

Orhan Orgun



This photo was taken in 1977. Here you can see my son Orhan in Mersincik, Datca, with a grouper fish speared by his father, Günel. Shortly after we got married in 1965, Günel and I drove to Bodrum in my car. On the old highway, going from Milas to Bodrum, there was a very steep and curved road, winding through the pine forests, with a precipice on one side and a mountain on the other. That road was called 'Avram Yokusu' [Avram's Slope]. It must have been named after Avram Galante, who was born in Bodrum. That road is no longer used, because there is a new highway going to Bodrum by the coast. A real pity. From Bodrum, we crossed to Mersincik by boat and spent our honeymoon there. We had 2500 olive trees - of the eating-olives variety - planted. We did this by hiring 45 workers from the surrounding villages. They worked on daily wages and slept in caves that were around the farm. The wives of the 'kahya' and the workers cooked food in big cauldrons and baked bread in the oven situated in the garden. In 1965, Datca was a largely undeveloped

place. As a result of the work we provided, a traveling open-air cinema came there, for the first time, because they got informed that our 45 workers had earned some money. Nothing like that had ever happened in the surrounding villages at that time. Then we had two children: my son Orhan, born in 1966, and my daughter Gün, born in 1968. I worked in my father's office. My aunt Viktorya, who was like a grandmother to them, came to stay with us on Monday mornings and went back on Friday evenings. This continued until my son turned two. I stopped working when my daughter was about to be born, because Tantika had become too old to take care of two small children. My husband's hobby was skin-diving and spear-fishing.