



TURKEY
For the Best



from ALL THE BEST IN THE MEDITERRANEAN
by SYDNEY CLARK
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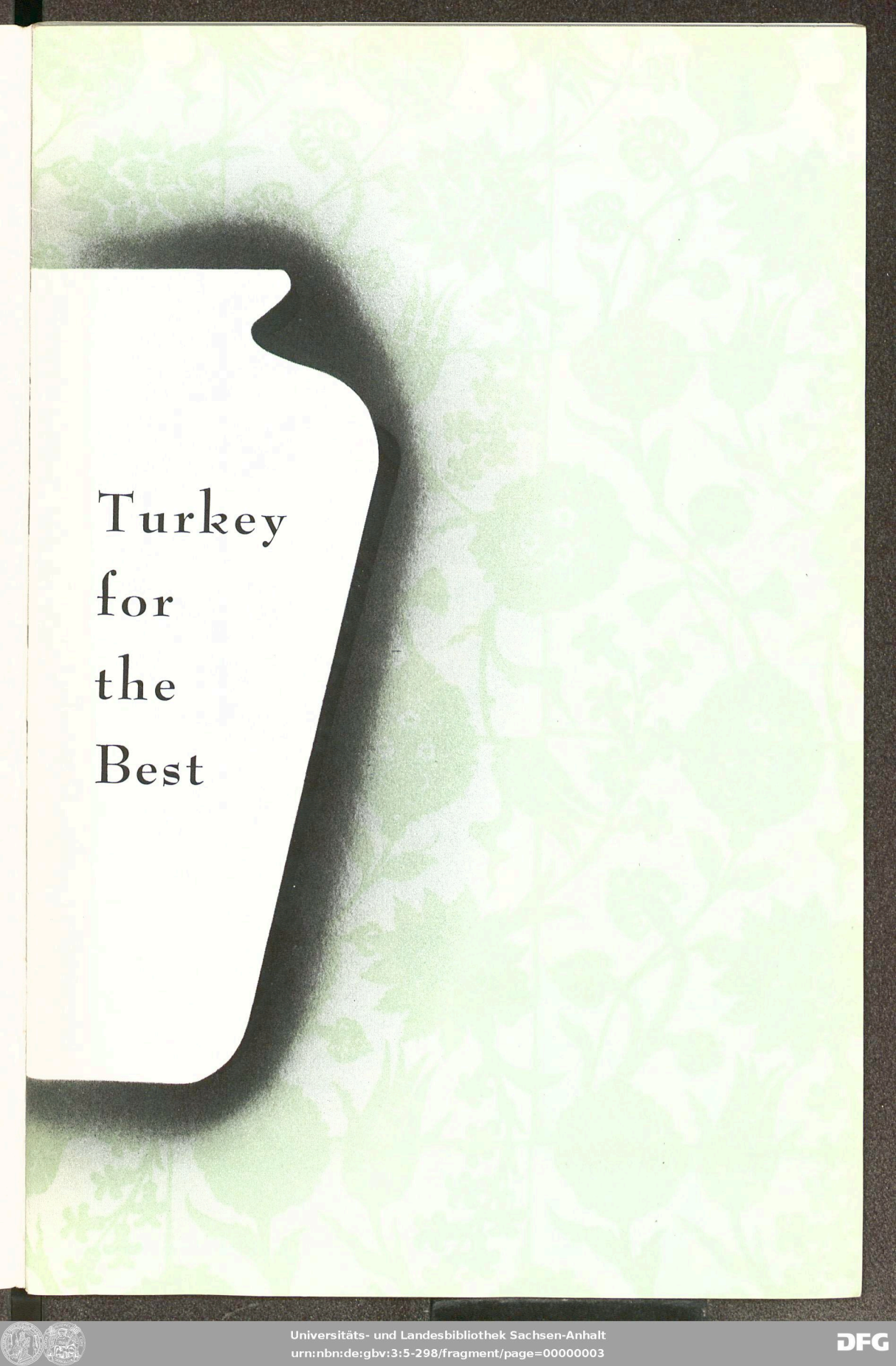
Mr. Sydney Clark is also the author of other and equally informative books on travel in Central America, Cuba, South America, France, the Caribbean, England, Scandinavia, Mexico, Hawaii, Holland, and Switzerland.



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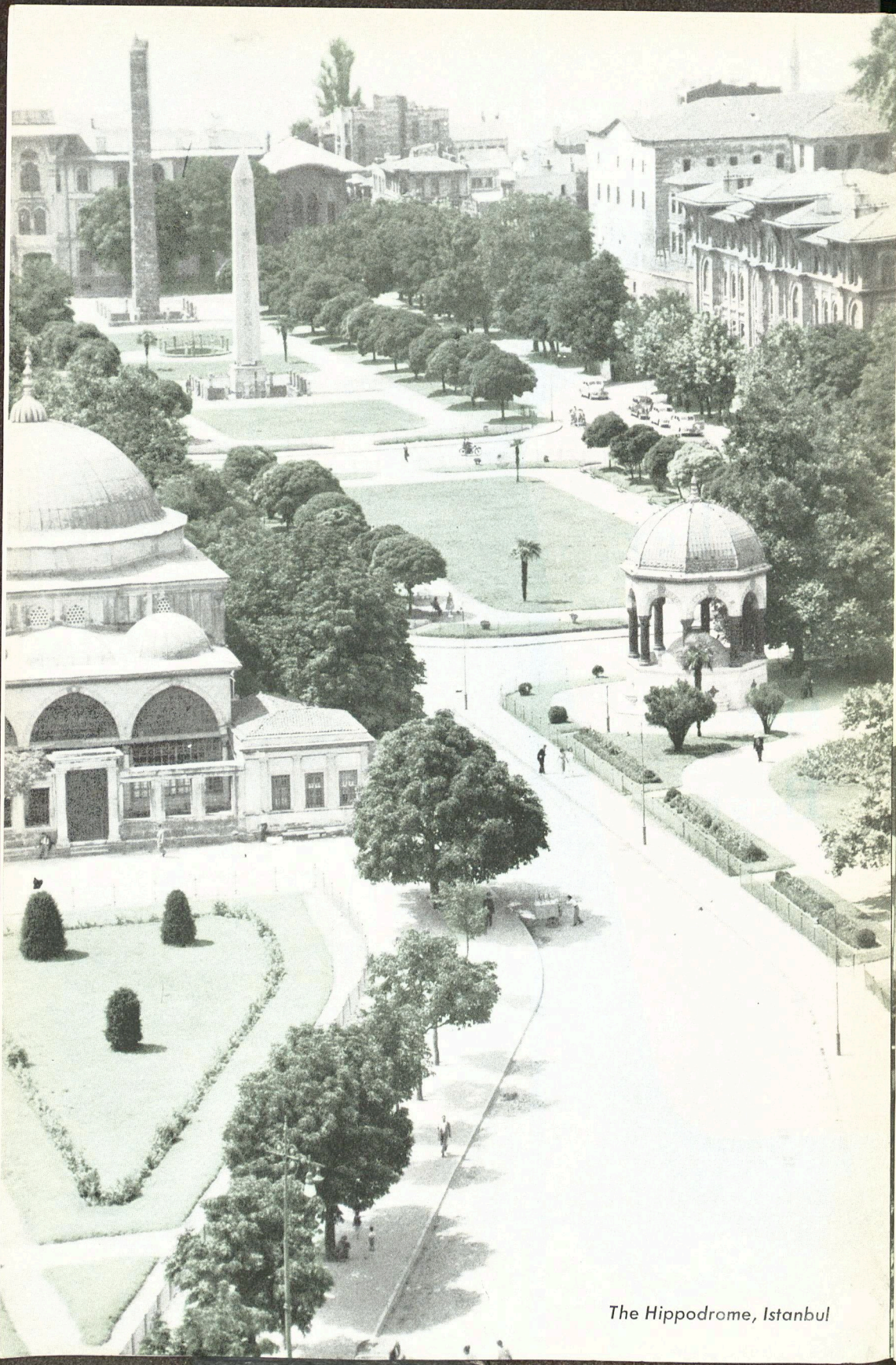
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Turkey
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The Hippodrome, Istanbul



Istanbul, Link of Two Continents

The Geography of Glamor

FOR all the things that unite to create glamor, the Istanbul that was Constantinople, and before that Byzantium, has few rivals anywhere, and if such a statement seems born of rash enthusiasm you are invited to pause and consider.

Historical background is surely one of the components of glamor. For more than eleven centuries, from its "second founding" by Constantine the Great in 328 A.D. as capital of the Eastern Empire to its capture by the Ottoman Turks under Mohammed II the Conqueror, in 1453, Constantinople was the most important city in the world, though there was a brief, unhappy interlude when it was taken by Venice, under Doge Dandolo, and held for a few decades. Despite that reverse it remained the undisputed center of Greek culture and scholarship, which carried the lamp of civilization during the Dark Ages. Its capture by the Turks dispersed Greek culture throughout Europe, giving strong impetus to the Renaissance movement, but Moslem civilization gradually gave Constantinople a new glamor, superimposed upon the old. This building of splendid mosques and imperial palaces gave the ancient city a different look and a new skyline, which has become etched on the mind of travel almost as clearly as has the skyline of New York. In 1922 Sultan Mehmet VI was deposed, and the following year Mustafa Kemal, who later took the name Atatürk (i.e. Father of the Turks), became president of the Turkish Republic. With the zeal of a prophet and the force of a whirlwind he set about the Westernization of Turkey and already the sweeping changes he effected have created a "modern background" for Constantinople, to go with its new-old name Istanbul. Ankara became the capital of the republic, but Istanbul remains its great metropolis.

Ancient modes of dress were abolished. The wearing of the fez became illegal. Women were given extensive rights and were strongly encouraged to discard the veil, a suggestion with which they eagerly complied. Education was nationalized, Western legal codes were introduced and Parliament adopted the Gregorian calendar, the 24-hour day, and even the Western Sunday (rather than Friday) as the day for business closing. It also adopted the Latin alphabet in place of the old Arabic script. Turkey is still a thoroughly Moslem land but it is thoroughly Western too and thus unique in the family of nations. There is no *freer* country—be sure of this—in all the world than today's Turkey. You don't have to be cautious about what you say or write, lest a heavy hand be laid upon your shoulder.

So much for the background of glamor. Its scenic ingredients in Istanbul speak for themselves, for in splendor of location no large city, unless possibly Rio de Janeiro, can surpass it and not more than three or four—one thinks of Naples, Sydney, San Francisco, Stockholm—can claim to equal it.

The geography of glamor needs a brief blackboard talk to make Istanbul quite clear and understandable to the first-time visitor. Fortunately a printed "talk" of book length *in English* was prepared and published in 1951. The title of this excellent volume is *Tourist's Guide to Istanbul*. Its authors are Rakim Ziyaoglu, Hayreddin Lokmanoglu and Emin Erer, and its translator—into real and readable English—is Dr. Malcolm Burr. Such a guidebook for Istanbul had been long needed and it was something of a tourist event when it finally arrived. A so-called "Tourists' Plan of Istanbul," being a clear map of the city and its two-continent environs, is also available at any of the city's bookstores. For oral information and help in seeing Istanbul one should visit the alert Tourist Office of the city in the *Radio House*, easily found on the broad avenue named Republic Street (Cumhuriyet Caddesi) north of Taksim. (Good brochures on Istanbul may be had in New York at the Turkish Information Office, 444 East 52nd Street.)

The name of the metropolis needs explanation. *Istanbul* (*n* is preferred by the Turks to *m*) derives from three Greek words, *Eis ten Polin*, meaning "Into the City," so the first syllable is actually only a preposition, and the middle syllable the definite article. *Bul* is *polis* (city), as in *metropolis*.

Old Istanbul rises on a rounded promontory at the very “tip of Europe,” a promontory that is bounded on the north by the famous *Golden Horn*, an offshoot of the Bosphorus; on the east by the Bosphorus itself, a 17-mile “salt river” connecting the Sea of Marmara with the Black Sea; on the south by the Sea of Marmara; and on the west by the remainder of Turkey-in-Europe, now a tiny area compared with Turkey-in-Asia. On the other side of the Golden Horn, crossed by the world-known *Gálata Bridge* (nowadays a modern bridge of floats, replacing the earlier wooden one) and by the newer bridge named for Atatürk, is the mercantile quarter called *Gálata*, rising steeply to the modern quarter of smart shops, hotels, consulates, travel and airline offices, restaurants and night clubs, the quarter that was long known as *Pera* and is now called *Beyoglu*. As seen from the Old City, this *Gálata-Beyoglu* complex is dominated by a round, medieval tower dating from the period when this hill was a fortified stronghold of Genoese merchants. It is variously called the *Gálata Tower*, the Genoese Tower and the Tower of Christ.

Greater Istanbul stretches along the whole Bosphorus on both the European and Asiatic sides, and directly across the Bosphorus from *Beyoglu* is the suburb of *Skutari*, now officially *Üsküdar*, a place that is mellow with age, and adjacent to that a newer suburb



Galata Bridge

called *Haydar Pasha*, which is important to know as the terminus-near-Europe of all the railway lines that make their way through Anatolia. The name Anatolia, by the way, is the old Greek and modern Turkish designation of Asia Minor.

Public transportation within the metropolitan area, by means of old and new streetcars, modern busses and good ferries, takes a bit of learning, and for land transportation most tourists depend on taxis, but it is not difficult to get the hang of the ferries on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn. They all leave from the Gálata Bridge, and all have their destinations plainly marked. Some traverse the whole length of the Bosphorus; some cross to Üsküdar or to Kadıköy and the railway terminal; some serve the beautiful holiday islands in the Sea of Marmara called Princes' Isles (Büyükaada is the chief one), affording a pleasant day or half-day trip of picnic type. For more individual travel on the water the tourist may take delight in hiring a caïque, or Turkish skiff. Scores of these charmingly painted and gilded "Istanbul gondolas" lurk about the Gálata Bridge eager for your patronage.

One link of transportation in the modern quarter of the city may come as a surprise. There is a good, though short, subway called *The Tunnel*, which climbs from a point near the Gálata Bridge to the ridge of Beyoğlu, along which runs, for three-quarters of a mile, the main street of modernity, called *Istiklal Caddesi*, meaning Independence Avenue. This thoroughfare, one of the most animated in Europe, extends from Tunnel Square, the upper terminus of the little subway, to Taksim.

Taksim needs a special note of its own, for this large square, or circle—it is almost an Etoile, in the Parisian sense—is the hub of Istanbul's Westernism. The name, a popular one, is taken from that of a great octagonal reservoir (now a garden-park) on the high point just above it. Its literal meaning is "Division," referring to the "windshed," where the winds divide. The square's name in little-used officialese is *Cumhuriyet Meydani*, meaning Republic Square, and in its official dignity it is centered by the imposing *Monument of the Republic*. Consulates by the dozen cluster about the Taksim. The Air France office fronts on it. Park Hotel, with its magnificent views of the Bosphorus, is close by, as are the city's leading nightspots, the Taksim Gazino (Casino) and Kervansaray. The Taksim hub is also a center of tram and bus transportation and starting point for city tours.

To sum up tourist orientation: if you learn the main stem of



Taksim Square, Istanbul

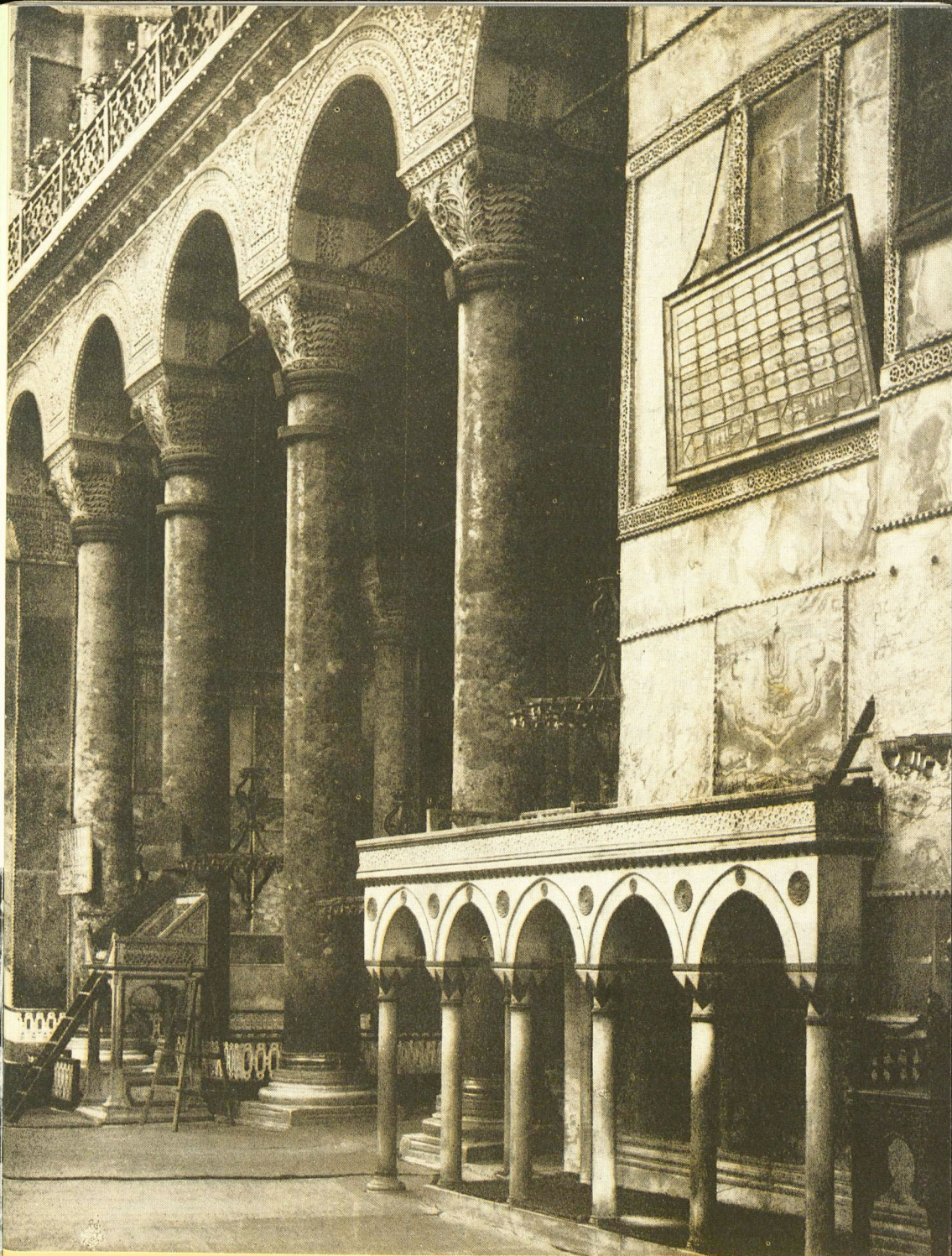
Beyoğlu, that Fifth-Avenue-and-Broadway street called İstiklal Caddesi, with Taksim at the upper end and Tunnel Square at the lower, if you learn the Gálata Bridge, with its many ferries and more caïques (Cook's office is at the Gálata end), and if, for explorations in the labyrinth of the Old City, you frankly deliver yourself into the hands of taxi men, you will feel that in all essentials you "know your way around." It is quite possible to know your way around that ancient part as well, but this means close study of guidebook and map, a great deal of rugged foot-work, for distances are great, and some knowledge of the tram lines, gained by trial and error. If you have plenty of time it is wonderful fun to accept the challenge of the winding ways.

St. Sophia, Sanctuary of the Ages

St. Sophia, built as a Christian church, altered into a mosque and in recent times proclaimed by the Turkish Republic a museum, is one of the supreme structures, of religious inspiration, in the world. It can be classed quite on a part with St. Peter's in Rome or St. Paul's in London for architectural significance, and though its exterior is disappointing to the eye its interior is unsurpassed for artistic beauty and originality.

The story of this church-mosque-museum has emerged with greater clarity since 1945, when the present director, a Byzantine authority and scholar named Muzaffer Ramazanoglu, undertook important excavations under the floor of the nave and elsewhere. I secured an interview with the director, to clear up confusions in my own mind resulting from several conflicting accounts, and this is what he told me. Aghia Sophia, or Aya Sophia, meaning Divine Wisdom and having no connotation of a feminine saint named Sophia (but everyone *calls* it St. Sophia, as this text shall do for convenience), was dedicated, in its first primitive form, in 347 A.D. by Emperor Constantius II, son of Constantine the Great. It was demolished in 404, in connection with disturbances caused by the exile of the Patriarch Chrysostom, rebuilt by Theodosius II a few years later and largely re-destroyed in another riot in 532. From that year on, Emperor Justinian undertook the construction of the building we see, but this was, in actual fact, an achievement of *rebuilding* an extension rather than the completely new achievement that has been usually credited to him. Regardless of the exact apportionment of credit, the final result is a glorious masterpiece.

St. Sophia's construction, in the form of a vast basilica sur-



St. Sophia

mounted by a dome 107 feet in diameter at a height of 179 feet, is unique and has never been copied, for architects are said to feel that despite its matchless beauty the form is impractical. The present dome was built in the year 559, replacing one of a few years earlier that had succumbed to an earthquake. Since this one has lasted for fourteen hundred years—and there have been plenty of other earthquakes, some of them severe—the layman feels inclined to call the design reasonably practical! Cracks have appeared, however, after all these centuries, and concern is felt for the dome's safety.

To explain the elements of its design, there are half domes stretching eastward and westward from the cornice of the main complete dome, and these, in turn, rest each on three *smaller* half domes. To quote the words of Dr. Alexander van Millingen, a professor of history at Robert College, in the suburb of Rume-lihisar, "The nave is thus covered completely by a domical canopy, which, in its ascent, swells larger and larger, mounts higher and higher, as though a miniature heaven rose overhead."

The Christian mosaics of the interior are among the building's greatest glories and from 1932 on, the work of cleaning them from Moslem incrustations and restoring them to their pristine beauty was entrusted by the Turkish government to an American scholar, Professor Thomas Whittemore. He died in 1950, but the work has continued.

Perhaps the most striking feature of ornamentation in St. Sophia, aside from the mosaics, is the array of enormous disks of gazelle skin affixed to the lofty cornice. These disks, dyed green, are ornamented with huge Arabic inscriptions, being texts from the Koran. The calligraphy is a marvel of decorative art. Other features that arouse wonder are the great chandeliers, seeming to hang from the sky itself, so long are the chains that hold them. Each chandelier is a circle of the traditional glass oil jars, now modernized, perhaps unfortunately, to hold electric light bulbs instead of oil and wicks. These lighting fixtures, despite their vastness, are mere details in the St. Sophia ensemble, which is overwhelmingly rich in ornamentation of many kinds and materials, including much marble and porphyry, for Justinian ransacked the pagan temples of the whole Roman world, including the celebrated ones in Baalbek and Ephesus, to secure the columns and other treasures that he wanted. The saying goes that when his church was finished the emperor cried out in jubilation, "Glory to God! I have beaten you, King Solomon!"

In the excavations opened up in the nave are some splendid early Mosaics, and in a lofty gallery reached by a long, dark ramp and visited only by special permission of the director, are some ninth-century mosaics that are among the most beautiful and valuable in existence. Another feature of this gallery—one wishes that it could be open to the public, for it offers a satisfying view of the building's interior—is the tomb of Enricho Dandolo, the famous Venetian doge who captured Constantinople in 1204. Death, it seems, is no respecter of doges, even when they have the lustre of this great leader and conqueror.

Mosques Above the Golden Horn

To the gazer at Istanbul's skyline it seems that this old city has built as many mosques in the last five hundred years as Rome has built churches in the whole Christian era. Of course this is by no means true, but the forest of domes and minarets contribute strongly to the impression. Some of the main domes are supported by as many as four semi-domes and almost every mosque of importance has more than one minaret. The Blue Mosque has six.

A mosque tour can be very confusing to the visitor whose brief time compels him to crowd one mosque upon another upon another. I shall try to construct a step-by-step path, followable with a map, that includes eight of the most important ones, and shall mention in passing certain other items of special significance that can be seen as corollaries. One preliminary item, not far from St. Sophia, is the huge covered *Cistern of Yere Batan*, built by Constantine and rebuilt by Justinian. The city once had scores of cisterns, intended to preserve an adequate water supply in times of siege, and some fifteen or twenty still exist, this one of Yere Batan being among the largest examples. It is some 460 feet long by 325 feet wide and its roof is supported by 336 columns. The water is still about 11 feet deep and sometimes tourists are rowed about in a small boat, the cavernous place being lighted by electricity. This cistern is at present open to the public

Selimiye Mosque





The Blue Mosque at night

The Subterranean Thousand and One Columns



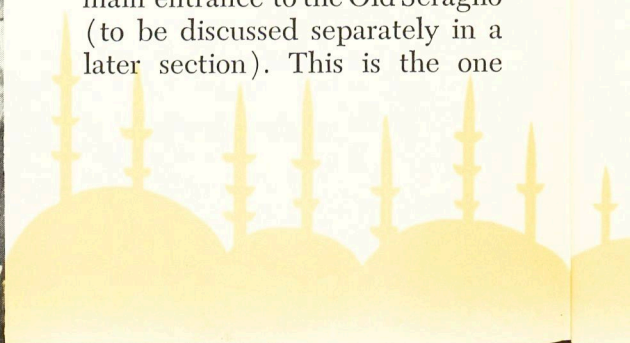
only four afternoons a week, on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

And now the mosques, with an advance note that the Turkish word for mosque is *cami*, sometimes spelled *jami*, in English.

1. The *New Mosque (Yeni Cami)*, popularly known as the *Queen Mother Mosque (Validé Cami)*, looms up close to the Istanbul end of the Gálata Bridge. The forceful lady whom it honors was a seventeenth-century dowager who did some temple plundering in Asia Minor to get the materials she desired. She was the mother of Mehmet IV. This building is not an outstanding masterpiece of architecture but its mounting mass of domes, in such a setting, is imposing.

On the way up the slope of Old Istanbul from here one passes the *Sublime Porte*, which we remember as the Foreign Office of imperial Turkey, in the days of the sultans. It is now the seat of the provincial and city government. The name, referring to the imposing doorway with its enormous sloping roof, was a popular tag, like France's Quai d'Orsay or Britain's Number 10 Downing Street.

2. *The Sultan Ahmed Mosque* is on higher ground, near the main entrance to the Old Seraglio (to be discussed separately in a later section). This is the one

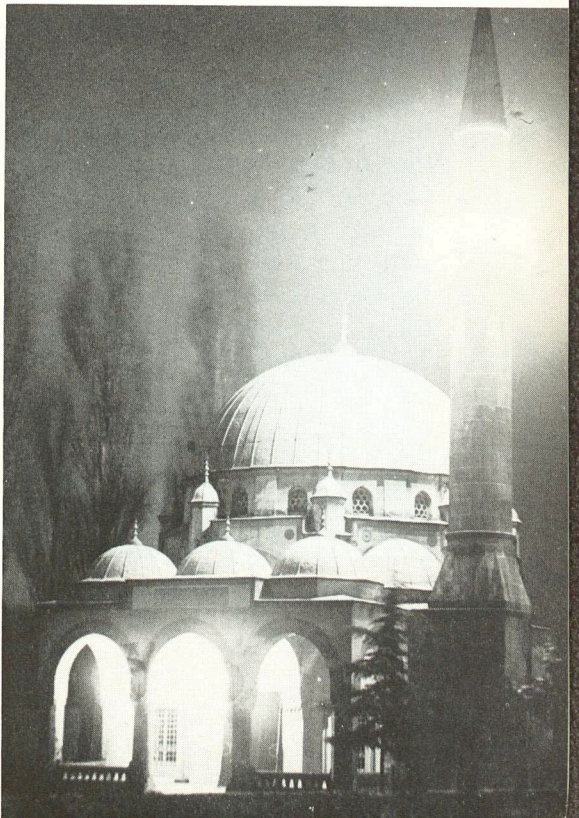


with six minarets, and because it was given six the Great Mosque of Mecca, which already had six, was given a seventh, so that it might retain its minaret supremacy. A fragment of the black stone that Gabriel gave to Abraham, the celebrated Kaaba, Mecca's holy of holies, is alleged to be in the mihrab (prayer nook) of this edifice. The interior of the mosque is a brilliant blue, which accounts for its popular name, the Blue Mosque. Some of the blue is of a very lovely and delicate hue, on faïence. More of it is preposterously garish, being blue decorations crudely painted on the columns and vaulting.

Immediately to the west of this huge shrine of Islam is the *Hippodrome* of the early empire. It must have been a place of earth-rocking excitement when the military triumphs and the big chariot races were held here. In the middle of the *spina*, around which the charioteers raced, Emperor Theodosius I erected an obelisk brought from Heliopolis in Egypt, and it still stands where he placed it sixteen centuries ago. Also marking the *spina* are two other relics, a weather-greened column of twined serpents filched by Constantine from Delphi, where it had been erected in 479 B.C. to mark the victory of the Plataeans at the Pythian Games, and a small stone pyramid built



Courtyard of Blue Mosque
Illuminated Mosque



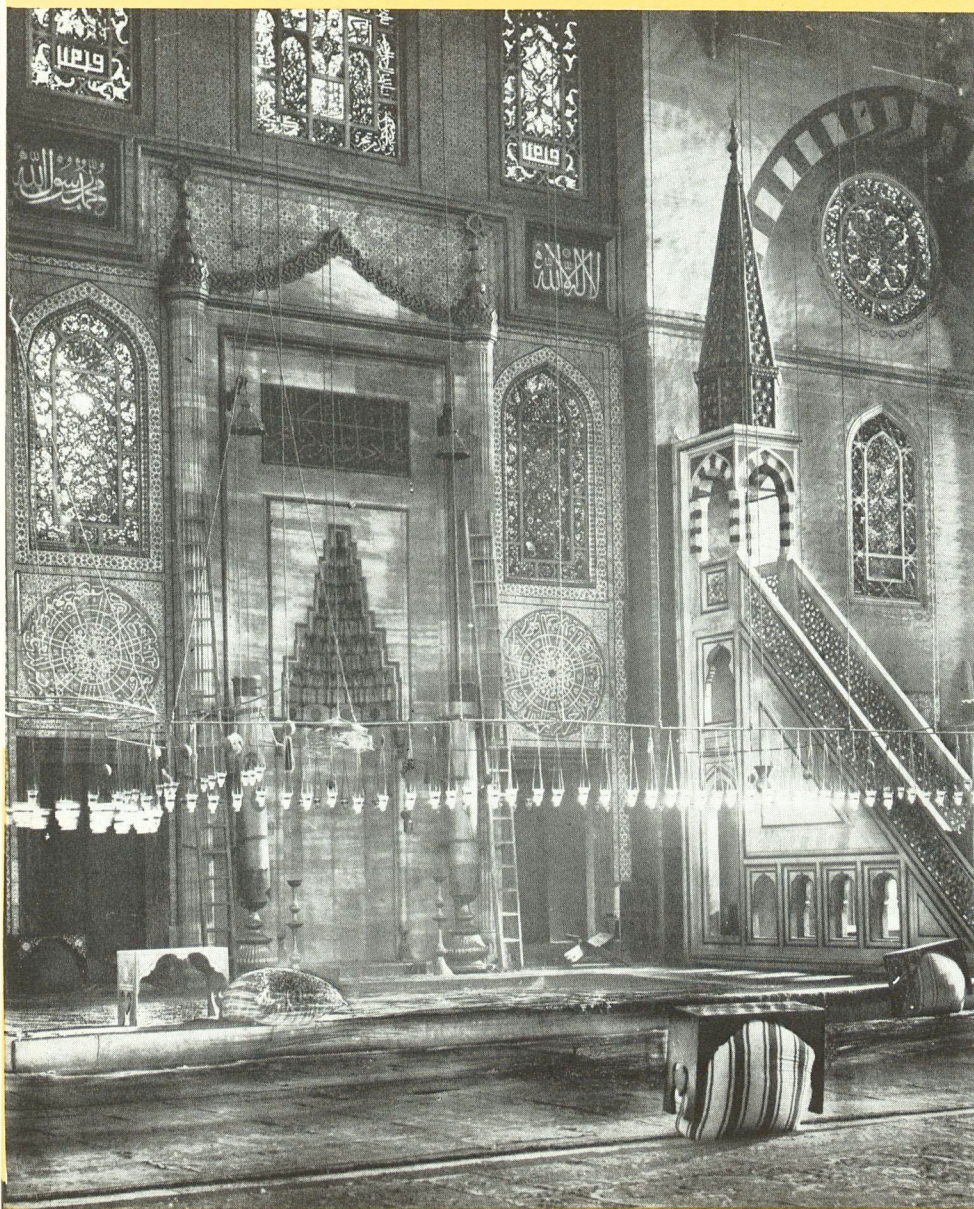
by Emperor Constantine Porphyrogenitus (Born-to-the-Purple) in the tenth century. As the grand anticlimax of the Hippodrome, visitors are shown the squatty fountain that Kaiser Wilhelm II gave to his political crony, Sultan Abdul Hamid.

3. The *Mosque of Sultan Suleiman the Magnificent*, flanked on one side by the old *University* (vast new buildings are now under construction in a neighboring quarter) and on the other by the *Museum of Islamic Art*, befits the name of its builder, for it is the largest and most grandiose of all the city's mosques and is sentineled by four large minarets. To increase its effect still further, it rises from the crest of a cypress-gardened hill dominating the Golden Horn. In a separate structure near by are the tombs of Suleiman and his queen Roxelana. The man in charge of the mosque's construction was Sinan Aga, the most celebrated of all Turkish architects. Among the many marvels of its interior the amazing acoustics are noteworthy, matching those of the Baptistery in Pisa or the Ear of Dionysius in Syracuse. Suleiman the Magnificent, most famous of the Ottoman sultans, was a tremendous figure of history, worth brushing up on, if you have lost track of his great exploits and equally great failures. It was he who drove the Knights of St. John from Rhodes. It was he who failed to drive them from Malta. Most importantly of all, it was he who lost forty thousand men in the Siege of Vienna, in 1529, and had to retire without capturing the city. All Europe trembled in its boots while the Austrian capital stood firm against the tidal wave of Turkish power.

4. The *Mosque of Fatih*, reached by a broad street that hides in the lee of the fourth-century *Aqueduct of Valens* (still in use), is the special shrine of Mehmet the Conqueror, who captured Constantinople in 1453 and established the power of Turkey. An earthquake damaged it in 1768 but it was rebuilt in its present, somewhat Italianate style. It is chiefly notable for its size and for the great number of buildings that surround it, the small domes of these buildings producing the effect of a sea of masonry bubbles. There are schools, hospitals, students' quarters, pilgrim lodgings, baths and I know not what else, for a mosque of Islam is very much more than a place where the faithful go to wash and pray.

5. The *Sultan Selim Mosque*, near the Golden Horn, receives little attention from tour organizers but it richly repays a visit. Sultan Selim was the father of Suleiman the Magnificent.

6. The *Fethiyé Mosque* was formerly the Greek Orthodox Pam-



Interior of Süleymaniye Mosque

macaristos Church and some of the Christian inscriptions may still be seen in its stonework. Moslem Turkey justly prides itself on its completely tolerant treatment of rival religions. The Orthodox Eastern (Greek) Church is strong in Istanbul, which is, as a matter of fact, one of the four recognized patriarchates, along with Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem.

7. The *Kariye Mosque*, another former church, is of outstanding charm because of its superb mosaics. This lovely little Byzantine structure is so appealing that it is in process of being converted, like great St. Sophia, into a public museum.

8. Finally, the *Mihri Mah Mosque* was built by Princess Mihri Mah, who was a daughter of Suleiman the Magnificent and Queen Roxelana. The master architect, Sinan Aga, was its designer, and although reconstruction has been necessary as recently as 1907, its original lines and luminous cheerfulness have been faithfully retained. It seems to fit the name of the princess.

To The Café of Pierre Loti

Pierre Loti was a devoted "Constantinopliphile" and wrote two of his strange, dreamy masterpieces, half novel, half narrative, about his experiences here, namely *Aziyadé* and *Fantôme d'Orient*. Part of the second one is supposed to have been written in a humble outdoor café on high ground above the inner end of the Golden Horn and certainly he did spend many hours there, indulging his fancies and memories. In all the region he could not have found a lovelier spot, as you will agree when you treat yourself to a *kahvé* or *tchai* in the same establishment, which is quite as humble as in his day and six or seven decades more decrepit.

Some things along the route to Loti's hillside, a little way outside the city, can enhance the journey to that goal. In the neighborhood of the last four mosques mentioned above, are some of the gigantic ancient cisterns that were so carefully made and maintained in imperial days. The *Cistern of Arcadius*, to the rear of the Selim Mosque, could contain, it is estimated, six and a half million cubic feet of water, and when you see it—for this one is uncovered and open to view—you will concur in the estimate. Another large one is the *Aspar Cistern*, between the Fethiyé and Mihri Mah mosques.

The road goes through the *Adrianople Gate*, piercing the enormous double walls of Emperor Theodosius, and from there on you



Feeding the pigeons at the Eyub Mosque



are continually passing the jolliest cemeteries in the world. They may not *look* jolly in the least, but that will be because you have not been inoculated with the cheerful Turkish philosophy about death. The gravestones tip at the craziest angles, looking all the odder because of the jaunty turbans of stone so often crowning the monuments, and many lie flat on the ground, but that is part of the idea. Turks say, in all earnestness, that life tips and falls down, so why not the monuments to those who have lived! These are never raised back to an erect position, as that would be a defiance of the facts of life. There is, in Turkish thought, no sadness whatever about a cemetery. There is high good cheer, and even much humor. I asked my guide to translate some of the old Arabic inscriptions and these are two of the things he read to me: "Here lies . . . , who used to enjoy 120 grams of opium regularly and lived 134 years. You may try it."; "Here lies . . . , who had 40 years of quarreling with his wife. He couldn't stand it and died." Most of the epitaphs, however, are more serious, though no less personal, as: "I died for this country and you must pray for me."

Above the Golden Horn one encounters another famous mosque (I have omitted mention of five or six more, of almost equal importance), in fact the holiest one of them all. It is the *Mosque of Eyub*, honoring the bearer of that name, who was also the Bearer of the

The Golden Horn



Standard of Mohammed. This hero lies in a separate tomb behind a gilded grille and always there are faithful Moslems praying at this grille. To give accent to their prayers they finger the Moslem rosaries, called *tesbih*, of ninety-nine beads, reciting a prayer for each bead. The mosque itself, built of white marble is a design of great elegance, was constructed at the order of Mehmet the Conqueror. It contains an item of supreme sanctity, the very sword of Mohammed, the Prophet of Allah. In Ottoman days each successive sultan girded himself with this sword in a ceremony marking his accession to the throne.

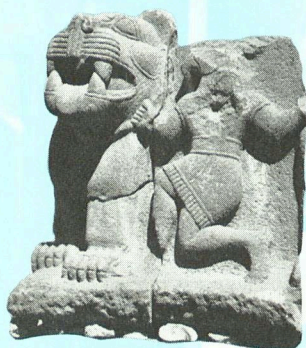
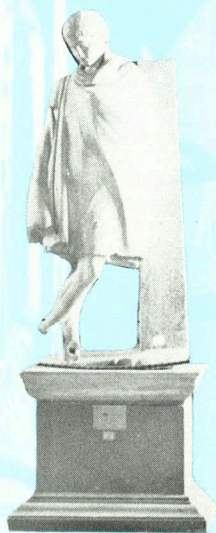
And so, by a further short ride, to Loti's café. The view from there is enough to induce romantic reveries in the most phlegmatic spirit. To the right, as one gazes out, is the inspiring ensemble of the Old City, piercing the sky with a multitude of sacred spears, the minarets of Islam. Beyond this, one sees the Sea of Marmara, dotted with the Princes Isles. Below lies the narrowing Golden Horn, and trickling into it the brooklet which meanders down from the treeless but pretty campagna so wistfully named "The Sweet Waters of Europe." It is no wonder that the French Huguenot author who wandered so far afield and took his pen name from the lotus of India found this lofty and peaceful retreat more to his liking than any other in the world he knew.



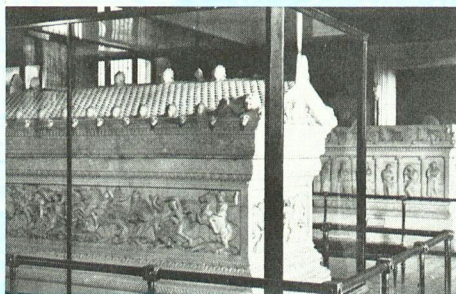
Three Palaces and Their Harems

The palaces of Ottoman Turkey are an amazing heritage. There are three in Greater Istanbul, the Old Seraglio near St. Sophia, the Dolma Bagché, directly on the Bosphorus, and the Yildiz Kiosk, in a wooded park above that blue ribbon of water.

The *Old Seraglio* replaces the ancient imperial palaces on the Byzantine acropolis. It was abandoned about a century ago in favor of the palace on the Bosphorus, but as long as the sultans continued to rule they came here on a ceremonial visit each year to do honor to the sacred relics of the Prophet, for example, his coat and a single hair of his beard, that are kept here. The Old Seraglio is a complex of buildings, surrounding three separate courts, rather than a single palace. Not all of these buildings are open to the public, but authorization to enter certain ones can be secured. The usual entrance is through the Bab-i-Humayun (*Bab* is Arabic for Gate), and this gives the visitor a logical chance to pause and admire a marble masterpiece of Moslem art, the *Fountain of Ahmed*, which is a separate structure in front of the gate and close to the north-east (rear) portion of St. Sophia. In the Seraglio precincts is a larger building, of equal interest, the former Greek *Church of St. Irene*, now the *Armory* of old Turkish weapons, including among its treasures the swords of all the conquering sultans. The church-armory also contains a wealth of lovely old tiles and porcelains. Almost adjacent to it is the important *Museum of Antiquities*, whose most celebrated possession is an elaborately carved sarcophagus of Pentelic marble, popularly called the *Sarcophagus of Alexander the Great*.



Museum of Antiquities

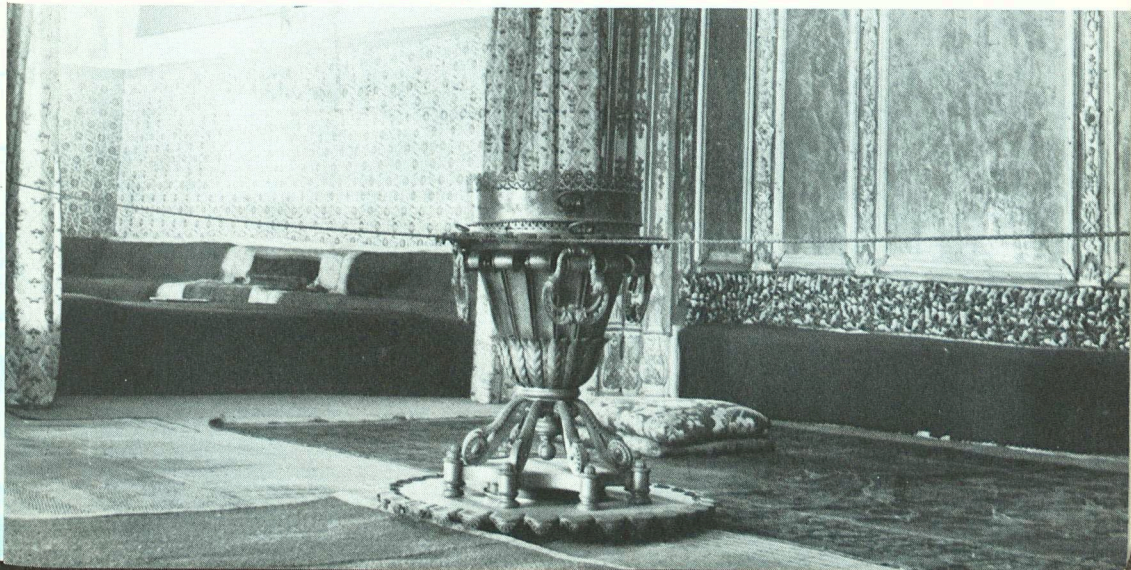


Within the Seraglio's inner gate are the throne room, the treasury, the *Kiosk of Bagdad* and the *harem*. Splendors of palace life reached lofty peaks in the eighteenth century and the first part of the nineteenth. The Bagdad Kiosk, once a room for masculine repose and conversation over coffee, is beautified by some of the finest tilework in the Near East, and as for the harem, the sultan's wives and concubines certainly lived in idle luxury, even if they were prisoners of custom. There is a little pool outside the harem, and on a promontory jutting into it the sultan used to seat himself on balmy days and watch his women frolic about him naked in the water and on the pool's edge. This was an important part of their "work." In the tulip gardens surrounding the pool gay fiestas went far into the night. To enliven the scene wax candles were affixed to the backs of tortoises and the wicks lighted. The tortoises lumbered about among the flowers, irked, no doubt, by the burdens they were obliged to carry, but making a fairylife pattern of moving lights.

The entire point of the peninsula on which the Old Seraglio stands has been made into a park and the views of the Bosphorus from the Bagdad Kiosk and other buildings, through cedar and cypress groves and gardens of roses and carpets of violets, are as memorable, in their different way, as is the view from Loti's café.

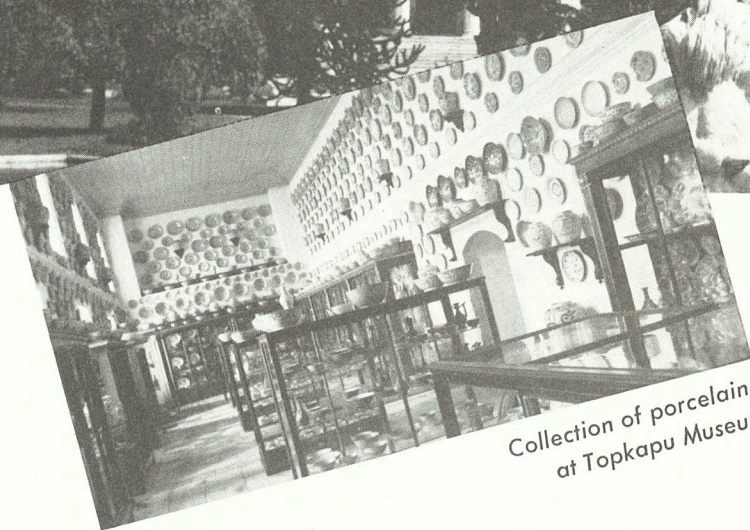
The *Dolma Bagché Palace* was built about a hundred years ago and its nineteenth-century immensities and splendors surpass anything that the visitor can imagine in advance. I believe that I have strolled through practically all the former royal palaces of Europe, including those of Berlin and those of the French and Spanish

Harem quarters at Topkapu Museum



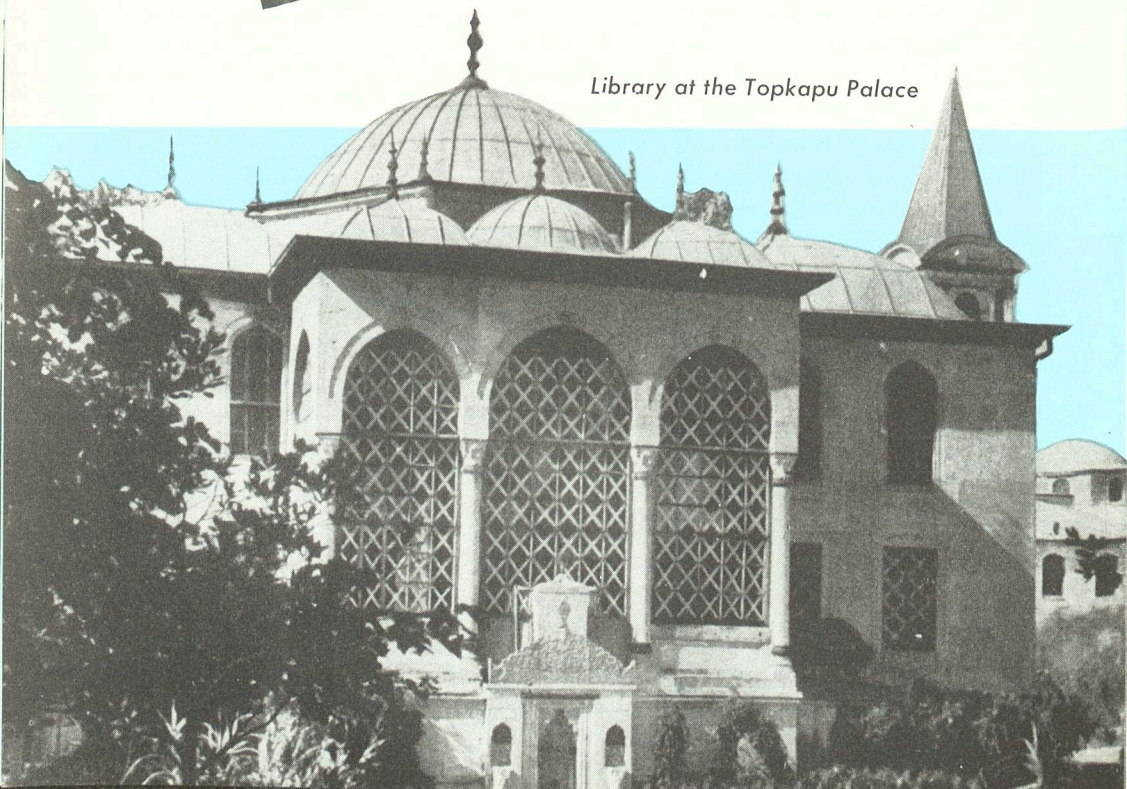


*The
Dolmabahçe
Palace*



*Collection of porcelains
at Topkapu Museum*

Library at the Topkapu Palace



Bourbon kings, but it seems to me that I have never found such vast acreage, at least on any one floor, as here. You walk for what seems an eighth of a mile and then learn from your guide that you have nearly reached the central portion. This palace has within its marble acres many things to marvel at. There are several of the world's largest chandeliers, one, a present from Czar Nicholas II, weighing three and a half tons. There are relics or gifts from most of the kings and queens of nineteenth-century Europe and some from an earlier period, including certain interesting Napoleana. One of Napoleon's gifts to one of the sultans is a table with enamel insets of all the women in his life. All? Well, let us be accurate and say many. Among them are his mother, his sister Pauline Bonaparte, and his two wives, Joséphine and Marie Louise, getting along together very amicably.

A special sight of the palace is the alabaster room for the cleansing of the imperial body. It is a bath with heated floor, such as even Mussolini never achieved when he remodeled for himself the Palace of the Grand Master of the Knights of Rhodes. Another palace sight is the bed, big enough for Hercules and grand enough for Zeus, that Abdul Hamid II had built for the visit of his friend Kaiser Wilhelm II. Still another is the death-room of Atatürk, who used the palace at times and died here in 1938.

But of course the *harem* arouses our chief interest, for this is an exotic touch not found in the palaces of western Europe. And *what* a touch. It seems to me that the sultans must have had a good acre of women in Dolma Bagché. In the women's wing one room stands apart, the red and gold and white boudoir of the head wife, being that one who was lucky enough to bear her lord his first acknowledged son. The gleaming blue reception room of this quarter of the palace is the salon where the sultan would sometimes gather together *all* his wives and children, as if in a family convention!

The *Yildiz Kiosk*, newest of the three palaces, is a delightful building, of understandable proportions, beautifully sheltered by woods yet offering good views of the Bosphorus. It is a very modest place by comparison with the others, but its modesty has the usual limits. Here, as in the Old Seraglio, there is a pool where the naked odalisques of the harem disported themselves before the dotting eyes of the sultan, seated comfortably in his pavilion. The *Yildiz Kiosk* is now a very good summer café. Dancing—but not with odalisques—may be enjoyed on the broad terrace.





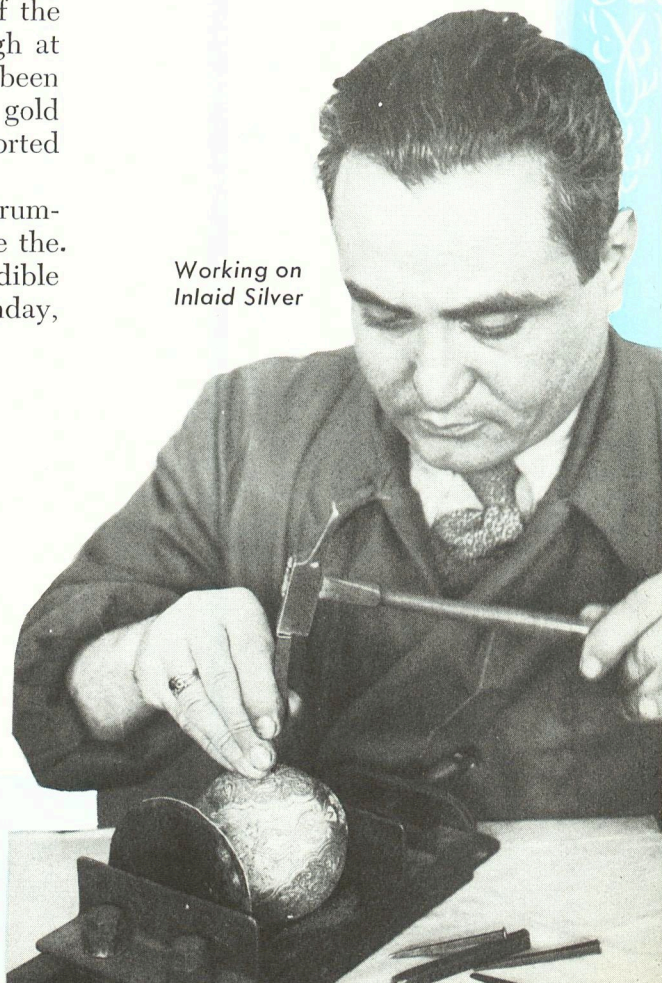


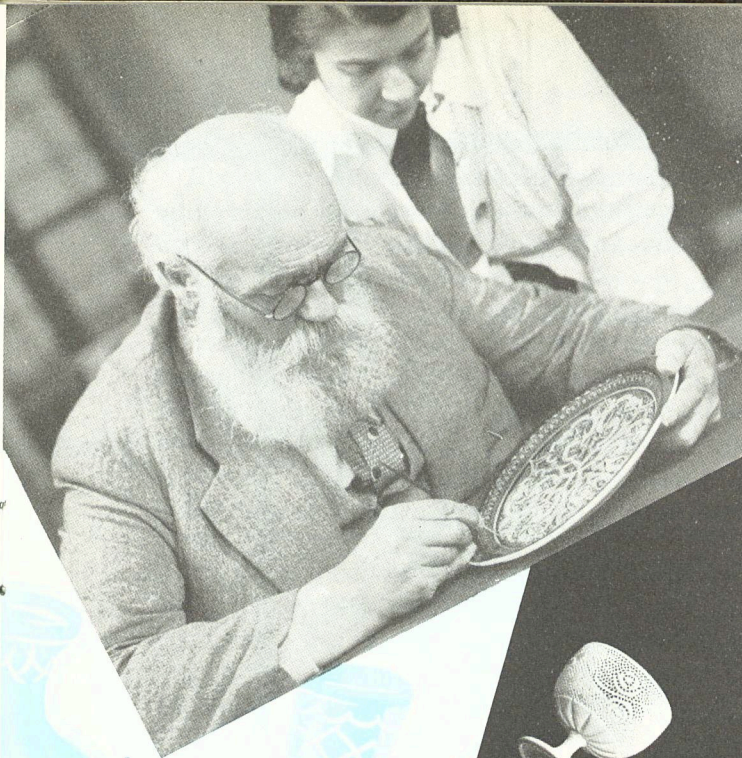
Alice in the Grand Bazaar

The *Grand Bazaar*, in the heart of old Istanbul, a wonderland for shoppers, has been mentioned with awed enthusiasm in Chapter 7 and it is almost enough to say here again, "*Don't miss it.*" The present hive of trade, completely roofed over, was constructed in 1898 after being heavily damaged by an earthquake four years previously. It has ninety-two streets, each devoted to some special type of merchandise. One type, barely mentioned in my earlier paeans, is *gold*. You haven't seen so much of the real stuff since gold was "called in" years ago. Shops by the glittering dozen sell ornaments, chains, trinkets of every conceivable form and variety and the prices are determined by the bourse quotations on pure gold on the day of your visit. They are determined also by the weight of the item, on jeweler's scales, as well as by the quality of the craftsmanship. If you are a resident of Istanbul and buy an item of pure gold in the bazaar you can sell it back whenever you want to at very little loss, or perhaps even at a gain, if the official quotations are high at the time. It has already been sadly mentioned that gold items may *not* be exported from Turkey.

One caution is worth trumpeting. If you want to see the Grand Bazaar at its incredible best, do not go on a Sunday, for the Moslem merchants close up shop on Sunday, just as the Christian merchants do, and they keep open on Friday. Turkey, it will be remembered, is unique among Moslem lands in this concession to business convenience and to the general European custom.

*Working on
Inlaid Silver*





Hand-painted plates



Hand-carved
meerschaum



Turkish fashions,
old and new

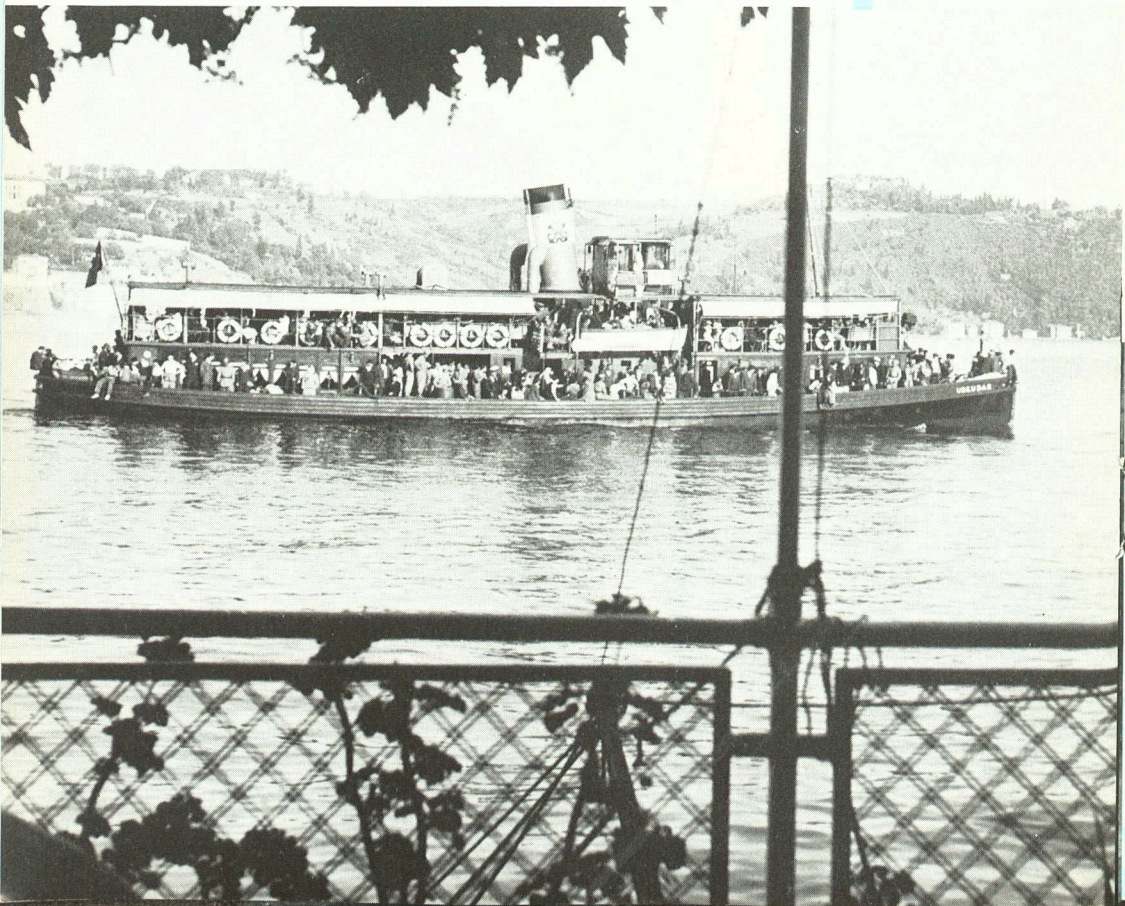


The Waters of Holiday

One of the greatest delights of a visit to Istanbul is holiday fun on its many waters, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmara. This may take the form of ferry or caique rides *on* the water, motor rides *beside* it or bathing *in* it. Most likely it will include all three.

The Bosphorus is, of course, the main stem of water fun. For about fourteen miles your ferry will carry you along between Europe and Asia, stopping now at one continent, now at the other. You see the palaces and mosques and towers as the whitecaps see them. You catch many a glimpse of life as lived in villages and villas and summer resorts on both sides. Some of the main halts may be listed here.

Üsküdar (Scutari), across the way in Asia, calls for a special visit, if time can possibly permit, to see the "last refuge of local color," as a French folder somewhat inaccurately phrases it, and to view the Istanbul ensemble from the lofty vantage point of *Chamlidja Hill*.



Beylebey (on the Asian side) is the station for the sumptuous white marble palace of that name built for Empress Eugénie in 1865 by Sultan Abdul Aziz I, perhaps the most elegant of all the palaces in Greater Istanbul.

Ortaköy (Europe) is especially notable for its villas of the wealthy and for its tipsy houses of blackened wood, wonderfully appealing to the artistic eye and said also to be often extremely comfortable and even luxurious inside. One hopes they won't collapse and be replaced by modern houses that could be anywhere in Europe. Most of these old dwellings along the edge have their own *caïque* "garages."

Kandilli and *Anadoluhisar* (both in Asia) are ferry halts of some importance on the south and north side respectively of two little streams that moisten the prairie here called "The Sweet Waters of Asia." Both the European and the Asiatic Sweet Waters are favorite hiking and picnic grounds on Saturdays and Sundays. *Anadoluhisar* has a ruined castle built by Mehmet the Conqueror. The name of the village has a special significance for me, for in the summer of 1949 I saw a gleaming white ferryboat fresh from the ways in Rotterdam's harbor labeled ANADOLUHISAR—ISTANBUL. It was made by Dutch ship-builders and dispatched to the Bosphorus, where, just now, I have used it for one of my holiday excursions.

Rumelihisar (Europe) has a very impressive ruin, chiefly three towers connected by crenelated walls, called the *Castle of Europe*, built, as you will have come to expect, by Mehmet the Conqueror. The Bosphorus is at its narrowest point between these two "hisars" (Anadolu and Rumeli) and it is thought by historians that Darius, and later Xerxes, and finally Xenophon, with his Ten Thousand Greeks, here crossed the strait. For Xenophon it was the end of his 1500-mile anabasis, his account of which has ever since been the bane of first-year Greek students. *Robert College*, by the way, which knows all about Xenophon's *Anabasis*, looms in some grandeur on the heights just south of Rumelihisar. This famous American college, founded in 1863, has survived all political changes and been a bulwark of sound teaching, tolerance and scholarship.

Emirgan (Europe) is known to holiday-seekers for its very lively *Coffee House of the Oak*, at the very edge of the Bosphorus.

Yeniköy (Europe) is a suburb fringing a narrow inlet.

Tarabya (Europe) has been mentioned in our hotel roundup (Chapter 6) for its excellent Hotel Tarabya Konak and for the general "Swissness" of this lovely resort, on its own crescent cove. Tarabya was the favorite resort of diplomats before the war and still has a considerable vogue, though the capital of Turkey has been transferred to Ankara.



The Princes' Isles

Büyükdéré (Europe) is the take-off point for lovely forest walks and for some well-known mineral springs where, by at least one printed account, patrons who "take the waters" in various cafés are weighed upon entering and again upon leaving and pay for the water according to the *increase* shown by the scales. I have not yet personally visited these springs and my curiosity about the unique system of charging for drinks is so overpowering that a third visit to Istanbul takes form on my agenda "to see if it is true."

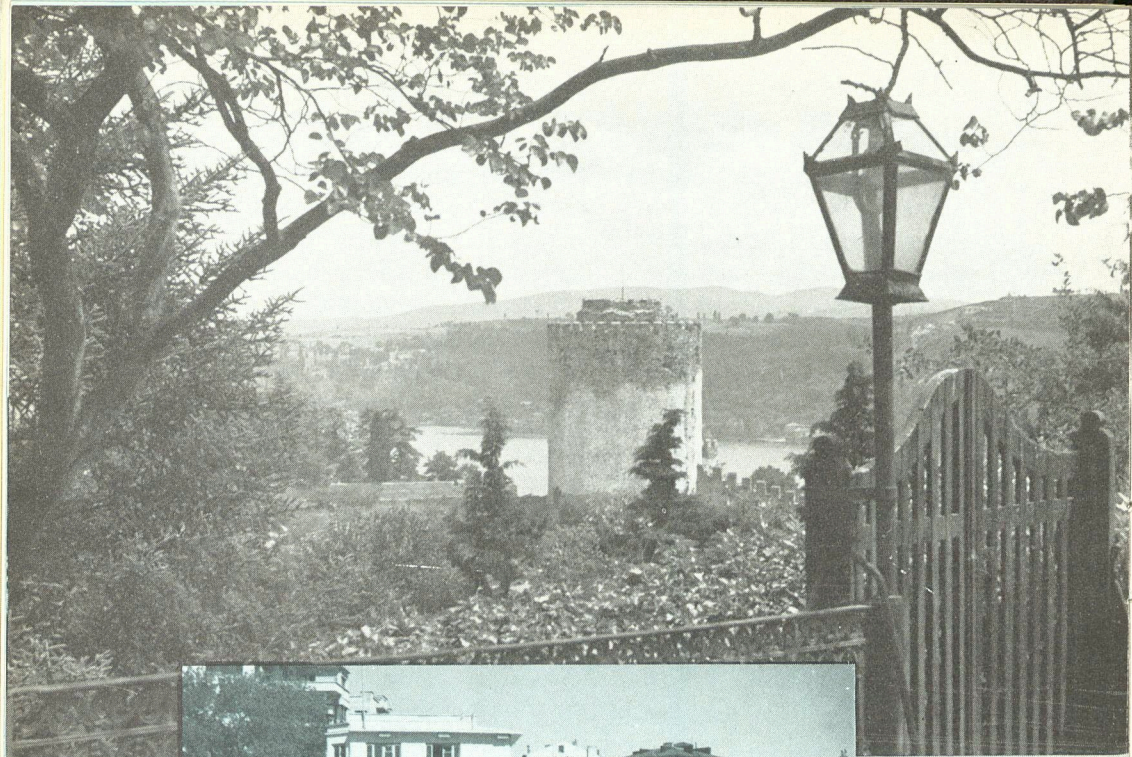
Sarıyer (Europe), where a "Sailors' Venus" statue excited passing mariners in medieval times, is now a modest and delightful little summer resort. It is a good climax on ferry wanderings on the Bosphorus, since the remaining villages on both sides are of decreasing interest. It is practical and even easy for the tourist who has wearied of the ferry and wishes to return directly to the city to find and board a yellow municipal bus marked TAKSIM.

* * *

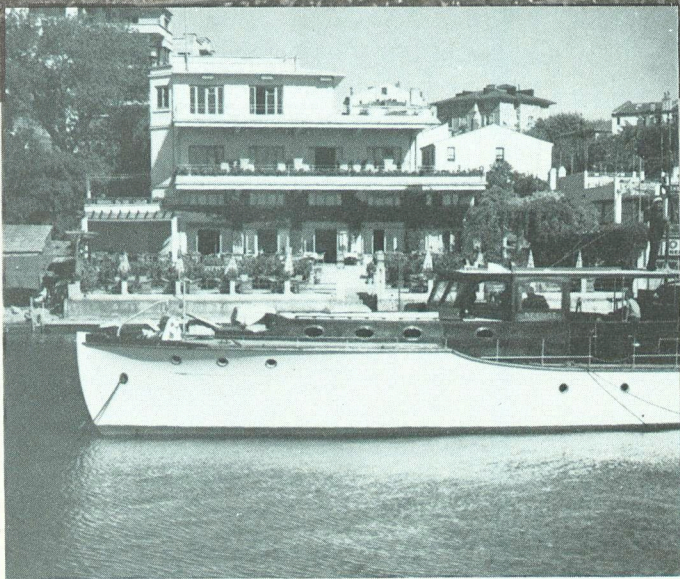
The *Princes' Isles* are a never-disappointing attraction of the Sea of Marmara but, en route to them, on the Anatolian shore of the same sea, just outside the populous suburbs of Haydar Pasha and Kadiköy, is a mainland resort that is too often overlooked. I refer to *Moda*, whose crescent bay is alive with pleasure craft and bathers every summer day, small sailboats predominating, with chromatic sails of red, pink, yellow, brown and even a sea-matching blue. The *Moda Club*, a private one to be visited with a member, has the most inviting seaside refreshment terrace in Greater Istanbul and there are several charming little hotels where "membership" is as wide as the tourist world, the leading establishment being the *Moda Palace*. At the terminus of the coastal tramway that goes from Kadiköy to and beyond *Moda* is a public beach named *Fenerbagché* where a lot of inexpensive salt-water fun is to be had. The fun may include the purchase of an ear of steaming hot sweet corn from a giant caldron that is wheeled about by an itinerant peddler.

The *Princes' Isles*, to return to the original subject, need very little explaining, for they "see themselves." The first one reached by the steamer from Gálata Bridge in Kinali; the second, Burgaz; the third, Heybeli, identified by a Greek Orthodox seminary on high ground; the fourth, which is the Big Island, Büyükada, formerly known to Greek residents as Prinkipo.

There are several smaller islands in the group, the most westerly and remote of them being the pyramid-shaped islet called Oxia. This is a place of grim connotation, for in 1910 it was the "concentration camp" of thousands upon thousands of unfortunate, half-wild curs rounded up from Constantinople's streets and exiled to this rocky prison, where they were left to die of starvation. I made a boyhood visit to Constantinople with my parents in 1907 and vividly remember those pestilential, yapping dogs, so thick in the streets that they made walking a hazard. Something

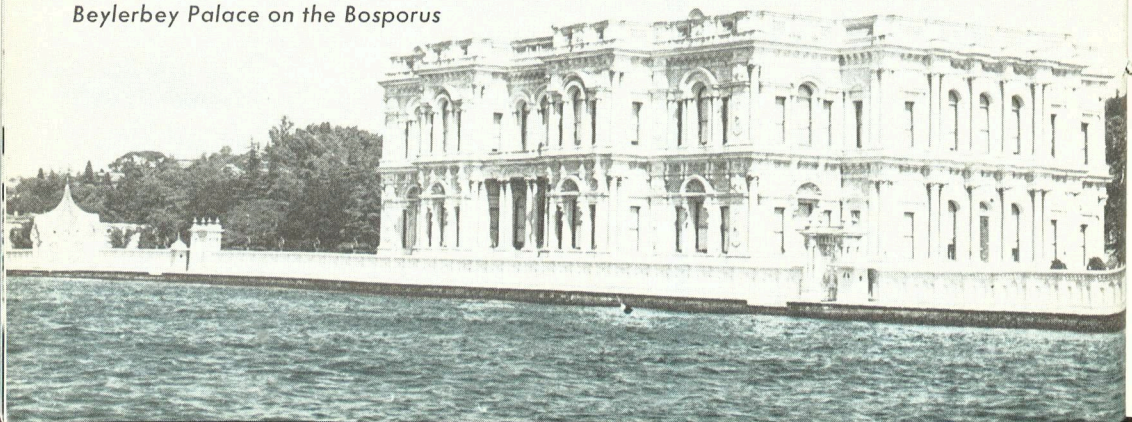


*Garden
on the
Bosporus*



*Moda
Yacht
Club*

Beylerbey Palace on the Bosporus



had to be done to rid the city of them, but I feel very certain that enlightened, republican Turkey of today would never countenance the cruel way in which imperial Turkey put them away.

Büyükkada, to come to a scene as cheerful as Oxia is grim, is a thriving center of holiday life, with several good hotels and beaches, a lot of outdoor cafés and much gay animation generally. A carriage ride around the island, between steamers, makes a charming tour, and indeed that is the only way you can ride unless you hire a bike, for this island allows no motor vehicles.

* * *

Some of the bathing resorts of the European shore, in both directions from Istanbul, are very popular goals. *Florya*, on the Sea of Marmara, about twelve miles west of the city and reached by frequent trains from the *Sirkeci Station* in the old city, has one of the finest beaches in all Europe, and to give the place prestige, there is located here a villa, built on piles over the water, that serves as a summer residence for the president of the republic. The installations at Florya's public beach are of a luxury wonderful to behold in this far end of the Continent. Around an up-to-tomorrow swimming pool visitors may rent private cabins, each with its own terrace, sitting room, napping room, shower and toilet. That would be something for Florida, not Florya, to boast about. The public locker and small-cabin section has plenty of quality to suit me and on a sultry summer day, which proved also to be a national holiday, I sought to avail myself of it. The crowd queuing up at the gate was tremendous and when I finally got to the ticket window I alone, as it seemed to me, was refused a ticket. Nonplussed and annoyed, I tried to argue, in English, with the harried girl, who spoke only Turkish. I made no headway at all and at that point "when a feller needs a friend," I suddenly acquired one. A soft feminine voice at my elbow explained, "She says there are no lockers left and that on holidays like this, with such big crowds, they don't rent cabins to single persons, but if you would like to share a cabin with mummy and me, we'd be delighted." I was *more* than delighted, for the problem was handsomely solved. The girl and her "mummy" had first use of the cabin and then my turn came. The three of us met on the terrace for cokes and then a long swim. "We're an English family," explained the young girl, "and I work in the British Embassy, but mummy doesn't speak any English and neither does daddy. You see, mummy was Greek and daddy was born on Malta.

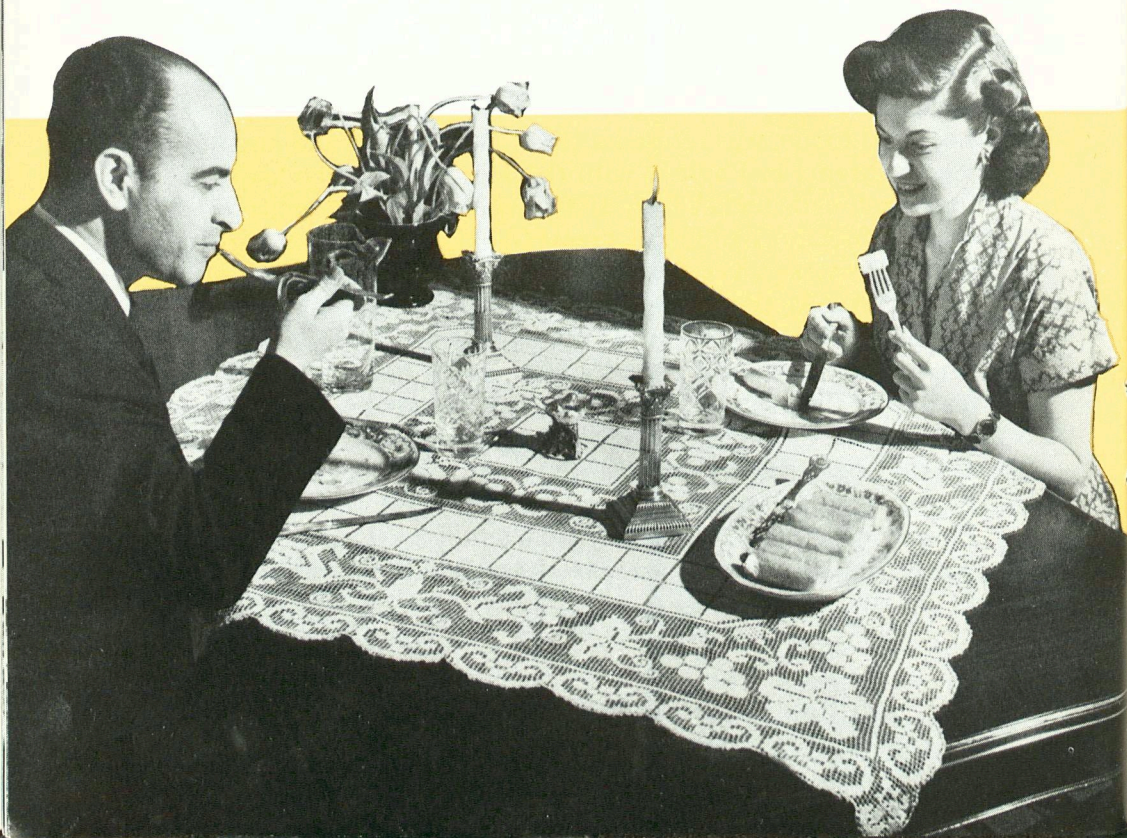
We always speak Greek or Turkish at home, but we are English, one hundred per cent, because daddy's English."

Along the Bosphorus almost every suburb becomes a watering place in summer. One of the easiest of them for visitors to enjoy is the aforementioned Tarabya. Another place, nearer the city, is the *Lido*, a small hotel and "gazzino," with a swimming pool and a gay dance-café. The front rooms of the hotel, if you wish to stay here and if you can secure one, will prove most attractive in their Bosphorus outlook, for each has its own balcony, *but* this is hardly a place for repose!

Good Food and Good Fun

I have glowed (in Chapter 6) about Turkish food and I glow again as I present some of the remarkable restaurants of Istanbul.

The *Misir Çarsisi*, meaning Egyptian Bazaar and located in upstairs rooms *in* the Egyptian Bazaar (so named because spices of the East, brought via Egypt, were formerly sold here), is easily found because it is close to the conspicuous Queen Mother Mosque. It is one of the best restaurants in the city. Several of the delectable dishes that I attempted to describe in Chapter 6 I first sampled here. The blue-tiled rooms of the restaurant have all the ingredients of cheer and atmosphere, and the view from their windows takes in



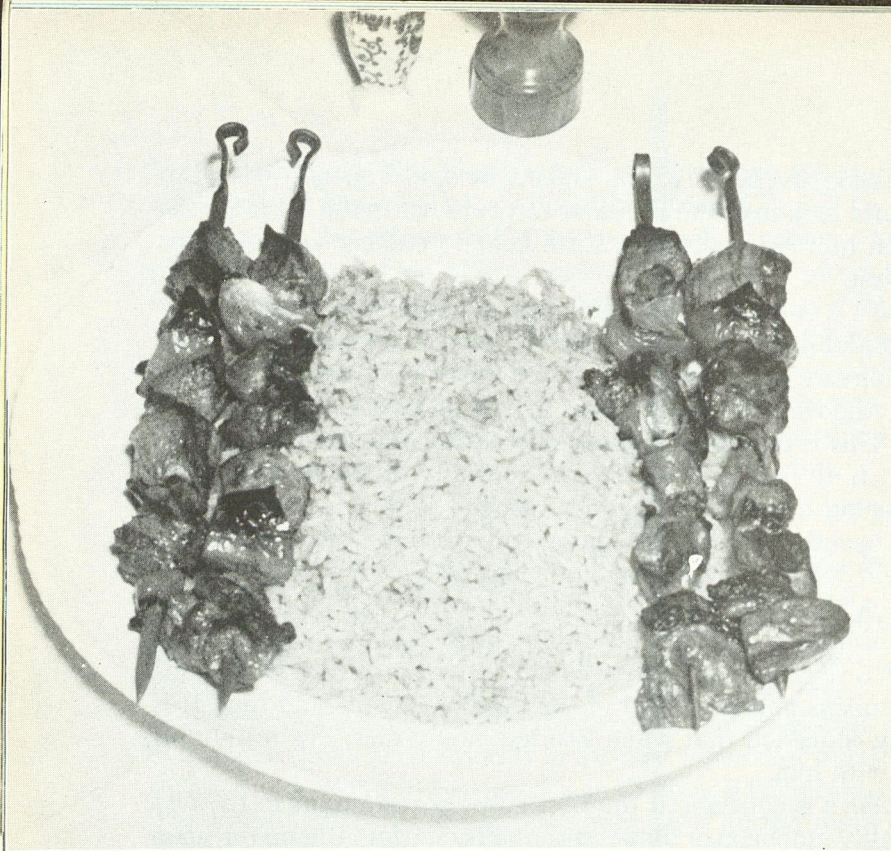
the unceasing liveliness of the Gálata Bridge. You may visit the kitchen and look over the shoulder of your chef in the Misir Çarsisi to see just how he cooks your shish kebab or döner kebab on his turning spit.

Pandeli's, a one-man establishment that revolves around the person of Pandeli himself, a Greek master-chef, is a marketers' restaurant, as famous, in its different way, as the Misir Çarsisi. It is a few blocks to the west of the Egyptian Bazaar and takes a good deal of finding. This is a luncheon place only and of the sawdust-on-floor type that is all food and no style. A specialty of the house is *piliç dolma*, being a chicken "cylinder" stuffed with vegetables. Boss Pandeli, beautifully white of "mane" and eyebrows, stands behind a street-floor food-bar (the restaurant has also an upstairs section) and directs the show like the absolute monarch that he is. If things seem to him to be getting a bit dull he likes to bawl out a waiter or two with a roaring that makes the old house shake. It is part of his act and means nothing. Most of the patrons love it—and him. It is generally conceded that when Pandeli finally dies, this restaurant will die with him.

Abdullah's is considered the best straight restaurant in the city for a quality luncheon or dinner in a quality setting. It is on the main thoroughfare of Beyoglu (Istiklal Caddesi), very near Taksim. Abdullah Efendi, the owner, has made his establishment a distinguished international restaurant specializing in marvelous hors d'oeuvres and sea food. His mussel soup—which *must be ordered twenty-four hours in advance*—is famous throughout the Near East.

Among places of special evening appeal, the *Taksim Casino* and the *Kervansaray*, alluded to in the paragraphs on city geography, are at the top level of excellence. Each is a-restaurant-cabaret of the most luxurious and elegant type. The former, a very large affair, is the doyen of all the city's smarter places, its reputation having been well established for a number of years. The *Kervansaray* is the last word in luxe and good taste, a place that opened as 1950 turned into 1951.





Turkish Food



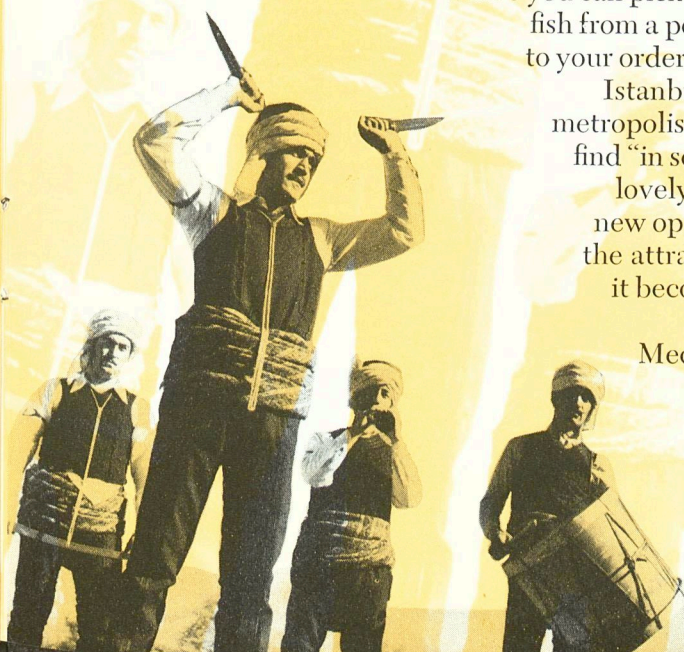
Its Corinthian-pillar design and its gleaming whiteness give it a look of grandeur that yet does not rob it of homelikeness. The workmanship and décor are 100 per cent Turkish. Each of these leading luxury restaurants offers a first-rate, full-length international floor show that alternates with the music of good dance bands, and each also has a late-hours (or early-hours) cabaret on a lower floor. *Park Hotel* has a less pretentious but pleasant little cabaret, also “downstairs.”

One restaurant of a more modest nature needs mention. It is the oddly and Gallicly named *Degustasyon*, yet the place is distinctly Italian. Its pasta dishes are deliciously cooked and one can get a really good meal here on a very small outlay. It is on *Istiklal Caddesi*, a few doors south of *Hotel Konak*, and several of its side windows look out on lovely flower stalls in a shopping arcade. The central city's two best tearooms are also to be found on the main street of *Beyoglu*. Their names are respectively *Markiz* and *Lebon*.

Among specialty places outside the center of the city two call for emphatic mention. One is the *Sark Gazino ve Kahvesi*, an Oriental coffee house of recent construction on the hillside above the *Dolma Bagché Palace* and not far from the big *Hilton*-managed hotel now under construction. Its outlook, by day or night, is magnificent. The view takes in not only the broad and busy *Bosporus*, thrilling at all hours, but the whole skyline of *Istanbul*, with its sea of bubble domes and its forest of slender minarets. This is a *municipal* restaurant-café, not a private one.

The other outside place to which I refer is a *Bosporus*-side restaurant called *Canli Balik*, where you can pick out your own swimming fish from a pool and have him cooked to your order.

Istanbul is as up-and-coming a metropolis of pleasure as you could find “in seven countries.” With its lovely open-air theater and its new opera house to supplement the attractions described above, it becomes a contender for top honors as a purveyor of Mediterranean evening life.





Opera House, Ankara





Two Towns of Anatolia

Half an Hour to Bursa

THE visitor to Istanbul who merely takes a ferry across the Bosphorus to Üsküdar or Kadıköy has been to Anatolia, for the name applies technically to *all* of Turkey that lies on the Asia side, being more than nineteen-twentieths of the whole, but since the far side of the Bosphorus is to all intents a part of Greater Istanbul it does not properly introduce the vast area that we used to call Asia Minor. An introduction may, however, be very swiftly and smoothly had by means of Turkish Airlines, and more leisurely had by means of the numerous coastal steamers and the surprisingly excellent express trains on the main routes. (I say surprisingly because I remember the Turkish trains of the pre-Atatürk era!)

Turkish Airlines provides service in modern Douglas planes to many a city of Anatolia. Consider some of the exotic names on the flight schedule: *Bursa*; *Ankara*; *Van* and *Erzurum*, almost at the borders of Iran and Russia; the Mediterranean ports of *Izmir* (Smyrna), neighbor to ancient Ephesus, and *Iskenderun* (Alexandretta); the Black Sea port of *Samsun*, exporter of caviar in quantity; and the inland city of *Konya*, which was the Iconium of the Bible.

The average traveler, able perhaps to squeeze from his itinerary but two or three days to sample all this wealth, must be a wise and rigorous selector. Fortunately two cities stand out pre-eminently, and for utterly different reasons. *Bursa* is one, because it *was* the first capital of the Ottoman Empire and *is* the capital of Anatolian holidays, with much to offer, from wonderful mineral baths, famous for centuries, to snow fields that lure winter athletes. *Ankara* is the

other, because in our time it has jumped from a tatterdemalion market village for farmers and goat herders to a vigorous national capital with all the trappings that modern diplomacy demands in the game of power politics now unhappily re-imposed upon the world.

The leap from Istanbul's airport to that of Bursa takes exactly half an hour, over the Sea of Marmara and an Asian peninsula that juts far out into it. Storks, skittling away from your plane as it settles to earth at Bursa's airfield, may suggest the sleepy days of old Turkey, but modern Bursa is anything but sleepy. With its important silk-weaving industry, tobacco factories and a vast "Green Belt" of orchards to supplement the wealth that its holiday facets attract, it is one of the three or four most thriving cities in the new Turkish republic.

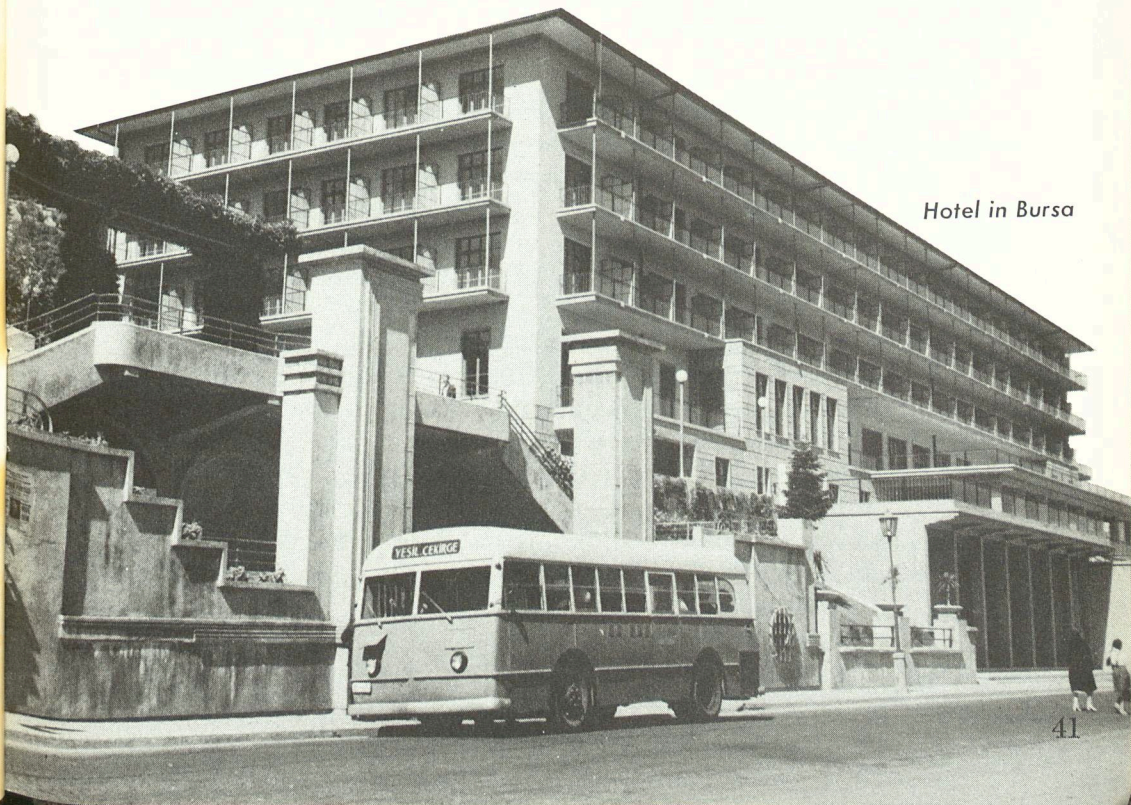
Nine foreign visitors out of ten go to Bursa for its baths or its good fun and those nine are invariably surprised, as I was, to find what a many-chaptered past it has. Omitting the Lydian, Persian, Bithynian, Roman and Crusader chapters, consider for a moment the impact of the Osman (hence *Ottoman*) Turks upon this ancient city. In or about 1324 Osman I captured the place, then called Prusa, and made it the capital of his dawning empire. His successors, Orhan and Murad I, continued the development and all three sultans built handsome mosques, together with the customary burial chapels. Murad I conquered Thrace and transferred his political capital to Adrianople, but because of the sacred ancestral traditions already clinging to Bursa he wished to be buried in that city. His precedent was followed by all his three successors until the time of the conquest of Constantinople in 1453, so it came about that for more than two centuries Bursa, serving as a sort of Turkish pantheon, was fairly glutted with sumptuous and often beautiful Moslem monuments, great mosques and tombs, elaborate baths, elegant fountains.

You will very possibly have become over-mosqued before reaching this mosque-saturated city of the early Ottomans, which is a pity, for some of the most exciting of the whole race are here in Bursa. If you feel you can manage only *one* of the Bursa multitude, do, by all means, concentrate on the so-called *Green Mosque*, built by Mehmet I near the closing decades of Bursa's pantheon period. This mosque gets its popular name from the really marvelous green faïence work with which it abounds, the

most celebrated tiles originating in the West Anatolian region of Kütahya. Some keen students of Turkish architecture consider that even the choicest constructions of that mosque-building genius Sinan Aga, in Istanbul, do not quite match the Green Mosque in perfection of proportions and decorations. But the thing that rouses ecstasies in the connoisseur is the superior *calligraphy* in the inscriptions from the Koran that ornament this mosque. The intricate lettering of sacred texts is the glory of many a mosque, but nowhere does this most Arabic of all the arts reach a higher level of skill and loveliness than here.

If the Green Mosque is perfect, its separate octagonal *türbé*, the Green Tomb of Mohammed I and his family, needs some adjective of still more power, for the tilework here overwhelms the senses by its beauty of tone and taste. Local enthusiasts hesitate not a moment to proclaim this chef-d'oeuvre the finest faïence in the world!

If you are not surfeited by mosques and can "take more," I suggest three more in Bursa, the earliest one of importance, built by Murad I at *Çekirge*, the Grand Mosque, or *Ulucami*, built by that sultan's successor, Yildirim Bayezid, and the *Bayezid Mosque*, by this same eager builder. If you cannot manage so much mosque-



work you can always turn to the lighter feature of Bursa, the mineral baths.

The healing waters of Bursa, among the best anywhere for rheumatic complaints, descend to the city from the mountain called Uludag, one of the several mountains in several countries known to the ancients at various epochs as Olympus. As early as 525 A.D. the Byzantine Empress Theodora is reported to have come here to take the waters—with a modest retinue of four thousand persons, but all of the bath establishments now in existence have been built in Turkish times. The oldest and most famous one, dating largely from the fourteenth century, is called *Eski* (Old) *Kaplica* and is conspicuous in the Çekirge section of the city, near the mosque of Murad I. The *Yeni* (New) *Kaplica* is in the Bademli section, near the big Çelik Palas Hotel. Near this also are two more from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, named *Kükürtlü* and *Kara Mustafa Pasha*.

Nature has been so lavish in distributing mineral waters to Bursa that virtually all the hotels, and the official hotel book lists thirty-eight of them, have natural hot water piped directly into the plumbing systems. The luxurious *Çelik Palas Hotel*, leader of the pack, not only offers a private mineral bathroom with every bedroom but boasts also a public hammam and swimming pool of real magnificence. The temperature of the hot spring feeding this palace of tourism is 44 degrees Centigrade, which translates itself to 111 degrees Fahrenheit. A large new annex costing two million Turkish pounds has just been completed, and, a note of good news to your budget, I may report that a private room and bath in the Çelik Palas, with full board, costs only about six to seven dollars a day. Meals may be had on the open terrace overlooking the city's Green Belt.

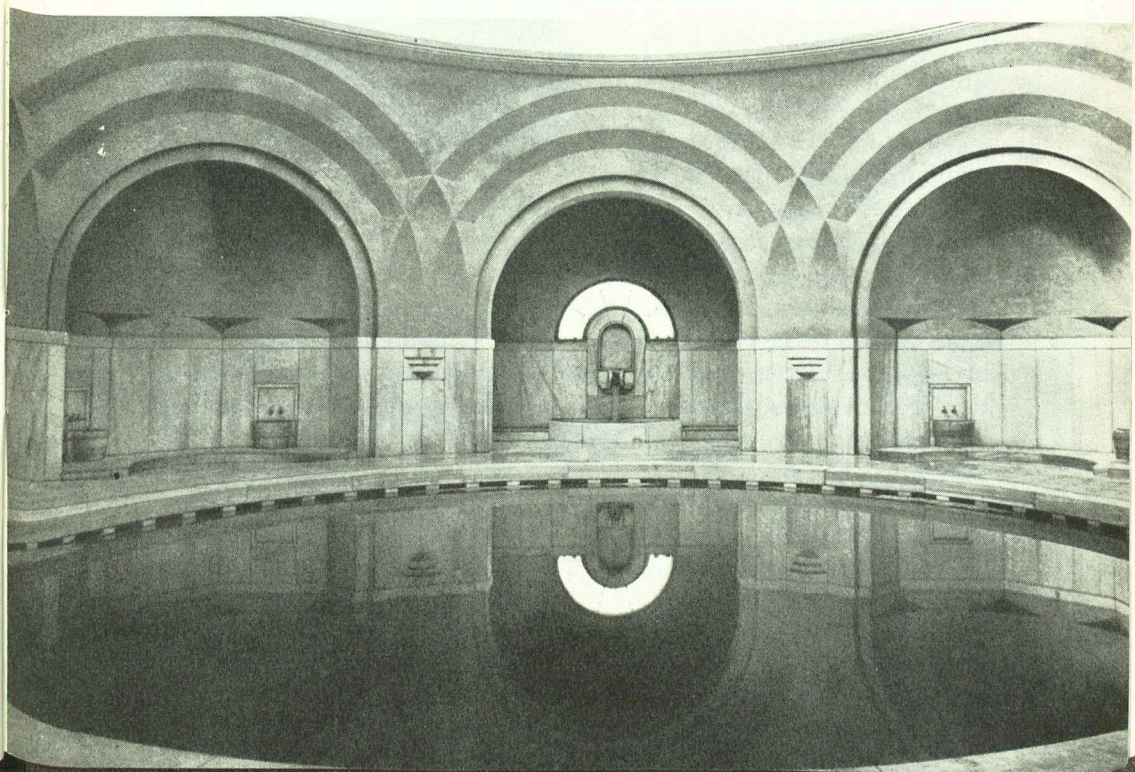
While on the subject of hotels I should mention the smaller *Hotel Gönlü Ferah*, which also has its own complete hammam and which offers a private mineral bathroom with some of its bedrooms. The dining terrace of the Gönlü Ferah offers a view that alone would be "worth the price of admission." This hotel's tariffs, by the way, are on about the same level as those of the Çelik Palas.

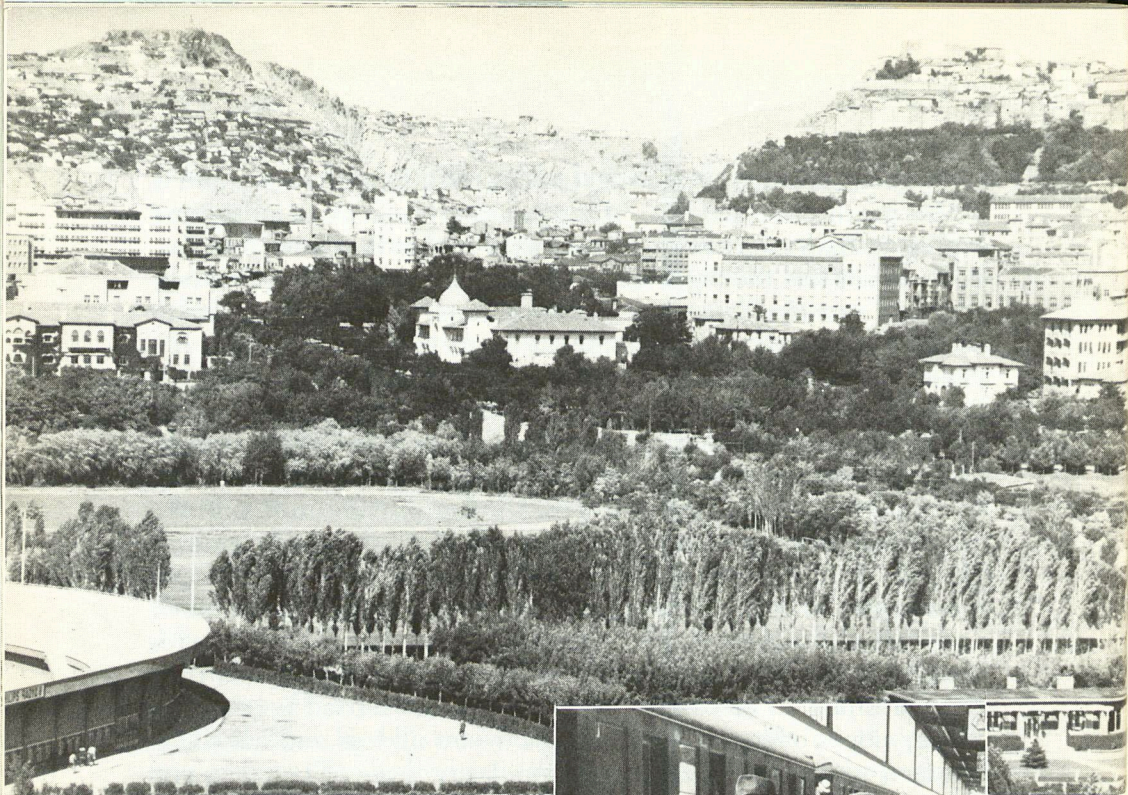
Whether or not you have rheumatism or any other ailment you really should experience a hammam at Bursa. The bath men who scrub you (if you are a male) with a rough glove are experts at their work and without hurting you they will manage to scrape plenty of cuticle from your person. This *always* happens, no matter how meticulous the customer is about his own daily bathing, so don't let it get you down. The "full treatment," including the siesta in the

steam room, is much less severe than that of a Finnish sauna, and it is also much more modest, "disappointingly so," as some visitors express it. Bath men always attend males and bath women females. You will not find the big, blonde bluish scrubwomen of Finland, who take care of all customers, of both sexes, and do not hesitate to accept a couple or a whole family at the same time.

The mountain called Uludag, the beneficent father and mother of Bursa, looms directly above the city, and Bursa's planners, alarmed by the way construction is creeping over the Green Belt and absorbing it, are now striving to make it creep the other way, climbing the mountain's gentle lower slopes. Uludag provides not only the life-giving and curative waters but rich forests, ample grazing grounds for cattle and numerous patches of luxuriant berries and mushrooms; and for the transient it provides, above all, a summer and winter playground. An unpretentious but clean little hotel is situated at an altitude of three thousand feet. On hot summer days the refreshing air of Uludag is a tonic and the serried heights and milder slopes offer walks and climbs to suit all legs and lungs. On winter days its ski slopes rival in popularity those of Lebanon and Cyprus. Bursa must have sensed all these things some thousands of years ago when it first took squatter's rights at the mountain's base.

Thermal Bath in Bursa





View of Ankara

Night Train to Ankara

It is a simple matter to fly from Istanbul to Ankara, in ninety minutes, but for an experience indicative of the new era, since we are speaking not of Europe but of ancient Asia Minor, it is worth

while to take the night train from Haydar Pasha, reached by frequent ferries from Gálata Bridge. One's ticket may be secured from Cook's office *at* the bridge, that office being quaintly spelled, in Turkish, *Vagonli-Kook*. (*Vagonli* = *Wagons-Lits*.) The train, in the Continental style, proves to be quite the equal of any sleeping-car train you would find in any country of Europe. Its first-class individual compartments have every modern facility and are kept gleamingly clean and polished. The restaurant car offers a good meal at not much over a dollar, plus something further for wine or mineral water and service. The card outlining your meal is



Railroad Station in Ankara

headed *Mönü* (Menu) and you may order *Alakart* or take the fixed *Tabldot!* The sensible word borrowings and phonetic spellings of "Republican Turkish" are a continual enhancement of a sojourn in Turkey and I must belatedly offer some common examples. An *Ajans Enternasyonal*, for instance, is an International Agency, and such a world as *bagaj* translates itself, as does *tuvalet*. In your hotel, a waiter is a *garson*, a valet a *valé*, a femme de chambre a *fam dö sambr*. Ever so many other words on travel signs and printed notices the visitor may easily interpret for himself.

In the big railway station at Haydar Pasha the American traveler is pleased to find, at present, a large and conspicuous illuminated map marking in electric lights and lines the places where American financial aid has rebuilt and modernized the Turkish rail system. It gives us a glow to feel that the outpouring of our tax dollars is here well known and appreciated, and that in all international conflicts, hot or cold, Turkey in our natural and eager ally.

The night ride by the *Ankara Ekspresi* is quite as comfortable, and I mean this literally, as would be a night ride of similar length in America, and at a convenient hour of the morning, after a breakfast in the restaurant car, one disembarks in the *cool* station of Ankara. It was downright cold when I first arrived, on a December morning, and on a second occasion, in July, it was a good ten or twelve degrees cooler than Istanbul, which has a comfortable and temperate climate.

Ankara has jumped in one human generation from a struggling, unkempt village to a city of a quarter of a million inhabitants, a modern metropolis seething with ambition and energy, and any Turk of any political party will give the chief credit to one man, Mustafa Kemal Atatürk. Portraits and photographs and busts and equestrian statues of this father of modern Turkey are seen *everywhere*, but there is not the slightest sense of compulsion about it, as in similar displays in authoritarian countries. Atatürk died in 1938 and at present the Democratic Party, in sharp and very vocal opposition to the Republican People's Party which he founded, is in power, but there has been no move whatever to take down or cover up any of the memorials. Parties may come and parties go, but Atatürk's hold on his people remains fixed and secure.

As a contrast, or backdrop, to Ankara's modern boulevards and government buildings and embassies every visitor should certainly drive or climb to the ancient *citadel*, a lofty, frowning acropolis, within whose walls thousands of poor folk still manage to dwell,

sometimes in cabins built *into* the ramparts. The government, aided by private energies, makes Herculean efforts to improve the lot of these people and new settlements spring up on every side, but Ankara cannot be built in a day.

As a sight that makes even the citadel seem young one should examine the collections in the *Hittite Museum*, on the slope of the hill. Anatolia was *the* Hittite country, though that early and warlike race did extend its power far to the south, tangling frequently with Joshua and other Hebrew leaders. It occupied Anatolia from 2000 B.C. to about 800 B.C., soon after which time the Assyrians annihilated the Hittite Empire. One of the most interesting items in the museum is a much carved stone rather recently found at Adana, a neighbor city to old Tarsus. The inscription on the stone is thought by scholars to be a key, the first one discovered, to the written language of the Hittites, for it records its chiseled message in the Phoenician alphabet and in the Hittite characters. Efforts to analyze the Hittite symbols have not as yet been very successful but hope springs eternal. Earnest students are sure they will decode it soon.

Modern Ankara is a thing to see for the miracle that it is, a *solid* mushroom! Rarely outside the United States has a new city of such sturdiness sprung up so swiftly. To dramatize this achievement the



Horse racing in Ankara

body of Atatürk, who selected Ankara as the capital of the new nation he was building, is to be laid to rest in an enormous new *mausoleum* now under construction on an eminence above the city.

There are things to see in and around Ankara, the new *Atatürk Museum*, the *Atatürk Model Farm*, the big *Çubuk Dam*, with a pleasant casino-restaurant for motorists, and there is one supremely good central restaurant, the famous one of *Karpich*, rendezvous of diplomats, parliament folk and tourists, a true temple of gastronomy, but the real sight and experience is Ankara itself, with its lusty new life, its business of governing, its full kit of embassies, each staffed to the gunwales in a spirit of rivalry. The former residence of Franz von Papen, foxy old trouble-shooter and trouble-maker of Adolf Hitler, is pointed out, as are the current centers of disturbance, the embassies and consulates directed from behind the Iron Curtain, but in all the galaxy of Ankara's diplomatic sector nothing exceeds in significance to free Turkey itself the massive buildings of the United States government and the numerous residences of the American colony. Perhaps never and nowhere in modern times have East and West been so firmly and enthusiastically "spliced" as they are today in the union-for-freedom that is so clearly evidenced in this Anatolian city.

Ankara's Genclik Park





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