

# **Birthright**

by

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## **Synopsis**

In this often bewildering age of rapid global change, the experiences of those from former generations can help us both understand the past and avoid future mistakes. The post World War II generation is certainly no exception, yet we are rapidly losing these elders who helped shape the world as we know it today. When they are gone, so goes a rich source of personal history, observations and wisdom that can never be reclaimed. With humor and insight, the author takes us through part of one life spanning ninety-two years, and counting.

Born of American missionary parents in Gaziantep, Turkey in 1925, the author describes the isolation, false pride and privilege of growing up behind the twelve foot walls of the missionary compounds. His first memories begin with the birth of his youngest sister, Caroline. He depicts life in what was a third world country where even the missionaries had to struggle for clean water, food, and basic shelter.

While living in the mission compounds, he began the process of understanding his roots in Western Christianity and the impact of being a foreigner in a land of the

Armenian genocide where a million and a half Christians were killed. Other great changes he was to witness were the coming of running water, electricity, and the replacement of the Arabic alphabet with the Western one which required all the Turkish adults to go back to school.

The author's worldly views were greatly enhanced by the extensive travels of his family, both in Turkey and back to the United States on regular sabbatical leaves, thus experiencing most of the countries of Europe. This travel gave him a flavor for the life lived by half the world during the depression at a time before World War II to compare later with his experiences in the War and afterwards.

Missionaries before the age of the media were largely cut off from changes to their roots and thus maintained the culture of their youths which they passed on to their prodigy. Thus the author, on entering the American Community School at Beirut, Lebanon, in the fall of 1939 experienced almost wrenching changes in life style and values. The school staff and most of its students were cycled back through the home country more often than was common with the missionaries and had already assimilated these changes which seemed so alien. This was only a partial transformation of what was soon to come. While World War II was raging in Europe, Beirut was largely an untouched paradise until in May 1941 when the British found it necessary to invade it to prevent its takeover by the German war machine.

Most Americans working abroad were very conscientious about their children's educations and wanted to be certain they would not be jeopardized by world events. The author's parents could see the developing war could easily do just that. Overnight the author found himself a war refugee in Jerusalem, with most of his school staff and classmates, searching for a way to return to the United States. His older sister, Muffin, had already returned and his younger sister made a quick trip from Turkey to join him.

The author chronicles a very exciting wartime return to the United States touching on East Africa, South Africa, and South America, including a striking ship's crew and the threatening German raiders in the South Atlantic. This was in sharp contrast to arriving in the United States, only to find a society mostly unaware of what was happening in the rest of the world. In fact the topic of the day was the dropped strike of the last batter by the catcher in the last game of the World Series between the Dodgers and the Yankees.

The author relates his new his life in the United States and the difficulties of assimilating into this culture after having been raised abroad where he had been exposed to a much broader view of the world.

He talks about his military service, which came in the middle of college, when in

the Navy he served in China at the port of Shanghai. After graduating from college he decided to work in the Aero-space sector. There he relates a brush with the Government over his citizenry because of the casual way the Government keeps records of its citizens born abroad.

He describes how one of the highlights of his professional career was his role in the program that developed the Centaur Space Vehicle. This vehicle launched the unmanned Surveyors that were key predecessors of the manned moon landings of the Apollo program. Other interesting occurrences were a number of consultations with foreign companies on technical programs. The author relates several trips to Europe, including one to East Germany after the fall of the wall, and others to India which he feels contributed to his understanding of the world.

Towards the end of his memoirs he reflects on some general conclusions he reached, that we have some deficiencies in our society, particularly regarding sustainability and touches on how we might better handle the problems faced by all Americans born abroad of American Parents. At the end he outlines where he thinks society might go in the future in space, understanding the nature of human beings, that healthcare might reduce its emphasis on chemical solutions, with more emphasis on natural healing and energy medicine.

## **Foreword**

I've always thought that the act of writing a memoir might be viewed as one of egotism. I am, after all, an average man who believes that autobiography was, or at least usually is, the exclusive territory of the famous, the heroes and those of extraordinary accomplishment. However, friends with whom I've shared memories of my early years, have urged me to commit at least some of my experiences to paper about growing up in the Middle East. As the son of American missionaries, my childhood was significantly different than that of most American children.

A second, more personal, reason for writing this memoir is I am of a generation that experienced tremendous changes in the life of America. We lived through, and were directly impacted by, the aftermath of the First World War, the Dust bowl, the Great Depression, World War Two, the birth of the Atomic Age, the Viet Nam War, political assassinations, and the dawn of space exploration. Those of us who are still around are living repositories of unique personal experiences that future

generations will never read about in history books, memories that will be gone. We are quickly moving towards becoming part of a global World, and it is imperative that we begin to understand others from whom we have been separated by language, customs and distance. In his book **The Life of Reason**, the Spanish philosopher George Santayana stated, “Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.”

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Map of Gaziantep Mission Hospital and Girl’s School Compounds

### **Chapter 1 - Beginnings**

In 1925 our parents were Congregational Missionaries working in Gaziantep, Turkey. My father had been assigned the task of mission manager of the mission facility run by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. My mother was the dietician and the head surgical nurse at the American hospital. By The time I came along in late October, they had been living in Turkey for over five years and already had one child, my older sister, affectionately known as Muffin. Gaziantep is an ancient city, the most continuously inhabited settlement on earth, located about 25 miles from the place where the Euphrates River exits the Taurus Mountains. It was once a stop on the old Silk Road and over the centuries, Hittites, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Crusaders, Persians, Arabs, Germans, French and Turks have all fought for control of the area, a key point for armies moving north to south or east to west. In 1925 it was a city of some 40,000 people, still quite backward by American standards, lacking either running water or electricity. It had reached its maximum growth that could be supported by its ancient Roman aqueduct water system. Most of the city was located on a cluster of stony hills, a little above a small plain where the food was grown, which also supported the proliferation of mosquitoes which are a plague in that part of the middle East that is not in desert.

#### **The Missionary Facility**

Originally founded in the mid 1800’s as the home base for a Congregationalist doctor tasked with providing medical services to the people of South /Central Turkey, the facility of my youth consisted of three large compounds, each surrounded by twelve foot limestone walls. The largest compound had once housed

Central Turkey College, and was located just outside the city limits on top of a stony hill. The second largest had contained a girls' school. Separated from the school by a narrow street, the third, and smallest compound, was the still operating American Hospital. Prior to the First World War, all aspects of the facilities had been thriving, but due to the ravages of war and reduced resources available for missionary endeavors, only the hospital was active at the time of my birth. We lived in a stone house adjacent to the hospital that was normally occupied by the head doctor's family.

### **Missionary Players**

There were a few single people who were at the mission before my parents arrived. Dr. Hamilton was an elderly lady who was in charge of the medical personnel, both American and Turkish. She was assisted by two American Nurses, Auntie Bell, and Jean Honice. The American women lived in apartments built on the third floor of the building that had previously been a girl's day school. Auntie Bell must have retired in 1934 and Jean Honice died of a chest infection in 1938.

There were my parents, Mildred and Merrill Isely from Wichita Kansas, and their three children, Mary Frances (Muffin), Henry as I was first called, and Caroline, all born in Gaziantep. We were three years apart in age and my mother lost a set of twins at some point. My parents had arrived in Turkey in 1920, and stayed there with occasional one year sabbatical leaves back to the US until they retired.

The second family to arrive on the scene after WW I were the Deweys who arrived in the spring of 1929. Dr. Hamilton was retiring and Dr. Dewey was no longer needed at another city (Talas?) where the mission was closed. Dr. and Mrs. Dewey had their first mission assignment in China before being transferred to Turkey.

They had Mrs. Dewey's parents with them, Mr. and Mrs. Green. They also had five children, in order of their ages, Frances, Elizabeth, Edward, Lynda, and Warner. Frances and Elizabeth were about the same age as Muffin. Lynda was my age and Edward was a year older. Warner was probably a year older than Caroline. The Deweys moved into the doctor's house located in the hospital compound, which we had been occupying, and we moved to the vacant college compound.

The next family were the Pences who came to set up an agriculture school on the old college grounds where we were then living. As I recall they had three young sons, the oldest of whom was two years younger than myself called Jimmy. Their house was another ex professor home about 100 yards from ours, probably built more recently than ours. They must have come about 1931 and had to return to the US in about 1935 as the mission funds ran lower due to the depression.

The last family to come to Gaziantep happened in 1933 before WW II were the Dodds. Dr. Dodd was a surgeon who replaced our use of Turkish surgeons in the Hospital. I forget what city they had previously been stationed at, perhaps Tarsus. Mrs. Dodd may have previously been a nurse, but in those years mainly ran their home which was an apartment on the first and second floors of the ex girl's school building. There were at least two children, Helen a year older than myself and

Bobby was near my young sister's age. The Dodds returned to the US in 1935 on a sabbatical leave; Mrs. Dodd died there and they never returned. Dr. Dodd remarried and we visited them briefly in 1936 when we were on a sabbatical. The Deweys took a two year sabbatical in 1935, leaving us the only missionaries besides Jean Honice when we moved into the ex girl's school as the college compound was sold. In 1936 we also went on a sabbatical and I am not sure what arrangements were made for the mission while we were gone until 1937 since only Jean Honice was there of the permanent staff.

### **Earliest Impressions**

My first clear memory of my mother comes to me from the age of three. I was sitting on a little stool at my mother's feet as she sat in a black rocking chair nursing my younger sister. Her dark wavy hair hung loose about the shoulders of her embroidered Turkish robe and she hummed softly to my sister as she rocked. As I sat there watching her, I felt very jealous and unloved for it seemed I had been replaced in both her lap and her affections. My sisters and I were mainly in the care of a Turkish nanny because my mother was kept very busy by her hospital duties. Consequently, any time she spent with us was very precious and I didn't share it willingly.

Our nanny, a woman of about thirty, also doubled as our housemaid. She lived in town with her own family but came every day to look after us while my parents were at work. A very kind person, she taught us Turkish, told us fairy tales and sang us lullabies. We children called her Eya, but I think her real name was Layla. My parents also employed a houseman named Hurkesh. He ran the kitchen, shopped the markets for our food and cooked all our meals. He delighted us with tales of Turkish heroes from the days when giants, genies and devils roamed the earth. He was also my self-appointed guardian angel, the one who always saved me when I got myself into a fix, and allowed me to accompany him on certain errands about the town.

My father was a busy man, very dedicated to his job. Besides managing the non-medical aspects of the mission, he preached the gospel on Sundays and held Thursday night prayer meetings. At this time in Turkey, missionaries were only allowed to run hospitals and schools, or improve the physical lives of the locals. They were forbidden under threat of jail or expulsion for proselytizing or attempting to convert the mostly Muslim population to Christianity. When I was very little I remember sitting on my bed one afternoon playing with my erector set and worrying about my father because he had been called into court, accused of proselytizing by a Muslim cleric. The case was dropped, but I never forgot we were regarded as foreign busybodies and were identified with the Christian Armenians of whom one and a half million had been killed in a genocide which occurred just 10 years before my birth.

Another early memory is watching my father replace some rotten boards on the second floor porch of our house. This porch overlooked a large lawn, a windmill

and many olive trees with their green berries. You could also see the main hospital, an immense white limestone building with black cornerstones. As he hammered and sawed, I was very curious about what he was up to and kept asking many questions, always starting with the word “Why”. Finally, in utter exasperation, he gave me a strong look and stated his favorite comment in such times, “Curiosity killed the cat.” Most very young children take things literally and I remember being very worried about this person named Curiosity who went about killing cats. It was some years before I found out ‘who’ curiosity was.

Since their arrival at the facility in 1921, my parents had occupied the large house next to the hospital which was intended for the chief doctor and his family. In early 1929 the single female doctor who headed the hospital medical staff decided to retire and a doctor from another missionary post in Northern Turkey was transferred to Gaziantep. Since he was bringing his wife, five children and two parents, it was decided that my family would give them the Doctor’s house and relocate to the abandoned college compound. Moving day was almost unbearably exciting. One of the few trucks in the entire city had been hired for the transfer. Due to the high stone walls, and gates that had been designed to only accommodate the width of a loaded camel, the truck had to park on the street outside of the hospital compound. The Doctor’s furniture was unloaded, then our belongings were to be transported to the college. I was to ride in the back with the workmen and our houseman who was bossing the workman. Cars were very scarce in the city at that time, only a handful of very rich families had one. My parents never owned a car the entire time I lived in Turkey. This was the first trip in a motorized vehicle that I remember and I was almost beside myself with pride. To make a great day even better, the workmen gave me sweet yellow grapes to eat on the way. My memory of the move was that a steady breeze of the spring was blowing dust up the street into my face causing me to cough. Our houseman was bossing the workman and came over to me to tell me this was the last load and I should get on the truck with him to go to our new house. I was thrilled as the ride was a rare treat. Even a ride in a carriage was unusual as most everyone walked wherever they went.

### **Moving to the Central Turkey College**

We drove up the road to the top of college hill, along a gravel road with rows of mulberries trees on each side, leaving a trail of dust behind us. A house where the college watchman and his family lived was built over the wall and a large gate in the lower floor of this house had been left open for the truck. As we got close I could see a number of swallows attending to their mud nests attached to the upper walls just under the eaves of the roof. As we drove out from under the gatehouse into the compound the driver shifted into a lower gear and took the left drive towards a square, two story, stone building that Hurkesh told me was to be my new home. A wave of disappointment swept over me as I saw weeds all around, the porch roof over the front entryway had rotted and was falling down on one side, and the

house was a dull grey with unpainted wood frames around the windows and doors. The truck pulled up into the side yard so the workers who had been riding in back with us could unload the last of our furniture while Hurkesh took me around back to enter the house at the kitchen door.

There were two workers resting in the kitchen who, in Turkish, which at time I understood as well as English, informed Hurkesh that they had finished cleaning and washing down the roof. We went back to the truck and found the workers had finished unloading it and were worrying that the truck was nearly out of petrol, what we in America call gasoline. There were no filling stations in Gaziantep at the time, all petrol came in large rectangular cans which you had to pour into the truck by hand. Hurkesh had bought just such a can which he had stored in the woodshed and brought it out for the truck driver to refuel his truck with. Our new house was not far from the large limestone college building with a clock tower in the middle where my father had recently put the clock in working order.

It was near the end of the day and as the truck drove off taking the workers back to the city I turned to Hurkesh. I was worried about the rest of my family, feeling lonely and lost, when were they coming? Hurkesh lit a bright pressurized petrol lantern to light up the living room and a weaker kerosene lantern for the kitchen, telling me that the rest of my family would join me shortly. They were coming in a horse carriage which was more suitable than a truck for women and a baby. Layla, our nanny, would be coming to our new home the next day as she used to come to the doctor's house. Soon there was the sound of horses clopping and a carriage pulled up, unloading the rest of my family. I was immensely relieved to see them and after a quick supper was tucked into bed. The next few days were more like camping, since our normal water source was to be from the cistern which would remain empty until the first good rain. Drinking and wash water had been brought in and stored in containers but was not sufficient for the flush toilets. Until our regular water supply could be restored we had to make do with chamber pots.

My family had moved into the former Chancellor's home but life did not seem normal until after the first big rain when sufficient water was collected in the large cistern which had been carved out of the bedrock. Several years later I had the thrill of being lowered into it while it was being cleaned. With an adequate supply in the cistern, one of our workmen operated the lever pump sending water from the cistern up into barrels stored in the attic. This supplied the water for our house.

There was no electricity in the city and even the hospital only had a gasoline driven generator for emergency lighting or pumping water.

### **Living at Central Turkey College**

The college facility was being converted to be an agriculture school for poor villagers as well as a dairy. I lived in the college for the next six years and it was an ideal place for an active inquisitive boy. The compound was about four blocks square. There was no sense of being restrained, yet the high stone walls kept me



from wandering too far afield. There were the seven original buildings which included a large building for classrooms, partially in ruin, a fully stocked library, five houses, and the gatehouse. To convert it to an agricultural dairy school, a barn for storing wheat and grinding grain was constructed, as well as a building for housing cows and milking them. Besides our house, a house near it was readied for the agriculturist specialist and his family who arrived some months after we moved. One of the other houses was made livable for the planned agricultural students. The fourth house was used for storing grain and its basement was made the roost for our chickens and turkeys. The fifth house remained empty, and as we grew older became a place to play on rainy days. There was so much to learn and experience, so many areas to explore. I never was bored while I was living there. My family had made it even more fun for us to live there. A large roofless sleeping porch has been added to the back where at night in the summer we could look up at the falling stars that were very numerous because the air was very clear and there were no street lights. The porch was high enough off the ground so that several swings had been hung beneath it. Even when it rained, which was not very often, a couple of swings and a trapeze bar had been hung in the upper hall. Soon after moving there our houseman built a tree house in an almond tree located in our back yard.

### **Water is Life**

The goal of the Mission Board, besides to establish an agricultural school on the old college grounds to teach the villagers modern farming methods, was to introduce a superior breed of dairy cow to the area. Large amounts of water were essential for them, more than we could store between rains in a semi-arid climate. Some months after we moved to this compound, an agricultural specialist and his family arrived from the United States and moved into the home next to ours. They brought several dairy cattle to start a new herd and the parts for a four story windmill. Workmen had been busy cutting a well into the limestone bedrock at the highest point of the hill next to a large hole in the wall of the main building which had been made by a French shell during the war. A large tank was constructed on the top floor of the least damaged end to store water for windless days. The workmen eventually struck water and the windmill was erected. Ditches were dug in the limestone bedrock and pipes were laid to every area where water would be needed, including the dairy. The daily labor of pumping water up to our attic was no longer necessary and we were no longer reliant on the rain. I remember going out with my father on a stormy night to check the water level in the big tank, which was almost always more than half full. It was very dark and the lightning really scared me but I loved being with my father when he was doing chores around the compound. He taught me how to estimate the distance away from a storm by counting the seconds between a lightning flash and the related thunder so you could tell that the storm was at a safe distance.

My fascination with water, and particularly the windmill, continued for the years we lived at the college compound. My favorite activity, which was discouraged by my parents in my earliest years, was the climbing of the windmill to its very top just under its giant wheel and tail. The wind was always strong and cooling and the view was so inspiring. From there you could clearly see well into the city with the girl's school and the hospital grounds with its windmill in the foreground.

Our windmill was an excellent spot from which to see what was going on around Gaziantep. The Turkish high school on the edge of town was something to watch, particularly the soccer matches. The two main roads connecting us with the outside world went by to the West and North and the little traffic, mostly donkey or camel, could easily be observed. There was a large police station where these two roads crossed. Small patches of green that could be seen as here and there were trees that received some water from hereby houses. The only large solid mass of green was in the flat valley of farmland on both sides of the stream called Ali Ben that came by the town along its north side. The small farms, some only plots along the stream, were watered directly from a canal that paralleled the stream. Larger farms, farther away from the stream had their own open wells, with a Persian water system, an ox tethered to a rotating shaft to raise water by means of a train of looped buckets.

Our hill was a high spot and we had a steady breeze most of the time with more water than our needs. Flowers planted by my mother in front of and around the house were irises, native to Turkey. She was fond of a large variety of irises of all colors imaginable. We also planted some fruit trees, and a vegetable garden in back. There were plenty of almonds and walnut trees already planted by some previous occupants who had lived there before World War I.

### **Keeping Warm**

Except for the hospital, there was no central heat in any of our missionary buildings. The Turkish method of staying warm in winter was to put a pan of hot coals under a low table which was then covered with a very large quilt. People would sit on cushions around the table with their legs under the quilt. The houses of the missionaries, however, were all equipped with a wood stove in each main room connected to a chimney with a wood box nearby. During the heating season there was always a smell of burning wood around.

Each fall a large amount of wood logs and roots would be brought in by camels and left in the yard at the back of the house. A workman would saw and chop the logs and roots into short lengths and stack them in our very large woodshed. My job was to keep all the wood boxes full. My parents and the servants started the fires, but as I grew older, it became my job. Fortunately the climate was such that we only needed heat about 4 month of the year. To minimize the labor of fire starting, I learned how to bank coals overnight by burying them under ashes. We did not have hot running water as such. We did have a very large tank built into the

top of a stove that was placed right in front of the bathtub. When anyone was to take a hot bath or shower a fire was started in the stove and after about three hours the tank above it would be full of hot water.

### **Picking Fruit and Nuts**

While some fruit was bought by our houseman each day when he went to market, we had a number of fruit trees in the compound, harvesting from them to supply our breakfast was another of my jobs. My favorite fruit was figs. There were a number of trees near the house, but a problem was that the birds liked them too. They seemed to prefer the figs when they were dead ripe, so I kept track of the figs and picked ones that were just short of ripe. There were apricot trees between our house and the main college building and I would check the fruit and pick those that were soft. Rather than use a ladder I got pretty adept at climbing trees. There were few grape vines inside the college compound but some just outside to the west that I could get to through a small gate in the twelve foot wall.

Not having electricity for a refrigerator or being on the route of the man supplying stored snow for ice boxes, my father had to devise a cooler for keeping our fruit and vegetables from spoiling. In one window of the house where there was a prevailing breeze, he built a framework which he covered with burlap. A small faucet was arranged to drip water on the top of the framework, wetting the burlap sides. In our very dry climate, the evaporating water cooled the inside of the framework sufficiently to preserve our food.

We also had olives, walnuts, almonds, and pistachios to harvest as a group endeavor. They had to be processed in some manner before eating so they couldn't be sampled right from the trees, part of the joy of picking figs, apricots, and grapes.

### **Pigeons a la Carte**

I think I first became aware of pigeons and how they were important to us when I was about four years old and was invited by my parents to go pigeon harvesting. At the time I lived in the old Central Turkey College compound there were about 7 buildings standing, but only three were inhabited by humans. To prevent the attics from getting overheated, there were small windows in the gable walls which were generally left open. Since there were grain fields surrounding the compound, there was a natural food supply for the pigeons. This allowed a huge population of pigeons to flourish and they chose our empty lofts as their nesting and roosting grounds.

For the years before we got our windmill, we were dependent on our roofs for gathering rain water for our cisterns. We needed to limit the soiling of our roofs and hence the pigeon population. Several times a year we would mount a pigeon hunt, often in the middle of the night when the pigeons were roosting in our attics. Of course it was necessary to catch the pigeons by surprise. The first step in our harvesting was to lower a net over the entrances to the attic by means of a long

rope. Armed with covered baskets and flashlights, we would then enter the attic by means of a ladder placed beneath a trap door in the ceiling to the attic. Sometimes we would wait until the next morning when there would be better light for the actual catching of the pigeons.

Pigeon catching was an art one learned over time, but was not that difficult. After a frenzied flying about on our first entrance, the pigeons would settle down and look for corners to hide in, not knowing that being in a corner made them easier to catch. Most of the attics had floor boards only over the central part, making the space between the floor and ceiling below a tunnel where the pigeons nested and felt safe.. When confronted with a flashlight at one end, a pigeon would try to escape at the other end where a small boy might be waiting for it to immerge. No hunt was meant to catch all the pigeons, so when the majority were safely in baskets, the hunt would be terminated to allow the remaining birds to propagate. An average night's work might yield several hundred pigeons to be divided among the foreign and domestic members of the mission.

While I was not to become a vegetarian for 40 more years, I still found it distasteful to kill a pigeon. Unfortunately I was given that chore which involved pulling off the pigeon's head. As I grew older I was also taught how to de-feather a pigeon and clean out the undesired organs. Roasting was the preferred method of cooking, sometimes over an open, outdoor fire. Squabs found in nests did not escape for we knew that if we took the parents, the squabs would not survive without food. Pigeons were an important source of protein for us because much of the local meat was butchered and stored under unsanitary conditions..

### **To Ride A Horse**

My father would often say, "It's a great day for the race," and I would get excited with visions of horses thundering by but then was disappointed when I found out that he was referring to good weather for the *human* race. One day when I was 8 years old he told me to my great satisfaction that there was going to be a real horse race that day and our houseman would take me and my younger sister to see it. In Gaziantep there was no real horse track at the time, for all the flat land in the valley was being used to grow food by irrigation from the small river, Ali Ben, as a source of precious water. The immediate hills around Gaziantep were too steep for a race track, so I wondered where it might be. We took off walking up the denuded Martin Hill to the south where first we passed the abandoned mission orphanage built on the side of the hill and surrounded as usual with a 12 foot stone wall. About half way up a hill, which was shaped like a loaf of bread, was a deep pit containing a lining of straw and the hint of the previous winter's snow. During a winter, snow was collected in such pits and covered with a layer of straw so it could be used in drinks and to make ice-cream during the following summer. It was now fall and snow was yet to fall to renew the pits.

As we approached the relatively flat summit of Martin Hill we could see a crowd

of people stretched in a long line along the length of the hilltop. These people were colorfully dressed for a holiday outing and beyond them the rocks had been removed from a space shaped like a large oval which no doubt would be the race track for the day. We could see nothing much happening and asked our houseman if we had come to the right place. "Be patient", he said. "It takes time to prepare these things since they do not happen more than once a year." Then he went off to talk to some of his friends, leaving us in the shade of a canopy. My sister and I noticed a number of booths had been set up and people were buying tickets made of colored stubs. Finally some horses began to arrive, being led up a different path than we had taken. Our houseman came back and took us to a place where he said we could see the race better.

Eventually some men and boys began to get on the horses. This did not seem right to me because they were not dressed like jockeys as I had seen in pictures. When I asked our houseman about the lack of uniforms he said . "They dress like they do usually. These riders are not professional, they usually do other work." The horses didn't look like the real thing either, more like plow horses from the farms or used for pulling carts and wagons. Eventually the horses with riders were arranged more or less together, although in far from a straight line. Someone then fired a pistol to start the race. The horses kicked up a lot of dust so it was hard to see them as they disappeared along the back of the hill. Soon they could be seen stirring up another cloud as they passed us on the other side of the oval. Then a couple of horses could be seen making a cloud of dust coming back to where I thought the finish line was. Afterward there was a lot of shouting and gesturing over which horse had won because the finish line was concealed in the dust. My sister and I were tired and somewhat disappointed so we convinced our houseman we should go home instead of watching more racing.

## **A Motorcycle Ride**

A rare break in our routine was the arrival in town of a German Engineer who came from Germany to oversee the installation of the City's first electrical generating plant. He usually had Sunday dinner next door with the agricultural specialist's family. The engineer got around on a large motorcycle, and one Sunday, as a surprise, took me and four other small children on a ride to the nearby mountain, Duluk Baba, which overlooks Gaziantep to the North. Not only was the ride itself on the motorcycle quite thrilling, but the view back towards Gaziantep from a considerable height was breath-taking.

Not on this occasion, but several years later on a long family hike to this mountain, we explored a tomb located on the top. It was reportedly the tomb of some ancient saint with the traditional circular stone used to close the entrance. On the backside of the mountain was a spring and below it a village in a small valley. We walked down and made friends with an extended farm family that was in the process of harvesting their wheat for the year. Their wheat sheaves had been spread on a

round flat space and one of the sons was riding a sort of sled pulled by a horse round and round over the wheat. A lot of short knives protruded through the bottom of the sled and cut the wheat away from the chaff. A second son was tossing the mixture into the air so that the breeze could blow the chaff away leaving the wheat. Several women were going through what was left on the ground and separating the wheat kernels from the chaff that had not been blown away. The Houses in this village were typical, being made of mud bricks for their walls and a dirt roof. They demonstrated how water was kept from coming through the roof. Poles had been laid across the mud brick walls to provide the structure of the roof. Sod was then laid across the poles, followed by a layer of dirt and clay which was rolled flat with a heavy cylindrical stone. Whenever it rained a man would climb up to the roof and roll it to keep the dirt and clay layer well compacted so the rain water would drain off it rather than come through. A well built roof would have some slope to it to encourage the water to flow off rather than puddle.

### **Strategic Location Near the Border.**

I did not realize it at the time, but our college compound was in a strategic border location only a few miles from Syria. One morning in wandering randomly about I walked out to the outside of the compound gatehouse as I had been told there had been shooting in the area and I was curious as to what had been the cause. There were about five soldiers grouped around a soldier prone on the ground looking through a telescope pointed into the hills to the south. The end of the telescope was flashing as was a point in the hills where it was pointed. Apparently they were communicating with some of their scouts in the hills.

That night my father explained more about the situation. It seems that when the new Turkish republic had been established after World War I that people were no longer allowed to have gold but still wanted some. The Syrians just across the border from us were allowed to have gold so there were smugglers who would bring the gold across the border and pass by our compound on their way North to other cities where they would sell the gold. It was the job of the soldiers to catch the smugglers, and shoot them if they would not surrender.

### **Scarlet Fever**

One winter my two sisters came down with scarlet fever and a section of the upstairs was made into a quarantine zone. Both my parents had had scarlet fever so it was decided that my mother would stay with my two sisters to take care of them and my father would stay outside to take care of outside activities. One day my father took me aside and explained that it would be better for me to get scarlet fever now rather than later, and I was to join my two sisters in quarantine, assuming I would then get infected with it. I felt like rebelling, but seemed to have no choice, and so in time I came down with it also. My case was the worst with a large abscess on the side of my neck which had to be operated on.

Eventually we seem to have recovered, and, leaving our clothes behind, moved into another section of our upstairs. My father, sealing up all the cracks, set off some kind of a gas bomb in the quarantine area and quickly closed the doors to it. I think it was maybe two nights before we moved back into our regular rooms. All our clothes were gathered up and washed in a wash house that was next to our woodshed. Washing clothes was done by a woman who came once a week who boiled them in a large caldron while stirring them with a large wooden paddle. While I did not appreciate it at the time, having already had scarlet fever served me in good stead when later I was in the United States Navy where many of my associates came down with it.

### **We Were One World Already**

People believe that becoming a global world is a recent phenomena, but we really were already that when I was 9 years old in 1935 as the depression in the United States made a big change in my life in Turkey. Hardships in the USA reduced charity giving which required that missionary efforts be curtailed around the world. Turkey was no exception, and the first decision was that the agricultural program at the college would have to be cancelled and the college property sold. Since it was decided that the dairy was essential in providing milk for the hospital, it was moved to an existing cave on the girl's school property to provide shelter for the cows. The family that had come out to teach modern agricultural methods packed up and returned to the United States.

My family was also slated to move to the girl's school compound which was now being used for resident purposes. I was fascinated to follow workmen who converted a number of empty adjacent schoolrooms into an apartment for us, framing new doors where necessary. Plumbing was added to two rooms to make us a bathroom and a kitchen. Our bathroom had very high ceilings so a low ceiling was constructed to make a space above it for barrels to store water supplied by large steel pipes connecting us to the water supply for the building. Electricity had arrived in the city and the most interesting work was that being done by the electricians. Because most of the walls were stone in which it would be hard to put the wires, small tubes were run on the surfaces of the walls and ceilings to contain the wires.

## **Chapter 2 – Living at the Girl's School**

The cave the cows moved to was in a corner of the girls' school compound. A building was added at the cave opening to provide storage room for feed for the cows as well as space for the cream separator and bottling of the milk. My beloved windmill was moved to the girl's school with us where we needed more precious

water pumped up from the aqueduct running some hundred feet below us.

### **Apartment Life**

The main difference from the college was that we moved into an electrified apartment in the east end of the girls' school three story building and were definitely in the city with its smells and sounds even though we were behind a 12 foot stone wall. I also had more company of children of my own age because the doctor's children lived in the hospital compound just across the street. I received my own key to the gates between the compounds so I could roam freely between the two. The Doctor's youngest daughter and I being almost exactly the same age resulted in our continuing to be tutored together in home schooling.

A surgeon and his family also joined us, living in an apartment like ours in the opposite end of the ex girl school building. There were three children in his family, so for the next year there were as many missionaries in Gaziantep as there had been before the agricultural family returned to the USA.

With the oldest boy and I as carpenters, we soon had several tree houses built in the large mulberry trees, and in the summer even slept in these "houses".

With more children able to get together due to our proximity we had more outdoor games and indoor board games. While we sometimes played hide-and-seek, particularly in the evenings when it began to get dark, our favorite outdoor game was king's base. While we had the full list of most of the board games of the era, our favorite was monopoly, perhaps there was some tie to our home country which we hoped some day to see in person, perhaps Boardwalk and Park Place as well as some of the railroads encountered in the game.

"My" windmill had been moved to the west end of the large building. There was a large, empty assembly room on the second floor where we could roller skate or ride bikes in bad weather. I shared a large, long bedroom with my sisters; they were in one end I was in the other with my dog who generally slept under my covers and kept my feet warm. As before, I kept the stove wood boxes full and had a new chore besides picking the morning fruit, which was watering and cultivating the flower beds.

Gaziantep was in earthquake country and I was to become more aware of it in the girls' school than in the college because our bedroom lights hung down from the ceiling on flexible cords. I remember waking up a number of times and noticing the ceiling lights were swinging in violent arcs. My father had a steel fire escape ladder installed outside our second floor window and we used to play on it until caught doing so and were told the fire escape was for serious use only.

On the other side of the building one of the first things he installed on the south facing wall was a sundial he had brought over from the college building so he would know the time accurately by which to set his pocket watch. People often asked him when they wanted to know the accurate time. Accurate time was also kept in the post office because the telegraph for the city was located there and they



could get the time from the outside world. As the city was electrified and people had electricity, they could get accurate time by their radios but for many years people would still ask my father for the correct time.

### **Visit to College Hill**

My father and I made one last trip to the college after it had been sold, mainly for the value of its building stone, not the land. Between the walls and the main building itself there was probably 60,000 cubic feet of dressed limestone that could be recycled into new buildings. Because limestone is relatively fragile compared to other rock, such as granite, the upper stones were slid to the ground on a gigantic slide. With great nostalgia my father and I watched stone after stone slide to the ground to be loaded on donkeys to be carried away. While less isolated from the world at the college, I would now be learning more about living in society .

### **Visits Outside Our Compounds**

As I got older I was allowed to make short visits out into the city, occasionally by myself since on my bicycle I could go more distances. A favorite trip was to the police station we used to watch from the college windmill. The policemen seemed bored and appreciated a change. It really was a small fort made out of limestone and had an upstairs with openings on all four sides for observation of the surrounding countryside. They would ask us all kinds of questions about the United States for which we had no answers, having not been there for a long time. One day I took my bicycle in the direction of the shops in the section of the town towards the ancient crusader's castle. I left my bicycle on its stand and walked around looking at some of the displays of wares for sale. I didn't expect to buy anything because I didn't carry any money with me. When I got back to my bicycle I found someone had knocked it over, breaking the glass in a display case containing bread. The vender had taken possession of my bicycle and refused to release it until I paid him a few cents to repair his display case. It was a long walk home to get the money and walk back to where my bicycle was, fortunately still in the custody of the bread merchant.

### **Dry and Bare Landscape**

Turkey had originally, at the time of the Hittites and even later, been forested, as the mountain areas still are. Turkey is an example of how a simple aspect of humanity can over time make an enormous change to the physical environment. That change was the adoption of the herding of sheep and goats. A goat will not only eat small trees, but if it is hungry enough will pull the plant up and eat the roots. As the humans in the area multiplied and turned to herding more and more sheep and goats for sustenance, the sheep and goat populations, that were normally the natural prey of lions, now protected by man, were no longer controlled in their numbers. Starting in the lowlands, the land denuded of trees moved up the

mountains until it reached areas too steep for pasturing. With the tree roots missing and no longer holding the soil, the good earth washed away, leaving base subsoil and rock.

Eventually the ground would not even sustain goats and the people moved away to repeat the process elsewhere. Much of Turkey, Greece and Italy were denuded in this process. The eroded soil washed down into the valleys, providing soil that would support the growing of a variety of vegetables, and villages that remain around these areas ban goats and sheep from grazing there.

I can remember seeing dust devils moving across the dusty soil, particularly in the summer time when there was little rain. One summer I had moved my bed out to a small hill beyond the windmill that was near the girls' school and a dust devil, maybe ten feet in diameter, came over the wall and crossed over my bed, taking the sheets a few hundred feet into the air. I could see the sheets coming back towards earth near the hospital and hurried there to retrieve them.

To prove that the soil in some places can still support forests, my father started a project where a large area was set aside for reforestation. School children were enlisted and certain days were designated tree planting days, and hundreds of thousands of seedlings were planted. A guard was hired to keep goats and sheep out of the area and a new forest came into being, called Isely Forest, now about 80 years old.

### **Many Caves**

The bedrock around Gaziantep is limestone and many natural caves came about with water dissolving the lime as well as caves resulting from the quarrying of limestone. However with the loss of nearby trees for building homes, the Turks and those who proceeded them turned to mud bricks and limestone as the chief building material. Wood was still needed to make roofs and was imported as needed from the remaining forests to the North. Limestone is soft and easy to quarry, so near any village artificial caves are found from the result of quarrying. Such caves are warm in the winter and cool in the summer and are often made part of a home for that reason. Those caves farther away from a village are still very useful for sheltering livestock. There were caves on all three of the missionary properties, mostly no longer in use. There was a cave that was accessed from the basement of the Doctor's house which I once ventured into a short way and then thought better of exploring, since it was dark and seemed to go on forever.

### **Preserving Food**

Without electricity and hence refrigeration, more basic means of preserving food for the non-growing months was necessary. As a near desert area, there was sun almost continually which made sun drying very practical. Roofs and other flat surfaces were used, laying the items to be dried out on sheets. As a dry climate there were only some insects. I can remember tomatoes, okra, figs, grapes, and

beans particularly, as well as the many nuts of which pistachios were my favorites. Besides drying, tomatoes were made into a ketchup put up in huge crocks. A very special technique for preserving grapes, beside as raisins, was a favorite. One or two days a year would be set aside for this process as it needed the coordination of a number of people. A number of donkey-loads of grapes would be purchased some morning and all the relatives would be called in to help. A large wooden tub would be set up filled with grapes and several people in bare feet would start tramping them so juice would run out of the tub into buckets. The juice would be transferred to a large copper tub coated with zinc sitting over a strong wood fire which would boil most of the water away. The remaining thick liquid would be spread over a flat sheet and allowed to harden, later to be peeled off into rolled sheets for storage. As an alternate, nuts would be strung on strings and repeatedly dipped into the thick juice. The strings would be hung out to harden. While the Turks do not eat pork, my father found a way to get us supplied with bacon. Wild boars sometimes wandered out of the Taurus Mountains and were a pest in destroying crops of the villagers and were sometimes shot. My father offered to buy boars that were killed that way as long as they were delivered fresh. He learned how to butcher the boars and preserve the bacon by smoking it. I remember several times seeing dead boars hanging on a wall of the old school building.

### **Family Relations.**

Traditional conservative family customs prevailed in Turkey at the time I was growing up there. Quite a few families existed on an extended basis. One reason that the extended family was common was because organized security was primitive and most living quarters were in a walled compound that might include several living quarters. Arranged marriages were the rule with the bride going to live with the groom's family. I remember attending the third day of a three-day wedding which was the day that the bride and groom met each other for the first time. All the guests, including the American guests, lined up in a row to participate in a snake dance with the lead person swinging a long tassel of colored cloth. While the Muslim religion prevailed, the burka of other countries had been outlawed and multiple wives were no longer common. I don't remember encountering any among my father's Turkish friends.

### **Transportation**

While I was growing up, most transportation was based on muscles, human and animal. For small loads the donkey was the usual means, cheap to keep as they usually just fed off the land. They were actually preferred for transporting grapes as a donkey could carry two grape boxes, one on each side and easily navigate the vineyards. . Camels were the preferred beast where wood made a heavier load and longer distances were involved. Horses were usually used to pull carriages when

the better off people preferred not to walk. There was a class of men who served as porters and could carry large loads on their backs short distances.

Until cars and trucks became more prevalent, the roads were quite primitive, sometimes the remnant of an old Roman road. Cobble stones were used in the city proper in some places. When a road was improved or built it was largely done by hand as was done in Roman times, except the Romans paved their roads with large dressed stones, instead of a layer of broken stones spread over mud. The last time I saw Gaziantep, which was in 1940, they had a few blocks of asphalt paving near the important buildings. In some cases, as it was around the hospital compound, the bedrock was right at the surface and served as the paving for the street. Since that time the city has expanded sixty times to be the 6<sup>th</sup> largest city in the country and in almost no way resembles the city of my youth.

### **Revolution of a Century**

I remember an event in Turkey when I was around 10 that can happen to a society maybe once in 100 years. Turkey as the Ottoman Empire, had been going into dissolution for centuries while Europe was modernizing. It was recognized by everyone, and at the time Turkey was known as “The old man of Europe.” With the overthrow of the Sultan just before I was born, the new government pinpointed the problem. Turkey could never modernize with an Arabic alphabet that was so complicated that no more than one person in ten could learn to read or write. It took the government 10 years to adopt the Latin alphabet and get ready for a monumental change. All the adults had to go back to school to learn how to write in the new alphabet. Schools had to change all their textbooks. All the important records and books had to be duplicated in the new alphabet. Then on an agreed day, everybody changed over. Old books could be kept, but not used in any public way. I remember the Turkish Bibles and hymnals that the Armenian Christians used changed one Sunday. One nice thing about the new alphabet was that every sound could be spelled just one way with no exceptions. People complain this is not so when they learn English.

### **Water Still Is Life**

To understand the layout of both the girl’s school and the hospital it is necessary to explain the water system they both depended on. From olden days, maybe even before the Romans, it had thrived as a city because of a large spring to its west, most of whose waters were moved through an underground aqueduct carved out of the bedrock limestone to pass under the center of the city. Short branches on either side served parts of the city not over the adequate. Wells in the limestone down to the aqueduct made water available by buckets drawn to the surface by hand. Both the girls’ school and the hospital were directly over the aqueduct and had at least two wells each to access it.

One well in the girl’s school compound was inside the back of the large building

but had not been used for decades, since it had originally supplied a large bathing area for the students. The other well was at the west end of the building and had more recently had a petrol engine that pumped running water for the whole building. I once dropped some pebbles down the well and the time to when I could hear a splash indicated the wells were over 100 feet to water. The petrol engine had failed, and so water was being brought over by a pipe from the hospital. No surprise, the hospital windmill also accessed the under ground aqueduct. The girls' school demands for water were becoming too great and so the windmill brought over from the college had arrived just in time to alleviate a water shortage when it was set up in place of the worn out petrol engine.

The missionaries had been discussing what to do about the hospital using more water from the aqueduct than its share, as well as whether the aqueduct water was really pure since it came from an open spring with workers walking along the inside of the aqueduct to maintain it. As a result, the hospital well was deepened, finding its own source of water and use of the aqueduct water for the hospital was ended. I got to ride down to the bottom of the well in a basket to see the aqueduct and the deepened part of the well and its new supply. There was an iron ladder attached to one side of the well which was used by workmen going up and down in the well, but fortunately I didn't have to use it as it was scary in the dark. Instead I got to ride down in a basket designed to carry dirt.. It was very interesting to see the workman working in limestone. They would chisel out a groove in the rock where they wanted to take out a block and then pound wedges into the groove, splitting off the desired block. This was a much harder process than recycling limestone blocks already in an old building.

With the abundant water available at the girls' school with the windmill from the college, it was decided there was adequate water to start a vegetable garden which was largely my responsibility. With a very low humidity climate the best way to water plants and not lose water by evaporation, a technique often used in Turkey, was to not sprinkle but to use flooding along the ground with directional ditches. The flooding technique requires large quantities of water in short periods, so a swimming pool was built to store water for a weekly garden application. I certainly enjoyed swimming in the pool in between irrigating the garden.

### **Electricity Helps**

Electricity which we had never had in the college compound made a big difference for the dairy in its new location at the girl's school. Part of the dairy was in an old limestone cave which without electricity would have always been dark. With electricity, a cream separator was bought and we not only had cream but also butter. The milk was now bottled for delivery every day to the hospital, the doctor's household, and ours.

We had obtained a toy electric train from somewhere, which I was able to enjoy now that we had electricity. What I really used the most was the transformer, that was intended to run the train, as a low voltage source of power for my many

erector set experiments so that I would no longer need batteries. I found to my delight that with the right type of wire I could make the wire glow red hot and ignite things like small balloons of hydrogen.

Now that we had electricity, my father acquired a 16 mm projector. The mission had a library of films we could order to have sent to us and we would have occasional shows. The most popular films were Felix the Cat and Charlie Chaplin. These home movies supplemented our now going occasionally to see movies being shown publically in one of the city buildings.

With the doctor's children in the next compound, just across the street, I connected us together with wires which went to a home made telegraph set at each end. Their eldest son and I learned Morse code so we could message each other. He soon lost interest and it was difficult to synchronize when we would have someone at both ends. Our telegraphing efforts came to an early end and we tried setting up a telephone, but over the distance we had to cover with the light wire we were using our voices were too weak. Heavy copper wire cost was outside of our allowance budgets.

Electric lights for reading at night were a great convenience since at the college we had to use the pressurized petrol lantern for something bright enough to read by.

### **Things Mechanical**

I was always fascinated by things mechanical and the tools to make them. I used to follow my father around when he went places to check on things being built, like threading pipes or the installation of automatic drinking basins for the cows. He used to put on light shows at night before electricity came with an acetylene projection lantern and I was fascinated by how rocks placed in water could make a burnable gas.

After I discovered my father's workshop I started making my own toys, the first of which was a crude tugboat to play with in the bath-tub. Perhaps the biggest push in developing my interest in things mechanical was the gift of an erector set, complete with electric motor, which allowed me to make all kinds of devices that moved on battery power.

I vividly remember going to a train station just south of the city to meet some visitors coming from the east on the Orient Express. This was a very small station with no switching engine, and a boxcar had been left on the main track by the previous train going through. To clear the track for the next train, the stationmaster gathered together about 6 men, including my father, and they pushed the boxcar along the track for about 100 yards to get it safely to a siding.

With still time to kill before the train's arrival, I amused myself watching the automatic telegraph key print out its dots and dashes sent from a train station down the line. I did not realize at the time how vital the telegraph was. To prevent head on collisions on a single track system it was absolutely necessary to keep track of

where every train was and if two trains were on the same track between two stations how and where they were going to pass each other.

I think the college windmill must have been assembled when we were away, maybe to an annual meeting at Istanbul, because I remember seeing all the parts on the ground and next it was all assembled and in place. Once I remember some workmen climbing to the top to change oil. Also it was amazing when it was necessary to pull the well rod all the way out of the well pipe to replace the pump sealing leathers at the bottom. The valves themselves were round balls of shiny metal that moved up and down in the bottom cylinder. The windmill was taken down and reassembled at the girl's school while we were away in the USA.

I was fascinated with the grinder that Mr. Pence put together. A barn had been built seventy-five yards down the hill from our house for storing dairy feed. On the second floor Mr. Pence started with a used Model-T engine he installed on a stand. Next he got a grinder with a pulley to take a 4 inch wide belt and bolted it to the floor a few feet from the engine. The grinder could go through a lot of wheat in no time. Mr. Pence had left the transmission on, so by manipulating the foot pedals he could change the speed of grinding. It goes without saying that the grinder made a lot of dust when operated.

Probably the most complicated device that intrigued me was the clock in the tower of the main building. I did not witness my father's actions when he renovated it after its not being operated for many years, but later when I was older on several occasions I was with him when he oiled the mechanism and wound up the weights. This was a clock with 3 faces which struck bells to announce the time. The works were located in middle of a small square room which was one floor above the roof over the three floors of the main building. The works were about the size of a grand piano and had rods coming out to the back of each clock face to drive the hands. There were two cylinders in the works with stout cords wound on them connected over pulleys to window sash weights which were in enclosed spaces that allowed them to descend to the basement of the building. There was a host of other moving parts, all driven by the gravity force of the weights pulling on the cylinders. Somewhere there was a long pendulum extending down into the space below which was connected into the escape mechanism responsible for maintaining the correct time of the clock. The major section of the mechanism, cams and the actuators they encountered, controlled when bells were to be struck and with what pattern, the same functions of a striking grandfather clock.

### **Camping**

One summer we went camping below the red cliffs west of Gaziantep. Nearly all the missionaries and their families went except one doctor who had to stay and tend to patients in the hospital. The camp was located a number miles off the main road so all the children, except the doctor's youngest daughter, Lynda, who was my age and I, had to walk in. The tents and supplies were loaded on mule back.

One grape box was strapped on each side of a donkey and Lynda and I got to sit in a grape box each and ride in style. The highlight of the camping for me was when I found a box turtle and brought it back to camp. My father drilled a hole in the edge of the turtle shell and tethered the turtle to a post, promising turtle soup later in the week.

### **Falling Down the Rabbit Hole**

One interesting and amusing incident occurred as a result of increasing the residents of the girl's school. When originally built it does not appear there was any significant running water or modern sanitation. The water was obtained by bucket and winch from a well, located in a back hall on the first floor, down to the aqueduct. There was an old bath near the well and outhouses behind against the 12 foot wall. Also there was an extensive outhouse against the east wall not far from the main gate which we turned into housing for our bull when we moved the dairy. When we cleaned out these outhouses we found extensive silver coins which must have been deposited there for safe keeping earlier in the century during the Armenian massacres.

Back near the rear of the building new ditches were carved out of the limestone bedrock to extend the septic system drain field capacity. I and the doctor's kids were playing in the open ditch one afternoon and the bottom gave way and we found ourselves in a cave where olive oil was being stored. Apparently our neighbor across the street, needing more space, had enlarged his storage cave under the street and under our yard. We kids thought it was a hilarious adventure, made friends with the neighbors who fed us food we were not supposed to eat, raw meatballs made by mixing raw ground meat with ground wheat and spices. Naturally my father had a different view and had the hole cemented over. As far as I ever learned, the neighbors continued to use the cave under our property and might have even enlarged it further towards our basement.

### **More Experiences with Horses**

One summer it was decided that I needed some maturing experiences which included going on a horseback trip with the Doctor's oldest son and our houseman. Three horses were arranged for; three days of food and bedrolls were added and we were off on a trip to the red cliffs that can be seen on the horizon to the west. The first day we got into the foothills of the Taurus Mountains and stayed the night in a country inn. From there we circled around to approach the red cliffs from their backside where there was a large spring where we could camp and use our bedrolls. The day went just as planned until in the late afternoon a shepherd and his goats and sheep arrived at the spring to share it with us for the night. They brought millions of fleas with them that promptly decided that we and our bedrolls were



prime territory to expand into. After a night of scratching we decided we wanted to go straight home and didn't even explore the red cliffs which had been the purpose of the trip.

### **Hunting Birds and Flowers**

Sometimes we were visited from the outside by interesting people who needed a western oriented place to stay, like the German engineer who spent a year while installing the electric generation system for the city. In our case it was two English naturalists who lived with us for nearly six months while they did their work. They had come in a Ford sedan to have transportation to get around. One of the men was a collector of birds and had a small shotgun to be able shoot them and mount their skins to take back to England. The other was a collector of plant species with particular interest in irises which he dried between newspapers to preserve the flowers. With their car conveniently available with them we were able to visit places of interest near Gaziantep that were not within walking distance. They were particularly interested in the many mounds around the countryside which they were certain contained archeological treasures that their archeological friends would like to investigate. This was at a time when much effort in the country was being expended to uncover the Hittite culture and set up the finds in museums.

### **Physical Activities**

Our new location being close to the doctor's family provided more opportunities for physical activities. As a team project we renovated the tennis court at the center of the girls' school compound and had regular competitions, including doubles. At the pool area, which was used for the garden irrigation, we installed a high bar for practicing pull-ups and other high bar exercises. The pool was adjacent to the 12 foot outer wall and the doctor's son was the first to jump from the top of the wall into the pool. One day I was swimming alone and decided I too could jump from the wall and did so without knowing the proper technique of jumping into shallow water. I had my legs extended rigidly in front of me which sent a shock up by legs into my spine, causing damage extending into my adult life.

Most winters we have one or two snows of several inches; enough snow to do some sledding. Behind the rear wall of the girls' school compound was a vacant area containing a few graves where we often went sledding. One time, with my houseman watching, I went sledding down the hill with my tummy on the sled, head first. I sledded right into an open grave, impacting on my chest and was so shaken up that the houseman had to help me get home.

In the central section of our building were large assembly rooms on each floor, and the second floor room was vacant, so on rainy days we had a place for games, roller skating and bike riding. The nurses had apartments on the third floor.

Our parents also recognized the need for exercise and we often went with the doctor's family on long walks to places of interest. Just North of Gaziantep was the flat valley which had park-like areas along the river as well as its vegetable fields. On the East side was the ruin of an old castle on which was mounted a small

cannon, sometimes fired to indicate the time of day before electricity came and people had accurate clocks. To the South was a high hill from the top of which was a good view of the Taurus Mountains to the North which were often snow covered. Continuing South we would encounter old lava fields of black rock.

There were several places that one could climb onto the twelve foot wall circling the girl's compound from the inside. Scrambling along the top was good exercise as the top blocks were slanted down both inside and outside to shed rainwater. Our back wall near the swimming pool was also a favorite perch for us to watch the regular Friday afternoon rock fight between the Turkish and Kurd kids. The large space behind our compound was a wild place with a few graves excavated in the limestone bedrock and contained a lot of loose rocks. The two groups would line up facing each other and, with home made slings, hurl rocks at each other for the several hours it took the police to come and confiscate some of the slings. With the police gone they would sit down together and weave replacement slings for the next week's fight. Practicing from childhood, these kids became accurate marksmen with the slings.

### **Contacts With the Turks.**

Now that we lived within the city limits and I was older I began to have more contacts with Turks beyond those of the hospital staff. Several sons of my father's Turkish friends were invited on occasions to come and swim in our pool at times when it was full. My father made regular calls on certain Turks and occasionally he took me along for the experience. He also scheduled special tours for us which you might label educational.

To me the most interesting was a tour of the city power plant which had been installed by a German company several years before. Coal was burned to make a gas that was then supplied to a pair of huge engines as fuel. The engines were two stories tall, driving generators that looked like they belonged in a hydroelectric plant. Coal was a logical fuel as extensive coal mines had been developed years before to support the country's railroads which used coal-fired steam engines.

With electricity available, modern industry began to be drawn to the city. Another place we visited was a thread factory. A thread factory was a logical result of the great cotton fields just to the west of us on the Adana plains.

Another industry that blossomed with the coming of electricity was one my father disparaged when we passed it was a liquor factory that made the favored alcoholic drink, arak, a poor cousin of the Russian vodka.

One time when we had visitors from another mission station we went to visit the public baths. Since it was a men's day at the baths, no women were in our little party. From ancient times until the coming of running water, public baths were essential as, except in the most extensive villas, it was not otherwise possible to gather enough clean water and heat it. The baths were located at a low spot geographically so that they were supplied with water directly from the aqueduct.

The baths were domed with bottled glass spread around liberally in the dome to allow light in the bathing spaces. Hot rooms were provided so that those who wanted to could sweat profusely. Massage services were also another option. The heating of the water was generally accomplished using large metal caldrons over charcoal fires in an adjacent building.

I recall one day-long trip, requiring a truck, converted to a bus by lowering seats on the sides, to a large spring, Bash Punar, meaning head spring. The land below the spring was arranged like a park and we had a picnic there. The turf was soft and very spongy to roll around on.

There was part of an old Roman road in the vicinity with an arched stone bridge still in use. The park had probably been in use for several thousand years.

After various festivities we returned to our truck/bus only to find one of the doctor's daughters was missing. Our houseman returned to the spring to find her sitting by the headwaters, entranced by the flow of the clear water and its bubbling sound.

### **Trips Around Turkey**

During the 1930's we made a few trips around Turkey. Usually in the summer. The Turkey mission leaders would get together annually, usually in Istanbul, to make plans for the next years work, sometimes to transfer personnel. My father was usually our representative and several times took us with him. Several years we took a vacation in the Torus Mountains. The trip I remember best was to the annual meeting of 1930 where we took ferry boat trips to resort beaches up and down the Bosphorus. We stayed in the American Girl's School across the Bosphorus from Istanbul.

## **Chapter 3 – Travel to the United States and Return**

It was traditional for missionaries to get a year to travel home to the United States after seven years of service in the field, and our turn came in 1936 after living for a year in the apartment in the girl's school building.

### **To Istanbul**

A super travel year, 1936, started with a bang with the announcement that we would be returning to the United States for a year, to stay with my father's mother in Wichita, Kansas. Our first stop on the Orient Express was Tarsus where my father got off the train to buy some oranges. While my mother, my two sisters and I worried about leaving him behind, my father got on the train at the rear, and soon joined us to our relief. This was the old working Orient Express which several days before had left Basra bound for Paris. Just out of Tarsus we encountered the Taurus Mountains with their magnificent gorges and tunnels. I liked to stick my head out the windows to sample the cold mountain air when the train smoke was blowing on

the other side. At night the lights from the train cast shadows on the countryside which looked like strange animals moving along with the train.

The next day was equally fascinating as we passed through the countryside of central Turkey with its quaint villages with some built into cliffs and others with houses that looked like giant cones or bee hives.

Finally we arrived and reached a train station on the Bosphorus which is a gigantic river which empties the Black Sea into the Mediterranean Sea and at that point separates Europe from Asia. We were stopping in Istanbul for a few days so my father could attend important meetings, so taking a ferry boat soon had us at the house we were staying at.

What a wonderful vacation! We were staying in a house on a high hill overlooking the Bosphorus where we could watch the Ferry Boats go up and down stream, loudly playing what was then very popular on their PA systems, French tangos. That vacation we visited many of the historical sights of old Constantinople, which had been the Capital of the Roman Empire for a thousand years, We also read an historical novel as a family, set in a time when Constantinople was at its peak and able to beat off the attacking hordes of Asiatic invaders. My father had taken up oil painting and we would sit for hours on the grassy slopes above the Bosphorus while he painted the countryside which included the old stone fortifications that kept the Persians at bay for a thousand years.

I believe it was on this visit that my father and I both swam across the Bosphorus. It was a tradition for American boys living in Turkey to do so. The Bosphorus is much narrower than the straits farther south where the Sea of Marmara empties into the Mediterranean, so the current is very strong, but if you cross at the right place, the current does most of the work. The water being very cold, we hired a boatman to cross with us in case we got too cold to complete the crossing.

### **Across Central Europe**

This trip had been planned to take us on a tour across central Europe, up the Danube, ending in France where we were to take an Ocean Liner to the United States. An over-night boat took us up the Black Sea to a Port in Romania where we could take a train the rest of the way. We stopped in Bucharest, Prague, and then Vienna, where we spend a few days with friends, visiting the sights including a giant Ferris wheel from which we could view the whole city. One reason for stopping in Vienna was to meet up with a blind student to whom my father had taught English. We were escorting him to the United States where he was to enroll in advance studies at Columbia University.

I was fascinated by the instant hot water heater he had in his apartment. An interesting side trip one day was to Salzburg to visit the famous water gardens with their fountains. I was most impressed with the balls that were supported on the water of the fountains and kept pestering my father how it was possible, but he was unable to give an explanation, one I only received years later in college physics.

Our next stop was Switzerland to visit relatives who still operated a farm near Berne where my great-grandmother grew up. I can picture a green meadow that ran up a hill from a white house. ( I visited the same site as an adult many years later and the farm was gone, replaced with a housing development.) While in Berne I remember we went to the zoo to see the world famous bear pits. Also in Switzerland I noticed all the trains were electrified, and this was 1936. 80 years later we mainly have electric trains only in the north-eastern corridor in the United States. In any event Switzerland was very clean with no papers or gum on the ground anywhere.

### **France and the Ocean trip to the United States**

Next was France which at the time could be marked as having the sootiest trains in Europe due to using soft coal in their engines. We happened to be in Paris July 14, Bastille day, which is their equivalent of our July 4, and we were treated to a wonderful fireworks show we watched from our hotel room. We visited the Versailles Palace which was so opulent that it was probably the greatest example, ever, of rich people with no limit on their spending paid for by their subjects. Finally we took a special train to Cherbourg to take the German Ocean liner, Europa, to New York. We discovered that many of the crew were boys as young as fourteen years in training for use on ships of the German Navy. The Europa and the Bremen had actually been built to double as troop transports and were used that way in World War II with the Bremen being sunk.

The Jet airliner has ruined what I consider the best way to travel, by Ocean Liner. there is no comparison of the relaxation and comfort between the two; travel by ocean liner was pure fun. For 10 year old kids the whole boat was our playground. The trip seemed too short, just five days for a fast ocean liner.

### **Eastern United States**

We first visited my father's brother in Washington D.C. where he working for the Naval Research Laboratories. Their house was near Rock Creek Park and I made a small water wheel that I tried out in the creek at a small water fall. I tasted ginger ale for the first time and then was amazed at being able to buy balloons filled with helium that floated on their own. I was sent to a store to buy toilet paper and was dismayed to learn when I returned to my Aunt that toilet paper comes in various qualities and I had purchased the coarsest which was not acceptable to her.

A few days later we traveled to Boston by train so my father could report to the American Board about his missionary work and then buy a used Plymouth car with which we intended to travel to Wichita. We stayed in Newton for about two weeks at the Missionary home where children could stay when their parents were still at their work abroad. It was told I might stay here some time in the future if I came back to the United States to advance my education. I thought it was a keen place as they had a full set of the Wizard of Oz books, and I read as many of them as I

could before we went on.

Next on my father's schedule was to visit a number of missionary families in the North-East who were also on sabbatical leave, or in several cases, ex-missionaries for whom there was no longer money to keep them abroad due to lack of funds. We spend several weeks at a summer camp for missionaries on a nice lake and then started the long trip to Wichita, Kansas. The one stop I remember was with some cousins in Ohio who had an energy independent farm because they had a gas well that provided for gas heat as well as the generation of electricity.

### **Wichita Kansas**

We arrived at my grandmother's home in Wichita Kansas in time for the start of school. My father's mother, Grandmother Wells, had a big house with a big barn and yard near Fairmount College, now a State University. My grandfather, who died while my father was a teenager, had been Dean of the college at one time. This was my first real exposure to the United States, and I learned many new things, such as group sports like baseball, driving a car owned by a cousin in a corn field, ice skating, political elections, cub scouts and had many typical American foods not available in Turkey. I particularly enjoyed using the public swimming pools with diving boards, slides, and the other paraphernalia of modern pools.

### **Public Schools compared to Calvert Home Schooling**

Schooling for American kids born abroad is generally different from the usual school experience back home, usually much better. Even when an actual facility like the American Community School (ACS) is available, the classes are very small, and even smaller under home schooling with something like the Calvert System. With such individualized attention the students learn their lessons more thoroughly and cover more ground. Based on my age of just under ten I was first put into the fourth grade. It was enough below my knowledge and capability that the second day I was sent to the fifth grade. At the end of the first week there I was moved to the upper half of the fifth grade. My teacher felt that I was actually belonged at the sixth grade level, but I was not moved further because the teachers rightly saw I would be a social misfit. The year was not a waste, however, because with the normal large class size I had a better chance to develop some social skills not available in home schooling. Also available was good team sports not to be had in home schooling.

### **Airplanes**

I had been much interested in airplanes in Turkey, reading of Eddy Rickenbacker's exploits as a fighter pilot in World War I, Lindberg's long career with his wife Ann, flying to remote places in the world, and other less notable accounts of early aviation. I was particularly impressed with seaplanes as really flexible and able to land all over the world. Only one airplane had come to Gaziantep that I had seen

personally, first in the air and then on a grassy field from a distance, so I was excited to learn from a neighborhood boy that his father was an official in the FAA and that he would be giving some rides in a Ford Tri-motor in a few days. I got invited and got to fly with my friend at the Wichita Airport. So my interest in things aeronautical was given a boost.

### **Travel in the US**

The life in Turkey I had been exposed to was still largely pedestrian while by 1936 life in the United States was already well into the motor age. In our old Plymouth we went everywhere, visiting relatives, getting to other churches where my father had speaking engagements, to summer camps. And we went on longer trips on vacation.

We were able to visit friends in Dodge City, an uncle of my father who operated a lumber supply company. The depression had been hard on him and the company eventually went bankrupt. We visited cousins of my mother in a small eastern Kansas town who owned a farm where oil had been discovered. A prospecting company had signed them up with leases with potential to pay royalties and instead pumped all the oil out of the ground from neighboring property. My parents had a number of cousins who were farmers reporting that between the depression and the dust bowl a lot of them were afraid they would lose their farms.

I also had an opportunity to visit a number of small towns because one of my Great Uncles was running for the U.S. Senate and we joined his campaign travels on several occasions. He was to learn the hard way that it is very difficult to beat an established political machine that owns the local radio stations.

### **Comparison to Living in Turkey**

In retrospect, the life of a missionary in material ways can be much better than the average American. Although the average missionary made a small salary, all their living expenses and travel were paid for. They received an allowance for each child that was sent to the United States to be educated. When they themselves retired, there was a retirement center for them exclusively that was equal to the best and it also provided health care. While they were working they were given an additional allowance to pay for domestic help which otherwise could be afforded only by the most wealthy of families.

### **Return to Turkey in 1937**

The trip was mostly a reverse of that coming except that we chose to return by way of the Mediterranean rather than cross Europe by land. We rendezvoused with the Doctor Dewey's family in New York City as they were going back at the same time having also been in the United States. The ship was of the American Export Lines, the Excalibur, which serviced the Mediterranean ports. The Mediterranean was farther away than Cherbourg and with several ports to stop at, it would take about

two weeks to reach Beirut. The exact time or day of departure was uncertain so the Export Company put us up in a hotel at their expense awaiting departure. The company had four sister ships on the Mediterranean run making the round trip in two months, so there was a departure about once every other week.

Even though the Mediterranean traffic was not very profitable, the Steamship line made a good business of it with government subsidies including mail contracts. It was US policy to maintain a presence in the Mediterranean with these ships that could easily be converted into auxiliary cruisers for the U.S. Navy. For variety, ports of call on each trip were varied so that each major port in the Mediterranean would be visited by each ship on either the going out leg or the return.

Our first port of call was Gibraltar where there was no good dock available, so we anchored off the harbor and went ashore by small boat. It was a very short stop so we returned the same afternoon after a tour of the Rock. What impressed me the most was the band of monkeys that lived in the wild on the Rock.

Compared to our trip the previous year on the Europa, the trip on the Excalibur was much more leisurely and relaxing. The warm southerly route across the Atlantic was much more pleasant as well. We had time to enjoy the classical afternoon tea with a much lower passenger density than the Europa which was more involved in the mass transportation business.

Our next stop was Marseille where I believe we stopped for several days, allowing us to visit the city. My main remembrance was there was a tall hill in the town and there was an elevator powered by water that took us up and down.

I remember more about Naples. My father had become ill and so the doctor's wife took the children from both our families that were travelling on the ship together on a car trip up to see the Vesuvius volcano. We went into the crater far enough to see mud boiling.

The next port, Alexandria, Egypt, was considered the turn-around point for the ship and it was scheduled to stay 3 days. Again we went as a group, and we took a car into Cairo, Egypt where we spent two nights in a hotel. This allowed us one day to see the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and another to visit the old city of Thebes.

Because you could get right next to them, the huge stone statues at Thebes were quite impressive but still not as impressive as the Pyramids.

The last leg seems it took just overnight and we were at Beirut, Lebanon which I had heard much about, but never seen before. My older sister was to stay that year at the boarding school, and I and my little sister stayed there as well for the two weeks it took my father to recover from the pneumonia he had acquired on the trip. With my mother busy with my father in the hospital, my sister and I pretty much limited our stay with getting acquainted with the American Community School at Beirut.

The Orient Express had been built with the help of Germany during the time of the Ottoman Empire which had extended from Bulgaria and Greece down into Egypt, East into what was then called Arabia and up to the land of the Armenians between



the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. The idea of the Orient Express had been to hold the Empire together and so from Istanbul it ran to the Persian Gulf. At Aleppo, now in Syria, a branch of the railroad had been run south along the Eastern Mediterranean past Beirut, and then Jerusalem, down the Red Sea towards Medina to facilitate the annual pilgrimage of Muslims going to Mecca. To get to Gaziantep from Beirut we took this branch of the Railroad north to Aleppo and from there went a small way into Turkey on the main line to a railroad station that was close to Gaziantep. It was some years after I left Turkey for the last time that a direct rail link of the railroad connected into Gaziantep. So we were met at a rail station 40 miles from Gaziantep and driven home to the girls' school.

## **Chapter 4 – Pre war Turkey**

### **Move into a Different Apartment**

On arriving home at the Girl's School we were met with a pleasant surprise, we were being moved into the surgeon's apartment at the other end of the building as he and his family had returned to the United States, and would not be returning. This apartment was more comfortable, particularly as it was oriented to receive the prevailing breeze. From my viewpoint it was the best possible, the windmill was just outside my window and I could climb out my window right onto the windmill tower.

With the doctor's son in the next compound, just across the street, I connected us together with wires which went to a home made telegraph set at each end. Their eldest son and I learned Morse Code so we could message each other. He soon lost interest since it was difficult to synchronize when we would have someone at both ends. Our telegraphing efforts came to an early end and we tried setting up a telephone, but over the distance we had to cover with the light wire we were using our voices were too weak. Heavy copper wire cost was outside of our allowance budgets.

### **Connected To The Outside World**

At our old college house I had built a crystal radio, but it was not of much interest as it only got one or two Turkish stations which basically played Turkish music. Knowing we would be having electricity, when we came back from the United States, my father had brought an all-band radio which he set up in our living room. Foreigners were not allowed to have outdoor antennas, so my father and I built a large direction loop antenna which we moved into the attic. By trial we found a direction to point it where on short wave we got both the United States, and the BBC in London. We were close enough on broadcast band to get both Jerusalem and Cairo stations which were operated by the British. I would spend several hours every afternoon listening mainly to the BBC. With one small step we became part of the world community. I followed the developing crises in Europe with great interest as the Germans moved into Austria and Czechoslovakia where we had

been just three years before.

### **Expanded Responsibilities**

As at the college, I was responsible for keeping the wood boxes full. It was thought that I could also help saw and chop the wood to stove lengths which were about 16 inches but as it turned out I was not yet strong enough for this task so instead I got the job of watering all the plants around the school building, which included our vegetable garden. I soon discovered in a dry climate watering consisted of other work besides applying the water. A few days after watering, a hard layer of soil would form at the surface so that a day or so after watering, the surface needed to be broken with a hoe. I still harvested various fruits for breakfast which now had added two fruits, mulberries and pomegranates. With more water available than at the college, we could afford a lawn in front of the girl's school main entrance and it was my responsibility to mow it.

At the college I had been responsible for feeding the chickens and turkeys which were kept in a pen alongside one of the empty buildings. They roosted in the basement of the building. When we moved to the girl's school there was no obvious place to keep chickens. There was a small cave for them to roost in, but no yard to scratch in and the few chickens we tried in the cave did not do well. I suppose when we had chicken to eat that our houseman just bought one in the market. While there were pigeons about, there were no empty lofts to trap pigeons in, so we did without pigeons in our diet.

I was interested in the activities in the hospital but was too young to contribute actively. However I learned a lot following my father around and watching some of the craftsman at work. I have already mentioned my extensive interest in the various water systems. With the coming of electricity the hospital had an opportunity to make some significant upgrades. An electric autoclave for sterilizing surgical instruments was a godsend for my mother. We also connected up an x-ray machine we had had in storage waiting for when we would have electricity for it. We had been making distilled water, but the addition of an electric still was a great convenience.

The efforts at preparing food and meals was greatly simplified with the installation of a walk-in refrigerator and freezer in the kitchen area. Extensive modifications to walls, floors, and ceilings were made to add sufficient insulation. A dumb waiter was added to send meals to the floors above where the patients were.

While the hospital was limited to 57 beds, many patients were seen in the clinic where as many as 150 day patients a day might be attended to. The clinic was supported by a laboratory and with the advent of electricity many more tests were available as well as an increase in the quality of the work.

### **Widening Interests**

My father had also brought back from the United States a chemistry set for me and

I began various experiments with it to add to my scientific interests. To provide heat for some of the experiments, I was also given a primus stove (pressurized kerosene) and a metal covered table to work on. One of my favorite activities was melting lead and pouring it into various forms to create interesting shapes. My parents curtailed this particular activity somewhat when I spilled some liquid lead one day and a little of it ran down into my right shoe.

I then concentrated on a less dangerous activity which was the making of hydrogen gas by dropping zinc metal into sulfuric acid. The main use of the hydrogen was to fill balloons with it so that they would rise when tethered to a string. Hydrogen was also fun to collect in a bottle, put a spark plug in the mouth of the bottle and then activate the plug with the spark from a model T ford coil. The spark plug would shoot up into the air. I used strong bottles and fortunately never exploded one of them. At that time in my life I did get a few acid burns on my hands.

One of the older American nurses who lived on the floor above us collected stamps and persuaded me to start a small collection. She got time off from her duties one afternoon a week and I would join her to learn about the intricacies of collecting stamps. A very sad time in my life was about a year after I started collecting stamps was when this nurse came down with a throat infection which cut off her ability to breath. I saw her being carried to the hospital one afternoon and was told the next day she had died. I believe she was buried in the small cemetery that was kept in one corner of the Girl's School compound for missionaries who died while serving in Turkey.

In the spring of 1939 my father got me involved in a special project. We inherited a telephone system from a hospital that had been closed in another city and I was given the responsibility of figuring out how it worked and connect it up in our hospital. It was an eight phone system and each station would be able to ring any of the other stations. Each station had its own battery to power the ringing circuit. A workman was assigned to help me and we were given an empty room where we could set up the phones and make them work on a small scale. We were successful and then installed phones in all the important places in the hospital. As pay I was given enough money to be able to buy a new bicycle when I went away to school.

### **Chapter 5- High School in Beirut, Lebanon**

The summer of 1939 was again a year our family spent above the Bosphorus and touring the area on their delightful ferry boats. I have already related of swimming across the Bosphorus, but this summer I had an opportunity to go on a sailboat of one of the American boys that lived there. Tourism was centered around Western Turkey at the time and we also visited some of the beaches on the Sea of Marmara. I believe it was that summer I met a girl of my age whose parents were connected to Robert College, the American College in Istanbul. I remember being impressed by the extensive tree house she had in her backyard.

We then returned home to Gaziantep and my mother prepared me to go away to

school by making shirts and pants to have at school. I had been home tutored through the lower grades up to that point, but that fall I went to Beirut to the boarding department of the American Community School (ACS) there that was attached to the American University at Beirut, a university chartered in New York State. I was there for my Freshman and Sophomore years, going back to Gaziantep on school breaks. This was an idyllic time in my life. World War II had just started, but in the beginning did not affect the Eastern Mediterranean.

Beirut was much like the Riviera with its coastline on the crystal clear waters of the sea and cedar forests on the mountain slopes behind it. There was a large American community, largely centered around the American University but also involved in missionary work as well as American diplomatic endeavors. Other than the year in the United States, this was my first experience to go to school with more than one classmate. In my free time on the bicycle, I had earned by installing the phone system, I got to know much of Beirut from the Pigeon Rocks to the ship harbor.

### **School Composition**

While originally established for children of the American staff teaching in the American University, up to a point, bigger is better, and the ASC accepted children for all twelve grades from any English speaking family regardless of nationality. At the time of my attendance we had children whose parents were professors, doctors, ministers, missionaries, oilmen, businessmen, and even just plain white Russian refugees. For those not coming from the local area there was an attached boarding department. There were very few of the boarders in the lower grades as younger children were normally home tutored. Perhaps one third of the students were from out-of-town and lived in the boarding department and the others were day students and lived at home somewhere in the Beirut area.

There was another difference between the two. Since French at the time was the official language, it was required to be taken, even in grade school. Those, such as myself, coming to the school for the first time as high school freshmen, would find themselves out of sync with the day students who had taken French for 8 years and spoke it like natives

The main difference, however, was that the day school student's social life revolved around their family and friends. Most of the social life of the boarders revolved around other boarders and to a small extent around their other classmates. So the day students regarded Beirut as their real home. The boarders felt to some extent like strangers in a strange land. I had had a two week taste of the boarding department two years earlier which experience had been as a visitor. Suddenly I found myself under strict discipline as an inmate.

### **Learning**

Teaching at ACS for any teacher prospect back in the United States was considered a plum, and only the best qualified academically and emotionally received offers to

teach in Beirut.. All my teachers were Americans with the exception of a course in beginner's French which was taught by a White Russian lady. At the freshman level, class size averaged about 6. The sophomore class size was probably about 4, with no juniors or seniors at that time as by those ages students were likely to have been sent to the United States to finish their education as was my older sister. We had several hours of free time in the afternoons which could be spent on sports, including swimming in the Mediterranean in the warmer months. I liked to tour Beirut on my bicycle. Evenings we were expected to study in our rooms or in the lounge if we were working on group projects. Weekends were generally free except for excursions, which when they happened, were on Saturday. Sunday we were expected to go to a church of our choosing of which there were many in Beirut that could be reached by streetcar.

### **Excursions**

Many school sponsored excursions were exciting to participate in. The well preserved world renowned Crusader's Castle Krak de Chevalier, required a day long visit by bus up to the North. This castle is larger than the ones at Aleppo and Gaziantep and probably better preserved. Many parts were still under cover, including the place of execution. On the way we got to see several typical Lebanon villages.

Another day trip was to visit the Dog River Caves not far from Beirut. These were extensive caves that at one point might have been at sea level because the floors were deep in sand to the full distance that we were able to go. It included an underground river and also the world's largest stalactites. Outside the cave on a vertical cliff are carved the calling cards of many world conquerors from Nebucadnezzar II to Rameses II and later Greek and Roman generals. During our visit it was very cold and dark although we had flashlights. The small group I was with, which included my favorite girl, got lost for a short time.

A small excursion one Saturday was a bicycle trip down the coast to Sidon and return. Since it was war time there was very little traffic. We learned a trick, if you got in the wake of a slow moving truck your pedaling effort was reduced. For lunch we bought some hollow rigid doughnut shaped bread, spiced with oregano and sesame seeds.

The most distant excursion was one Christmas when we didn't go home and doctor's wife came to be with her children. We went on a trip to go North and East to Damascus to visit the glass blowing shops. We watched the blowing and bought some glass ware. One the way back we took a different route through the Cedars of Lebanon to Baalbek to be fascinated by the ruins. It is still a mystery how the builders moved the biggest known blocks of stone in the world.

I made many short trips along the coast of the Mediterranean on my bicycle where it was very fascinating to watch the waves breaking on the various rocks, particularly a pair of rocks called the Pigeon Rocks. At that time there was no

pollution and the sea was crystal clear.

Beirut had a good streetcar system and we occasionally went to the downtown movies. The University put on a number of performances, musicals as well as plays of Shakespeare that were easy to walk to.

### **Puppy Love**

I don't remember for sure when I first became interested in girls. When I was 5 a couple from a neighboring mission left their daughter of about my age to stay with us for a few days while they went on a trip. Miss K. intrigued me as a mystery as might anyone of the opposite sex when you first get acquainted. I remember being sad when she left and I was never to see her again. I was quite taken with another girl when her family arrived and her father was to become the American surgeon. They did not stay long because they returned to the United States where the mother died. There was some sadness at their departure. I saw them once when we visited them on our Sabbatical. Many years later I heard she was in a car accident that significantly damaged her legs and affected her walking. Of course there was our doctor's youngest daughter, Lynda, but I had known her more like a sister from when we were three years old.

So my serious interest in girls was not at age 8 when my older sister and her friends put on a mock wedding with me as the groom and Lynda as the bride. We exchanged rings made of woven weed stems. . Several years later I came across her swimming nude at the swimming pool and my reaction had been to tease her about it. Perhaps my interest in girls started when I was 13 on a vacation in Istanbul and had the opportunity to meet a girl my age, the girl whose family I previously reported had built her an extensive tree house. I had a new feeling for her at the few times the children my age got together to play cards or go to the beach down on the Sea of Marmara by ferry boat.

In any event I developed a crush on M. when I went to Beirut in the fall of 1939 to start high school at the American Community School (ACS). M. lived at home whereas I was in the boarding department as was usual for students from out of town. As part of the socializing process for young people abroad to prepare them for life when they might return to the United States, dance parties were hosted by various families every few weeks. Boys were paired off with girls of their own age, by a process that was never explained to me, and then were expected to escort the girl assigned to us to the party wherever it was to be held. Parties were hosted most anywhere near the University campus as well as at ACS proper, and, with the war unrest at the time in Beirut, it warranted that girls should not be alone at night. Some afternoons after school, when baseball or basket ball games were not scheduled, there might be informal dancing in the school auditorium.

I was thrilled to be paired with M. and escorted her to as many affairs as ten during that school year. Per tradition, our initials were carved into the banyan tree on the University campus. The campus grounds, while rocky, extended along the shores

of the Mediterranean Sea and we swam there several times while the weather was good. There were field trips to places of interest such as Krak de Chevalier, the crusader castle and the Dog River caves and M. and I tended to pair at such times also. There was a long tunnel under a boulevard to get to the rocky shore from the campus proper, and the extent of our relationship was for me to put my arm across her shoulders as we walked through the tunnel to swim.

Naturally the summer after my first year at Beirut I returned home to Turkey to do little more than wait for my second year in Beirut. I had nothing much to do but dream of seeing M. again. Reality was to be much different. Because the war in Europe was moving into its second year with no end in sight, many families had returned to the United States or at least sent their children. There was a cut-back on parties and the old pairing system was continued on a limited bases. I was told by a male friend that M. had dated three different boys during the summer and was not interested in talking to me, which explained the distance she demonstrated to me in classes. My heart was broken and it took me months to recover and not to think about it. It was interesting that the doctor's daughter, Lynda, also staying in the boarding department, had a similar breakup with the boy she had been paired with the previous year. My relationship with her continued as if she was my sister. The second year I danced with other girls of the school but not ever with M.

### **Last Crossing the Border in 1940 from Turkey into Syria**

Several of us had been sitting in the 1936 Ford sedan on a cold winter day at the border crossing into Syria for over an hour and we were beginning to get worried. We had crossed here before, but the war in Europe that had started with Hitler invading Poland had had time to build up tensions everywhere, and apparently it was now infecting this out the way place between Gaziantep, Turkey and Aleppo, Syria. The taxis that was to take us on to catch a train to our ultimate destination, the American Community School at Beirut, was quietly parked 25 yards away and its driver showed his concern by chain smoking.

Suddenly there was action as a French official popped out of his border shack and approached our car, waving our three passports. We three got out of the Ford and stood next to it to better receive the official. As he came even with us he let out a torrent of fast spoken words in French, but it was obvious to him that we understood not a word. Frustrated, he held out two of the passports which the others gladly accepted, but opened mine and pointed to the first page with his index finger and shook his head. When I showed no understanding he beckoned to the Turkish Official, who had been looking on from nearby with amusement, to help communicate with these bothersome foreigners.

Abdullah K., the Turk, in an Aintep dialect, introduced himself and assured me that he was well acquainted with my father, the business manager of the American hospital in Gaziantep, and that he was sure my problem in entering Syria would shortly be cleared up. Then he summarized what was bothering the Syrian official

whom he mentioned was just substituting for the regular border official. Even though I had an American passport, it had been noticed that I had been born in Gaziantep, Turkey, raising the possibility that I was a Turk. Severe restrictions had been placed on Turks entering Syria since the recent hostilities in which Turkey had annexed the important port of Antioch. The Syrian Official wanted to see my birth certificate.

I paused before answering to tell him I had no birth certificate. I did have in my money belt a copy of my Consular report of birth (ROB) which had been filed with a U.S. Consulate 15 years before and decided to offer it as a birth certificate. The French official became restless as I partially undressed to get at my money belt., unfolded the yellowed paper, and finally handed it to him. Of course it was in English which he could not read. He handed it to the Turk who looked at it briefly and said of course it was a good document, he had seen many before. The Frenchman abruptly took my Passport from Abdullah and returned to his shack. A few minutes later he returned and nearly threw my passport at me while saying a few words to Abdullah. Abdullah waved us towards the car waiting to take us to Aleppo and said in parting to me, "You have been temporarily cleared to enter the country as well as continue on into Lebanon which is also under French mandate. When you arrive there, within 24 hours you must register with the state police who may approve your further stay."

As our group of children rode on to Aleppo to get the night train to Beirut, I mused on the old yellow paper that had made the difference between being a respected American citizen and a wandering person without a country.

It is too bad to have to take the night train because some interesting sights are there to be seen during the day. Many ancient civilizations have been here and left their landmarks. The most impressive is to take the motor road from Aleppo to Damascus which goes though Hamah and Homs and look for the giant water wheels. They are also said to make a loud squeaking noise that can be heard for miles, even from the train.

The trip from the train station to the boarding department was a short one and we were back at the school, expecting to repeat this pattern of life for more than two more years. I forget the reason that we did not return home for the spring break in early 1941. I remember re-experiencing an old infection in one of my legs and spending some time in the hospital in Beirut. The doctor told me that a new sulfa drug had saved having to have one of my legs from being amputated. In my recuperation I remember rehearsing for a part in the school play that we were to put on late in the spring. I felt crushed when the play never came off for reasons I will next present.

## **Chapter 6 - Escape to the United States**

### **We Become Refugees**



My stay in Beirut came to an end in May due to the efforts of the German General, Rommel, to capture the Middle East oil fields. The capture of Greece by the Germans had been with the intent to continue on to the Middle East oil fields in Iraq and Saudi Arabia. The Germans decided not to continue through Turkey because Turkey had a large army and rugged mountains to cross. When the drive across North Africa towards the oilfields was stalled, the German plan changed to take over Syria and Lebanon which was controlled by a defeated French, And push eastward from there. The start of the third plan was the infiltration of Syria and Lebanon in the spring of 1941 with German special forces and under-cover agents. Seeing this threat which the French were doing nothing about, the British with significant forces in the then Palestine mandate, centered in Jerusalem, decided to invade and take over Syria and Lebanon.

Foreign nationals, such as myself, were given 24 hours notice to leave Syria and Lebanon before they were to be invaded. Most of the ACS school and much of the American University staff left Beirut by car for Jerusalem. My younger sister, then age 11, the only child who had been left in the Gaziantep mission, came to Beirut overnight by train and then on to Jerusalem to join me. While the United States was not yet involved in World War II., the thinking of the missionary families, in anticipation of the United States eventually becoming involved, was that their children would best be moved to the United States so that their education would not be interrupted. So while the British campaign to neutralize Syria and Lebanon only lasted two weeks, for most of the Americans who had evacuated to Jerusalem, we had just completed the first step in returning to the United States. M. was one of the few who elected to stay in Beirut with her parents for another year before going back to the States for her Senior year. I never saw her again.

### **As Refugees We Escape to Egypt**

I, my sister, and the other Americans looking for how to get to the United States from Jerusalem were now classified as refugees in a war zone with little priority. Our stay there however was quiet. A small group of ACS'ers with unofficial guardians, Mr. Strong the now ex-principal of the school and his wife, Mrs. Strong, our ex-English teacher were quartered in a building that had been the Hadassah hospital a few years before. None of us had been in Jerusalem before so we filled in our time seeing the sights we might have done as tourists. It turned out it was not just the visas to enter Egypt we were waiting for, but also officials in Cairo needed some time to arrange accommodations for us when we arrived. There must have been three places where Jesus was born as well as crucified. One interesting trip was to the Dead Sea where we confirmed you can float in water nearly half way out of it. Finally one day when the visas were approved, a special train was made up to take perhaps several hundred refugees from Jerusalem to Cairo. It was now the middle to late June and with various American managed

schools in Cairo closed for the summer; these schools became promising locations for housing the American refugees. I, my sister, and a number of others from the ACS were housed at the American Girls' school of Cairo. Based on the air raid warnings and search lights scanning the night skies we assumed there were overflights by German planes, but we never saw any bombing. It was comforting that the school had a bomb shelter which turned out to be quite popular as a place for an afternoon nap since it remained quite cool on a hot Cairo afternoon.

We visited the pyramids which we had seen a few years before, but on climbing to the top of the tallest were surprised it was being used as a high point to spot German war planes. We also went dancing at Shepherd's Hotel and saw *Gone with the Wind*. The most notable event of our stay occurred on the 4th of July. In those days with few Americans abroad, all Americans in a given country were invited to the American Embassy for a party. There were perhaps 15 ACS'ers staying at the Girls' school and we went as a group. There was also a group of students of comparable age from the Sudan at the party who were also waiting for ship passage to the United States. They were largely children of Baptist missionaries. At this point the waiters passed out cigarettes and glasses of Champaign which our group was eager to sample. The group from the Sudan, which had been warned the Beirut children were wild and to be avoided, decided to come across the dance floor to meet us. They were aghast at what they saw, and turned around, concluding they had been properly warned.

### **Down the Coast of Africa**

By about the middle of July two ships were identified that would shortly be sailing to take passengers back to the United States, one around Africa, and the other via Australia. The American refugees were divided into two groups, one for each ship and then taken by train to the Port of Suez. I and my sister had been assigned to the SS *Kauser* which was to go around Africa. Some of the other ACS'er, including the other children from Turkey were going in our group which also consisted of Sudanese Baptist missionaries. Of the 400 or so refugees on our ship, perhaps only 10% spoke English. The others were a motley group of Greeks, Romanians, Bulgarians, with a sprinkling of Albanians, Austrians, and French. We also learned that the captain was English, the second officer Scotch, the third officer Egyptian, and the fourth Officer Turkish. The radio operator was an English speaking Greek. All the engine crew were Greek, The ordinary seaman were all Indian. The ship's owner was a Romanian who had purchased English citizenship and would be aboard with his family, his way to get to the US.

Actually the American citizens aboard were probably about 25. There were a dozen children divided between those from Beirut and those from the Sudan, along with 6 teachers from their respective schools. The rest were American ambulance drivers who had been volunteers assisting the British army in the western desert fighting Rommel. That they carried rifles and ammunition suggested they might have been

doing more than driving. The last night before sailing I watched from the upper deck of the ship as airplanes flew over the port, caught in the beams of searchlights. We certainly felt relieved the next morning as we started down the Red Sea towards Mombassa, our first planned port of call on the African east coast. We spent most of the time on deck, even the nights, as the Red Sea is fiercely hot in mid summer.

On the second day, fresh water was declared for drinking and emergency use only. It was discovered that by not understanding the Indian markings on water valves, the Greek engineers had pumped the majority of our drinking water into the Red Sea.

Meanwhile the children from the two groups began to get acquainted. The Baptist children learned that those of us from Beirut were not that different and our smoking and drinking at the embassy had been our first. They asked us to teach them how to dance as they expected to need to know how when they got to the United States. The teachers from our respective schools were our chaperones on the trip and the Sudanese teachers watched their charges like hawks. I was soundly criticized by one of the chaperones for teaching their girls how to dance.

I found my travel allowance had only bought me a spot in steerage, sharing a cabin with three refugee men from central Europe. Steerage food was also terrible. My sister was having a similar experience with her cabin mates. The other Americans had managed better quarters with the ambulance drivers getting quarters on the top deck. The chief radio operator learned of our situation and had my sister and I moved into his day suite which he was not using. We not only had those quarters for the rest of the trip but he brought us food from the officer's mess which was the same as first class..

Nothing much untoward besides the loss of fresh water happened on the way to Mombassa. As we went up the estuary to the port, a column of British destroyers passed us and when we arrived we found they were using all the port facilities. There was no dock open for use and we were forced to anchor away from shore. A water barge relieved the water situation but other provisioning activities of the ship were delayed. Launches provided transportation to shore and a number of us rented bicycles and explored the beaches on several occasions. In all, the ship was delayed two weeks before it could continue to its next port, Cape Town.

### **Scare on the Way to Cape Town**

I can greatly recommend a long ocean voyage to anyone as a restful period to take stock of ones life. The world is shrunk down to a simple life. You forget what you have been worrying about in the past or the future that is to come.. I was pretty well into this live –in- the-now world by the time we were abreast Madagascar. I had teamed up with a girl, A., who was going back to Oklahoma. She was teaching me about Shakespeare in exchange for lessons in dancing. We were lying down head-to-head on a hatch cover on the front deck one evening watching the stars.

Something was wrong, but we didn't know what. Suddenly we realized that the usual lights on the ship were out. There were no portholes showing even a dim light. I looked back up at the stars and I realized what had attracted our attention at first. We were no longer headed south, but rather northeast. We decided to stay on deck and see what developed. Over the next two hours the ship changed direction several times and then entered a fog bank. On coming out of the fog bank it changed course to its original heading of south. When we entered the lounge it was dimly lit and nearly empty and we were told there had been an electrical power failure and most everyone had gone to bed.

When we brought it up among our friends the next morning no one would acknowledge course changes the previous night. There was a naval advisory on the bulletin board we hadn't noticed before that German raider activity in the South Atlantic had increased and could be expected in the Indian Ocean. During the remainder of the trip to Cape Town more attempts to maintain a blackout were made, but were largely unsuccessful because it was not possible to ventilate lighted cabins that were below deck without opening portholes. A rumor circulated among the English speaking passengers that on the night in question our ship had made distant contact with a suspected German raider and taken evasive action. With an inability to enforce a blackout, the Chief Engineer had shut down the ship's electrical generator.

The next stage down to Cape Town was made with some worry by the passengers, in spite of no other evidence of a German raider. The portholes were kept pretty well dark, but there were some exceptions as well as cigarette smoking on deck. The owner's cabin was probably the most flagrant violator of the blackout. In any event we arrived in Cape Town with great sighs of relieve all around.

### **On towards New York**

We were again delayed in port for two weeks, but not for competition for supplies with the British Warships who were at sea searching for German raiders resulting in little traffic into and out of the port. The problem was that the Indian deck crew went on strike. They said their wages were supposed to include clothes. They had been given light clothes in Suez, but we were now in Cape Town in midwinter and they naturally wanted warm clothes. The ship's owner refused their demands as with the trips duration stretching out he was faced with a loss on the whole operation. Because it was against the law to strike in wartime, the whole Indian crew was imprisoned, leaving the ship with no prospects of sailing soon.

Eventually the British authorities returned the Indians to the ship, demanded of the ship's owner that they be properly clothed, and sent the ship on its way towards South America.

The next leg of our trip was to be through the most dangerous waters, the South Atlantic, and the American ambulance drivers, concerned about the danger, called for a meeting with the Captain, demanding that a blackout be enforced. When the

Captain said he did not have the man power for a blackout enforcement, the ambulance drivers offered and the Captain accepted that they head up a vigilante group of passengers to do the enforcing. The enforcing group consisted of the ambulance drivers and all the male English speaking passengers over 14 years of age. Two shifts patrolled each night carrying rifles provided by the drivers. The ship owner's cabin was not exempted from the blackout. The S.S. Kauser arrived in Pernambuco without further incident although it was reported on arrival that a ship schedule to arrive four hours earlier had been sunk. While flying a neutral Egyptian flag, this was not considered much protection as a sistership of the S.S. Kauser, the Zam Zam, had been sunk some months earlier. After a cold month going around Africa, the warm weather of Brazil was enjoyable and most of the American passengers had several days at the beach. The majority of the refugees, not having American visas, were headed for various locations in South America and left the ship permanently.

We next stopped in Trinidad for the same reason, perhaps to allow refugees going to Central America to depart the ship for the last time. This was a short stop and, as a recreational visit, allowed through passengers only time for a short bike ride. By the next day we knew we were approaching the United States as we began to get Florida radio stations on the radio. The ship felt like a ghost ship with so many of the original passengers gone.

The ship's owner floated a position around that since we had been on his ship an extra month that we all owed him a 25 per cent increase over what we had paid for our tickets. This was a non-starter with all the passengers, particularly the ambulance drivers, and with the popular suggestion that the owner owed us for a months delay no more was said on the subject. The SS. Kausar arrived in New York on the day that year of the last game of the World Series, the Yankees against the Dodgers where Mickey Owen, the Dodger catcher, dropped the third strike against the last batter in the last inning for what would have been the last out, finishing the game. Instead, the Yankees got in some more runs and ended up winning the game. This was my welcome to the United States, listening to the radio in the radio operator's day cabin.

The next morning we all separated to go our separate ways. I saw A. twice more. Once when I was on my way home from being discharged from the Navy I stopped by in Oklahoma City and visited her and her sister briefly one afternoon. Several years later on taking a train to Chicago I ran across A. while she was on her honeymoon trip.

Back in New York my sister and I were put on a train by a staff member of the Missionary Board to go to Washington DC to visit my Aunt and Uncle. They bought us some clothes and sent us on our way to my maternal grandmother's to live with her in Wichita, Kansas, the home town of our parents.

I was to get a letter some time later from the Chief radio operator of the SS Kauser that on a later trip it had been sunk by a German submarine when he was not on

board.

## **Chapter 7— Life In the United State**

As I stated in the forward of this memoir I intended to relate only those parts of my life that related to things not usually experienced by Americans born in the United States and I will generally honor that intention, but will include some events in the United States that might be classed as unusual.

### **Fitting In**

I think my relatives thought that I and my sister only needed to enroll in our respective schools and we would automatically fit in. Wrong! I think we were the only “foreigners” in our respective schools which was both good and bad. Because of our previous superior schooling we were both at the top of our respective classes. Classmates found by associating with us they could attract more attention to themselves. Then I had to develop an approach to guide the conversation when I was introduced with “..and he grew up in Turkey.” When my foreign birth was known it put an unpredictable twist on expectations in a dating relationship and I found I was concealing my foreign upbringing when it was possible. Perhaps central Kansas was extremely isolated from the rest of the world and someone **Born Abroad of American Parents (BAOAP)** would be more frequently encountered elsewhere in the United States, certainly now-a-days since World War II where we had so many servicemen and some of their wives living abroad in our American Empire. I don’t think it was until I went to college at Carnegie Tech. that no one cared where I was born.

### **Military Service**

At the end of World War II I was inducted into the Navy. Congress mandated that all services accept draftees and have the same physical standards. The Navy was furious but was forced to comply, reluctantly limiting the number to a very few who were given the designation USN (I). Manuals and instructions were generally not modified to acknowledge the existence of a third kind of sailor. USN designated the career sailors who served in peacetime as well as war time. USNR designated those sailors who had volunteered to avoid being drafted into the army. My destiny of being drafted into the Navy was solely based on being near the head of the line of 350 draftees at an induction center where the quotas for the marines was 2 and the navy 10. The designation of USN (I) was to dog me throughout my enlisted career.

When the draft of 10 USN (I)’s arrived at the San Diego boot camp we were processed in the normal manner as if we were USN enlisted personnel. Our heads were shaved and at least 8 of the 10 failed the physical exam. We were told some mistake had been made in accepting us for the Navy and we were being returned

home, being given a less than honorable discharge. Naturally we complained, pointing out that we were in a special category created by Congress that they had never heard of. They contended that the (I) must be a typographical mistake and that we were in the USN category. We argued the (I) stood for inductee. By the end of the day, having checked with their upper management, the processing team reluctantly processed the paper necessary for us to enter boot camp.

After a series of transfers I found myself at the Naval Operating Base, Shanghai. It seems that the Japanese had so badly decimated the Chinese during their long occupation that the Chinese were no longer capable of operating their ports, and in order to facilitate the importation of a great deal of aid to the Chinese, the American Navy took over, temporarily, the operation of the ports. I lived in a barracks on land and drove a jeep to work which was the Port Directors Office. Because I could type I was designated a radio/teletype operator. Work was quite routine, 8 hours on, 24 hours off, but interesting in that I got to see what was going in the port. I didn't get to see the one or two messages a month that came in code. The shift rotation every day gave me many days off and I utilized them to learn what I could about Chinese life. The Shanghai of that time was a divided city. The European sections were modern with running water and modern sanitation. The Chinese section had neither. It was easy to make friends because Shanghai had been devastated by 10 years of occupation and the people were hungry for anything, a deck of cards, a ball point pen, or a pack of cigarettes. More important, the educated Chinese, or the White Russians, of which there were quite a few, wanted to know about the outside world. When I conversed with an educated man on the street in English I could be invited to continue the conversation in his home. The most interesting contact I made was with a man who owned a soft drink bottling factory. He had been a Chinese orphan who had been adopted by a British harbor pilot and had been sent to England for his education. He had returned to Shanghai to start his business and was a very lonely man. In effect he was an Englishman in a Chinese skin. He said he had no interest in marrying a Chinese woman, very few of whom were ever educated. It was interesting that he employed a White Russian couple as house servants who had been born in Shanghai and had received very little education.

The most interesting naval occurrence while I was in Shanghai took place at midnight in the summer of 1946. Shanghai was hit by a significant Typhoon. Emergency messages were flying in and out of the Port Director's Office. There had been little warning and some of the merchant ships had broken loose and were drifting down the river anchorage. One merchant ship rammed a US Cruiser, the Los Angeles, putting a dent in its side and destroying an aircraft on its deck. Also in the late Summer of 1946 an order went out that all non career navy personnel were to return to the United States to be discharged back to civilian life. A number of transports came through Shanghai, each time taking personnel aboard headed for the United States. The last ship came and all non USN personnel

expected to see their names on the list to go home. Again the inductee problem showed its ugly head. There were no USN (I) names on the list and the ship was sailing the next day. The USN (I) personnel were told that they would get to leave the Navy five years after their date of enlistment as was the rule for regular career sailors and the date was not now. Fortunately someone, somewhere, in time knew the true situation and we got aboard at the last minute. In the mid Pacific our ship encountered one of the largest typhoons of the decade causing 90 % of those aboard to experience sea sickness.

### **My Parent's Sabbatical Visits and Retirement**

As a coincident my parents were on a one year sabbatical leave when I got out of the Navy, and they, with my youngest sister and I, went on a tour of the Southwest as soon as we could get new tires on my old car. At seven year intervals they had two more Sabbaticals by which time I was married and had a family so they visited us on the first visit in Baltimore, and the second in Clearwater Florida. Their last sabbatical coincided with their start of their retirement when they moved in with my maternal grandmother in Wichita who was now a widow and only lived several more years. Before they sold my grandmother's house and moved to California, they hosted a family reunion for me, my two sisters, and their grandchildren, my nephews and nieces.

I choose to relate their retirement because it was quite unusual and normally financially beyond the reach of normal Americans. As life-long missionaries they qualified to spend their last days at Pilgrim Place, a missionary retirement center in Claremont, California which provided living quarters and health care appropriate for each stage of their remaining lives. Many of their associates were other missionaries they had known in their work in Turkey. As my work often brought me to the West Coast, I had opportunities to visit them often and appreciated the high quality of live that they were provided with. My father died first and my mother eventually remarried a retired missionary doctor who had been in Turkey and had lost his wife.

### **I get married and have children**

After World War II most veterans besides getting an education supported by the G. I. Bill were interested in starting families, and I was no exception. I met Doris, my first wife, in a marriage course we were both taking, and after several years of getting set up with Westinghouse in several locations, we settled down in Pittsburg, Pa. Westinghouse was reorganizing after the war and shortly after the birth of our oldest son, Larry, we were moved to Baltimore, Md. Doris, who had a psychology major, wanted the best environment for our first son and began to take training in child upbringing, which ended in her strong interest in the Montessori System. She would get together with mothers of other young children and together provide a preschool environment along the lines of Montessori. When I changed employment



to work in the aerospace industry at Cape Kennedy, FL, there was a nearby Montessori school in which we were able to enroll Larry.

Later when I changed employment to take part in the design and build sector of the Aerospace Industry with Honeywell, we lived in Clearwater Fl. where we found similar facilities for our second son, Erick. As both boys grew older they were exposed to the boy scouts and I took part in helping my sons with their science projects. Larry built a ruby laser at a time when they were just being introduced into industry. Erick also had a new technology project in his turn which was to measure the electrical response of plants when a life-form such as a worm or shrimp was dropped nearby into boiling water. Both boys did well in their educational endeavors with Larry becoming a leader in the software world and Erick playing an import role in the Space program. Doris kept up her interest in Montessori even into her retirement years, including equipping two different schools with the needed Montessori equipment she had collected over a lifetime.

### **Are you a citizen**

After graduating and getting a master's degree, I had decided to apply my talents to aeronautical engineering involving electronics. I have been on a number of projects and an interesting twist was as a systems engineer doing the early work on an air defense system. Large digital computers were just being developed which would make an integrated defense system feasible. My company had the lead position in the competition, but in a key area the management insisted on pushing a risky technology, loosing the potential contract and hundreds of millions of dollars. This work required a government security clearance. On the project I had been exposed to much of the industry technology, and where it was going, and rightly concluded that the future would be in space. When my company would not invest in space technology I changed employment to a company, a Boeing that was actively launching missiles at Cape Kennedy.

I applied for a security clearance through the new company and it was not granted, pending a determination of whether I was a citizen in spite of my American Passport and report of my birth signed by the American Consulate in Turkey. It went to a court of the naturalization service and the case turned on whether my father was an American citizen. He was out of the country and his birth records had been burnt in a courthouse fire. Fortunately one of my great-aunts was still alive and had been present at his birth and with a deposition from her, combined with other documents of my father's, he was declared an American citizen and so was I, being given a certificate of citizenship by the naturalization department. It is a sorry situation that the State Department has been given the duty of issuing the equivalent of birth certificates for natural born citizens that other departments of the government may not honor. Many children born abroad of American parents may go through their whole lives with the risk that some department of the government may question whether they are American citizens. Fortunately neither

of my two sisters got into situations where their citizenships were questioned.

### **Visit to Germany and Switzerland and the United Kingdom**

Launching rockets at the Cape reached a point of diminishing returns as far as learning went, and I changed employment to work for a branch of Honeywell that specialized in designing and building the electronic components for aircraft, rockets, space launch vehicles, and satellites. I felt that I had found my true calling and was to continue with them for thirty years until I retired. Honeywell serviced the international market as well as the United States which gave me travel opportunities.

I had been involved in the design of an inertial guidance system for aircraft and there was a potential opportunity for its application to NATO aircraft and so a trip to Germany of a team from Honeywell took place. We spent a week in presentations and discussions and then had 3 days off before planned meetings in the United Kingdom. Being October Fest time we spent an evening in Munich and the next morning took a train to Zurich where we rented a car to tour Switzerland. We managed to take in Liechtenstein and ended up in Geneva where we caught a plane to the United Kingdom.

There we finished up our rounds of presentations and discussions by the middle of the second week and were free to tour as we liked, only having to be back in the United States the following Monday. I was interested in the Radionics work being done by George de la Warr of Oxford and spent some time with him. To satisfy another interest of mine, I then went home with a stop over in Porto Rico to see the rain forests in the eastern part of the island.

### **Visit to Sweden, Denmark, and France**

Some years later an opportunity developed for Honeywell to participate with the Saab company of Sweden in the design of a new fighter aircraft and a team of engineers, including myself, were sent to Linkoping, Sweden. The Swedes had an advanced design for an aircraft but needed advanced electronics from the United States. The team I was with spent 5 weeks establishing the electronics systems approach for the aircraft which included a digital computer design from Honeywell.

The Swedes had a very different concept for designing an aircraft which took us a few days to absorb and work with. They believed in excellence rather than quantity as was the American approach. I believe that up to that point where they were ready to build a prototype, there were only six engineers designing the aircraft, a modern jet fighter!

The stay also offered an opportunity to observe the lives of some of the engineers as we were invited into some of their homes. We had also been supplied with cars and on weekends did some touring of Sweden before the winter set in. An interesting innovation for a cold country was that most parking spots included a power cord to keep the car engine warm while parked. It was at my stay in the

Linköping hotel that I was introduced to the soothing relaxation of a sauna after a hard days work, which motivated me to build a sauna into our home on my return. My company asked me to do some consulting in Paris on the way home, so I took the opportunity to stop over in Denmark on the way. The Danes are certainly intelligent about their management of the obtrusive automobile. Automobiles were banned from the downtown streets.

Paris did not seem to have changes much since my visit in 1936. After conducting our business, the local H. representative insisted on a night out that included seeing the Follies. I am sure he was provided with a generous expense account. My opinion of the French as a potential customer was that France would never buy American, regardless of how inferior their own product might be. I also hadn't forgotten the sooty trains of my last visit.

### **First Unmanned Landings on the Moon**

While this was an American effort, being part of the team that was responsible for this accomplishment was unique enough to be worth the telling. Robot landers before the man landings were absolutely essential to determine the problems the man landers might encounter to be sure they could be done safely. With a commitment to the Apollo program in 1961, the **Surveyor** program was initiated to land robot craft on the moon in the mid 1960's. These were to be soft landings where instruments and tools would be able to send back comprehensive information about the moon's surface.

As a technology program, the **Centaur** program had been started with the main objective of being able to demonstrate the capability of restarting liquid hydrogen, liquid oxygen, rocket engines while coasting in orbit. Such a capability was needed for the Surveyor mission, and so the surveyor payload was assigned to the Centaur launch vehicle, taking the Centaur program out of the technology category and making it an operational program with schedules that mattered. Cryogenic fueled engines had been operated on the ground, but never had they restarted themselves in free fall after coasting for some time in space.

There were two main problems to solve, one was the thermal conditioning of the engine parts to be able to receive the rocket fuels at near absolute zero and second to deal with the problem in free fall that fuels would exist in a slurry state of bubbles mixed with liquid which were impossible to handle with any known pump technology. NASA leadership from the Cleveland center was to solve these problems with the vehicle being supplied by General Dynamics and the guidance system by the Hontwell company. I was assigned to lead the Honeywell technical effort at a time when there had been seven failures, some rather dramatic where the vehicle burned before it got off the ground. This is not at all uncommon for a technology program where you are pushing the envelope, but as an operational program we were facing cancellation if we couldn't meet the schedule needs of the Surveyor moon landings.

On the eighth launch the NASA management decided we had to demonstrate an in-orbit engine restart capability. The launch was informally referred to as a two-burn mission. A complete vehicle reliability review identified weak areas and critical changes were made to strengthen them, particularly in the electronics and software. The previous launches had been extensively instrumented, and the telemetry records were invaluable in determining just what might go wrong. Chilling of the engines before starting was accomplished by flooding them with cold helium gas. The bubbles in the fluids in free fall were separated just before rocket ignition by using a small thruster on the whole rocket which pushed all the bubbles away from the tank discharge ports.

I remember a few days before the launch day consulting the **I Ching** as to the likely outcome and was made cautiously hopeful with its message, remembering the mission was referred to as a **two-burn**. The I Ching message was, "Chapter 9, Fire. That which is bright rises twice." It not amazing to me that the mission was successful as were follow-on test launches.

We eventually launched into successful orbits all the Surveyor landers which reported back information that allowed the Apollo man-landing missions to be successful. The Centaur Launch Vehicle went on to make possibly over 100 additional launches of most of the probes that were sent out into the solar system. It is still used today fifty years later. I once asked a NASA manager if the Centaur Launch Vehicle would ever be replaced and he answered, "Probably Not. You see, we did almost everything as good as physics will allow, so there would not be much improvement if we did it over again. Small improvements are possible as the electronics technology evolves. We could use fluorine gas instead to oxygen to get maybe a 5 percent improvement in payload, but who in his right mind would want to mess with fluorine gas, considering its toxicity."

### **Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star**

My major projects at H. involved designing guidance equipment, mostly dependent on what are called inertial instruments, but sometimes they also involved the making of observations of the stars. To understand the basic principles involved, I took up learning celestial navigation as done manually with a sextant that measures the angle between star and the horizon at a precise time. The beaches of Florida are an ideal place to practice taking star shots with a water horizon which is what is done practically when on a ship or aircraft.

I had a good friend on whose boat I sometimes served as crew, and had opportunities to test my skills at sea. What a difference! Standing steadily on a rocking boat is like starting your learning all over again. I can see why at sea the usual practice is to take many observations and average the results. When I thought I had mastered the art I went on a trip across Lake Okeechobee which I had assumed would be relatively calm. What a surprise, a wind was up and it was rougher than most trips going around Florida in the Gulf from Clearwater to

Miami.

Later when the boat was being prepared to be sold I was asked to act as captain to move the boat from a marina to a boatyard and back. On the return trip the engine quit just as we were about to dock back at the marina, and the wind began to push us into a very expensive boat. We were most fortunate to get the engine started in time to avoid a collision. What a difference in the responsibility of being the boat captain instead of just a crew member. I resolved never to be a boat captain again, at least not of someone else's boat.

### **Later Assignments**

I had a number of other assignments on programs as technical director such as the P-80 satellite and others that were not in the public domain, but none as exciting as the Centaur Launch vehicle which stirred my interest in our country going back to the moon someday.

### **Co Housing Adventure**

During the time my wife Doris and I were beginning to look around for future retirement options we were persuaded to spend two months one summer at an intentional community. Doris had agreed to equip their intended school for children with extra Montessori equipment she had collected over the years, and I agreed to upgrade their water supply system and facilitated the delivery of six mobile homes they had purchased. While there, I was also persuaded to design and build a bridge over a sizable creek.

This was a non-profit community and I and eight others had accepted the invitation with the offer that we would be considered for permanent residence. It was pretty obvious where homes would best be built and since Doris and I had gotten on well with the others, we wanted to be seriously considered. Before leaving I had a conversation with the then manager of the facility and asked how we would go

about reserving the building lot we liked. I had observed a pretty sloppy management style in her, but was not prepared for the answer that we were not eligible to retire there because we did not follow her particular faith. The others we had shared a wonderful summer with were given similar answers. Twenty five years later I happened by this facility and it did not seem to have prospered well, perhaps because of a continued narrow-mindedness.

### **How Big Government is Corrupt and Abusive.**

I had an encounter with the Federal Government that clearly demonstrated why so many people have come to consider it corrupt and abusive. The founding fathers had clearly seen corruption and abuse in strong governments and wisely crafted the Constitution to avoid such characteristics by the separation of powers as called for in the Constitution. Unfortunately in the evolution of our Federal Government into departments this principle has been compromised, and with few exceptions each department has all the powers of government. The laws they make are called "Rules". The courts their rules are enforced in are called "Administrative Law

Courts”. Their prosecuting attorneys who report to the departments are called “Complaint Counsels” . Their judges are called “Administrative Law Judges”. There are no juries since the administrative judge determines the facts as well as the law that applies in a case. A nominal Inspector General also reports to the department. An appeal has to be carried through the department before it can enter the regular Federal Court system.

In approximately mid 2007 the FTC embarked on a crusade to destroy as many small businesses as possible involved in the sale of natural health products that the Department considered involved fraud. The Department defines fraud as any health claim not supported by double-blind random testing - tests not economically feasible for natural health products. Some 150 small companies were selected, based on the content of claims made on their websites, generally related to cancer. Small companies were selected as they would not have the resources needed to defend themselves. So by selecting small companies the FTC expected all the companies to settle on terms favorable to the government without even having to bring formal charges, thus getting the most bang for the buck.

Apparently without consideration of country of origin, Takesun do Brazil’s website, **agarius.net** was included in the targeted websites which featured a product **RAAX11**, which had found favor with individuals afflicted with cancer. In order to be able to apply leverage to achieve settlements, the investigators looked for assets that might be held by the websites that could be seized if the targeted company resisted settlement. Not surprisingly, even after 5 months of investigation, no assets of Takesun do Brazil could be located where they could be seized by U.S. authorities. I was importing RAAX11 for resale in the U.S. from the same company’s wholesale branch, and unknown to me the company had put my name on the website as a resource where information could be obtained. Having spent considerable resources looking for Takesun resources, the FTC decided that they might be able to make a case that I was advertising on the website and redirected their target to me to recover their losses. In the Spring of 2008 I received a call from an FTC complaint counsel that I was being charged with fraudulent advertising, and that I could avoid a law suite if I would settle on terms which were being forwarded to me in the mail.

Of the 150 businesses targeted, nearly half immediately closed their websites and went out of business. All but eleven were coerced to settle on the basis of the draft charges they had been shown. Of the eleven, eight settled when they received formal charges. Of the three that went to trial one settled before the trial was initiated. The second settled during trial on advice of counsel. My case remained since I knew clearly I was not the advertiser, which was a foreign business with control of the website from Brazil. My case should have been dismissed in the preliminary hearing, if my lawyer had not decided on his own that the only hope was in settlement. I refused to settle because as a minimum the FTC wanted me to circulate a letter of their writing which disowned the product as useless, but more

important was on a fictitious letter-head and with me signing both for myself and the Takesun company. When I resisted that such a signing would be fraud, the response was “What difference does it make, you are not signing under oath.” Eighteen months later after spending \$100,000 on my lawyer, the case came before the administrative law judge who could see through the plot of the government and dismissed the case in my favor, stating that the governments case was based on speculation and reverse inferences. It was really worse than that, the expert witness had investigated a material that did not exist, and the chief investigator had admitted they had not made a single phone call to attempt to get independent verification of information displayed on the website. In fact if my lawyer had not been so focused on getting a settlement, he should have been able to get all the website information removed from the case as being hearsay that could not be subjected to due process (cross examination). The verdict was not appealed by the complaint counsel and was then approved by the Commission by default. My suite for recovery of partial legal costs under the Equal Access to Justice Act. did not fare as well. The Judge allowed the Complain Counsel to amend her answer in defending the case after my last response had been filed. While in EAJE procedures new evidence that had not been documented in the trial phase is not allowed, the Complaint Counsel belatedly introduced her untruthful version of our one phone call which had not been subject to due process, and the Judge cited her version to justify denying me any compensation. The Complaint Counsel was the author of the philosophy that **if it is not under oath, lying doesn't matter**. My appeal to the Federal Court system was denied on grounds that it violated the EAJA statute requirement of being filed in 30 days, not 47. However the Appeals court rules allow 60 days and their charter states when their rules are in conflict with a statute that their rules will prevail. I guess the appeals court did not want the government to loose money.

From my first hand experience with a department of the Federal Government I would conclude a number of changes should be made before citizens will accept the Federal Government to be fair.

The Congress should take back its law-making power from the departments. There is no provision in the Constitution for delegating law-making to the executive. All legal actions involving the departments should be transacted in the regular federal court system with juries, with prosecutors reporting to the attorney general. All Inspector Generals should report to the Attorney General's office.

### **It's all in Your Mind**

When a doctor tells you, “It's all in your mind” he is not telling you there is not a problem, just that he can't do anything about it. For every real physical problem you have you probably have many things wrong with your mind due to negative emotional recordings or false-to-fact beliefs that cause you to act in inappropriate ways for yourself or others. Many of these inappropriate acts are habitual in the society you grew up in and are just taken for granted. At least at first as a stranger

to American society, I was much more aware of such circumstance and so I became interested to investigate the many self-help systems that came along like Dianetics, Rebirthing, and the like. Unfortunately these early systems were mostly based on intuition and testimonials, providing only part of what was promised by their originators. Fortunately, in recent years Energy Health has been immerging, based on science, particularly brain imaging, and a brighter future can be expected in this area of endeavor.

### **Let the Wall Come Down**

Doris, my wife at the time, and I had made a trip to West Germany after the wall separating East from the West came down. We were visiting some old friends who taught school to Americans born abroad to American Servicemen. They planned an excursion into what had been East Germany and we were invited to go with them. The excursion was to visit the old haunts of Martin Luther in Wittenberg. Seeing the old haunts of Luther, the Cathedral, and a nearby Castle converted to a commune was interesting, but did not impress me so much as the condition of the people just coming out from under a despotic regime. The country side, in stark contrast with a modern West Germany, looked no better than you would expect it to with a few repairs after the end of World War II. The people were very drably dressed in spite of new goods beginning to be shown in a few shops but they had no money to buy anything.

In fact the people were still in shock at being so called free. The few younger people we could talk to who spoke English were very much feeling their way and not showing much initiative. What else might you expect? They had been oppressed all their lives, living in fear that the smallest mistake could land them in great difficulties and were slow to be able to move into a new mind-set. It did not help that the Soviets were slow to withdraw their armies as agreed to because there was no place to house returning solders in Russia. Even food was not being supplied to the Russians. On the way to and from Wittenberg we saw Russian solders in trucks driving about the countryside looking for apples on the ground that no once else wanted. The lesson of this experience is that no matter what rationale for our protection is touted, we must never allow totalitarianism to take over our government. The present practice of the NSA to monitor ordinary United States citizens and the attempts of the FTC to control the internet are worrisome. Following old traditions of the extended family, members are helped when there is need, particularly the elders. Their mature wisdom should be valued and utilized if we are to remain a free country, a function destroyed in East Germany.

### **A Sustainable Society**

While still working in the aerospace industry I developed a strong interest in sustainable living, attending seminars on alternate energy, as well as visiting a number of intentional communities which had stated goals of sustainable living.



Knowing that teaching others is best done by example, my then wife, Doris, and I decided, when we retired, to buy a small farm and demonstrate what sustainability was feasible at the time and within our resources.

With the key to sustainable living without returning to very primitive circumstances being a plentiful energy source, we chose a farm in the mountains of North Carolina that had an easily exploited hydroelectric site. During the twenty two years we were there we demonstrated a significant number of sustainable aspects of living.

Using a significant water drop on one of our streams we were able to generate one kilowatt of power, all the electricity usually needed to operate a small farm. We brought the soil back to fertility by bringing in composted manure from a nearby horse farm and rock powder from a quarry so that we could grow our own organic vegetables. To have fresh food year-round we built a solar heated greenhouse with a cover that could be rolled down on cold nights. Our adjacent woodlot provided the deadwood we needed for heating our home in winter.

Along the way we demonstrated several innovations to contribute to sustainable living. One yet to be demonstrated on a large scale is the use of a waste material, rice hulls, as the main ingredient in the support walls of a building. Used in a pre-stressed state with steel reinforcing bars, such a wall is a good insulator as well as strong enough to support a roof. While we did not get around to a composting toilet, which many others have demonstrated, we installed a bidet on our toilet to reduce our use of toilet paper. From its experience we invented an improved device that further adds to the health benefits of using a bidet.

We developed a concept of recycling automobiles on an assembly line to convert them to all-electric vehicles when their power trains became worn out, but found no takers in the automotive industry. We did partially modify a 2000 Ford model, but cancelled the project when the United States abandoned the development of a cheap and efficient battery for automotive use. We dabbled in solar energy for those not having a hydroelectric site, inventing and building a low tech., sun-pointing solar array.

Eventually as Doris' health needs increased we sold the farm and moved to be closer to modern health facility and my oldest son.

### **Consciousness Expansion**

I have been interested in consciousness expansion since my childhood when I first experienced empathy with others. I found when I looked at another face, even a stranger walking along the street, that I would feel their emotions. My face would even feel like it was changing to look like the other person's face. I believe this ability faded as well as to be able to visualize clearly as the result of anesthetics I was given during several operations I had at around 8 years of age as well as a conclusion that I did not like feeling like other people do, sometimes being full of fear and hate.

My interest in consciousness expansion was renewed in college where I was exposed to the books *Jurgen and Dianetics. Also Science and Sanity*. I later became interested in the writings of Carl Jung and the book *Iching*. Then I spent some time with Theosophy, Zen Buddhism, Bill Furr's Teleology, and sacred geometry. Next I was practicing mindfulness and rebirthing which led to meditation and last and finally eastern mysticism which is my continuing interest.

### **My present Wife, Toni, and Concerns for the Care of our Elderly**

In Doris' failing years and from her hospice as well as my own periods in rehabilitation after surgical procedures, I became a very close observant of our current care of the elders, which is to warehouse them in nursing homes out of sight, out of mind. I was particularly concerned that for economic reasons the nursing homes are not able to provide for strict dietary requirements, such as a vegan diet or provide an environment where one could meditate undisturbed. I vowed to make an effort to improve the lot of Elders, as least for those having the same requirements as I do. Also drugging inmates for easy control is unacceptable. Across the continent, Toni Wray, who was working as a hospice nurse, came to a similar conclusion from working with hospice patients, some with the same dietary needs. We became known to each other and in 2013 decided to combine our efforts and got married. Our initial efforts with organizations in North Carolina did not seem to be bearing fruit and we moved to the Northwest ( Oregon) to continue our efforts. We are now seeing some progress as one organization we are associated with has appointed a staff to investigate more broadly how serious the situation is for elders, particularly with a lot of baby boomers now facing elder life. Toni has become a great inspiration in my life for the fair treatment of others.

Any investigating staff will be facing a bigger problem than they might have initially thought. Unacceptable food ingredients are found everywhere and a facility serving Elders would have to set up separate food custody from the point of acquisition to the point of serving the Elders. Semi-illiterate service personnel, now common in nursing homes, would have to be replaced. One nursing home manager I discussed the problem with said, off the cuff, it might cost 10 times as much to provide a meal certified vegan. It would require separate buying of more expensive food, separate refrigerators, kitchens, and serving personnel. For just one person in 10,000 it made so sense at all to him.

Toni and I now feel that instead of trying to modify existing organizations it would be more practical to create an intentional community just for seniors who wanted to have a lacto-vegetarian diet and facilities that provided for private meditation.

### **India, A Bright Star on the Horizon**

As the West seems to be fading and sinking into consumerism, I see India from my several trips there as a bright star on the Horizon, both from its ancient traditions of mysticism and its modern initiatives to improve the lot of its people. While

materialism has got a grasp on their upper class, there is still hope for the country at large which has a population three times our own. I think two facets of Indian life will sustain them and keep them a successful society. The first is that Indian children are thoroughly loved and nurtured while young and they are not brought under full domestication until they are old enough to understand the need for it. I once visited one such family in the village of Goman in the Punjab. There were 8 males and 6 females living under one roof who were cousins and uncles and aunts to each other. They had no electricity, running water or modern sanitation. The language barrier prevented me from talking to them directly, but that was unnecessary as the first language they spoke was love. This continued use of the extended family could well be emulated in the West and solve some of our social problems.

Perhaps another plus for the Indians is they have never in their history demonstrated the desire to be an empire.

## **Chapter 8 - Reflections**

From the view point of an elderly human I have reached some general conclusions.

### **Missionaries, a Mistaken Calling**

While strongly motivated, the missionary effort was and continues to be a mistake. There is no moral basis for replacing another being's beliefs that are not based in fact with ones of your own which are similarly based. Doing so can be shown to create great harm and do no good. Changing a person's fundamental belief system while leaving him in his society is a recipe for disaster. That person will be ostracized and likely not be able to make a living. Also unless whole groups are converted, that person's prospects for marriage may be very bleak. In some cases where the beliefs were about how to live, subsequent changes in lifestyle may, in their location be incompatible with the environment and even result in health issues.

The Peace corp. approach would appear to be more useful than the missionary one. It tries to help backward civilizations to consider alternative approaches to solving basic human problems without destroying their own society. Individuals can choose to change their beliefs as appropriate when exposed to other ways of thinking but the choice should be theirs with their eyes open.

### **One Country's Terrorist may be Another's Country's Patriot**

In viewing global activities to be at all fair one should try to take an objective view. The media are quite aware they are slanting their reporting in order to cater to the biases of their listeners. The listeners don't know the media view is biased in their reporting and set in their minds beliefs that are false to fact. National compromises are then not achieved because the leaders are not able to take positions contrary to those in the minds of the citizens if they wish to be reelected. Citizens need to use

multinational sources for their inputs if they are going to be properly informed. Commercial media is particularly biased as it also tends to reflect the attitudes of its advertisers. I think amongst the world's media the one of my youth, The BBC, was the most to be trusted.

### **The Hope for an Improved Society is with the Children**

While many proposals have dogged our civilizations since their beginning, the future I see for human beings is one which is going from bad to worse, instead the other way due to improper parenting. Properly bringing up one's children is almost completely left to the random acts of their untrained parents. Based on the scientific observations of child upbringing, parents as part of their schooling should have required courses in child upbringing in which they would have to receive at least a passing grade before being given a permit to bring children into this world. Violation of their training should result in severe penalties and loss of the custody of the child. Some might argue that such an approach would encroach on liberties. I would counter argue disciplined children are better than chaos; we already have limited liberties, and this is would be an important step forward in learning to live together in love and harmony.

It would be my hope that in bringing our children up in love and harmony that the practice of the extended family would return to our culture. Then our elders in their latter years would help take care of the children and in turn would be taken care of in their families and that the families would benefit from the presence of their elders. The present system of taking care of our elders is facing bankruptcy of the nation. Such changes will be very slow to come about since it involves many aspects of society. We also need to recognize the economic cost of raising children as is done in Sweden and the mothers of the children should be appropriately rewarded financially for their dedication.

### **Birthright**

Persons born abroad of American Parents have been in such a small category that their status has not been dealt with as clearly as citizens born in the United States or persons having undergone the naturalization process. Every state is required to provide a recording process for all persons born in their jurisdiction that results in the issuance of a birth certificate. Naturalization is a strictly controlled process.

Those Americans born abroad are in as many jurisdictions as there are countries, some quite primitive, and so obviously the United States cannot depend on the records of other countries. The substitute for a birth certificate that has been devised is for U S parents to file a form, **Record of Birth (ROB)**, with the nearest U.S. Consulate, witnessed by the attending physician and two witnesses. If all seems in order, the form is accepted, signed by the Consulate, and a copy is forwarded to the parents, who can use the document to obtain a passport for the child. Some births may happen suddenly without physician or witnesses.

Many children born abroad of American parents may think that the ROB is proof of citizenship, but it is not and is open to challenge as was mine at age 30. The Naturalization Department has the last say, but only after a challenge and long investigation, perhaps at a time when the needed information cannot be recovered. There are things that can get in the way of recognition of citizenship. The parents may not have been married or citizens, or their records of being citizens may have been lost. There could have been no attending physician or adequate witnesses of the birth. The Consulate may have misfiled the ROB or the copy held by the parents may become illegible. The Consul does not foresee all these possible problems but only processes the ROB on its face. He or she is not required to see the parents or the child as there may be only one or two Consuls in a given foreign country, far away from the point of birth.

The ROB system may have served its purpose in the past when the number of US citizens in any given foreign country was miniscule and those pregnant even fewer. The system as it exists is certainly not adequate to serve in a globalizing world. The Consulate system was devised primarily to serve a few American Citizens when abroad and the ROB system needs to be expanded to provide a service of birth records that is at least as reliable as the birth certificate system of the states. I propose that an investigative function be attached to each Consulate or group of Consulates which then physically investigates each ROB and after the investigation issues a Birth Certificate that is accepted by all government departments on par with certificates issued by the states. At a central location, as with each state, The State Department would maintain a record of all birth certificates issued and for a fee issue copies.

***Citizenship is the BIRTHRIGHT of all children born abroad of American parents and it should not be denied for any reason.***

### **Harmony With Close Relatives**

We need to keep in mind that the closer a relative is the greater the chances are that the issues needing resolution are complex and likely not aware to either party that they may have been generated in past lives. To try to maximize harmony it is prudent in such relationships to avoid situations where conflicts of interests are possible in spite of best intentions.

### **Chapter 9 – Humanity, What, Where, And Why**

I have had some thoughts on where humanity might be going. Such thinking is usually based on linear projection as is most human thinking. Evidence from history suggests that human progress is cyclic and also unpredictable by linear methods. We have had countless empires which have come and gone; golden periods and then times of chaos. Global warming, for example, may be the first step in the earth's thermodynamic moves towards the next glacial age, as suggested

in the novel I self-published, **The Snows of Summer**. A lot of water has to be moved from the tropics in order to build up the ice we have seen in the past. More accurate projections of short term trends may come from discovering cyclic behaviors in our past history, most telling to me is the approximately 80 year cycle in our past history since the invasion of the Americas by Europeans 500 years ago.

### **The Fourth Turning - Strause & Howe**

The book describes a sequence of four sub-cycles making up the 80 year cycle, sub-cycles that reflect how each generation of parents bring up their children, which repeats every 80 years. We are currently in latter part of a fourth sub-cycle in which the generation who are established with children that are grown are controlling what our society will be like, a time of self-indulgence, destruction, decay, and un-raveling, ending in a significant crises with a different way of arranging society. The past 80 year crises were the revolutionary war, the civil war, and the depression ending in WWII. The present crisis is the concentration of extreme wealth in just a few hands. That a major crisis is imminent is plain, how it will turn out is not.

### **The Significance of the Finds at Gorbekli Tepe.**

Much is yet to be learned from the archeological work going on at Gorbekli Tepe, Turkey just 30 miles East of where I was born, Gaziantep. Only about 10% of the large stone structures, going back twelve thousand year, have yet been uncovered and already our previous beliefs that civilization started six thousand years ago in the fertile crescent and Egypt need major revision. Affecting our concepts of how humanity evolved are still outstanding as are the questions of what people created these large stone structures and for what purpose without leaving a trace. I have written an unpublished novel that speculatively addresses these issues, **The Secret of Pot Belly Hill**. I leave learning the answers to the following generations.

### **The Future of Space Travel**

Since I worked in the space industry professionally, I am particularly interested in the direction it could go if the human species finds the will to continue the beginnings we have made by going to the moon. To be successful we must make decades long commitments and follow through with actions. With the discovery of water on the moon, the task of travelling through the solar system is made much easier. A first step would be a moon base, probably at its North Pole, to mine the water on the moon at a location where solar energy is continuous. Such a base could supply a space station circling the earth over the equator as a filling station for interplanetary spacecraft.

Direct flight to any other planet supplied solely from earth and its return with known technology is not feasible in our children's lifetimes. It took a spacecraft the size of the Saturn to put two men on the moon for two days. We had maximized the efficiency of rockets at that time and today's science is hardly better except in electronics areas which does little to improve the pounds lifted to earth orbit per expenditure of a pound of propulsion. Direct flight to Mars for colonization from

earth is a non feasible political goal and has no scientific basis of success. There is maybe a generation or two of research needed just on how humans can survive if at all going to Mars. One concept not being actively studied is to use centrifugal forces to create artificial gravity in free-fall, either a donut shaped, spinning, spacecraft or two mutually rotating spacecraft connected by a tether. Such technology for long-term space stations rotating the earth or other planets in space would make space a more friendly environment for human bodies.

### **Treatment of The Human Being**

It has been very exciting in my lifetime that science has been turned to study humanity in a serious way and great discoveries can be expected in the future. The findings through the use of imaging techniques that functionally we have three brains, not particularly well integrated, allows for realistic models to be created to explain human behavior and how we can modify it for the better. Particularly valuable is understanding how children develop and how parenting can be guided to prevent the proliferation of individuals unable to be useful members of society or develop meaningful relationships as adults. Now that we know the effect of false-to-fact beliefs and negative emotions and how they get installed in individuals, as a society we have a choice, we can deal with them or allow chaos to continue. A prison population of over 2,000,000 does not indicate a healthy society. Neither does a large number of elders confined to nursing homes. Hopefully after the fourth turning, when we turn to a new awakening, there will a greater emphasis on human well being and less on just production of stuff for profit.

### **A Safe and Sustainable Environment**

Technology seems to be increasing exponentially, driven by the profit motive with little regard for its side effects. Before it is completely out of control we need to install requirements for the new technology introducer to research and demonstrate safety before, not after, introduction. Things that come to mind are the effects of power lines and microwaves on biological tissue, new prescription drugs, and genetically modified organisms. Without any long term testing, hearing aides are now being offered where pairs of hearing aides communicate with each other by the use of microwaves through the subject's head. No industry should be given liability immunity just because without the risks being assumed by the government the venture would not be started. Also the long term effects that might prevent sustainability should be determined for any new technology.

Our energy sector needs to be weaned away from liquid hydro-carbon fuels to electrification, particularly in the transportation sector. While natural gas may be a viable bridge technology to a sustainable energy system, it too pollutes and should be replaced at some point.

### **Human Health**

The health system as practiced in the United States is atrociously inadequate in that it is not universal, does not emphasize prevention, and is narrowly centered on a chemical solution to most problems. These problems require political solutions

which remove the big money interests from control of the health system. Beyond that, research is needed to learn what kind of approaches provide the best health system for the resources expended. With the removal of the bias provided by the pharmaceutical industry, research should be initiated to determine the many health benefits to be gained from expanding natural healing systems, integrative medicine, energy medicine, and even approaches borrowed from other cultures.

### **Diseases of the Mind**

Our psychology of the mind is only beginning to emerge from the wasteland of ignorance and savagery, but it has a long way to go. Any person is neither completely sane nor insane but at some stage in between. Sanity may be defined as the degree the models a person makes of the world in his or her mind correspond with reality. We need to recognize that diseases of the mind exist in everyone as well as they do in the body. Two broad categories should be recognized and tested for and when they reach some threshold degree, treatment should be required before the individual is trusted with any significant responsibility in the society. Two diseases of the mind are in its programming and in its memory content. The first category is in the belief system held by the particular subject. Besides beliefs based on experience and learning, the subject may hold beliefs from multiple sources, that are false-to-fact. Some may be only self limiting, but others may be dangerous to the subject and others.

The second category is the presence of negative emotional recordings which act hypnotically on the subject, generally without his or her awareness. Such recordings are generally instilled at times of trauma or during the early development of the subject as a child where the critical judgment capabilities of the higher mind are not in play. Such recordings can be self limiting or impair normal social relations and on recognition can be reprogrammed.

One shortcoming of present approaches is to minimize the effect the gene pool has on human behavior. Many behavior patterns are attributed to learned habits while in fact they are the result of gene pool selections made over hundreds of thousands of years which had gene survival characteristics for a different environment. Changing such characteristic requires properly understanding their source.

### **Religions and Mysticism**

Religions are beneficial where they encourage a devotion to God. Where they insist on an exclusiveness that threatens the health and wellbeing of others they must be curtailed. Mysticism is an inner development where one consciously becomes aware of God which process in no way threatens any other being and in fact may satisfy the longing of one's soul to return to God, recognized by some religions, but not provided for in ritual and ceremony.

### **Organization of Society**

The present control by special interests through our corporations and the media has



produced a society which is unfair with a super rich top layer of billionaires. Until fairness is returned to our society, unrest and instability will threaten its very roots. There should be accountability for public lying for political or financial gain. LLC's and Corporations have been given limits beyond which they are not responsible. In return they offer nothing. LLC's and Corporations should give society something tangible each year in return for their special limited liability status or forgo that status.

Many solutions have been proposed in the past which solutions put limitations on liberty. But unbridled complete freedom of speech has led to nearly complete chaos. The starting points would be the recognition that corporations are not people, elimination of the influence of money in elections, and provide the basic needs of all humans whether employed or not. Governments need to be organized along lines of achieving consensus compromises rather than majority rule.

Governments by their very nature tend to become corrupt because of a genetic tendency of humans to be greedy. The present granting of the three powers of government to individual governmental departments is opening a door to fascist rule and corruption and should be abolished with a return to division of powers. At this date, when we are past the election, it is clear that the cyclic nature of our civilization is nearing a low point of dissolution before we resolve the crises described in the book "The Fourth Turning." Hopefully some younger leaders will rise to deal with our very root problems and move us on to another awakening!

### **Spiritual Evolvement**

In the previous pages I have dealt largely the material world but I don't want to close without a word on the spiritual. The spiritual can only be experienced with internal awareness and by its very nature is personal. But human beings are very much alike, only having different experiences, so much can be learned from the experiences of others. I offer the following as only personal conclusions from a life study as each must regard this as a personal journey to be researched for oneself.

#### **Who are we?**

Our true being is an eternal being who has taken on an astral and physical body in order to experience the creation.

#### **Where are we?**

The creation consists of many layers of consciousness which eternal beings can transport through. The physical level is the lowest, most coarse, and consists of both positive and negative experiences.

#### **Why are we here?**

As young souls we were willful and arrogant and disrespectful of the Supreme Lord, so the creation was provided as a school in which the young souls could develop devotion and love for the Supreme Lord and for his creation. The law of creation is the law of karma, what we sow we will eventually reap in this life or the next. All life here has an attached soul, but only souls with human bodies can learn

the lessons of life and eventually return to the Supreme Lord. To focus on the lessons of a lifetime, a soul in a body will not generally remember its experiences of previous lifetimes or of higher levels of consciousness when between lifetimes.

**What must we do to graduate from the creation?**

When the Supreme Lord sent us here He promised when any soul has learned its lessons, He would come in a human form to teach it a form of meditation that would free its soul to return to him. As a Perfect Master he teaches Surat Shabd Yoga, the joining of the soul to the inner sound and light.

Lovingly, Bill Isely, 2018

Sketch of Hospital and Girl's School (used as Residences for Staff) Compounds