

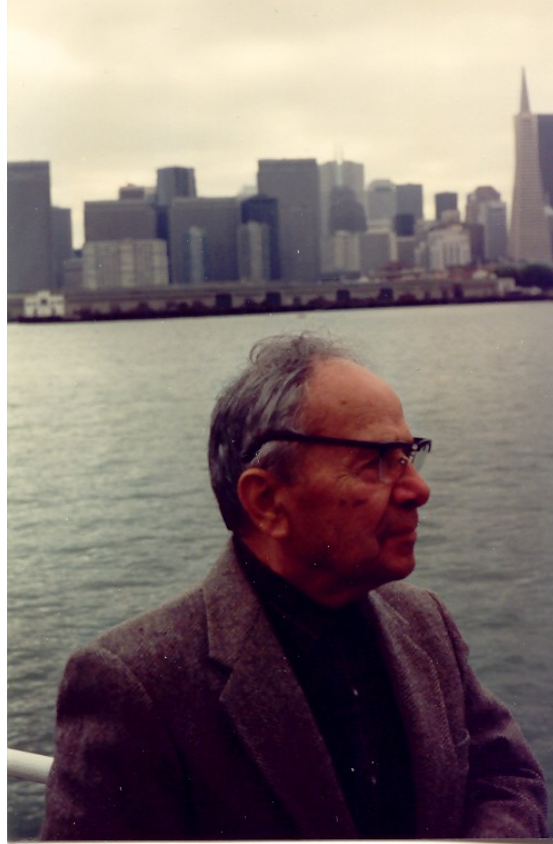
**HAMZA OZMERAL (1916-2006):**

**A LIFE OF THE 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY**

## **FOREWORD**

*“Basim hep dikti.....  
Allah’a emanet ol sevgili oglum”<sup>(1)</sup>*

From his last letter, written on June 20, 2006.



**Hamza Ozmeral**  
**(February 13, 1916 – November 3, 2006)**

(1) “My head was always held high.....I leave you in God’s hands, my dear son”.

## INTRODUCTION

My father died on November 3, 2006 in Istanbul, after about 10 days in intensive care. My brothers and I were there for his final days and his funeral. However, my wife and children, and my brothers' wives and children never made it due to the distance involved. My father received military honors at his funeral ceremony as well as the traditional Islamic funeral rites. There were no eulogies delivered and no other way to formally commemorate and reflect on his life. This, combined with his relatively sudden passing and the absence of all of his grandchildren at the funeral, prevented many in our family from having a real sense of "closure" about his death.

When I came back to the U.S., I thought about finding a way to honor his life and his memory. The kids knew "buyukbaba" as this sweet, elderly man who was their grandfather, but how much did they know about the real story of his long life? When they had to tell their children and grandchildren who buyukbaba was, what would they have to say? I grew up knowing very little about my own grandparents and literally nothing about my great grandparents. Being a history buff and believing strongly that every human being's life on this earth is a story worth being recorded and told, this bothered me. So here was a chance to set the record straight about my own father's long and impressive life...I decided to do it by writing a book about my father.

A couple of other notes about this little "book" (I am not sure what to call this manuscript – it is either a very short book or a very long article)...It consists of two sections: my dad's life and times, and his character. I think both are very important to understand who he was. Because his life intersected with so many great events of the 20<sup>th</sup> century (and because I love history so much), I created several "sidebars" to explain the historic context of his times. Some of these may be stating the obvious for the Turkish readers, but I am hoping will be very helpful for the American ones. The sidebars delve into historic events without breaking the flow of my father's personal story.

And finally the choice of language...I pride myself in having an equally strong command of English and Turkish so this was a tough decision. In the end, I chose to write the first edition of this book in English to give it a broader audience for our family members and others here in the U.S. However, I plan and promise to release a Turkish version of it very soon, also. Because at the end of the day, this is the story of a Turkish man told by his Turkish son, so anything less would be disrespectful to his memory.

*Mustafa Ozmeral  
Buffalo Grove, Illinois  
February 10, 2007*

## **HIS LIFE AND TIMES**

My father's remarkable life of 90 years tracked with all of the major milestones of 20<sup>th</sup> Century history.

### **Origins and Early Years**

He was born in 1916, in the middle of World War I, in the capital of the crumbling Ottoman Empire, Istanbul. My father's family lived on the Asian side of the Bosphorus, the great waterway splitting Istanbul into two, in the ancient district known in the Roman times as Scutari, (Uskudar in Turkish). Theirs was a family of migrant Turks caught in one of the many waves of Ottoman retreat from the conquered territories of southeastern Europe back to the home country over a period of 200 years. My father's particular ancestors moved back to Istanbul from two separate areas on the Bulgarian-Romanian border shortly after the Ottomans' disastrous defeat by Russia in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78 (see related Side Bar). His paternal grandparents migrated from the town of Vidin, which is a town on the Danube River in the northwestern corner of Bulgaria. His mother's family came from the town of Balchik on the Black Sea coast (northeastern corner of Bulgaria, outside the city of Varna). The town of Balchik has changed hands between Romania and Bulgaria several times. My dad's maternal grandfather, Ibrahim, was a farmer and landowner in Balchik, who got quite wealthy selling his crops.

When he was 2 years old, despite many successful campaigns such as the Battle for Gallipoli in 1915, the Ottoman Empire was declared to be on the losing side of World War I war (along with Germany and Austria-Hungary) and Istanbul was occupied by the British and French armies and navies. British soldiers were stationed in the massive and architecturally magnificent Selimiye Barracks near Uskudar, not too far from where my father's family lived. Coincidentally, a compassionate British woman who is widely credited for founding the nursing profession, Florence Nightingale, had tended to Turkish, British and French wounded in the same Selimiye Barracks, during the Crimean War against Russia, more than 60 years before my father's birth (see related Side Bar). Also co-incidentally, my father's long journey of 90 years would end in 2006 with a military funeral ceremony at the Selimiye mosque, which is part of the Barracks complex of the same name. But back to World War I.....

In 1918, there was widespread hunger, starvation and misery in this ancient and defeated capital under occupation, including in the district of Uskudar. Young Hamza was the youngest of 5 brothers (Hasan, Ethem, Nizamettin, Mustafa, Hamza) and 1 sister (Mueyyed), practically growing up fatherless (his father died when he was 3). His mother was a very stern looking but brilliant woman with sandy brown hair and piercing blue eyes named Sidika. (Coincidentally, my daughter Julide has been compared to Sidika by many). His father Kasif died in 1921 (at age 63, when Hamza was only 5 years old. Naturally, he did not remember much of his father but he did remember his maternal grandmother Ibrahim much more clearly, he told me. My father told me of sleeping in the

same bed with his 4 brothers growing up. They were extremely poor, very conservative, very religious; lived simple lives but were very happy.

**SIDEBAR: THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR OF (1877-1878)**

This is one of the 13 major wars fought between the Russian and Turkish (Ottoman) Empires. It is a very significant war because it ended up in several Balkan states such as Bosnia-Herzegovina, Montenegro, Romania and Bulgaria gaining their independence from the Ottoman Empire. The war also resulted in a radical change of the ethnic composition of these Balkan countries. While Muslim Turks were a very significant minority in each of these countries prior to the war, very few were left there after the war. By one count, in Bulgaria alone, 262,000 Muslim Turks died and 575,000 fled (1). Hamza's maternal and paternal grandparents were part of this massive wave of refugees fleeing to the safety of Turkey after the Orthodox victories, from the towns of Balchik and Vidin, respectively (see figure below)



Figure X. The city of Vidin on the Danube is where Hamza's paternal grandparents came from (in northwest Bulgaria, circled in red). His maternal grandparents came from Balchik, a small town on the Black Sea coast (northeast Bulgaria, circled in red)



Figure X . *Gazi Osman Pasha*

The war started in August 1877 when Russia, which sees itself as the protector of the Orthodox Christian populations anywhere in Europe, declared war on Turkey. The Russians committed 200,000 troops to the war; whereas the Ottomans had about 160,000. The Turks were better fortified, particularly in major towns and ports on the Black Sea and the Danube River, but made many strategic blunders and surrendered their strategic advantage to the Russians. Particularly worth noting is the Battle of Plevne (now Plemen) in which an outnumbered but well-fortified Turkish force led by the legendary general Gazi Osman Pasha heroically defended but eventually surrendered that besieged city. Parenthetically, Hamza's uncle on his father's side, also named Hamza, was the standard bearer in Gazi Osman Pasha's army in the battle of Plevne. He was extremely tall- my father said over 2.0 meters or 6 foot 7 inches - and my father attributed my "tall genes" (I am 1.85 meters or 6 foot 1 inches tall) to this great uncle since both he and my mother were rather diminutive.

The Russian effort was helped greatly by contingents of Romanian, Bulgarian and Finnish volunteers. In January 1878, the Russians marched on the outskirts of Istanbul and stopped at a town called Ayastefanos (San Stefano), which is the site of today's Istanbul International Airport. Turkey accepted and signed the terms of a truce bearing the name of the same town (the Treaty of Ayestafanos) and the war ended.

(1) McCarthy, Justin *"Death and Exile: The Ethnic Cleansing of Ottoman Muslims, 1821-1922"* (1996), Darwin Press, Princeton-NJ.

### **Early Schooling / Important Events**

When my father came of school age (when he was 6 or 7 years old), he witnessed one of the greatest events in Turkish history – the rise of the defeated and demoralized Turkish nation from the ashes of the Ottoman Empire to fight off its invaders, and establish a new, Western-oriented, secular, democratic nation-state called The Republic of Turkey. The leader which made this possible, of course, was the great Turkish leader Mustafa Kemal Ataturk. The years were 1922 and 1923. My father has told me with pride several times of having lived in Ataturk's era, and having personally seen him several



*Figure 1 – SIDIKA and MUSTAFA (Hamza's brother who died at age 30)*



*Figure 2 – SIDIKA*

times. *(For Americans who may not be familiar with Ataturk's influence on the Turks of today, this is akin to having a living relative who has personally seen George Washington or Abraham Lincoln).* He told me that he clearly remembered the day when Turkish troops liberated Istanbul from the British and French under the command of Refet Pasha. The date was October 6, 1922 and little Hamza was six and a half years old.

Later he saw Ataturk for the first time in 1927, he told me, when he was 11 (and when Halaskar Gazi Pasha as Ataturk was referred to at the time, returned triumphantly to Istanbul to the old capital that he had liberated from the invaders, as the President of the Turkish Republic, who was now living in the new capital of the Republic that he had founded, a dusty little frontier town called Ankara. He took a boat cruise up the Bosphorus, whose shores were lined with the hundreds of thousands of inhabitants of the city who had rushed to get a glimpse of their liberating hero. My father was one of those thousands who had seen his ship and seen him from a famous park on a hill overlooking Uskudar (Dogancilar Parki).

## SIDEBAR; TURKISH WAR OF LIBERATION (1919-1922)

The Ottoman Empire reached its zenith in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. At the height of its expansion, this great Turkish-Islamic empire covered all of the Middle East, Northern Africa, and southeastern Europe. The land mass of the Ottoman Empire was some 10M square kilometers and included some 30 independent countries of today <sup>(1)</sup>. Over the next 300 years, the Empire entered a gradual process of decline and land loss as wars were lost to Russia and others.

In 1918, the Ottoman Empire lost World War I. British and French troops occupied the capital city, Istanbul. The Treaty of Sevres was signed in France. With this treaty, Turkey lost not only its last remaining non-Turkish territories in the Middle East (Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Saudi Arabia) but the home country itself was partitioned by the victors.

Greece was allowed to invade Thrace and Western Turkey, the British were in Istanbul and Gallipoli, France occupied southeastern Turkey, the Italians were given the southern Mediterranean coast and the Dodecanese islands, Armenians were granted most of Eastern Turkey to form their own independent state, and the eastern Black Sea coast was declared to be part of a new Pontus Greek state. All that was left out of the carcass of the Turkish state for Turkish people in their native land was a smallish kernel of a country in Central Anatolia, in and around the town of Ankara. This miniature state was perhaps 30% of all of the lands within today's Turkey in which the Turks constituted a majority.



Figure XX. The partition of Turkey according to the Treaty of Sevres.

Even worse than this externally driven occupation and division of the country was the treason it was experiencing internally. The last Ottoman Sultan, Vahdettin, agreed to the terms of the Sevres Treaty in order to keep his throne. Turkish Armies were disarmed by the occupying armies in Western Turkey. It appeared inevitable that the Turks' long-standing presence on the world stage as a free and independent people was coming to an end. Many intellectuals, opinion-makers and political leaders saw no choice for Turkey but to accept the Sevres Treaty or become a British colony or American "mandate" (similar to the Philippines).

Footnotes:

(1) Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Jordan, Palestine, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, UAE, Kuwait, Qatar, Cyprus, Egypt, Lebanon, Greece, Bulgaria, Romania, Serbia, Hungary, Montenegro, Croatia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Poland (partial), Ukraine (partial), Georgia, Armenia, Libya, Algeria, Morocco, Tunisia





*Commander-In-Chief Mustafa Kemal (left) on the battle front with Ismet Inonu (his second in command; later to be the second President of Turkey)*

Against this backdrop of desperation, an Ottoman General untainted with defeat in WWI, Mustafa Kemal Pasha stepped onto the stage. Mustafa Kemal was the legendary general of the Gallipoli campaign of 1915 who had dealt the British, French and Anzac forces trying to force open the Straits of Dardanelles with a massive landing there, a crushing defeat. His popularity and prestige among the Turkish people was unparalleled.

In May 1919, he slipped into the unoccupied portion of Anatolia (landing in the Black Sea town of Samsun) under the guise of an army inspector appointed by the Ottoman Sultan. His official mission was to oversee the disarming of remaining Turkish army units and to ensure cooperation with the occupation forces. But he had a radically different and covert mission...

In unoccupied Anatolia, he raised the banner of resistance and liberation of Turkey by armed struggle. He convened two separate Congresses in the eastern Turkey towns of Erzurum and Sivas attended by people's representatives from all over the country. The Congresses formally declared their rejection of the Treaty of Sevres and the intent to fight the occupying forces until the entire country was liberated and full independence was reached. Mustafa Kemal was elected the leader of this new "National Forces" (Kuvayi Milliye) movement. The Sultan recalled Mustafa Kemal back to Istanbul, which he refused. Under pressure from the British and French authorities, the Sultan issued a warrant for Mustafa Kemal's arrest and declared him a traitor. Mustafa Kemal resigned from the Ottoman Army and became an ordinary civilian.

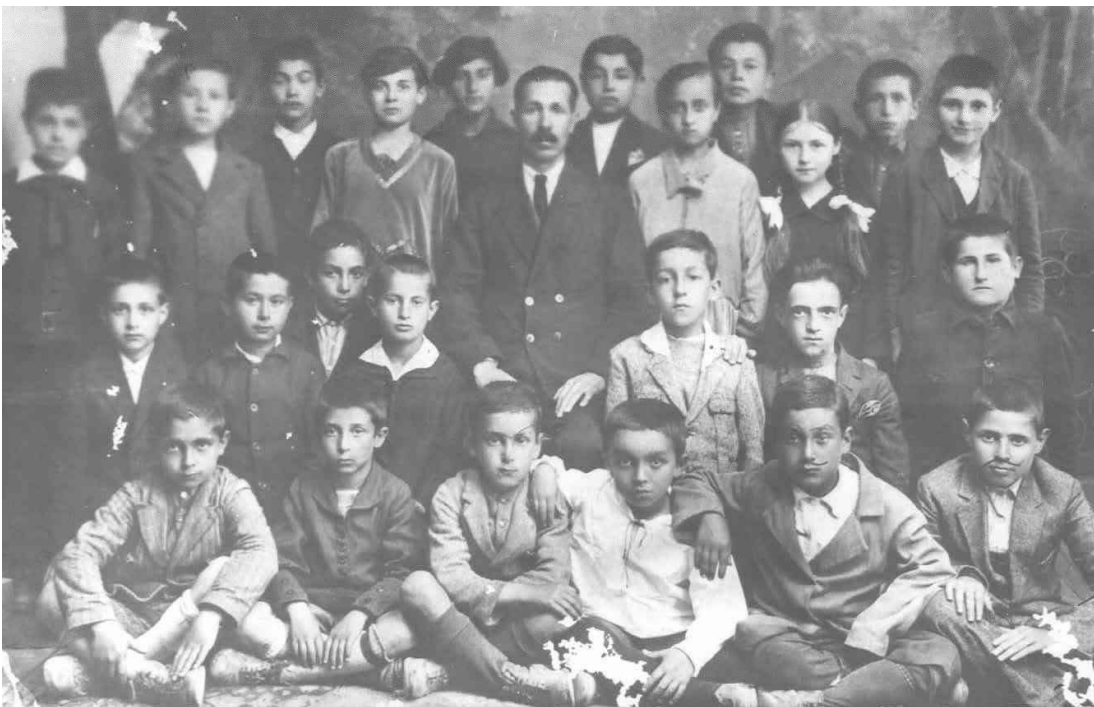
In April 1920, a Grand National Assembly of Turkey was convened in the small, dusty central Anatolian city of Ankara. This body declared itself the legitimate government of Turkey, supplanting the authority of the Turkish government in enemy-occupied Istanbul. Mustafa Kemal was elected the President of the Grand National Assembly. He was also named Commander-in-Chief and started forming an army around the nucleus of the Turkish forces in eastern Turkey who had not disarmed. Many of the soldiers and officers of the disarmed Turkish armies from western Turkey also flocked to Ankara to serve under Mustafa Kemal's command. This new national Army (as differentiated from the official Ottoman army, remnants of which still remained in Istanbul and served under British and French command) received arms, ammunition, and financial aid from the newly formed Soviet Union. The Turkish people made many sacrifices to collect money and buy ammunitions for the army. Financial aid was also received from Indian Muslims.

Over the next 2 years, the Turkish Army built itself up and prepared for battle. The main occupying force to be fought was the Greek Army, which had landed in Izmir (Smyrna) in 1919 and occupied all of western Turkey. In 4 separate battles spanning 1921 and 1922, Mustafa Kemal's forces routed the much better equipped Greek Army, which it had attracted to the hinterland of the country near Ankara far from its supply lines (Note: this was similar to the Russian strategies used in successfully drawing Napoleon and

Hitler to the vast hinterland of the country before striking back). Mustafa Kemal Pasha himself was the field commander in the final 2 battles. Following the rout of the Greek forces in August 30, 1922 near the town of Afyon, the Turkish Army pursued the defeated Greek forces 200 km all the way to Izmir. The Greeks burned down most of the towns and villages of Western Anatolia as they receded. There was widespread plunder, pillaging and raping as they withdrew. On September 9, 1922 Turkish forces entered the great Aegean port city of Izmir and liberated that city. The remaining Greek forces were either taken prisoner or were evacuated from Izmir by British and French navy ships.

In the same time period, regular army units and local militias had succeeded in defeating the French in southeastern Turkey and Armenian forces in eastern Turkey. Great Britain decided to withdraw from Istanbul and western Turkey rather than engage the battle-hardened Turkish Army of Mustafa Kemal. On October 6, 1922 Turkish forces under the command of Refet Pasha liberated Istanbul peacefully and the British forces withdrew after saluting the Turkish flag. This is the event remembered so vividly by young Hamza, who was six and a half years old at the time. In July 1923, Turkey Signed the Lausanne Treaty with Britain, France, the United States, Italy and Greece, revoking the provisions of the Treaty of Sevres and establishing the current day internationally-recognized borders of the Republic of Turkey. The Turks maintained their millennia-long status as a free and independent people on the world stage.

He started elementary school around 1923 when reading and writing was still done in the traditional Arabic script. One of Ataturk's earliest reforms (see related Side Bar) was to abandon the Arabic script, which was difficult to learn and did not accurately capture the nuances of Turkish sounds, with a new Turkish alphabet based on Latin letters. The date of this reform was 1927. So Hamza learned to read and write in the Arabic script, but switched to the new alphabet when he was in 4<sup>th</sup> grade. However, my father remembered to read and write in Arabic letters the rest of his life (he would occasionally take notes in the Arabic script), which made him a very interesting and "antique" figure for modern-day Turks.



*Figure 3 – Hamza in elementary school (top row, 2<sup>nd</sup> from left, slightly out-of-focus), his oldest known photograph.*



groomed to protect the secularist republic. So he gave a directive for the mosque to be removed from that location and my father said that this was done within a matter of days.

My father graduated from the naval high school in Heybeliada (Princess Islands) with honors, ranked 2<sup>nd</sup> in a class of 68. Following graduation in May 1936, my father did an internship at the Turkish Navy Cruiser “TCG Hamidiye”, traveling along the Turkish Coast for several months and learning to operate and repair the machinery of the war vessel. Once he got back from the tour, he started his internship project at the Golcuk Naval Shipyards to work on the repair and re-construction of the famous WWI Turkish warship “TCG Yavuz” (see related Side Bar).

### **SIDEBAR: TCG YAVUZ, a.k.a SMS GOEBEN**

The attached web site does a very detailed and nice job of explaining the significance of Yavuz to the fate of World War I and the Ottoman Empire in that war:

(<http://battlecruiseryavuz.hypermart.net/>)

Briefly, however, TCG Yavuz was actually christened SMS Goeben under the flag of the German Imperial Navy in 1911. When war broke out in Europe in August of 1914, two German battleships were cruising in the eastern Mediterranean and were engaged in skirmishes with British Navy ships. Fleeing the British ships, they took refuge in Turkish territorial waters. Turkey (the Ottoman Empire) was still neutral in the war at this time, although they were ruled by the “Young Turk” triumvirate of Enver, Cemal and Talat Pashas who were very sympathetic to Germans.

In October 1914, along with her sister battle cruiser SMS Breslau, the SMS Goeben quietly sailed through the narrow Bosphorus straits in Istanbul and into the Black Sea. They were on a clandestine and controversial mission to enter the Ottoman Empire (Turkey) into World War I on Germany’s side, willingly or unwillingly. As they sailed north in the Black Sea towards the Russian coast, they took down the imperial standard of the German Reich and hoisted up the red-and-white Turkish crescent and star. Then, when they were within range of the Russian shore, they started bombarding it, particularly the towns of Odessa and Sevastopol, and sank or damaged several Russian

The two German ships were re-flagged under the Ottoman flag and renamed “Yavuz” and “Midilli”. And the Ottoman Empire had just entered WWI against Great Britain, France, Russia and the United States, which was going to prove disastrous.



*Figure 6 – Graduation from Naval High School in Heybeliada (Princess Islands) in May 1936. Hamza is second from left.*

#### **SIDEBAR: KEMAL ATATURK'S REFORMS**

Following the victory in the Turkish War of Independence (1919-1922), most political observers and the majority of the Turkish people expected Mustafa Kemal Pasha to assume the Ottoman throne and declare himself Sultan and Caliph <sup>(1)</sup>. He surprised the whole world when he and his closest colleagues got the Grand National Assembly to declare Turkey a “Republic” on October 29, 1923. Mustafa Kemal was elected the first President of the Republic by the Grand National Assembly and retained this post through 4 other elections until his death in 1938. In his 15 years as the President of the young republic, Mustafa Kemal implemented a series of radical reforms with the aim of destroying the centuries old political and social structure order based on Islamic theocracy and a multi-nation Empire with those of a secular, Western-looking nation state.



Below is a list of his most significant reforms:

- Abolition of the Ottoman Empire and Ottoman dynasty (1922)
- Abolition of the Islamic Caliphate (1924)
- Switch from Arabic to Latin alphabet (1927)
- Adoption of the Swiss civil code over the Shariah
- Emancipation of women including their earning of the right to vote (1934)
- Adoption of Western dress code
- Closing down of religious orders and organizations other than places of worship
- Conversion of the Islamic prayers including the Ezan from Arabic to Turkish
- Adoption of Western calendar, clock; acceptance of Saturday and Sunday as the official weekend
- Establishment of dual-gender education; closing down of “madrassa”s (medieval Islamic religious schools)
- Adoption of surnames (including Ataturk for himself)
- Establishment of heavy industry such as iron-and-steel, textiles, coal-mining

Footnotes:

(1) *The title Sultan meant the Emperor or the worldly ruler of the Empire. Caliph meant the spiritual leader of the entire Sunni world, the living successor to the Prophet Muhammad and his representative on the Earth. The Caliphate had changed hands between major Muslim powers throughout history. The Ottomans took it from the Mamluks of Egypt in 1517 (during the conquest of Egypt) and combined it with the post of the Sultan.*

## **Higher Education in Germany and the United States**

In 1937, the young cadet Hamza Ozmeral went to Germany to start his higher education. First, he enrolled at the famous Humboldt University in Berlin to learn the German language. He also took college-prep classes in advanced physics, chemistry and mathematics. The German language courses and the advanced placement college work took about 1 year. Following the completion of his coursework, he started a 1-year internship program at a shipbuilding factory in Bremen (the Germans had not accepted his internship conducted in Turkey).

My father’s time in Germany obviously coincided with Nazi rule, which had started in 1933. My father had many stories about Germany under the Nazis, and what the German people thought and felt for Hitler. At the time it was clear to him that Hitler was very popular with the Germans because he had rebuilt their injured pride after WW I. The persecutions of Jews and others had not started yet, or were not widely reported. One incident I remember is one in which my father is greeted by his fellow class mates or friends by the mandatory Nazi greeting of the era “Heil Hitler”. My father never returned

the salute, but also was clever enough not to insult his hosts. He replied by saying “Heil Ataturk” and explaining that he was a Turk and not a German.

When war broke out in September 1939, he had to depart Germany and head back for Turkey. It was a long and interesting trip. Most of the rail tracks and rail cars in Germany were being used to ship war supplies to the Polish front, according to my father. He was able to get a ticket on a standing room only train from Bremen to Munich. In Munich, he wanted to buy train tickets out of Germany but the ticket office was not accepting Deutsche Reichsmarks due to the complete collapse of that currency and the German economy prior to the war (Note: Because of decades of hyper-inflation, Germans had to pay “millions” of marks to buy simple staples such as a loaf of bread). But he has a very interesting anecdote to illustrate the strength and convertibility of the Turkish Lira (TL) at the time. He had a 5 TL note with him, which at the time was worth more than \$5 US dollars and was a convertible currency (backed up by gold) all over Europe. This 5 TL note allowed him to pay for his train fare and food from Munich all the way through Austria, Yugoslavia, Greece (including a 1 night stay in Salonica) back to the Sirkeci train station in the European side of Istanbul. The strength and convertibility of the Turkish currency under Ataturk’s rule stands in stark contrast to many future decades (starting in the 1950s) of mismanagement, corruption, failed IMF monetary policies which made the Turkish currency among the most worthless in the world to the point that in 2005, all Turks were “millionaires” and had to carry around tens of millions of liras in their pockets (just like the Germans of the 1930s) to buy basic staples.

When Hamza arrived in Istanbul, he took steps to re-direct his higher education efforts away from being German language and Germany-centric to English-language and U.S.-centric. He enrolled at the American University in the city, known as Robert College. Here are some pictures from my father’s stay in Germany.



*Figure 7. Hamza and close friend Temel in Berlin, 1937.*

My father studied at Robert College in Istanbul from 1939 through 1942. Robert College is a very historic institution, being the oldest American school established abroad (founded in 1863). It was originally established as a Christian missionary school established with the permission of the Ottoman sultans to proselytize and convert not the Muslim population but Turkey's Orthodox Christian minorities to the Protestant faith and later switched to secular education. The beautiful American-style campus was nestled in one of the most picturesque spots overlooking the Bosphorus, above the ramparts of the 15<sup>th</sup> century Rumeli Hisar fortress, which Sultan Mehmed the Conqueror built to choke off all naval aid to the Byzantine empire during his 53-day (successful) siege of Constantinople in 1453.

There were no suspension bridges built across the Bosphorus yet, so he would take the long boat cruise from Uskudar on the other side of the Bosphorus to Bebek, near the lower entrance to Robert College and trudge up the Hill. It was a long and difficult commute probably taking several hours a day back in those days. He was to have 2 of his 3 sons attend the same institution many years later. My father later told me he bought a house near Rumeli Hisar so his children did not have to go through the same difficulty in



commuting to school. First, he learned English, then he completed the first 3 years of his engineering B.S.

In 1942, he won a naval scholarship to study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston (the world's premier engineering school) and set out for the United States. He has told me of his long trip from Istanbul to Boston while World War II was in full steam, which is a fascinating story. First, they set out by train from Istanbul to Mosul (in today's northern Iraq). From Mosul, they went by bus to Palestine (this was before the state of Israel was created in the British territory of Palestine containing today's Israel, Jordan and the West Bank). From Palestine by ship, they continued on to Cairo, Egypt. From there by land transport again to Accra, which is the capital of Ghana in Western Africa. From Accra, they flew to Natal in northern Brazil, crossing the Southern Atlantic (they had to avoid the Northern Atlantic because it was completely controlled by German U-boats, which sunk all non-friendly commercial transports). My father mentioned to me that their aircraft flew across the Atlantic at an altitude of about 1500 ft, and that their windows were open, and the cabin was not pressurized. In fact, one of his friends threw his hat out the window to the Atlantic as a "souvenir"! They crossed the Atlantic in this manner in about 12 hours during the day.

From Natal-Brazil, they crossed the Amazon jungle to arrive at the port of Belem. They continued from Belem-Brazil to the British Guyana, from there by ship to the island of Trinidad and Tobago. And from Trinidad and Tobago, they sailed to Miami, finally arriving in the United States after several weeks of travel. After vacationing in Miami for a couple of weeks, he went by bus to Boston and commenced his studies at MIT.

He met his best friend, Hayri Tezcan, during his years at MIT. Admiral Hayri or Hayri Pasha as we came to call him later due to the Navy rank he attained at the end of his career, was quite a character. Somewhat unexpectedly from his lean and scrawny build, Hayri was the most flamboyant and larger-than-life individual I have ever met in person. He ended up marrying three times (his third wife was 30 years younger than him) and carried on countless more relationships with beautiful women. What he lacked in stature, he certainly made up for with his magnetic personality, energy, and incredible and infectious sense of humor. He was the type of person for whom the expression "life of the party" was invented. After meeting in Boston and rooming together, he and my father became very close friends quickly, and were like brothers the rest of Hayri Pasha's life (he was 6 years younger and died in 1996 of lung cancer at the age of 73). Even though they were opposites in many ways (Hamza was formal to the point of snobbery, Hayri informal to the point of vulgarity; Hamza liked classical music, Hayri liked Jazz and Big Band), they had a very good time together. Their American friends nicknamed Hayri "Harry" and my father Hamza was christened as "Hammy". So the "Harry and Hammy Show" took Cambridge and Boston by storm in the mid 1940s! We have numerous anecdotes and pictures of the 2 chums from this period, mostly in the company of beautiful women.



*Figure 8. At MIT with his classmates and professors (4<sup>th</sup> from left, first row). Hayri is on his left, 2<sup>nd</sup> row (1944)*

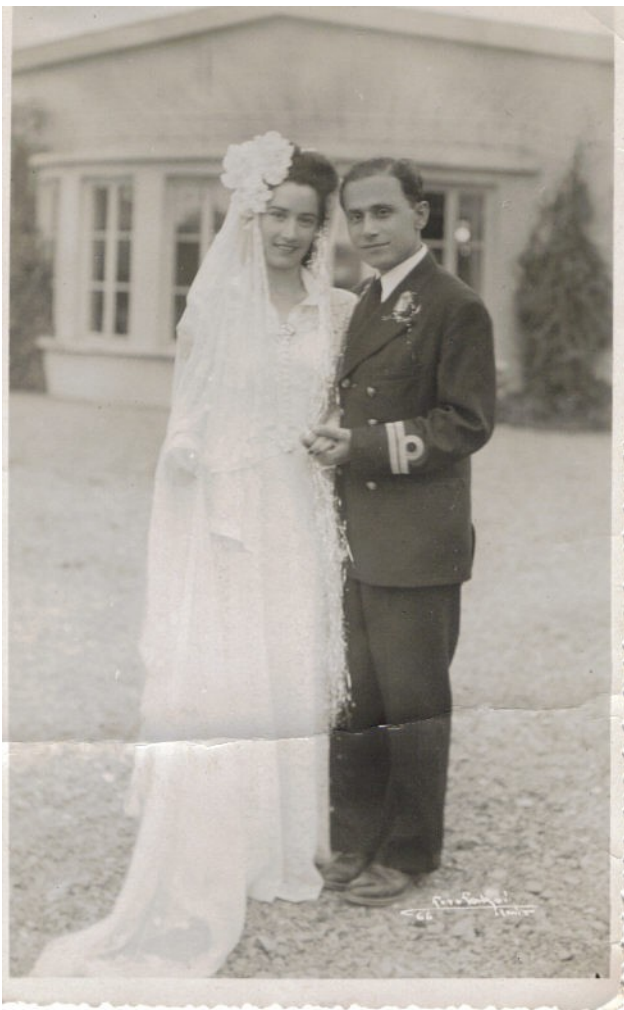
My father finished the final year of his B.S. at MIT as well as completing his Master's, both in Naval Construction and Engineering. He accomplished this in 2 years in one of the toughest schools in the world. I remember him telling me that this was very trying on him as the stress and strain of the school caused him to lose a lot of weight to the point that he only weighed about 48 kg (120 lbs) at one time. Their teachers had to be some of the best and most renowned engineering professors in the world. In particular, I remember him mentioning Professor Joseph Keenan, who was the ultimate authority in the field of thermodynamics in the 20<sup>th</sup> century (see related biographical link: <http://web.mit.edu/hmtl/www/keenan.html> ). My father kept most of his textbooks from this period in Boston; they are still in mint condition as he was someone who took care of his belongings meticulously. Another very special memento that we have kept from this period is his large and beautifully crafted slide rule! He did, however, manage to have a fairly active social life as well. Below are some pictures from the period in Boston (1942-44):



*Figures 9 and 10. Lieutenant Hamza Ozmeral in Boston-Mass., circa 1944 and after graduation ceremonies at MIT the same year with girlfriend Priscilla and her mother Hazel.*

### **Navy Career (1944-1954)**

Following graduation from MIT in 1944 with a Master of Science degree in Naval Construction and Engineering, my father returned to Turkey to start working for the Turkish Navy. Although he had opportunities to stay in the U.S. after his graduation, Hamza had a strong sense of patriotism and duty to country. Having studied on a government scholarship, he did not think it an honorable act to not return and serve his country and pay his debt. He also had very strong family ties and I don't believe he could have been happy so far away from family. Shortly after returning to Turkey, he met my mother and they were married in 1946.



*Figure 11 – Wedding Day For Captain Hamza Ozmeral and Lamia, June 15 1946*

He came back from the United States as Lieutenant Hamza Ozmeral in 1945. He started working in the Golcuk Naval Shipbuilding Yards in northwestern Turkey (about 90 km from Istanbul). On a historical note, Golcuk was to be the absolute epicenter of the devastating 7.4 earthquake that struck Turkey in 1999 (see related Side Bar). My oldest brother Mehmet Cem was born in Golcuk in 1947. Lt. Hamza Ozmeral rose over the years to be Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the Navy. He and my mom and their son Cem had a simple but happy life in the (then) idyllic countryside which was far removed from the hustle-bustle of city life. Working on a fixed government salary, they always experienced financial problems (he was making about \$300 per month on his captain's salary in 1946) and my father supplemented his income by doing document translations from English to Turkish. However, the perks were not bad including free living quarters, access to an officers club and a full time aide-de-camp!

Following World War II, the Soviet Union under Josip Stalin had made several very hostile demands of Turkey. These included some land in eastern Turkey to be ceded to the Soviets, establishment of Soviet military bases in Turkey, and joint control of the

Bosporus and Dardanelles Straits that allowed (or prohibited) the Soviet Navy to navigate its way from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean Sea. This threatening move, combined with the centuries-old Turkish-Russian enmity, was sufficient cause for Turkey to seek an alliance with the United States. The USS Missouri, on whose deck the Japanese Empire had signed its surrender documents at the end of World War II, visited Istanbul in 1946 and was greeted with jubilation. Under the so-called Marshall Plan, Turkey and Greece started receiving American military and economic assistance as well as some military personnel. Golcuk was no exception and soon a contingent of American personnel arrived there.

When Hamza's promotion in rank from lieutenant to captain was announced one night at the Officers Club of the navy base, the American officers who were with him started running after him and hollering "*you're going down, Ozmeral!*". They meant to throw him in the water off the pier as a gesture of celebration. My mother recalls that Hamza was wearing a brand new civilian suit that he had bought on his meager income and was terrified of ruining the expensive suit. Seeing that his American comrades were quickly closing in on him, he quickly darted into the men's room. There he stripped into his underpants, undershirts and socks and leaving the neatly folded suit safely tucked away in the stall, went out and surrendered to the whimsies of his American friends. He was tossed off the pier in his skivvies!

This lifestyle in Golcuk continued until 1954. Meanwhile little Ahmet Cenani was born in 1950 in my maternal grandmother's house in Istanbul, delivered by a mid-wife.



Figure 12. *Captain Hamza and wife Lamia at a New Year's Eve Party in Golcuk with Hayri (standing, left) and another friend*

Another funny anecdote from these early days in Golcuk sheds light on my father's views on culture, which we will also cover in detail later. In addition to his regular duties which involved supervising warship construction and repairs, he was put in charge of running the open-air (seasonal) movie theater on the military base. To their surprise, the moviegoers were soon in for big changes in management! He replaced the movie theater's repertoire of soap operas, action adventure, light-hearted romantic comedies and musicals (featuring both Hollywood and Turkish productions) with movies straight out of "Masterpiece Theater" – works of Shakespeare, historic dramas such as Henry the VIIIth, biographies etc! And he also abolished all concession sales (popcorn, sunflower seeds, sodas, ice cream) during the showing of the movie believing this was inappropriate during the viewing of an artistic performance. While Turkish soldiers are generally very obedient to the chain of command, there was a near-revolt in this case! Troops and



*Figure 13. First born Mehmet Cem and proud father, Golcuk (circa 1948)*

### SIDEBAR: GOLCUK EARTHQUAKE OF 1999

On the early morning hours of August 17, 1999, starting at exactly 3:01 am local time, a massive earthquake measuring 7.4 on the Richter scale struck northwestern Turkey, the most industrialized and heavily populated area of the country. The epicenter of the killer quake was the city of Izmit, which is located 60 miles west of Istanbul along the shoreline of the Bay of Izmit. The Navy town of Golcuk is located about 10 miles West of Izmit and was also at the center of the destruction.



Based on official records, the earthquake, which lasted 45 seconds, claimed 17,000 lives but the real number is believed to be over 35,000; some estimates put it as high as 50,000. The rupture passed through major cities that are among the most industrialized and urban areas of the country, including [oil refineries](#), several [car](#) companies and the [navy](#) headquarters and arsenal in Golcuk thus increasing the severity of the life and property loss. There were more deaths though as there was poor shelter for the survivors through the cold winter. The earthquake caused major damage to the Tupas oil refinery, which had over 700,000 tonnes of oil stored.

In Golcuk, about 500 buildings collapsed leaving about 20,000 people homeless. **A Turkish naval base in the port of Golcuk sustained major damage.** Reportedly, the collapse of the barracks killed 248 sailors. Subsequent field studies, indicated right lateral ground displacements ranging from 2.5-3 m up to 4 m, with a maximum of 4.2 m east of Lake Sapanca. Ground displacements between Lake Sapanca and the Gulf of Izmit were about 2.60 m. Additionally, there was evidence of about 2 meters subsidence along the north side of the fault's block - which was particularly evident along the coastline at Golcuk, where tsunami waves and major flooding occurred. The figure below show a ship run ashore by the tsunami waves in Golcuk as well as apartment buildings that have collapsed into the sea.



personnel stopped patronizing the movie theater. And soon afterwards, my father was relieved of his add-on duty as the theater manager!

As the story illustrates, my father sometimes had an elitist notion of culture. He loved anything “classical” – literature, music, architecture, dress code to the exclusion of anything popular (he would call it “vulgar” rather than popular). This is actually quite unusual because he came from such a modest background. However, his military upbringing in Ataturk’s modernizing and Westernizing era completely transformed him. He had played violin when he was a young boy and amassed a huge collection of classical albums (all 78 RPM’s of course) when he was in Boston. He also loved the opera and classical theater.



*Figure 14 – The newly-weds in Golcuk, summer of 1946*

Kemal Ataturk had died in 1938 and been interred in a temporary location until his permanent resting place, the “Anit Kabir” (Memorial Mausoleum) could be completed. This magnificent and imposing granite structure, in the style of an ancient Greek temple, and overlooking all of Ankara from its highest point (Rasat Tepe), took 15 years to complete. In 1953, Ataturk’s remains lay in state once again before being given another state funeral and buried permanently. My father (his rank had to be major or lieutenant colonel at the time) was one of the military officers who waited guard for Ataturk’s body, picture shown in Figure 15.





*Figure 15 – Major Hamza Ozmeral guarding body of Kemal Ataturk lying in state, November 1953.*

While the naval construction engineering career was progressing nicely in the Navy, my father had one issue with his job. After 10 years of active service, he did not like being in the military. Although he was very proud to serve and very patriotic, his nature was such that he would not take orders from men he did not agree with or respect. He also was not political or diplomatic at all, and he would not “manage up”. He had difficulty putting up with corruption or what he saw as abuse of authority or abuse of power by the high ranking officers. As an example, many officers used the aide-de-camps assigned to them or even other military personnel to do their personal work, for example making repairs in their homes, running errands etc. My father absolutely forbade this practice for officers that worked in his command. He was also briefly put in charge of the PX store and Commissary on the base. He bid out the supply contracts for the PX and the Commissary and reduced their costs significantly. All of these actions, in which he put integrity before political expediency, did not make him too many friends. Thus, he resigned his commission in 1954.

### **The Civilian Phase of His Career Starts With Harbor Works**

At this point, the young Ozmeral family moved to Ankara, the nation’s capital. Hamza started working for the Turkish government ministry of Construction or Public Works (Bayindirlik Bakanligi). This was the ministry charged with building the nation’s infrastructure such as roads, bridges, dams, power stations etc. His role at the ministry was Vice President for Harbor Construction. The move was a very good one for him financially as his navy salary of 500 Turkish Liras (TL) a month was increased to 1,600

TL. He was in charge of building or procuring ships to dredge Turkey's main harbors and make them suitable for the docking of large commercial vessels (oil tankers, container ships etc).

Soon after accepting this position, he was dispatched to Germany for a period of 9 months to work with the famous Krupp Co. around Dusseldorf. Krupp was a very famous German steel and armaments conglomerate that got closely linked to the Nazis in WW II. In fact, one of their principals, Alfred Krupp, was tried and sentenced to prison in the Nuremberg War Crimes trials. However, by the mid 1950's the Allies who were still keeping Germany under occupation wanted to revive Germany's industrial capacity which they viewed as critical in the Cold War against the Soviet Union. Hence, the Krupp dynasty was rehabilitated and their factories restored to their former glory, this time producing only steel and transport vessels to be used for civilian purposes. The entire Ozmeral family at the time, including Hamza, his wife Lamia and his 2 young sons, Mehmet Cem (7) and Ahmet Cenan (4) came along on this trip. Cem went to a boarding school. One of the incidents I remember my father talk about from this trip was the fact that the Germans were fascinated with the black hair of Cem and Cenan, calling them "Schwarz Kopf" (black heads). The barbers would want to keep their shorn hairs as a souvenir. So rare was it for the insulated and racially pure German people to come into contact with foreigners.



Figure 16. *The Ozmerals (in the center, with Lamia wearing the rain poncho) on a typical rainy summer day in Germany in June 1956 with several other couples*

After they returned to Turkey, Hamza continued to work for the Public Works Ministry for a few years longer. In 1960, Turkey's 14 year old experiment with democracy ended in a military coup. The popularly elected Democrat Party was deposed. Its leading figures, President Celal Bayar and Prime Minister Adnan Menderes were arrested, along with many ministers, members of parliament and many other political figures. Interestingly enough, many people in Turkey (perhaps the majority) including my parents, supported the coup. The Democrat Party was elected into office amid a great wave of enthusiasm and popular support in 1950 and did much to develop the economy of the country. However, over time, they became corrupt, power-hungry and dictatorial. They tried to crush all legal opposition, closed down newspapers, and outlawed many civil liberties. They were also much more tolerant of Islamic fundamentalism and were suspicious of the Army. Hence, the Turkish Armed Forces, fearing that Ataturk's secular republic was going to unravel in a civil war, intervened.

My father was a big supporter of the coup of May 27, 1960. The country was facing many economic difficulties as the Democrat Party's budget-busting expenditures had brought the country to the brink of bankruptcy. The new military government appealed to the patriotism of the people to help recover from this economic meltdown. Every patriotic Turk was asked to submit as much of their gold possessions as possible including personal jewelry to the State. These were to be melted and re-made into gold bars to try to improve Turkey's account deficit. This was a voluntary effort. *My father and my mother gave their wedding rings to the government, voluntarily and neither of them has worn a wedding ring ever since!* Such was my dad's idea of patriotism which must appear very scary to an American! Tragically, Adnan Menderes was executed by hanging (along with 2 of his ministers) and became the martyr for right-wing politics in Turkey for many decades to come.

In the early 1960s, Hamza switched from Bayindirlik Bakanligi to TPAO, the national petroleum exploration and pipeline outfit. Cem was at a German-language boarding school in Istanbul, Cenan was starting an English-language private school in Ankara and Mustafa was just a toddler. The young Ozmeral family made big financial sacrifices to build a 3-story apartment building at Buklum Sokak near Kizilay, which is the center of Ankara. They would live in one of the flats and rent the other two. For this investment, they had to sell their family car (1960 Ford Taunus) as well as their other household appliances which they had brought from Germany. My mother had to go to work again, this time as a teacher (she had been a French teacher before her marriage). Hamza also took a part-time job teaching Engineering Drafting and Descriptive Geometry at the Middle Eastern Technical University in Ankara. He was quite a strict professor from all the anecdotes we heard! The house was finally finished in 1964 and the family moved in.



Figure 17. *The house in Buklum Sokak (Ankara) circa 1963-64. The Ozmerals lived on the top floor and rented out the other two floors. This was the first house they had owned and it took 8 years to build with many financial sacrifices.*

I lived in this house from 1964 through the summer of 1968, when my father's job transferred to Istanbul and the whole family moved there. One of my very interesting (and scary) early childhood memories from this house is that for a period of weeks or even months, we would "black out" all of the windows of the house every night. In other words, we would cover the windows with dark-colored construction paper so no light would be visible from the outside. At the time, I had no idea of why this was done. I found out much later that this was a civil defense measure required of all citizens of Ankara, Istanbul and other major Turkish cities during the 1967 Cyprus crisis, over which Turkey and Greece nearly went to war with each other.



Figure 18. *The Opel Rekord shown in this 1966 picture was the last automobile the Ozmerals owned in Turkey. When the family moved to Istanbul in 1968, Hamza sold the car to avoid Istanbul's traffic as well as to raise a down payment for the new home purchase there.*

We know that sometime in the late 1950s or early 1960s, my father received an offer from very influential people he was working with to join the “Free Masons” organizations. The Free Masons were a worldwide secret-society which promoted belief in a generic Supreme Being, morality and brotherhood of all men. Many distinguished people throughout history have been free masons, and many of the leaders of Turkish industry and government (including Prime Minister Suleyman Demirel) were believed to be masons. My father seriously considered this offer but eventually turned it down, explaining that his conservative family background would not allow him to feel comfortable in this role. Although he was not a devout and practicing Muslim, my father was a loyal Muslim culturally, and did not want to give anyone the wrong idea that he was abandoning his faith and heritage to join an international order, which claimed to be above all religions but was widely viewed as an anti-Muslim and Christian missionary type organization by many people in Turkey.



*Figure 19. 6<sup>th</sup> grader Ahmet Cenan and toddler Mustafa with Hamza And Lamia in Ankara (circa 1963)*

### **His Career in the Petroleum Industry**

From the time he left the Ministry of Public Construction in 1962, my dad's career focused on all aspects of managing the petroleum supply chain. With TPAO, he was involved in the exploration of petroleum and transportation of crude oil to refineries by pipeline (1962-1968). With IPRAS, he worked on the refinery side of the business as well as on the transportation of finished product by naval vessel to terminals (1968-1974). At Petrol Ofisi, his responsibility was to oversee the distribution of finished product (gasoline, diesel, kerosene etc) from terminals to retail outlets such as gas stations (1974-1976). And finally, he headed up the Turkish Lloyd as General Secretary (equivalent to a CEO, except that he reported to a separate Chairman of the Board). The

Lloyd, like its original counterpart based in London, was responsible for certifying the construction of large petroleum carrying naval vessels to specifications as well as for insuring them.

All of these companies were government - private sector joint ventures. TPAO, the exploration and pipeline outfit, was 51% owned by the Turkish government; the remaining 49% were owned by Texaco, British Petroleum and Shell. IPRAS and Petrol Ofisi were similar joint ventures. The top level executives of these joint ventures were always political appointees placed in office by the then-current government. My father usually rose to the level of the top-level executive just below the political appointee and stayed there. This is because he just wanted to focus on his career and not get involved in politics, which he viewed as a dirty business. This was a tough position to be in for my father because the political appointees were put in place to carry out a political agenda and not necessarily because they were the most competent business executives. My father was frequently put under heavy pressure to hire political cronies for his departments who were not qualified, or do other inappropriate things. Because of his unbending views on integrity, he would refuse to carry out these orders. Most of the time he got away with this refusal because the politicians respected and needed his business skills and judgment in the job and could not afford to let him go. But in 1976, he had to resign from his position at Petrol Ofisi (the retail distribution outfit) for precisely this reason rather than yielding to the political pressure.



Figure 20. Lamia (standing, 1<sup>st</sup> from left) at a reception in 1965 with Commander of the Army General Cevdet Sunay (later to be Turkey's 5<sup>th</sup> President, 1966-1973) and Prime

*Minister (later to be Turkey's 9<sup>th</sup> President, 1993-2000) Suleyman Demirel sitting in the foreground.*

Not all of the top appointees for my dad's quasi-governmental employers were incompetent political hacks. One of them (the CEO of TPAO, in the late 1960s) was a very-well known national figure named Korkut Ozal. Korkut was the older brother of one of the most renowned future politicians in Turkey's history, Turgut Ozal. Turgut Ozal was to be Prime Minister of Turkey from 1983-1987 and its President from 1988 until his death in 1993. During his tenure, he completely transformed Turkey's economy from state control to a market-based system. Both brothers belonged to a mildly Islamist party with the agenda of changing Turkey's strictly secular political system to be more Islamic-based. Their lifestyles (particularly Korkut's) were strictly Islamic, conservative and religious. Thus, when Korkut came into the top position at TPAO, his Islamic outlook clashed tremendously with the prevailing culture there. As an example, he would not drink alcohol in official social functions and discouraged others from doing so. Many sycophants in the organization pretended to stop alcohol use in their functions, switching from Scotch on the rocks to vodka and orange juice so they could click their glasses with Korkut and pretend they were drinking pure OJ just like he did. My father could not stomach such hypocrisy. He would bring his Scotch glass as usual and make a toast with Korkut's OJ glass out in the open. Even though the pious Korkut abhorred the practice of any Muslims' use of alcohol, he respected my father's honesty and courage in not hiding his lifestyle.



*Figure 21. Korkut Ozal (on left) was my father's boss at TPAO in the late 1960s and also the brother of Turgut Ozal, Prime Minister and later 8<sup>th</sup> President of Turkey seen on the right with George H.W. Bush*

There is a very amusing (or embarrassing, depending on your viewpoint) anecdote about Korkut Ozal that my father told me. When Ozal and his entourage including my dad were in a European capital negotiating a big tanker deal with their counterparts, Korkut suddenly stopped his official limousine on the side of the road one day. Every other car in the convoy also stopped. Under the curious looks of the European delegation, Korkut spread a small prayer rug on the grass in a nearby park and performed his Muslim prayers (Namaz). My father saw this as an unprofessional and completely inappropriate intrusion of someone's religious beliefs into the performance of his duties during business hours.



Figure 22. *In Houston, Texas for pipeline construction training with Kellogg Brown and Root, November 1964 (a Turkish colleague, Mr. Rifat Beyazit is third from left along with his wife. The other gentlemen are most likely the KBR hosts).*

During his TPAO years, he went back to the United States for a period of 4 months for training. He was going to work on the construction of the first major crude oil pipeline within Turkey's borders, from the main exploration site of Batman in southeastern Turkey to the port of Dortyol (near the city of Adana) on the Mediterranean. For this, he received training from the Kellogg, Brown and Root (KBR, later sadly to be acquired by Haliburton of Iraq War notoriety) construction company in Houston, Texas. He also visited New York, Arizona, Las Vegas and San Francisco on this trip. An interesting personal note about this trip is that after he returned home following this 4 month trip, I refused to talk to him for some time (I was two years old). I suppose I was angry at him for leaving me and my mom for so long or did not recognize him when he came back. Another major project my father worked on during his TPAO years was to scout out potential locations of Turkey's 3<sup>rd</sup> main petrochemical refinery, conduct feasibility studies on the potential sites and select one, and once the site was selected, help supervise the construction. The refinery was constructed in the late 60's and early 70's at the town of Aliaga on the Aegean Sea, very close to Izmir, Turkey's third largest city. My father would end up going on many business trips to that refinery and my mother and I accompanied him many times to stay at its guest house and take advantage of the sightseeing and recreational activities in and around Izmir.

He frequently went abroad in the execution of his duties, often negotiating the purchase or long-term lease of large super-tankers, or inspecting and certifying them. He made a 1969 visit to New York. In 1974 extended trip to many countries in Europe,



including Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany and Spain. He told me of having taken off and landed a total of 40 times during this trip over several weeks. Also in October 1974, he visited Port Arthur, TX to take possession of a tanker purchased or leased by IPRAS. Cenana was living in New Orleans at the time and visited him in Port Arthur (even though he had a car accident on the same day) and later drove him to the airport in New Orleans. Cenana recalls that when he saw my father in Port Arthur, he had 2 sheriff's deputies assigned to him as bodyguards. The reason soon became clear. The ship that he was possessing had a Greek crew, who were all going to lose their jobs when the ownership changed hands. Also, Turkey had just invaded Northern Cyprus two months ago and Greek-Turkish relations were at an all-time low. The authorities feared that the Greek crew might do something subtle to hurt my father (such as opening a valve of hot steam to burn him) and stop the re-possession of their ship. I've also heard the tension during this ship possession incident from my father separately.



Figure 23. *At a petroleum industry meeting in New York City in June 1969, this picture was taken at the United Nations building with Mr. Kairupan of Caltex-Indonesia.*

They were on a government stipend so they would use very modest accommodations when they were traveling abroad, especially in the U.S. I remember my father telling me they stayed at a YMCA in San Francisco, and I believe he was also sharing rooms with his colleagues.

One of the perks for working at TPAO or any large government or semi-government owned enterprise was the summer “camp” facilities on the beach. TPAO had built a top-notch resort-like summer camp in Tuzla, then a small town 90 kilometers from

Istanbul on the Marmara Sea (it has since become a far-flung suburb). Each employee and their family qualified for a 3-week stay at this company-owned and operated resort, all expenses paid by the company. Apart from very nice beach facilities, they offered clean and modern lodging, a cafeteria-style restaurant where you ate all your meals, volleyball and basketball courts, playground, infirmary etc. You could also drive into the small town of Tuzla occasionally. We went to the Tuzla camp every year between 1965 and 1972. I would always have a great time and made many friends there. This may seem like a rather socialistic practice, but in a poor country where many working people could not afford elaborate vacations, I felt that this was a great benefit to provide to employees and their families.

### **Pre-Retirement – the 1970s**

The 1970s were the last decade in which I lived in Turkey with my parents and the first decade of my life that I remember clearly well from start to end. My father was in the twilight of his career. My older brothers, Mehmet Cem and Ahmet Cenan had completed college and both gone to the United States for graduate school (in 1972 and 1973, respectively), leaving me in the status of a pampered only-child transitioning from elementary school to junior high and then high school at Robert Colege (the Arnavutkoy campus). We lived in a beautiful 4<sup>th</sup> story flat at Cennet Apt. (“Heaven” apartment complex!) overlooking the picturesque Bebek Bay in the Bosphorus. We had moved into this expensive flat in 1971 to be close to Cenan’s university, the Hisar campus of Robert College (where my father himself had gone 30 years earlier). Once again, he had made many financial sacrifices to buy this flat in a prime location. He had sold the family car and gotten into debt to make the down payment. He would take a city bus back and forth to his job in the Osmanbey / Harbiye district (about a 45 minute bus ride). The bus would often be standing-room only. I felt very bad for him as someone who was a rather senior manager, pushing 60 years old to be commuting this way but his priority was to build some equity in the house and then to put us through school. He would also carry groceries from the “Pazar” (sort of a farmers market where you could buy fresh produce, fish, bread and other basis staples at reduced prices) near his office every Thursday all the way home. He was exhausted at the end of the day when he arrived at home around 6:30. We would have dinner at around 7. He would drink his raki over the course of a long meal, watch some TV (usually cursing the various politicians during the news) and the “prime time” movie on the only channel on the state-run TV at the time and retire to bed around 10:30 or 11 pm.

On weekends, we would usually get together for dinner with close friends of my father and mother’s, such as Hayri Pasha and his then-current wife or girlfriend. We rarely went out to eat, but my parents did have quite a few couples they saw on a regular basis, so it was never boring. We would either have guests over dinner at our house or we would go to someone else’s house. Dinner parties were elaborate affairs with multiple hot and cold courses, raki, dessert and coffee served on a formally set table over the course of several hours. My mother did most of the cooking when we were the hosts, but my father did have signature dishes as well. He would always put together a “Russian salad” (a more interesting version of the American potato salad that includes

peas, carrots, pickles and salami in addition to potatoes) that used a home-made mayonnaise. He would spend an hour or more making his secret-recipe mayonnaise in the electric mixer. He also had another mayonnaise and celery appetizer dish that he took pride in making. Conversation with our guests was lively, the pace was slow, the mood usually started out very happy but turned melancholy as the night and the effect of the raki wore on. My parents also smoked heavily at the time. Sometimes we played Turkish music to add to the smoke-filled and mellow atmosphere. My parents were not rich but owned very nice china and a great collection of crystal stemware. They knew how to set a very elegant table and create a very civilized atmosphere for a dinner party consisting of elaborately prepared food, nice music, civilized conversation, witty humor and camaraderie. I often think wistfully of this European style of entertaining and am disappointed when I compare it to what is generally available in middle-class social gatherings in America – hamburgers, hot dogs, beans, chips, beef sandwiches or other informal fare gulped down in plastic plates and cups in a matter of minutes over loud conversation and the din of screaming children...



*Figure 24. With his family at Cem and Sitare's wedding in Columbus Ohio, October 1975. I am sitting down because I had had hip surgery the week before.*

Also on weekends, my father would take me to the movies, or the “cinema” as we called it. We would always go see “spaghetti Westerns”, which were his favorite genre. Clint Eastwood and Charles Bronson were among our favorites... One scary event I remember is when I was about 9 or 10 years old, my father and I had gone to buy flowers for my mom on Mother's Day. I let go of my father's hand when we were trying to cross a busy street and got hit by a taxi. The cab had slammed on his brakes but I still got hit and crashed pretty hard on the pavement on my left side. A small crowd gathered...I had no broken bones or bleeding. So apart from a serious tongue-lashing from my father, I got away unscathed (at least I thought at the time). What we did not know at the time was that the impact on my left hip had most likely caused a small amount of bruised

bone, cartilage and other tissues in and around my femur bone to start turning into a tumor. This tumor had fully developed in about 2 years' time and was causing me a tremendous amount of pain and crippling my ability to walk and be active. When the tumor was finally diagnosed in the fall of 1975, my mother had overheard a group of Turkish doctors doing a consultation about my leg mention "amputation" as a possibility. I will never forget the speed with which my father got our passports, visas and plane tickets arranged to fly to the United States to have my surgery there. We were packed and ready to go within a matter of 48 to 72 hours and flew to Columbus, Ohio where I had a successful surgery with the help of the Turkish community and Turkish doctors there. About 1 week after my surgery, my brother Cem and sister-in-law Sitare got married in the same town, so we celebrated 2 happy outcomes. I will never forget my father's determination and decisiveness to get me the best treatment possible. I found out later that he had cried non-stop throughout my 2 hours in surgery.

To summarize, in the first half of the 1970s, as a young boy, I was so incredibly happy, secure and content living alone with my parents and in their social circles. After 1976 or 1977, I started developing my own social life with school friends and spend less time at home on weekends, but still shared quite a lot of time with them.

The following are also some memorable historical events I remember from that decade.

In March 1971, Turkey had a second military coup (the first one, as discussed earlier, had occurred in 1960). It was a very tumultuous time in the world as well as in Turkey. The cold war between the U.S. and its allies and the Soviet bloc was in full steam. The Vietnam War was very unpopular in America as well as throughout the world, fueling anti-American feelings. The "movement of 1968", which started with the student uprisings and boycotts in Paris had spread all over Europe and the U.S. (remember Kent State?). Students at university campuses throughout Turkey were completely politicized and belonged to either one of dozens of left-wing factions ideologically loyal to either the Soviet Union (Stalin), China, (Mao Zedong), Yugoslavia (Josip Tito), Albania (Enver Hoxha), or the pro-Islamist movement, or an ultra right-wing pan-Turkist group known as the Gray Wolves. The pan-Turkists wanted to liberate all the Turkic-speaking people throughout the world, particularly those under the control of the Soviet Union in Central Asian Republics such as Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Turkmenistan and Krygizistan. The ideological battle between socialist/communist, fascist and Islamic-fundamentalist student movements often extended to armed clashes as many of these groups got heavily armed. There were armed robberies of banks, attacks on government buildings, kidnappings and executions of American servicemen and Israeli diplomats. A very heavily publicized event I remember is the visit of sailors of the U.S. 6<sup>th</sup> Fleet. Some of the sailors had been attacked (but not harmed) and thrown into the waters of the Bosphorus. The burgeoning organized labor movement often staged strikes; with the employers retaliating with lock-outs. Ideological student groups declared boycotts of classes based on their political agendas, and the students who just wanted to pursue their studies and stay out of politics ignored these boycotts at their own peril. The economy was in shambles and chaos reigned. In this atmosphere, the armed

forces intervened on March 12, 1971. Martial law was declared along with a night-time curfew.



Figures 25 and 26. *Father and son in Summer 1973 at our flat in Etiler (5<sup>th</sup> story, rear of the building) I was not too happy about having to go to the “Galatasaray” Swim School all summer!*

This was followed by sweeps of universities and students’ (and their families’) homes by the security forces in search of weapons, contraband and propaganda materials for outlawed organizations. The outlawed organizations included all forms of anti-democratic thought such as communism, fascism and Islamic fundamentalism. However, even scholarly and philosophical or research books on topics such as Marxism were outlawed and could be cause for arrest. Both of my brothers in 1971 were avid readers of left-wing texts, and our house contained many books about the writings and philosophies of Marx, Lenin, Trotsky as well as Turkish politicians, authors and labor unions of the same ideology. My father knew the security sweep was coming. He felt that his credentials as an ex-Navy officer would be helpful but perhaps not sufficient to protect his children against the excesses of the new military regime. I remember many books from both of my brothers’ libraries were sent to my grandmother’s house. She used an old-fashioned wood-burning stove in her house for heating (we had central heating). There, many thick volumes about Karl Marx and others went up in flames!

Then one day, the security forces did reach our house. They spoke to the superintendent of each apartment building and found out which flats had university students living in them. Our house was the only one in the complex which had a university student living in it, my brother Cenan who was a senior studying Chemistry at Robert College. Soldiers and special forces police came into our apartment, toting automatic and semi-automatic guns. I remember there were at least 4 or 5 of them. They

spoke to my father who showed them around. The soldiers were respectful but very firm. They searched the flat room-by-room. I will never forget one of them poking and lifting the duvet covering my parents' bed with the muzzle of his weapon and looking underneath. So much for 4<sup>th</sup> amendment rights! I was playing marbles on the rug in my brother's room, aged 9. Paying no attention to me, they looked at all of the titles in the massive library, one by one (luckily, all the offensive tomes had been burned!)

The 1970s were full of political turmoil in Turkey but we managed to stay out of trouble, largely due to my father's vigilance. I know that he did not want my older brother Cenan involved in student movements in college (although Cenan was involved). I remember my father imposed curfew on us (school day or not) on all May Days, especially after the May 1, 1977 disaster in which 37 people were trampled to death in Istanbul's Taksim Square when competing left-wing factions turned the May Day celebration into a war zone. He also kept a very close eye on all my comings and goings.

My father was very influential in shuttling off all three of his children to the U.S. for higher education in the same decade – the 1970's. Cenan was the first to leave after graduating from Robert College to pursue his Master's at Penn State in 1972, Cem followed suit to Penn State as well in 1973, and I joined them at Louisiana State in 1980. I think part of the reason he wanted us to go to the U.S. was that he believed the best higher education was available there. My father definitely wanted us to have the best, especially since he had an opportunity to be educated here at M.I.T. The second reason I believe he wanted to send us abroad was his concern to get us away from the political turmoil in Turkey in general and Turkish universities, in particular. This applied especially to Cenan and me. Cenan was inclined to be involved in political activities, which my father saw as dangerous. I had strong political views as well but was more risk-averse so probably would not have been a student activist in the years of anarchy leading up to Turkey's 3<sup>rd</sup> military coup at the end of the decade (1980). However, many neutral university students were caught in the cross-fire in those days so he was anxious to ship me off to the U.S. as well.



Figure 27. *At the Port of Rotterdam, March 1974*

As mentioned already, finances were as tight as ever in the 1970s especially since he was putting me through an expensive private school and sending money to the U.S. for at least partial support of Cem and Cenar's graduate studies. There were not too many things we splurged on, but my father did manage to buy a summer house in the summer of 1978. The modest house (it was more like a cabin) was built in a coastal area near the Gallipoli Peninsula, site of the famous Gallipoli Battle of 1915. So for two summers (1978 and 1979) before I headed to the US for college, we did have our own summer house where we would have access to a beach throughout the summer. My father would work in Istanbul during the week and take the 5 hour bus to join us Friday evenings. My father also sent me and my mom to visit my brothers in America during the summer of 1974, and in 1977, the three of us took a two-week trip through Austria and Italy. He would also give me an allowance to take care of my personal and social needs during my high school years (I think it was something like \$10-\$15 a week). In the second half of the 1970s, his business life had become more subdued with not many social functions to attend, and he and my mother did not go out much due to the tight finances. Television, having friends over for dinner or going to other people's homes for dinner were the primary forms of entertainment.

### **Shuttling Between U.S. and Turkey Post-Retirement (1982-2006)**

Sending me off to college in the U.S. in August 1980 and becoming "empty-nesters" was very difficult for my parents, especially my mother. Rearing children from the first year of her marriage (1947) until now had been her primary source of joy for 33 years. To finally have her youngest child depart the family home may not have been so

bad if I had not gone 5000 miles to the other corner of the globe. Back then, neither my parents, nor my brothers nor I had the financial means to go back-and-forth frequently and lessen the pain of separation. I found out later that my mother had a very difficult adjustment period psychologically, often having nightmares or bouts of depression. They did not see me for a whole year until August 1981, when they flew to Houston and my brothers and I picked them up at the airport after midnight and drove the 250 miles to Baton Rouge. They stayed for 2 months on that trip (my father had taken a special leave of absence from the Turkish Lloyd), and even before that period was over, they were getting depressed again about the prospect of a long separation. My father was 65 and had already earned his pension from Petrol Ofisi; he was just working for extra money. Given the emotional upheavals wrought by extended periods of separation from his children, he did decide to retire permanently, exactly a year later, in October 1982. This started a 24-year period of time-sharing between their house in Turkey and various living arrangements in the United States.



*Figure 28. With granddaughter Asli in Baton Rouge, December 1983 (Plymouth Champ in background)*

When they “moved over” in 1982, we rented an apartment together and my dad bought a small car (a 1982 Plymouth Champ, which was a tiny but efficient car that got about 50 miles to the gallon). We were to live together like this for most of my remaining time in college. They would arrive from Turkey in the fall and we would rent a new place. They would stay until May, and then go back to Turkey for the summer. I could join them in some of the summers; in others, I found alternative living arrangements in the U.S. It was an arrangement that was far from ideal. It certainly limited my options as a young bachelor college student! The apartments were not on or near campus; so I had a commute every day. Our apartments were furnished in a very Spartan manner with hand-me down furniture, folding tables etc. My father managed the family budget and made sure that we made ends meet on \$500 a month (he was very



proud of this). Even though far from ideal for them or for me, I felt that I owed them this much to lessen their pain. So we lived on...

My brothers were in the process of expanding their families, and there was always a new infant (as well as existing toddlers) for my mother to take care of at our apartment! This gave my mom a sense of purpose as well as the joy of raising grandchildren and helping out my brothers financially, so it was a good arrangement. My father did all the shopping for the home (grocery and otherwise) since he had primary ownership of the vehicle. And I went off to school and worked in my brother's pizza shop or at the college catering service (later), sharing custody of the car...A black-and white TV was the only other source of entertainment for my parents (in 1984, we upgraded to a color TV, one which I kept through the early years of my marriage in the 1990s).

An interesting side-note to this cross-ocean commutation that my father and mother did for all these years was they crossed the ocean by ship on about 3 or 4 of their trips. When I say ship, I do not mean the QE 2 or any luxury passenger ship, I mean a Turkish freight ship! Because of my dad's past in the Turkish navy and other maritime work he had done, he had the connections to secure a "free right of passage" on any freight ship owned by the Turkish government. These large trans-Atlantic freight ships or oil tankers would have several private "guest" cabins, near the Captain's quarters. While rather Spartan, these arrangements were clean and efficient, and best of all an absolutely "free" means to come to the United States, if you had enough time on your hands (which Hamza and Lamia did). The trip would take anywhere from 14 to 21 days! On one trip, they stopped at Casablanca (Morocco) and spent a couple of days sightseeing. My father told me that Casablanca had a section that looked absolutely beautiful (was like "Paris" he said) this was the European section of the town, and the native Moroccan quarters were not as nice...

In the late 1980's, when I had finished my graduate studies and moved to Chicago to work for United Airlines, we had solved the problem of costly air transportation between the United States and Turkey. As the parents of a United Airlines employee, they were entitled to free air travel anywhere in the world!! (on stand-by status, of course!) This was a very good perk for them as my father was a very inquisitive and curious man, and he never stopped wishing to go to new places he had never seen up until the time when he died. My mother tended to be more conservative, and wanted to stay close to home in her older years, but not my dad. There was no corner of the globe he would not risk seeing on a free ticket. Thus, the most exotic trip I sent them on (alone) was a trip they took from Chicago to Hong Kong and Bangkok. While they were very well traveled in Europe, this was their first foray into the Far East. My father absolutely loved it (although I found out later they did not love the food, and ate at McDonald's most of the trip!)



Figure 29. *In front of the Argentine Presidential Palace, Buenos Aires, November 1992*

Other trips they took with me during my United Airlines years include San Francisco, Los Angeles, Hawaii, Boston, Florida, Buenos Aires, Athens and Paris. My father especially loved traveling in first class (whenever we could get it on standby) and was very proud of the way one of his sons was re-paying everything he had done for them (and I was very proud to provide him that opportunity).

My father and mother attended my wedding in February 1991 in Aurora, Illinois. After Kathy and I had our son Berk in 1993, my parents did start visiting us again every year in the Chicago area for extended periods and helping us with first Berk, and then with Julide who was born in December 1996. They generally preferred to spend the summers in Turkey in their summer home, but spent parts of the fall, winter and spring at our house and my brothers' homes in the U.S. In the early years in Chicago, my father could still drive so I would lend him my car on weekends so he and my mother could go to the Mall or to Wal-mart etc. He loved shopping even though he did not really need to buy much. He would always want to buy stuff for my mother (clothing, jewelry) or gifts for relatives back home in Turkey. He loved to shop around for bargains and certainly had all the time in the world to look for them! In the later years, when he could not drive any more, I would have to take him everywhere, which usually happened only on weekends. I introduced him to my limited circle of Turkish friends and their families. We took them downtown on many occasions. We even took them on vacation with us to Disney World one year (1998) and to Door County, Wisconsin (2003). On Thanksgiving, we would usually drive with them to meet at my brother Cem's house in Columbus, where Cenani and his family would also sometimes join us. He would go for long walks around our home in Buffalo Grove, do our shopping at the Dominick's grocery store (which was also within walking distance). We would take him and my

mom to see our kids' concerts, soccer games, dance and boy scout activities. And the years wore on...My father was very blessed in that he lived a very long life and spent a big portion of it in the company of his wife, 3 children and 8 grandchildren. In the final years of his life, he also personally witnessed 2 milestone events – his first granddaughter Asli's graduation ceremony from college (2002) and his first grandson Kaan's wedding (2005). The one other milestone event I was hoping he would live long enough to see was the birth of a great grandchild, but he left us before this could happen.

## **HIS CHARACTER**

### Views on Politics

My father's political views can be summarized as follows. Within the context of domestic Turkish politics, he was very patriotic, very nationalistic and very fervently supportive of Kemal Ataturk and the reforms he instituted in Turkey. In this, my dad's views were consistent with the Turkish intelligentsia who lived their formative years in the intoxicating atmosphere of revolutionary Turkey in the 1920's and 1930's. He was also an unequivocal supporter of the Turkish Armed Forces and their self-declared guardian role in Turkish politics. Democratic rule in Turkey was interrupted by military coup d'etats 3 times in the history of the Republic (1960, 1971 and 1980) and my father enthusiastically supported all three interruptions.

This is not because he did not believe in democracy – he certainly did. Like the majority of the upper middle-class intelligentsia in Turkey, however, he also believed that democracy was not functioning very well at these particular periods in our history leading to corruption, chaos, anarchy, and potentially to the possibility of even civil war, posing the serious risk of unraveling Ataturk's republic. He had also bought into the military establishment's theory that the country could only be protected against the triple existential threats of communism, Islamic fundamentalism, and Kurdish separatism by the ever-vigilant actions of the Armed Forces. In addition, he believed (with much justification) that Turkey's geopolitical status had left it surrounded by hostile countries which supported these internal threats - the Soviet Union supporting communist sedition movements, Iran supporting Islamic fundamentalism, Syria, at times Iraq and even Greece supporting Kurdish terrorism and separatism- making them even more deadly. Within this context, his support for a multi-party democracy was constrained by national security considerations.

Thus, his idea much like the intelligentsia and the Army's view, was that of a "protected" democracy rather than a full-blown "libertarian" democracy of the West. In this protected democracy, the Armed Forces, the President, the Courts, intellectuals and any number of other unelected powers offered significant checks and balances to the policies and actions of elected governments. My father was also against allowing political freedom to groups with anti-democratic ideologies. As a result, he supported the bans on communist, Islamic fundamentalist and Kurdish separatist political parties.

A true anecdote about the selection process for my name shows my father's disdain for communism. My father wanted to name me Mustafa, after his brother who died at age 30 in 1945. My mother had wanted to give me my middle name, Suphi, after her own father who died in 1954 (Note: according to Islamic tradition, new born children cannot be given names of living relatives. For instance, a Hamza Jr. is out of the question as long as Hamza is alive. But after death, names of close relatives are frequently given to new borns). They had agreed on my first name (Mustafa), and my father had not objected to the middle name (Suphi) . I guess he had never quite put the two names

together in his mind. When I was born and it was time to register my full name for the birth certificate, he did put together “Mustafa Suphi”, and quickly struck the middle name, exclaiming “no son of mine will ever be named Mustafa Suphi!”... You see, Mustafa Suphi was a notorious historic figure, the head of the outlawed Turkish Communist Party, who had been tried and executed for sedition in the 1920s by Kemal Ataturk’s new republican regime!! This is the reason I do not have a middle name to this day...

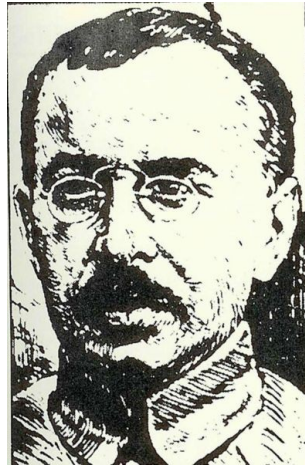


Figure 30. Mustafa Suphi, my (not-to-be) namesake!

With the unraveling of the Soviet Union, the communist threat was significantly diminished. Authorities allowed communist parties to be established starting in the mid 1990s and communist publications were also allowed. Without the backing of the Soviet Union, communist movements started to be viewed by the Turkish establishment as no longer a real threat, but more of an amusing spectacle of eccentric and out-of-touch intellectuals and other marginal people. However, the threats of Islamic fundamentalism and Kurdish separatism continued unabated; in fact, these movements gained strength after 1990. At the same time, Turkey’s rapidly growing economy and push to become a member of the European Union, changed social and political dynamics so much that proponents of a “liberal” or “libertarian” democracy were gaining strength. As the European Union demanded, many political and legal reforms were instituted after 2000, to remove the constraints on Turkish democracy. For example, the death penalty was abolished. Special “anti-terrorism” courts consisting of 2 civilian judges and 1 military judge were converted into regular criminal courts under complete civilian control. Detainees could not be kept in jail for more than 24 hours without being charged for any reason, including terrorism. *(As an interesting side note, as Turkey was moving into full-blown democracy and rule of law, a traumatized United States after 9/11 allowed George W. Bush to replace 800+ years of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence with acts of authorized torture, suspension of habeas corpus, the disgrace that is Guantanamo, extra-judicial detention of American citizens for years on end, rendering of detainees to foreign governments for torture and any number of lawless and totalitarian practices under the false banner of “national security”).*

As these political changes were occurring in Turkey in the 2000s, my father’s health was failing and his mind had lost some of its keen interest and focus on political

affairs. However, he was still following events to a certain degree, and tried to keep an open mind. While some of the reforms went directly against his deeply-held convictions (for instance, the decision not to execute the head of the PKK terrorist organization Abdullah Ocalan), I did see a softening of his views, a willingness to consider another point of view, as long as these changes would result in a more prosperous, more free Turkey. We have had many political arguments in our lifetimes (me always on the left-wing or libertarian side; he always on the authoritarian or “national security” side), but in his final years, I felt that both of our views moved towards the “center” and for the first time, we did not have major differences.

Within the broader framework of international politics, my father was clearly pro-Western and especially pro-American. He felt that the world needed a policeman, a “good-cop” to keep the bad guys in check, and this was the United States. With the exception of the last Iraq War, I don’t believe there was a single war or military intervention by the U.S. that he did not approve of. He spoke particularly about World War II and America’s role in it in glowing terms. He believed Germans were better and more experienced soldiers, but America had overwhelmed them with superior firepower. During the cold war, he continued to be a big supporter of the United States and its policies, particularly given his distrust of Russians and his hatred of communism. He thought very highly of Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy.

### Views on Religion

My father was not a visibly religious man. I have never witnessed him participating in any rituals of Islam such as fasting during Ramadan, or going to Friday prayers or Bayram prayers. This is very interesting because he grew up in the conservative Uskudar district and came from a religious family. His three brothers that I knew (Ethem, Nizameddin, Hasan) all prayed with some regularity, fasted during Ramadan and generally lived more religious lives. At least one of the three brothers’ wives (Ethem’s wife Sukriye, who is Bulent’s mother) covered her head with the Islamic scarf. All of our cousins from my father’s side of the family were raised with much more religion than my brothers or me.

I think my father’s lack of outward religiosity had to do with his military upbringing from a very young age. As I explained earlier, the military were the guardians of the secular order in Ataturk’s young republic. He was raised with western notions of behavior, including how to interact with women, how to eat and drink, how to dance. As most Turkish intellectuals did starting with the Young Turk movement in the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, he did see an Islamic world held back by religious fanatics who were against any form of technological or social innovation. He believed these fanatics had to be held down by force. He admired the process of Reformation and Enlightenment that the western world went through. Just like Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, and Thomas Payne had been Kemal Ataturk’s forbidden heroes when he was a military cadet, my father was inculcated with ideas of the French revolution and the Enlightenment period growing of age. He believed Islam needed its own reformation. The religious establishment in Turkey, suppressed under Ataturk’s rule, continued to be extremely

reactionary and could not possibly offer any spiritual nourishment to an educated and civilized man.

I remember he told me that one of the very few times he had gone to Friday prayers in his adulthood, the Imam preaching about the use of Western-style forks and knives to be an “infidel” invention and “haram” (prohibited) in his sermon. He walked out of the sermon; he could not stomach such falsehoods in the name of Islam. He also confided to me several times that he wished men and women could worship together in the mosques as they do in Christian churches.

While it would be fair to say that he did not find the current social and communal application of Islam in Turkey and elsewhere appealing, he did believe the Islamic creed (“there is but one God and Muhammad is His prophet”) both at a spiritual level, but even more importantly, at a cultural level. He felt that being Muslim (even if you did not actively practice the superstition-laden version in practice) was an integral part of our Turkish identity of 1000+ years and something that he took pains to preserve, and he wanted his children and grandchildren to preserve this Turkish-Islamic identity very much.

### Views on Nations of the World

Among the major Western nations, my father distrusted the British and the French for being cunning and deceitful and undermining Turkey’s interests throughout much of our history. He thought of Russia as Turkey’s biggest and most direct enemy as he believed their designs on Turkey were much more directly hostile. His feelings about Russia were the product of 300 years of Ottoman wars with the Czar’s Russia, compounded by his hate of communism which turned that country in his mind into a double-edged monster. Italians were good lovers but never good warriors (he called Mussolini “that clown”). He did like very much peoples of northern Europe- that is the Dutch, the Danes, the Swedes, Norwegians and Finns. They were the epitome of “civilized people”. Of course, the fact that these countries had not been major political powers throughout history, and therefore, had not been in any wars or confrontations with the Ottoman Empire also helped with their status in his eyes.

Naturally, he did not like or trust the Greeks, but he thought they were a minor irritant on the world stage (“the spoiled baby of the West”). He felt that Arabs and Iranians were both too oriental in their nature. Arabs had imbued Islamic culture with sloth and backwardness; and Iranians did not do much but boast about their past glory and undermine the Sunni Ottoman Empire with their Shiite schemes.

Of the main Western powers and peoples, he only generally liked Germans and Americans. He believed Germans were good people at heart and had been duped into many atrocious acts by Hitler. But most of all he had a very strong feeling for America and Americans (even before his sons came here). Americans were good, simple, sincere folks who had established a wonderfully well-functioning system on the richest and most secure continent in the world. Every year that he visited the US, he would never cease to

lavish praise on America's wealth, how orderly the traffic was here, how spacious the homes were and on and on... He also admired the people's informal friendliness in America, especially in the South and the Midwest. He often complained that Americans did not know much about formal manners, but that was a minor negative.

### Views on Careers

Coming from a Euro-centric educational background which is very rigorous in mathematics and the sciences, my father believed the purpose of higher education was to train oneself in a suitable profession. The definition of a "suitable profession" for young men was rather limited – it had to be based in mathematics, basic sciences and involve a rigorous program of study. Liberal arts degrees that aimed to make one "broadly educated" were out. Social sciences such as psychology, economics, sociology etc were either make-belief sciences or not rigorous enough. Business administration and management studies were acceptable as graduate level studies but again were too "fluffy" and not geared enough towards a specific profession that he would not consider them acceptable for one's undergraduate studies.



*Figure 31. At a business negotiation for the purchase of a petroleum super tanker, Malmo-Sweden (1974)*

This left only engineering and medicine as "acceptable" professions in his mind. Part of this bias was obviously based on his own fine engineering education obtained at the number one engineering school in the world, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He knew how incredibly difficult and rigorous this had been compared to getting a degree in for example, marketing or psychology. Even medicine, which was one of the two "acceptable" professions, was secondary to engineering in its level of difficulty and worthiness. He once told me medicine is based more on "biology" which



utilized much more rote memory as a learning method than mathematics and physics which were purely analytical. However, because of the incredible volume of information that had to be learned and its social impact and significance, medicine remained acceptable as a profession. Thus, he always prepared me for a career with engineering or medicine as its foundation.

In Turkey, university capacity is limited and available to only about 1 out of 10 applicants. There is a single, centralized examination which solely determines what universities and colleges an applicant will or will not be admitted into. Each applicant will “bid up” a certain number of points for his or her top choices for universities and fields of study. Then, based on collective demand, the performance scores to enter each of the universities and fields of studies will be adjusted up or down. For instance, if 10,000 applicants had their first choice to enter the Medical School at the University of Istanbul and there were only 200 spots, the points required for admission will be extremely high. In this system, the points required for admission were always the highest at the top engineering and medical schools in the country. Everybody wanted to be a doctor or an engineer because these were the fields that paid the best salaries. Perhaps, that is another reason he wanted me to pursue one of these two fields. He always wanted us to do what was challenging and difficult rather than what was easy. We grew up in a household with a very strong “culture of achievement”; in which every one except my mother has attained at least one post-graduate college degree (my mother has a B.A. in French Philology).

Thus when my university examination score in 1980 placed me among the top 500 students in a field of 500,000 across the country and I won admission into the highly touted Bogazici University (old Robert College) Industrial Engineering program, he was very proud. When I was accepted into the School of Engineering at Columbia University, he was equally proud but also sad that there was no way for him to finance my enrollment at that particular university. So off I went to Louisiana State University, which was not difficult to get into at all, but obtaining two engineering degrees there as well as my grade point average and success of my thesis still made him proud.

My father’s views on a business education changed over time. He realized that to get ahead in the world of management, one had to push beyond the narrow technical focus of an engineer. Actually, he had been a top level manager and administrator most of his career, without the benefit of a formal management education. He showed me my brother Cenan’s MBA education as a good example of how to help yourself transition from a purely technical career into the ranks of being a company executive. Thus, he was ecstatic when I enrolled at the MBA program at Northwestern University (the #1 rated program in the country at the time and perennially one of the top 3 or 4 in the U.S.) I compared this to his objections when I was applying to Harvard University to study economics as an undergraduate, because he did not consider economics to be a rigorous enough field of study for an undergraduate. He had come a long way in his thinking!

## Views on Culture

As was discussed earlier, he had what Americans would call an “elitist” notion of culture. However, this was not because he was an elitist. He obviously came from a very modest background and would never look down on people with limited economic means. He believed education was (or should be) the determining factor of appreciating the finer things in life, not wealth.

Finer things in life started with good food and drink, and the proper etiquette for eating. He would use his fork and knife in the “continental” style (fork always in left-hand, knife always in right hand, never switching hands after cutting) and apply them with the precision of a surgical instrument to cut, slice, scoop any and all foods ranging from steaks to hamburgers to fried chickens to apples and watermelon. Meals had to be eaten at the proper meal times and only at a properly set table. Wolfing down sandwiches standing by the kitchen island, or eating in the car in between errands, or raiding the fridge or the pantry in search of quick bite-size snacks were considered barbaric habits. When sitting at the table, you had to be properly dressed. I remember being told to put socks on, or wash my face and shave, before being allowed to sit down to Sunday breakfast when I was a teenager. Like most modern Turks and Europeans, we did not go through the guilt-ridden ritual of saying out loud group prayers before meals, but my father would always open the meal with an “afiyet olsun” (bon appetite), or “serefe” (cheers) if alcohol was involved (it usually was!), and finish with a low-key “cok sukur” (many thanks to God).



*Figure 32. A typical dinner scene from the early 1980s. The crystal collection is visible in the hutch behind my dad.*

Dress style had to be neat, clean and conservative. The following is an amazing but true statement that could easily be verified by any family member. My father never wore blue jeans in his life, even though these were widely available in Turkey since the

1960s and he visited the US every year between 1980 until 2006. When I say never, I mean never...*Not even once, not a single day, not a single time, never, ever, nada!!* He would always wear dress pants and a buttoned-down dress shirt, even at home. On most social occasions, he would wear a jacket and a tie, even when they were not required. Here is another amazing “never” – with the exception of his final year, during which his ability to take care of his own grooming was diminished, he *never, ever* would come out to the living quarters of the house in the morning unshaven! Going unshaven even for a day (week day or weekend did not matter) was uncivilized. Men’s hair had to be short (though not too short like buzz) and neat. There are many funny anecdotes about this one. My older brothers had their formative years in the 1960s, when the Beatles and their hairstyles dominated popular culture. He certainly did not approve of this and took action against it when he could. The following anecdote illustrates how rigid he could be on this issue.

When my brother Cenan graduated from Fen Lisesi in Ankara (a magnet high-school for the mathematically gifted, which at the time, probably could be ranked as the top academic high school in Turkey), the family was in the process of moving to Istanbul because of my father’s new job. Cenan, therefore, traveled to Istanbul after the graduation ceremony to present his diploma to my father, “kiss his hand” (as was the Turkish custom with your elders) to obtain his blessings and congratulations on his achievement. When Cenan arrived in my father’s office, my father took one look at him and told him to “go get a hair cut” and come back when he was presentable. Thus, Cenan’s presentation of his diploma had to wait until after a quick visit to the barber shop!

We already covered some of his views of classical music, theater and the arts with the anecdote from the Golcuk years. He absolutely loved classical (western) music. We also know that as a young man, he took violin lessons. He had amassed a huge collection of 78 rpm classical albums from his stay in Boston, which he brought to Turkey and which we still have in their house in Istanbul. He knew his Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Strauss, Schubert and other giant classical composers. A true anecdote as recalled by Lamia illustrates the extent of his love for classical music. The night before my birth, on September 26 1962, my mother started having birthing pains (her water may have broken for all we know) in my parents’ house in Ankara. My grandmother was also there to help with the new grandchild about to be born. They both told my father that he needed to drive my mother to the hospital. He was listening to one (or more) of his Beethoven albums and said he could not take my mom until he finished listening to his albums! Luckily, my mother’s pains got more intense very quickly and he did have to change his mind and take her to the hospital, cutting his listening pleasure short.

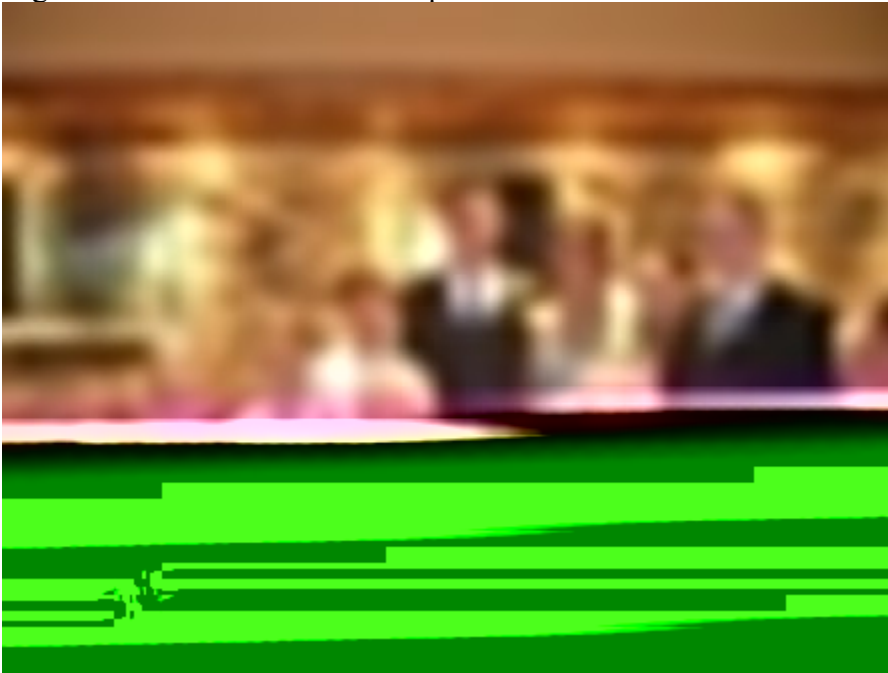
My father also loved the opera. His best friend, (Admiral) Hayri, had the exact opposite temperament to my father; he liked popular music and popular culture rather than the classics. There is a funny anecdote about one evening in which my father and mother tricked Hayri and his girlfriend at the time to go the opera with them. Hayri thought he was going to some other kind of musical performance, but when he found himself in the State Opera Hall in Ankara listening to “the Marriage of Figaro”, he knew

he'd been had! My dad always wanted others to appreciate classical culture as much as he did, but in this case, his best friend Hayri and his girlfriend snuck out at the first intermission!

### Views on Family

Family (nuclear family) was the center of everything. He never sought diversions outside of the home; was always faithful to my mother and wanted her to share in all aspects of his life. Unlike some Turkish men who would leave their wives at home to go out after work with their work colleagues, he would often bring my mother to these work-related dinners (and sometimes me as well). We have photos from dozens of such dinner functions in the 1970's.

He devoted all his financial resources and his energy to the raising of his children. Although he was strictly a middle-class bureaucrat with many good perks but not a great deal of free cash flow, he made sure that all 3 children were educated at private schools, in fact at some of the best schools in the country (Cem at the Sankt Georg Austrian boarding school in Istanbul, Cenan at Fen Lisesi in Ankara which is a magnet school for the mathematically gifted, and Mustafa at the Robert College American secondary school in Istanbul). He also supported his sons' higher education in the United States to varying degrees as needed. All of this required a considerable amount of sacrifice.



*Figure 33. With 7 of his 8 grandchildren at the oldest one's (Kaan) wedding (June 2005, Florida)*

My father did not always keep very close relations with all of our extended family members, both on his side and my mother's side. This was due to some of his principles as explained in the section on his Integrity. Hierarchy of age determined the protocol between family members (nuclear as well as extended). Elders had to be respected.

Junior family members had to call or visit their elders, not the other way around. He was very rigid about these rules. If somebody more junior in the family did not call him, he would never call them back. He also had a very long memory. If any family member (or friend) had been disrespectful to him even once in his judgment, they were placed on a black list until perpetuity or until they apologized.

### Work Habits, Discipline and Neatness

He was very well-organized, very meticulous, very disciplined and hard-working. He would often lecture me about how disorganized I was and what an important skill it was to be well-organized in life. Being late for appointments was unforgivable. He filed all his papers and personal belongings away very neatly and knew where everything was. I remember when I was having some financial and organizational as well as emotional difficulties in the transition period between my college graduation and finding my first job, he was tremendously helpful to me. He had gone through all my overdue bills, bank statements, overdraft notices (it was a big mess and probably because I was depressed about my financial affairs, I had not had the courage to even look at my bills) and paid off each of them and showed me a very neatly prepared list. He even negotiated with the bank and convinced them to waive many of the penalties for insufficient funds. Many years later, I would pay back the favor by managing his investment accounts and his medical bills with the same amount of meticulousness and attention to detail.

When he visited our house in the Chicago area each year starting in the 1990s, one of his first tasks was to completely re-organize our pantry and spice racks in the kitchen, which he considered to be chaotic. Luckily, my wife Kathy did not mind; in fact, she encouraged it. The picture below also illustrates to which lengths he could carry this “neatness” thing!



*Figure 34. Combing out the fringe in the oriental rug! (1998)*

Although my dad being a “neat freak” and always lecturing me about it turned me off and led to me being sort of frumpy and not well-organized (except at school) early in my life, I did realize how important this was later in life once I got away from his nagging. Nowadays, I am the neat freak in the family and always lecture my wife and kids about keeping their cars, their rooms, their belongings etc. in order!! (I guess like father, like son)

### Integrity

Integrity was perhaps the single most important defining aspect of my father’s character. In a country where corruption was rampant, he prided himself on making an honest living. As was discussed earlier, he was not a religious man in the traditional sense, but he really did take to heart the Islamic concept of “halal” (clean, allowed, legal, kosher) versus “haram” (unearned, uncouth, unclean, forbidden) when it came to earning a living. He has told me many times with pride that he never brought home one dollar of “haram” income all his life.

In his many positions of influence, he certainly had many opportunities and offers to supplement his income with many perks and side benefits, if not downright cash. He would not even accept gifts from people he did business with; I remember him returning bottles of whiskey sent to our home as New Year’s gifts. He had chauffer-driven official car in his brief stint at Petrol Ofisi. He would not let me or my mother ride in it (as most government executives did with their families) because per the government regulations, the car was for the benefit of the public official only and not private citizens.

Integrity meant not only refusing unearned perks and benefits but also standing on principle, no matter the cost. We know that he was offered the CEO position at TPAO in the late 1960s but refused because he was asked to “make nice” with a shady private sector shipping magnate as a pre-condition. He also resigned from his position at Petrol Ofisi and was unemployed for several months rather than submitting to pressure to pad the staff with political cronies at tax-payer expense.

My father’s integrity in his professional life also extended to his personal relationships. He did not observe social niceties with people he did not like, whether they were members of the extended family, business associates, or casual acquaintances. He never acted like he liked someone if he didn’t. You knew exactly where you stood with him. He also was very proud and would not hesitate to make a small scene if something offensive was said. This, obviously, was not always a good characteristic and caused many strains within our family’s social circles. I have been embarrassed by some of these incidents and scolded my father about them in my adulthood. However, in retrospect, no matter how impolite his outbursts in these social situations, I have never found his judgment of the people he disliked to be inaccurate. He was a very good judge of character and he saw right through people (much more quickly than me).

## Pride and Patriotism

My father also had an enormous amount of pride and dignity. If he felt in any way that people were being disrespectful to him, he would publicly call them on it no matter what the social or professional consequence. We know that when he was on the Kellogg Brown and Root training in Houston in 1964, he felt that his superior from TPAO, Mr. Rifat Beyazit (who was a younger man), had spoken disrespectfully to him on one occasion. My father started packing his bags and was going to the airport to return to Turkey. When he discovered what the problem was, Mr. Beyazit apologized profusely, explained to my dad that he had not been raised in Istanbul and therefore may not always know or care about formal rules of etiquette as much as my dad did, and convinced him to stay.

The following anecdote is also a very vivid one in my memory because it illustrates my father's pride and patriotism in the same instance. While we have already covered the fact that my father liked Americans very much in general, this did not always extend to some "ugly Americans" abroad....

When I was about 12 or 13 years old living in the Heaven Apartment Complex in the posh Etiler district of Istanbul, my father and I were returning home together one afternoon (I don't remember from where or what the occasion was). We entered the lobby of the apartment complex (Block B in the back). The elevator was on the ground floor so we got in and pushed "4" to head to our apartment on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor (Note: In Turkey and Europe, the ground floor of a building is not counted as the first floor, so what is considered the 5<sup>th</sup> floor in America would be considered the 4<sup>th</sup> floor there). As soon as the elevator started rising, we heard a loud banging on the elevator door and a big commotion and yelling in English. We did not know what was going on, but my father decided to find out. He pushed the "stop" button in the elevator and pressed the "Z" (which stands for "Zemin", or "Ground" floor in Turkish) to go back down to the lobby. When we got back to the lobby and opened the elevator door, we saw this freckled-faced American teenager who was maybe a couple of years older than me yelling and screaming and shouting obscenities at me and my father. Apparently, he was angry that we had not seen him trying to catch up to us and therefore had missed the opportunity to ride up in the elevator. He probably did not think we spoke English, but to understand his meaning, you did not really need to speak any English at all. The arrogance, surliness and lack of respect was understood loud and clear through his body language.

Here was an "ugly American" kid who happened to be visiting our next door neighbors on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor, who happened to be an African-American US serviceman and his family and who were wonderful people (I still remember playing marbles with their son Clarence). The little brat thought that because he was American and we were the "natives", his needs took priority over ours and that even though he was barely 14 or 15, he could hurl obscenities at a 60-year old man without any consequences. Maybe he thought we would say "yes, mas-tuh", "I am so sorry mas-tuh", "you are the true owner of our country; we have forgotten our place mas-tuh"... This was truly a Rosa Parks type

of moment, except that this kid did not even outnumber us; he was so extremely arrogant and so confident that as an American, he was untouchable, he might have yelled and screamed if there had been 5 of us in the elevator.



*Figure 35. Clarence and me in the back yard of “Heaven” Apartments (1971)*

When the shock of what we were hearing had registered in our brains maybe a millisecond later, my father lunged towards the little would-be-colonialist...He started yelling at the teenage thug in English in an extremely vicious and belligerent voice and slapping the boy in the face in the same instant...He was not done with one slap either, when the brat realized he had met trouble, turned tail, and started running up the 5 flights of stairs, my father ran after him, taking the steps two at a time, lurching up after the boy. I knew he wanted to tear that teenager to pieces...I ran up with my dad, but of course at age 60, he could not keep up with the scared rabbit. When we got up to our floor, our little colonialist was knocking frantically at our neighbors’ door (they had not answered for some reason) and he was literally shaking from head to toe...My father had calmed down somewhat at this point so just issued the boy a sternly-worded warning to show more respect next time, and we went into our flat. From that point on, that boy was as timid as a rabbit as he came and went visiting our neighbors.

How dare you? How dare you come into our country as a guest and treat us this way? Who gives you that right? What kind of parents raised you this way? Who do you think you are? Who do you think we are? You thought we are citizens of some banana republic, some little American colony in a lazy tropical climate, that at the first reprimand from a 15 year old American to a 60 year old “native”, we are going to go down on our knees and beg for mercy? Maybe in some parts of the world, but not here... I know that these were the thoughts going through my father’s head. His enormous pride in himself, his sense of dignity and patriotism were such that I have no doubt that if that ugly



American were 6 foot 3 and weighed 250 pounds, my father would have still confronted him.

### His Health and Passing

My father was a very healthy man, obviously proven by his longevity. Despite being so slight in stature (he was only about 5'5" tall), he never had a weight problem his entire life. Probably somewhat related to this as well as to favorable genetics, he never developed any heart or cardiovascular disease until the very end. He would watch what he ate and how much he ate very carefully. As I keep lecturing my children, he ate a diet very rich in vegetables and grains, a lot of fish, sparing amounts of red meat and very little in the way of sweets. *(I have to admit he had an advantage in that the vegetables he ate were prepared the Turkish way, with olive oil and Mediterranean spices and are therefore much more appealing than the frozen and boiled over broccoli stalks that we in American force-feed our children!)* He would eat absolutely no junk food in between meals. He took a little bit of "raki" (the strong and anise-flavored Turkish alcoholic drink) on most nights with dinner but kept it in moderation unless there was a social occasion to celebrate. Unfortunately, he did smoke cigarettes for many years but he and my mother quit completely in the last 15 years of my father's life.

His first serious health problem occurred in 1987, when he was 71 years old. He had prostate cancer and one of his kidneys had been embedded with many small kidney stones and become completely dysfunctional. Both his kidney and his prostate were removed in a 10-hour surgery in New Orleans, Louisiana. After that, we had his PSA level checked every year. In 1995, when his cancer showed signs of returning, he had another surgery in the same hospital to have his testes removed. This second surgery completely eradicated the cancer. So he lived on for another 11 years after the cancer was gone, and a total of 19 years with one kidney, even though, in the end it was his lone kidney failing and contributing to his death along with his worn-out heart.

In 2001, he fell while walking on the sidewalk in Turkey and broke his hip. He had to have hip replacement surgery with a steel pin put into his hip. And in the final year of his life, we discovered he had a large brain tumor on the right parietal lobe of his brain. We had a biopsy performed under anesthesia in Chicago and thankfully, the tumor turned out to be a benign case of meningioma. So we decided to leave it in and monitor it. The tumor was not life threatening directly, but it did affect his speech and walking ability (he could not walk at all in the last 2-3 months of his life).

My father became increasingly more bed-ridden starting in the summer of 2006. When my brothers and I visited separately that summer and fall, we all could see the deterioration in his condition although did not think it was immediately life-threatening. He was using a wheelchair and bed pan at this point. Then one day in late October, he stopped eating any food, was throwing up and would sleep for long periods during the day. Directing my mother and the caretaker they had hired by phone from the U.S., I had them first find a medical service that made house calls. He was hooked up to an IV with

various medications and glucose. When his situation deteriorated further a couple of days later, I directed my mother to call an ambulance and have him taken to the emergency room of Memorial Hospital, one of the best private hospitals in the city.

Our thought at this point was that he would need the brain surgery at last. Unbeknownst to us, he had developed serious heart and kidney problems probably triggered by a low-grade infection, the flu or some other outside factor. Two days after checking into the hospital, he did not wake up one morning and was placed in the ICU. Sensing that this could be the beginning of the end, I flew to Istanbul the same day.

I am very glad I went as early as I did. My first two days in Turkey were the only days in which he had any consciousness. He recognized me and responded to my questions by blinking his eyes. He knew I was there with him and for him. Thursday, October 26 was the last time he spoke to anyone alive. His eyes were open in the ICU, he looked extremely weak. I held his hand and lied “you are doing well, dad”. His response was so weak that I had to place my ear next to his lips to be able to hear it. He said “cok sukur” (many thanks to God). Then he asked me what time it was and I told him. Finally, he said something else which I could not understand at all even after he repeated it several times.

That was the last day in which we had any verbal or non-verbal communication. After that, he went into a deep sleep from which he never woke up. And on the morning of Friday, November 3, at 8:25 am he passed on.

My father’s journey ended on November 5<sup>th</sup>, 2006 in Uskudar, the same place where it had started 90 years ago. He was given a funeral ceremony with military rites at the Selimiye Barracks mosque and laid to rest in the sprawling 500-year old Karacaahmet cemetery next to his mother, sister and two of his brothers. His was a life well-lived and well worth remembering; that is why I wrote this brief summary of his life, times and character for future generations of our family. May God bless his soul and may he rest in peace.

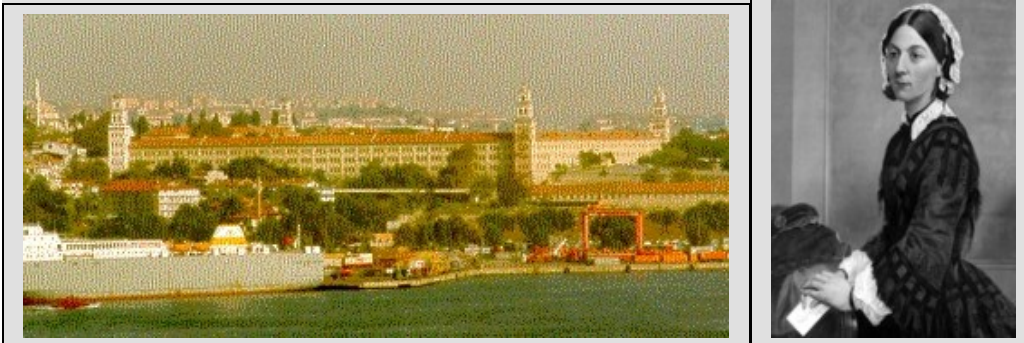


*Figure 36. The Final Journey at Selimiye.*

## **SIDEBAR: FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND SELIMIYE BARRACKS**

Florence Nightingale is widely credited as the foremost pioneer of the modern nursing profession. She was born into a well-connected British family in Florence, Italy in 1820. Despite her family's objections, she wanted to pursue a career in nursing and help improve the appalling conditions of medical care for the poor and indigent.

Although she started her career in 1844, her most significant contribution came during the Crimean War of 1854-1855. In the Crimean War, Great Britain and France were allied with the Ottoman Empire against Russia. Crimea is located along the northern shores of the Black Sea (within today's Ukraine), some 500 kilometers from Istanbul. The British wounded were brought from the battlefield in Crimea to a hospital set up in the Selimiye Barracks near Scutari (Uskudar) on the Asian shores of Istanbul.



*Selimiye Barracks and Florence Nightingale*

Florence Nightingale and her staff of 38 volunteer women nurses arrived in Selimiye in November 1854. Conditions were horrendous. Ten times more soldiers died from illnesses such as typhus, typhoid, cholera and dysentery than from battle wounds. Nightingale did much to improve sanitary conditions at the hospital by flushing out the sewers and improving ventilation. Death rates were reduced drastically.

Florence Nightingale also made significant contributions to the field of medical statistics, literature and the women's movement. She died in 1910 at age 90. She had been awarded the Royal Red Cross and the Order of Merit by Queen Victoria and arguably was the most famous figure in the Victorian era after Queen Victoria herself.

Today, 3 of Istanbul's hospitals, including the largest private hospital, are named after Florence Nightingale. There is a small Florence Nightingale museum within the Selimiye Barracks compound, which is today utilized as the peace-time headquarters of the Turkish 1<sup>st</sup> Army. Not too far from the barracks, is a British cemetery which houses the remains of some of the 5000 British soldiers who died during the Crimean War. Florence Nightingale's name and memory lives on in many hospitals, nursing colleges and medical associations around the world today.

Source: Wikipedia, the Free Encyclopedia.

**Exhibit A – Annotated Istanbul Map.**



### **Key Locations Mentioned In The Book:**

- 1) *Uskudar* – where Hamza was born and raised.
- 2) *Selimiye* – where Florence Nightingale lived, British troops stationed in WWI, Hamza funeral
- 3) *Heybeliada (Princess Islands)* – where Hamza attended the Naval Academy
- 4) *Etiler-Bebek* – Etiler is where the Ozmerals lived from 1968 to 1980; it is on a hill overlooking Bebek, which is on the shores of the Bosphorus. Bebek is where Hamza would take the boat from Uskudar to go to Robert College.
- 5) *Rumelihisar* – where the university campus for Robert College is located (Hamza went here in the 1940s, Cenan from 1968-72)
- 6) *Arnavutkoy* – where the junior high and high school campus of Robert College is (Mustafa went here from 1973 to 1980)
- 7) *Osmanbey-Harbiye* – is the district where Hamza’s offices were generally located in the 1970s. He would commute by city bus from Etiler.
- 8) *Ataturk International Airport* (also Yesilkoy or Ayastefanos) – where the Russian armies stopped in the 1877-78 war.

**Exhibit B – His Obituary In The Hurriyet Daily Newspaper**

**VEFAT**

Lamia Özmeral'in eşi, Mehmet Cem, Ahmet Cenana ve  
Mustafa Özmeral'in babası, Kaan, Aslı, Erol, Esra, Katherine,  
Berk, Alexandra ve Julide Özmeral'in büyükbabaları

Yük. Mühendis - Emekli Yarbay

**HAMZA ÖZMERAL**

03.11.2006 günü Hakk'ın rahmetine kavuşmuştur.  
Cenazesi 05.11.2006 pazar günü öğle namazını müteakiben Selimiye Camii'nden  
kaldırılarak Karacaahmet mezarlığına defnedilecektir.  
Allah rahmet eylesin.

**AİLESİ**

**DEATH**

Lamia Ozmeral's wife, Mehmet Cem, Ahmet Cenana and Mustafa Ozmeral's father,  
Kaan, Asli, Erol, Esra, Katherine, Berk, Alexandra and Julide's grandfather,

Master Engineer – Retired Lieutenant Colonel

**HAMZA OZMERAL**

On November 3, 2006 has attained the Mercy of God.

His services will be held on Sunday November 5<sup>th</sup> following noon prayers at the Selimiye Mosque  
and burial will follow at Karacaahmet Cemetery.

May God have mercy on his soul.

**HIS FAMILY**

## **Exhibit C – Letters to Buyukbaba – Part I (from Berk, written November 4, 2006)**

### BeukBaba Berk Ozmeral.

Beukbaba was born on February 13<sup>th</sup> 1916. He was a great man and a proud father of 3 sons and a proud husband. Later he was a proud grandpa of 8 children and they all loved him very much and so did his children and wife.

Beukbaba was a very loving man and a great person to be around. I had so many good times with him. I loved giving him a hug every night telling him how much I loved him. It was fun talking to him at the dinner table and asking him about all the neat places he went to in his life. I also loved going to Wendy's with him every Saturday. It was very nice of him to come to our house 6 months of the year and spending more time with us than every other grandkid. I loved when he went to Disney World with us this one summer and made the trip lots of fun. I loved visiting his apartment in Istanbul every summer.

He was one of my favorite people in the world. He was caring, loving, funny, and respectful. When ever I got sad Beukbaba could always cheer me up. Every day when I came home from school he would always welcome me with a smile on his face. Ever since the day I was born I loved him so much.

I will always remember November 3<sup>rd</sup> as the darkest day of my life the day when one Beukbaba died. I felt like being hit by a train when I heard the horrible news that I will never be able to see him again. Now that he is gone a huge part of my life is missing that I'll never be able to find. If I could wish for anything in the world right now I would wish that Beukbaba could be alive and I could hug him, kiss him, and tell him how much I love him. Even though I'll never be able to see him again I will remember all the good memories that we had and I'll remember what a great beloved father and Beukbaba he was.



Exhibit D – Letters to Buyukbaba – Part II (from Julide, written November 4, 2006)

Dear Beethbaba,

I'm gonna miss you so much and always think of you. I cry for you alot because I will miss you tearably. Life will never be the same with out you (it will be worse) I will pray to you alot and I hope you hear my prears. I miss you so much I feel like a part of me has left with you. I wish I could come to your funeral but Mom and dad said No. I protested even though I would have been heart brocken if I saw them barry you. Mom says it will be about 80 years before I die and get to see you and it seemes like such a long time. Please think of me and Always watch over me. I will always think of you and a part of you will lie in me even though I have just lost part of me. I will miss you terobley and visit you in My dreams.

Truely yours  
Juli