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A 1911 Trip Abroad Part 2: From Constantinople to Home

By the time Alice Goodrich Eno wrote to her sister, Polly, on February 27, 1911, the S.S. Arabic, with its touring party of six hundred Americans, had steamed from the Mediterranean Sea through the Dardanelles and the Sea of Marmara. Near the Bosphorus Strait, the ship had turned northwest and dropped anchor in the curved estuary known as the Golden Horn, a natural harbor used by sailors since before recorded history. Alice Eno had arrived in Constantinople.

After telling Polly that her group would not be going to Smyrna because of cholera there, Alice gave this assessment of the most ancient section of Constantinople.

In some ways this is the [most] interesting place we have visited for Stamboul is exactly as it has been for centuries.¹ There is no order or plan to the streets, which are very badly paved. No sidewalks, venders selling their wares in the middle of the street, and every inch is crowd[ed] with jostling humanity. There is little begging, but poverty stares at every corner.

The precious stones in the treasury are simply wonderful. So many pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds, literally millions of dollars worth and such handsome pieces, too. They were guarded on every turn from the assault of the 600 Americans. The museum was interesting, Alexander's tomb and many Babylonian antiquities.² We went to Sancta Sophia and the Mosque of Ahmed the Great. The sandals that we had to put on were hard to keep on and to see people shuffling around was very funny. Sancta Sophia, being a Christian Church, does not point exactly to Mecca, so in order to conform to that rule, all the rugs and even the altar are a little on the bias.³

We saw a large number of Russian pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem. Their only possession, so far as we could see, is their Faith, for they were poor and ragged. Their courage is certainly commendable.⁴

Pera is a little better than Stamboul, but even there, there is only one street at all evenly paved. I feel as though I were living in the 16th century so medieval is the appearance of the city.⁵

I am enclosing one of the programs that we receive everywhere. Mr. Clark certainly manages everything splendidly. We lose little time in going about and we seem to see everything. Guides are good and carriages comfortable. Between places we read what we are to see in the next so that we won't miss anything.

My love to all the girls in college and more for your own dear self. I am as ever

Your devoted Sister

Alice

When Alice wrote her family on March 6 she used stationery from the Hotel Fast in Jerusalem.⁶

It is hard to realize that we are really in old Jerusalem and walking on the same or nearly the same ground that our Master walked on so many years ago. And for all the babble and confusion, the crowd and poverty, the so-called sacred places are a great deal more impressive than I expected they would be.

Our landing at Jaffe was accomplished easily although the boat-men demanded baksheesh and if they did not get it they would let a wave hit the boat so as to wet the people. Fortunately we escaped. The train was comfortable and the journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem very interesting, first across the Plain of Sharon and then into the

mountains. They are bare and sterile. Once in a while a flock of goats with their shepherd and we wondered how even they could glean enough from the bare rocks to sustain life and then we would come to a village, walled, and built of sunbaked mud, doubtless the same as in Bible times.

The station is a mile or two from this hotel – which is the best – and the mud was so deep that I was literally picked up by a husky Arab and put into a carriage several feet away. But I am getting quite used to that, as we are always lifted like children into the small boats from the gangway of the steamer.

Saturday we drove out to the Mt. of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane where we had a splendid view of the city with the sun sinking over Zion on one side and the view of the Mountains of Moab and the Dead Sea on the other. They have had much rain lately so that the roads to Jericho and the Jordan are almost impassable and the poor, half-starved horses can barely make the trip. The tales of their suffering and the discomforts of the trip have so discouraged us that we have given up that part of the trip.

Yesterday, Sunday, we drove out to Bethlehem – that name usually implies peace but alas! it is only peaceful in our imaginations for our foot-steps were dogged with neglected children demanding baksheesh and the streets were crowded with Turks, Jews, Armenians, and camels and donkeys bearing burdens so big that the animal is almost lost sight of. It is picturesque from a distance, but the near view is almost always distasteful to sight and smell.

Well, well! I seem to have left Bethlehem. Even there strife is present and so bitter is it that two Turkish soldiers with loaded guns guard the spot where Christ was born. A strange condition to find in this place above all others.

Yesterday after-noon Uncle and I went to the Mosque of Omar [Dome of the Rock] with an Englishmen – a Captain Parker – he came on board at Caifa and Mr. Rooney introduced us.⁷ He is here making excavations and they think that they have discovered the City of David, and so while he is here he is an important man. He is followed everywhere by a Turkish policeman and the way people got out of our way makes us feel as if we were real personages.

The Chief of the mosque met us with bows and salutations. He took us all around and showed us every possible honor. Then we took Turkish coffee in his own waiting room and he gave us some old coins that had recently been found. This man is the third most important person in the Moslem Church, so you see we were quite high up.

Now don't get the wrong impression for it is a great experience to visit Jerusalem and the other cities, for the country is always interesting & much of the landscape is very beautiful. It is only the personal contact that is unpleasant and when we are forced to consider how these human beings are forced to live, for since in the midst of the direst dirt and poverty there may be a beautiful arch or column and the people in their rags are picturesque from a distance. We understand as never before Joseph's coat of many colors.

The hotel is under new management, it is clean and we have a good table, but we dare not think of where the food comes from. Aunt Nellie and Uncle Charlie have a room on the first floor, a little stove which we have found extremely comfortable. My room is on the next floor, a single one, and although some way off, I am



View of a Square in Bethlehem on a
1900 Stereoscope Card

surrounded by fellow passengers. A trip like this is quite different from travelling in a smaller party, for here as in every other place we practically take up all the available room and everything else.

There are only a few Russian Pilgrims here this year on account of the cholera in Russian. We see a few in every Holy Place that we visit and I have been greatly impressed with their faith and devoutness for they make this pilgrimage amid untold hard-ship. The Greek Church, as far as I can learn, is worse than the Catholic as far as encouraging and teaching the people old superstitions and keeping them ignorant.

Uncle and I landed at Caifa with a few others. We sailed to & from the *Arabic* which lay about two miles out. The pier was hardly more than a pile of stones kept in place with a few iron girders. The landing place has a tie let down four feet onto which you stepped or jumped and from there you were lifted or pulled by two terrible Turks.

The town was dirty and crowded. In fact we did not once leave our carriage and we were warned to return to the ship before sun-set or dark; no need for when we had seen the town, nothing would have kept us ashore. We drove up Mt. Carmel to the Benedictine monastery. We had a little of their beverage and saw the cave.⁸ They have a most beautiful view of the sea and the land at the foot of the cliff looked very fertile. Oh! This whole trip is a great experience. I can't see quite why I should have so much. I hope that you are both well and that I shall have letters to-morrow.

With a heart-ful of love to you and Father and Polly, I am as ever

Your devoted daughter

Alice

On Sunday, March 12, Alice wrote Polly from Cairo, where she was staying in the Ghezireh Palace Hotel.

This is your birthday and of course I am thinking of you much more than usual, but I am afraid that the miles are too many for you to get all the love and good wishes that I am sending you by wireless.

I hardly know where to begin for I still have the last few days in Jerusalem to write about and now Cairo which I am crazy to "write about." We had one rainy day in Jerusalem, which made the sightseeing trying, but we managed to do nearly everything we wanted to. The drive to the Mt. of Olives and to Bethlehem, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Garden Tomb, the House of Pilate and the Mosque of Omar interested us most, but it's all wonderful, even with the dirt and the beggars. The atmosphere is so clear and the sun so brilliant, doubtless the altitude of 2300 ft. has something to do with it. On the whole we would have been glad to have another day.

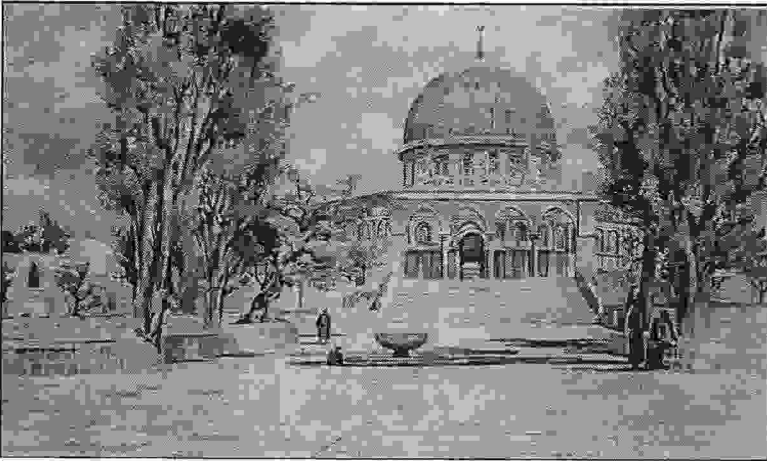
Wednesday, Uncle, Harriet Richardson and I went down and had lunch with Captain Parker and his 2 English friends at the excavations. We met him on the *Arabic* – he had been cruising in a yacht which was disabled in the terrible storm that they had last week. We picked him up at Caifa. They have discovered the City of David, which is a big thing. The lunch was delicious and we girls enjoyed fussing a little and after lunch we went down into the tunnels where no woman has ever been. We went down 82 feet in all and if it hadn't been for my pride I should have balked at some [of] the ladders and holes. The only thing of historical interest that we really saw was the shaft that David climbed when he took the city.

Then we took a walk down the Valley of the Kedron to see the Virgin's Well and the Pool of Siloam and Job's Well. After tea the Englishmen brought us home, they on their donkeys and we on ours, by way of Zion Hill. It still seems very strange to speak of Zion Hill, so casually, and all the other places, too, for that matter. We felt that we had had a unique experience for these Englishmen's work is causing no end of interest among archeologists.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a curious combination of tradition and superstition. There you find the cross, the anointing stone, the tomb where Christ was buried and many other places mentioned in the Passion Story. And there are separate altars of the Armenians, Greek, Roman Catholic and Coptic churches. Each one is jealous of the other and all kept in order by a Turkish soldier. However we were all impressed by the devotion and sincerity of the Russian Pilgrims.

And now at last we are in Egypt and we find it everything that we anticipated. The street life is varied and

Continued on page five.



Drawing from the Travelers in the Middle East Archive

The Dome of the Rock in 1907

Captain Parker and the City of David

Captain Montagu Brownlow Parker (1878- 1962), later the 5th Earl of Morley, came to Jerusalem determined to launch a "dig," which got underway in 1909. He was influenced by the Scandinavian biblical scholar Valter H. Juvelius, who claimed to have discovered in ancient Jewish manuscripts coded references to where King Solomon's treasures, including Moses's Ark of the Covenant, lay hidden in chambers and tombs beneath the oldest part of Jerusalem. A number of wealthy people backed Parker, including the Armour family of Chicago and the Duchess of Marlborough, who was the American heiress Consuelo Vanderbilt.

Parker is generally described as an adventurer since he had no training in archaeology and had no scholar on his staff until his project was well underway. Then, to dispel criticism, he recruited Père Louis-Hughes Vincent of the Ecole Biblique et Archiologique in Jerusalem.

For a year and a half Parker's laborers cleared out ancient tunnels that had brought water from a distant spring to the city. The work uncovered some interesting historical and archaeological finds, but no treasure. Then in April 1911, about a month after Alice Eno and her party had ventured down into the excavation, Parker made a daring move. He and the Englishmen with him began to dig clandestinely during the night under the Temple Mount toward the Dome of the Rock, the most sacred Muslim

FOREIGN ECHOES

The Mosque of Omar Affair

Whatever Capt. Parker and his confederates succeeded in carrying off from beneath the Mosque of Omar in Jerusalem, there can be no doubt of the dangerous excitement which their proceedings caused among the population of the city. A private letter from Jerusalem, published in the *London Times*, says: "This story about the treasure trove may, of course, be all nonsense, but it is, nevertheless, true that the mysterious excavations carried on by this English party jeopardized our throats for several hours, as the natives really believed the tales, and reactionaries, who wish to overthrow the new regime, seize every opportunity to rouse the fanaticism of the mob. The European residents would have gladly condemned the English party to be tarred and feathered for their inconsiderately scattering sparks in this religious tinderheap. The general fright of the people appears to have been started by the mass of the attendants within the area of the Mosque of Omar trying to lynch Sheikh Khalil and his personal attendants. The troops from the citadel arrived just in time to save his life by arresting and placing him in solitary confinement, as he would have been killed if he had been placed in the common prison. The Governor himself has not dared to make a public appearance. Strange to say, the scare was as great among the Mohammedan as the Christian citizens, by reason of a rumor that the 8,000 Russian pilgrims had been specially armed, and were about to massacre all the Mohammedans. The enemies, both political and private, of the Governor wired to all the centres of the Mohammedanism, such as El Azhar, Cairo, the Great Mosque at Damascus, the Shereef of Mecca, the Sheikh of the Mosque of Ali at Meshd Ali, etc., no doubt hoping to create a reactionary stir against the new regime by making them appear as accomplices of the brigand English in robbing and desecrating the most holy places."

This is the text of an unattributed news article, dated May 20, 1911, preserved with Alice G. Eno's letters.

shrine after Mecca and the most venerated Jewish site as well. Among the many religious beliefs associated with this site, the Foundation Rock encased by the shrine is held to be the place to which the biblical patriarch Abraham brought his son to sacrifice him to God. The Prophet Muhammad is said to have been taken to heaven from this spot to talk to God. The First and Second Temples may also have stood here.

It is thought that Parker had bribed high Muslim officials, but it wasn't long before the trespassing Englishmen were discovered by a man who wasn't aware of the scheme and who raised an alarm. The resulting uproar is described in the news article preserved with Alice's letters. (See the sidebar on page four. It should be noted that journalists of the time often erroneously called the Dome of the Rock the "Mosque of Omar.") The *New York Times* had no fewer than eleven articles about this incident in May 1911, including an illustrated piece in its Sunday magazine.

Parker and his English companions managed to reach their yacht at the port of Jaffa and sail away. Parker denied having taken any sacred objects or treasures with him, asserting that anything he found, including ancient pottery, had been left in the hands of the Turkish government. The governor of Jerusalem was recalled to Constantinople and several officials were sent to Beirut to be put on trial.

Today, the Ariel Centre for Jerusalem in the First Temple Period displays items discovered during Parker's dig.¹ The current article "The Hunt for the Temple's Treasures" on the Website of the Jerusalem Archaeological Park says, "One of the peculiar outcomes of this "dig" was that the ancient graves discovered on the upper part of the slope and correctly dated by Vincent to the Early Bronze period, are still the most ancient remains known, not only on the southeastern hill but in all of Jerusalem. This discovery has actually provided the decisive proof that the southeastern hill is the site of the earliest human occupation of Jerusalem and confirms its identification as the biblical City of David."

1. *Eyewitness Travel Guide: Jerusalem, Israel, Petra & Sinai* (London, New York, et.al., DK Publishing, 2012), 83.

Continued from page three.

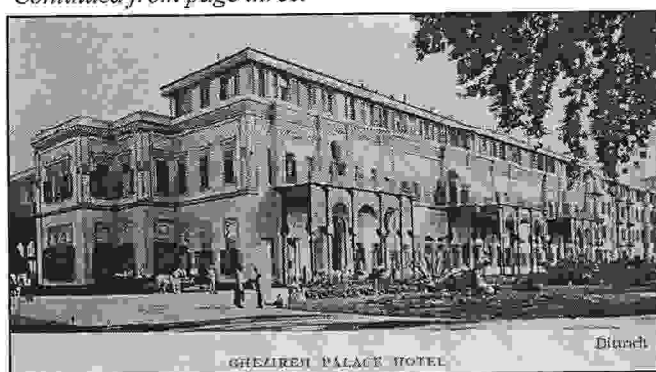


Photo from the Travelers in the Middle East Archive

Ghezireh Palace was built by Sultan Khedive Ismail so that he could entertain dignitaries coming in 1869 for the opening of the Suez Canal. Later a hotel, then a military hospital during World War I, it is now part of the Cairo Marriott Hotel Complex.

fascinating, but after Constantinople and Caifa, Jaffa and Jerusalem, it seems clean and modern, a welcome change. Shepherd's [Hotel] was crowded and we were sent out here [to the Ghezirch-Palace Hotel] for one night and now we are going to stay until to-morrow, when we go up the Nile. It was an old Palace and our rooms connect and are large and quiet.

We were all tired from the Jerusalem trip, the only thing we miss is street life as you see it from the terrace at Shepherd's. We shall be there when we come back and will get enough of it then I am sure. It is bedlam all the time. We are going there this after-noon for tea and [to] hear the music and see the people.

Yesterday we drove out to the Pyramids and found the Sphinx sitting up to see us. Uncle and I rode camels for the first time and enjoyed it hugely. I felt so big and tall. But the crowd of noisy Arabs, the vicious donkey boys

and the large number of tourists made it impossible to grasp the dignity of those remarkable monuments. We, of course, want to go again and I am still hoping to get to the top of the big Pyramid. The drive out to Gizeh is through the valley so rich as to bear four crops annually.⁹ We were interested to see these people at work and especially their system of irrigation.

The Arabs certainly understand the art of relaxation for they lie down and sleep wherever the opportunity offers, in sun or shade, it matters little. The Arabs wear a long loose robe of old blue which I think very attractive.

The temperature here is about ideal, warm and yet not invigorating. All the flowers are out, ten-week stocks and snapdragons. It makes me think of my (?) garden. I am getting ready to turn my face westward and Home. My dearest love Polly dear and the same to Father and Mother. You might send this back to them. Thank you for your sweet letters, only two have been received as yet. I had a joint letter from Mother & Father in Jerusalem and one from Mother here. They are great things to get.

As ever

Your devoted sister.

Alice

Alice began her letter of March 18 on stationery from the *S.S. Puritan* of The Hamburg & Anglo American Nile Company and completed it on stationery from the Luxor Hotel of the Upper Egypt Hotel Company.¹⁰ She was very pleased with her journey up the River Nile.

This is the best so far and we have enjoyed every minute of the trip. We found the sleeper bearable. In fact, we thought it an improvement on American ones. The King and Queen of the Belgians were on the same train, so you see we are travelling royally.¹¹ We took the steamer at Luxor immediately 8.30 A.M. and we had a delight-ful restful day watching the fellaheen at work in the fertile meadows of the Nile.¹² We were particularly interested in the irrigation. Sometimes there would be blindfolded oxen turning the wheel but more often it was done by hand. And in some places there would be four levels so low is the water.



A Dragoman

These interpreters knew the local languages and customs and smoothed the way for travelers.

We reached Esneh about 2 P.M. where it took us over ½ hour to get through the lock and dam.¹³ Our boat-men are splendid mahogany color men and the way they swam with the ropes against the current was quite marvelous. They are all Moslems and last night we watched them pray. Each one took his turn because they had only one prayer board. In the evening they gave a concert and they sang the song that Tom Cushing heard over here and used in one of his plays.¹⁴ Wasn't it strange that I should hear it.

This morning we got up at 6 and went ashore before breakfast to see the Temple of Kom Ombo. It stands on the very edge of the river so we just walked over. Geoffrey's book will tell you much better than I can about the temple, but I must mention the tremendous amount of work of the inscriptions, for every inch on the pillars and on the sides, both inside and out, are covered with pictures, inscriptions or hieroglyphics.¹⁵

Soon after leaving Kom Ombo the valley became less fertile and the desert came closer until it touched the very banks. And as we neared Assuan, we saw many quarries where the granite for the temples of Upper Egypt came from.¹⁶ We arrived at Assuan at 11 A.M. and anchored a little north of the tower. We literally are tied up to a sand bar.

We had early lunch and then [went] in sailboats to the town. We did the bazaars for an hour and then took the train for Shellal right through the Nubian Desert. It was



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very warm, but it gave us a taste of the desert. At Shellal we took boats for Philae. Everything is surrounded with water or covered. We could only land in the Temple of Isis, but Pharaoh's Bed looked very picturesque in its watery carpet. From there we went down to the dam. We could not go across it because of work being done on the top of it. We walked over the locks and looked across to the other side.

There, a mile away, below the dam, the cataract once existed. The scenery is wild for the rocks are many and jagged and in some places the water still rushes and whirls over the rocks in small water-falls, but the place where we took boats from was as calm as the proverbial mill pond. We were rowed down to Assuan, a long hard row and we were very tired.

The evening we spent dickering with traders and watching the Arabs dance in the moon-light. We sailed about 3 A.M. to reach Edfu at 8 A.M. We had to take donkeys to the Temple – see Geoffrey's book. The little Arab town with its mud huts for houses and the chattering children and hollering men and donkey boys that we had to ride through were quite a sight. We were quite glad to have an armed Turkish soldier as well as the dragoman.

We reached Luxor at 4.30 in the after-noon and spent the night in [the] boat which was anchored opposite the Temple of Karnak – in the moonlight it was beautiful. At 7 A.M. we left the *Puritan* and went across the river where we took donkeys for Thebes. My donkey's name was American Honey and my donkey boy, who was an old man, [his] name was Ally Achmid. I had him again this morning. We first went to the Temple of Kûrmah, then the Tomb of the Kings, then the Ramesseum and last the Colossi of Memnon. Again see Geoffrey's book.

The ride from the Temple of Kûrmah to the Tomb of the Kings was through the desert & mountains. Not even a cactus plant can grow in that barrenness. I have always wanted to see a desert and now I have. It is impressive in its very awfulness. In all we rode 10 miles and were mighty glad to reach the Hotel at 1.30. We were hot, dusty and tired. All day yesterday we had two guards, one Turkish and one English.

I was too tired last night to go out to Karnak to see the Temple by moonlight and now I am sorry for we found the temple so beautiful and interesting this morning. This whole trip is a wonderful experience and I am enjoying everything far more than I anticipated – if only you are well at home.

Luxor is amazing but Oh! the flies!! And it is hot. We leave to-night for Cairo and there I expect letters from you. This isn't much of a letter, but I can't do better between the flies and the bedlam that is going on about us. Please excuse the mistakes & blots.

With a heart-ful of Love to you both I am as ever
Your devoted daughter
Alice

[Postscript] March 18th

To-day is the school play and I am thinking of you all and of course I want to hear all about it.

Before leaving Egypt, Alice Eno put a sheet of stationery from the *S. S. Puritan* in an envelope from the Luxor Hotel with a sketch of a small amulet and the notation "Luxor, purchased from the German Consul – 1600 B.C." She also inserted a business card with the inscription "Mohareb Todrous, Kaiserlich Deutscher Konsular – Agent, Luxor (Aegypten)" and the notation "Thotmes III (18th Dyn) Royal Cartouche."

The stationery Alice used for her letter of March 26 bears the letterhead of The Grand Continental Hotel in Rome, a large hotel near the train station.

My dearest Family,

I was sorry not to write to you again from Egypt, but the time was short and we were so very busy. Cairo was fascinating. The climate delightful and all my friends of the steamer were there. Mabel Grandin from Washington, D.C., a Smith girl 1909, has been a delightful companion. She, with Elinor Sawyer & Harriet Richardson, have been my best friends and now we are separated for good, except Harriet & her Father expect to go home on the *Celtic* with us on the 29th. Just 6 weeks from to-day should find us in New York and Home

with you all. This has been a most remarkable trip, but I am getting crazy to see you all at home.

Your good letters received yesterday at Naples were very much appreciated. You have been fine about writing and the clippings have interested me very much. Also a nice letter from Polly. I think I have received all you have written. I hope your clothes and servant question will straighten out well. I shall think of you with Polly's vacation coming so soon now.

Now a word about my doings. Our trip up the Nile ended last Sunday morning having spent two days at Luxor visiting Thebes, Karnak and Luxor. Aunt Nellie could only see Edfu & Karnak, but the trip on the boat did her much good and on the whole she had stood the trip wonderfully. The day to Thebes was a 16 mile donkey ride and the sun was hot and the ride dusty. Why have I written you all this – please excuse.

Well, we arrived at Shepheard's [Hotel] early Sunday morning. And as Friday is the Sacred Day of Rest to the Mohammedans, everything was going on in the street as usual. Thousands of shawl venders were covered with gay colored beads, chains and fly brushes. It was fun to watch the bargaining from the Terrace. We did the museum in the after-noon and enjoyed it.

Then Monday morning with our own dragoman, Uncle, Mabel Grandin & Hugh Hazeltine – an old friend of Mabel's – and my-self took the nine thirty train for Bedrachen, an hour's ride passing through El Bahari – Napoleon's battlefield. There we took donkeys for Memphis where we saw the two statues of Ramses II. Went on to the Pyramids of Sakaha – one is the famous step pyramid.¹⁷ There we visited several tombs, among them the Tomb of the Sacred Bulls, 24 huge granite sarcophagi. All this was in the desert. We had lunch there and then rode back to Gizeh through the desert. It was a great experience, but 14 miles on a donkey's back is quite a stint and on top of the Nile trip, it rather did me up. However it was worth it.

Tuesday morning we went to the Bazaars and did a little shopping, but we had to pack and so the day was far too short. Each day that we stayed in Egypt made us want to stay longer and now each day makes us want to return more.

And so we sailed from Alexandria at 1.30 with a clean Bill of Health – an hour and a half late on account of some cases of something or other there. We had rough weather all the way to Naples and I had a very slight attack of tonsillitis which kept me in bed the whole way, but it is nothing and I am quite well now. And I am looking well and very fat.

I did not see either Etna or Stromboli [volcanos] and neither did anyone else because it was so rough and foggy. Too bad to miss them. We girls had planned such good times for those last 3 days aboard ship and then we didn't do a thing. They were one and all more or less seasick. Aunt Nellie's knees are still an uncertain quantity and that makes many trips impossible, but on the whole she is quite well and Uncle Charlie has been well with the exception of a cold in Egypt, however it is over. Since beginning this letter, Aunt Nellie has had a violent tooth-ache and, of course, is suffering terribly. If it is any serious trouble and continues to Liverpool, we may sail sooner than we now plan, but I'll let you know.

Rome is as beautiful as ever. Clear and cool to-day. Yesterday was damp and showery, not that the weather is of great interest to you, but it is of vital importance to us. We have enjoyed seeing the places that we saw before, especially the Vatican, which we did this morning. There are only twelve people in this Hotel from the *Arabic*, so we don't feel conducted at all.

Yesterday morning Uncle Charlie and I were in St. Peter's and I looked up and saw Gifford Pinchot. Wasn't it curious. And I shall try to see Cousin Mollie. He was very cordial and told us a little gossip of Washington. The extra session will not be popular with the McLeans, but they'll have to stand it. I haven't heard a word from Aunt Juliette.¹⁸

After all the wonderful ruins that we have seen, there is none [more] impressive than the Coliseum. Its size and the beauty of its Arches seemed more beautiful than I thought or remembered it to be. To-day has been a national holiday commemorating the union of the Italian States. Crowds of Soldiers and Bands playing inspiring music in every square, so we enjoyed watching the people that thronged the street. Many places were closed, which interfered with our sight-seeing a little.

[Postscript] March 27 The Liverpool address will continue until we decide on our London [address]. We expect to go to Ireland first and so finish our trip with a week in London.

On stationery with the *S.S. Arabic* letterhead, Alice wrote this brief note to her parents. Dated April 1, it is the last of her letters from the trip.

Just a line as we are fast approaching Nice. We have had a wonderful sail from Naples that this morning the Maritime Alps – snow covered – have been a sight the whole way, a beautiful view. Our trip to Sorrento & the Amalfi drive was most beautiful. The almond trees in blossom & the orange trees with fruit on them and then the drive along the cliff. It was a very long trip and really too much for one day, but I am thankful to have seen any of it.

Aunt Nellie had had a bad time with her teeth and so has been feeling miserable and if she is not better by the time we reach Liverpool, we may come home immediately. However, our passage is engaged on the *Celtic* on the 29th. I hope that we will have a pleasant voyage, but the Bay of Biscay has not an enviable reputation, but here's hoping. All the people that I care about either have left or leave at Nice. However, most of our 23 ministers and a few of our 76 widows will still be with us, so we won't be quite alone.

The Parkers and Alice Eno returned somewhat earlier than scheduled. The *Farmington Valley Herald* reported that she arrived in Simsbury on April 24.

Miss Alice Eno reached home Monday evening from a tour of Egypt, the Holy Land, parts of Europe, and England. She traveled with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Parker of New Britain, and their itinerary covered 17,000 miles. They went to Spain, visiting Grenada [*sic*], Seville, and Cadiz, Algiers, Athens, Constantinople, and as far as Caifa, and climbed Mount Hermon.¹⁹ They spent one week in Jerusalem and saw the Holy places. They were delighted with their visit to Egypt and Cairo. They went up the Nile far as Assouan and were charmed by that part of their trip. They saw Naples and most of the most important places in Italy and spent a week in England. They intended to visit Ireland but were deterred by unfavorable weather.

Miss Marguerite Eno, who was home from Smith College to welcome her sister on her return from Europe, went back to college Tuesday morning.

No doubt it was Alice's mother, Nellie Selina Eno, who saved her daughter's letters from abroad. The colorfully engraved letterheads on the stationery speak of the exotic places on Alice's route and the remaining stamp from Egypt depicts the Great Sphinx of Giza in front of a pyramid. She addressed her letters to "Mr. & Mrs. George C. Eno, Simsbury, Hartford Co., Connecticut, U.S.A." The fact that she didn't need to include a street or post office box number reflects the nature of the small town to which she returned.²⁰

Alice Goodrich Eno's grandson Richard Cole Anthony gave her letters to the Simsbury Free Library and his donation is much appreciated. The letters were edited by Mary Jane Springman.

Notes

1. The oldest section of the city of Constantinople, on the peninsula bordered by the sea of Marmara and, to the northeast, the Golden Horn, was at that time called Stamboul. The *New York Times*, on July 24, 1911, described it thus, "Stamboul covers the whole area inclosed [*sic*] by the Theodosian walls of Constantinople. It is the Mohammedan part of the city. Within its walls are the seraglio, the principal mosques, the mausoleums of the Sultans, the baths, the bazaars, the public offices of the Government, and the existing remains of ancient Constantinople. Separate quarters are allotted to the Americans, the Turks, the Greeks, and the Jews."
2. Alice was probably referring to the marble Alexander Sarcophagus, with scenes from Alexander the Great's victories carved in bas-relief. This ancient treasure is now displayed in the Istanbul Archaeology Museums.
3. In this passage, Alice referred to the fact that the Hagia Sophia, or Church of the Holy Wisdom, was built as a Christian church, but had been converted to a Muslim mosque. One of the finest examples of Byzantine architecture, it was built in 537 and underwent several reconstructions before it became a mosque in 1453. In



Photo courtesy of Richard Cole Anthony

Alice Goodrich Eno Cole

After her 1911 tour....

The spring of 1912 found Alice Goodrich Eno in Washington, D.C., where her mother was a delegate at the DAR's Continental Congress. They were guests of her mother's sister Juliette Goodrich McLean and her husband Sen. George P. McLean. A woman then on a similar tour wrote from Cairo's Shepheard's Hotel asking coyly if Alice was now "attached to an attaché."

Alice found Richard Huntington Cole closer to home. On a fine October day in 1913 they married in Simsbury's Congregational Church. The *Farmington Valley Herald* filled the entire front-page Simsbury column with a rapt description of the ceremony, the music, her gown, her wedding gifts and the guests who attended. The couple eventually settled on Prospect Street in West Hartford.

Clippings in her mother's scrapbook (now at the Simsbury Historical Society) record advances in Mr. Cole's career at the Connecticut General Life Insurance Company and important events in the life of their daughter, Amy Eno Cole, including her wedding to Charles Hand Anthony.

Alice Goodrich Eno Cole died January 9, 1942, predeceasing her husband. She is buried with members of the Eno-Goodrich family in Simsbury Cemetery.

1935, after being secularized, it became a museum. Also, the Sultan Ahmed Mosque is sometimes called the Blue Mosque.

4. In his book *With Russian Pilgrims to Jerusalem*, British journalist and travel writer Stephen Graham related his experiences in 1912 from the time he boarded a ship in Constantinople carrying 560 poor peasants from various parts of Russia until they joined thousands of others in Jerusalem and celebrated Holy Week. The book, published by Macmillan and Company in 1913, is available on Google Books. Like Alice Eno, Graham was struck by the intense devotion of these Orthodox Christians.
5. Pera was then the name of the area of Constantinople across the Golden Horn from Stanboul. Called Beyoğlu today, Pera was the location of the terminus of the famed Orient Express. During the twelve years after Alice's visit the Ottoman Empire fell and the Republic of Turkey was formed. Consequently, in 1923 the city of Constantinople was renamed Istanbul.
6. The hotel was built in 1891 as Hotel Howard and changed its name to Hotel Fast in 1907. It was renamed St. Andrew's House in 1918 and was demolished in 1975.
7. The modern spelling of Caifa is Haifa. See the article on page four for more on Captain Parker. Also, travelers and journalists at this time often mistakenly used the name "Mosque of Omar" for the Dome of the Rock. See page fifty-two in *Palestine and Syria: Handbook for Travellers*, published by the Baedeker Company in 1906. Available on Google Books.
8. Alice has misidentified the religious order that had the monastery on Mt. Carmel. It was the Carmelites. The cave that she saw is said to be the cave of the Prophet Elijah.
9. The modern spelling of Gizah is Giza. Alice's attention to the fertility of the land and local agriculture is natural in a young woman raised in Simsbury when it was primarily a farming community.

Simsbury Free Library Summer Programs 2014

The Genealogy Roadshow with Diane LeMay

The Genealogy Roadshow continues every 2nd and 4th Saturday from 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. It is free for members and \$5 for non-members. On 2nd Saturdays, Diane LeMay will try to solve any problems patrons bring to her. On 4th Saturdays she will present these special programs:

Online Genealogy Research

Saturday, July 26, 10:00 a.m.

Genealogist Diane LeMay will share tips to make you more productive in your online research on sites such as Google.com, Ancestry.com and Findagrave.com.

Genealogy Print Research: Breaking Down That Brick Wall with a Book

Saturday, August 23, 10:00 a.m.

From city directories to gazetteers, Diane LeMay will introduce you to genealogical information contained in many books common in most libraries.

The Genealogy Roadshow will continue all year. To check for announcements of special programs, please go to our Website— www.simsburyfreelibrary.org. For more information or to make a reservation, email us at simsburyfreelibrary@gmail.com or call 860.408.1336.

Please see the back cover for our fall programs.

10. The Website "Historic Hotels of Egypt" relates the history of this hotel, built in 1877 and shows early photos of it. It is currently being renovated as a boutique hotel with eighty-two rooms and suites.
11. The monarchs of the Belgians were King Albert I and Queen Elisabeth, Duchess of Bavaria.
12. A fellah (plural, fellaheen) is a peasant farmer.
13. The modern spelling of Esneh is Esna.
14. She is referring to Charles "Tom" Cushing, older son of Professor William L. Cushing, founder and headmaster of the Westminster School. Charles Cyprian Strong Cushing, Yale 1902, was a playwright and he published his works under the name C. C. S. Cushing. This earned him the nickname "Alphabet Cushing." His play "Nathan Hale of '73: A Drama in Four Acts," published in 1908 by the Yale Publishing Association, can be found on Google Books.
15. It is most likely that she is referring to a book that was given or lent to her family by Geoffrey Dodge, the son of Josephine Jewell Dodge. Mrs. Dodge had arranged that Alice have a letter of introduction to one of her fellow travelers on the tour.
16. The modern spelling of Assuan is Aswan.
17. The modern spelling of Bedrachen is Badrashein. Here Alice Eno is referring to the Battle of the Pyramids on July 21, 1798, when Napoleon Bonaparte defeated the Mamluk forces. He occupied Cairo the next day.
18. Pinchot and the McLeans were natives of Simsbury. Gifford Pinchot (1865-1946), grandson of Lucy Jane Phelps and Amos Richards Eno, was born in their house on Hopmeadow Street (now the Simsbury 1820 House). He had been the first Chief of the U.S. Forest Service under Theodore Roosevelt and later would serve two terms as Governor of Pennsylvania. George Payne McLean (1857-1932) had been governor of Connecticut and in 1911 was in his first term as a U.S. senator. His wife, Juliette Goodrich McLean, was Alice's aunt. She had been one of the witnesses at the McLean's private wedding in April 1910.
19. Alice Eno did not report in her letters climbing Mt. Hermon, which is far distant from the route she described. She did mention driving from Jerusalem to the Mount of Olives. Also, her sister's given name was Margaret, not Marguerite. She was called Polly. This article is on page six of the April 28, 1911, *Farmington Valley Herald*.
20. Their home is now the A Better Chance (ABC) House at 835 Hopmeadow Street. The post office was about a block south in half of the building now occupied by Vincent Sport Shop

Simsbury Free Library Fall Programs 2014

"The Lost Village of Pilfershire" with Fred Feibel

Saturday, September 13, 12 Noon

West Simsbury historian Fred Feibel will talk about the lost village of Pilfershire located in present-day West Simsbury. Pilfershire was a tightly-knit and thriving farming community in the mid-18th century. Come and learn about how some of our earliest settlers lived, the homes they built and the old cellar holes and remnants still visible today. Free for all.

"Hartford from 1820 to 1920" with Tom Ratliff

Tuesday, September 23, 1:00 p. m.

Professor Ratliff will talk about the period of rapid industrial growth and large-scale immigration as the 19th century ended and the 20th century began. This is a repeat of the popular talk he gave last spring. Free for members. \$5 for non-members.

☞ Coming this fall: **Carl Walters** will talk about the **Farmington Canal**. For updates about this program and others being scheduled, please check our Website at www.simsburyfreelibrary.org. We also appreciate hearing from you about any program topics you would enjoy in the future. For more information or to make a reservation, email us at simsburyfreelibrary@gmail.com or call 860.408.1336 ☞

PLEASE SEE PAGE 11 FOR OUR SUMMER PROGRAMS.

FIRST CLASS

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Mary Jane Springman, Editor, SFL Quarterly

