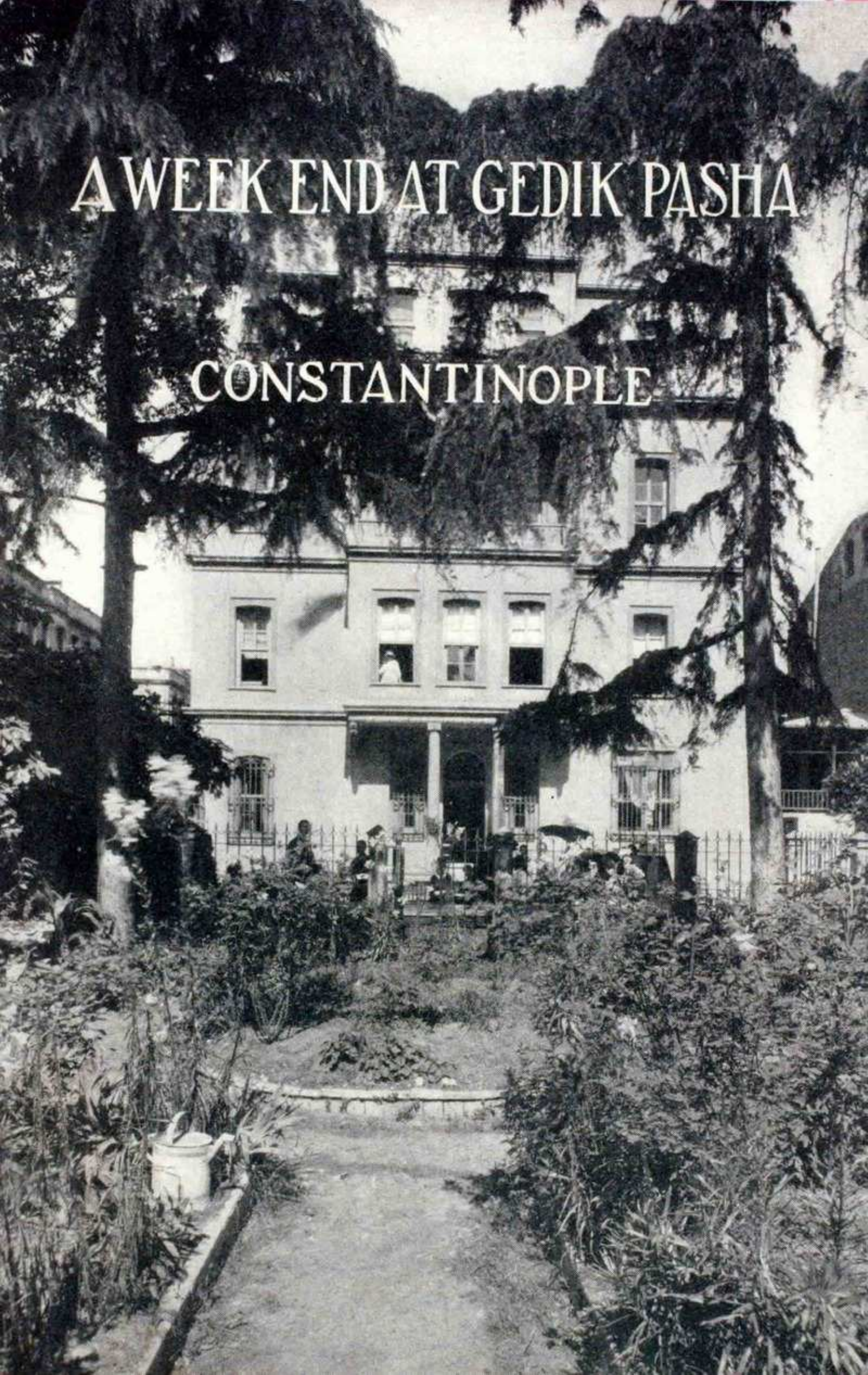


A WEEK END AT GEDIK PASHA

CONSTANTINOPLE



FACTS ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Founded in 1880.

Grades: Kindergarten through junior
high school.

Enrollment: 247 boys and girls, all
day pupils.

Missionary Staff

Ethel W. Putney	Ellen W. Catlin
Annie M. Barker	Marion A. Nosser
Anna B. Jones	Gladys R. Lucas

Native Staff: giving whole or part
time—six Turks, five Armenians,
two Greeks—total thirteen.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS

508 Congregational House

Boston, Mass.

1926



THE GEDIK PASHA HOUSEHOLD IN 1925-26
*Left to right: the Misses Jones, Berg, Catlin, Putney, Lucas,
Barker and Mrs. Scott*

A Week End at Gedik Pasha, Constantinople

By HELEN ELGIE SCOTT

"Come any time, we're always here. Friday is supposed to be our day of leisure, but—well, you'll see how it is. Do come and spend a week end with us."

I had heard of Gedik Pasha School when visiting the Constantinople College for Women and Robert College. A number of the very able entering pupils in both these institutions had received their preparatory training at Gedik Pasha in old Stamboul, and I wanted to see the school whose graduates measured up to so high a standard in both scholarship and character. So I eagerly accepted this invitation and arrived one Friday afternoon, one of a number of guests who had chosen this day for calling upon the teachers when not occupied in their classrooms.

Going up the stairway to the living quarters of the American teachers, we met a fine, manly, young fellow on his way down. Later my hostess, the principal of the school, explained, "He is one of our former pupils who has been called to take a government position as naval engineer and, on his way to Angora, has stopped in to tell us of this good fortune."

"Then this is a co-educational institution?" I asked in surprise. "Are there many such in Turkey?"

"There are a number now, though ours was the first and the only one for a long time," was the answer.

I had hardly seated myself in a cozy corner of the living room when a motherly, little, gray-haired woman was ushered in and introduced as the wife of one of the pastors. (Although I wouldn't attempt to remember her six-syllable name, I did notice the ending which marked it as a Greek one.)

"Where is your oldest son now?" asked one of the teachers.

The mother's face lighted up with a glow of pride as she answered: "Still at his work as engineer in the capital city of one of the west central states. He writes that the Men's Bible Class, which he has been teaching for some years, is now almost too large for one teacher."

"And your second son, where is he? The one who received the scholarship for study in England and France."

"He is in Harvard now, teaching his favorite subject, Philosophy."

"You had another boy studying at Harvard, did you not?"

"Yes, he has his degree now and was fortunate in securing a scholarship also for study in Munich. My third boy is nearer home, for you know he is serving in Greece, with the Near East Relief. And his sister has given up her work of teaching in the college, there, so that she may keep house for her brother."

"And your other daughter—the one who remained with us after she graduated?" Turning to me, the teacher added, "She was one of the best teachers we ever had in Gedik Pasha."

The mother answered, "She is in New York, using her teaching ability to bring up a little family of her own."

"And the one who went to Oberlin?"

"Yes, she's graduated from there now, but is taking additional studies in New York City, preparing for social service.

"And the youngest?"

"A senior at Vassar this year."

"Really? And such a short time since her graduation here!"

"You certainly have reason to be proud of your sons and daughters," I ventured to add.

"Thank you, yes, and we're all thankful for the start they had right here in Gedik Pasha; their inspiration can be traced to their years here."

It was good to see these former teachers exult with



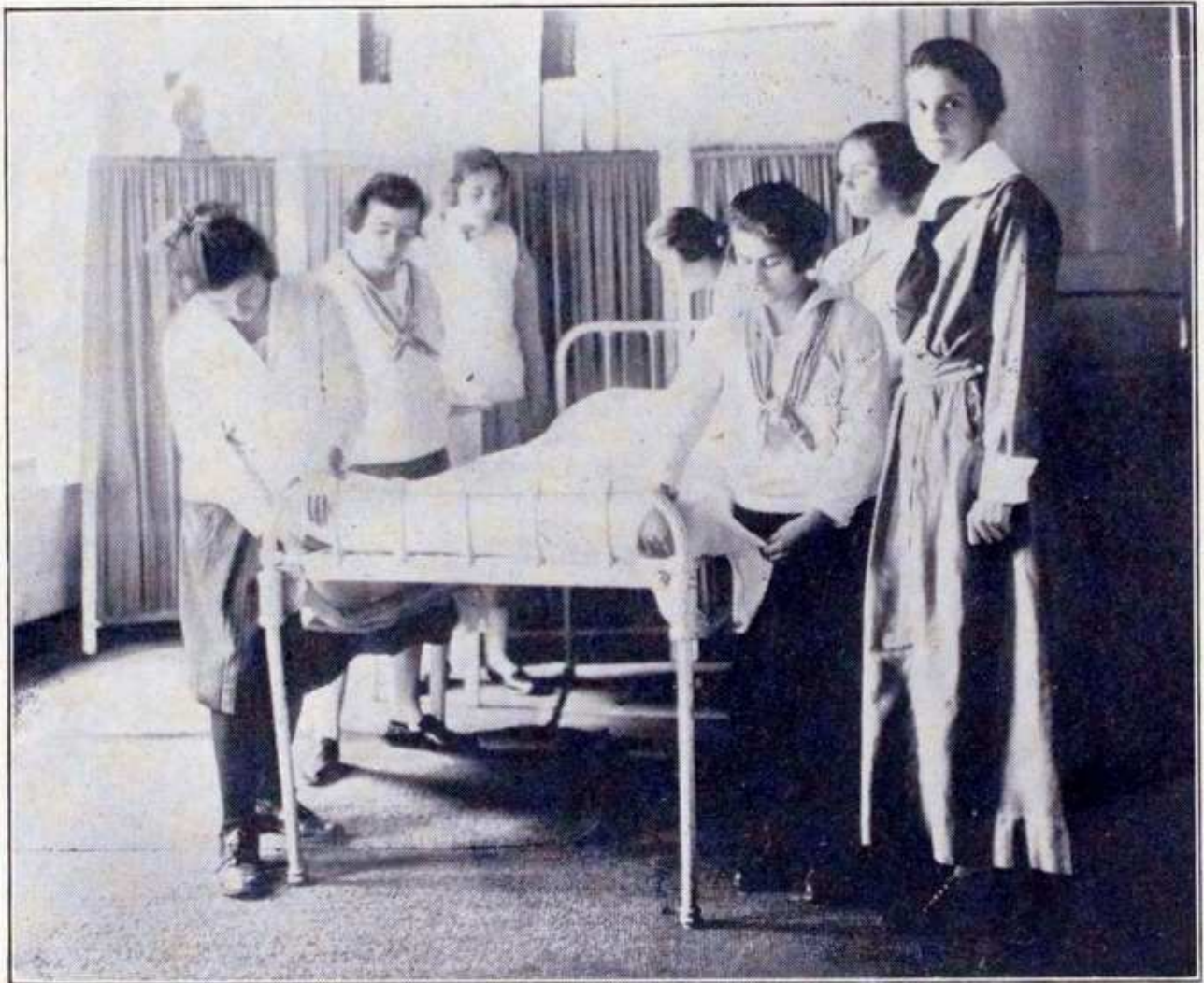
NATIONALITIES REPRESENTED IN GRADE IV

*Left to right, back row: Greek, Arab, Albanian, Russian Jew
Front Row: Armenian, Persian, Turk, Bulgarian*

the mother in the usefulness of the lives of these young folks who had left the home roof.

But we were interrupted by the entrance of a ruddy-cheeked, clear-eyed, young Albanian, who was introduced as a former pupil. He told us of his recent work in Germany and, as he confided to his teacher some of the experiences he met, he added, "I want you to know that the ideals and standards which I learned at Gedik Pasha stayed by me and kept me from going under."

After the evening meal, when a young Persian gentleman appeared at the door, my hostess excused herself to me, saying, "Friday evening is the only time in the week when I may have the help of this former pupil for my Turkish language study. In addition to his studies at Robert College, he has been teaching in the Language



A CLASS IN HOME NURSING

School, and we are quite agreed that we have had no teacher who is so expert in the finer points of this Turkish language."

I had met this young man a few days before at the College and had heard the teachers there express their confidence in him as a leader. They told me how he had won their admiration and that of his fellows in his firm stand for right living, even when meeting with bitter opposition.

At the end of the hour my friend returned, jubilant because she had acquired a useful addition to her Turkish

vocabulary, but—more than this—happy because of the report that her old-time pupil had given of his work—leading groups of young men in discussing the real values of life in conformity to God's will for them as individuals and as members of the community. Her face shone as she said, "He is indeed a leader, and fully worth all the patience and times of anxiety we had over him when he first came to us and began his uphill fight against the wrong habits of his old life."



SHOWING HIS HEALTH POSTER

"How long was he with you?" I inquired. "Six years, which prepared him for college," she answered.

"Well, this is the end of our Friday. Sorry we've not had the leisure to be entertaining. If you had been here last week there was a gathering of the parents for a Health Meeting and the children gave the play, 'King Good Health Wins,' killing off the 'Dragon Disease' in true dramatic fashion and they told the audience just how it could be done. These pupils of ours seemed to be quite thrilled by the fact that they were giving in Turkish, for the first time, this play that has been given by the boys and girls in many of the schools of America the past five years. Of course they have been learning all the year to 'play the health game' and this meeting was a bit of education for the parents with a view toward enlisting their intelligent co-operation for the benefit of their children. The address on practical health suggestions given that day has been quoted so often since that it must have



A CONSTANTINOPLE VERSION OF "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH"

struck home and will bring results. Tomorrow you'll see our school in session."

"What! school on Saturday?"

"Yes, Friday is really our 'Saturday,' you see, since we are living in a Moslem country.

The next morning we made the rounds of the various classrooms, beginning with the charming graceful little kindergartners through to the sedate (?) seniors on the top floor, then we stepped out on a balcony overlooking the playground. Such a tiny place it seemed for more than two hundred children! And I could not but inquire, "Don't you meet with difficulties in such cramped quarters? So many children, and children of so many nationalities at that! Children of parents who have been at war with each other! Isn't there prejudice and enmity?"

The quick reply was: "That's one thing our school



THE TEACHER WHO WON THE SCHOLARSHIP FOR STUDY AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WITH A FEW OF HER PUPILS

stands for especially—the formation of international friendships. In giving these pupils opportunity to know and understand each other, we feel that the school is doing something to hasten the coming of peace and good will in this part of the earth. You know we have nine nationalities in the school this term. Some years, there have been more.”



STUDENT GOVERNMENT COUNCIL

Left to right: Turk, a Teacher, Greek, Armenian, Turk

A bell rang, and the youngsters formed in lines according to their classes, some one started a march tune on a victrola in the hall, and they all filed in, with the exception of one class which remained to take its turn for calisthenics on the playground. I asked about the young woman who was supervising this class, so attractive in her radiation of good health.

“She is one of our graduates, an Armenian, whose development as a teacher we have watched with joy. She has taken the course for Physical Directors at the Y. W. C. A. Service Center in Peram and we find her most faithful and dependable. One day, Feridé, one of the older

Turkish pupils said, "When I see our recreation leader teaching the children so lovingly, I want to be a teacher just like her." (No race prejudice there, certainly.) And we hope Feridé will hold to her purpose to become a teacher, for the need is great in the Turkish schools.

"Last week at our school picnic, when one of the Greek girls met with a painful accident, it was this same Feridé who used the Greek language instead of her own when trying to comfort her injured classmate, saying 'I thought it would help Sophie more if I spoke to her in her own language. We knew Feridé could speak English and French fluently as well as a little Armenian, but did not know until then that she had acquired Greek also.

"Another of our Turkish girls has been so eager to do something to aid one of her Armenian classmates who is ill that yesterday she brought a member of her family to see if there was anything whatever that they could do to help. And a few days ago, when the members of the Girl Reserves were making up their 'points' for benevolences by contributing clothing for needy folks, three different girls—an Albanian, a Greek, and a Turk—each asked, unknown to the others, that her contribution be given to an Armenian family with three children in the school.

"This playground was in constant use all last summer vacation; the older pupils took turns supervising the play of the children of the community who had no other place but the street for their sports. It was good to watch these girls of ours teaching the younger ones fair play and good sportsmanship, passing on to them the ideals they themselves had learned on this same ground. Yes, it is altogether too small, but until we can get that adjoining lot, you see how we use to the utmost every inch that we have."

"Where do you find these capable teachers?"

"They are products of the American schools here, for the most part. We're losing one of our best ones this next term for she has been chosen for the Crane Scholarship by the Constantinople College Alumnae and goes to Teachers' College, New York, for a couple of years."

“Where do you get the Turkish teachers on your staff?”

“These are appointed by the Educational Department of the Government and here we do consider ourselves most fortunate this year. The loyal co-operation of the Turkish teachers who have been assigned to us in this time of puzzling changes is a great satisfaction and we are hoping that with their aid we may truly help the Govern-



CAGE BALL AT THE PLAYGROUND

It is a great asset to the school and in vacation is opened to the children of the community

ment in the great task of bettering the schools of new Turkey.

"It so happened last year that the Government inspector, who was sent to us at the time of the final examinations, proved to be one of our first Turkish graduates! Of course, she was greeted as an old-time friend."

"Now for tomorrow—Sunday?" I inquired.

"There's no gathering of the school as such, but you'll find the church across the road (yes, that unfinished building, waiting for funds for the second story) well filled by the Sunday School for the Christian families. The Moslems cannot attend that, of course. The majority of our day-school teachers have classes in the Sunday School, too."

At the Sunday School hour the next day, I chose a corner of observation near a class of young folks who were conducting their own reviews of the year's study of *The Manhood of the Master*. Their teacher had handed over the hour to them, to do with as they liked, and they seemed fully prepared for the responsibility. As I listened to these young men and women, sincerely, earnestly, telling what this study had meant to them, I recalled that these were some of the same young people I had listened to on Saturday in a class of civic ethics. There they had as seriously discussed the part of the individual in bettering the life of the community and made practical suggestions based on reports of surveys they had made themselves.

As I watched their glowing faces and listened to their well-considered opinions and earnest expressions, I considered the question which brought me to Gedik Pasha as fully answered. Undoubtedly the school's standards of scholarship and character were developed by high ideals in both and the pupils learned to meet real situations, not by mere precept, but by bringing those ideals into the practical issues of life.

This week-end spent in observation at Gedik Pasha School has brought assurance that we may look hopefully for dividends of eternal value from our investment in soul-stuff in this American school in the heart of Constantinople.