The Property of
Francis H. Bacon.

A JOURNEY TO THE MEDITERRANEAN IN 1914

By Francis H. Bacon

Hoping to spend a Peaceful - Summer!

Now the President Wilson!

Saturday, July 4th

Leave New York in S.S. Kaiser Franz Joseph. Steamer full. Sea smooth. Fine large cabin. Alice and I very comfy. 7:30 bath. Breakfast at 8 - nice little table for two. Cigar on deck. Many passengers of all sorts. Mr. and Mrs. Huey of Philadelphia next us on deck. Meet Mrs. Bogert and daughter, Madeline, old friends of Fritz. General Prime, fine old war horse. Makes up time tables for all the ladies, his daughter, Julia, ("you little Mulia"). Tango on the after deck where the band plays. Prof. Irene Sargent from Syracuse, crowd of clergymen from Washington, all sent to the Holy Land by a Washington newspaper. Weather delightful. Reach Fayal in the Azores Saturday, July 8th. Carriage to the public garden on the hill. Drive along shore past old Portuguese fort. Young N. Y. World reporter and his bride get off here to wait for Transatlantic hydroplane flight, about to start. Don't believe it will ever get there. (It didn't!) Pass Gibralter, ship goes in close to Rock. Right ahead of us going into port is the famous "Corcovado", Hamburg-American steamer. We have a good view of the town and forts - large area of slope in East side, covered with concrete, evidently to catch rain water. Ship doesn't stop, off for Algiers.

A Traveller from Boston
Had landed in Algiers
There was lack of Pens and Paper
There were only Post Cards near
So he sat him down in Cafes.
While the Centimes ebbed away
And sends a Message to his Comrade
In this Rhyme of School Boy Days
Tell old Chaney that the Weather
Is most fair with Sun Shine bright
That the poor old tired Brains are
Coming round again all right
That the Spirit of his Youth Time
Tries to sprout once more again
But his Heart is anchored ever
With the Friends he left behind.

To. W.E. Chamberlin
On a Postcard

Algiers - July 13th

Alice and I have done Algiers several times, so we do not join the tourists. Take carriage to the Museum up on the hill. Very dusty and hot. Nothing of great interest in Museum. Back to the quai, to a cafe where we get very inferior refreshment, back to the ship which now seems like home. Tourists return laden with souvenirs and great accounts of adventures in the Moorish quarter. Mrs. Bogert and Madeline got lost in the narrow streets, surrounded by admiring Moors. They were frightened out of their wits. (Mrs. B. weighs over 200 lbs. and is a very pretty woman.) She told A. their gestures were unmistakable. Off for Naples.

Naples - July 15th

Get up early for Bay of Naples and sunrise. Old purple Vesuvius still there. Through Custom House and into the town. Thankful we have no baggage to be examined. Go to the Aquarium, and the Chiaja. Then to the Museum for a look at our old friends, Narcissus and the bronzes. Lunch with the Bogerts in the Arcade. Off at 2 P.M. for Patras. Fine view of Sorrento and Amalfi. Several new passengers. Meet Mr. Andrews from Salem - friend of Ross Turner. He went to Capri to spend a winter and has been there twenty years. Through Straits of Messina at midnight.

Patras - Thursday, July 16th

Arrive at 6 P.M. Lovely mountains across Gulf of Corinth. Send A. ashore to secure rooms at the hotel, while I see to the baggage. Usual pirate boats alongside. Crowds of tourists landing. Great trouble in Custom House. Hotels all full. Finally land in Hotel d'Angleterre. Alice to leave on steamer early next morning for Dardanelles,while I remain for a trip through Greece. Fine dinner on quai at tables in the open air.

Friday, July 17th

Up early to see about trunks. Get A. aboard the Austrian boat at 6 A.M. Send my trunk with hers so I am free with valise packed for my week in Greece. Off at 6:30 A.M. by train for Olympia. Narrow gauge railway along the shore. At every station newsboys go yelling up and down with the morning papers. Reach Olympia at 12:15. Good lunch at hotel. Meet two young architectural students from Pennsylvania University. Mann and Stanton. Take a turn through the Museum before going down to the ruins. Splendid Victory of Paionios, and then the lovely, beautifully finished Hermes of Praxiteles - about the only authentic ancient masterpiece in the world. Wonderful carving on the foot and sandal. Magnificent gable sculptures. Fine lions' heads from the gutter of Zeus temple. Carving all different and all of different ages - from early Greek to Roman times. Down to the Altis and over the ruins. Old Temple of Hera where the Hermes



Alice in Fayal

Fayal



Algiers

Olympia



Entrance to Stadium



Capital.



The Altis.

Olympia.



In the Museum



The Hill of Kronos.
(Museum in Foreground)

Olympia Museum



The Victory.



The Hermes.



The Hera Temple.



Base where Hermes stood
in Hera Temple.

Olympia.



ME!

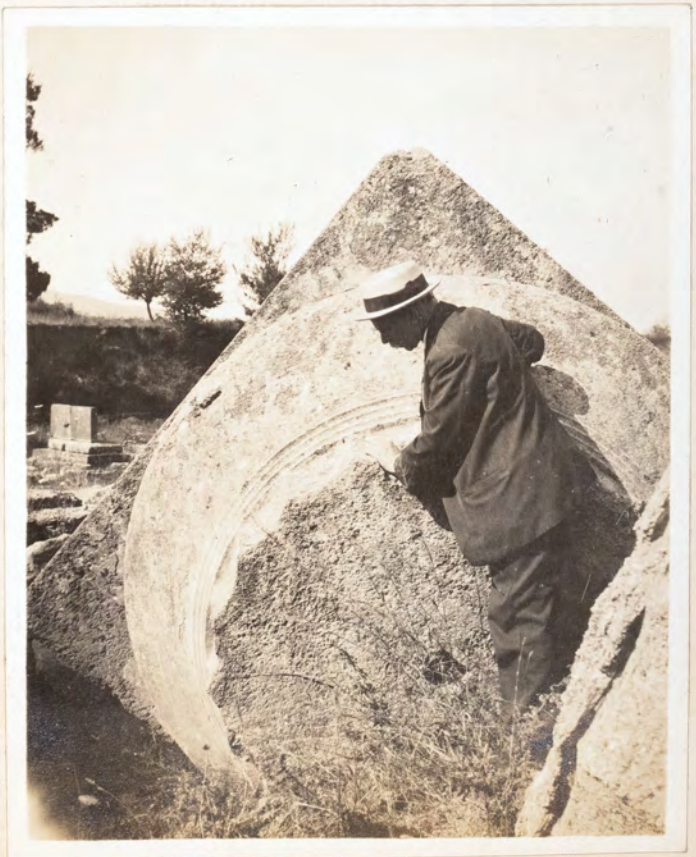
Pedestal of "Victory".



Olympia.



Lion's Heads from Temple.



Capital from Zeus Temple.
(Abacus - 9ft. square)

Olympia Museum.



Lion's Heads. from Zeus Temple

Note difference in design.



was found. Photo the base. Interesting triangular pedestal of the Victory in front of Zeus temple. Take full size of cap and base. Set the two Pennsylvania boys to measuring things. Ruins now overgrown with trees. Back to hotel where we dine on the terrace. Imagine the valley full of ancient Greeks, flocking to the games in the old days. Try to get an olive branch from the hill of Kronos. Train back to Patras next day - five hours ride. In the evening take electric tram to the restaurant at Itias, and dine under the trees with friendly ducks and dogs around the table. Back to Patras and wait for the little Greek steamer to Itea and Delphi - aboard at midnight, dirty boat, full of dirtier passengers and an obnoxious Greek steward that ought to be thrown overboard.

Delphi - Sunday and Monday, July 19th and 20th

Arrived at Itea 6 o'clock this morning. Coffee on the quai and hire carriage to Delphi. 25 francs there and back. Fine road up through olive groves, to Kastri and the hotel "Apollo Pythien" a nice clean room and good food. Only five minutes walk to the ruins in the Castalian gorge. What a magnificent place. Mountains on every side, and Parnassos at the back. Hurrah for the old Greeks. What a wilderness of monuments, bases and fragments lying about, and no sound but the chirp of insects and the tinkling of goat bells on the mountain side. Charming little white marble Treasury of the Athenians - has been re-built

Delphi



The Temenos





Delphi



of ancient fragments. Wish they had restored the acroteria, two horses with naked riders prancing off the corners of the pediment, built with the spoils from Marathon about 480 B.C.? Photo base of Serpent Column, now in Hippodrome at Constantinople. One of the most impressive things are the two huge black marble bases, on which were the golden bowls set up by Gelon tyrant of Syracuse, 500 B.C., with the inscription still plainly legible -

ΓΕΛΩΝΟΔΕΙΝΟΜΕΝ
ΑΝΕΘΕΚΕΤΟΠΟΛΛΟΝ
ΣΥΡΑΚΟΣΙΟΣ
ΤΟΝΤΡΙΠΟΔΑΚΑΙΤΕΝΝΙΚΕΝΕΡΓΑΣΑΤΟ
ΒΙΟΝΔΙΟΔΟΡΟΥΙΟΣΜΙΛΕΣΙΟΣ

Splendid view of Castalian gorge from theatre. Thousands of inscriptions on every side. What a treat for a Greek scholar. Young French artist and wife evidently on honeymoon. He painting rotten pictures, she doing fancy work by his side, but both with youth and enthusiasm. Young Bohemian teacher from school in Prague - translates inscriptions for us. Go down to the spring in the gorge - women washing clothes. Down to the Gymnasium and Marmaria where were the two temples and tholos. Splendid cutting and jointing on the tholos. Fine carved base moulding. Measure base of treasure of Massilia. Back to the Museum where the Ephor Contoleon is very obliging and invites us to photo and measure anything we like. What a treasure house it is. The splendid bronze charioteer, so simple and direct. The beautiful Treasury of Siphnos, with its elaborate carving, and early Caryatids. Wonderful spirit in the flat bas reliefs of the frieze, all



Siphnos

29 Restoration of facade of treasury of ~~Knidos~~ Siphnos. Delphi.

Delphi.



Treasury of the Athenians.
built from spoils of Marathon.



Delphi



Foundations of Temple.



Delphi

Athenian Treasury



Delphi



Mann and his friends.

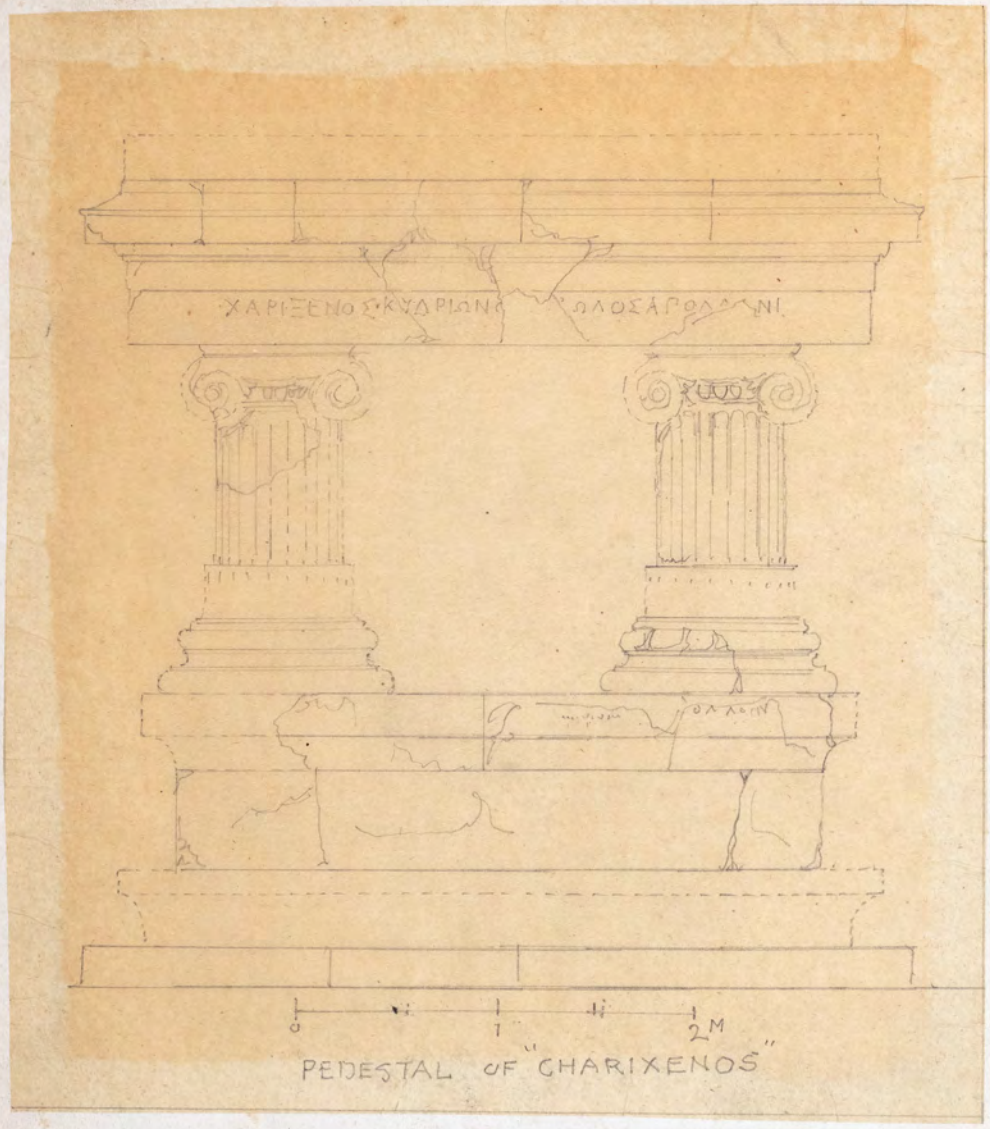


In the Theatre.



MÉTOPE DU TRÉSOR D'ATHÈNES
THÉSÉE COMBATTANT UNE AMAZONE

A. Fontemoing Edit. Héliog. Dujardin



PEDESTAL OF "CHARIXENOS"



TWO COLUMN MONUMENT OF "CHARIXENOS"

About 1/2 high.

Date about 240 - B.C.

Traced from Bourguet



Delphi Museum
The Bronze Charioteer.



Agias.



Delphi Museum.

Reliefs from Treasury of Siphnos.





From Treasury of Siphnos



Delphi Museum



Acroterion from Athenian Treasury

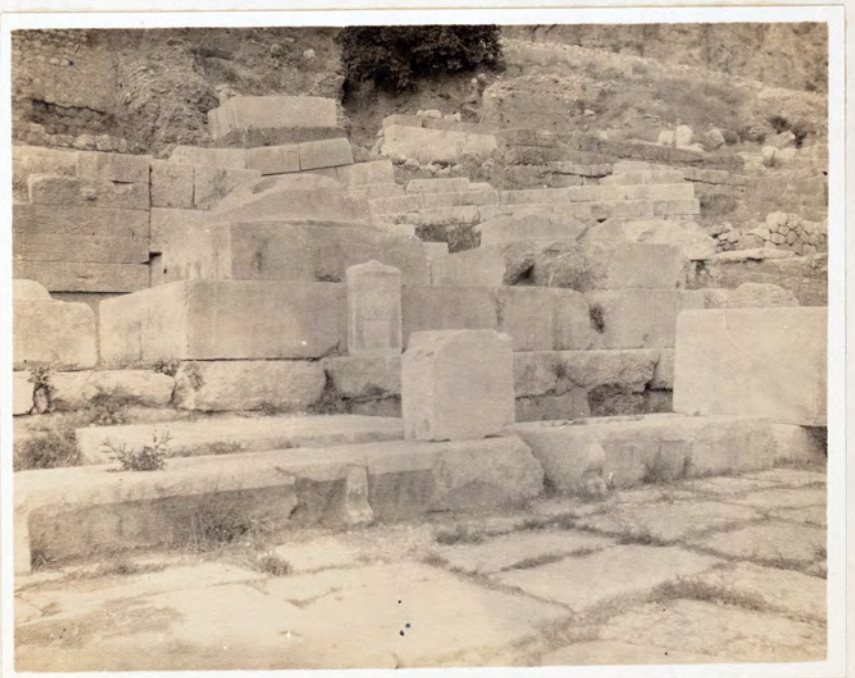


Delphi



Base of Serpent Column.

Bronze Serpent now in Hippodrome. Constantinople.



Black Marble Bases. of Gelon.

Delphi

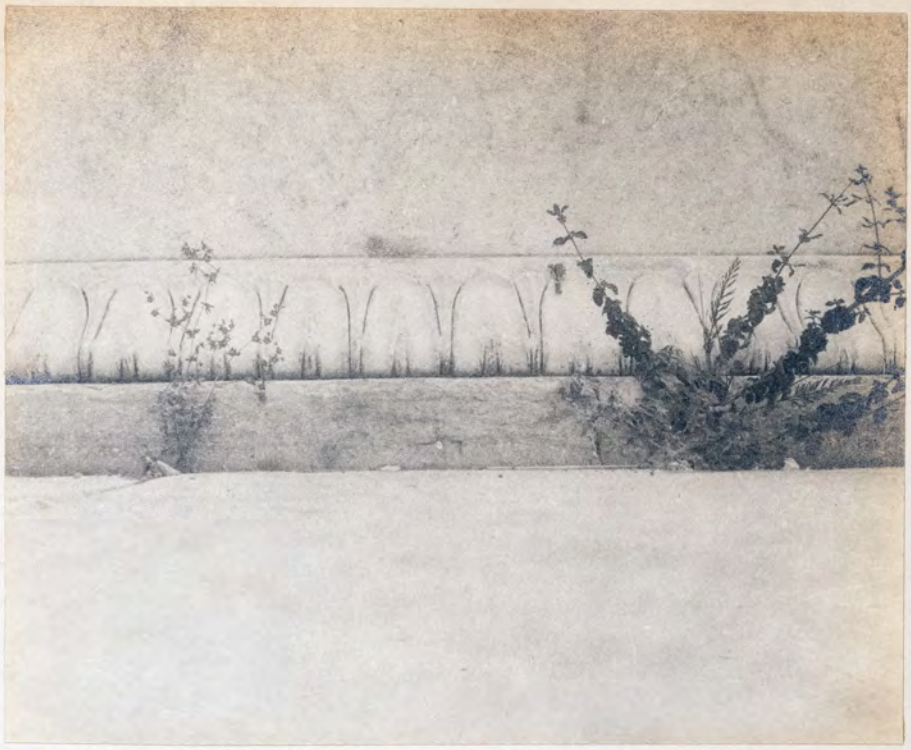


Cornice from Treasury of Siphnos.



Base of Treasury of Siphnos

Delphi.



Base of Tholos



Tholos.
at Marmaria.

Delphi



View from Theatre
towards Temple.

Delphi



Marble Altar from Tholos.



Treasury of Massilia.

Delphi



Treasury of Massilia.

Delphi



Temple.



Acroterion from
Athenian Treasury.



Caryatid.



Cornice of Siphnian Treasury



Ionic Base.
in front of Museum.

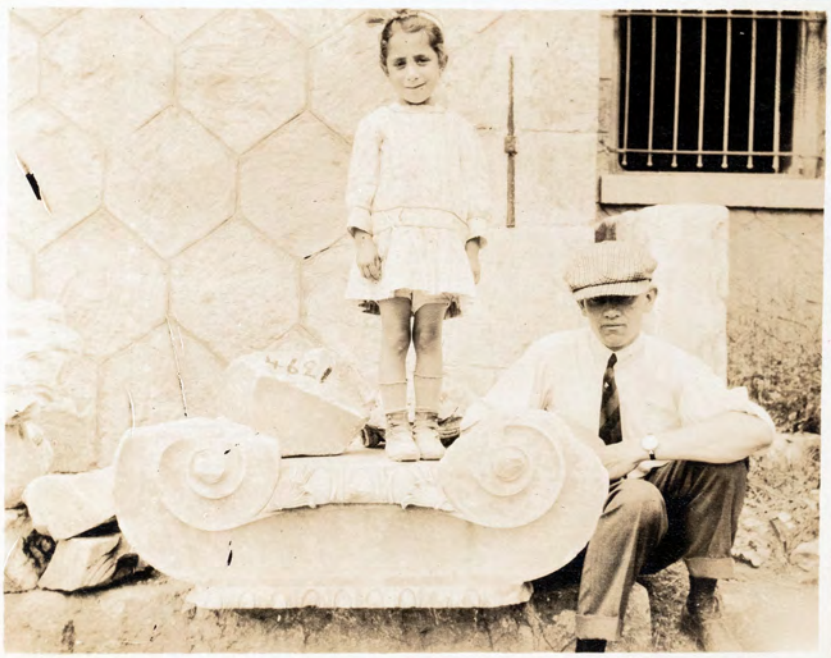


Capital from Tholos.

Delphi



Naxian Sphinx.



Capital from "Two Column" Monument
to "Aristainéta"

picked out in color. The Naxian sphinx, with its sweeping wings, fine flutings on the column. It must have been imposing perched up on its archaic Ionic cap. Set Stanton and Mann at measuring capitals and bases. Back to hotel for lunch and siesta. Smoke Narghileh afterwards at the cafe with Contoleon. We are to take carriage early next morning to Itea, and it comes clattering down the streets before daylight, just as the cocks begin to crow. Thought I had forgotten a sketch near the Gelon bases, so run up before daylight to find it. glad I did! See the dawn come over Parnassos, with sounds of shepherds from the valleys below. Start for Itea at 5 A.M. Steamer at 6:30 for Corinth Canal and Piraeus. There has been a landslide in the canal and the little steamer almost climbs over a pile of clay and earth in the narrow channel. Reach Piraeus at 4 P.M. Drive to Athens over the dusty road. Go to Hotel Minerva where I spent winter in 1883, now rather dirty and forlorn. Dinner at restaurant Averoff. Fine eating. Next day Acropolis, and its interesting Museum. Try to photograph my "beauty" the lovely archaic statue. Heat fearful in middle of the day. Shops all close from 12 to 3, and everybody takes a siesta. Impossible to do anything with such heat and dust. Go to American School, out in the slope of Lycabettus. Meet Dinsmoor and Thompson, the young architect in charge of alterations to building. Dinsmoor is working on drawings of Propylaea now being restored. He and his wife have a house near the school. Dine with them in the evening and meet Miss Edwards of Wellesley, who



American School at Athens

Dinsmoor F.H.B. Stanton



Addition to. American School.

Athens



The Acropolis



The Erectheion. 1914.

Acropolis Museum



Archaic Statue
(My Beauty)





Acropolis Museum





Acropolis Museum Horse of a Hero





686 Archaïc female statue A.N. Athens.



681 Archaïc female statue. A.M. Athens



Acropolis Museum



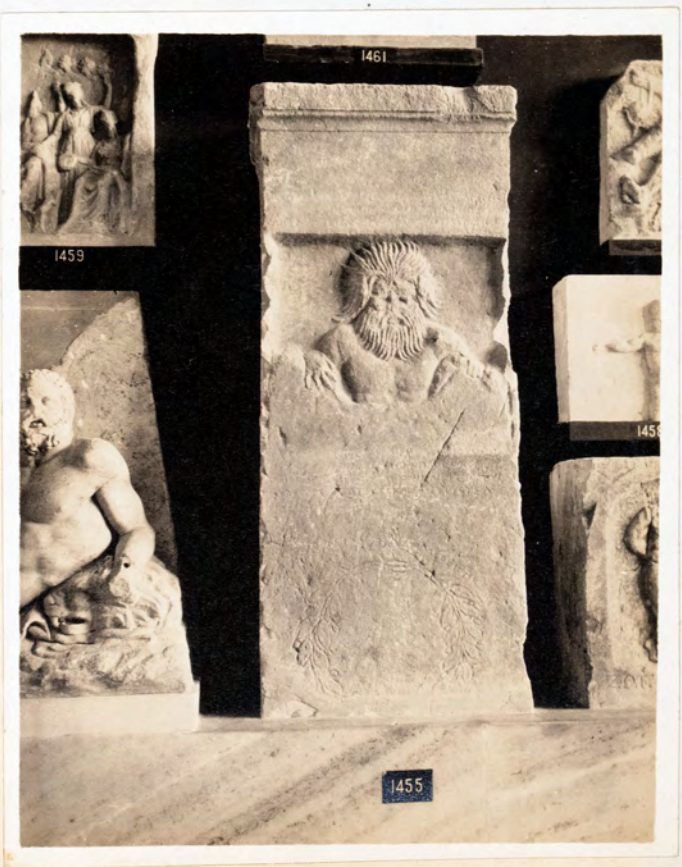


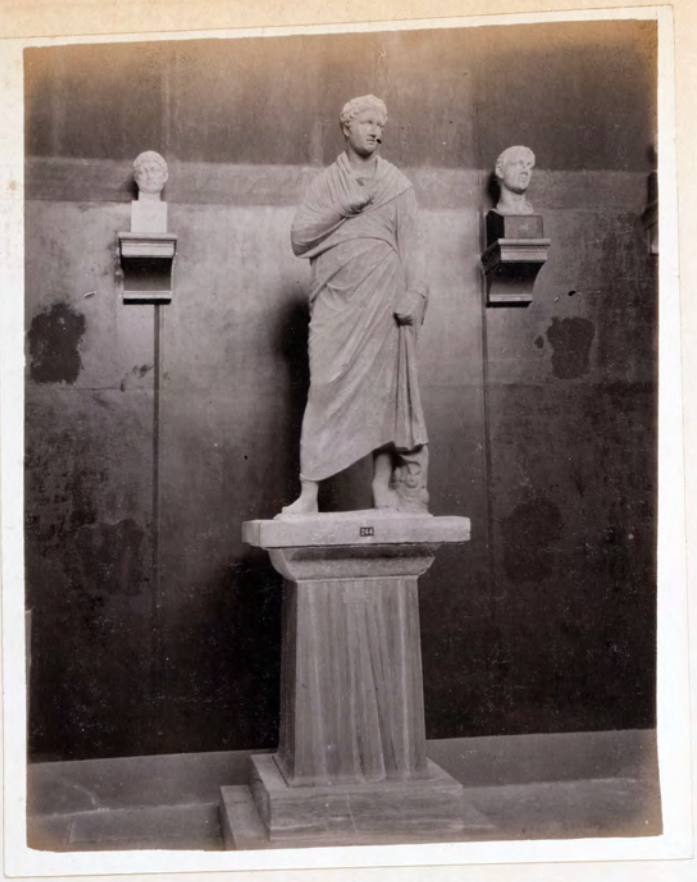
National Museum
Athens





National Museum
Athens





National Museum
Athens



Acroterion
from Epidauros



225a Portion of drapery from Lycosura, 2 views. N. M. Ath





Gravestone
from Street of Tombs
Athens



Bases of Gravestones.



The Parthenon. 1914





Propylæa · 1914



F.H.B In the seat of the High Priest
Theatre of Dionysos



Piræus Museum



Port of Munychia.



In the Piræus Museum



← This Cap. Measured by FHB in 1928.



Calvert House.
Dardanelles.



Godfrey Whittall's House.

has just returned from Delos and the Islands. She is a most enthusiastic Greek. Go with Dinsmoor to the Piraeus Museum. One fine early Ionic cap all smooth. No carving. May have had painted ornament. The two American warships sold to Greece have just arrived at Phaleron. Great crowds to see them.

Saturday, July 25th.

Spent last night at Actaeon. Hotel at Phaleron, room facing the sea, breakfast on the terrace. Drive to Piraeus to take Austrian boat for Dardanelles. On reaching deck find rows of Greek officers - captain in full uniform and general excitement. Prince Nicolaus and family expected on the steamer on their way to Russia. Blue and silver launch appears, grand scramble to get the pirate boats away from the ladder, in the scrimmage one boatman knocked overboard, comes up cursing. Just then launch manned by sailors makes a grand sweep and runs into a little black bum boat towing a coal lighter. More excitement and swearing. When the royal family reaches deck, the princess is congratulated on her "superbe, sang froid". Nice little children with English governess.

Sunday Morning - July 26th. The Dardanelles

Boat comes out to meet me. Alice, Edith, Fred and Godfrey all waving a welcome, ashore and into the garden where A. and I are very comfortable in our little bungalow of two rooms. A has my trunk unpacked and clothes all laid out. Edith stays with Godfrey and Winnie in their new house just outside the garden.



Calvert House - Dardanelles. Before the Earthquake in 1912



1
ROOF OF CALVERT HOUSE
AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE IN 1912.



Now for two weeks of quiet rest in peaceful old Chauak, nice dinner in the evening. Fred, Edith, Alice and I. Edith has two Greek women who cook and wait at table. Fritzy's birthday and we wish him and his little family luck across the sea. Godfrey and Winnie with little Rodney come around in the evening. Poor little Cedric, Winnie's baby, had died the week before I arrived.

July 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, Aug. 1st, 2nd

A week of quiet in the old Dardanelles. Vassilaki brings can of rain water for bath. Alice takes it easy. Coffee in the Kiosk with Edith at 8 o'clock, and then we go to feed the ducks. A. appears at 10 o'clock and then Vassilaki. Marino and Mustapha get busy. Many things to do in the outer garden. Horses clanking at the water wheels. Cutting the alfalfa. Halil attending to the cows. Wandering Jews come in to sell coins, embroideries, etc. We go to look over the big house to see the damage done by the earthquake. The exterior not hurt much, but what a terrible wreck inside. The water had for years been seeping through the roof and had rotted some of the beams of the upper story, and layer after layer of asphalt been put on the terrace; capped finally by those heavy flat tiles, so that when the earthquake overthrew the upper wall it crashed through the beams on the drawing room side, making a clean sweep to the cellar. It is a mercy no one was killed. Both side staircases are rotted away and are now unsafe. The walls are cracked and plaster fallen in nearly every room. The laths are rotted away from the nails in many places, and the plaster had

Dardanelles



Our Bungalow
In the Garden



The Kiosk

Dardanelles.



Turkish Fountain
+ Mr Stuck



Godfrey. Winnie.
Rodney

been put on unusually thick. The house is a hopeless wreck and it would be folly to attempt to repair it. The best plan would be to sell it, if possible, and then if the mill could be abolished, build a smaller house on the sea front, on the site of one of the stores, with the rear directly on the garden. However, it is no time now to do any building. The country is very uneasy at the recent chasing out of the Greeks from all the coast villages in the Troad. Kalifatli, Yenikeui and Yenishehr have all been abandoned. Armed bands of Cretans and Albanians were sent around to beat the Greeks and intimidate them, and a great influx of Turkish refugees from Thrace and Macedonia have occupied their houses, driving out the inhabitants, most of them losing their furniture and household belongings to say nothing of their crops and animals. All this makes affairs in this part of Turkey very unsettled. Two farm wagons belonging to the Calverts were standing in the street in front of the stables. The bodies were painted blue, the Greek color, and in the night some Turks daubed them with red paint and scrawled on the sides in Turkish "Here we are in Turkey". Down in the Bazaar I noticed a large increase in Turkish signs and shutters painted red - a sort of fictitious patriotism on the part of the Jews and Armenians. Visit Josef Fonton on his quai. Nice and cool in the morning, overlooking the blue water, with the Kaiks coming over from Maitos and the customs landing near by. Manouk brings coffee and Josef and I chat of old times. Help him raise his big Russian flag. Lunch in the garden at 12:30 and then a siesta. Gathering in the Kiosk

at five o'clock for Tea. Weather very hot. Alice has certainly made a fine start at fruit and vegetables in the outer garden, quantities of beautiful plums. Apricots just gone by. Tennis Court deserted, as no one plays nowadays. Godfrey busy with his new house and garden. About 6 o'clock friends come to walk in the garden, as it is the only agreeable spot in the town. Madame Caravel and her two handsome daughters, Mad. Spartali and Mad. Seefelder, (Fifine and Clotho), Mad. Tak Menji, Mad. Russell and others. "How is Fritz"? How well Mr. Bacon talks Greek, etc." Chat on the Belvedere with the twilight on the hills of Sarajeli. 'Tis Ramazan and sounds of the Turkish band from the forts on the hill, winding up with the two howls for the Sultan. We hear that Austria has declared war on Servia (July 28th) and there is great excitement in the cafes. Decide to go to the farm on Monday.

Monday - Aug. 3rd 1914.

Sound of daouls (DRUMS) in the early morning. Vassilaki says Turkish reserves being called out. This looks very serious. Get talika ready and Fred, Alice and I stow ourselves inside with cushions. Start at five o'clock and rattle through the town with Georgi driving. Reach Renkeui about 7 P.M. Lovely view of Straits, with Tenedos and Samothrace and the sun setting behind Mt. Athos. Turkish gensdarmes at entrance of village. Scared Greek women crowd around talika when we stop.



Thymbra Farm House



Frederick Calvert
at work on his Book

Thymbra Farm



The Plain



Water
for the Steam Engine.

Vassilaki's wife very anxious as to what will happen to her. Everybody looks cowed and frightened, and well they may, judging by what has happened in the neighboring villages. Down to the valley of the Simois, going up the winding road to the upper plateau, we hear the toot of the Ford automobile behind, on its way to Eaneh. Great alarm of Fred who insists that we all get out as it passes, but the horses don't seem to mind it. Reach farm about 8:30 and clatter into the courtyard. Helene just up from the threshing ground where they have been installing the new English steam engine and threshing machine. Godfrey just in from Geikli. Supper in the dining room attended by two sad faced Greek women refugees from Yenishehr. Poor Helene up since 4 A.M. directing things. Very nervous and tired - cross with Amphitrite, who seems half witted. Alice in Mamian's old room and I in the little chamber, I occupied on my first visit to the farm in 1883. Things look very neglected and down at heel. Fred absorbed in his great work, the "Birth of Language", surrounded by Chinese and Sanskrit grammars, etc. Thinks he has made a great discovery and leaves the entire management of the farm to Helene and this is too much for any woman, as she has too many odds against her. They have just bought the threshing machine on credit and with high interest to pay and great lack of laborers, and the unsettled state of the country, I fear for the outcome.

Thymbra Farm



Alice



Plane Tree. Near the Thymbrius

Thymbra Farm



The new Threshing Machine



Tuesday, Aug. 4th, Thymbra Farm

Down early to the threshing floor. Piles of wood collected for the engine. The fat Greek engineer and his fondness for raki. The first night they burned so much pitch pine the boiler flues were all clogged with soot. Told them to burn only oak wood. Energetic Godfrey builds a chardak for a shelter from the hot sun. Helene rushing about giving orders and directing everything. Enormous pile of barley being threshed. Primitive wooden wheeled cart brings water from Duden. Fearful heat in the sun. Curious Turks come from far and near to see the strange machine. Danger of dry straw catching fire from sparks or cigarettes. Certainly an improvement over the old way of threshing. Alice and I walk down to the Marsh garden, now all overgrown and abandoned. Back to house for lunch. Garden near house neglected. Pavilion tumbled over. Siesta. Towards evening A. and I walk to Hanai Tepe, excavated by Uncle Frank so many years ago. Fine view. Down to the Thymbrius and photo large plane tree. Along the plain through the valoneas to the threshing floor.

Wednesday, Aug. 5th. Return to Dardanelles

Start at 5 P.M. The road lined with Turkish peasants going to town to be enrolled in the army. Great suffering in the villages as the crops are just reaped and no one is left to care for their families. The men are all tired of fighting as most of them were all through the Balkan war. What a pity they could not let war alone and devote themselves

to developing the country. At Renekeui we stopped for a rest at sunset, and went to the Calvert's old garden where A. has always wished to build some day. Now a scene of desolation, parched and dry, fruit trees cut down, the walls broken away and now a dumping ground for the whole village. Down the steep road to Quarantine, past Dardanus, and see the twinkling lights of Chanak at the end of the curved bay. Stopped by a soldier at the entrance to town, who inspected us carefully. Rattle through the streets and into the stable yard. After dinner, Godfrey and Mr. Stuck come with news that Germany has declared war on Russia and France. This means a tremendous upheaval in Europe. What will Turkey do, as well as Greece and all the rest? Martial law is declared in Dardanelles. Shops close at sunset and nobody allowed out after dark without a lantern. Poor Mustapha is taken for a soldier. He is only 27, has a wife and two children. Served all through the Balkan war while his family starved and now he must go again. Ali also is taken and report says the Greeks also are to be enrolled or else they have to pay 40£. This will be a great blow to the farm. Evidently I will have to give up going to Europe by Constantinople and Munich, as they say all trains are stopped. We are so peaceful here in the garden that the world seems far away. Grand flea hunt at night. A. very expert.

Thursday, Aug. 6th

Down to the cafe for news. Smoke narghileh and gossip with the crowd - Christides, Themistocles, Xanthopoulo, Hakki Bey, etc., all sorts of wild rumors. What will Italy do?

They say the Straits will be closed again and how will I get away. Godfrey has word from his firm in Smyrna to stop all business at once. They say an English merchant ship has been blown up by a mine in the Bosphoros, and that they are placing mines here in the Dardanelles.

Saturday, Aug. 8th

England has declared war on Germany and Austria. Germany began to invade Belgium towards the French frontier. What a state of affairs, nothing like it since the time of Napoleon. Turks very uneasy. Great rumbling of artillery during the night down the road at rear of garden. Yesterday a German officer with a young Turkish officer came into the garden. I went up and spoke to them. "Ich bin der Herr, General Weber" this is Fuad Pasha. I made them welcome and we talked glittering generalities, horrors of war, etc. He was the German Artillery officer in charge of the forts here. Must begin to think about getting back to America. Impossible to get up to London as I'd planned. Will try to go to Athens and sail from Greece or Italy. Fine three masted American yacht, the "Karina"is in the harbor down from Constantinople. Saw her at the Piraeus. The banks have all stopped payment. Edith had some money in the Ottoman bank here and they won't pay her. Mustapha came to say goodbye this morning, tears in his eyes, poor man. I feel sure the Turkish army will be a broken reed, as none of them want to fight. Vassilaki has just come to say that Halil is in jail, arrested for going out without a lantern. Edith sends her card and bails

him out.

Sunday, Aug. 9th

Many rumors of war. The Germans have taken Liege. English have sunk many German ships. We go every morning to the cafes to pick up news. Mr. Stuck buys the Turkish and Greek newspapers which contain nothing but canards and nobody seems to know anything. No letters or European papers now for ten days. All Europe black with war. It is hard to realize. The harbor is full of English and French steamers. The Turks won't let them pass out of the Straits saying it is on account of the mines. One English boat the Sheffield bound for Piraeus has a crowd of Greek refugees from Thrace on board who are sick and starving, and several have died. Dr. Smith, a surgeon from the Hamburg-American steamer, Corcovado, is on this ship and is brought into the garden by Themistocle's son. He is much surprised to meet Mad. Caravel, who was on his ship in the Black Sea. The Corcovado was held in Constantinople when the war broke out, and Dr. Smith said she had a very strong wireless apparatus and could take messages from Berlin. We hear that the two German warships, the Goeben and Breslau, have bombarded Algiers, but the English and French fleet have sunk them in the Straits of Messina. Call on Alfred Grech, the U. S. consul. Meet Mr. Burgess of the American yacht, and his son and daughter there. The Turks wouldn't let him leave and he was very angry. Had telegraphed the ambassador at Constantinople. Wish he would give me a passage to some Greek port, but he is too much taken up with his own affairs.

A little later I saw the Karina leaving, in tow of the Grech's tug.

August 10th, Monday

A busy day. The Italian boat for Salonica and Piraeus arrives early. Arrange with M. Caravel for passage. 120 francs to Piraeus. They are still holding the French and English ships in the harbor, but several Italian and Greek boats have left the Straits following the pilot through the mine field. No news from Europe, but all sorts of rumors. Meeting every morning on the Fonton quai of consuls, etc., discussing the situation. Say goodbye to all, and Godfrey lends me 20 £ from his scanty store. No one has any money. Prices climbing in the Bazaars. Go aboard the "Romania" and am installed in a good cabin. Meet Dr. Smith, who is also trying to get to America. Ship crowded with Greeks and Armenians, refugees from Constantinople. About 10 A.M. the Turkish pilot boat starts from the fort, a small boat flying the Persian flag follows. Our ship starts up anchor, which is long in coming. Off at last and everybody breathes a sigh of relief. We are nearly out of Turkey and trouble. We pass the Kilid Bahr fort and bang goes a cannon. Everyone rushes to see what is the matter, when bang goes another from the Chanak side and the ship begins to back water. It is our ship that is stopped. Heaven knows what for. Great excitement and all sorts of rumors amongst the passengers. We go back to the



Edith. Alice



F.H.B. A.C.B.

Dardanelles.



The Breslau.



anchorage and then a long wait while the captain and purser go ashore to see the consul. They finally give as a reason that there are 3000 sacks of flour on board which must be confiscated. The captain telegraphs to Constantinople for instructions and the ship waits. Large French Messagerie boat, the Saghalien, anchored near. About a thousand French reserves on board going to France to fight. They had been singing the Marseillaise and "Au Revoir a Strasbourg", but they don't feel so cocky since the Turks are holding them.

No chance of my leaving tonight so I hail Josef Fonton, who is sailing by and come ashore with my bag to the garden again. Great surprise to Alice and Edith. Go down to the quai for news and find the shore lined with people. They said some warships were coming in and just after sunset two dark hulls came slowly up the Straits, flashing electric signals from their masts. They say they are the Goeben and Breslau. What does all this mean? Go back to the garden and we have a pleasant supper together and chat under the trees in the moonlight.

August 11th - Tuesday

A still more exciting day for it looks as if history was being made. Went up on the terrace early and there by Nagara Point were the two lead colored ships, the Goeben and Breslau, with German flags flying. I examined them very closely with a strong telescope to see if there were any marks of their having been in action, but there was nothing visible. After breakfast

JAN 23d 1918

THE NEW YORK TIMES, WEDNESDAY, JANUAR

FOUR EXPLOSIONS AS BRESLAU SANK

Turkish Warships Were Retiring Before Small British Craft When Mines Were Hit.

AIRMEN CHASED GOEBEN

And a Submarine Joined Enemy's Forces—Turks Trying to Salvage Stranded Cruiser.

LONDON, Jan. 22.—The British destroyer Lizard was about two miles from the northeasterly point of the island of Imbros on patrol duty at 5:20 o'clock Sunday morning when it sighted the Turkish warships Goeben and Breslau, (Sultan Selim and Midullu,) says an official statement from the Admiralty, giving a detailed report of the engagement which resulted in the loss of the Breslau and the beaching of the Goeben.

The Breslau was steaming in a northerly direction to the south and east of Cape Cephalo, followed by the Goeben, which was about a mile astern. The Lizard at once gave the alarm, and, opening fire, it procedeed to keep in as close touch as possible with the enemy ships. The Goeben and Breslau engaged the Lizard at about 11,000 yards, shooting over her without hitting.

The Goeben sighted British monitors in Kusu Bay on the northeast corner of Imbros and engaged them, the Breslau continuing to fight the Lizard, which was prevented from closing to torpedo range because of the accuracy of the enemy's fire at the shorter range. The destroyer Tigress now joined the Lizard, and the two destroyers endeavored to cover the monitors by forming a smoke screen, in attempting which they were subject to an accurate fire from the Goeben.

Meanwhile the British monitor Raglan had been hit heavily, and sank. The small monitor M 28, which was on fire amidships, blew up and finally disappeared about 6 A. M. The enemy then ceased his fire and altered his course to the southward.

Observing trawlers coming to the assistance of the monitors, the Tigress and the Lizard followed the enemy. At 7 A. M., when the Breslau was about six miles south of Cephalo, a large explosion was observed abreast her afterfunnel. Two or three minutes later three more explosions took place, and at ten minutes past 7 she sank by the stern, keeling over as she went down.

On seeing the Breslau sink, the Goeben turned and circled round her once, and then continued on a southerly course. Imemdiately after this four enemy destroyers were sighted coming out of the Dardanelles, supported by an old Turkish cruiser. The Tigress and the Lizard at once engaged the enemy destroyers, which hurriedliy retired up the Straits, the nearest one being hit repeatedly and set on fire.

The Goeben continued a southerly course until an attack by British aircraft forced her to alter her course and head for the Dardanelles. In the act of turning she struck a mine which caused her to settle down aft with a list of 10 to 15 degress, which considerably reduced her speed. She proceeded slowly up the Dardanelles, escorted by enemy seaplanes and the four Turkish destroyers which had returned to her assistance.

British aircraft attacked the Goeben repeatedly and obtained two direct hits when she was off Chanak. The Goeben was now in such a damaged condition that she was steered for the shore and beached at the extreme end of the Nagara Point, about 100 yards from the lighthouse. Soon after she was beached, two more direct hits were made on her by the aircraft which were engaged heavily by several enemy seaplanes. In the encounters that took place one of the British seaplanes failed to return.

The shore batteries at Cape Nelles then opened an accurate fire on the Tigress and Lizard, which had been following the Goeben, and, in view of the activity of British naval aircraft, the destroyers retired out of range and proceded to rescue the survivors of the Breslau. During these operations the periscope of a submarine was sighted and the work of rescue was interfered with while the destroyers hunted the submarine.

"German survivors from the Breslau," says the official statement, "expressed their intense dislike for the Turks, and said that they had hoped to be sent back to Germany on the Goeben's return to Constantinople after the raid.

"Our aircraft reported Monday afternoon that the Goeben was still ashore in the same position and that she was still being bombed."

GENEVA, Switzerland, Jan. 22.—Up to the present no German or Austrian paper arriving here has mentioned the naval engagement between the British and the Turkish cruisers Midullu and Sultan Selim, (formerly the German Breslau and Goeben.)

A Vienna dispatch under date of Monday was received at Buchs today reporting that the Goeben may be considered a total loss. It has been found impossible to remove the machinery, and the vessel has been the target of submarine and airplane attacks.

The crew has attempted to save the bigger guns, and the ammunition has been thrown overboard to avoid an explosion. Numerous tugs have arrived off Nagara to assist the beached cruiser.

down to Fonton's, the Russian consul, where were gathered the French consul, Palmer, the English consul, with his wife (who is a German), Mad. Russell and others. Presently, we see launches put out from the German ships and start towards the English and French boats at anchor. Then the Breslau begins to move slowly down the Straits, then sweeps in a circle, and comes to anchor right astern of the French reserve ship, Saghalien. We see the sailors all at their posts and as she stops, her long guns begin to waggle up and down in the sunlight trained on the French boat. It was the most menacing thing I ever saw, and the assembled company gasps. The French consul throws up his hands and cries - "C'est la guerre"! and then the three consuls rush away to the Pasha to see what it is all about. Meanwhile, the German launches begin to board the English and French ships. Great excitement. They board the Grech's tug lying opposite his house, and a German sailor goes on the bridge and begins to signal with flags. Mr. Palmer tells his wife to go home and pack up. It means war, and that Turkey must be in league with Germany. Mad. Russell, white with rage and fear, talks at Mrs. Palmer till she nearly backs off the dock, calling maledictions on "Ces scelerats d'Allemagnes". The company disperses. Mad. Spartali and I left alone. Presently Mad. Russell calls her from the upper windows of the consulate and soon they both come out wearing long cloaks, evidently with bundles beneath. "Nous allons sauver quelques choses" says Mad. R., as they carry her valuables over to the Italian Consulate

nearby. So far Italian boats have not been visited, I keep calling at the Italian agency, but no news from Constantinople, so I'll probably have another night in the garden. My trunk is on board and I hope she won't go off without me. Have just heard that when the Germans boarded the Saghalien they had drawn revolvers, went direct to the wireless room and ripped out the Marconi apparatus and told the captain if he stirred from his anchorage, they would blow him out of the water. What grating of teeth this must have caused those Frenchmen. I went at once to call on Alfred Grech as I saw the captain of his tug come ashore after the visit, and I wanted to hear at first hand just what the Germans did on board. The captain said they asked to see into his hold, cabins, etc., made few notes, and then ordered him to "remove nothing from the ship and stay where he was." Cheek, I call it. It is very evident that the German ships were chased into the Dardanelles by the English and French fleet and I think the visits by the German launches to the ships in the harbor was a case of bluff. With the Turks in sympathy and German officers in the forts, they took the chance and certainly they carried it out in magnificent form.

I remained on board the Romania all the afternoon hoping she would sail, but every time we hoisted a signal the castle answered "no". Meet Capt. Guy Pears of the Royal Engineers trying to get back to Egypt, also a Mr. Moloney, a Reuter's correspondent, trying to get to Belgium to report the war. Dr. Smith is also on board. Invite them to come into the garden

for coffee in the evening, and I go ashore again as the steamer certainly won't sail before tomorrow. Godfrey and Mr. Stuck come around with all sorts of rumors. Everybody chasing about for news.

tHere is a Turkish mine laying vessel, with her deck filled with mines that keeps parading through the fleet as if to say - "see how dangerous this is". We have counted these mines and watched the boat carefully, which seems to appear whenever any new arrivals reach port, then she wanders aimlessly up and down and goes back to her dock with always the same number of mines, so I think this, too, is a bluff.

August 12th - Wednesday

Slept aboard the boat last night, as I feared she might leave early this morning, but we are still at anchor as well as all the other ships. The Breslau is right alongside, taking on coal from barges. The Goeben has gone up into the Marmara. What a pity I have used up all my photograph films. A young Frenchman on board snaps a picture of the Breslau and promises to send me a copy. Still no permission for our boat to leave. Beppo, the steward, collects five francs each for "nourriture" each day. Small Hagi Daoud boat comes in from Constantinople, flying the American flag. A boatman says she is leaving immediately for Mytilene. Call Pears and Moloney and after a council of war we decide to change over and drag our baggage up to the great consternation of Beppo, who sees his chance of tips vanish. Hustle aboard the "Virginia". Mr. Nicolaides, the agent, said he would notify Alice of my change of plans. (He didn't).

About 4 P.M. the little pilot tug comes out and at last we are really off down the Straits. Hug the European shore, now lined with forts, military road, telegraph wires, etc. Past the mounds of Achilles and Patroclus. Can see Troy with a glass, past Sidil Bahr and Koum Kaleh. Hooray for the Aegean and freedom from the barbarous Turk. A large warship at anchor near the Rabbit Islands, another off the entrance of the Strait, and a four funnelled cruiser towards Lemnos. We skirt along the shore, past Tenedos, with the sun setting behind Mt. Athos. Pears, Moloney and I attempt verses for the ships guest book.

Interrupted by shouts on deck. Large warship overhauling us, signals for us to stop, and just at dusk the big grim fighting machine ranges alongside flying the English flag, her deck lined with hundreds of jackies and we are hailed through a megaphone "Any news of the German ships in the Dardanelles". Moloney calls out "Sind a ma-an aboord", and we hear a voice say, get out the cutter. Presently, a boat comes alongside with a rosy cheeked young lieutenant and we go into the cabin while he fires questions at us. They were not sure if the Germans were really in the Dardanelles or not. If they had only arrived a few hours sooner they might have captured them. This ship was the Indefatigable. I asked the officer what the names of the other ships were, but he refuses to answer. Found out afterwards they were the Indomitable and the cruiser Gloucester. We gave the boat three cheers on leaving and then kept on around Lecton towards Mytilene.

August 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th - Mytilene

Reached here at two o'clock in the morning. Ashore in boat to Custom House where we leave heavy baggage and go to Hotel Grande Bretagne on quai, sent to hotel annex in side street. Calm still night. Find ourselves stepping around mounds, and the streets full of sleeping Greek refugees, from the Main Land. men, women and children, their household goods piled all about them. Nice, clean rooms at hotel. 3 francs a day. Next morning fine swim in the sea, at bath house outside the port, and then breakfast under the trees, at end of quai. New public garden with board tables set up where the refugees are fed. These poor creatures are driven by the Turks from their homes on the mainland opposite. Boats are coming in with them daily. It was a pathetic sight to see them in the morning as the sun rose, making their scanty toilet in the street, sad faced women combing their children's hair, sitting on their corded bundles, and not knowing what the future had in store for them. We find a splendid restaurant on the quai, food cheap and good, and have our coffee and narghilehs afterwards at a neighboring cafe. Walk out through the bazaar street to the North harbor. One Turkish mosque left where we saw a few dejected looking Turks at prayer. Greek flag blue with white cross floating on the castle. We go up and wander about the inside, where formerly no one was allowed to go, now with a garrison of Greek soldiers. Fine old bronze Turkish cannon, date about 1550. The Greeks are building a good road

around the castle peninsula. Glorious view of Mt. Chalika, with the evening shadows and many new villas and gardens along its base. The little harbor full of Kaiks. What a pity I have no photo films. Call on English Consul and try to get news of war, but they know nothing. Meet Eliopoulo from Aivali, who married Godfrey's cousin. He reports many outrages by Turks on the mainland and great uneasiness in the country. Two daily newspapers now published in Mytilene and boys go racing up and down with the extras. One, the Salpinx (Trumpet) has very sensational accounts of the war. Moloney can read it, but can't speak Greek. Pears and I can talk, but can't read. We three get along very well together, call ourselves the three guardsmen. Moloney is 28, Pears 31, and I, 58. Exchange stories, cap verses, etc. They are very keen on American slang. Moloney is a Limerick Irishman, well educated, has been living for five years in Persia as Reuter's agent, is married to a daughter of Sir Francis Elliott, British Minister to Greece. Moloney knew Morgan Schuster well in Teheran, wants me to call on him in N. Y., says he was doing great work in Persia when the English and Russians turned him out. Pears is son of Edwin Pears, author of the books on Constantinople, is a fine, well set up young chap; altogether, we enjoy our stay in Mytilene, so full to me of old time memories - when we had our house there the first season of the Assos expedition in 1881 when Howdy, Lawton and Bradley were here, and Maxy rigged the Mejithera and the Neds (Robinson) had their house where we used to gather, and all the world was young.



Mitylene.



F.H.B. Capt Pears
in the Square. Athens



Athens . looking towards Lycabettus.



Athens towards Hymettos.
from the Acropolis

One morning we took a carriage and drove out through the olive groves, up to the ridge where we looked down on Port Iero, the slopes of the mountain at the back all dotted with little white villages. Had coffee under the trees in the little cafe and decided that we three should come some day on a yachting cruise to Mytilene. All of us keen about getting to Piraeus, but no boat till Sunday.

Piraeus, Aug. 18th, Tuesday

Arrived here yesterday from Mytilene, went aboard the little Greek steamer which left M. about 5 P.M. for Chios, which we reached about 10 P.M. Left at midnight for Piraeus. Hot in cabin so I slept on deck under the stars, and saw the rosy fingered dawn come over the world. Next morning we passed Andros, bleak and rocky, around Sunion with the marble temple on top and into Piraeus about 2 P.M. Went to Hotel Continental near the harbor, thought it might be pleasanter than staying in dusty Athens (but it wasn't). Go to Athens to steamer agent, Ghiolman, to see about passage to New York. Find the Greek boat, Thessaloniki, expects to sail Aug. 22nd and engage berth in cabin. (636 francs,) with party of Prof. Young of Columbia, whom I knew. Agent says he had just arrived from Italy in order to sail for U. S. Great crowd of American tourists in Europe who can't get home. Athens newspapers full of all sorts of rumors of the war but nothing to be depended on. Banks in Athens stopped payment, but with my letter of credit on Barings, am able to draw money at Ionian Bank. Meet Pears and Moloney for dinner at the

at the Averoff. M. brings Randall, secretary of the British Legation. Moloney has just received a telegram from England where his wife is staying announcing the birth of a son, so we "set the baby's hair". Afterwards call at British Legation where Pears and I wait for Moloney to attend to some business. Old white haired concierge. Had been there many years. Wander through the rooms. Interesting maps, seals, etc. Solid British furniture. Remember dining there once with Eugene Schuyler in 1883, when Mr. Egerton was Minister. Now the young secretaries are having the time of their life with the Minister away on leave and this war on. Down to the Piraeus towards midnight and Moloney, confound him, says he will spend the night at our hotel. We thought he'd stay at the Legation. He has to take my bed, as the hotel is full and as he can't talk Greek. I have to go out in the night to find another lodging. He says his "heart bleeds for me." Go from house to house, everything full. Draw the veil on some of the nests I was asked to sleep in. Finally, get a decent room, where I manage to spend the night. Moloney left today for Brindisi and Italy, and Pears and I are alone. We hear that the British Ambassador to Turkey has just passed through here for Constantinople. From England, he had to come all the way from Calais to Marseilles in a motor car. No trains except for soldiers. We hear of dreadful loss of life in Belgium. Germans advancing,confound them. Rumors of a naval battle in the Adriatic, and Austrian ships sunk. Pears and I have a fine swim at Phaleron.

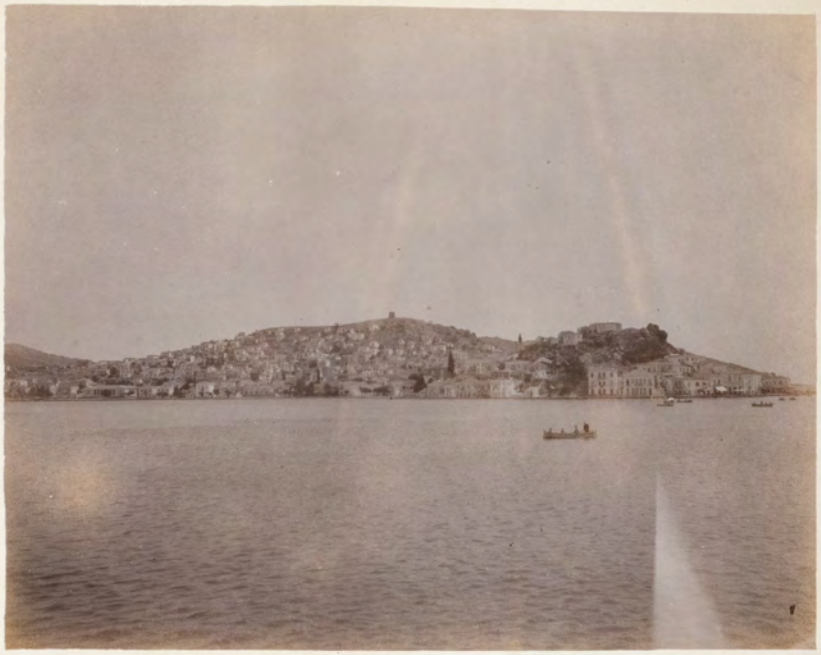
and dinner afterwards on the shore. We patronize a cinema show on the beach. The 'goblin' refuses the loukoum!

August 20th, Thursday

Awful hot weather. And Piraeus smells and noises unbearable. Pears left yesterday for Egypt. Find that the steamer for N. Y. will not sail till the 24th so decide to leave this morning for the Island of Poros, and spend a few days, as I remember the very pretty stories of the Island by Julia Dragoumis. Yesterday, while calling on the Youngs in Athens I met old Mrs. Wardle with Menelaus Xanthopoulo, and his wife, who was Mary Wardle. They were surprised to see me. They had been to some Greek baths and now since the war broke out, were afraid to return to Dardanelles.

Poros, Aug. 22nd, Saturday

Left Piraeus at 7:30 A.M. in the small Greek boat. Stopped at Aegina, Methana, and reached Poros about noon. Picturesque village on the narrow strait, clear blue water, get nice room with balcony on the sea. 3 francs. Good eating in restaurant. Coffee and narghileh after under the Eucalyptus tree in the square with the fountain. In the afternoon, steamer arrives from the Piraeus and newsboys go racing up and down with the papers. Knots of people talking over the war. I have a chat with a Greek priest, who thinks it time for Jesus to come to earth again. Nice little market building with fountain in Court. A simple, primitive little village. Honest old boatmen. Air fresh



Poros



My Room



Poros





Poros





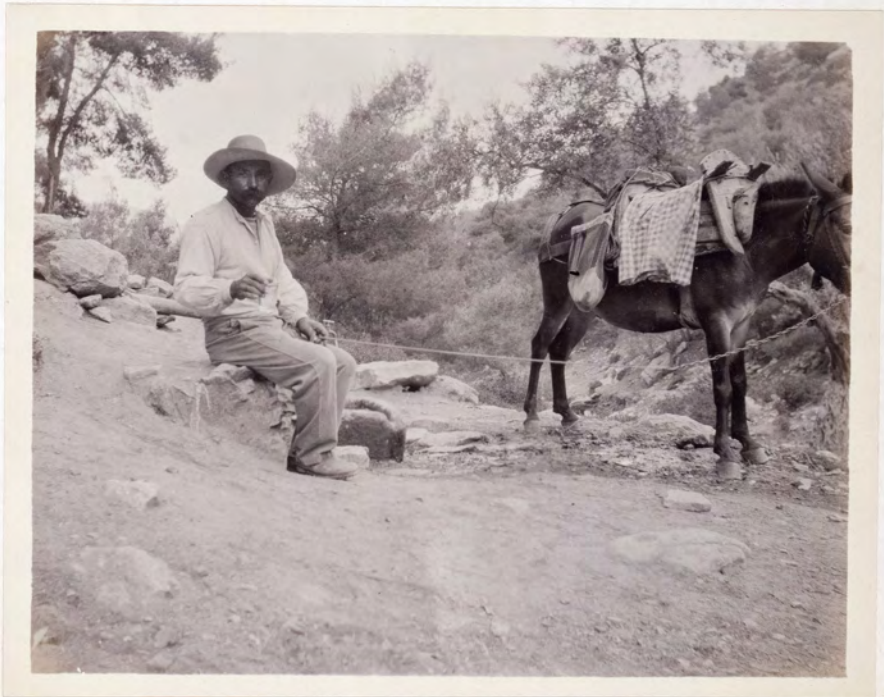
Poros



and cool. A great change from dusty Athens. Got up at daylight this morning for excursion to site of Temple of Poseidon at Calauria where Demosthenes is said to have put an end to his life in B.C. 322. Had arranged for a guide and mule the day before, and find Demetri and his beast in the square at 5 A.M. We buy olives, bread, cheese and grapes from the different shops for our breakfast on the mountain. Up the steep road, through olive groves, about an hours ride to the top of the ridge. Ruins of temple very scanty, excavated by some Danes in 1904. Poor old Demosthenes, who left the smiling world from here. History is being repeated in Europe again. We return by another road and come to a fountain where Demetri and I breakfast. I promise him a photo of himself and mulari. Back to town by the field where are remains of the camp of Turkish prisoners, during the Balkan war, past the Naval Station, a training school for sailors. A crowd of them were exercising on the beach. After lunch and a siesta I overhear a naval officer walking past my window and talking cockney English, so think I'll visit the barracks to see if there is any war news. A marine at entrance is detailed to escort me and I presently meet the officer that was talking English, Mr. Potter of London, a petty officer who invites me to his mess for tea, where I meet Mr. Pilgrim of Liverpool, a quartermaster, and Mr. Burns of Birmingham, a physical training instructor, and they tell me about a naval engagement in the North Sea, and I tell them about the Goeben and Breslau in the Dardanelles. They are all crazy to get back to England and take part in the war. Burns and I go for a walk, and afterwards we hire a boat for a sail down the



Poros.



Demetri K. Mulari.
Excursion to Calauria.



Poros.



Villa of Mad. Dragoumis.
Poros



View from Calauria · towards · Methana ·



Near Poseidon Temple
Calauria.



Temple at Port
Ægina



Straits, past the little chapel at entrance and out by the point into the open sea where we have a good view of the monastery on the hill opposite. Later in the day I take another sail in the bay, past a pretty villa on a terrace with some pine trees at the back. The boatman says it belongs to Madame Dragoumis, the author of "Stories of a Greek Island". As I'd come on account of reading her book, think I'll call and pay my respects. Send up my card and a young man comes out, Mad. D's son. He is sorry his mother has gone for a walk. He speaks good English and we have a pleasant chat. In the evening about ten o'clock as I am smoking my narghileh on the quai, a boatman comes with a pleasant note from Mad. Dragoumis, asking me to call if not too late. We row across the bay where I find her on the terrace overlooking the water with her husband and several young people, evidently a bridge party going on inside. All speak English and are very pleasant. She has two daughters married in England, and we look at their photographs in their pleasant English homes. Her two sons were both soldiers in the Balkan war. She sends greetings to Prof. Harris, and I told her I had seen her photograph in his study in Cambridge. She was born in Chios, and lived her early life in Constantinople. She reminded me of Alice's Aunt Lavinia. Goodbye and lit by tapers down to the boat, Am glad to have met them.



Port of Ægina



In Cafe at Ægina.

F.H.B.



In Museum at Ægina
Ephoros · Pelikanos ·



Mr Spilios.
at Ægina.

Piraeus, Aug. 24th, Monday

Left Poros early Sunday morning for Aegina where I intended to stop over a few hours, as there was said to be another boat at noon for Piraeus. Stop at Methana where many people get aboard. Reach Aegina about 9 A.M. and boat goes right into the little harbor and up to a dock, thus cheating the pirate boatmen. At a cafe near the quai I ask about the Museum, and presently a very pleasant Greek, Mr. Pelicanos, the ephoros, appears and invites me to go to the Museum along with several Greeks just arrived from Piraeus. Photo the marble sphinx found by Furtwaengler at the temple near the port. A very lively young Greek, Mr. Spilios, attaches himself to me and we become comrades for the day. He is a teacher of French in a school in Athens. Alas! no boat for Piraeus till late at night, so we loaf in cafes taking consommations. Visit temple at the port and take photos. Spilios tries a siesta in a room over the cafe, but is driven out by the bugs. Meantime, I nod in front of the cafe and watch the boats tied along the quai - now deserted in the middle of the day. Recall my last visit here in 1879 when I spent the day with an old Greek sailor, who had once been in New York, and he recounted his adventures in all parts of the world.

Go for a walk back in the country, but do not find it interesting. At last comes the hour for our swim in the sea which we have been waiting for. Bath house on the beach about half a mile outside the mole.

Spilios said he would swim around into the port, but I didn't pay much attention to him. Have my swim and when dressed, the old bath keeper wants to know where my companion is, fears he has drowned. We can't see him anywhere, so I walk back to the port, feeling rather anxious, and see the crowd running to the pier head and a gensdarme waving somebody away. It was Spilios, who had really swum into the port and created the Sunday sensation in Aegina. Crowds of people on the quai walking up and down. Afterwards, we have supper in a restaurant and while there the biggest downpour of rain I ever saw come down, with thunder and lightening. Most unusual for this time of year. Great scattering from the tables set out on quai. All Aegina society out in its best dress, water came down the side streets in torrents. Room jammed with people. Narghileh and coffee afterwards, as we wait for steamer, which comes along into the port about ten o'clock. Out in a crowded boat. Fortunately the rain had stopped and stars were out. Steamer very crowded. Hardly a place to stand. Reach Piraeus at 11:30 and go to my hotel nearby. Found the "Thessaloniki" doesn't sail till tomorrow. Have just been aboard of her and she looks unkempt and dirty, is just in from Alexandria. However, no other way to get home. Met Dr. Smith in Athens, and help finance him to New York. We take a farewell swim at Phaleron. Afterwards, at a cafe near the bandstand, meet the two French reservists, who were on the Romania in the Dardanelles. They left two days after we did, one of them gives me the photos of the Breslau and the Indomitable which was the ship that boarded the Romania. Lacroix promises

to write from the front. Smith and I take the electric tram around to the little Zea port where we have a good supper in a little outdoor garden and watch the cinema afterwards on the quai. Smith has his wonderful "rabbit's foot" which we rub again for luck. His strange tale how it was given a friend by a "Japanese potentate", dying in a hospital, in his family for hundreds of years, most valued of all his possessions, and brings luck to anybody that owns it, a sort of crystal found inside of a fish. Smith used to prowl around the curio shops in Athens, and he showed this to one of the dealers, who became greatly excited over it and begged for a small piece. He then told Smith impressively - I will now give you something that money can't buy - and produced from a cabinet from many wrappings a small piece of dark wood from which he chipped off a sliver and gave it to him saying "this is a piece of the Cross on which Jesus Christ was crucified". Good old Smith was going to take the precious relic home to his mother.

August 26th, Wednesday - On Board the Thessaloniki

Came aboard yesterday afternoon. Safely stowed in upper deck cabin with Donald Young and Manning. Very comfortable with two open ports. Better than the stuffy nests below. Crowds of Greeks and Jews and squalling children. Steerage passengers all mixed up on deck. Have just passed Cape Malea, all rocky and scoured by wind and storm. The hermit that used to be there failed to come out and wave to us. We are just approaching Kalamata where they take on a cargo of currants.

August 28th, Friday

Have just left Patras. Yesterday we sailed along the Coast of Peloponnesus, to Katakolo, the port of Pyrgos, where they again loaded currants. Smith and I with Dr. Hanson and John go ashore for a swim. Reach Patras early next morning. Go ashore to U. S. Consuls to see if there is any news of the war. Consul Cook has just arrived from America the day before. He came over on the Battleship North Carolina from Boston, with $5,000,000. in gold and several relief committees to assist Americans in Europe to get home. He could give very little news - says there is strict censorship in England and France. England has landed an army in Belgium where they hoped to stop the German advance. England will surely fight to the end and it is high time that Prussian militarism in Europe should be ended. I only fear that after it is all over they may have to unite and fight Russia. Meet Dr. Polson, a young Canadian who had been a passenger with Dr. Smith on the Corcovado. He had just reached Vienna when the war began. Was advised to leave the country, reached Trieste where he was thought to be an English spy. Got away finally on a Greek steamer to Patras. Now we hope we are really off for America. All sorts of rumors amongst the Greeks on board that we may be recalled to Piraeus as in case of a war with Turkey, they will want the Thessaloniki for a troop ship.

August 29th, Saturday

Off the Gulf of Taranto, we have just been stopped by a French battleship, the "Justice", which signalled us. Tried to get a photo. The French fleet is evidently guarding the Adriatic. Am getting used to life on board. We have a table all English speaking. Prof. Young and his party, Mr. Ringa a Greek, one of the proprietors of the Athens hotel in N. Y., a pleasant young man from Zagora in Thessalay; Dr. Hanson and wife and young son, John; Dr. Polson, Dr. Smith and myself. The Hansons have been living in Egypt where he has been physician to a large Egyptian estate above Cairo. John is irrepressible and is all over the ship with the other children, reminds me of our travels with Fritz in the early days. Breakfast at 7:30. Lunch at 11:30. Dinner at 6:30. They took live cattle, sheep, etc. on board which they slaughter on the after deck daily for fresh meat. (no ice) As for the pantry, galley, etc., the least said the better. The poor devils of stewards have no regular place to sleep or eat and take their rest lying about where they can. I manage to get a salt bath every day or two, and we settle down to life on board. She is a very slow old cargo boat, makes about 11 knots an hour. The captain a black, wily Greek pirate, is very uncommunicative. No wireless news is given out as the ship won't pay for it. Everybody tries to worm the news out of the young Marconi operator, a Belgium, Maurice Pelgrim, only 17 years old. Dr. Polson makes up to him and we get a few driblets of news from Europe. Reports that we are to stop at Naples but nobody knows.



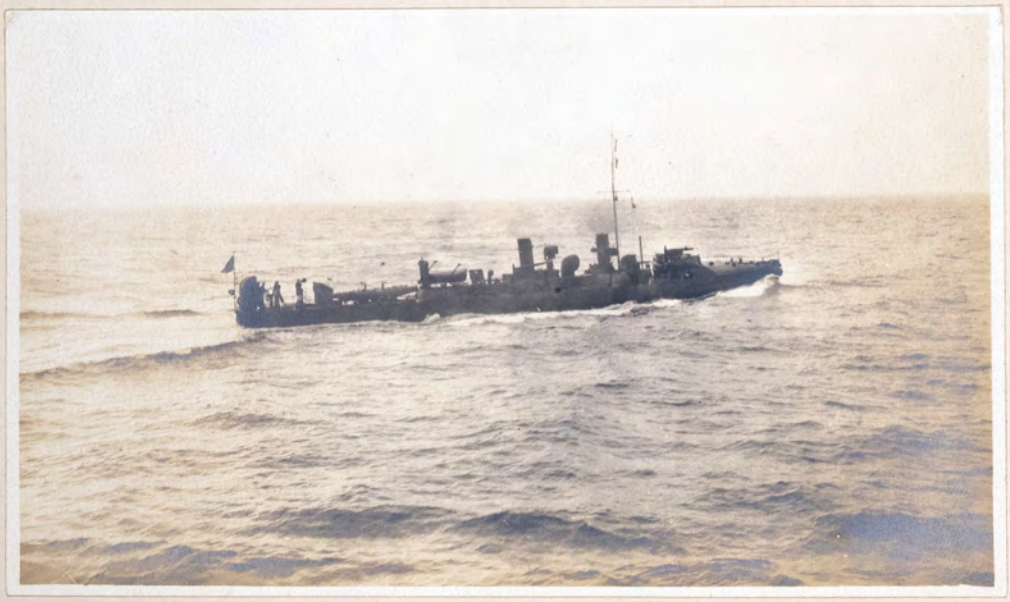
The "Justice"
French Man of War off Taranto.



Dr Clarence Young & Family.
On the deck of the "Thessaloniki"



Dr Smith. Dr Polson



English Torpedo Boat
Off Gibraltar

August 30th, Sunday

Have just left Palermo. Didn't go to Naples after all. Coasted along Sicily all day, past Stromboli, with its cap of smoke, and the black Lipari Islands; reached Palermo about 3 P.M. Delay in getting pratique, finally the Italian inspectors came aboard to look over passengers and crew. All had to pass in review to be counted. Such a rag tag and bobtail it was when the crew and stokers passed. Ashore finally in a boat. Go to Hotel des Palmes to post letters and then walk with Smith and the Hansons to the Public Garden. All the beau monde out. Try to buy a Mediterranean Baedeker but all shops are shut. Off at last for Gibraltar.

Sept. 3rd, Thursday

Have just left Gibraltar and now we go lumbering across the Atlantic. We ran close to the Rock but the top was covered with a cloud so couldn't take photo. French battleship convoying a transport with troops was just coming in. A small English torpedo boat dashed out and hailed us, asking where we were bound. We cheered them as they yelled bon voyage, and now for the long pull across. Ten days already on this old craft and Heaven knows how many more until we reach Sandy Hook. Am reminded of Harry Richards and the Wanda "O fatal and perfidious bark, launched in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark". Mewling babies everywhere. Seasick women sprawling in the gangways. Unwashed fermenting Greeks and Italians in the

stuffy lower cabins , draw the veil!

N. Y. Sept. 17th - 1914

Arrived early this morning and now in H's new apartment. How good the bath room tastes. Very foggy on arriving off Sandy Hook, pass a British cruiser lying in wait for Germans. Great excitement when the pilot comes aboard with his derby hat and little black bag. How we pounced on the bundle of newspapers and read every word of the war news. Up the harbor, a beautiful September morning. Dock at Brooklyn. Harry waiting for me with a fine automobile, so I get through the custom examination and am once more in the land of the free. Allah be praised!

Letters from Capt. Pears

Kasr El Nil Barracks,
Cairo, Egypt,
September 16, 1914.

My dear Bacon:

I've been back in Egypt for over 3 weeks, but this is my first opportunity to write with ink on note paper. As soon as I arrived I was sent off some miles out of Cairo to superintend the putting up of a camp for the Indian Division which arrived here a few days ago.

Living in camp, I was as cut off from Cairo and civilization as if I were at Timbuctoo. I was very busy. After ten days of this misery - the other fellow, my subaltern, went sick the third day with sun - I was sent off to Ismaiha, the central point of the Suez Canal, as the R.E. officer to the force guarding the canal. There we also lived in a camp by the edge of Lake Timsah, but it was distinctly pleasanter and the French employees of the Canal Company (it is entirely run by Frenchmen) were very good to us and sent us fruits, wines, Reuter's telegrams, and so forth. Yesterday I returned to Cairo to join my Company which is leaving for England in about 4 or 5 days. We shall draw about 45 Reservists and some 70 horses in England, and then go to the front to take our place in the Division which we belong to. One place here is being taken by Indian troops, of whom about 15,000 have already arrived, and they are all non-Moslems, viz: Ghurkas, Sikhs, Punjaubis, etc. During my last week at Ismailia I messed with a Ghurka Regiment and was most interested as I had never seen them before. They are little men - average height 5-1/4 ft. and are all mercenaries; i.e. they are not British subjects, but come from Nepaul and enlist in our

service. They are considered the most reliable of all the native troops, and are certainly the most attached to their officers. They are hill men of the most pronounced Mongol type (in fact the French men at Ismailia took them for Japanese): they are not intelligent, but shoot well, are very brave, somewhat blood thirsty, and great hunters. I came across a picket of about 30 of them, who were "stood at ease" by a canal bank, and they formed up in a double line in the water and drove the fish into the centre and so into a shallow pool where they could get them out with their hands. They were all screaming and laughing like a lot of children, and when one of them was stung by a stinging fish they roared with delight. They are just like children and are liable to epidemics of mumps, measles and chicken pox, as they never suffer from them in their native villages on the high slopes of the Himalayas. I was awfully taken with them, as the cheeriest and most willing little devils I had ever seen.

Yesterday evening, at our Cairo Club, I had the first "consummation" since that last one I had with you in Phaleron and yesterday's was a very inferior "consommation".

I hope you did the rest of your journey to the U. S. in comfort and had Doctor Smith to provide you with entertainment. I read a short description of part of our adventures, written by Moloney, in the Daily Telegraph, but it was a bald account and did not touch on the "consommations" we consumed or any of the more interesting portions of the Odyssey. (I am not very good at spelling.)

I have shoved in a devil of a claim for my expenses from Constantinople to Cairo, and to my great surprise I am apparently going to get most of it. I think they are flush of money at the war office and are not so inclined to fight every claim for money to the death, as they are in the piping times of peace.

If you write to me, or send me the photographs of the "Musketeers", you had better address it to me c/o Messrs. Cox & Co., 16 Charing Cross., London, S.W., as they are our Regimental agents and will forward it to me wherever I may be at the time. We are afraid we shall have a certain amount of sickness among our men, as they almost all have been in Egypt for just 5 years, and camping in Europe during late October and November will be a wet business and as they are not used to a cold climate, may knock a good many over. Personally, I have written home to my wife to get me a complete outfit of the thickest Jaeger underwear, and a wooley waistcoat or "cardigan" of the wooliest. And anyway I never mind the cold much.

We are taking our Arab ponies also, and I don't know if they will stick it well.

I wish I had known, during our voyage from Chanak to Piraeus, that there had been no immediate hurry for my return to Egypt. I should not have come along any slower, but it would have relieved me from a lot of worry and enabled me to enjoy still more what I shall always look back upon, despite the worrying, and despite certain trivial discomforts, as the pleasantest voyage of my life. The consommations of Mitylene, and their attendant circumstances, form a Rosy Memory.

I hope you found your grandson well, and have good news from Mrs. Bacon, and we comfortably at home in your country house.

I hope you will find time to send me a line and let me know you are well and have arrived home safely, and have not forgotten.

Yours very sincerly,

(Signed) Guy B. Bears.

Dec. 8, 1914.

My dear Bacon:-

It was delightful to get your letter today and hear that you are well. Thanks awfully for the photos; but the one you mentioned as being enclosed, viz, of you and me smoking nargilehs in Athens (and which was mistaken for a study of snake charmers) was missing!! The photos of you and your grandson F.H.B. II are delightful. I can't give you my address, but letters addressed to Messrs. Cox & Co. 16 Charing Cross, S.Q. will be sent on. We are in the North of France, not far from the Belgian frontier, and have been here for over a month. I am writing from our billet, some 2-1/2 miles behind our trenches. We are in occupation of a large sugar beet works, where we can use the steam engines and lathes and machinery generally to make the engines of war required of us. I spend a good deal of time in the trenches and very miserable work it is, especially at night. D- cold. However, I can generally get away often, at longest, an 18 hour spell and get a hot meal and a mattress to sleep on, here in billets. We made a lot of periscopes - just a long box of wood 30" x 4" x 4", with mirrors at 45 degrees to the length at top and bottom - and they are useful in the trenches for looking at the "Bosches", whose trenches are nowhere further than 200 M. and in some places only 60 M from ours. The periscope I was gazing through the day before yesterday was struck fair in the top glass by a bullet and the bits splashed down and rebounded into my face. I got a lot of tiny cuts over my cheeks and nose and one in my

eye, but although at the time I presented the appearance of having my face blown in, when my face had been washed, scarcely any marks were to be seen! And I much regret that I shall not be able to squeeze any "Blood money" out of a parsimonious and cheese paring Paymaster.

Things in our section of the lines and for some miles either side, are at a deadlock. Practically a state of siege; trenches very close, and of course impossible to show ones head above the parapet. Even a steel loophole is dangerous to look through. I invented a little cannon - an old cast iron pipe with the end plugged - our fitters made it in the forge - and have been lobbing bombs (also home made - made out of a tin jam pot, with 2 ounces of gun cotton, detonator and fuse and iron bolts - "light the fuse and project <u>quickly</u>" - into their advanced sap. They have a special bomb thrower and return the compliment; but I think my machine is just as good as theirs (I made it! "ego fecit"). By observing at a point at right angles to one's line of fire (thro' a periscope of course) one can see whether the bombs are falling "short" or "over". I fixed up a short length of telephone wire to my observer (he was only 50 metres off, but 50 metres along a trench is a five minutes painful journey) and dropped several bombs into their nearest sap both yesterday and the day before. They were a long time spotting where we were firing our cannon from, and I left for home at once when they found it out; also my ammunition was finished. I am rather afraid of a bomb going off in the bore; and so fire the cannon with a short length

of time fuse, which gives me time to step nimbly behind a right angled turn in the trench until the bang tells me the danger is o'er, and the projectile sped. It is devilish amusing, and I don't suppose I hurt anybody much. They cleared at once from their sap heads when I had sent two or three jam pots near them. The bombs make a devil of a noise when they explode and send bits of iron right back over our heads, so they would clear a length of trench if they fell in, all right.

We are jolly well fed - I suppose we won't be when we get on the move again - but being stationary, the Supply Dept. can deliver daily. We get a fine ration, including a quarter pound of bacon which we have every morning for breakfast - tea, sugar, meat, bread, vegetables, tobacco and rum, everything in fact except Egyptian cigarettes which my soul is withered for want of! Also no consommations.

I am with my own "push" ie the Non Com'd officers and men whom I had known for 2-1/2 years in Egypt. They all felt the cold badly at first, but they have got warm clothes issued to them now and they have not got the seeds of malaria in them and now they are pretty fit. The French people here, poor devils, are very nice to use and especially to the privates who get on quite well with them considering that they can't exchange a word. The thing that impressed my men most was the looted and damaged buildings. The first man we saw killed was a horrid mess; having had the whole back of his head blown out. But he didn't make a thousandth of the impression on the men that the

sight of the ruined farm houses has done. Perhaps it is the English respect for property; but anyway their letters home (I have to censor them!) are full of it. They were genuinely shocked at it - and it takes a good deal to shock a British private. The Germans (they retired through this part of the country with us after them) behaved very well on the whole, in this district as regards "personelle" - they respected women and did not ill treat men, but they looted pretty badly and smashed up property.

I feel awfully sorry for the inhabitants, they are a decent hardworking lot - it is a rich country - and to have their property smashed up by those swine and to be reduced to beggary is a terrible thing. I can only hope they will be compensated after the war. (Sir Edwin Pears)

As far as I can learn my Father is still in Constantinople. He says he will now have time to finish his book - on the Ottoman Empire without being disturbed by clients.

I am very fit and well and so far enjoying the open air life, the intense interest of it all, we haven't a dull moment, and at present no hardships worth speaking of. I hope you will favor me with another letter. It is splendid to hear that America thinks we are in the right, and that despite the efforts the Germans have been making to color your country's views. There can be no shadow of doubt that we shall smash the Prussian tyranny in the end. Do write again to me, your letter was so welcome.

Yours ever,

G. B. Pears.

Letter from Captain Guy B. Pears,
Royal Engineers.

Jan. 12th, 1915.

My dear Bacon

Thank you awfully for your letter. We look tremendous oriental "Kruts" with our Narghilehs at Athens. It brings back to me the glorious Greek sun. What a topping time we had at Mitylene, didn't we?

This is a dreadful country I am in now, and completely flooded. We are awfully hard worked and three out of our four subalterns have gone sick with overwork and being always in wet clothes. In the other company they have had 2 killed out of their 4. So I am getting extra work to do, but owing to a good constitution, a large appetite and a servant who manages to get my breeches, boots and puttees (I have 2 pairs of each) dry in the most amazingly short time, I am still merry and bright and 4 days ago we managed to buy a half dozen of whiskey (hitherto unknown brand, but not bad!) the first we have tasted since we left England. The trenches are flooded out and life is generally very wet and muddy. Today was fine, and I had to go out and destroy 3 farm houses. I set them on fire and blew up the cellars with guncotton. In one of them the fire in the barns drove out a whole crowd of rats and I let the men enjoy~~ing~~ a little "divarshun" and chase them with sticks. However when the smoke had been ascending for about a quarter of an hour the Germans started to range on the conflagration. They dropped one shell 100 yards over us and one about 150 short. "This is the "long bracket"." I said, and we

left at the double. Sure enough the next shot split the difference and landed in the farm. But we had left our harmless sport and were off to work elsewhere.

It was quite a holiday after being in the filthy wet trenches, where one has to walk about knee deep, bent double to keep ones head in safety, and step over pools of blood and occasional wounded men. If a man is hit in the trenches he has got to stay there till dusk: and everyone has to step over him who wants to pass that way. Ditto with dead men. They usually bury the corpses in the communication trenches at night, and put a little wooden cross to mark the place and cheer up the passer-by. One can get to within 300 M or half a mile of the fire trenches by keeping behind hedges. After that one stalks across 400 feet. like a Choctaw brave after the Pale face, and the last 400 M one is in comparative safety in a communication trench. In the fire trench one is perfectly safe, unless one wants to look over the top or through a loophole and even then if he uses a periscope it is quite safe. But the men get careless. At night one walks straight across the fields to the fire trenches, the only drawback being that people get occasionally shot by stray shots which come over our parapet and sweep the ground behind.

Your cuttings were very interesting. I take it that the great mass of your countrymen believe that Germany is undoubtedly suffering from a delusion that she has a Mission to Civilization, and that she has the right to Prussianize the world. I think this fact is clear, and moreover I think every dispassionate observer must also realize that Germany has not only forced this War on Europe, but that she has been preparing for such an eventuality for several years and that she has educated her public opinion into line with the ideas of her arrogant and re-actionary Ruling Caste. I think that the English People have made

up their minds to see the matter through and to put an end to the danger. We may be a slow and stupid people, but these disadvantages become an advantage when, as in this case, we at last thoroughly realize a situation, and get to work on it. I believe that even were Paris to be occupied and the Russians driven back to Moscow, and the Regular Army now in Flanders forced to re-embark- we should continue with unabated confidence and bring the war to a successful conclusion. I wish you were with us; but I see that you have not the shightest immediate reason to be in it; and a war fought without a pressing and immediate necessity is never entered into by any nation except a Barbaric one.

The Supply and the Postal service are splendid. We get our mail daily from England as regularly as clock work, and there was bitter grumbling a week ago because the butter ration was not issued on one day.

But we live in miserable quarters and have to work desperately hard. The poor devils of natives are the people I pity most. They are in just the same state of misery and destitution as the refugees we saw at Mitylene, and it seems a thousandfold more iniquitous to see such things in a civilized country than it did in the East.

A fortnight ago a cart with 4 French women drove along a road some 300 back of, and paralled to, our trench, (of course, they should have never been allowed there) but they slipped through and no one stopped them, they wanted, no doubt, to get some of their belongings away from their homestead?. When they got to a certain cross road which is swept by a German machine gun, they were riddled. 3 women killed, one mortally wounded, and the horse and cart riddled like a sieve. I saw them next night; I fell over the horse in the dusk as I was coming out of the trenches. They had lain there all day, as it was impossible for anyone to approach them, and they were removed before

dawn next night. The horse and cart, of course, are still in situ.

Excuse my long and egotistical letter. You said the last one interested you, so I hasten to inflict this upon you.

Yours sincerely

Guy B. Pears.

March 21st, 1915.

My dear Bacon:

I got your very nice letter some days ago, in fact, just as I had come back to billets after seven days without taking my boots off. This was during the action of Neuve Chapelle which village was taken by the brigade we are attached to, and I was commanding the company R. E. During the evening of the first day I had a few idle moments and collected some fine trophies which I loaded on my orderly. The following day, however, the orderly was wounded by a shrapnel and was taken off to the dressing station with all his burden, so that my rich gleanings have fallen into the hands of the Army medical orderlies, I am afraid. The following five days were too full of incident for me to pick up any more "pickel haubes", officers' swords, etc. So I am without a souvenir to send you, as I intended. We had a stiffish time and on the 12th I underwent a shelling from howitzers which was about the limit. It lasted over an hour and the shells (6") came at the rate of 8 a minute. It was absolute hell, and I never could have believed that it had such an effect upon one. We had given the Germans a similar, or perhaps a worse doing on the morning of the 10th from 7:30 to 8:05 A.M. At 8:05 A.M. our guns "switched", that is, lifted on to a different target, and our infantry had gone forward and rushed the German trenches. My Company followed close behind and the "Bosches" surrendered in groups.

I entered one house in Neuve Chapelle, at least, the remains of a house, and was looking it over to see if it was fit for my Sappers to get to work on and put in a state of defence (loop holes, etc.) when I heard a low whimpering and looking down into the cellar, saw a group of 8 Germans holding up their hands. They were terrified, partly by the previous shelling and partly by the fear that they might be bayonetted by the "perfidious Albion". They were taken to the rear by a Rifleman and joined to the prisoners who were being collected there. Then I rushed around getting my people to work "consolidating" the position, in case of an immediate counter attack. This, however, was not made by the Germans till the next day and failed miserably. It took place at 5:30 A.M., and in the part of the trenches opposite me, about 60 yards away there lay a German, dead of course with his Knapsack and all his accoutrements on his back. They all wear these things, unlike our men who carry into action only their water bottle, haversack and ammunition. This German's Knapsack was evidently filled with bombs, for it was on fire and kept smouldering and occasionally bursting into flames until nearly 9 A.M. It was a most gruesome sight. In fact, I had a sickness of dead men, mostly killed by shell fire, both our own and Germans.

Two nights ago I had to creep out of our trenches to blow up a farm house situated some 150 yards from ours and 50 yards from the German trenches. I sent out two men

who found it unoccupied and one returned and informed me. Then I advanced on my belly, followed by 3 sappers, carrying 20 lbs. of gun cotton ends, entered the house, posed the charge, sent every one back to our lines, then fired a five minute fuse and crept off myself. It blew up most of the farm all right, but it was an unsavory job, as we had to crawl about among dead men who had been lying there over a week, and several times during our crawl we had to lie still while a "flare" was sent up by the Germans, and wait till it had burnt itself out. If they had spotted us moving, they could have turned a machine gun on to us, but the ground being littered with prostrate forms was a factor of safety for us. I surely hated the job. I got your two cigarettes which you enclosed. Thanks very much. I smoked them, trying to imagine they were narghilehs and that I was in Mitylene with you. As a matter of fact, I get lots of cigarettes sent out to me by my wife, and we are fed like fighting cocks, and get a mail daily and a paper of the day before yesterday daily. My father celebrated his 80th birthday a few days ago, and is in England very fit and well. My mother is in Constantinople, like Mrs. Bacon, but I am sure they are in perfect safety with the Americans. My father tells me that your countrymen have been splendid in Turkey, but after all that is what one would expect. There is a chance that I may be switched on to the Turkey show. Inshallah! I should be on the "Intelligence" and wear a red gorget, as one of the Staff - Barik Allah!

What an honor! It was most cheery to hear from you and if I have inflicted on you a letter of egotism and horrors, you have only yourself to thank, as you asked for it.

Our troops are great friends with the local inhabitants, and really extraordinarily well behaved and sober, poor devils.

My best regards and do write me another of your cheering letters soon.

Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) G. B. Pears.

P.S. My address is

2nd Field Co. R.E.,
8th Div. British Expeditionary Force.

Millbank Hospital, London, June 18th, 1915.

My dear Bacon:

I should have written you before, but I lost your address which was in my writing pad and was lost coming over to England. Thanks awfully for your letter and good wishes. Also the journal. It is most interesting; but I wish to call your attention to two grave omissions, first there is no mention of the eminent Dr. Smith and secondly you omit, no doubt purely an oversight, to tell us how you lost the films for your camera. (Although you regret their absence in Mitylene harbour!) I have been 8 weeks here and am leaving next week for a weeks convalescence at Brighton and then returning here for an operation: and how long after that I shall be here I do not know. I got hit by a stray bullet at night while laying out trenches and had a lucky escape inasmuch as it missed my artery and thigh bone but unfortunately it damaged my sciatic nerve and my foot is paralyzed, the medical term being "dropped foot" and if the operation is successful it will eventually give me back the use of my foot as good as ever. At the worst I shall have to wear a "stiffener" in my boot and will walk with a flat foot, with a bit of a limp, but practically all sound and I shall be able to ride as well as ever. In any case, however, I shan't be fit to go to the front for 10 or 12 months. This is a most comfortable hospital and "George and Mary" came yesterday to bid us all and everyone "good afternoon" and so forth and my wife comes daily from 3 to 5 p.m. and so do various relatives and friends, when (as I have been the last fortnight) I am well enough to see them.

I keep wondering what has become of Moloney. I feel sure he is

or has been, in the thick of it somewhere. Your journal brought back to me so vividly the happy days we had at Mitylene and Athens. One never knows at the time when one is well off, and I poor fool was fretting all the time about getting back to Egypt and fearing that if I were a day or two late I should miss my chance of seeing some of the war, I only realized afterwards what a ripping time we had had. I saw the other day in the newspaper that an American steamer the Virginia had been sunk in the Aegean. It must have been the "Hadji Daoud" we travelled in! Do write to me at the above address, I am sure to be here till the middle or end of July. I hope your grandson is "Poli Kala" and yourself the same.

Yours very sincerely,

Guy B. Pears.

R. M. A.

Woolwich, Sept. 29th, 1916.

Sir Edwin Pears who came to Boston to lecture in 1916.

My dear Bacon:

I am sending this letter by my father, as the enclosure was returned to me when I tried to send it by post. The censor said no photographs were allowed to go to neutral countries. It is of interest as it is the last picture of Kitchener, I believe before his death on the 1st of June or thereabouts.

I spent a very enjoyable 10 days in France early this month, on a circular tour, so as to bring myself up to date as regards the latest patterns of "dugout", machine gun emplacements and other joys of the "military art" which I teach here to the cadets. Although my foot is still no use by itself, I am fitted with a patent iron instrument with which I can walk almost without a limp and in the last few days have got myself passed "fit for active service" so if I can get the boss here to let me go I shall be taking the field once more. The boss is rather sticky about letting us fellows go as he is a fixture himself and objects to changing his staff; but I have a very promising intrigue on foot and hope to spring a mine upon him and rush his defenses when all is ready, and get away to a nice job in France which my former boss, who is now Chief Engineer to the 4th Army, has promised me when I can get away. Inshallah!!

I have read and re-read the O. Henry books which you sent me. Some of his stories are perfect gems. When will your Excellency favor your Slave with an Imperial Script again?

Yours ever,

(Signed) Guy B. Pears.



Capt. Pears
& Gen! Kitchener
- At Woolwich
Inspecting work of Cadets

Probably the last photo of Kitchener
taken before his. death!

TURKISH WOMEN FLEE DARDANELLES TOWN

Dirty, Fascinating Chanak Kalessi Is Cleared of Its Noncombatants.

CENTURIES' CALM BROKEN

Correspondent Watches Refugee Swarm—Types of New and Old in Bombarded Streets.

1915

BY RAYMOND E. SWING.

[Special Correspondence of The Daily News.]

Chanak Kalessi, Dardanelles, Asia Minor, March 10.—This Turkish town, except a few such extravagances as two or three hotels, serves as a good sample of the interior Asia Minor community of 10,000 to 20,000 souls. It is not a town to delight one with its architectural perfections; moreover, it is offensively dirty, like so much in the near east. But it is picturesque, and, in some phases, fascinating.

Minarets, a Greek and an Armenian church, I suppose a schoolhouse somewhere, cafes, shops, houses—that is the Turkish town. Normal life must indeed be a drab, but perhaps happy, affair in such environment. But how the war has changed it all! What ordinarily is the most uneventful quiet to-day is sad disorder. For to-day is the last day for women and children to leave the town, a precaution wisely taken by the Turkish authorities.

Heterogeneous Swarm on Pier.

In front of my hotel is a pier where the crowds have gathered. There is a swarm of men, women, children, donkeys, oxen, carts, horses, camels, and out of the disorder will eventually develop the embarkation of the refugee families for the steamers lying down the strait. The strand is piled high with the huge carpet covered bundles which hold the most precious home possessions, and by night the families will be disembarked in some strange city down the Sea of Marmora, there to find a temporary abode during these times of suffering.

Two women were weeping when last I worked my way through the mob. They were ill and poor, they said, and did not wish to go away. Children were crying, men shouting, scolding, commanding, cursing in their impatience. The babble of the hundreds of voices filled the air.

It was a sorry picture, sorry as only the picture of refugees can be, be they Belgians crossing the Dutch frontier, as I have seen at Rosendaal, or these innocent, harmless inhabitants of the land about the Dardanelles. Who knows when they will be back, and what they will find left of the houses that mean home to them?

Mistaken for German General.

Seeing my newspaper colleagues and myself approaching, our acquaintance, the town beggar, raised his only arm and cried out:

"The German generals will give a poor man charity! The German generals are good!"

We are frequently mistaken for German officers, I know not why, for none of us wears a uniform.

And down the street I see another familiar figure, the town lunatic, with disconsolate eyes, his gay turban bedecked with fresh fruit blossoms, going wistfully through his pathetic performances of picking up little nothings from the ground and putting them stealthily in his pocket.

A sailboat, loaded with human freight and household bundles, leaves the pier for the steamer, a mass of a hundred colors. A bugle sounds in the distance, announcing mealtime in some nearby camp. A torpedo boat is maneuvering in the harbor. At any moment the thunder from down the strait may be heard to announce the reappearance of the English ships. To-morrow the town will be deserted, and perhaps the day after to-morrow it may be called upon to pay its toll of ruin to the war monster.

Turks of Many Types on Streets.

During these days of bombardment the streets have been a never ending parade of innumerable types. There is the Turk as popularly pictured, in baggy trousers, white stockings, low shoes and many colored blouse. His wife, draped in black, has been ousted from the sanctum of the home by the order to quit the town. The modern Turk, a European in dress up to his fez, while not everywhere to be seen as in Constantinople, is no stranger here. Between these two extremes comes a multitude of variations.

The town itself is about what it must have been two or even five centuries ago. Modern conveniences, so often mistaken for civilization, do not exist here. Everything new is merely here en passant, because of the war or because of the traffic on the strait. The houses, mostly small, often ramshackle, stand close up to the roadway, some with lattice windows, where Mohammedans live, the others without, where Greeks or Armenians are to be found. One section is filled with shops—little affairs supplying moderate wants only.

Cafe and Kitchen Together.

Here and there are the restaurants and cafes which I have learned to know so well and which, however, I cannot love. The restaurant is in the same room with the kitchen, which consists of a "hot table," where pans of the day's rations are kept lukewarm over charcoal fires. The menu is never diverse—some mutton, beans and rice with occasional variations on this three voiced theme. If one insists one can at times get chicken or eggs. These little restaurants are not primarily for transients and woe be to him who comes a moment too late! Then he can only go to the bakery and buy a loaf of bread to eat disconsolately in the unsavory hotel.

The Turkish cafe is no house of luxury. A bare floor, a few tables, benches and chairs, a picture or so of the sultan on the wall, perhaps also a verse from the Koran, and occasionally a map (the territory lost in the Balkan war shown in black), these with the little kitchen off in one corner compose the setting where plays the community life. Turkish coffee, excellent even in this out of the way place, and a glass of tea are the only beverages for sale, and cost the pittance of a cent for a portion. Each table has its little brass stove where a few glowing charcoals serve the dual purpose of warming the neighborhood and lighting cigarettes.

Endure Turkish Courtesy.

Twice we have been hugely entertained by two obsequiously courteous Turks who were full to bursting with the hospitality of the land. One contented himself with buying wine for the strangers, and, with a few salaams, drinking to our health. The other was more insistent. He kissed our hands, telegraphed with ardent gestures his regrets that he could not speak with us and later sat down with us and passed the next half hour picking little delicacies from his plate and passing them to us on his fork. We grimly smiled and ate what he offered, fearing to offend him.



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Piroscafo / Dampfer: Graz — Viaggio No. / Reise Nr.:

Valevole per / Giltig für: Signor F. H Bacon

Da / Von: Pireo — per / nach: Constantinopoli

Num. delle persone / Anzahl der Personen:
- Adulti / Erwachsene: uno
- Minori dai 3—12 anni / Kinder von 3—12 Jahren: /
- Bambini sotto 3 anni / Kinder unter 3 Jahren: /

letto No. / Bett Nr.: 46

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Pagato / Bezahlt Fcs. 84.40

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Questo biglietto da il diritto di interrompere il viaggio ai Dardanelli

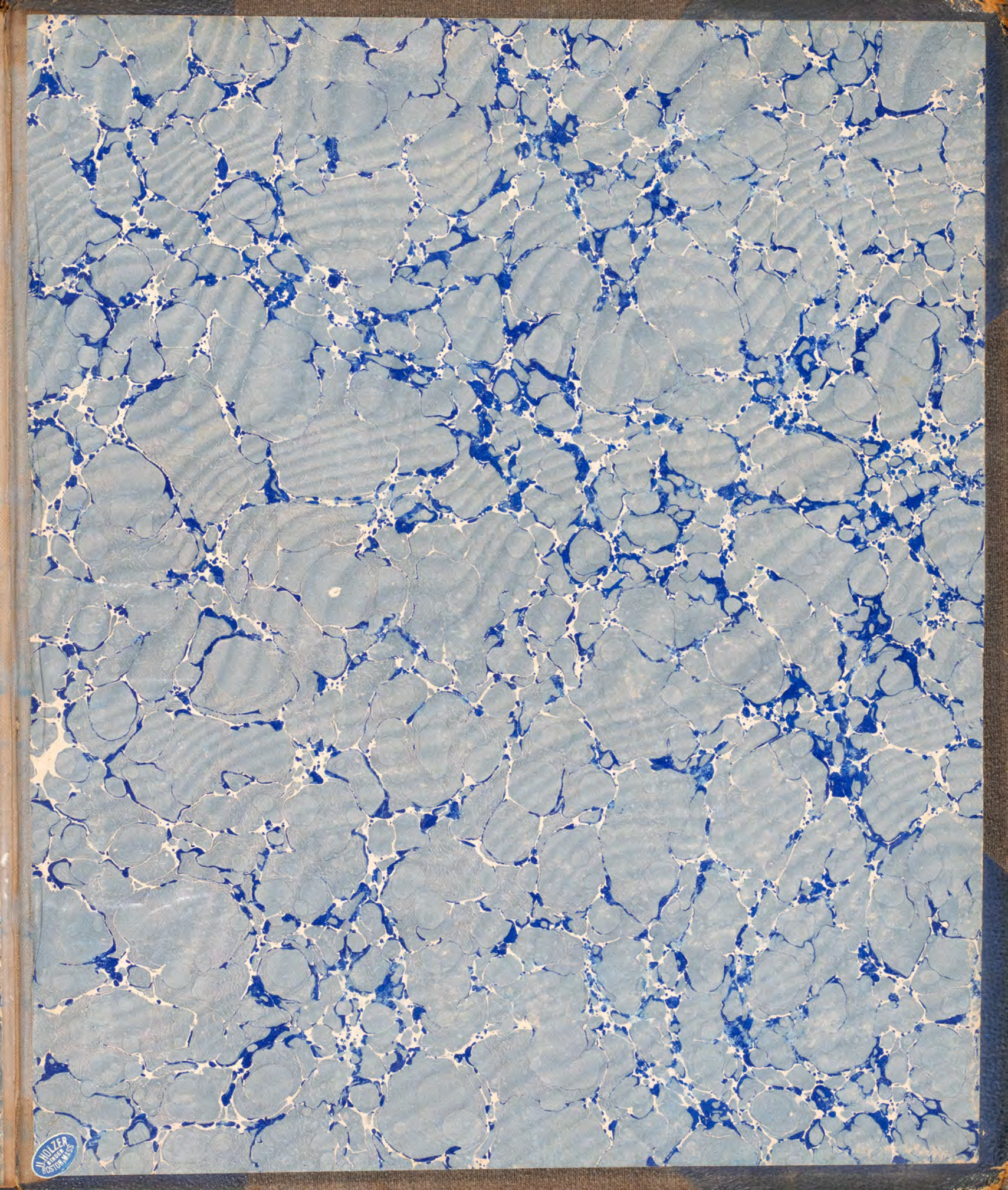
S. N. 307. Vedi annotazioni a tergo. - Siehe Rückseite.

The Ticket that wasn't used up!

DIMITRY JEAN DRAGOUMIS.

Athens.

19 RUE ARISTOMÈNE.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