with all his strength to prevent its being whirled into empty space. "Jump, Effendim, quick," he shouted as loud as he could.

That was my narrowest escape. And it was the presence of mind as well as the unusual strength of Ibrahim which saved me. We had to get out of our carriages and walk down holding each other's hands tightly. The hurricane blew at a terrific pace: the din and the roar were majestic, stones and earth raining down on us from the hills; and we frequently fell on our faces, our clothes torn to pieces. Our three hours' flight to reach the plain had an exhilarating effect on Dr. Murad's black setter. As the wind sometimes turned her over, she barked with delight, taking it as a practical joke of the elements.

At the foot of the mountain all of us got into one carriage, hoping to keep it from flying off by our combined weight. But the worst moment of the cyclone happened there. I have a vision of the turmoil, the curtains of the carriage torn away, the wheels rising again, the scrambling of other people on the road, the trees coming out by their roots, and people screaming at the top of their voices. My carriage was upside down. I do not know when we had scrambled out. Dr. Murad was lying on the road with an injured leg, and my driver was crying: his collar-bone was broken. The other carriage was half a mile off in the fields, the driver's box being all that was left of it.

On my return I found that the food and housing had improved. There was a *table d'hôte* where the staff and Ismet Pasha dined, and Haji Bekir Effendi, a deputy and a notable of Akshehir, offered me a small house of his next to his own. Besides the sisterly care of his family and the complete privacy which it enabled me to enjoy, it was a comfortable and well-furnished place. I immediately formed a close contact with the women of Akshehir, and my evenings became full.

Every morning I rode from my house to headquarters. The children of the quarter gathered in the street watching Doru eat his sugar from my hand and rub his nose against my shoulders. And when I mounted they marched after me, stamping their little feet hard on the pavement. The market-place was full of friendly faces. I greeted every one and every one greeted me. Akshehir is a bright spot for me, full of affectionate friends and faces.

I found Captain Djemil talking to Major Tahsin one morning. He looked tidier and brighter than usual.

"Corporal," he said as we shook hands, his eyes full of merriment, "the unbelievable has happened to me. I am married."

"Congratulations, Captain: but who is the fair lady?"

"She is the eldest daughter of the former commander of Beylik-Kupru. Isn't it absurd that of all men here I should have a romance? Well, we were neighbors, she made signs at me from the window, and I, taking her for a foolish little girl wrote to her to come out for a walk with me. Of course, in secret. And I preached to her. 'Look here, young lady,' I said, 'I am deaf, I am rheumatic, I am ugly, and I am poor. I am thirty-seven years old, but I am an honest man. Another man in my place, especially a good-looking one, might have taken advantage of your extreme youth.'

“‘I know it all,’ she said; ‘but I am in earnest. I want you to marry me and to take me away from my family.’”

“She had a horrid time with her family,” I said.

“How do you know it, Corporal?”

(I was listening in mind to the little boy in the tent at Beylik-Kupru: “I beat my eldest sister, every one does it . . . she is a stepdaughter. . . .”)

“Never mind how I know it, Captain, go on.”

“Well, I married her as soon as I could. She naturally ran away from her family. She turned my shabby room into a paradise of cleanliness and order. She pestered me from the moment she came to my house to teach her photography, and the imp learned it so fast that at the end of two weeks we had a poster on our house, ‘Woman Photographer.’ Now the women of Akshehir flock to our house and she earns twice as much as my salary. I am a soldier of seven years’ standing, though. How such a father could produce such a daughter I don’t know. What have I done to deserve this luck?”

He was choking with emotion, but his eyes were full of merry lights, thinking of the strange father who had produced this woman prodigy. And it was his relation to her that prevented Captain Djemil, the caricaturist, from playing his professional tricks on the man.

Doru reared, stood up on his hind legs, and played all the nasty tricks he was capable of in a panic. This was in the market-place and I couldn’t make out what had frightened him at first; but when I did see, I was as much taken aback as he was. Three soldiers had been walking in front of us, and it was one of them who had caused it. Over an ordinary soldier’s uniform there was a ghastly head—something like that of a diver. Tight khaki headgear enveloped his head and chin, a white cloth was tied over the mouth, and the nose and the eyes were covered with black goggles.

I found Major Tahsin at once.

“Who is the soldier with the fantastic headgear in the market-place?” I asked; “he frightened Doru very badly.”

“I was just going to tell you about her.”

“About her?”



“Yes, she is Ghul Hanum, and has just arrived from the East. She called on you half an hour ago, and will come back in an hour.”

Then I knew. She was a woman from Erzinjan who had had strange dreams. Ali, the Lion of Allah, the great Arab Caliph and the nephew of the Prophet, had appeared in her dreams and ordered her to join the army. She left her home and her husband, and taking her only son, a lad of fifteen, she went to the commander of an eastern division who was ordered to join the western front. And she came to fight the Greeks.

She had a mild voice, but one felt uneasy as it spoke in a muffled tone behind the thick white bandage. She told me at some length her dreams and her faith that if she joined the army and fought the Greeks they would be driven out. Ali, the Lion of Allah, had told her so in her dream. I liked her very much indeed; there was something infinitely childish about her—she reminded me of the days when I used to pore over the heroic tales of Ali in our various homes at Scutari as a child. I did not have the heart to tell her that warfare had altered since the good old days of Ali, and that there was a lot of ugly machinery worked by masses who were themselves turned into machinery. Yet the faith of her medieval heart in the ultimate realization of the Turkish deliverance did not seem so different from ours, although our clothes and our make-up did not frighten horses in the market-place.

“I want to be sent to the front at once,” she said.

That evening at the table Ismet Pasha said to me:

“Come to my room after dinner. I want to talk to you.”

And his first words in his room were:

“Whatever am I going to do with Ghul Hanum?”

“Send her to a regiment at the front.”

“Well, she does not fit in with the actual things to-day. Why does she wear that absurd thing over her face? I felt so uneasy talking to her behind that mask. Do tell her to take her mouth bandage off, at least when she comes to see me. Can’t you get her a place in a hospital? Or perhaps she can be of some use to you in your section.”

Ghul Hanum’s soul wanted special handling. One felt that there was something in her medieval and histrionic mystification.

The next morning I went to see her. She received me in her soldier's uniform. Her pile of golden hair dangled behind her in plaits over her soldier's jacket. She had a delicate face, rather worried and lined, golden eyes of a visionary, a thin nose, and the mouth of a sorceress or a saint painted by a thirteenth-century painter.

I broached the hospital question timidly. Never, never would she do such a thing. I tried to find out whether she was able to do simple copying in my section, whether she was able to understand the papers she would read. She shook her head emphatically. All she knew, she said, were things pertaining to the other world. "*Uhreviyé*" (language of the other world). She would go to the front or do nothing. And she had to be sent at last to the front. A month later the chief of staff spoke of her as if I were her responsible guardian. "She does not leave the villagers in peace, asking them to give their all to the soldiers; and she frightens them with her dreams."

In March I had a month's leave to go home. I had to break the route at Chandir. Early in the morning the commander's orderly knocked at my door.

"There is a woman to speak to you, Effendim."

"I have come as a messenger from the sister of the imam," she began as she came in.

"What is it?"

"She is in love."

"What has that to do with me?"

"Well, she wants to marry Sergeant Saddedine, the cavalry-man who rides behind the commander. Do you know him?"

I remembered him—a tall man who sat on the horse as if he had been created a part of it.

"Both are in love with each other," she went on. "The imam has gone to the commander and has begged him not to allow the marriage. They want her to marry a peasant. The commander's heart is as hard as a stone in love matters and he won't let him marry her now. And there is my affair also . . ."

"Hadn't you better finish that of imam's sister first?" I said mildly.

"Well, she has turned as pale as a quince with the disease of love, and he is in bed: they say it is malaria. But I know, he is burning like Ashik Kerem [a legendary lover]. Flames come out of his mouth,

his heart is roasted with love. So both of them kiss your hand and beg you to speak to the commander.

Now for my affair. . . .”

She was a woman of forty-five, and in spite of the romantic flavor she gave to the imam’s sister she looked very practical and not the least sentimental. Her dark face, shrewd eyes, and the wiry body denoted a valuable worker in the fields.

“Surely your affair cannot be love,” I said.

“It is, Vallahi—I want to marry Corporal Mustafa of the transport and I want you to get him permission.”

“Are you sure he is not married?”

“I don’t care.” Then noting the indignation in my face, she changed. “I mea that he is not. He swears he is not. You see, I am a widow. I am an attractive woman.” She was. “Every man wants to marry me,” she went on, “Seid Aga asked me to be his fourth wife; no, I don’t want a married man, and I don’t want peasants.”

“Corporal Mustafa was a peasant once.”

“He is a nice one.”

“Is he able to keep you?”

“Keep me?” Her lips curled with scorn. “Who wants him to keep me? I don’t want a baker, I want a husband. I can always keep myself—now there is another affair, that of my daughter . . . “

“Now you go away, my dear. I cannot possibly undertake more than two affairs. I don’t even know that I am able to manage the two . . . “

Fortunately Dr. K. entered, and she left me in peace. I told him and asked him to speak to the commander about it. Lieutenant-Colonel Salih himself was a confirmed bachelor and believed that no man in his right mind would ever marry, unless he took the decision in a malaria delirium. He himself came in when the doctor was telling me about the imam’s sister, who interested him: she was a patient of his. The commander took a crumpled paper out of his pocket and smiled. “The young lady has taken it into her hands, she has no grammar or spelling, but she has grit, that little girl.” And he read a passage out of a letter she had sent him. “Commandan Bey,” she wrote, “you are a cruel man and want us to die—but a thousand commanders will not keep me away from Saddedine. I will marry him if you say aye or nay.”

My rare visits to Angora during my life at the front were full. Visiting and receiving took a great deal of time. Mustafa Kemal Pasha I saw quite often, and Fikrié Hanum also. The arrival of his mother obliged Adnan to go oftener. It was an event for his household, but not a pleasant one for Fikrié Hanum. The old lady was like Mustafa Kemal Pasha in looks, without the sinister expression of the face and the tiger-like agility of his slim body. She was built on a majestic scale. Although she was seventy, her big round face was hardly lined at all, and it still retained its milk-white and pink complexion. The eyes were of a darker blue, warm and affectionate, and the mouth was benevolent, although she had a temper equal to his in her own way. Her spotless headkerchief, her white gown, and her white hands reminded me of my own granny. She was a typical Macedonian woman of the people and she did not pretend to anything else. Her son was the same Mustafa of the obscure school-days; his position did not matter, she loved him and scolded him and spoke of him as she had always done. She sat always on a bed spread on the floor. She was very ill, and it was almost a miracle that she lived in spite of all the organic and serious ailments she had. She would put her arms around Dr. Adnan's neck, kiss him on both cheeks, and hold his hand tenderly, telling him about all the troubles she had. She did not bother much about the struggle in Anatolia; her native city was Saloniki, she mourned for it, and she would have no new dress made until her son Mustafa would deliver the city from captivity.

Fikrié Hanum's coming into the room ruffled her. She would bristle all over with resentment and boom out hints at young people in general which were meant to be for Fikrié Hanum in particular. The young woman sat opposite her, respectful but cool, and very conscious of the old lady's animosity. These mutual resentments seemed inevitable, for both loved the same man wholly for his own sake and wished to own his heart.

The men from Malta were all back too. Rauf Bey was naturally the dominating figure in our political circle among the new arrivals. There was no cloud yet over his friendship with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. They were often together, and Rauf Bey's friendship with the members of the opposition was not affected by this friendship either. He was a warm admirer of Ismet Pasha at this period. He soon became the prime minister and retained the post till 1923.

Among the intellectuals who had come back from Malta to Angora the outstanding figure was Keuk-Alp Zia. He came to see me with the same friendly spirit he had shown before the war days.

“What is this Eastern Ideal talk, Halidé Hanum? Are we not drifting away from the destined culture of the Turk? Hasn't his face been turned toward the West from the very days he left Central Asia?”

He used all his intellectual prestige and capacity to fight that tendency which was to turn the face of the Turk away from the West, intellectually and otherwise.

The opposition under the name of the second group was attempting to formulate a clear policy, but Mustafa Kemal Pasha made every effort to prevent its becoming a definite political platform. The thinking element in the opposition considered that the ultra-democratic and somewhat loose form of the government of the Great National Assembly was not suitable for the creation of an active and efficient administrative system. They desired to have the regular cabinet system: the premier chosen from the majority by the president, and the members of the cabinet mutually responsible. So far each commissary (cabinet member) had been separately chosen by the assembly and was responsible only to the assembly. Under the circumstances a homogeneous government with joint responsibility could not exist, and the assembly was no more than a stumbling-block in every executive measure. The acceptance of this cabinet system would have given more power to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and as a casual observer I mentioned it to one who criticized all the parties, including Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

“Mustafa Kemal Pasha is the head of the government, president of the assembly, presides over the council of commissaries. He usually manages to obtain what he wishes, but he has no responsibility. The whole responsibility is shouldered by the assembly. Now the opposition party wants to divide the responsibility between the government, Mustafa Kemal Pasha, and the assembly. He will not be pestered by responsibility. He sticks to the present loose and ultra-democratic form because a man with shrewdness and personal power can have his own way with it. And you know the inefficiency of parliaments which have their finger in the executive pie every moment—it leads to anarchy. The world is already talking of the rottenness of parliaments, and when the world talks that way it means that the world desires the rise of dictators. It will be soon discussed in our world also. The sultans had divine power—it was rotten: we will create the legend of the powerful man, the man who rules by might, not by heredity. We are naturally drifting toward a kind of government such as we see in the South American republics—unstable and only dependent on strong men: ‘General X. is on the throne, hence General Z. must be on the mountains’ sort of thing. The sultans have passed away, long live the pashas.”

## PHOTOGRAPH – BEFORE AN AIRPLANE RIDE AT THE FRONT

I wrote “The Shirt of Flame” at this period.

From March to July, life at headquarters followed its routine: the same drab days, the same work. Preparation for the offensive was feverishly carried out. A great many maneuvers took place as soon as the weather was favorable. I visited the schools around Akshehir, which were having their examinations. The division commanders were taking a great interest in them, especially I think in the village where the Fifteenth Division was quartered. Commander Naji Pasha was a saintly man—he made me realize that a man with faith and progressive ideals can do a great deal with simple folk, especially in the East. The poems recited by the children were chosen by him: the League of Nations itself could not have found more humanitarian ones. The divisions around Bolvadin had also tilled the ground for the peasants. They complained that the villagers had been shrewd enough to give all their extra land to the opium crop. At this period the country was obliged to give up 40 per cent. of its wheat crop to the army, so this was a pretty clever move on their part.

I often rode to Fazil’s headquarters and took tea there in the afternoon. I was a charming corner. Fazil himself was full of plans for peace time, scheming to establish an aéroplane transport, which would have been a boon for a country with scanty roads and limited communications.

In June I was pretty low with malaria. I sustained myself by taking quinine constantly. As I was swallowing it at dinner one evening Ismet Pasha said:

“Are you ill, Corporal?”

“No, simple precaution.”

A week later he said to me:

“We are having some visitors from Angora; they will be here in half an hour. I want you to come to the station with me.”

“Who are they?”

“Adnan is one of them.”

I was touched beyond words by his delicate attention—he had invited Adnan because he had thought I was moping and ill.

“I don’t have my coat with me and the night is cold.”

“Nooh,” he called out to his orderly, “bring my gray cape.”

With Ismet Pasha’s stately cape falling to my feet I drove with him to the station.

“When I write my Memoirs I will mention that I wore the cape of the commander of the Anatolian army one evening,” I said.

“Do you intend to write your Memoirs? Do you keep notes?” he asked, keenly interested.

“I do.”

The train had come, but the visitors were not evident. Ismet Pasha asked me to wait for him by a lamp-post and he went among the carriages to look for them. I searched the whole place with my eyes, realizing then how lonely and hungry I was for home and what it contained. I saw three civilians standing by the station door; one looked like Adnan from afar, but I dared not go to him, thinking that if it were he he would come to me. All three were looking at me without any sign of recognition. Then I heard the familiar cough. I ran to him.

“Didn’t you recognize me, Adnan?”

“No, we were wondering who was the young general without a mustache.”

In the car Ismet Pasha said:

“We will have a long night.”

We did; we talked till three in the morning, Ismet Pasha getting very excited over the future Westernization of Turkey.

“Adnan,” he said, “you often say, ‘The fact that the medical and the military departments in Turkey are most efficient is due to their having been Westernized fundamentally and without compromise.’ Now we will do that for all the other departments.”

He was even trying to find out who would dare, as commissary for public instruction, to adopt the Latin characters. To do this would need courage and capacity as well. I think of that often, and I also search my memory for anything he said which hinted at the necessity for a reign of terror which would impose radical changes, and would also do away with personal enemies. I cannot remember anything. Is

the great change in Turkey enough to justify the human slaughter which was carried out by the tribunals of independence in 1925-26? How much of it was necessary for reform, and how much of it an excuse for removing political enemies? Are all changes smeared with so much blood in history? No doubt they are, but the Ismet Pasha I knew in those days was not a man of blood. I know nothing about the Ismet Pasha of to-day, and probably I will never see him again, but I do want to believe that things might have been worse if he had not been there to moderate the cruelty of his chief.

Toward the end of July I went to Angora with leave. I passed my time riding mostly. Mustafa Kemal Pasha had been at the front on a short tour of inspection. The army was ready to take the offensive, but before launching it Fethi Bey, the commissary of interior, was sent to the Allied capitals to try for the last time to solve the Greco-Turkish problem without further destruction and bloodshed.

One evening in August Fatish told me that Mustafa Kemal Pasha had called in my absence.

He asked us the next day to lunch at his house. He was troubled about Enver Pasha's adventure in Russia. Enver Pasha had become the emir of Bukhara. Both at Bukhara and up to Fergana the Turks of Russia were oppressed by the soviets, and there was a large number of irregulars, called the Basmajilar, who had rebelled against the Reds. They had asked Enver Pasha—who had been so far on good terms with the Bolsheviki—to be their leader. He had accepted, had cleared the Reds out of Bukhara, and proclaimed himself emir.<sup>2</sup> Djemal Pasha, who had been with King Amanullah, busy Westernizing Afghanistan, had come to Moscow about this time and had been threatened by the Cheka. Although Djemal Pasha had been very loyal to new Russia, he was not greatly in favor there, and he had sent his aide-de-camp, Ismet Bey, to Angora with a letter to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, asking permission to return to Turkey. Mustafa Kemal Pasha read the letter and told us that he would refuse. I was rather sorry for Djemal Pasha, and with good reason, for he was soon assassinated in Tiflis by the Bolsheviki.

It was during this week that I had a big surprise. A man who was usually present at Mustafa Kemal Pasha's night revels came to see me.

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<sup>2</sup> The soviets sent strong forces against Enver after the return of the Bolshevik army from Poland. The irregulars who were being formed into a regular military force by Enver at Bukhara deserted him at the approach of the Russian army. He himself died fighting a whole Russian regiment with a few Anatolians around him. He was buried with military honors by the Russians. The legend which one hears occasionally about his being still alive and working in Russia is unfounded. The man the Russians have buried might have been unrecognizable because of his wounds. But he had his wife's letters in his pocket—and it is a known fact that Enver always carried her letters in his pocket.



“Pasha was at Tahsin Bey’s, the ex-governor of Smyrna, last night. He was drunk and he talked all the time about you, saying that you are stirring the army against him. I warn you, his desperados are concocting something. Don’t go out alone riding in the wilds.”

I did not mean to change my habits. I was not going to be bullied. The man who told me this had never lied, to my knowledge. I was puzzled. Was it only a drunken fantasy? Or was Mustafa Kemal Pasha lying deliberately? For the only man to whom I ever talked serious politics was Ismet Pasha. Kemal-eddine Sami Pasha, whose guest I had been at Bolvadin, discussed everything freely, but there had been no one present, and neither he nor I expressed any personal opinion which could be used against the military prestige of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Whatever people’s politics were in those days, every one meant to stand and did stand by Mustafa Kemal Pasha as the leader of the movement. This queer allegation puzzled and hurt me all the more because Mustafa Kemal Pasha continued to visit me and acted as if nothing had happened. I knew him too well to be sure that he would speak out if he had really heard anything of the sort. And I did not want to discuss the matter with him, for the sake of the man who had told me about it. In the meantime, there had been some difference of opinion between the Turkish authorities of the Turkish orphanage in Kaisariya and the American Near East Relief, which was supporting it. I was on the advisory board, and both the Turkish and the American members wanted me to go and study the question and report. I was glad of the opportunity to see Kaisariya. I wrote to Ismet Pasha telling him of what I had heard, and I also asked him to make some arrangement by which I could work in Angora. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was too great a man in the military movement to be troubled by this sort of suspicion, be it only the outcome of his own imagination.

On the twenty-fourth of August, in the middle of my inspection, I received a wire in Kaisariya. I was from Mustafa Kemal Pasha, who was ordering me to come to the army at once and by the swiftest means. I was obliged to hurry back to Angora to get into uniform. I started for Konia at once in the little lorry belonging to Miss Billings. The offensive was to take place.

## CHAPTER XII

### THROUGH ORDEAL TO IDEAL

THE only time I had for personal thinking was during the traversing of the salt wastes between Angora and Konia. An ash-covered, wild country spread before my eyes. We occasionally passed through Kurdish villages where women, tall, primeval, in blazing colors, came out and stared at me with resentful eyes; or men galloped away, the bright tassels of their gear and cowboy attire mingling with the ash-cloud raised by their horses. I tried to puzzle out Mustafa Kemal Pasha's imperious and impatient demand for my immediate attendance at the front—such a contradiction to what he had said at Tahsin Bey's house. I realized that he was even more superstitious than I had thought him. In some obscure corner of his mind he had connected me with luck at the battle-field at Sakaria, as many others had done. Then I forgot all about Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

So this was the beginning of the march to Smyrna, the final bid for deliverance and for independence. It seemed hardly possible that only two years had passed since I had declared my faith in the realization of deliverance at Sultan Ahmed, on a day when my people and my country were in chains and darkness. Mysterious, most mysterious, I thought, is the working of a people's will. This time it was neither commanders nor young officers I was conscious of. The picture of a people's ordeal, their struggle for existence, glared in my mind: the trail of blood, of sweat, from Erzerum to Smyrna; the peasants, women, men, and little boys, the entire nameless mass toiling in a thousand ways with their distorted muscles never relaxed, their torn and weary feet never at rest. Oh, they were formidable—the only reality, the lasting reality of the Turk's existence belonged to them. The rest, the names, the leaders, the intellectuals, were wiped out, they were as the froth, as the scum of the people's boiling pot: they existed as the evidence, as the outcome of the boiling beneath. They were doomed to pass away, to boil over, while the everlasting caldron would raise to the surface other froths and other scums. . . . Allah of Mercy, keep me ever amid the reality of the boiling life below the surface!

At six o'clock on the twenty-seventh of August in the afternoon I was at the door of the Red Crescent hospital in Konia. I had left behind Ibrahim, who was to go with the horses to the front, and I had only my Yoldash. Fighting had started the day before, and I had to get there as soon as I could. The headquarters was at Tjay and there was no train till the next day, but in the morning the general inspector of the railway was to inspect the line in an auto-drezine, and he would take me with him.

It was a sunny day and we knew that everything was in our favor from the peasant women who came and offered us grapes and pears as we stopped at each place. We knew that our army had entered Afium Karahissar before we reached Tjay. The excitement was at its climax; it was a culminating point of life when the rapture is one dead calm. No words, no outward show; it was all in their eyes—something for which they had waited and toiled so long was a reality.

By the time I reach Tjay, headquarters had moved on to Afium Karahissar. Everything was chasing some other thing and everybody seemed to be whirling after a fleeting object—the place had a dreamy look.

I found the officer in charge at Tjay. His calpak cocked on the left ear, his elbows at right angles to his straight body, he strutted like a Napoleon.

“I want to get to Afium Karahissar,” I said.

He scratched his head and pulled his calpak lower still on the left ear. No transport had been sent yet to the captured city after the entry of the army.

“You better see Lieutenant Kiamil, the chap who is at the head of the lorry park. I want to send two officers and some benzene as soon as I can, and if he gives you a lorry I will send them.” Then he talked about the marvelous fortifications in the front of Afium—the scattered mines, the ditches, the many rows of barbed wire and the bombs attached to them. The Greeks, he was saying, had boasted that the English army itself could not take Afium. . . .

Lieutenant Kiamil, a slender and unusually tall young officer, hopped out and was politeness itself. Yes, he could give me a lorry at once—and away he went, giving orders right and left. The lieutenant's manners reminded me of a ballroom, his fashionable hopping was out of harmony with the grim décor. As we walked to the lorry, which had gone out to take the benzene on the road, he said:

“You know, Corporal, my feet are funny. I am almost maimed.”

“Were you wounded?”

“No, but I was caught by the anti-revolutionaries in Konia. I was under Nazim, and we were surprised; he escaped by a window. The peasant leaders of the anti-revolutionaries condemned me to death—a slow death of torture which was to last three days. They were grim fellows [he chuckled]. The first day it was flogging—it was pretty bad; the second day it was extracting the nails of my toes—you see, that gave me the hopping trick. The third day they undressed me, tied a rope under my arms, attached to a horse, and whipped the horse. *Bump, bump* went I, head and body and all—the rescue party reached me in time, though. Good-by, Corporal, I would have come with you if I could.” I gripped his hand with respect.

I sat near the chauffeur. He was a man from Adrianople who had joined the march to Smyrna: it would lead to the deliverance of his own native city, he thought; and he was right. But he did not know much about the roads of Anatolia—anyway, the road to Afium had not been used for a year. It was covered with weeds and he soon left it and wandered in a wrong direction. Two hours later, from the sound of the rifle-shooting, we guessed that we had reached the fighting lines. Would I fall into Greek hands? The darkness on the plains had a living intensesness; it was thick and full of secrets, a moving black life, intangible and shapeless. We had turned back, and I decided to go toward a single light in the darkness which I supposed to be that of Chobanlar, the village near the road to Afium. I was not mistaken. The darkness in front of us suddenly seemed to be moving in weary and slow waves—there were dim white shapes in it. When the lights of the lorry fell on the moving and

#### PHOTOGRAPH – GREEK ARTILLERY MAKING A FUTILE STAND AGAINST

#### THE ADVANCING TURKS

shapeless mass we distinguished white bandaged heads. The wounded were marching toward Tjay. They tried to support the infinite weariness of their bodies by leaning against each other, and the whole mass waved like grass in the wind.

I jumped out and walked toward them.

“Merhaba Hemshiri,” thus I addressed the one in front.

“Merhaba Arkadash.”

“Is this the road to Afium?”

“Straight on to Afium—don’t get out of the road—all ditches and bombs . . .” He spoke without stopping and the voice moved away in the dark. His tone reminded me of the faces of the peasant women who had offered us grapes in Konia. He too felt dimly that something for which he had been waiting had happened—and now that it had happened he did not know what to make of it.

Ox-carts, mules, lorries, camels, khaki shadows moved in the dim lights of the city, while the mighty rocks of Afium scowled over it all—and the humans seemed to have lost the power of speech, though the strange noises of the mixed convoys were distinct in the silence. The cinders of a row of houses which the Greeks had burned before they left were still aglow. Headquarters had entered only a few hours before.

It was a large house which I entered. The stairs and the halls were practically littered with military baggage, orderlies fetching and carrying, the officers coming out of rooms, wiping their faces and hands with towels.

“Merhaba Corporal—so you are with us, Merhaba Corporal; how did you reach us?” There were familiar greetings from all sides. Major Tahsin was bustling about in the hall.

“Welcome. I knew you would reach us in time.”

“Is Ali Riza here?”

“He will come to-morrow, but Memish, my orderly, is here. He will give you water to wash.”

The hall looked dreamier still through my dusty lashes. Major Tahsin stood and talked as I washed my face and hands in the middle of the hall, Memish pouring water over a basin.

“You’d better report to the Bash-Commandan Pasha; his sergeant has been twice over inquiring after you.”

“I mean to. Where is his headquarters?”

“The next house.”

The silent human stream flowed through the streets—*tramp, tramp* went their feet—and parts of it turned into small whirlpools before the brightly lighted building. A group of women in black draperies stood staring at the windows of the magic house. An old woman caught me at the entrance. She gripped me by the shoulders and kissed me on both cheeks. I took her old hands and kissed them in turn and put

them reverently on my forehead. Then she passed me on to the others; each kissed me on both cheeks in turn. The younger were gasping; they did not know that they themselves were the creators of the day of miracle.

Another big hall, bigger than that of Sakaria days—a long table laid out, officers walking hurriedly, the same greeting from every side.

The door of a small room is open. Two lamps burn on a round table. Fevzi Pasha and Mustafa Kemal Pasha are leaning over a map and gesticulating. It is Mustafa Kemal Pasha who sees me first, standing by the door. He seems to be actually blinking at a hundred suns all rising over his head, so exalted and radiant he seems.

“Welcome, Hanum Effendi.” The ring of the voice and the shake of the hand make you feel his excitement—the man with the will-power which is like a self-fed machine of perpetual motion.

“Congratulations, Pasha. You have done it at last.”

There is a mighty chuckle—a chuckle that reminds one of the purr of a royal tiger.

“Yes, we are doing it at last. How did you come? When did you come?”

“I nearly fell into the Greek lines, I believe.”

“I also nearly fell into the Greek lines to-day.”

“Your falling into Greek hands would have quite a different significance.”

Another long chuckle. He seems to be contemplating the joke of falling into Greek hands.

“Come, Hanum Effendi, let us eat.”

Fevzi Pasha sat opposite—he is patting his right shoulder, as he usually does in moments of satisfaction, and sucking his teeth, which makes such a funny noise. Ismet Pasha is his own self—there is an excess of cordiality. As he shakes hands I feel as if he were saying, “Forget about the nasty episode you have written in your letter; it was a mistake.”

Thinking of all that he had gone through in the hard days, it was almost touching to see Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s exuberant joy.

“After you take Smyrna, Pasha, you will rest, you have struggled so hard.”

“Rest; what rest? After the Greeks we will fight each other, we will eat each other.”

“Why should we?” I said. “There will be an enormous amount to do in the way of reconstruction.”

“What about the men who have opposed me?”

“Well, it was natural in a National Assembly.”

He had been talking in a bantering tone, but now his eyes sparkled dangerously as he mentioned the names of two men<sup>1</sup> from the second group (the name of the opposition party in those days).

“I will have those lynched by the people. No, we will not rest, we will kill each other.”

Though I did not take these words seriously, they were symptomatic. We were at the very beginning of the final realization of our dream. Was he going to use his power, a power achieved at the cost of such national sacrifice, for petty grudges? He deserved the highest price he could ask from the nation for his services; but this desire for revenge for political purposes expressed so early was nauseating. I looked at Ismet Pasha. He was eating his dinner quietly.

“When the struggle ends,” he continued, “it will be dull; we must find some other excitement, Hanum Effendi.”

These words are the key to his temperament. There must be something doing—he must be on the stage, a unique actor perpetually astonishing the world—a dangerous kind of actor, but dangerous for others and safe for himself. He must be exacting all that the spectators can give—fear, wonder, adoration. And he would have only shadows on the stage, shadows called or sent back at his will, simply to make the show showy—no more. Perhaps he was not so very different from the other men of destiny whose specialty was thrones, power, rather than intellectual achievement. He made me think strangely at this moment of Isaiah’s description of God, a God who will not bear any uplifting of heads, be they of men, trees or mountains. “For the day of the Lord of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty, and upon every one that is lifted up. . . . And upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high . . . and upon all the hills that are lifted up.” Mustafa Kemal Pasha was now going to act the Lord of hosts in Turkey—woe to every one whose head is uplifted!

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<sup>1</sup> One of those he named was Hafiz Mehmed Bey, the ex-commissary of the interior. He was executed in Smyrna in 1926.

I smiled at it all in those days. I felt curiously detached from the future of this rising man. Compared to the future and the destiny of the Turkish people which they themselves would shape out of their undying vitality, Mustafa Kemal Pasha was one single wave in a mighty sea.

The next morning I wandered about in Afium, talking with people of all sorts. There was fighting in Dumlu-Pinar. Ismet Pasha was to leave that night and I was going the next morning with my section, which was the last to leave.

On the thirtieth of August Dr. Murad took me from Afium to Dumlu-Pinar. Ibrahim had not arrived yet with Doru. The roads were littered with piles of ammunition, cars, splendid horses, and mules which were left to die because they had come to that pathetic stage when they can no longer move or eat. Villagers stopped the car and talked to us, their eyes brimming with joy; one sturdy peasant woman jumped into the car, smothered me with kisses, and left a warm loaf of bread in my arms. "It is a symbol of her warm heart," said Dr. Murad. It was: the blessed daily food and sustainer of man in life. The soldiers were marching yet in thin columns; it was as if they were emerging from a narrow gorge behind which they had been shut out from their own world; later they would be like a mighty flood which would overflow and inundate the land they were going to free.

Dumlu-Pinar was a primitive village, mostly burned. It was in a small valley surrounded with hills, low and high, covered all over with intricate designs of trenches, fortifications, barbed wire—all trampled and broken by fighting. It looked like a mass of nests of ants of a large and peculiar breed.

I met Captain Shemseddiine first.

"Corporal," he said, "the women in the village are most interesting. They have been handled in an unmentionable manner. I have never seen women in Anatolia in this vindictive and wild mood. We found them lynching a Greek who had hidden in the village. Evidently he was recognized as one of the beastliest. He knew their names, too. He begged all the time, 'Don't strike, Fatima.'"

I found Mustafa Kemal Pasha in Nouredine Pasha's house, the commander of the First Army. His first words were:

"You ought to have come last night and seen how women avenge their wrongs. They were lynching a Greek."



The word lynching had a fascinating sound for him in those days. If he had been able to get the people to lynch a few of his political opponents, he would not have been obliged to concoct the intricate reign of terror of 1925. I detected a veiled reproach to myself when he spoke about the woman lynchers. I knew he spoke of my supreme weakness often to other people—my revulsion to violence and infliction of torture on human beings even if it had the pretext or excuse of punishment or revenge.<sup>2</sup> Yet he meant to be nice to me during the Smyrna campaign, and he was—very nice. He offered me a war trophy—a vase worked out of an obus by the Greeks. Two hands—Asia Minor and Greece—clasped and chained together with a lock in the shape of a heart. It was a symbol of the “Big Idea,” which they had worked on a few vases—souvenirs of victory, before the victory.

“I will give you the room they wanted me to have, Hanum Effendi,” he said pleasantly, “I am in a tent. Look here, Pasha”—this is Nouredine Pasha—“why not show her Kiziljé-Deré? It is something to be seen.”

Kiziljé-Deré was the valley where four and a half Greek divisions were marooned and annihilated. They were intending to retreat to Smyrna through the valley. Nouredine Pasha held the mouth of the valley with the Eleventh and Twelfth Divisions. The exit was held by the Sixty-first Division on the Altoun-Tash side (this division belonged to Yacoub Shevki Pasha’s army, the Second). Greek divisions immured on one side by the Murad Mountains and by wooded hills on the other were practically exterminated. Nouredine Pasha said that he had found the concentration and the move of the Greeks in the valley and had directed Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s attention to it, and that they had planned and carried out the counter-move together. Mustafa Kemal Pasha said that he had warned Nouredine Pasha after finding out this move. Ismet Pasha closed the discussion by calling this battle “The battle of the Bash-Commandan.” But Nouredine Pasha has had a very hard time since for having laid claims to the glory of this particular battle, the biggest battle of the Smyrna campaign.

Kiziljé-Deré, the long and narrow valley between the mountain range and the wooded hills, looked like a disordered dream that day. Forsaken batteries glistened in the sun: rifles and ammunition in huge

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<sup>2</sup> Coming back from Smyrna a month later, I met Vassif Bey, the deputy of Saruhan at Afium, who had been at the front on a visit to Pasha. He said: “Pasha deplores your weak heart, which cannot bear violence.” And I answered: “What Pasha calls weakness is my supreme strength. When the general trend of the world is for violence, it does not need courage to promote it—to stand against it alone is strength.” I

piles, endless material of all descriptions lay huddled in a grand mess all over the valley. And amidst it all corpses—of men and animals—lay as they had fallen. The firing was still going on in the woods and on the mountains, and the place was not cleared yet. We stood by the car and looked—lo! my attention was shifted from the horror of the field by a number of wandering dogs. They were beautiful creatures, with pathetic yearning and mourning in their eyes: some watching by their dead masters, others searching for their bodies, smelling among the piles of forsaken material. I ran after them, trying to make friends, but all in vain. For the first time a dog, especially one in trouble, was refusing to leave all and come after me. They tore my heart most when they sat on their hind legs, too weary to move, their eyes full of distress. Yet they ran away with their tails between their legs whenever any one tried to be kind to them. I was so keenly touched by their state that I wished for that instant to be a dog, that I might make them understand how I was feeling for them.

“Why are you running after stray dogs, Corporal?” said Nouredine Pasha, amused. “Come and choose a gun.”

Returning, we passed a battalion of Greek prisoners resting by a burned village. They were sitting on the tombstones in the cemetery, their backs turned to the ashes and their eyes apprehensively on the ground. The sight of the destruction accomplished by them made them flinch: perhaps also the apprehension of the day of reckoning. Fortunately for them, the burned village was deserted.

After passing the village of Islahanlar we saw a little group of men in the distance. As we went nearer I could distinguish the loose black gown of a hodja waving in the wind. They were opening a grave, and a human form lay near them covered with a blanket. A young lieutenant, disheveled, haggard, torn all over, saluted Nouredine Pasha and introduced himself.

“Lieutenant Fikri.”

“What are you doing here, my son?” asked Nouredine Pasha.

“I have been searching for the body of my twin brother since last night. I have found him at last. What shall I say to my mother? He was the favorite, and she had not seen him for the last two years.”

“What was his name?”

“Lieutenant Jelal, sir.”

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regretted the almost boastful tone I had to use—it was, however, my only satisfaction in my lonely

Noureddine Pasha patted him on the shoulder, then leaned over the blanket and pulled it back. The twin brother—Lieutenant Jelal—lay on his back. His was the reflection of the other's distressed face in a happy mood. He had on only a chemise and his trousers. One of his thick black eyebrows had a perpendicular gash; the gray eyes were open; something far beyond the world's conception of rest and peace was all over the young body. It suggested that ideal peace and annihilation of self which I longed to connect with death.

"We will help you, my son," said Noureddine Pasha, and taking a spade from the ground began to dig the grave with the rest. I *wondered* whether all graves were as deep as that. Then they lowered him into it, pulling the blanket back. He lay there with the same rest and peace in his open gray eyes while the dust shower gradually hid him away. At last I heard a whisper, "You also throw some earth on the grave."

The hodja knelt over the grave, his palms opened to the sky. His loose sleeves were filling with the wind, a loose edge of his white turban was waving in the air like a peace signal to the heavens. We all stood and raised our hands to the sky.

"*Elhamdulillah-Rabbil-Alemeen*," he chanted (Praise be to him who is the Allah of all the worlds).

"If thou art everybody's Allah," I said to God, "it is high time that thou shouldst tell thy children that they are brothers."

I found Mustafa Kemal Pasha in his tent, which was erected on the roof of a village stable, surrounded with women. They stared at him with wonder in their eyes, although they chatted with him in perfect ease. When he talked they did not understand, but they listened all the same. Most of them were young and some had babies in their arms. They had suffered from the invaders unforgettably, and in more than one way, and they had that something in their eyes which I had not seen in the eyes of other peasant women, even among those who had suffered in the same way. One of them with burning eyes said to Mustafa Kemal Pasha:

"Thou must avenge our wrongs, if thou ever catchest their women; thou must see that they are treated as we were treated. . . . Oh, the dogs, the pigs . . . they have treated us as if we were mire, abomination under their heels . . ."

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philosophy of life in those days.

She went into details, in their grimmest form, and she produced a discordant sound in her choking throat that gave one creepy feelings in one's back. I felt that their wounds would never be healed with time; they would brood over them, they would probe them ever in the same passionate way. Yes, this mood was absolutely Western in its fixedness and its vindictiveness; it lacked the mellowness, the subtle understanding and forgiveness of the real Eastern soul. These women had learned the lesson of ugly hatred which the West had been trying so hard to teach the East.

I went out into the village common. Tents were being erected for the night, and there was a crowd moving on the railway station not far off. A big lorry stopped in the crowd; the crowd retired and gave way for those who came out of it. "I believe there are some prisoners," some one said, and I was rather struck by the discreet way the crowd let them pass. I understood the behavior of the crowd when I heard a baby cry. A Turkish sergeant, a head taller than the tallest among the crowd, was holding a puny baby in his arms; as it cried he raised it in his arms, nursed it, and tried to soothe it as only an experienced father can. A Greek woman in the family way walked near him, leaning against a Greek officer who was evidently her husband. As she sat down under a tree and began to scold her husband in a tired garrulous tone, the Turkish officers and the soldiers moved away from them. Half an hour later Major Tahsin had a room prepared for her in the village and took her there. When he came back he looked exhausted and amused. He himself a father of a family, he had seen to her comforts and had put a guard at her door, that there might not be any disturbance. The village women had stood in the distance and watched his efforts, and when he was on the road back to the common they gathered around him and told him their minds. No Greek officer had respected or protected any village woman in the family way. Did he, like the Greeks, think that the women of Dumlu-Pinar were made of mud and dirt and the Greek women of superior flesh?

After night fell we heard marching in the distance. Colonel Kiazim, the commander of the Third Division, was arriving with a host of Greek prisoners, mostly officers and commanders.

The next morning I caught sight of Mustafa Kemal Pasha in his tent talking to two of them as I went to our section—now in a tent. Major Tahsin was putting down the names of a group of Greek officers standing around his table. In the depths of the tent a curious picture greeted my eyes. An old woman sat on a stool. Two young Greek women sat on the ground on each side of the old woman, reclining on her knees in a consciously graceful attitude.

“Do come this way, Kirya,” called out the old woman in Turkish. The next moment she was telling me her story, seasoned with most obvious flattery for the Turks and for myself.

“You see, I have been a servant in the Turkish houses in Seres. I know their ways and their tongue, they are so good, so . . .”

“How were you taken prisoner?”

“You see, we were all in a lorry, those officers and these girls; they were frightened of the Turks, but I knew them and I said, ‘Leave it all to me, they are like lambs, and if you know the way you can make them do anything.’ Then I tore [this in a whisper] my underclothing and made a white flag and waved it to the first Turkish group. Last night we were the guests of a pasha [Kemaleddine Sami]. You see her shoes [showing the high yellow boots on the feet of the girl on her left]—he gave them to her; hers were worn out. And I told the soldiers I was cold; see this [showing a piece of sheepskin under her chemise]—they gave me that to keep me warm.”

One of the women was a dark, intelligent girl, who looked cross and scowled at the old woman.

“What are you saying to that--?” She was calling me unmentionable names in Greek, for she did not know that I understood common Greek very well and once talked it fluently. The little old woman’s small eyes were full of sly points as she hissed:

“You be silent, I want her to do something for us. You know she is the one whose photograph we have seen in the papers.” Then turning to me she said, “She is telling me how much she liked your face—“

I ended the comedy by saying:

“What is it you really want me to do for you?”

“Oh, Kirya, we are tired and these girls are great people. We want you to obtain for us a car to go to the prisoners’ camp.”

The next morning we were to leave Dumlu-Pinar. Major Tahsin was to stay and send the prisoners to camps.

“It will be difficult, Corporal, to find transport for the women, but I will do my best.”

As Ibrahim had not yet arrived, I went in Dr. Murad’s car to Elvanlar.

I sat by the wayside and ate my bread at noon under a tree. The somber hosts marched down the wide slopes in front of me in an incessant stream. Myriads of gold atoms formed a dust cloud which rose

as high as the sun and enveloped the masses. The faces were all covered with dust masks, and by some freak of the light the dust masks had become colored—violet, gold, red, green. I gasped as the picture. The silent harmony of the moving throngs—men, transport, animals, even artillery—on the wilds had turned itself into one gigantic Face or Soul for me—that of a People marching toward deliverance. And as I looked through the golden cloud I became aware that my own face was identical with theirs—coated with dust, masked in color, the edges of my lashes glistening with ruby-violet rays. “Oh woman with the colored face,” I said to myself, “thou shalt henceforth march with the other colored faces, thou shalt be where thou belongest—in the saddle or on foot, thou shalt be among them.” And I was.

Elvanlar was completely burned. The different headquarters gathered there were either under tents or in the open. I passed the night in a lorry. There was some fear of a surprise from the large disintegrated Greek units; the camp was guarded by soldiers who marched around it with open bayonets gleaming in the moonlight. Ibrahim sat at the foot of the lorry all night with his gun on his shoulders, after drawing down for me the green canvas cover of the lorry.

Cities, like faces, have their expression of past tragedy and suffering. Although there was no wind, the air was thick with a mighty dust cloud which whirled and moved in the turnings of the streets. Some great stampeding must have gone before us. The sun was veiled by iron-gray clouds and the dust was no longer golden. We crossed the burned quarter, which was one third of Ushak. We stopped the passers-by and questioned them. The reports of atrocities were becoming grimmer. Two hundred people had been killed, or burned, including women. The men who spoke were mostly personally affected; they were in a savage mood. Besides the suffering caused by the invaders, there was something wrong among the inhabitants. Local jealousies, animosities, and the hysteria of the past week had turned them against each other. Two men, young Turks of good family, had been lynched by the mob just before we had entered—they had raised that cloud of dust in motion.

After Kiziljé-Deré the Greeks had lost all hope, and in their retreat had directed all their energies to destruction and murder. They carried the Christian population with them, often by force, so that they might burn the Christian quarters as well and the Turk might have no home. The best and most prosperous Turkish towns in western Anatolia were being completely destroyed. This darkened the faces of the victors. Ismet Pasha, who did not in those days easily lose his temper, was in a towering rage.

We were in Ushak for three days. Headquarters talked a great deal about General Tricopis. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the Greek army, according to their orders of the day. General Haji-Anesti, the commander-in-chief who had made a muddle of the campaign, was dismissed. Yet the Greeks did not know where General Tricopis was. From the Greek officers taken prisoner in Kiziljé-Deré we learned that he was there during the disaster. He had made desperate efforts to raise the morale of the panic-stricken Greek commanders, and had tried to unite the Venizelists and the Constantinists, who carried their differences even into the prisoners' camps and frequently came to blows with each other. The Greek officers thought that General Tricopis must have committed suicide during the Kiziljé-Deré disaster.

Although there was intense resentment against the Greek commanders for their organized destruction in the cities, still the sympathy of one brave fighter for another was obvious when they talked of General Tricopis. In a moment of complete collapse he had tried to pull together all that was left in his hands and make an honorable stand.

On the second day of September Mustafa Kemal Pasha, Fevzi Pasha, and Ismet Pasha were sitting around a table in Ushak, in a large hall. General Tricopis and General Dionis had given themselves to our army as prisoners of war. Both were commanders of army corps, and General Tricopis was the newly appointed commander-in-chief, although he did not know it yet. They walked between Nouredine Pasha and Kemaleddine Sami Pasha as they came to Mustafa Kemal Pasha's headquarters—partly as a military honor to their rank, partly as protection from any threatening demonstration. The grief-stricken population of Ushak saw in them only men responsible for the murder of their people and the burning of their houses. To a soul who has lost the one it loves, rank and gilded garb matter not.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was standing between Fevzi Pasha and Ismet Pasha when the two Greek generals were escorted to his presence. To me the scene was first-rate military drama, and I watched it with intense interest. The simple uniform of our generals, as simple as that of the private, their immovably set faces contrasted with the nervous, discomposed faces and the extraordinarily gilded and adorned uniforms of the Greeks. Fevzi Pasha stood erect, his eyes as expressionless as those of a Chinese Buddha—he was most probably saying to himself, "These fellows cannot be really soldiers; look how fussily they move about, and they salute as if they were dancing some new frivolous steps." Ismet Pasha made efforts to keep his black eyes from flashing with anger. He was more man than soldier at the moment: he was visualizing

the human tragedy which these commanders had probably ordered to be inflicted on the Turkish population. They both bowed gravely without giving their hands. Mustafa Kemal Pasha dominated the scene. One realized that he was the soldier par excellence in that scene. When he worsts his political opponents he tramples on every rule; ruthlessly attacks them by foul means or fair. He even gives balls when they are executed—as he did during the Smyrna executions. In politics he reminds one of a badly brought up boy who will not respect the rules of the game. But as a soldier one recognized at once in him the supreme artist and the supreme sportsman. He kept the rules of his game with dignity, with tact, and with exactitude. He thought neither of the appearance nor of the misdeeds of the Greek generals. Tricopis, especially, was the man with whom he had played a real game. Now that his military opponent was on the ground, he showed that military art and military courtesy he possessed to his fingers' ends. He gripped General Tricopis's hand heartily and held it imperceptibly longer than for an ordinary handshake.

“Sit down, General,” he said. “You must be tired.”

Then he offered his cigarette case and ordered coffee. The dull steely glare of his pale eyes was on Tricopis, although he was equally polite and cordial to Dionis. General Tricopis was looking at him with open admiration and wonder in his eyes. He was a man about fifty, nervous, sickly, overdressed, and very theatrical. “I did not know you were such a young man, General,” he said to Mustafa Kemal Pasha. Then they settled down around the table. Mustafa Kemal Pasha seemed impatient to begin talking about the game they had played together. His impatience was like that of a famous playwright who might say to another whose play had been hissed in public, “Let us discuss and analyze the plot of your last play. Let us find out wherein you have failed.” The conversation began with an interpreter in Greek, but it went on in slow French. General Tricopis was pouring out his woes to Mustafa Kemal Pasha: he sounded like an amateur speaking to a professional. One saw the sorry state of the Greek army as he spoke—the mad commander-in-chief Haji-Anesti, who did not move away from Smyrna, and commanded the army without exactly knowing the situation; the rapid break of all communication between the commanders and units—thanks to the adventurous Turkish cavalry, who cut the wires, circulated in the midst of the Greek army, and wrought havoc in their transport. Above all, there were the Constantinist and Venizelist factions, which destroyed cohesion and discipline. One saw that the Greek army had become a panic-stricken mass after Afium. Then General Tricopis told of a counter-move which he had proposed from Chobanlar.



Mustafa Kemal Pasha pleasantly explained how he would have reacted if it had been carried out. One saw in a flash that he had calculated every possible move on the part of the Greek army. The end of the conversation degenerated into a spirited discussion between the two Greek generals—General Dionis had not obeyed some order of Tricopis.

The Greek generals were not acting up to the military standard of decorum, I believe, for I saw our generals looking rather disillusioned because two highly placed members of their profession—although Greeks—were not as dignified as the honor of the profession demanded.

“Is there any particular thing you want me to do, General?” asked Mustafa Kemal Pasha, rising and ending the interview. “I want my wife, who is in Constantinople, to be told,” he replied.

Then Mustafa Kemal Pasha gripped the man’s hand and held it for some time, speaking with sincerity and some humor.

“War is a game of chance, General,” he said. “The very best is sometimes worsted. You have done your best as a soldier and as an honorable man; the responsibility rests with chance. Do not be distressed.”

General Tricopis, who was of less stern stuff, gesticulated theatrically with his hands and his head. “Oh, General,” he said, “I have not done the last thing I ought to have done.” He was referring to his lack of courage for not having committed suicide. Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s eyes screwed up and his mouth took a cynical curve. “It is a thing which concerns you personally,” he said.

When the Greek generals were gone he looked openly disappointed. The man he had fought with was not of the stuff he had expected. He was feeling like a great international champion who had contested in the world’s arena with a man who was not worthy of his prowess.

As I rode down through the winding steep roads of the mountain opposite Alashehir the sun was on the city. It was built on the slopes of a hill, and it looked as if the place where the city had been was scorched into a cavity—a large gray ash-pit. It was difficult to proceed through the artillery, which was dragged along with infinite effort both by men and by oxen. The plain in front of Alashehir was covered with khaki-clad corpses. Neither we nor the Greeks had the time to bury our dead. The Turkish army was marching on feverishly to save the Turkish cities from fire and the sword, and the Greek army was fleeing before it and destroying cities and having its last orgies under the shadow of the historical fires they had

been able to kindle. The Turkish army reached one city after another, only to find it a head of ashes; its population scattered, women half mad with grief, digging at the stone heaps with their nails. There was an undercurrent of ominous anger in the masses. Hell seemed to be on an earth in which two peoples struggled, one for deliverance, another for destruction. There was no quarter given on either side.

At the foot of the mountain I hastened to a fountain where the beasts were watered. I could hardly see before me from the dust that settled on my lashes—but what troubled me was the clotted mire in my throat. Some one led Doru to the water, opened a place for him, and filled my water-bottle.

Headquarters was in the “Fair Maid Mineral Water Springs” (Philadelphia Springs). It was a low row of buildings on a high, raised terrace—the only buildings which had escaped the flames. On one side of them the gray and sinister remains of the city darkened in the dusk. It is a city which I shall always associate with the nauseating smell of charred human flesh. The officers walked on the terrace in twos and threes; some talked and some were silent, but always a passionate resentment showed in their faces. Several had gone over the city and talked with a few people who were just returning from the mountains. The reports of what had happened were ghastly. Several groups of inhabitants, mostly women, were carried away by the Greek army. A few who had escaped brought ominous news. How many were alive and how many had died by hardship or starvation or actual violence no one knew at the moment. On the fields a few dead were found. An officer told a group of men how he had helped two women to dig out the charred corpse of their old mother. They listened in grim silence.

The tragic sights and the suffering which I had been obliged to witness assailed me with their accumulated force from an entirely different angle. I sat down on a bench, turned my back to the stricken city, and tried to calm myself. It was of no use. The sudden blaze of light on the scenes of horror which my memory called up gave me a glimpse of human nature which had no redeeming part whatever.

So far I had often been conscious of a dual personality: one living and acting, the other watching, criticizing. This everlasting critic in me has made me suffer much more than any of my own kind has been able to make me suffer. Now this mental critic was torturing me to the extent of wiping out my everyday human identity. It was giving me one picture after another of the human race in the act of doing what the Greeks had done to the Turks. The pictures began from the great war and went back into prehistoric times. With nations and races it was mass carnage: fire and steel, steel and fire. . . . And such a chorus of wails of

agony too! With individuals it was a subtler and more complicated picture: furtive watching for each other's vulnerable points—then striking behind smiles and masks, but as ruthlessly as steel. The nameless whispering thing in my brain succeeded in making me realize that the supreme instinct of mankind was to kill—and only that. It made me see clearly that those who lacked the instinct to kill did not belong to the human species. They were forced to be strangers to mankind. They might inhabit human bodies, speak a human tongue, but they could not have a single tie with mankind. It was not love or kindness which made humans alike—or even connected them. “You, who really are me,” said the tormentor in my brain, “are an anomaly—a being that has wandered by some ghastly mistake into the body of the graceless human demon. Why should you insist on abiding in their midst or suffering their woes? Break your chains.” And I was thinking aloud, “Shall I cease to be? Shall I go amidst kindlier beings?” But I was stricken

#### PHOTOGRAPH – TURKISH CAVALRY

with an uncontrollable loathing for everything in human likeness: the beast with the disturbing eyes and the treacherous hands that walked on earth only to destroy its kind and to exterminate itself. I remembered the face of an old woman which I had seen in the lunatic asylum at Asfurié. It winced at the far sight of human presence—it distorted itself into a symbol of terror at the approach of human presence. Mine was loathing instead of fear. My hands were cold and damp with the agony of it all. “I must free myself from the ghastly likeness,” I said to myself as I rose.

“Corporal, you are ill. You are upset. Do smoke—I have news for you—you are made sergeant. I am making the list of promotions.” It was a timid young officer who had been working on a table opposite me on the terrace. He had been evidently watching my face. I walked away to the little room which was assigned to me.

The dirty and dark little room, lighted only by a glass door, was full of piles of empty mineral-water bottles. Ali Riza had made my camp bed in a corner and had lighted three candles, stuck in empty bottles. Yoldash lay at the foot of the bed, his huge head on his paws and his eyes gleaming in the flickering light. Ali Raza said:

“Will you not eat, Effendim?”

“No, I will go to bed at once.”

As I drew the incredibly dirty white curtain over the door, I saw Ali Riza settling outside the door, with his blankets on his shoulders.

It was the face of a dead man, that of Nazim, which silenced the mad voice in me—the voice that was torturing me to commit an act of cowardice, the voice that was leading me to desert the sorry show of life. I visualized his face with open eyes this time. The everlasting twist of the mouth was exaggerated, the hurt look in the gray glassy eyes was more tortured. What if the last moment of consciousness dominated immortality—if there is conscious continuity in immortality? What if I carried this ghastly conception of mankind into another state of consciousness? The tortured thing in my head which was craving for release cowered at this thought: “Wait,” it begged. “Wait till we get some other conception of this life, a conception which will not haunt us with horror into eternity.”

Something warm, something soft was on my chest. My cold cheeks close to his silken ears, I clung to Yoldash and waited. From the room on the other side of the wall there were voices. Some one was singing an incomparable elegy of Mohammed in a drunken voice. I understood that the public basin was in there. Some men were bathing, laughing, and carousing. I closed my ears.

When I removed my fingers from my ears headquarters was in deadly silence. Water dripped, water fell on marble—in a mild melody. It was from a bath tap to a basin. It was in the private bathroom which opened into my room.

A dark shadow crossed the curtain of my door, at which I was staring, and a hand knocked at the door.

“Who is it?” I called out.

“I saw your light, Effendim, and brought you some grapes,” said Ibrahim. “We were in the vineyards with the boys.”

He turned the handle and held out a pile of grapes in a broken plate through the half-open door; beyond I saw the sky over the mountain opposite Alashehir. It looked like the pearly tints of gray, gold, and heliotrope in an inverted shell—morning was in the sky and it gilded the pile of grapes.

“Leave them on the floor, thank you,” I said.

I went into the bathroom. I undressed and sat under the tap, keeping the healing touch of the warm water on my body as long as I could. . . . If only I could also bathe and cure the mental fatigue of the night!

I dressed entirely, boots and all, before I lay on my bed again. It was already morning. I did not mean to sleep. I am almost sure that I did not even close my eyes. I was realizing the mental danger I had gone through. I thought with grim humor that not only from external danger was I immune.

“Are you ill, Effendim?” This from Ali Riza. “I have knocked at eight and knocked again. You did not answer. Major Tahsin wants to know if you can start in half an hour. It is ten o’clock.”

Till the horses could get out of the city, till that smell of charred flesh was behind, I felt extremely uneasy. Would I be again a slave to that haunting voice in my brain? No, even the sight of a little peasant girl with her fair head smashed, lying on the roadside by which we left the horrible city, did not rouse the demon in my mind. Major Tashin gazed at the bodies of two peasant women who lay with their headkerchiefs over their faces in the fields.

“This is a costly struggle,” he said.

We were once more in the open. I was all the time trying to catch and to pass something: sometimes horsemen, sometimes a row of trees, sometimes only a ditch. The khaki masses, the colored masks, the fields with the remains of the human slaughter—we left all behind. At two in the afternoon we ate some bread without leaving the saddle, watered our horses by a fountain, and passed on. It was so hard to get anything solid through the dust in one’s throat.

At four Salihli was in view in the distance—the smoke of the fire was still on the remains of the city.

A red car with the ensign of a commander came near and stopped: a familiar voice called out:

“Hello, Corporal, you must come with me to Salihli.”

“Only a few miles from Salihli—after a day’s ride, I hardly want to desert my comrades. Surely you wouldn’t want me to.”

“I do, I claim the privilege of an older comrade.”

In five minutes we were in the common in front of Salihli—on the right the road curled onward among the fig orchards. The common was full of small transport; flocks shepherded by soldiers. All the men in the transport as well as the military shepherds were armed with rifles.

“We must gather the rifles and the ammunition,” said Kemmaleddine Sami Pasha. “See how every man has got hold of one.”

Before the words were out of his mouth the men flopped down on the fields and got lost among the shrubs. A frantic rifle-shooting was going on. On every side bullets whizzed and whirred and *bang, bang* rent the air. He stopped the car at once. I thought with some amusement how Kemaleddine Sami Pasha was called the “lightning-conductor” in the army. It was a general joke that on a field where Kemaleddine Sami Pasha was present, no matter in what direction you might fire, the bullet would change its course and hit him. He had eighteen wounds on his body. He was the one who drew the lightning and I was the one who repelled it. Perhaps it was my mysterious immunity that caused none of the bullets which so nearly grazed our headgear to touch us. He was shouting in that metallic tone of command which characterizes all military orders:

“*Atesh kess!*” (Stop fire).

From every point of the field the metallic command was taken up by other voices—“*Atesh kess!*”

We understood soon enough that the men had seen two Greek aëroplanes over the city, and being among those who had not been able to take part in the fighting, they had wanted to do some firing on their own account.

Kemaleddine Sami Pasha was haranguing them in a thundering voice. Two men who had risen from the shrubs near our car immediately stood at attention. They were tall and dark Anatolians; although their feet were bare and their khaki uniforms in shreds, I have rarely seen men with more dignity. What was a picturesque scene for me was of supreme seriousness for them. The power of a commander of an army corps on the battle-field in disciplinary questions is unlimited.

“Have you also been squandering the nation’s ammunition on a fool’s errand?” shouted Kemaleddine Sami Pasha. They might have been cast in bronze while they were saluting, so immovable they were.

“Smell their rifles,” ordered Kemaleddine Sami Pasha to his young aide-de-camp.

“They have not fired, sir,” said the young aide-de-camp. I knew he was lying, and probably Pasha also knew that he was lying, but his motive was so human that I longed to stretch out my hand and pat him on the shoulder as our car sped on to Salihli.

Out of the eight thousand buildings in Salihli there were only a few hundred left. I went to the court of one which was to be the general headquarters. Officers were washing their hands and faces under flowing taps. I went to one of them and drank, and drank like a buffalo. The commander of the garrison, who was giving orders, caught sight of me.

“Corporal,” he said, “I have assigned you a house on the other side of the town. My orderly will go with you.”

I walked a full half hour before I reached my destination. There were fires lit on the stones, and military figures moved in the ruins.

We knocked at the door of a very big house. It was the only one left on that side, but there was a row of smaller houses opposite which were intact. Women and children walked in the streets, talking to each other. In those days of desolation those who had their roofs still left over their heads were the favorites of fortune.

I was taken into a typically Turkish room. The divans were covered with spotless white material, the windows with white curtains. The mellow light of the candles, the affectionate welcome of the two women, made me realize how tired I was. My head swam and my knees felt hollow, but it was due to the ghastly mental distress of the night before rather than to the hardships of the campaign. I was thinking all the time how infectious is the quality of life in women. These humble women were pulling my troubled and lonely mind back to everyday incidents, they were connecting me with mankind once more. The hostess, a middle-aged, handsome woman, gently undid my dusty headgear, while her pretty daughter brought some warm water, and the two together helped me to wash my hands and face in a basin. Then they laid me on the divan with a white pillow under my head. “Undo my hair, please,” I said to the elder woman; the hairpins and the roots of my hair felt as if they were daggers stuck into my scalp. She did it as softly as she could and knelt immediately after on the floor, putting her face against mine and whispering her troubles and that of the town in a low tone.

On Wednesday the entrance of a detachment of Turkish cavalry had caused the Greek garrison in Salihli to evacuate in haste, without having time to destroy the city. The inhabitants were mad with joy. They decorated the city with flags, and hordes of women threw themselves on the roads kissing the hoofs of the horses of the deliverers with wild enthusiasm.

“My father had been a soldier and I kept a green flag which had belonged to him. I took it and joined the procession,” she said. “The next morning the cavalry went away, telling us that the main Turkish forces would soon arrive. So when a military train did arrive the entire population was at the station, carrying flags, singing hymns and songs. But what came out of the train was only a Greek division—they were furious to see the state of joy we were in. Then it was like Hell. No such thing has happened ever before.”

Then she went on with the same ghastly story—the destruction, the killing, and the rape. The people as usual fled from the town whenever they could. At the end of her story she put her arms around my neck and began to cry.

“My son left the town when the Greek forces entered; he wanted to join our army—I have had no news—we do not know whether he reached them safely or was caught by the enemy.”

I promised to make inquiries. Soon after she laid a bed for me on the floor and offered me her lavender-smelling old-fashioned nightgown. I drank the warm soup she offered me in bed. And the night began—the night that proved to me how inseparable I would always be from the sorrows and the rejoicing of the people. Up till the morning the room was filled with the women of Salihli—all sorts of them, city-dwellers and peasants: those who were stricken by irreparable loss, those who were rejoicing. They sat on my bed, kissed my face, spoke, and went out into the streets—where they told the same things over again to each other. In the dim flicker of the candle only one of them stood out distinctly. I almost dreaded another mental attack when she began her tale. She wore a black *charshaf*, as women in Istamboul do. She sat back on her heels rigidly, her thin long face empty of human expression, her black eyes staring at the candles. She repeated her story as if it were something learned by heart; her eyes and her voice lifeless.

“We, a few widow women, tried to escape from the burning city. We hurried along the street trembling with fear. But she, my daughter Nighar—just so high, and only eight years old—she was cheerful and brave. ‘Give me thy white hankie,’ she said. ‘Why dost thou tremble and fear, Mother?’



When we meet the enemy I will hold it up as a white flag. I will raise my arms and I will say, *'Teslim, Teslim.'* They laughed, and laughed as she knelt on her knees like that. Then one of them took aim and shot her through her heart."

It was morning when the one they called "Ninné" (granny) came. I was almost dozing. She sat on my bed and patted me on the head. Though her face was like a piece of ancient leather, wrinkled all over, her eyes were brighter than the candles. She brought into the room an air of vitality and cheerfulness.

"How did you get back, Granny? Did you see the flag at last?" they asked in a chorus.

"I will tell her," she said. "She has come with them." And she continued:

"Now, my child, I am from Uskub. I have known five *Hijrets* (emigrations). I have dragged my old bones after the Crescent and the Star wherever it went. I meant to die under it. After the Balkan War I left Istamboul, I thought that Anatolia, which joins on to the sacred earth of Kaaba, could never be taken by the infidels. When the enemy came here I was aghast, but waited for a miracle all the time. I waited so long. When the news of victory came the Greeks were still in the town. They did not come to my hut; it is in the vineyards and very humble. I have a grandson who looks after me—I felt ill and feared that I might die before the flag would come in. I begged him to take me away. So he put me on our old donkey and marched me off. I was in a fever and cried all the time. But I reached our lines at last. They were so surprised to see me. I hugged them and they hugged me. They fed me with melons through the gardens. When they knew that I had come after the flag, they carried me on their shoulders, just by the flag-bearer, and I entered the city in such a state, on shoulders and under the Crescent and the Star." She got up and walked up and down in the room imitating the military march, and giving military orders just as the men would do. The women laughed; they were clapping their hands all the time.

They were dining when I went in.

"Come and eat with us, Hanum Effendi," said Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

"I have dined, Pasha."

"Then have some rice pudding; it is well made," said Fevzi Pasha, offering me his plate, which was yet untouched.

They were discussing whether the Greeks would fight seriously in front of the city of Smyrna or not, and making arrangements in case they might. They were also deciding as to which army corps should

enter the city first. Izzedine Pasha (the First) was to have that honor. I rejoiced that the Fifteenth Division was one of the two divisions which would go in first. It was during this discussion that the message from the French battleship *Edgar Quinet* found us. The Allied consuls in Smyrna were proposing to pass the city to the Turkish army and begged Mustafa Kemal Pasha to appoint the commander who would take charge of it. This was mixed with some attempts at humanitarian advice about the treatment of the Christian population to us. In the stricken city of Salihli—having passed through other stricken cities which looked like living relics from the scenes of “By the Fire and the Sword”—this message had a rather sardonic effect: we knew the Greeks were not going to fight any more.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha knocked at the table with his fist rather angrily.

“Whose city are they giving to whom?” he said.

At ten in the morning I left Salihli with Major Tahsin. Headquarters, riding in different units, had already gone and we were to meet at Kassaba. We were once more only two dust-covered, colored-faced atoms in the gigantic mass. From ten to four in the afternoon we rode among the cavalry, artillery, infantry, meeting hordes of homeless people, hordes of prisoners marching back, trampling over the endless fields littered with dead. We halted for drink at the fountains; otherwise we thought neither of taking food nor of leaving the saddle.

Kassaba, once a bright and prosperous town of twelve thousand houses, was a charred black waste. It might never have existed. How well the Allies knew their human material when they sent the Greeks to wipe out the Turks in Asia Minor! It was called the “civilizing of the Turk.” But the responsibility of the Greek campaign was put on Mr. Lloyd George’s shoulders by the Greeks. The women of the burned and stricken cities told me that the poorer Christian elements whom the Greek army carried away with it had raised their hands and anathematized Mr. Lloyd George. “*Kako hrono nahis Georgis!*” was the chorus of the wails. I was very sorry for the irresponsible Greek population who were uprooted from their homes and often made to pay the price of the blind nationalism of the Greek politicians, or of the perfidious policy of the Allies who had launched the Greeks into this ugly adventure. The prisoners in the camps also constantly cursed Mr. Lloyd George. Venizelists and Constantinists who quarreled about everything and broke each other’s heads united in a cry, “*Kako hrono nahis Georgis!*”

We went to an open park where some officers from headquarters had arrived. The general plan was to pass the night at Kassaba, but sudden necessity had obliged the commanders to go on to Nif. We decided to ride to Nif.

We were at starvation point. Water no longer could sustain us, and after an hour's search we saw that it was impossible to get one morsel of bread in the city.

"Is there any headquarters in Kassaba?" I asked Ibrahim.

"That of the Fourth Army Corps was here, but I heard that it was getting ready to move on to Manissa," he said.

I picked a dirty piece of paper from the ground and scribbled on it a few words to Kemaleddine Sami Pasha, "We are starving—can you let us have a few loaves of bread?" And I said to Ibrahim, "Gallop as fast as you can—perhaps he has not left yet."

Before Ibrahim returned from his errand the red car of Kemaleddine Sami Pasha stopped before the park. He descended from the car and came toward us with a packet under his arm.

"When your messenger came, my headquarters had gone. I am so sorry. I could bring you only this."

It was a loaf of bread, two tins of sardines, and a piece of cheese. He watched us eat, silently smiling to himself, and said:

"Bash-Commandan was here only three hours ago. He said that you ought to have traveled in a car. Now you must come with me to Manissa. I will be able to find you a roof."

"Isn't Manissa burned?"

"Out of eighteen thousand buildings there are about five hundred left. But I will find you a place all the same. To-morrow I will drive you down to Nif."

"Thank you very much, but I will ride to Nif."

"You can't. It is absurd. You cannot possibly do eight more hours on horseback."

"I assure you I can."

He was surprised to find me so stubborn. Like all meek persons who are more or less dreamers, I stick to some of my decisions with mulish insistence.

Some officers decided to ride the next morning. Only Major Tahsin, Captain Djemil, the caricaturist, and myself were going to ride, and we were to start at eight. The cavalry guard of headquarters went at five, partly because their horses were tired and they meant to make a slow ride, partly because they wanted to cross the pass in daylight, the way being very difficult. Apart from uneven ground, there was danger for solitary riders. A horde of queer and sinister-looking individuals had sprung up everywhere—to loot and rob. Several mixed bands were active on the mountains and in the lonely passes. We could not go with the cavalry guard, for our horses wanted rest after eight hours' riding. But as we calculated moonrise to be at half-past eight, we reckoned on having its light for the worst part of the pass. Three hours' riding would cross the pass, and after that we would be among the First Army Corps marching toward Smyrna.

We started along a sandy, narrow gorge, expecting the moon to rise at every moment. But we found that we had miscalculated the time; for not till we reached the end of the pass did the moon rise. The road would run along level ground, and then up steep rises, over sandy soil, and through bushes and tangled undergrowth. We had to proceed with extreme caution. In front of us loomed the Murad Range. Flashes of light would illumine the grim atmosphere for an instant. There was continual rifle-shooting. The villages in the gorge were all deserted. During the Kassaba fire the inhabitants had fled. Although the Greek army could not tarry, it could be dangerous enough in retreat. But the roving bands of robbers made the isolated pass a very dangerous journey in any case. The civil government was not established yet and the army had only one mission.

We had stuck in the troublesome bushes, and were trying hard to disentangle ourselves, when Major Tahsin's voice rang out in a metallic tone that I had never associated with his mild ways.

“Hands up or I shoot! Stand up quick!”

A part of the solid darkness of the bushes was moving and a frightened voice called out entreatingly:

“Don't shoot, sir. I've got caught by the thorns. I am trying to free myself.”

Major Tahsin struck a match and I saw a gaunt figure, dressed as a peasant, standing with his hands in front of our horses.

“Are you armed?”

“No, sir.”

The orderly had to make sure of it before Major Tahsin went on with his questioning.

“Who are you?”

“A peasant from Armudli. I was in Kassaba during the fire. I had all the time; now I am taking some food to my family.”

He spoke with a distinctly Macedonian accent, and quite differently from an ordinary peasant.

“Why are you hiding among the bushes?”

“I heard the sound of hoofs; I was afraid; this particular place is full of robbers.”

“You yourself might be their decoy.”

“I am not, sir.”

“I will shoot you at once if I suspect you of making signs or anything of the sort. You walk in front and guide us.”

“Do, sir; but my road separates from here, if you will allow me, sir?”

“I will not, you walk on.”

He did. And most of the time he talked to me. He reminded me of Mehemmed Chavoush. He might have been a decoy, but he would be frightened to play a trick. He knew the place by heart in the dark. Our progress would have been easier if Captain Djemil had not continually insisted on getting down and leading his horse. The beast was tired and he patted it and asked its forgiveness for having made it carry such a weight and for so many hours.

A dim silvery light rose over the inky masses in front of us. The moon was rising at last. The thick black air thinned perceptibly. When we were under a fig grove, where the very dust of the leaves was visible, the man near us looked at a field longingly—“I could so easily get to my village from here,” he said. Major Tahsin must have been touched. “You may,” he said shortly. And the man almost leaped toward the field, while Major Tahsin, straining his eyes, watched him disappear before he would proceed.

After the pass we found the villages inhabited and alive with the military that traversed them. They were so closely packed that they had to squeeze against each other to make room for us among them. Now I was shoulder to shoulder with men who were to enter the promised land. From the white dust masks kindred eyes looked out and from eye to eye we greeted each other. Three long hours we rode through them. About four in the morning we were in the neighborhood of Nif. For the first time after two years of

constant companionship I found my Doru unwilling to go. He was actually lagging and stumbling. Major Tahsin was openly nodding, and I was realizing how one could sleep in the saddle without falling.

Almost asleep we climbed a little hill and halted between two rows of houses. I do not remember how I dismounted, but I remember very well the marble step of one of the houses: a patch of glaring white light fell on the pavement from its open door. I sat down on the door-step and knew no more.

“Hanum Effendi, Hanum Effendi.”

I hated to open my eyes. Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s sergeant, Ali, was speaking.

“I will find you a place of rest,” he was saying. “There is a room empty. Pasha’s barber has taken it. I will send him out.”

I remember the lighted corridor, the room with a glass door, a broken settee, and a sideboard which looked like a wrecked ship. Ali was hanging a sheet on the glass door, putting two blankets and a sheet on the broken settee, and talking all the time.

“At seven I will bring you hot water. At eight you will breakfast with the pashas—there is a clean sheet under the blankets. . . . All is clean, Hanum Effendi.”

Two hours later I wondered how I had managed to sleep, for I was wearing not only my riding-boots but my spurs as well.

“To-day we will all drive down to Smyrna, Hanum Effendi,” said Mustafa Kemal Pasha at breakfast.

“I’d rather not go in a procession of triumph,” I said. “I thank you very much, Pasha, but, honestly, I prefer to go afterward quietly.”

“You shall come with us, Hanum Effendi,” he said. He spoke in the unmistakable tone of command, but probably he pleasantly intended to overcome what he imagined to be a false modesty.

We left Nif at noon in five cars all decorated with olive branches. Some of the soldiers I had passed among during the night were marching down to Smyrna. I felt isolated and hurt at the fact that I was not one of them any longer. They were far greater and more significant than the passing celebrities in the decorated cars. I wished to be among those men who had the real power—not in this procession of men who merely held it by proxy. It is true that Mustafa Kemal Pasha at this moment was a kind of sacred symbol—and the symbol of the people’s deliverance. He would make the most of his position—and why

not? Let him be the greatest of the land. I thought with almost tender amusement of how he would turn into a kind of stage-manager, struggle hard to create excitement, and keep the play running long after the curtain had fallen on these days.

At the gates of the city the cavalry division which was to escort us through the city attracted my attention. A cavalry division is a romantic sight at any moment—but this was something more than that. Nine days had the men been in the saddle—fighting in the midst of and behind the Greek army. There had been no moment free from danger, from action; there had been no moment of rest. Men and horses looked spectral. Not one ounce of flesh was visible on either; dresses and gears were worn out, faces and heads of both men and beasts burned by some devastating fever; the eyes of men glistened strangely in emaciated and haggard faces. The young commander at the head of the line was the most gaunt of all. His head was a skull with gray sunken cheeks. His black eyes scanned the line behind. When both sides were in perfect lines the metallic order of “March,” which froze his mouth into a dark round cavity, was lost in a terrific din. In a single lightning flash two long lines of horsemen drew their swords, and the sun gleamed on their steel as they galloped past us on either side. The clash of steel and the beat of the iron hoofs became deafening as we crossed the closed bazaars. The noise was held in the arches and echoed with such force that it actually beat against one’s ears and hurt them. Along the smooth marble pavement reeled the moving walls of men and steel, horses sliding and rising, and the steel curving like swift flashes of lightning in the somber air of the arches.

Behind the cavalry one saw thousands of mouths as though transformed into an eternal shout—roaring and shouting applause.

## CHAPTER XIII

### IN SMYRNA

#### SEPTEMBER 9:

“Soldiers, your goal is the Mediterranean,” was the opening line of Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s order of the day at the beginning of the campaign. It was a dramatic proclamation with a Napoleonic touch in it, although it was written in the effective but simple style of Ismet Pasha. I thought of it as I caught sight of the blue waters when our procession reached the quay of Smyrna. It was a goal to die for—but the goal of the Turkish soldier was far deeper and more significant than that—it had nothing to do with particular lands and sea. It was an assertion of a people’s will to live.

The stately mirrors of the hall of the *konak* reflected a dusty, khaki-clad group of individuals sitting in the arm-chairs in a silent mood. From a smaller room which opened on the hall one heard the loud voices of Mustafa Kemal Pasha and Nouredine Pasha discussing military matters. There was skirmishing still at Kadife Kale between the Greeks and the Turks, and street fighting in the Armenian quarter, where the Turkish army had been bombed from the windows. Among the crowds in the streets there were queer-looking individuals who made patriotic speeches. They were the usual mushroom heroes



who rise up immediately after the success of any cause and show an excess of zeal that seems to leave the other workers quite in the shade.

On the table lay a sword sent by an Eastern country to be given to whoever should first enter Smyrna. Several units had entered the city simultaneously from different parts, so there were several claimants. But there was the commander of a cavalry unit, Lieutenant Sheraffedine, who had reached the quay first. He was standing in the middle of the hall, a little dapper figure: legs of a cowboy, head and one arm in bandages, but tingling all over with adventure, and telling his story with a boyish lisp.

“The quay was deserted as we rode,” he began. “The first person who came in view was a French admiral. He began making a speech, advising me to be good to the Christian population—it was rather a long speech. I told his Excellency that the quay was not a safe place for him. My remark was prophetic, for before the words were out of my mouth a bomb fell from one of the windows and some one started rifle-firing. The next moment we were busy protecting the admiral from fire and getting him away from the scene. My bandages are souvenirs of that scene.”

An English officer was standing by the door. He had brought a message from the English admiral, who asked for appointment with Nouredine Pasha. “You speak to him, Corporal; none of us speak English,” said some one.

We drove away to Karshi Yaka. Two houses were picked out for headquarters. The two hostesses, elderly Turkish women, had charming manners. They dined with us and took care of Mustafa Kemal Pasha in their motherly way. I went to bed early. I had a great longing for home.

*September 10:*

I feasted my eyes on the sea and constructed a plan for my life in the future: a rustic house not far away from Angora, a fireside where immense logs would constantly burn, a gray goatskin in front of it, where I would lie and dream.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha was in a joyous mood in the evening. He had met a young woman called Latife Hanum. “The Kutchuk Hanum knows you and speaks of you as ‘Hojam.’” It might have been a title

of courtesy she wished to give me, I thought. I found out later that she had been at the preparatory department of the college for a year and that we had met there. There was a general discussion over the young person. She had come back recently from France, where she had attended lectures on law.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha whispered to me: “She carried a locket around her neck with my picture in it. She came near me and showing the locket said to me, ‘Do you mind?’ Why should I

PHOTOGRAPH 1 – THE WATER-FRONT AT SMYRNA

PHOTOGRAPH 2 – THE SAME STREET AFTER THE FIRE WHICH NEARLY  
DESTROYED THE CITY

mind?” He chuckled delightedly. She had also offered hospitality to him and to his headquarters in her home. He was already imagining her in love with him. But at the moment all the Turkish women could have carried his picture in a locket around their necks without being in love with him at all. However, I thought, this was the best thing which could have happened to him at the moment. It would have a humanizing effect on him, and keep him out of mischief.

*September 11:*

We moved to headquarters on the quay. There was disturbance in the air. Apparently order was not established yet. The number of queer suspicious-looking individuals increased in the streets. The inhabitants were mostly keeping to their houses. I heard that there was a lot of looting going on. I believed that it was possible to prevent it. It may not have been, however.

*September 12:*

Some one from Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s headquarters woke me up early in the morning. There was a document to be translated at once. It was an official communication sent by the British admiral. He stated that Mustafa Kemal Pasha in a conversation with the British consul-general had declared that Turkey was at war with England. He asked for a written confirmation of this, in order to consult with the Allied

representatives. I translated this document and sent it to headquarters. I thought that there must be a mistake somewhere, but I said nothing to any one. At noon Jacoub Kadri, who had been in Istamboul for some time, arrived as the representative of the paper "Ikdam." The representatives of "Aksham" and "Vakit" were with him. They said that they had seen smoke and imagined that there was fire in some part of the city. After lunch we went to Mustafa Kemal Pasha's headquarters. I found the pasha in a mood which was very direct and frank but not at all statesmanlike. He talked of the episode which had brought the admiral's letter in the morning. The episode was already closed. But he said in a humorous tone: "In the name of all common sense tell me how, Hanum Effendi, could the Greeks have landed in Smyrna without the strong help and desire of the British government? Could anything have happened in the Near East without their express desire? Of course we were at war with them, not with the Greeks—a thousand times so."

The frank outburst of Mustafa Kemal Pasha as an individual was natural, but as the head of the state it would not do. He had already sent for the commissary of foreign affairs.

Fire had broken out in the Armenian quarter. People with bundles and household goods were crowding the quay. The fire was spreading, and the ruddy glow over the city lit the anxious and frightened faces of the people on the quay. In Ismet Pasha's headquarters the commander in charge of the city was telling how he found all the rubber pipes of the fire brigade completely cut to pieces, obviously by intention. He said the Greeks had made every preparation to burn the city. As the night advanced, the crowd on the quay increased; the fire approached the headquarters. The faces of the people on the quay became more and more tragic as the glow became ruddier, and the disorder increased. When our headquarters caught fire we drove to Karshi Yaka. After finding conveyance for the press representatives, I left with Yoldash. Something in the expression of his eyes made me feel more akin to him than to any human person I spoke to at this moment.

Three long days the fire lasted. After the first few hours it became impossible to approach it. The dynamite and the explosives hoarded by the Greeks under the churches of Aya Triada and Foti, as well as in a number of private houses, were exploding. The sight and noise of it all was ominous. The crimson days in Smyrna evoked other crimson scenes over other fair cities. When would the ordeal by fire and

sword of every people cease? When will the peoples prevent their politicians from gambling with their lives and homes?

*September 16:*

Headquarters moved on to Bornova. Mustafa Kemal Pasha was Latife Hanum's guest now. Her house was the most sheltered and remote from the fire.

I asked Ismet Pasha leave to take the journalists over the devastated area at their request and to write my last report. He consented and gave orders to facilitate our apparently difficult trip.

On the eighteenth Latife Hanum invited Ismet Pasha, the journalists, and myself to her house to celebrate the Smyrna victory. Mustafa Kemal Pasha talked to her most pleasantly in the car as we passed through Smyrna. He told me how well educated she was, what good manners she had, and how, although her father had lost most of his property in the fire, she was patriotic enough not to mind it. It all sounded like the beginning of home building for the hardy soldier at last. It is not true that Mustafa Kemal Pasha married her for the wealth of her father. He was not in need of her wealth at that time, and it was she and her family who mended their fortunes and became rich after this marriage, rather than he. His attachment appeared to be perfectly sincere and disinterested.

We passed through a pleasant old Turkish garden, which overlooked the blue waters of the bay. The steps leading u to the veranda and the veranda itself were muffled with ivy, wisteria, jasmine, and roses in charming profusion and disorder. A very little lady in black stood at the top steps and received us. Although she was said to be only twenty-four at the time, she had the quiet manners and the maturer ways of a much older person. Her graceful salaam had both dignity and Old World charm. No movement of hers recalled the cinema-star gestures of the young girl in society. She wore a black veil over her hair and her face was very pleasing in its somber frame. The face was round and plump, so was the little body. Although the tight and thin lips indicated an unusual force and willpower, not very feminine, her eyes were most beautiful, grave and lustrous and dominated by intelligence. I can think of their color now, a fascinating brown and gray mixed, scintillating with a curious light.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha disappeared for a little time and came back dressed in white. His colorless fair hair brushed back, his colorless fair eyebrows bristling as they always do, his pale blue eyes gleaming

wit internal satisfaction, he stood by a table covered with drinks. She sat on the sofa by me and looked at him all the time. She was dazzled by him and he was frankly in love. So the strong current of human attraction between the two enlivened the evening; otherwise it was boring and dull. He said:

“We are celebrating Smyrna—you must drink with us.”

“I have never touched *raki*, Pasha—but I will drink champagne to celebrate.”

As he raised his tiny decanter of *raki* he pointed at me and said:

“This is the first time I have drunk *raki* in the presence of this Hanum Effendi: we were always a bit uneasy in her presence.”

I raised the champagne-glass and wished him happiness. When Latife Hanum refused *raki* and stuck to champagne he was ruffled and remarked that she had drunk *raki* on other occasions. I wondered if Pasha’s description of me as an ultra-puritanical woman had damped her youthful spirits; but I was inclined to think that she was a woman of sober tastes and of a melancholy disposition.

We passed the evening simply, listening to Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s talk. He was enjoying this favorite hobby of his to the full. He spoke of his life in Saloniki, of his life at different fronts—this was the only evening that he did not indulge in being satirical at the expense of some one—he seemed to be repressing himself, and it was rather dull. When he even went so far as to praise people—mentioned some one as the foremost figure in the Nationalist movement—I tried to puzzle out why he was doing it. Perhaps he did not believe the moment had come when he could dispense with the services of all those who had helped the national cause.

Ismet Pasha took me back.

“What do you think of Latife Hanum?” he asked.

“She is very charming.”

Inwardly I was paying tribute to Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s taste. I had not been interested in his love affairs so far. Fikrié Hanum and Latife Hanum, the only two women who aroused real feeling in him, were unusually arresting figures. I was sorry for Fikrié Hanum; I knew she would suffer deeply when she heard of Pasha’s new attachment. Ismet Pasha interrupted my thoughts. He wanted to know who had told me about the episode at Tahsin Bey’s house. When I refused to tell him, he said:

“I assure you it cannot be true. He speaks of you always in the highest terms.”

Then he went on to speak warmly of the services of Kiazim Kara Bekir, Ali Fuad, and Refet Pashas. “Kiazim Kara Bekir’s victory in the East was the ‘white of our face’ [a thing which gave us honor] in the first days. Ali Fuad has done such a lot, and the movement would have died in the beginning if Refet had not put down the anti-revolutionary movements with such promptness. I have invited him here.” Whatever the relation of these men to Ismet Pasha to-day, this was not the first time the Ismet Pasha of those days paid them full and generous tribute. His words touched me especially that evening. They made me dream of a future where there would be cooperation in the reconstruction of the new Turkey—a gigantic undertaking. Although I saw a danger signal in Mustafa Kemal Pasha’s temperament, and his declaration at Afium had troubled me a little, I believed Ismet Pasha strong enough to render him harmless. I still hear ringing in my ears Ismet Pasha’s voice as we drove over the deserted quay and I watched the sleeping expanse of the blue water in the bay of Smyrna: “And the people will shoot up into life and prosperity in no time, now that we have thrown off the nightmare from our lands.”

As I dined with Fevzi Pasha the next evening, he said: “I have made you sergeant-major, did you know?” I thanked him, although I really cared and care only for one title—that of corporal—for the people—whom I love—have called me that.

I went to take leave of Bash-Commandan and thank him the day before I was to quit Smyrna.

When I came to Latife Hanum’s house Ghul Hanum was leaning against the door.

“I have asked for an interview with Mustafa Kemal Pasha,” she said. I thought that her voice was rather wistful: as usual, her face was covered with the fantastic mask.

I found Mustafa Kemal Pasha on the veranda. Ali Fuad Pasha and Rauf Bey, the premier, were already there. I told him about Ghul Hanum, hoping very much he would receive her at once.

“I know she is there. I am not going to receive her,” he said harshly. He went on to speak about Ghul Hanum in a way that hurt and disappointed me. In her way she had played a part in the scheme which had worked out the national destiny. In her limited, fantastic sphere she had given her very best. But he waved away the subject.

“You still have the sign of corporal on your sleeve; how is that? We must change it at once,” he said. Then he gave orders right and left, got three signs of sergeant-major, and Latife Hanum sewed one of them on my sleeve.

When I took leave finally, he said: "Have you a coat in the car? It is cold." I had not.

"Wait a moment; I am going to give you my cape," he said, and disappeared. He came back with a long, old gray cape. I remembered it very well. He used to wear it in the days when we were outlawed and condemned to death, and working with infinite patience and passion for the cause. How often he had sat wrapped in its ample folds by the fire the whole night, giving orders and making plans when we were expecting to be attacked and killed at any instant! When he put it on my shoulders I had a vision of the great man in Turkish history—a vision even the figure of the present dictator cannot entirely efface. I looked back as I went down the steps, the cloak trailing on the marble. He and Latife Hanum were leaning over the rails and nodding.

"My children will inherit this cloak and they will give it to the Turkish Museum in turn," I called back.

Ghul Hanum was leaning against a tree at some distance from the door. I was stabbed by the dejection and the humiliation which her attitude expressed. She evidently did not want to be noticed. But I longed to go to her and say, "My dear, your services and your love are doubly great at this moment." I know the other commanders made it up for her, but I know also that a service of love is personally satisfactory, especially what it is unrequited.

## **CHAPTER XIV**

### **FROM SMYRNA TO BROUSSA**

IT was painful and discouraging to go back over the devastated regions and the hordes of wandering and homeless people, now that the excitement of the march had died down. Gigantic material effort, almost superhuman vitality and belief in the future, were necessary to repair the destruction. At times I was so discouraged and aghast by what I saw that I almost felt ashamed of the thought of that simple Anatolian home which was such an obsession with me then. But at other times the patience and the courage of the stricken people, their practical, humane outlook on life, filled me with hope. Among the ruins of the cities the number of queer-looking individuals had increased—they harangued the people and tried to fire their resentment to revenge. But the moral qualities which had enabled the Turkish people to survive through such a struggle were evident in the days of despair. In many cases they showed more tolerance and understanding for the people who had hurt them than the post-war Allied press had shown for the Germans.

Survival is only possible when the destructive feelings of hatred and revenge are not passed to the coming generations, and when a people is practical enough to recognize that with the end of war it must return to normal life as fast as it can. How very different and much more stable would allied Europe have been if the dictates of petty revenge had not been considered at Versailles!

There were a few bright episodes between Smyrna and Broussa which sustained my faith in a happy future.

One is of a young lieutenant. I was trying to save a few personal belongings from the fire before we drove to Karshi Yaka in Smyrna. He pulled my sleeve in the dimly lighted corridor and his eyes glistened with passion.

“Corporal, now is the time to prove your words in Sultan Ahmed.” He was alluding to the words, “Governments are our enemies, peoples are our friends!” He said: “Order must be established at once, and the Greek people must be protected as our own. Pasha is great enough to do it. Go and tell him.” I knew how he himself had actually protected Greek women, although the treatment of the Turkish women by the Greeks in Anatolia was fresh in his mind. He possessed that rare quality which made of him an ideal deliverer of the Turkish people—and he is certainly one of those whose memory will survive.

Another episode concerns a woman in Manissa. It is impossible for a Westerner to imagine the desolation of the city and the horror of the stories one heard. Her house, one of the few which escaped from fire, was in the most devastated part of the city. She had a pleasant garden, a vine-trellis in the old Turkish fashion, and a tap from which water constantly flowed. We sat under the trellis and talked. After telling me about the horrors she had gone through in her efforts to get away from the burning city, she said:

“When I came back to my house after the entry of our own army, I found the bodies of two Turkish women in this garden. One had been in the family way. Her abdomen was opened with bayonets. Yet I hate to see the people in anger lynch a Greek, even when he is recognized as one of the wicked. We are Moslems, and I know that revenge and violence destroy a people.” I have a vision of her rolling up her sleeves, throwing back her white headkerchief, making her religious washing under the tap, and getting ready for the evening prayers. It is this philosophy of life, whether it is the outcome of religion or rationalism, which might turn the world’s face from the road of destruction. It is her type, Eastern or



Western, which might save the world from suicide and create a saner and more lasting human relationship. And on this relationship depends the survival of the human race.

Nedime, the schoolmistress of Alashehir, gave me a picture of the city during the fire. I could visualize the tragic scene at the station where the Turkish girls were dragged off and violated in public. “Were there no Greek officers who could stop this criminal lunacy?” I asked. She answered, “Yes, two of them shouted frantically: they fired at the men, and it is due to them that I escaped. . . .” Well, it is those two officers who represent for me a Greece which lives and prospers and has a place in the world.

At Innay, a village of two hours’ distance from Ushak, we stopped. The village was no more. Figures moved around fires lit among the rocks; fantastic flames played on the ash-gray hill. I wanted to take notes and also procure a guide to lead us to Ushak. It was late at night and very cold.

“We have waited for you at the station, Halidé Hanum,” said a man with a turban among several villagers who rubbed their hands and moved about trying to get warm. I understood that the man addressing me was the imam of the village.

“I want to take notes, Iman Effendi,” I said, taking out my note-book.

“Look here—why take notes on what has passed?” He reminded me of the old granny in Mulk. “You see what has happened. Take notes on what we need and tell them to Ismet Pasha. We kiss his feet and beg him to help us to live.”

Then he told me intelligently that in the depots of Ushak there were stores of wheat and also of building material! He told me how the babies were dying of exposure and starvation. “We are looking forward, not backward,” he said. “We want to forget what has passed and we want to live. . . .” He seemed unbelievably wise for an imam. He sent a small boy called Himmet to guide us to Ushak. With some trouble I made them accept all the bread we had with us; in their misery and want they had retained their dignity and self-respect to an extraordinary degree.

The boy Himmet stood on the running board of the lorry and guided us. I sat by the chauffeur all the time and did most of the driving myself. So he was next to my elbow and I watched him with interest. He was rather small for his twelve years. But the thin face, as sharp as a blade, and the bright eyes had enough intelligence and vitality to compete with a thousand grown-ups. And when he told me about his life, my faith in the future was strengthened. He was left an orphan at seven—his inheritance being a pair

of oxen, a hut, a grandmother, and a grown-up sister. He had hired the labor of the oxen and his own to till the ground for the villagers. At nine he was able to marry his sister and give her a dowry. However humble that dowry was, he was very proud of it. He had proved himself to be the worthy man of the family. Then the oxen had died. For three more years he had worked in the fields, and at the end had been able to save enough money to buy two buffaloes. His voice trembled when he came to that part of his story.

“Do you have the buffaloes still, Himmet?”

“No, Lady Aunt, the Greeks took them at Kuzgoon-Deré” (a sinister valley between Ushak and Innay).

He told me that he did not mind the loss of the buffaloes, for the men who took them also laid him down on the ground to cut his throat, but a Greek sergeant had saved him. “He is too young, let him go,” he had said.

“What are you going to do now, Himmet?”

“In three years I will earn enough to buy another pair of buffaloes.” The tone was so confident that the image of my future Anatolian home leaped back into life—this time with a little farm connected with it. I would be partners with Himmet. I am still his partner—I preserve a part of his belief in the future.

As our lorry climbed the last hill leading to Broussa we saw an old peasant on the way. In one of his hands he held his shoes carefully—he would wear them entering a town; with the other he held the hand of an old peasant woman. The two walked on, hand in hand, like happy children escaped from school.

“Where are you going, Father?”

“Nowhere, Daughter—you see we have been like poultry shut up in a yard for a year. We could not leave the village. If any one of us wanted to buy salt from the city market, almost the whole of the village went with him—even then it was not safe. Thank Allah we are free—I took my old woman and we are seeing the meadows of Allah in peace. You see, Daughter, good and evil take turns, both come and go—we are having the good turn now.”

The bright eyes in the wrinkled face were both humorous and knowing. I realized that the whole of Broussa had been in more or less the same condition during the Greek invasion. For the week I was

there I saw the inhabitants wandering around the city, sitting on their door-steps till midnight. The everlasting green of Allah's meadows around Broussa is a perpetual delight, and the sight of the old Turkish architecture, with its incomparable green tiling, makes the place a thing of joy forever. The Broussa people feasted their eyes on their beautiful belongings after a long spell of privation.

The press representatives stayed in Broussa and studied the conditions. The towns around Broussa were burned, and the sorry story told of their ruin was almost the same as that of western Anatolia. Broussa itself was saved from destruction by a brigand chief called Tirnaksis. The Greeks had begun to burn the city, when he made a sudden raid and frightened them away. The journalists went frequently down to Mudania where the conference was being held. There was intense interest in the proceedings of the conference. Lausanne would be possible after Mudania. The presence of M. Franklin-Bouillon and that of General Harrington played a great part in the interest of peace on the Allied side. M. Franklin-Bouillon was already a historic figure among us. He symbolized the large-minded and far-sighted policy of France in Turkey. With General Harrington a saner and more pacific British policy became evident for the first time in Turkey. General Harrington was not merely a brave soldier in the field; he was large-hearted, and had foresight enough to realize that he served his country best when he served the cause of peace. I met him later in Istamboul and interpreted for Ismet Pasha and Dr. Adnan. Even after Mudania, when the Lausanne conference had begun, still the air was charged with dangerous currents. The Turkish army, which had reached Chanak, was face to face with the British army. Turkish public opinion held the British policy responsible for what had happened in Anatolia, and the bitterness against them had not yet died down. On the other hand, I presume the British army was extremely irritated at the total collapse of that same policy—even though they may not have approved of it. On both sides infinite tact and coolheadedness were needed to prevent a fresh war. Fortunately, on both sides the men in responsible positions were equal to the task. General Harrington was helped a great deal by Mr. Henderson, the British civil representative at the time. He seemed clearly to have understood the change in Turkey. I still remember the significant public speech he made at the British school in Pera. His statement that Turkey of to-day belonged to the Turks, and all the foreigners had to consider themselves as guests and never transgress the courtesy due to the hosts, marked the new and the realistic grasp of his mind over the new situation. His attitude was in great contrast to that of the old diplomats in Turkey. I often wondered

whether the British government would have taken a line less prejudicial to its prestige had men like General Harrington and Mr. Henderson represented Great Britain in Turkey in 1918. At least they might have been able to prevent the occurrence of some very regrettable incidents.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE RESPITE

BROUSSA was getting ready to receive Mustafa Kemal Pasha when I left it. The conference at Mudania had not been signed yet.

I started in a lorry. Dr. Emin, the deputy of Broussa, asked me to give him and a patient of his a lift to the station of Karakeuy, from where we were to take the train to Angora.

About ten at night we developed engine trouble and we all got out to investigate. From the black distance moving eyes of light sped toward us and we knew what cars were approaching. They stopped near us and we went toward the first. Mustafa Kemal Pasha came out.

“Are you returning, Hanum Effendi?” he asked and then added:

“Let me introduce Kiazim Kara Beki Pasha.”

A stately military figure came out of the car. I had not been in Angora since his return from the East, and I saw him now for the first time. I could not distinguish his features because his face was away from the light, but I could see the outlines of a large head carried on wide shoulders; and I was aware of the decision and unconscious dignity of the man. I remember noticing his hand—its delicacy and size were a contrast to his portliness, and I was struck by its brushed, scrubbed state; one felt that it was constantly washed. “I am taking Fikrié Hanum with me,” said Mustafa Kemal Pasha. “I am sending her to a sanatorium. She has not been well at all lately.”

As Fikrié Hanum was consumptive and the doctors had constantly recommended a sanatorium, there was nothing extraordinary about the decision, but coming as it did immediately after Smyrna it looked as if she were being hurriedly put out of the way.

“May I say good-by?”

“Please do.”

He came with me, opened the door of the next car, and moved away. From the men in their wolf furs who were walking and talking in the distance I turned my eyes into the car. She stretched out her hand

and caught mine rather convulsively, and I was struck by its resemblance to another hand. Though emaciated to an extraordinary degree, the form was exactly like that of the plump hand of the plump girl in Smyrna—broad palms of a man, thick finger-tips, and square small nails; a hand that indicated force and constancy. I was thinking in a flash that there might be something more than a mere coincidence in this resemblance, and that women with hands of a hardy, domineering boy always could count on affecting Mustafa Kemal Pasha—the man with the hands of an actress, a kind of actress woman whose pink and white paw could always hold lives and the public attention in its elegant palm.

She herself was huddled in one corner of the spacious car. In the ample folds of the loutre-lined black fur coat she looked extraordinarily fragile. I was startled at the change in her face. The pretty little chin was a sharp blade edge, the small nose almost transparent in its thinness and squeezed, tortured air; the gray-green hue of the emaciated oval was utterly sickly. The exquisite mouth retained its beauty, in spite of the deep lines at both sides, and it made gallant efforts to produce a smile. But the thing that hurt one most was the eyes—out of this devastated mask of pain they loomed; the lower and the upper lashes curled and intermingled more than ever; tears falling through their webby edges on the sunken and drawn cheeks. She must have been crying already in that corner: crying must have been a usual thing for her—I understood it to be so when later Hayati Bey, Pasha's secretary, said in Angora, "When she was told that she was to go to a sanatorium, she said nothing but began to cry, and she continued crying all the time."

The grave and the rather disturbing contralto voice spoke with composure in spite of the tears, but there was some anxiety hidden in its tones. It struggled to make you believe that all was not finished with her.

"I am going to Europe to a sanatorium, Halidé Hanum—the doctors tell me I will get well."

"Of course, Fikrié Hanum, you should not have postponed it so long."

"You see, I didn't want it—but Pasha insisted. I will stay a day or two in Istamboul."

"Then to the sanatorium?"

"No, I will stay a few days in Paris and get myself some beautiful clothes."

How anxiously, torturingly, she scrutinized my face—how yearningly she was trying to read conviction in my eyes, conviction not so much in her recovery as in her return, decked in beautiful clothes and once more restored to love.

I fought with the catch in my throat, with the tears in my eyes. It was so hard, because she was recalling more than ever the dim, fading vision of the mother in a sedan chair behind the sickly yellow curtains. I must have surprised her with the natural way I kissed her tenderly and said:

“You will be well, and you will come back, my dear.”

“*Inshallah*,” she said fervently as she clung to me and kissed me. As I took leave of the pashas and went back, I imagined her saying to herself:

“She was in Smyrna; she would know. Perhaps she thinks it is only a passing fancy. He might marry me when I come back . . . he wouldn’t marry me before my consumption is cured. . . .”

This was the last I saw of Fikrié Hanum. A woman who had been with her in the sanatorium at Munich told me about the fateful hour when she was told of his marriage. She told me of her utter collapse, her tears, the sorry love story which she repeated over and over again deliriously. The little Turkish world in Munich which had received her in state on her arrival deserted her when the news of the marriage came and they knew that she had no future any longer. She had left Munich uncured in body, sick in heart, with only on merciful and pitiful woman to see her off at the station—the woman who had stayed with her in her pain. I heard the last of her from an official *communiqué* from Angora in 1923. A woman called Fikrié Hanum, a distant relative of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, after trying in vain to gain admittance to Pasha, had shot herself not far from his house. It is best to wish her peace in her grave.

Both during the Sakaria and Smyrna campaigns Dr. Adnan was vice-president of the Great National Assembly, so he had to act for Mustafa Kemal Pasha. He was worn out with fatigue. His cough was worse and he had frequent attacks of malaria. We decided to ask for leave from the Great National Assembly when the problem would be solved which occupied the minds of all in the assembly. It was the dilemma of two governments. The Istamboul government, though possessing a cabinet composed of honest and renowned men, had a traitor sultan at its head; it had not functioned beyond the hinterland of Istamboul during the struggle; it was decrepit and old. On the other hand, the government of the Great National Assembly had come into existence out of the will of the nation; its assembly was most vital and powerful; its army capable of keeping Turkey’s frontiers in security; it had successfully passed through a national crisis of great magnitude. Above all, there was the personality of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, its

ambitious and famous chief. It was self-evident that the functioning, living young government would eventually wipe out the old, decrepit. But how?

To students of history there would appear to be only two ways: first, the Angora government could go to Istamboul, keep the sultan as its nominal head, develop into a constitutional monarchy on the English lines, where the king (sultan) would be a national emblem of stability, Mustafa Kemal Pasha its most powerful prime minister—a kind of Mussolini—as long as he lived. This possibility was expressed by Mustafa Kemal Pasha to those near him with some misgiving. “What if he [the sultan] should take it into his mind to ask me to be his grand vizir?” But Mustafa Kemal Pasha of 1918 who had asked the sultan to form a cabinet was no longer in need of a sultan to attain the highest degree of power in the land. If Sultan Vahideddine ever possessed the political shrewdness to think of an arrangement which would keep the descendants of Osman as shadow sultans on the throne, he knew he was too guilty in the eyes of the nation to suggest it. There was nothing but the alternative of wiping out the old government of the sultans. And the opportunity was furnished by Tewfik Pasha, the last grand vizir of the sultanate, a few days later.

On the second day after arriving in Angora I was taking a walk on the road in front of the old general headquarters. Some twenty boys dressed in khaki came from Angora. In

## PHOTOGRAPH – INHERITORS OF THE NEW TURKEY—COUNTRY

### CHILDREN BY THE ROADSIDE

spite of my objection to military attire and training for children, they seemed to be a very interesting group. There was no rigid marching, no mechanized little bodies. They walked in twos and threes, talking with each other, intensely alive, and very much concerned with the smaller ones, whom they helped at difficult points. One chubby little person, pink and plump, was the center of affection. They helped him to climb the steep hill leading to our old general headquarters.

When I spoke of them to Dr. Adnan he smiled: “They are Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha’s children. They live with him in the headquarters. He has brought forty of them to place in schools,” he said.

Kiazim Kara Beki Pasha had adopted about two thousand Turkish orphans whose parents had been massacred in the Erzerum and Erzinjan region. They were children from four to fourteen. Although

dressed in military clothes and under the supervision of the officers selected by himself, they were not at all subject to a military educational system. He had done everything to wipe out the tragic memories of their first years. The most important part of their education was musical. He had undertaken it himself with the aid of a Russian woman. He had given much attention to the teaching of arts and crafts. Some of them already were good carpenters, drew well, or carved with childish artistry. He had abolished punishment, yet had managed to keep a discipline which did not hamper the free development of their individuality. If any question arose over behavior, he would take the culprit and talk to him alone. A private talk with "Pasha Baba" (Pasha Father) cured the child from future perversity almost always.

Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha's capacity to handle children is innate, I believe. He had child correspondents all over Turkey. And he is the acknowledged friend of childhood in Turkey. When he went on his military inspections he always visited the schools. Not ceremonially, though. He would enter a school-room, and he and the children would remain entirely absorbed in each other for hours. The rigid military element in his headquarters deplored it. They could not bear the idea that it led to a great deal of caricaturing in Turkey. But there is not one essentially loving human act which does not lend itself to humor. He himself was never bored nor impatient.

Behind all Kiazim Kara Bekir's labor of love there was an "idea." He believed that the Turkish people had lost some valuable qualities and had to acquire new ones in order to be a healthy and enduring nation. The children were taught the essentials of hygiene as religious dogma. They knew more about microbes, the prevailing diseases in Turkey, and the means of preservation than most of the educated grown-ups. The children above twelve were sent to their villages if they still had a distant relative or a neighbor for the two months of vacation. After talking with some of them, I saw how simply and picturesquely and effectively the little ones worked. "I really made my people understand the mischief of microbes," said one of them to me. "You see, I told them that they were like the evil djinns which they know from the Koran. The only remedy is cleanliness and fire. We burn every year the rubbish heaps, we whitewash the houses, and revive the Moslem habit of washing their hands before meals. We . . ." He himself meant to be a bacteriologist some day. The necessity for machinery was emphasized in their education. They acted funny little plays demonstrating the use of machines; they recited poems on the criminal and useless waste of human labor when a machine could do it with so much ease.



What attracted one most among the children was their natural habit of honesty and truthfulness. They never reasoned over it—it was in the atmosphere in which they were living. But they were deliberately taught to respect and love women unconditionally—all women had something sacred. This was one of the principles they emphasized most, and they meant to make the Anatolian men understand it. They were deeply conscious of the vital part the women in Anatolia played in the general scheme of life; and they were conscious, too, of the drudgery in their lives. Finally, the care of the child, of the old and the weak was to be a religion with them. It was enough to see them talk to a woman, do things for her. Any of these children would at once run and carry the bundle of any woman they saw in the street, even in Anatolia. They were strangely immune to ridicule, and the only case where a lack of humor seemed beneficial was in this most interesting educational system of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha.

I was utterly absorbed among a group of them in a corner when we took tea with Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha one day. A dark boy of thirteen, with the eyes of the East, was telling me about their activity in the village and their life with Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha. His parents had been massacred and their bodies left in a pile in his village, and he had wandered away, he didn't know for how long, and he had fainted under a tree. He had been found by Kiazim Kara Bekir. One could hardly believe that he was not a boy from one of the best families in a country where the individual development of the child is most respected. I thought sadly how hard would be a school to that child after the atmosphere of freedom and affection he had been subject to.

Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha stands out in my memory of that day as he came in with the youngest of them, whom he introduced as "Ahmed Effendi." It was the plump pink one, and might have been his own child, so much had it acquired the pasha's way of holding his head on his shoulders with dignity and gazing at you directly with utmost gravity.

When I took leave of Kiazim Kara Bekir Pasha that day I realized that he was a leader of men; a leader whose ideas might not come to harvest for half a generation, but a leader whose ideas were bound to bring about regeneration. For he seems to me, among all the very unusual figures which the great events in Turkey have brought forward, the most Turkish.

The Mudania military armistice, a preliminary to Lausanne, was signed on September 29, 1922. The Allies had invited the Istamboul government also to the Lausanne conference, and Tewfik Pasha wrote

to the Great National Assembly proposing joint action. The assembly was not only rubbed up the wrong way by being reminded that there was another Turkish government in existence; it was forced to take a decisive step and put an end to the anomaly of two governments in one country. In twenty-four hours the Great National Assembly with its opposition was prepared to take the step. On the first of October, 1922, Dr. Adnan presided over the historical session, for Mustafa Kemal Pasha was to do a great deal of speaking. A motion signed by a large number of deputies proposed the separation of the caliphate from the sultanate; the abolition of the sultanate; the reaffirmation of the clause declaring that sovereignty belonged to the nation without restriction—which meant that the government of the Great National Assembly was to stay. It was passed.

At eight o'clock in the evening Dr. Adnan rang me up.

“Hello, Halidé, we have abolished the sultanate and established the government of Angora for good. The pasha and our friends want me to spend the evening at Tchan-Kaya [Mustafa Kemal Pasha's home] to celebrate it. May I?”

My silent and lonely valley and myself were fast asleep when a car woke us up. I opened my eyes and looked at the clock. It was four in the morning and Adnan had just come in.

“Halidé, open your eyes and listen to me,” he said.

I did. He poured out his recent misgiving and the touching scene at Mustafa Kemal Pasha's house to-night which had cleared it away. He was very much elated, somewhat affected by the champagne which he had drunk to celebrate the new government. “May it be blessed for all times!” he said fervently as he mentioned its name. I understood then how much it all meant to him. He considered himself as one of those morally responsible to the people for its establishment. They had wiped away a Turkish institution of six centuries which had had its glories. But as it had degenerated, and above all had betrayed the trust the people had put in it, it had passed away. Now this new one must not only guard the independence which the people had saved by their great sacrifice, but also guard the liberties—the freedom of the people—at all cost. Independent might exist without freedom for a time; but bad government, and above all tyranny, would prevent development and happiness in a people. The old story must not be repeated this time.

Adnan had been watching anxiously the underhand intrigues and ugly propaganda of Pasha's desperadoes against such men as Ali Fuad Pasha and Rauf Bey and the rest. In fact, except for Ismet

Pasha, they seemed to be pulling down every national figure with prestige who had experience or moral or political worth. It had looked to him as if the country might drift into a state with one mind and a camarilla—a dictatorship where every man of high qualities would be put aside and sycophants would prey on the people as in the old days. So Adnan had openly and simply spoken his fears to Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

“How can you allow these desperadoes to open their mouths against such men as Ali Fuad and others?” he had said. “What sort of government do you propose to establish with these worthless men?”

Then Mustafa Kemal Pasha had also spoken very frankly. He had declared that these desperadoes about him were mere tongs with which to handle dirt. “They are tongs and dogs,” he had said. “I will never allow them to come between me and my real comrades and brothers.” And Adnan had believed Pasha’s declarations implicitly. He convinced himself that the evils of discord, violence, and tyranny could be prevented. Ismet Pasha he deemed to be a saint; he would stand on the right side, and Pasha was too intelligent to repeat the errors of past régimes.

It was a happy evening—a kind of climax in Adnan’s life. And it came at a moment when I myself wanted most to share his faith. Surely after scenes of misery and horror, the future could hold nothing so bad as the past.

I had seen Adnan struggle, with no ambition or self-interest, always holding to the highest standards with uncompromising loyalty. He deserved to grow old in peace, in his native land; he deserved to rejoice and participate in its new life.

Refet Pasha, Angora’s high commissioner to Thrace, went to Istamboul first. His reception was of the warmest and most spontaneous. It was the honeymoon of the Turkish people after their ordeal. They were most generous in the expression of gratitude to all who had served them—from the highest to the lowest. And Refet Pasha coped with all the difficulties which naturally arose in Istamboul at this transition period, with brilliance and foresight. But in December he had to go to Thrace. Dr. Adnan, who had three months’ leave from the assembly and had resigned from the vice-presidentship, was asked to represent the commissariat of the Foreign Office in Istamboul. As he would have spent his vacation in Istamboul anyway, he accepted.

So we were at last to go to our native city—“The Queen, the Eternal Enchantress of the East,” as Tewfik Fikret had called it.

As I watched the bay of Ismidt, with the reflection of the olive groves on its blue waters, curling through the lovely curves of colored hill, I thought of the leave-taking of two years ago. It had the reality of two centuries’ suffering and yearning in it.

Flags, flowers, processions, music, and the people behind rejoicing. It was their own glory, their own day. Their reception we took in the spirit of sacrament; we walked with them and among them to the Sublime Porte.

Tea-drinking at the Sublime Porte and what followed had the effect of a scene on the screen for me.

At last her home—Mahmouré Abla’s home. The room of two years ago. It also had its gala on that day: whitewashed, decked with flowers, gleaming with electric lights. I had to dig deep into the depths of memory to visualize the last scene in there. The thick blankets which had to be hung on the windows before the lamp could be lighted—the hunted refugee woman looking her last at the boy squatting on the floor: she was a thing of the past. Good and evil take turns, this was the good—I put my arms around Mahmouré Abla’s neck and we wept and we laughed just as we used to do when as children we used to see each other after long separations.

## EPILOGUE

MY nation has earned her independence by an ordeal which will stand out as one of the hardest and the noblest in the world's history. But she has another ordeal to pass through before she can attain an ideal now a half century old: for the realization of this ideal lonely individuals have given their lives on the scaffolds; died in chains; have pined in exile, carrying ever in their hearts the vision of a blessed land. Their ordeal is one which only fellow-sufferers are allowed to understand. Their struggle is never applauded by the gallery, and the humble and nameless soldiers of the cause will ever die without reaching their goal. Theirs is a lonely fight and it is called the Ordeal for Freedom.

All through the ordeal for independence the Turkish people itself has been the supreme hero—the Turkish people has honored Mustafa Kemal Pasha as its symbol. For this reason Mustafa Kemal Pasha will have a pedestal in the heart of every true Turk, even among those who have been irretrievably wronged by him.

Yet in the unending struggle for freedom there can be no real individual symbol, no dictator. There will be only the sum total of a people's sacrifice to bear witness to the guarding of their liberties. The independent Turkish nation will share its ordeal with many independent nations of the world. Can I do better than quote the words of Henry W. Nevins?—"For freedom, we know, is a thing that we have to conquer afresh for ourselves every day, like love; and we are always losing freedom, just as we are always losing love, because, after each victory, we think we can settle down and enjoy it without further struggle. . . . The battle of freedom is never done, and the field never quiet.

