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ADAPAZARI  
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Now that the summer of our youth has been transfigured by the passing of five decades, the winter of our lives are renewed by those unforgettable years that will never be diminished, replaced, challenged by, or comparable to any other experience.

Our challenging experiences as the first Peace Corps Volunteers in Turkey were unrivaled by any similar events in our young lives. Armed with our textbook Turkish, limited luggage, a few iodine pills and an envelope of purchasing power, we dutifully began our various tasks.

Our threesome, Marjeanne Tehven, Elise Laurin and Dora Glidewell Nadolski, began those challenging experiences in the province of Adapazari. After a one week hotel stay, meals at the local Imren restaurant (followed by frequent visits to the common bathroom), we were situated in our second story flat. Our landlords, Buyuk Anna & Baba seemed to provide daily watch care over our exits and entrances. Each day began with Baba's stentorian five am. call to prayer, and ended with his ten year old grandson, Ibrahim, climbing the stairs to our flat for assistance with his Gatenby homework.

During the beginning quarter of the first year, communication challenges seemed to be generated by the general assumption that neither party could comprehend the other. This assumption was amusingly demonstrated in one of our first communication challenges with Buyuk Anna and Baba regarding one of the turkeys we noticed among their animals in the backyard garden. A few hours after this brief conversation, Ibrahim appeared with not only his Gatenby, but also one of the live turkeys. We immediately realized that our earlier discussion with the landlords, and our attempt to explain the approaching Thanksgiving holiday had utterly failed. Bursting into laughter, we explained that we had asked for a turkey with the head removed. The following day, Ibrahim appeared with the headless turkey with all of its feathers, and of course, the feet. We decided that our entangled web of communication must end with our deferral of thanks to them.
After accomplishing the task of removing the feathers and the bird's interior parts, we placed it in a hardware purchased tin box sitting atop our ipra gas stove. Eight hours later, our Thanksgiving labor intensive dinner was consumed by ourselves and Suzanne Toptoprak, our Turkish teacher friend.

Before the advent of cool weather, we decide to take one of the local buses to Istanbul. Elise had a plan to visit the Hilton for a hamburger and a stop in the restroom to use the laboratory for a luxurious hair wash with constantly running warm water. Thus on a warm Sunday morning, along with all the crates of chickens, vegetables, a variety of things, and the local inhabitants, we boarded a bus destined for Istanbul. True to form, the bus had to be repaired along the journey, but we were prepared. Suzanne hanim, who had lived in the US, agreed to don her bathing suit under her regular attire. Thus we had an accomplice in our fun swim in the Sea of Marmara, while the bus was in repair mode. After the hair wash, hamburger Hilton stop, we began a delightful tour of the Istanbul mosques.

Cool weather was approaching, and of course, we had not received our luggage. One Saturday afternoon, I began a search for a coat. Finally, I found one, but it was a vivid purple, the color for a copcatan (match-maker). I assumed the title of match-maker, and began the effort on behalf of Suzanne hanim who had expressed interest in the owner of the shop where I had purchased the purple coat. After making arrangements for their meeting, a tragedy ended the beginning of their courtship. During a return buyers trip from Istanbul, Ergun bey met his death in an auto accident. Suzanne hanim was in mourning for a month, until she noticed an Army general in my English conversation night class. Again, my match-making duties began when we repaired to a local restaurant after the end of each night class. This second courtship was interrupted when the general was called from Adapazari to another post.

In addition to our activities with the night classes, we were royally entertained in Turkish homes, where we enjoyed delicious Turkish food, coffee ground readings, games and learning about many Turkish customs. The warm winds of middle spring greeted us with an invitation from Ayhan hamin to a village wedding. As we entered the village, we were greeted by women who were pounding and grinding walnuts in preparation for cerkez tavugu, the traditional dish served at many Turkish weddings. The ceremony was conducted in the bride's home, where many extended family members had gathered. After the ceremony ended, we went outside for entertainment provided by saz players and men sitting on the ground beating on planks of wood. Their incessant beating was temporarily replaced with roars of cheer when the bloody sheet was thrown from the second floor window. We three exchanged meaningful glances, expressing the idea that this scene was a depiction from a page of *The Emergence of Modern Turkey* by Bernard Lewis.

For the three of us, the third stage of the wedding was the welcome food feast. After we had completed the enjoyable meal, one of the women at our table announced that it was time to play the game of passing an eye from one of the slaughtered sheep. One woman held up the eye, and announced the rules for passing the eye under the table from one person to the next. The last one holding the eye when the gong sounded must swallow the eye. Marjeanne, the winner of the game, was rescued by one of the women who noticed the facial color change from pale to bright pink when she realized what had happened. After we left to return to Adpazari in the carriage
ordered by Ayhan hanim's runner, hopefully, not too many yaban jokes abounded.

We were very fortunate to have many friends from a cultural cross section of Adapazari. Undoubtedly, from our perspective, the Orhans were the most delightful, colorful and entertaining couple in Adapazari. Sukru and Ayten Orhan proprietors of a large profitable shoe store in Adapazari, were the epitome of idealism, romanticism, hospitality, a flair for things western, and a desire for good times. During fair weather, they came by our flat at least once each week to take us for a ride in their merry automobile. During these rides around town, the main topic of conversation was their desire to travel. Of course Sukru could never stop talking about how fortunate he was to have married a beautiful French educated woman from Istanbul. Nineteen years later they came to America for the second time, and were hosted from state to state by Marjeanne, Elise, myself and other volunteers they knew after we had left Adapazari. When they arrived in Reston the summer of 1983, we had a very enjoyable visit.

In addition to these many entertaining times, we did work very hard at the task of teaching. Our daily routine provided a series of challenges we met with determination. After our breakfast of fire roasted bread, cheese with an occasional goat hair, olives and chai, we scurried through the cobblestone back streets to our lisesi classes. After the students were herded into the classrooms to the tune of cracking plastic whips, we entered and began teaching. One class presented a discipline challenge attributed to one student who towered over everyone. After a few infractions, I ordered him out of the classroom, into the hall, where he was apprehended by a Turkish teacher who took him to the mudur bey's office. He was not allowed to return to class until he produced a signed statement from his parents regarding an improvement in conduct. His father was a successful business man who, after one week, stopped me on the main thoroughfare in Adapazari to plead for his son's readmission to class. Our mutual agreement produced a disciplined student who became serious about passing his classes.

By special request, the mudur bey authorized a small scale experimental class during my second year of service. The objective was to demonstrate the effectiveness of learning a language in a small class setting as opposed to the usual one hundred plus students. The very successful pilot class members scored higher on entrance exams, and one was selected as an American Field Service student.

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