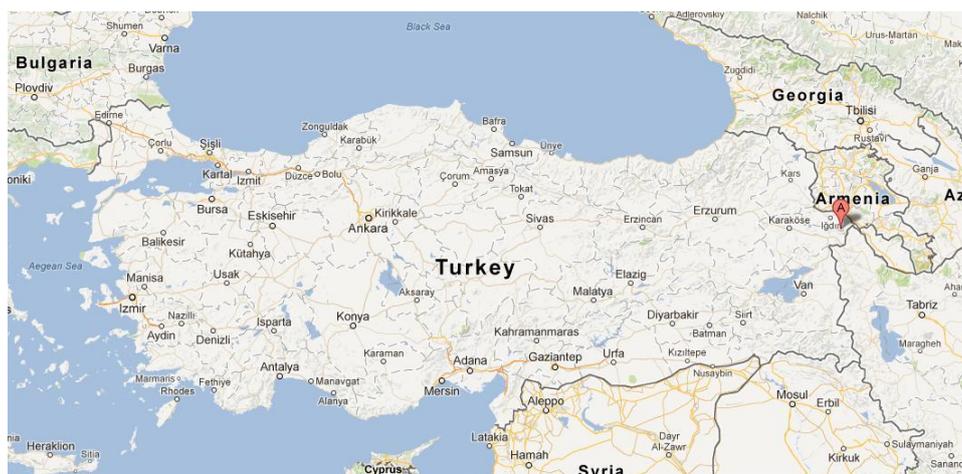


Travelling on, crossing the Bosphorus and going along by the Black Sea, visiting a town called Trabzon we then moved south passing by Mount Ararat (marked "A" on the map) and spending a night in the capital, Ankara. We stopped in a small place called Urgup near to the Coreme valley which was an enchanting place, like fairy land with volcanic towers perched on the side of steep sided valleys. There were also churches and chapels which were dug out of the side of the valleys, going deep underground. You needed torches to see your way around.

Travelling on down through Turkey stopping in town for one night the lodgings we were going to stay, remembering we were on a budget which had to last three and a half months or more , was full so we could not fit in. The owner/manager told us to go down the road a little way and they would put us up for the night. So a few of us went there. We entered the place and in the foyer there were just men sitting

around which wasn't too unusual in these places. Anyway we got our rooms. They were on the first floor at the top of the stairs. Some of the rooms had their doors open with girls sitting inside which seemed rather odd at the time. We settled in and I went downstairs and a man started talking to me. He was an airline pilot and he asked if I knew what sort of place this was and whether I was



English. I told him that we were travelling through. He said there was no need to be concerned especially the girls with us but that this was a house of ill repute but it was the cleanest place in town and well kept so that was why he stayed there. I went back and told the rest but I don't think they were very concerned. Anyway next morning we were on our way heading east. One of the girls on board was a trained midwife / nurse. She carried a medical box which came in useful along the way. We left the back seats vacant so anyone who was feeling unwell could stretch out along them. A few miles further on ,we stopped for a couple of nights. As I said before we never had a lot of money so we stayed in hostels or the cheapest places the driver knew as he had travelled this way before. By the time I got to Aussie I only had a few dollars left but in those days work was plentiful. I knew that as I had worked in the mines of the north west of Aussie I could get a job. You could get a job in the Mines Perth offices and they would fly you up to the Mining Camps.

We were in a bar having a drink at this stop and a man started talking to us. It turned out that he was an American Officer in the US Army stationed a few miles away. He was very interested in our journey and he invited us to visit the Camp where he was stationed. So we went to the Camp. First we had to go through the Turkish Control barrier and then pass the American guards. We were told to keep to the path and as we walked with him we noticed that all the equipment (some was very large) was covered with sheets of tarpaulins. It turned out that was part of the early warning system during the Cold War. The club was the PX Club. When the American soldiers realised that we were English we were treated to steak suppers with plenty to drink. They looked after us very well probably having girls with us and Americans helped. Anyway we stocked up on some drinks and American cigarettes and cigars and headed on our way. It was an interesting and pleasant break along our journey and a good time was had.

The next day we moved out heading for the Iranian border. Little did we know we would be going into heavy snow just before the border in a place called Van.

Mike (Bill) C.