

Chapter 3 First Semester (9/25/67 to 1/27/68)

Berlin Oteli, Ulus (9/25/1967 – 10/1/1967)

Monday, September 25, I ran around Ankara getting our suitcases from the Peace Corps office and buying tickets to the opera for next Monday: *Otello* by Verdi. They are presenting *Porgy and Bess* and *Rigoletto* later in the season.

I wasn't in half as bad shape, when my trunk was stuck in customs, as I was during our stay at the Berlin Oteli. I packed everything except three shirts and



Ankara citadel from our room at the Berlin Oteli in Ulus

one suit into my trunk, and it was in storage until we moved into our apartment October 15. Washing wasn't any fun at the dorm, but there you could let your clothes dry during the daytime. At the hotel, we had to get the line down before the maids came in to clean. Anyway, Mike bought some Tursil (a local brand of laundry soap), and we washed the fast drying things in the sink and tried to dry them

overnight. I got sick of those shirts and I almost ruined my drip-dry suit.

The days went by very slowly while waiting for school to start. I read four books in three days, and I went to Tarhan's bookstore twice to buy some more. That was depressing because I had fifteen books in my locked up trunk that I couldn't get at. We weren't scheduled to get our Peace Corps book lockers, one of the real benefits of being a Volunteer, for months.

I opened an account at the branch of the *Türkiye İş Bankası* (Turkey Work or Business Bank) near our apartment. Their logo looks just like a dollar sign, with

the İ and the Ş intertwined. I get very little interest on my money, but I have a chance of winning big in the bank's lottery! It seems that the small depositors would rather take a chance on the account lottery than get a reasonable interest rate. All the banks advertise their latest winners heavily, just like in Las Vegas.

Instead of filling out the usual cards, by signing them in four places, I had to write my *imza*, a signature symbol. That is just an institutionalized form of a scrawl. If the *imza* is different from your signature, the symbol, not your signature, is the legal mark. Mike used the Yin Yang symbol (so did the Northern Pacific Railroad) and the tellers pestered him to change his *imza* to his signature every time he went back to the bank.

Along with branch banking, the Turkish banks have most of the modern banking services. Our landlord opened an account at our branch, and all we had to do to pay the rent was have the bank transfer the funds. The Peace Corps paid us by having the money put directly into our accounts. Our bank also issued *seyahat çekleri* (travelers checks) that were honored all over Turkey.

For those who cannot afford the bank lotteries, there is the National Lottery and the Spor Toto. *Spor Toto*



Spor Toto sign

is the soccer pool. Shops all over town are licensed to sell the score sheets. By Sunday night, the last of the week's matches have been played and, wherever the scores are reported, there are mobs of people checking their work sheets. At one shop in Ulus, I saw thirty people trying to read the latest scores, all crowded around a blackboard the size of a newspaper.

I finally received my teaching schedule. Horrible! Nothing like what we had been led to believe. I even had a Saturday class. I never had to suffer that indignity as a student. I have eight hours of Calculus instruction. There are approximately 1100 students in the freshman class. They are divided alphabetically into eighteen groups, each with between 50 and 60 students. I have Groups 7 and 8, from Necip Işılğan to Haşim Mutlu. I teach the combined class of 116 students Monday and Thursday (Monday starting at eight fifteen in the morning!), and then I teach Group 7 on Friday and repeated the lesson to Group 8 on Saturday. Each session is two hours long.

I was also scheduled to help a regular member of the staff with second-year Calculus (Partial Differential Equations), but at this point I did not know the details.

Admission to METU was granted on the basis of scores on a competitive entrance examination that was open to every Turkish student. I'm not sure how the Iranian, Iraqi, Jordanian, Syrian, Pakistani, Cypriot, and Lebanese students were chosen, but they seemed to fit the average. Some were good and some weren't. Money existed for scholarships so that any Turk could attend. If you got a scholarship, you had to teach to pay the money back.

The students got to choose their departments in the order of their entrance exam scores, with the highest choosing first. The Engineering Departments were the most popular because they held some promise of future employment. Almost all of the best students were majoring in Electrical Engineering. As the Engineering Departments filled up, the students with lower scores had to choose other fields. The majority of students that were in the Physics and Mathematics Departments are there because their only other choice was to go to another school. The only students who were worse at mathematics than the math and physics majors were the students in the Architecture and Administrative Science Departments.

I spent most of the week before classes started traveling back and forth from Ulus to METU, trying to get my office into shape. It didn't take me very long to find a chair, but it took two weeks to find the key to my desk. I couldn't do anything useful in my office in the afternoons until the lights worked. When the electrician decided where the wiring was to go, he took a chisel and cut out a channel in the walls for the wires. After the wires were in place, the walls were replastered. Everything came together on the Thursday before the start of school: the lights worked; they installed my black (actually light blue) chalkboard; and, the Calculus textbooks arrived. To attach the board, they had to cold chisel three holes in the wall. On their first try, the blackboard covered the light switch! I wandered around the building, when the dust got too thick, and I finally found the restrooms. Friday when I got to my office, I found both Jim Freeman and Dave Wilson sitting in it. It was the first time I had seen



Another view of Ankara from the Berlin Oteli

them since training. Workmen came in later and painted the first coat on my blackboard. They were not slate or the green stuff, but had a painted surface.

The weather had been good, although it was getting a little cool. We have had about three days with showers since I got here; otherwise the sun was shining all the time. The sky was very blue and the clouds were always a deep white. Very pretty! When I went picture-taking Saturday in Çankaya, the fluffy white clouds

conspired against me and bunched up around the sun.



Dick Janzig at the Cubuk Barajı

Mike and I took a *dolmuş* out to the Cubuk Barajı (*baraj* dam), Sunday, October 1. There is a landscaped park with lots of grass and poplar or aspen trees. It is a green oasis in a very rugged area. The dam stores the drinking water for Ankara. I don't think anyone used the water for that, at least not as is. Everyone drank bottled water or boiled it first.

First Semester (10/2/1967 – 1/29/1968)

Semester Start (10/2/1967 – 10/14/1967)

My first class, Monday, October 2, got off to a bad start. I arrived fresh and eager to teach my combined class in the new Auditorium Building, only to find that the painted surfaces of the blackboards were still wet. I just let the class go. My next session was on Thursday (plenty of time for the board to dry), but between the first hour, when I arrived and checked the classroom, and the start of my lecture, the boards were repainted. This time I went looking for another room, and I taught the first two lectures in one period. Teaching two-hour lectures took a lot more preparation than I had expected.

The Math Building was also brand new. It was a three-story structure with both offices and classrooms. It was not at all like the brick and cement masterpieces that surrounded us. It was flat-sided with balconies on each floor, and the outside walls were painted. This was the first time, since the school was founded, that the Math Department was able to get out of barracks similar in idea but not in shape to the Quonset huts at the University of Oregon. The freshman English teachers were also in the building, which concentrated most of the Volunteers at METU in one area. The English Department was on the ground floor and we were on the

top. The building crews tried to get everything ready on time, but only the faculty members who arrived late missed the complete confusion.

My office had three bare walls. A window took up a portion of one wall and gave a view of a courtyard and the back of the Math Building. The wall with the door had beaded glass where the door wasn't. I put a large street map of Ankara from the Ministry of Tourism on one wall to give the room a little color. After a week, my blackboard still needed another coat of paint before I could use it. I should have scheduled a class in my office! I had very good lighting, even though one fixture didn't work.



Kids playing with fire behind the Berlin Oteli

I met with Dr. Can (John) Akkoç, who was teaching one of the Differential Equations class, and found out what he wanted from me. He was the Assistant Chairman of the Math Department. I spent all Friday studying the text (Sokolnikoff and Redheffer) and going over his notes. My task was to plan an hour-and-a-half lecture, which included creating and solving

problems that exemplified what Can Bey had covered that week. I didn't have to grade the homework, but did have to help write and grade the tests.

The Differential Equations problem sessions quickly expanded to twice a week. I held reviews for 260 students, three sections of the class. They could attend either session, both, or neither, as they desired. The sessions were offered for their benefit and no grades were associated with it. The sessions lasted from one to two hours, depending upon what had been covered in class and questions generated during the review.

My first *Time* magazine arrived after my aborted Monday lecture, and I spent the afternoon reading it. Then I went downtown to Tarhan's bookstore and bought some more books.

Mike and I did almost anything to get out of our hotel room. There was almost always an American B movie showing somewhere downtown. They were usually pretty bad, but they were in English and we pretended to read the Turkish subtitles.

We went to see *Otelo* last week. We both had trouble staying awake, and Mike left after the second act. I thought it was quite well done. Everyone but Otelo (an American, I'd guess from the name) sang in Turkish; Otelo sang in Italian. Since I can't understand either language, it didn't bother me in the least. The *Barber of Seville* is the next offering, but they haven't announced when it will start. I have now found the box offices to everything except the State Theater. They are doing *My Fair Lady* (in Turkish) and it would be fun to see.

This week we went to the ballet on Monday and to a piano recital on Tuesday. There were concerts Friday and Saturday, but I couldn't get tickets. We can go to the opera and ballet for between 37 and 50 cents, but getting the tickets at the box office can be inconvenient.

The Peace Corps office called an all-Ankara-Volunteers conference that wasted a whole Saturday. Some Volunteers were feeling guilty that they were living too softly and not merging into Turkish life and were, therefore, not getting the true Peace Corps experience. You couldn't argue with their conclusions. One couple in our training group quit and went home when they were assigned to Ankara. However, trying to reevaluate the role of the city Volunteer doesn't change anything either. You do not get total immersion into the Turkish language when



Statue of Atatürk on horseback in Ulus

you teach in English in an environment where everyone else also speaks English. And it is hard to speak Turkish out of class with your co-workers when so many of them are also Volunteers. It is very difficult to create a village environment in the city under these conditions. If those Volunteers were not going to find satisfaction in the work that they were doing, nothing the Peace Corps staff could say to them would make them happy or change their conditions.

For the last two weeks, I had a sore throat that I hadn't been able to shake. The weather turned from cool to cold, and all of my fall or winter clothes were still in storage. It got so I couldn't keep from freezing in my office. By the twelfth, I had a cold that was at least as bad as any I have ever had. The Math Building was centrally heated, but the heat hadn't been turned on. That wasn't too surprising, because nothing worked the first time they tried it. I could sit in my office for only a short period before I had to get up and move around.

I took a chance Sunday and washed my drip-dry suit in the hotel room. When I got up at six thirty Monday, I found that it hadn't dried. Since that was all I had

to wear, I put it on wet and went to school. It had dried by the time I finished my lecture and looked very good and showed very few wrinkles.

Apartment Living (10/15/1967 – 10/28/1967)

We moved into our apartment on October 15 to find that the heat wasn't on there



Our apartment building from the front as it looked in the spring of 2000

either. We had one bed and hadn't thought to buy covers. Mike slept over and under one of our rugs, and I slept in the bed with all the towels piled on top of me. (He got the master bedroom; I got the master bed.) We both slept with all the clothes we could put on. Needless to say, my cold didn't improve and Mike caught one too. Two nights later, I was sleeping under a *yorgan* (a heavy quilt stuffed with cotton like the feather beds of Germany), which has been almost too warm, and Mike was in a Peace Corps sleeping bag. I could now sleep at least a half-hour longer in the morning and still make the bus to METU, and I didn't have to wait in Ulus for the EGO or a *dolmuş*.

We spent the weekend shopping for furniture, and bought a bed for Mike and a small end table for the bathroom. Everything cost far more than we had been lead to expect, and we turned out to be very unsuccessful bargainers. We just didn't know where to buy things in Ankara. By the time Mike had his *yorgan* made, the weather had turned warm again.

The rest of the house was furnished enough that we didn't have to buy anything to fill out the rooms. We had plenty of chairs, a big dining room table, sofa and four soft chairs, a rug on our wooden parquet living room floor, and curtains everywhere. The Esengüns even bought us two pots of plastic flowers and hung them on the living room wall.

The apartment was big enough for three people—we could easily have turned the den/dining room into a third bedroom—but we promised the Esengüns that there would only be two roommates. The kitchen had a two-plate gas burner and

a refrigerator, and we were left assorted knives, forks, spoons, plates and glasses, and a couple of pots and pans. We bought a Teflon fry pan, which was all that we used. A flash heater provided hot water for the kitchen and the bathroom with a tub and shower combination. It worked from fair to almost adequate, depending upon Ankara's water and gas pressures.

One of the things Şahap didn't leave us that we expected was his radio, so we rented Dave's. We fed him Thursday night's dinner for a week's use of his radio. It seemed to be the best place for it, since he spent every evening at our apartment.

With my trunk out of storage, I was at least able to wear warm clothes to school. I could then stay in my office and do some work and only my hands and feet would freeze. While I was grading papers, Friday, October 20, workmen came in and started banging on the radiator in my office. When we got home that evening,



Constructing the Administration Building at METU

there was heat in our apartment! It was another week before there was heat in the Math Building.

Now the only gripe I had was the lack of control over the radiators. The furnace wasn't fired up if it was warmer than 65°F in the sun. When the heat went on at night, it was usually too little too late. The apartment has yet to get above 68°F. When it gets colder outside in the

daytime, we will have heat all day and then maybe we will be able to regulate the temperature ourselves. I found that we didn't get heat before October 20 because by law Turks don't have to heat buildings before then. It doesn't matter what the temperature is outside; it isn't officially cold.

The Math Department started to have administrative meetings, seminars, and other educational get-togethers. The first seminar was interesting but completely over my head. The business meeting was a disaster. One professor, an internationally known Turkish mathematician, couldn't keep his mouth shut during the speech of the new, and very shy Department Chairman, Dr. Hayri Körezlioğlu. He became truly obnoxious when the meeting was opened to general discussion, arguing about how heavy a load a teacher should have to carry, especially his wife. He joked that they could always hire teaching

assistants because they only get 10 lira an hour. We get less than 7 lira (70 cents) from the Peace Corps.

I continued keeping up the pace of culture three nights a week or bust. Last week we saw some Kafkas folk dancers from Central Asia. Mike and I took Dora to see the Las Angeles Philharmonic. She was assigned to the English Department METU and she and I had Group 7 in common. The concert was very uneven. Zubin Mehta did the *Pictures at an Exhibition* so badly that it wasn't enjoyable.



Workmen building the stairway next to the Library Building

However, *Medea* by Barber was fantastic and worth the trip. Mehta had to drag the concertmaster off the stage with him, before the audience gave up trying to get them to play something more.

I also saw my second opera: *Barber of Seville*. It is one of my favorites, and it was quite well done and very enjoyable. The best voice had a minor role, Don Basilio, and he would be a good Boris

Godunov. He was the only non-Turkish singer and sang in Italian. The rest of the cast sang in Turkish. I was actually able to keep up with enough of the Turkish to understand some details.

We had our first party Friday night (a house warming), and it was not very successful. All Ankara Volunteers and friends were invited, but only six people came. Everybody without Saturday classes was heading out of town, because of the *Cumhuriyet Bayramı*, the celebration of the delaration of the Turkish Republic on October 29, 1923. After our house warming, the rumor was out that our apartment was nicer than McClure's. I think that Joyce Gurian started it. She was impressed with the closet that runs the length of the hall. We have lots of bare shelves and plenty of storage space.

The holiday continued through Monday and, with my teaching schedule, that leaves me free from Saturday afternoon until Wednesday evening. I worked like mad to get a week ahead, so I could take the two extra days off. I had to write two weeks of lesson plans in one week and that kept me bringing work home every free night.

I had already given two quizzes in Calculus and had announced a midterm to be given after the *bayram*. All the students reacted poorly to the last quiz I gave, and

they liked the idea of the midterm even less. Saturday morning's class was a little unruly. They had a Chemistry test just before my lecture, and those who came were late and would rather have started the holiday right then.

I was going to Çanakkale to visit Bruce Kokernot. [See the *Western Turkey* map.] I wrote that I was coming but hadn't received a reply. Since I didn't give him much time to answer, I decided to go on the assumption that he wouldn't run off himself over the holiday. Çanakkale is on the Dardanelles, where the WWI battles of Gallipoli were centered. It is also as close to Troy as you can get without being in a village. If Bruce wasn't home, I planned go back to Bursa and look around there. It was the first Ottoman capital and is famous for the Green Mosque and the best skiing in Turkey.

I didn't get started looking for tickets on Saturday until the early afternoon, because I hadn't been able to pack the night before and I taught my morning class instead of letting my students start the *bayram* early. I had hoped to make an earlier start for Çanakkale, but none of the major bus lines that had their offices around Kızılay left before six in the evening. I decided to go down to the *otobüs garajı* in Ulus where the *her saat* (every hour) buses sell their tickets. Because of the holiday, it took a half hour to get to Ulus. Boy and girl scouts, cub scouts, and students were marching down Atatürk Bulvarı and the *dolmuş* had to go around the town. When I got to the *garaj*, I found that the first bus to Bursa (the first stop) that left from there didn't leave until seven thirty. I went back to Kızılay and bought my ticket from the Kâmil Koç bus company leaving at six, and then I finally went and had some breakfast.

Trip to Çanakkale (10/29/1967 – 11/1/1967)

When I left for Çanakkale the evening of October 28, I found that I had the luck to choose a bus with cloth seats, and I rode the eight hours to Bursa in pleasure. The *otobüs garajı* in Bursa was still full of activity when we arrived, even though it was way past midnight. I immediately bought a ticket for Çanakkale on a bus that was to leave early the next morning. I wandered a



Dardanelles and Çanakkale from the ferry

couple of blocks from the *garaj* looking for the ugliest hotel in the area and rented a bed for 65 cents.

There was a heavy mist over Bursa when we left in the morning, and I was unable to see anything of the town. When it became clear, we were traveling through fertile but scrub-like country that reminded me of Arizona or eastern Oregon. I went through more *bayram* celebrations than I could have ever seen in Ankara. In every small town, we had to dodge the children marching into the city center for the holiday parade. The nine hours to Çanakkale weren't as pleasant as the ride the night before. The seats were plastic and were very uncomfortable after a couple of hours. I did enjoy the sights. I saw my first cotton field before we got to Çanakkale.

I arrived in Çanakkale to find the *turizm büro* closed. I didn't know whether it would be closed all during the holiday, and it was my only link to Bruce. I knew I was in the right town, because Bruce's Peace Corps book locker was by the door. I decided to see what there was in Çanakkale. The only thing of historical interest was a Byzantine fortress (from which the city gets its name: earthen fortress) that was still being used by the Army. I tried to find a vantage point from which to take its picture, but it was surrounded by small village houses, and I felt like I was intruding as I walked through them. Women were in groups shelling nuts or cracking grain, and kids were running around everywhere. I gave up and went back to the center of town. From the Çanakkale dock, ferrys go across the Dardanelles to Eceabat

on the European side or up the Sea of Marmara to İstanbul. The ferry was preparing to go to Eceabat and, for 2 cents, I figured the trip couldn't be a loser. The round trip took an hour, and there wasn't anything within walking distance on the other side. The WWI battlefields and monuments are farther south on the tip of the peninsula.



Çanakkale ferry dock

When I got back to Çanakkale, the *turizm büro* was open, and I was given directions to Bruce's apartment. He was home, but had been unable to tell from my letter whether or not to expect me. Bruce's roommate, Mehmet, was there with his fiancée. He runs a private tourism bureau and his assistant, Cemal, a kid of maybe eighteen, has become Bruce's closest companion. He was also there,

and Bruce and I were invited to his house for dinner. It was the first Turkish home-cooked meal for both of us. We had an hour before dinner, which gave us a chance to taste a jug of Çanakkale wine, *Kızıoğlu* (son of girl), which is dirt cheap and better by far than Ankara's pride. We had a couple of glasses and talked about all that had happened in the month and a half since he left Ankara. He had just spent a week touring the areas south of İzmir and also a little north of Çanakkale. That was part of his job, becoming familiar with what there was to see.

We tried to decide how we could most effectively use my time with the tourist season over and transportation to Troy and the WWI battle fields nil or expensive. I wanted to go to Edirne in Thrace, which was also one of Bruce's sites. Since he hadn't been there yet, it seemed like a good idea, if we could get transportation. Bruce was the only Volunteer I knew of with permission



Byzantine fortress at Çanakkale

to drive, since he was the only one with two sites, and they were so far apart. If his boss at the *turizm büro* came back Monday, we might be able to get a car. Another possibility was going south and seeing Pergamum, the center of the Roman province of Asia, which was a place that Bruce had yet to see. We couldn't make up our minds, so we went to dinner.

Cemal's father worked for the PTT, so was at least a minor official in the town, depending upon what he did there. He was a very gracious host, serving wine with the dinner at a pace that left even me far behind. The first course was *çorba* (soup) and was delicious, and I can't remember too much after that. There was some spicy *köfte* (ground meat patties) and a lettuce and tomato salad. We are not supposed to eat lettuce, but I ate the salad just to be polite. If there was anything else, I do not recall. I was full, and I quit drinking long before anyone else. Either my long dry period in Ankara after training or the two days on the bus had cut my capacity. Although I wasn't drunk, I just couldn't face another glass. We went upstairs to their living room for tea and talked some more. I haven't explained that Cemal barely knew English, probably on the same level as my Turkish, and he was the only one in his family who did. Bruce, who already knew German (fluently), and could get by in French, if pressed, had picked up

enough Turkish to keep a conversation going on a low but continuing level. I was still at the baby talk stage, where I could ask for things, but couldn't shift tense or person without getting balled up.

We finally said good-bye, and took Cemal out for some fresh air and tea in a *çay evi*. We just weren't able to expend any more energy on Turkish, and after a glass, left Cemal and went back to Bruce's apartment. We talked for about four more hours, while Bruce finished the jug without my help.

We got up the next morning, when Cemal came in to tell us that the director of the *turizm büro* was expected but hadn't arrived yet. We decided to go down to the *büro* and find out if we could get a car. By the time we got there, it was closed up again. We gave up on the *turizm büro*, and went to get something to eat.

Bruce was going to have to move out of the apartment in December, when his roommate got married. He gave me a tour of what he would be moving into next door. It was the penthouse of the highest building in town and had a fantastic view of the city and the Dardanelles. Penthouses and basements are the cheapest apartments in Turkey. The Turks just won't rent them. Basements are for janitors, and without elevators, penthouses are too much effort.

After we had breakfast, we went to the *garaj* to see about buses going south to Bergama, the city next to the ruins of Pergamum. A bus was going to İzmir at five, and we decided to take it south, instead of going north to Edirne.



Bruce Kokernot on the balcony of his soon to be finished apartment



Young girl getting water at the fountain near Gökçalı at the crossroads to Troy

Troy



City walls and the plain of Troy, ship in the Dardanelles



Tower on the Troy VI wall



Road to East Gate next to Troy VI wall



Fortication walls of Troy I (3000-2600 BC)



Wall of a Troy I house



City walls (2600-2300 BC) Troy II



Approaching storm over Troy

That gave us the afternoon to kill, so we hunted up a *dolmuş*-like minibus that was going out to the villages beyond Gökçalı, the crossroads to Troy. One was leaving almost immediately, and we got on. It is three miles from Gökçalı to Troy (*Trova*). We had walked forty-five minutes before we got a ride in the back of a pickup truck the rest of the way.

Troy is extremely small, only seven acres, and not at all impressive, except that it is Troy. Archaeologists have discovered nine different layers or distinct cities of different ages there. The cities are not conveniently on top of each other, however, and excavation has disturbed the layers even more. It looks highly confused, and without a map or the signs that are there, you would have no idea what you were looking at. Heinrich Schliemann found the “Treasure of Priam” at level II. Its discovery was the start of archaeology. Unfortunately, Schliemann dug like he was using steam shovels and made wide crisscrossing gouges into the site. The sixth layer from the bottom was considered to be the Homeric Troy, until the University of Cincinnati in the last few years showed that Troy VI fell by earthquake and that the layer above, Troy VII/a, was the Troy of Homer. Troy VI is much more impressive in ruin, however, than the Homeric one. Bruce told the man at the gate that he worked for the Ministry of Tourism, which he does, and that I was there to take pictures for magazines—very flattering—and we both got in free. Kicks, but it only saved 45 cents. We had fantastic light. There were storm clouds overhead with the sun shining brightly on the ruins.



Portico of the Asclepion at Bergama

After we made the circuit of Troy and marveled at the view of the Dardanelles, we started our walk back to the crossroads. A half hour later, we were picked up by a farmer driving a tractor and pulling a wagon full of cotton, melons, and women. We rode with the melons. We ate in the motel at the crossroads (the only building in the area), and then flagged down our bus as it came by. The İzmir bus dropped us off at the crossroads to Bergama, and there was a *dolmuş* waiting to take us into the city. We got to Bergama at about ten and found ourselves a hotel. After seeing enough of the town to get some ice cream, we went to bed.

Bergama is dominated by ruins: the acropolis of Pergamum to the north, and to the west, the hill that contains



Temple of Dionysus, theater, and Trajan's Temple on the acropolis of Pergamum from the Asclepion

the sacred temple and center of healing of Asclepius, where Galen did his work on anatomy and founded modern medicine. We started with the Asclepion, which was a fifteen-minute walk to the southwest from our hotel. At least that was the way the road went. We would have done better to have just struck out northwest over the hills. As ruins go, the Asclepion was more impressive than Pergamum, because more of it had been restored, and you got a much better idea of the layout of the area than at the cluttered, crowded, but gigantic ruins on the acropolis. After two hours at the Asclepion, we walked back to town. We stopped for a quick meal and then headed for Pergamum. We took what we thought was a *dolmuş* up the two-mile road to the top of the acropolis. It cost almost as much to get from Bergama to Pergamum as it did from Çanakkale to Bergama. If we had known the price, we might have tried to walk, but we wouldn't have enjoyed it.

It took us about three hours to see everything.

The library is famous as the rival to the one in Alexandria and as the originator of parchment. When Egypt stopped the export of paper, they started writing books



Alter of Zeus (go to Berlin to see the details)

on sheepskin. The library is also famous because it was given to Cleopatra, who never read any of the books, by Mark Antony, who didn't own them. The remains of the library aren't photogenic. The theater is gigantic, but in disrepair. It is very tall with a shallow bowl and has the usual perfect acoustics. The Temple of Dionysus at its base emphasizes the close

relationship of theater to his cult. The altar of Zeus must have been impressive, but you have to go to Berlin to see it. Almost outside of the walls of the acropolis

is the Temple of Demeter. It is the oldest building in the area and has sandstone columns instead of marble. They are of the “palm-leaf” type, which is very rare and from archaic times. The temple seemed as if it was being prepared for reconstruction: all the blocks and pieces were numbered and sorted. It looked just like a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle.



Frieze of garlands and blocks with numbers at the Temple of Demeter

We continued to walk back to Bergama, because we had worked ourselves half way down the acropolis following the ruins and there wasn't a car in sight. We stopped in the museum as we entered the town.

After an ice cream break, we went to the *otobüs garajı* to find out about transportation to İzmir. We arrived just as the bus pulled out. The next one wasn't leaving for an hour and a half, so we decided to hitchhike. It wasn't fifteen minutes before a cookie truck driver picked us up and drove us all the way to the ferry dock in İzmir! On the way, I passed my first camel train—boy, do they have big feet. There were olive trees on the hills along the road with dark green, dusty looking leaves. Again, Bruce's Turkish kept things moving smoothly, and it was a very interesting one-and-a-half hour drive.

At the İzmir ferry dock, we were given directions to the *otobüs garajı* by a Turkish Army private, who spoke English and was assigned to work with the American Air Force. We went to the *garaj* and got our tickets and then found a hotel.

We ate at the American Armed Forces Snack Bar in İzmir and I had two cheeseburgers and three chocolate shakes—my standard American fare. We then wandered around the waterfront until it was late enough to go see a belly dance. We must have picked the worst dive in İzmir, but the action at the table next to ours kept things interesting. Sitting there was the most inexperienced looking elephant of an American serviceman I have ever seen. A bar girl came up to his table, got the normal drink tribute, sat down awhile and then took him out on the dance floor. It makes me self-conscious of how I dance, just to remember how they looked. As soon as she got him back to the table, she was off for greener pastures. When the belly dancing started, and it was extremely bad, the girl came back and began putting the moves on the guy. They both got up and went

upstairs. It wasn't a house, but there were semi-private tables up there. When they left, we figured the show was over, and left too. We went to our 50-cent hotel and prepared to go our separate ways.

I was up at seven to get my bus to Ankara. Bruce wasn't leaving until the afternoon for Çanakkale and stirred just long enough to say good-bye. I was horrified to find that my ticket said eight in the evening, but, when I got to the *garaj*, they willingly exchanged it. The bus was only half full and was quite comfortable. I read a copy of *Newsweek* and worked on some problems for my midterm, and the bus ride went quickly. I got back to Ankara at six and had beaten Mike home from school. We went out for dinner, and then I settled down to polishing the lessons I had to teach on Thursday.

Classwork and Students (11/2/1967 – 11/18/1967)

It was a mistake to have given my midterm right after the *bayram*. It completely snowed me under, when I should have been free to catch up. It took me fifteen minutes to grade the first test, and there were another 115 to go. A kid walked up to me on Friday and said, "I'm your grader; put me to work." So, I did. I let him mark the right or wrong type questions on the test and it saved me at least four hours. However, in the long run, he didn't make my schedule any lighter. I now had to spend just as much time finding homework assignments that I could give that would be more valuable graded than the ones in the text, which gave all the answers. Before he was assigned to me, I would indicate which problems seemed to be more useful and suggested that the students work them, but I never had them turned in. Those that I thought were the most interesting, I used as examples in class.

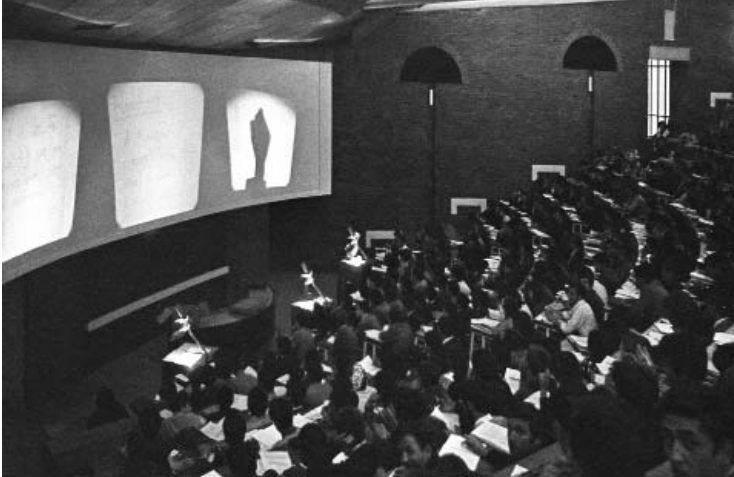
I was frustrated by my students' lack of progress. They could have done better given a different environment. Their biggest handicaps were not knowing how to study (which is a euphemism for not doing the work assigned or doing it without thinking or just copying it from someone else) and having too heavy a workload. All freshmen in the Schools of Engineering must take Calculus, Physics, Chemistry, and English.



Students waiting for class to begin in the Auditorium building

The Turkish attitude toward earning grades wasn't anything like the ideal in America when I was a student. The better students were quite willing to let the rest copy their work—even during tests. It is against their culture to refuse a request from a friend, even when it is breaking a rule to do so.

They also would not do any homework unless it was going to be graded. American students are a little more farsighted and realize that homework may not be graded but the material will still be covered on the tests. I haven't been able



One of the three lecture halls in the Auditorium Building

to get across the fact that if something is important enough to be a homework topic then it is important enough to be on a test later.

I tried to keep from doing all the things that my teachers did that made learning hard and to emphasize all the things that made it easy. After seeing how unprepared my students were for my first test, I began to give them a

quiz once a week. I always had at least one question that reviewed our past work and a couple that emphasized the current week's topics. That way they quickly discovered what they knew and what they didn't. I returned the quizzes on Monday and spent most of the lecture going over the problems and their solution. Nothing aggravated me more as a student than having to wait weeks after taking a test for my teacher to get it graded and returned.

The method I used in writing a test was fairly simple. I would write one version and then make a second by either rearranging the questions or slightly varying the details. When I gave the test, I seated my students as far away from each other as was possible and passed out the tests alternating the versions. I gave my midterm in the Auditorium Building and seated the students in alternate rows, at least three seats from each other. I had created four versions of the midterm.

I learned most of my testing techniques from Bob Zahn. He got so far behind once that he had to throw a party to get his multiple-choice midterm written, so he could give it the next day. He would write one problem and give five possible answers. Our (the guests') job was to slightly modify the question so that another one of the given answers was correct. If it were possible to design the question so that making a common mistake would result in one of the other choices that was even better. When we finished, we had two different copies of the test, and Bob

wrote “copy B” on the upper right hand corner of both of them.

Mike and I took Friday morning off from school and went down to Kızılay. Atatürk died on November 10, 1938, and the Turks have an extremely impressive remembrance. He died at 9:03 in the morning, and at that time, everything in Turkey stops for two minutes. Mike and I were in Kızılay to



Landscaping the area between the Math Building and the Auditorium Building

watch, and all of the cars stopped, the traffic policeman saluted in the direction of Atatürk’s statue, and the people on the sidewalks froze in their tracks.

METU’s students went on a *boykot* (strike) Saturday, November 18. The Student Unions (there were two of them) were very powerful in Turkey, and METU had one of the strongest chapters. The students were protesting the fact that private technical schools were outside of government control. İstanbul University organized the *boykot*, and to publicize their opinions, a large group of students staged a march from İstanbul to Ankara that took ten days. The METU students joined them for the last three days of the *boykot*, when the marchers arrived in Ankara.

Most of the students stayed on campus, but wouldn’t come to classes. That meant that my Group 8 students missed my Saturday lecture, and both Groups 7 and 8 missed the Monday one. The only effect on the students was that they had to hand in the homework assignment on Thursday that had been on due Monday. As my gesture against the strike, I wrote LATE in big red letters on all the ones that



Landscaping around the Auditorium Building in the spring

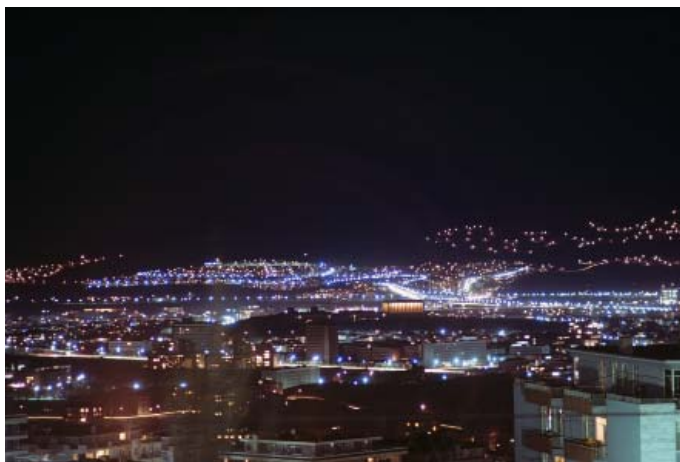
were handed in. Because of the high incidence of collusion, homework grades did not count toward class grades, so marking them *late* made no difference, but I didn't tell my students that.

However, I had trouble when the Group 8 students who had skipped the Saturday lecture asked me to repeat it. When preparing a lecture, I made my notes so detailed that, if I ever lost my train of thought, I could find where I was without having to sit down and rethink through the proof or idea. When giving the lecture, I would write almost every word that I said onto the blackboard so that my students could copy them down and translate them later if necessary. I also had started posting my lecture notes on the wall by my office after the lecture, so that the students could fill in any of the details that they might have missed. That got me into trouble when I tried to summarize the lecture that Group 8 had skipped. As an extra, added benefit, I had shown them a very flashy proof to a theorem that related the mathematical concept of "e" to the natural logarithms. I couldn't remember the trick that I had used when I wrote the proof! I finally had to tell them to go look on my wall for the notes of that lecture and got down to giving the lecture that I had prepared for that day.

Cyprus (11/19/1967 - 12/17/1967)

Ankara begun its winter season with the days and nights close to freezing. We had our first snowfall. I sloshed all over Ulus looking for a pair of rubber overshoes, but I was unable to find any in my shoe size. The students made a snowman on campus, and they went sliding on the ice in the pond outside the Math Building, but I didn't see any ice skates.

Mike and I had been having a running battle with Deputy Director Rich Sherrington and the Peace Corps staff since the end of training: first the housing restriction, then having to go to the useless conference in October, and finally their screwing up our mail. They failed to give our address to Peace Corps/Washington, and because of that, we had to pick up our *New York Times Week in Review* at the office. And when we would go to get it, there just never seemed to be any left. Because of Peace Corps/Washington, there weren't enough book lockers to go around, and the staff decided that the Ankara Volunteers could do without. Sherrington



Ankara at night from Çankaya with the Anitkabir lighted

told us not to worry; we would get one from the next shipment, but there never was one. I finally filled up a locker from cast-off books in the Peace Corps office.

The third week of November was just full of excitement. The students struck, the British devalued the pound and most of the countries in the Middle East followed suit, and the U.S. government finally removed the restrictions in our passports for travel in all the countries of the Middle East. Even with permission, it was still not recommended that we travel to Syria. The people didn't like us even if their government did. Then as the weather in Ankara turned cold, Cyprus came to a boil. On November 20, anti-aircraft guns were placed on the hills around Ankara.

News didn't come too thick and fast for those of us who couldn't read the Turkish newspapers, but at least we knew about the building crisis in Cyprus three weeks before America took notice. Only when you are near to something do you find out how badly things are reported. The last week of November's issue of *Time* finally got around to mentioning Cyprus and, although the facts were substantially correct, the writing was heavily slanted toward the Greeks. When *Newsweek* arrived, it had more facts wrong, but it was much more balanced in tone. As far as we can tell, it was an almost classic case of aggression on the part of the Greeks, with the Turks innocent for once. That the Turks took advantage of the situation after it happened is also true, but that was just good politics. What *Time*

called a "routine" police action was, in fact, the surrounding of a Turkish village with tanks and armored cars and the systematic leveling of it. Since Cyprus is always a touchy issue, it wasn't surprising that the Turks got a little upset.

There were a few interesting protests, which left some American windows broken (like the Pan American Airlines headquarters and the USIS building), but all it takes is one rock to break a window and it takes about fifty-to-one odds before the Turks will riot against their *Jandarma* (police) patrol squads, which are constantly in sight in Ankara. It was the students who effectively precipitated the 1960 revolution, and the generals remember that they came into power because of student protests and subsequent riots. Even though they returned the power to civilians in less than a year, they have kept their presence as a reminder to both the government and the people that they demand a certain amount of



War of Independence memorial in Ulus with a woman carrying an artillery shell

progress and very little nonsense. The police were called Fruko (after the soft drink of the same name) because they sometimes patrolled in a truck shaped like a Fruko truck (think of a Coke truck) that sits at least twenty well-prepared riot police. One of the Fruko trucks could be seen almost every weekend just driving up and down Atatürk Bulvarı.

President Johnson was a major reason for the anti-Americanism. The Turks hate him for the letter he wrote the Turkish government in 1963, when he had just become President and the Christmas Cyprus fighting was getting hot. He said that, if Turkey used NATO armament against another NATO member, we would in effect let the Russians take over the Bosphorus. This time he sent Cyrus Vance to negotiate, and the students were in the streets as soon as it was known that Johnson had started meddling in THEIR war. One quote, which you might have read was: “You fight your war and let us fight ours.”

Bus service to and from METU was stopped until after five o’clock to deter the students from coming into Ankara, when things were threatening to get out of hand on Thanksgiving day. There were Military-Police-like Army patrols on the streets along with the Fruko trucks. The police cordoned off sections of the sidewalks next to American establishments like the American Library, the Amerikan-Türk Bank, which is one-third owned by Bank of America and two-thirds by Turks, and the USIS, where they forced pedestrians to walk the whole block on the other side of the street. That was the night that the Pan American office got stoned—but it was repaired before morning by the Turkish government.

Dave, Mike, and I celebrated Thanksgiving at the excellent, but expensive, restaurant in the Yuksel Palas Oteli downtown. I had their delicious and authentic Eastern European borsch and beef stroganoff.

The next day I discussed Cyprus and Vietnam with my students during the break after my first hour of lecture. I couldn’t convince any of them that war was bad. I don’t think I had a male student who wasn’t for at least invading Cyprus and most likely for also reclaiming Greece as lost Ottoman territory.

We hadn’t seen our Field Rep in an official capacity since the October conference, but he finally condescended to make a site visit and drove his Peace Corps



Dolmuş stop and simitçi (simit salesman) on Esat Caddesi

green-truck the four miles out to campus to tell us that we were not going to be evacuated (some Americans were evacuated from Cyprus) and to stay away from the demonstrations in Kızılay.

Ankara had calmed down again by Saturday and then Sunday we had a blackout. We were unable to get any news that indicated what might have happened, on Dave's radio. Mike went down to Kızılay to see what he could see. One thing you could see was stars! The night was beautiful. Sam, the AID man upstairs, dropped by later and brought a translation of the Governor of Ankara's message to the people. It said that the blackout was a practice civil defense drill.



Sucu (water seller) and horse cart

There wasn't a blackout on Monday, but there were more demonstrations. I was in the Hachette bookstore checking to see if their *Guide to Greece* that I had ordered, before the beginning of the Cyprus crisis, had arrived, when İsmet İnönü walked in. He had been Turkey's first president after Atatürk, but at the moment was only a member of parliament, as his party had been voted out of

power in the summer. I think that he was trying to show visible, official calm for the government. Wherever he went, he created a crowd. I was surprised by how excited I felt when I saw him.

The war correspondents went home on Tuesday, November 28, and the rumor coming out of AID (delivered by Sam) was that an agreement has been signed in principle, if not announced in fact. Since the status quo is such that crises can always happen, it would be nice if Turkey were able to radically alter the situation on the island. The only solution, of course, would be for the two groups to live together peacefully, but that doesn't seem to be the way things are done in the Middle East.

Cyprus remained quiet for a couple of weeks before King Constantine attempted his coup. His failure and deposition by the Colonels didn't cause a ripple here in Turkey. If things get hot in Greece and I am not able to travel there, I will be very disappointed.

Being a Peace Corps Volunteer is an eleven-month a year job, and if you have a nine-month teaching assignment, you need to come up with a summer project to fill in the last two months. The METU Department of Architecture was soliciting international support to excavate some areas in the south that would be covered

by dam water in two years. I pitched the idea of being an archaeologist for my summer project. The Peace Corps liked the idea. Güllü Hanım, the Math Department secretary, called the Architecture Department secretary and she was encouraging.

Mike and I took a quick trip to Konya and went to the Mevlana Festival. The *Mevlevi* (Whirling Dervishes) “performed” the ceremony of the Sema in the High School gymnasium. The performance was given by group of musicians, two masters, and twelve *semazen* (the ones who whirl). The *semazen* initially greeted the master who was designated the *sheikh* and then begin their whirling. The other master walked among the *semazen* and made sure that they were not overcome by ecstasy. It wasn’t worth a trip to Turkey to see, but it did get me away from math for a while. We went with Sam, and his driving was the worst I have ever experienced: overreacting after not paying attention, going too fast on curves, and not knowing how to handle his new car. It was the most frightening ride I have ever been on.



Mevlana festival performances of the Sema in a gym in Konya

I thought that Sam might allow me to use his APO to ship a box of film over, but he refused. I had also been given the impression that I would be able to get film through the Peace Corps staff, when they flew home for conferences, but McClure had already gone to Washington once without letting me know ahead of time. There was a good chance that I would be out of film before semester break in February.

Christmas (12/18/1967 – 1/14/1968)

December was the Muslim month of fasting, and the three days of *Şeker Bayramı*, the sugar or sweet holiday that ends Ramazan, began on News Year’s Day. The Muslim religious calendar is on a changing, lunar year, and it was just chance that the *bayram* began on New Year’s Day this year. We got a week off from classes for the holiday.

Even though there were fewer people eating lunch in the METU cafeteria during Ramazan, the service didn’t get any better and the food had no hope of

improving. Our favorite restaurant, on Esat Caddesi, all but closed during the period. When they opened after sundown, they had hardly any selection. The only other noticeable change was the lack of *simit* (bagel-like bread) sellers on the sidewalks. They were usually thicker than shoeshine men.

A vacant lot on the way down the hill from our apartment to the bus stop was



Grandmother and grandchildren

filled with evergreens. Christmas trees for the Americans! Surprisingly, there were some Turkish homes with decorated trees. They enjoy the lights and the greenery.

There were rumblings for a week about a one-day *boykot* that finally came off. The Chairman of the Administrative Sciences Department was not rehired by the Board of Trustees, and both the faculty and the students were up in arms. They planned the *boykot* for the day of my midterm, which got me upset about it, but luckily it didn't happen until a couple of days later. When it did, the leaders of the Student Union prevented the freshmen from attending their physics class. This also caused quite a stir and one of the foreign (British) faculty members wrote a petition asking the Rector to take action to insure that the students had the right to make up their own minds without intimidation. I passed a copy around the Math Department and got most of the members to sign.

Saturday, December 23, the Peace Corps had a Christmas party. I had taken Dora Roach to a concert and we went to the party together. John Hoover had come in from Eskişehir and brought me up-to-date on happenings at the University of Kansas. I danced a bit with one of the office secretaries, drank a lot, and had a good time.

Dora had become one of my best people. She liked going to operas and concerts and became an ever-ready stand-by whenever I had time to go. She never complained about last-minute decisions, but she did object to the pace I set when we walked to the theaters in Ulus. There were lots of things I wanted to see last month, but I wasn't able to get out of the bring-work-home-from-school rut.

Two of my Lebanese students (brothers) had a Christmas Eve dinner and asked Mike and me to attend. I had told them that I wouldn't come, if they didn't bring up their grades. I didn't think that it was a good idea to go in the first place and especially not with the older brother having a good chance of flunking

my class. Because their grades hadn't improved, Mike and I went off and had dinner downtown. The younger brother came by at eleven and asked us to at least come for a drink. He had come by earlier when we were at dinner. We were embarrassed by their failure to believe that our *no* had been final, and when we got to their house, it was even worse. They had enough food left to feed four or five people, and it was obvious that there was more left than had been eaten. Dora was there and was very unhappy with us for not having come. I got home very late and that made getting up for my eight fifteen lecture Christmas morning very painful.

The anti-aircraft guns were taken down from Çankaya on Christmas day. I taught for the first hour and then let the class go. Dora had Mike, Jim, and me over for Christmas dinner. She served chicken, vegetables, and apple pie. It was a perfect menu to evoke memories of home. We sat around and talked, some of her students came to visit, and we had a nice quiet Christmas.

We had snow off and on for two weeks and had a white Christmas. It didn't last more than a couple of days, but while the temperature was below freezing, there wasn't any mud! Mike went skiing, but I stayed home and graded tests.

The first week of December, I started taking Turkish lessons four hours a week in the evenings. That, while not enough to learn anything, was the only four hours a week that I speak Turkish, and it was a holding action if nothing else. I had hopes of bumping it up to twelve hours a week for the first month of next semester, before the workload killed me again, but work won out.



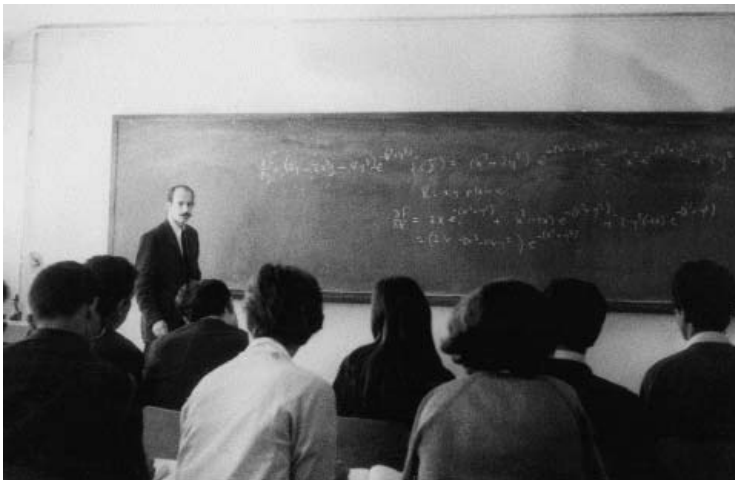
View from our apartment on a dreary day

I got some exciting news from Gersün my Turkish teacher. I received a 0+ from FSI and was only two points out of twenty from getting a 1. He was very proud. I knew that I had done well, at least after I recovered from answering "*İsminiz ne?*" (What is your name?) with "*İsminiz ne Dick*" (What is your name—Dick). I quickly said "*İsmim Dick*" (My name is Dick), before the tester ended the exam on the first question. I wasn't able to understand exactly what they wanted in reply, but I usually knew what they were talking about. I had been having a close-to-ideal learning situation until recently. I was usually the only student for two hours, with classes in our living room. Then Martha Kasper and Dave began to attend, and when Mike came home in time, it was just like any old class.

The Peace Corps called the Volunteers into Ankara for a conference during Şeker Bayramı. They waited so long to announce the conference that some Volunteers had already made vacation plans. It was inconvenient for them, and very inconsiderate on the part of the Peace Corps staff.

Bruce stayed with us during the conference. He arrived late Saturday night after skiing that day on Uludağ near Bursa (one of the many Mt. Olympuses). Mike, Bruce, and I ate breakfast at Balgat and then separated. I came back to town with Ron Rabin and Pat Jacoby, and on the way to Ron's apartment we met Rick Beebe, John Olin, and Howie Scott. We talked most of the afternoon and then there was the Peace Corps New Year's Eve party. It was not as good as the Christmas bash, but the punch got to just as many.

The conference itself was useless. The discussions were dominated by Ankara Volunteers, and those of us at METU talk Peace Corps politics over lunch everyday. There were the usual complaints about the lack of support and interest shown by the Turkish government for the Volunteers in the villages. The village Volunteers seemed to be divided over being pleased or upset about the small number of site visits being made by their Field Reps. I think that the majority



Dick Janzig teaching Calculus

were happy to be well away from the Ankara office. We got another round of shots, which may have made the trip into Ankara worthwhile.

Bruce left again for Uludağ as soon as the conference was over, and then Bill Brockhaus used our apartment as a base the next week, while he was on vacation. Bill, Margaret Gallagher, and

Ann Srotyr toured Konya and then went off to İstanbul. Along with teaching and all the accumulation of work from school, having all of the Volunteers in Ankara kept me running for two weeks. Last Sunday night, I wasn't able to finish writing my Monday lecture until three in the morning.

I was surprised at how excited I was to see people that I didn't even realize I had missed. Bill was very happy to be out of Köyceğiz. He wasn't too pleased with his site. From what I have heard about the villages, they take time to grow on you. John Olin's site in the east near the Black Sea was supposed to be in a very wild area. A wedding didn't take place in his village because the groom was unlucky playing Russian roulette at his bachelor party. John also said that he

was sure that he had at least one student who didn't know he was being taught a foreign language. I know that John wouldn't change his site for anything. Martin Dooley, who was a librarian at Atatürk University in Erzurum, wouldn't say a word about how things were going there.

The Vietnam War was beginning to impact the Peace Corps. Ken Kepke was in the process of being drafted, although he was being allowed to take his physical here in Turkey. That's something that I couldn't do when the draft board pulled me home from Europe in 1963. From what I heard, Keith Johnson had run out of appeals and had to go home for his physical. Bill was still rated A-1, but so far his draft board hadn't done anything about calling him up.

Fred Walhauser and Bob organized an Ancient History Seminar. It is of the "big idea" type instead of a "learn things" one. They want theses to be proposed and defended. We had our first meeting January 10 at Sherrington's house. Fred presented the thesis that the development of Sumerian cities was the sign of the rise of the Sumerian civilization and that that wasn't necessarily true of other civilizations of the ancient east. We immediately forgot the main thesis and started discussing related things in all directions.

It was a lot of fun, but someone later characterized it as a drinking party. Bob and I did get about as bombed as is humanly possible, but the effects weren't obvious until the seminar was over. We had stayed after to discuss how things were going in the Math Department with Sherrington, and when it became clear that we couldn't give coherent answers to his questions, we decided to go home. That was quite an experience. It had snowed during the seminar, and neither one of us was in a state to walk on the stuff. We were well insulated, however, and had a great time sliding down the hill on our backs. Bob tried to get me to stay at his apartment, when we got that far safely, but his roommate, Jeff Thompson, came home just then and he pointed me in the right direction. (Bob couldn't hold up a hand and keep it still long enough to point.)

I had to teach at eight fifteen and when I got to school I could hardly talk and barely hold chalk. My mouth had

never been so dry. Every time I got the chalk within a quarter of an inch from the blackboard, it would start rat-a-tat-tatting against the board. I had to lean against the wall just so I could be heard over the noise of the chalk. I mimeographed a



Mike Gilpin working at our dining room table

test between classes and was almost overcome by the fumes. It seems that by ten thirty that morning all the Volunteers in Ankara knew about the Ancient History Seminars.

The Peace Corps office screwed up my summer project! I talked to the people in the Architecture Department, and they said that the Peace Corps promised them that Turkey/16 would contain some Archaeology graduates, so they are holding out for trained Volunteers for the summer dig. I have no idea what I will be doing now.

I picked up my passport at the Peace Corps office last week and bugged them about finishing the paperwork on my resident permit, so that I would be able to get back into Turkey after the semester-break vacation. I was told that it would take at least two more weeks. The village Volunteers have had theirs for over three months.



Bottled water delivery

I wrote a check on my First National Bank of Oregon account and sent it to New York for forty rolls of film with Kodak mailers: twenty for me, and ten each for Mike and Jim. The girlfriend of a Volunteer was coming to Turkey January 28 and would bring it across for us. We were going to be set for the rest of the winter.

End of First Semester (1/16/1968 – 1/29/1968)

Starting in November, I began working at least twenty hours at home in addition to the forty I spent on campus. Once we started giving tests, we never seemed to quit or to have them all graded. It took me two weeks to grade my last Calculus midterm. I was giving a quiz every Thursday to my students and it took a minimum of eight hours to grade and usually four hours to write. I tried an experiment of having my grader mark the quizzes, which ended after the first attempt.

He gave partial credit for effort regardless of correctness. I spent a weekend regrading his work and decided to continue doing it myself after that. Can Bey's Differential Equations classes were given a midterm before Christmas that I was able to finish grading just before the start of finals.

When I wasn't grading tests, I could usually be found writing lesson plans. It took between three and four hours of preparation for every two-hour lecture I gave. During December, the Differential Equations class got to material I had never had, and I had to learn it before I could teach it. Because it was my job to work examples, I always had to hunt for or create problems, which were designed to show all the theory with a minimum amount of mess. I had the same problem with the last midterm we gave: creating problems that the students could do and that used certain theorems that Can Bey wanted stressed. Once, I spent one whole day before I concluded that it was impossible to design a problem that showed two ideas simultaneously that I needed to explain and was at the same time simple and manageable.

One thing that kept me sober and stable was the Saturday afternoon State Symphony concerts. From the high of five nights a week on the town in October, I had cut down to one concert a week, and once every two weeks I would go to the opera. I missed the *Tales of Hoffman* during the heavy work period before Christmas; it had a short run and was gone for good. I was told that it was a bad production, but I was told that about a couple of them, which I found to be enjoyable the night I went. The singers rotated a lot. Anyway, I was quite upset by not being able to see it. *Porgy and Bess* may be the next one they do, or it will be done before the end of March. They have been doing *Anna Bolena* for over a month and I'm afraid they will change just before my vacation and again before I get back. I



Local wine shop

have seen *Anna Bolena* twice (something I wouldn't wish on anyone), once taking people who came into Ankara for the Peace Corps conference and then again when another group was here on their vacation.

I had two weeks to write my Ancient History Seminar paper and was able to polish it off over the weekend before the lecture. I gave my draft to Sue Foster to type and by Tuesday she had lost it. (Sue is a third-year Volunteer who works in the Peace Corps office and whose job is visiting the female TEFL Volunteers and helping them with their problems.) I found out Wednesday afternoon and by eight thirty I had rewritten it from my notes and mimeographed the copies so it could be read hot from the press at nine. My thesis was "The Mycenaean

gods were not the gods of Homer.” I compared the gods of Homer with the gods of the Linear B tablets and other archaeological sources. My conclusion was that although Homer recorded an accurate picture of the Mycenaean political structure he did a bad job of reporting the religious one. The organization of the Pantheon and Zeus’s relation to it was created in the archaic period between



Horse cart

the Mycenaean Age and the Classical Age. Greek Mythology has recorded a heavenly structure similar to the feudal Mycenaean political organization, but the Linear B records from Pylos show a completely different religious hierarchy. The discussion centered around Leonard R. Palmer’s total destruction of the scholarly integrity of Sir Arthur Evans, who discovered the Minoan civilization on Crete at Knossos. Discrediting Evans’ chronology of the Mediterranean area raised many questions as to who ruled whom and when. Anyway, the evening was a success.

We gave the Differential Equations test at the beginning of finals and my Calculus test on the last Friday of finals. I had written a second draft of my final, but after spending three days grading my portion of the Differential Equations test, I was convinced that I had to find the eight hours it would take to convert my test to multiple-choice. By Thursday afternoon I had a final draft: thirty multiple-choice questions and ten written. I took paper and supplies into the Peace Corps office so I could mimeograph the tests at night, and found I had brought less than half enough paper. I had all the masters and one hour in the morning at METU to run off the tests, staple them together, and organize the rooms. Jim helped me with the stapling or I would never have made it. The test went smoothly enough and I had the multiple-choice part graded in three hours and posted on my wall. I was quite disappointed with the results. It was an easy Calculus final but you would have never known it from the scores my students earned.

Mike’s job at the Physics Department has been difficult, because the freshman lecturer is absolutely out of touch with reality. He gave two midterms where the average score was 15 out of 100 and then gave an impossible take-home test over Şeker Bayramı. The final was a lot better (much easier), but the staff hadn’t even started to grade the take-home test. They had just finished grading the second midterm when finals began, and they didn’t finish grading the final until the middle of February. The take-home that was supposed to be a 100-point midterm was given to the senior assistants to grade and was only given a letter grade. It

didn't count except in borderline cases, which meant it was ignored. It was a cruel way to have ruined the students' vacation. Grading part of 380 Differential Equations tests and all of my own 116 Calculus tests killed a good week, and that wasn't anything like the job Mike had with the freshman Physics final. Although he was grading a much smaller part of each test, he had 1100 test booklets to thumb through.

Saturday we married off Bob to Judy Laurence, another Volunteer, whom he had met in training and courted all last year. There was a bachelor party Thursday night and then the reception after the wedding. Both slowed me down a bit.

Small Businessmen

On holidays especially, everywhere you looked, there were people of all ages trying to make a few lira. The most unique method I saw was to bring a bathroom scale out onto the sidewalk and charge people 10 *kuruş* (*kuruş* one hundredth of a lira) to weigh themselves. There were up to fifteen per block on Atatürk Bulvarı during Zafer Bayramı in August. There must have been as many scales on the sidewalk, even some big medical type balance scales, as there were shoeshine men. A shoeshine costs anywhere from 50 *kuruş* to a lira, depending upon where you get it and how much you can bargain. Most shoeshine men have very fancy boxes for holding their waxes and for you to place your foot on. The boxes have brass corners and painted scenes on the sides.

The sidewalks hold all kinds of businesses. There are sellers of clothing, whose shops are large suitcases. They just open them up on the sidewalk and start barking their wares. *Simitçiler* (simit salesmen) wander up and



Shoeshine man

down the streets carrying loads of simits on a board balanced on their heads. When they find a likely group of customers, they take the board off their head and convert it into a table. Their balance, while remarkable, is not perfect, and we buy simits from the more established salesmen, who have them in glass cases in fixed locations on the sidewalk. They are usually found at the bus stops and major intersections. Chestnuts and corn are roasted in braziers and their smoke adds a



Young *simitçi*

Balloon seller

Clothespin seller



sweet smell to the street. At night they add a glow to the darker streets and, when it is cold, a little warmth. On hot days, there are water and juice salesmen on the streets. They carry jugs on their backs and have cups hanging on a chain or acting as caps to the jugs.

More-nomadic salesmen push homemade carts, some that were obviously baby carriages



Heavy-duty porter

at one time, selling melons, plastic goods, household items, and anything else that doesn't cost too much to inventory. *Eskiciler* (junkmen) walk by our street everyday calling out, "*eski, eskici*" (old, junkman), asking if there are people who have old things to sell.

There are horse-drawn wagons to be found all over Ankara. Some work for private companies like the bottled water carriers, but many are for hire to haul anything. People also hire out to haul things. They are called *hamallar* (porters). They have wicker baskets strapped to their backs and will follow you around while you shop and carry your packages for you.

One special businessman, the scribe, has two valuable possessions: a typewriter and the ability to read and write. All he needs is a chair and a table and he is in business. There is a row of them lining one of the main streets in Ulus.



Professional scribes in Ulus

The sidewalk businessmen don't seem to think of snow or cold as bad weather, although rain does cut their ranks. They just bundle up as warmly as possible and huddle around

fires, which they build in cans that look like they could have held two pounds of coffee, but probably contained olive oil. The workmen at METU hang them from the scaffolding near where they are working. The tripods of Homer come instantly to mind. There was a perfect picture on a side street in Kızılay, when the snow was still on the ground. Four shoeshine men with their fancy boxes were crowding around one of those



Workman adding non-skid surface to smooth cement

olive-oil can braziers. It reminded me of the poor little match girl. Unfortunately, I didn't have my camera with me.

There are lots of areas with small shops, where the businesses have grown beyond the nomad stage and have developed permanent residences. Some areas of the business district in Ulus specialized in only

one commodity. There was a street where most of the rugs were sold and another where copper and other metal work was done. Almost all of the small restaurants

in Kavaklıdere, where I lived, were on Esat Caddesi. However, businesses like *bakkal ve kasap dükkanları* (grocery and butcher shops) were scattered throughout the residential area. In the past, mosques were also surrounded by shops, their rent helping to pay for the mosque's



Masons working stone at METU



Four-man dump truck at METU

upkeep. Apartment buildings are built with small shops on the ground floor for exactly the same reason.

Manpower is a reality in Turkey. At METU, I saw a couple of bulldozers

and a road grader, but I think they were there only because the contractor got desperate for time and decided to speed up the job. The usual (probably an unfair adjective) dump truck employs four men shoveling like mad. They do a very fast job of emptying the bed of the truck! Human pack animals still exist and, with large frames on their backs, they carry immense loads. The skilled labor that

disappeared, as the cost of living rose in America, still exists here. Masons and bricklayers were building METU. Everywhere you looked they were shaping stones and building walls, stairs, and monuments.

The masons have impressed me more than any other workers in Turkey. They take rough stone and shape it into usable blocks of a size and form determined in their minds before they apply the first chisel blow. Watching a sculptor work must be one of the most exciting sights possible.

With the use of all this labor, steps are sometimes taken that are quite wasteful. When the broad walkway running from one end of campus to the other was laid, the first step was pouring a narrow cement grid, creating a mesh for six-foot squares of cobblestones. (Narrow means one person wide, and that is important when it rains, because then the cobblestone squares become little lakes on the walkway. Who gets to walk on the cement grid becomes a problem of rank, protocol, and chivalry.) After the cement was poured, it was very carefully smoothed before it dried. Once it was hard, workmen spent days with grooved chisels chipping away at the cement until they had put a nonskid surface on it.

Turkish laborers haven't won all the conveniences of their American counterparts. One evening, Mike and I were riding the bus up to the Çankaya Sinema and, as the bus moved farther up the hill, we became the only passengers. When we got off, so did the driver and conductor, who ran into the darkness and pissed on a wall. After their impromptu work stoppage, they ran back to their bus and continued on their route.

Food

One of the results of our Şeker Bayramı conference is that I know that I now weigh a little less than 155 pounds. I'm still 5 feet 10 inches and I don't think my hair is coming out any faster than it has in the last two years, so with my mustache that means I have a net gain. I'm not running around starving although there are times that I do get hungry. The food in the METU cafeteria is so bad that I usually order two bowls of soup for lunch and eat lots of bread. Since, if I am lucky, I arrive at the bus stop a minute before the bus leaves, I don't have time to fix myself my usual bowl of Cheerios (as if I could get something like that here). This leaves me with dinner, which has become the big meal of my day. I start



Yüsuf, the Math Department odacı, bringing me my mail and two cups of tea without sugar



Waiter getting food from the “garbage can lid” at my favorite *lokanta*

each morning with two cups of tea brought to me by the Math Building *odacı* (janitor) Yüsuf. That is one way that he supplements his meager income. Since I don’t use sugar and always order a double, I am one of his favorite customers.

The odds are that I will eat dinner out, since steak (that is a euphemism for any cut of beef) and omelets become a little old night after night—especially with my level of cooking skill. There is an excellent students’ and workers’ *lokanta* (restaurant) four blocks from our apartment where I normally go. They serve the usual *şiş kebab* (shish kebab), but also have a variety of pots (big, like garbage can lids) over charcoal fires, which contain the fare of the day. As well as kebab (lamb skewered and barbecued), there is *köfte*, which is cooked the same way but is breaded, ground meat instead of cubes or chunks. The variety of flavors in this form is remarkable and many of them are delicious. They are like variations on the 19-cent hamburger patty.

The true delights are the vegetables in the garbage can lids. Everything is cooked in *yağ* (olive oil) and usually with ground meat, which is finer than hamburger and most likely lamb. It makes a good sauce. For example, *patates* (sliced potatoes) are cooked in the olive oil and meat sauce. That is a great combination, but it is an obvious mixture. *Bezelye* (peas) are cooked in the same broth with the pea juices added, which thins the mixture considerably. Sometimes carrots and other vegetables are also added. This is an excellent dish and at the moment is my staple vegetable. Another favorite of mine is *yoğurtlu ıspanak* (spinach with yogurt). The yogurt is added for the same reason we would add vinegar, and they cook it with the ground meat but not the *yağ*. It is surprisingly good.

Another variation on the finely ground meat and *yağ* base is using the meat as the main ingredient and then cracking whole eggs into it to fry sunny-side up in the hot meat and oil. This is one of my favorite foods. I have also had *et suyu yumurtalı* (meat juice with egg), where the egg is boiled in the meat broth soup. I had been served that once before in Munich, in 1963, and was surprised then at how good it was.

Some of the things that I became attached to have now gone out of season, like *biber dolma* (stuffed pepper), which is rice and the ground meat cooked inside

a green pepper. There is also *domates dolma* (stuffed tomato) with just a slight taste change. The best thing was *musakka*, eggplant cooked with the basic *yağ* and meat. I ate more of that, when it was in season, than anything else. Unbelievable?

The fruits in season are also very good, especially melons. Right now, nothing is in season.

There is one kind of kebab, *döner kebab* (turned kebab), which is a Turkish specialty, that is too rich for my stomach. I eat alone about twice a month, when Dave and Mike go off to eat at the İskender Kebapçısı.

Sweets are usually made with a honey base and some of them are excellent. Baklava is the most important and is indescribable, but delicious. Ice cream is also made with *bal* (honey) and is very good. I'm well known at one shop in Kızılay. Chocolate is as expensive as it is in Europe and is a little too bitter.

After trying for a month to get the *bakkal* (grocer) across the street to save us some pasteurized milk every night and having him come through only rarely, we had a new *bakkal* move into our apartment building. They were more than glad for the business.

We placed a standing order for twelve quarts a week, eight half-liter bottles Monday,

Wednesday, and Friday; however, their supply was not much more reliable. The milk, a few eggs, and maybe a bottle of wine, beer, or Pepsi are all that we keep in the refrigerator. We haven't bought meat for a couple of weeks, but there is plenty of room for it.



Dinner