

My Friends:

I am speaking to you from Istanbul, Turkey, by transcription.

~~I am here as a delegate to the Interparliamentary Union. We came to the American delegates came by plane from here to attend the 60th session of the Union.~~  
As our plane passed over the

historic city of Corinth, descending toward the Dardanelles, & circled over the Bosphorus to land in this ancient city of Istanbul, which I ~~read~~ read about in my elementary history book as Constantinople, I almost felt ~~as if~~ I was ~~riding~~ riding ~~on~~ a magic carpet.

Con-stanti-nople - I remember learning to spell the word, one of the longest in our spelling book, ranking with hippotamus & Mississippi. Not once did I dream, even as I read of Arabian nights, ~~that some day I would visit this enchanted land.~~

Here stood the ancient city of Byzantium, dating back to around the <sup>5th or 6th</sup> century before Christ.  
(over)



~~This~~ This ~~is~~ evidence  
in ancient ruins and traces of  
~~vanished~~ civilizations — mute  
~~evidence~~ evidence that peoples - nations, empires.



3/ civilizations, rise & fall.

XLe CONFERENCE INTERPARLEMENTAIRE

ISTANBUL, PALAIS de YILDIZ

31 Août-6 Septembre 1951

Istanbul, le ..... 1951

~~After~~ We were met  
at the airport by our American  
Ambassador, Mr. Woodward, &  
members of his staff.

Driving toward the city  
~~Between the~~ huge old stone  
I ~~was~~ saw a wall, perhaps 30 ft high &  
30 feet thick, a massive,  
stupendous structural ruin.  
To get into the city we  
passed thru a gate in  
this ancient city wall  
~~which~~ erected centuries ago  
to protect it from foreign  
foes.

Inside the wall <sup>beautiful</sup>  
<sup>Moslem</sup> religious temples, <sup>mosques,</sup> towered above  
the scene. ~~This is the E. End~~  
This has been an historic



4/ ~~civilization~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~conquering~~  
~~America~~ ~~is~~ ~~the~~ ~~conquering~~  
~~population~~ ~~one~~ ~~looks~~ ~~here~~  
battle ground between  
the <sup>1</sup> christianity + Moslem faiths.  
~~Some~~ <sup>For</sup> a time christianity  
has prevailed only to be  
~~to~~ swept out by the Moslem  
Victory in 1430.  
Now Turkey is again  
oriented toward the West,  
not so much in religious  
faith as in political sympathy.  
But a struggle is  
under way.  
The narrow Bosphorus  
technically separates Europe  
from Asia. But the separation  
is only physical. Here East +  
West meet and mingle. It's  
hard to tell where the East  
ends + the West begins. ~~Even~~  
In every street, on every ~~corner~~



5/ I have seen the meeting of

XLe CONFERENCE INTERPARLEMENTAIRE

ISTANBUL, PALAIS de YILDIZ

31 Août-6 Septembre 1951

Istanbul, le ..... 1951

the East & West. Not only that,  
I ~~have~~ ~~seen~~ the medieval +  
the modern ~~and~~ scruple on  
the narrow, twisting alley-ways  
of Istanbul. Men of burden,  
~~men~~ peasants bearing huge  
baskets + bundles of wares - fruits,  
vegetables, <sup>milk,</sup> ~~the~~ slain goats, utensils,  
apparel —, patter + plod up +  
down the ~~streets~~ hills of the  
city, reminding me of the  
Pack peddlers who used  
to walk the roads of rural  
Turkey. Then there, around  
them and ~~not~~ infrequently  
over them ~~the~~ race modern  
~~cars~~ taxis - fords, plymouths,  
chevrolets.  
Children play in the  
roads + streets, chattering on  
an ancient tongue yet singing a  
modern tune. A boy holding a



6/ small donkey, an ancient beast  
of burden, looked up at me and  
said - "OK." ~~It was a small donkey~~  
In the shops, one sees  
a Persian rug, woven ~~as~~  
others have been woven for  
centuries, hanging ~~beside~~ ~~textiles~~  
of the modern ~~mill~~.  
Thus the new + the  
old meet and ~~unite~~  
jostle each other.  
Poverty + riches, too, stand  
side by side.

Upon arrival at our hotel,  
invitations to attend an  
official reception were handed  
us. ~~The~~ As soon as we  
could bathe away the fatigue  
of a long trip, we proceeded  
to the reception which was  
held ~~at~~ across the Bosphorus  
in one of the many palaces of  
the former Sultan of Turkey.  
~~We had to~~ There is no ~~to~~  
bridge across the Bosphorus, tho



7 The city of Istanbul

XLe CONFERENCE INTERPARLEMENTAIRE

ISTANBUL, PALAIS de YILDIZ

31 Août-6 Septembre 1951

Istanbul, le ..... 1951

sprawls about its choppy  
waters. We ~~took a boat~~  
A <sup>matryle</sup> boat plowed us by  
the small but menacing  
Turkish navy, ~~which~~ brought  
in from the black & Mediterranean  
seas, I suspect, for ~~all~~ the  
gaze of delegations to this  
conference, and ~~looked us~~  
at the <sup>Palace</sup> entrance in Asia.

I have never seen such  
splendor. Gold, silver, marble,  
crystal chandeliers, brocade,  
tapestries, rugs, ~~paintings~~ rooms,  
big rooms, countless rooms, all  
dazzlingly beautiful. Our white  
house would compare with  
the Sultan's servant quarters.  
And then there was his  
harem, I mean the building  
which housed his harem of



8/ 200 wiser.

~~After shaking hands in~~

~~proper order~~  
~~order~~, An orchestra with  
more than 20 violins played.

Of course, a German country  
fiddler couldn't help but  
be impressed with this.

After shaking hands in  
proper order, mingling with the  
guests + ~~the~~ listening to the music

for awhile, I went ~~alone~~  
out into the garden by  
a small pool into which  
water was gently gurgling,  
just ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> look + think it over.

"No wonder the people  
revelled", I thought. A place  
like this of alabaster  
+ gold, built out of the  
grinding ~~poverty~~ <sup>poverty</sup> + sweat of ~~the~~  
~~a~~ people groveling in misery, all for  
the vain and intemperate, ungodly



9 pleasures of a ruler

XLe CONFERENCE INTERPARLEMENTAIRE

ISTANBUL, PALAIS de YILDIZ

31 Août-6 Septembre 1951

Istanbul, le

1951

so insensible of ~~the~~ <sup>the rights & dignity of</sup> people ~~as~~  
~~rights~~ as to demand for  
himself 200 wives, enslave  
his fellow man, & feast upon  
the bounty of the land ~~where~~  
while all about him his fellow  
countrymen suffered & starved.  
I felt proud of the man  
who had led the revolution  
to overthrow the inequities  
mess. So next morning  
I went to the statue of  
the great Ataturk, the Gen.  
Washington of Modern Turkey.  
He freed his people from  
not only ~~the~~ Sultan oppression  
but also from much  
superstition & prejudice. He  
liberated women & ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> ~~him~~  
removed the veils with  
which they had been required  
to hide their faces. He brought  
education, too, and better health.



10 <sup>Though</sup> Still a backward people  
when measured by our  
standards, ~~the~~ Turkey  
has come far and  
is coming fast. She  
hates communism and  
Russia, would not side  
in without fighting fiercely.  
She has a million men  
in her army, intends  
to get stronger.

Intensely proud of the  
gallant showing made by her  
soldiers in Korea, Turkey  
is firmly on the  
side of the West.

The President of her  
legislative assembly  
has been presiding at  
our conference, now, ably too.



Delegates to this meeting.  
 Nearly all the free parliaments  
 of the world are represented  
 here. One has only to look  
 around to see all sorts  
 of dress & hear the babble  
 of <sup>many</sup> <sub>1</sub> tongues.

The chairman of the U.S.  
 delegation, Sen. <sup>Wagner</sup> Ferguson of Mich,  
 paid high tribute to the  
 soldiers of Turkey, to the  
 contributions to freedom &  
 peace which they and their  
 country have made. His  
 speech was warmly  
 received & applauded.

Some great speeches  
 have been made by men  
 wearing turbans, men in skirts, white  
~~men~~, yellow, ~~men~~, ~~men~~, ~~men~~ red & black.

All have voice & are here - That



12 mankind can devise ways  
to ~~live~~ in peace, that war  
may be avoided.

Out of this meeting, the  
area of disagreement may  
be narrowed a little. ~~to~~ <sup>where</sup>  
men of good will meet  
and ~~consult~~ confer with  
one another, mutual understanding  
and respect is the usual result.  
The pity of it is that  
people from behind the  
iron curtain are not  
allowed to come. We are  
meeting within a few  
miles of Bulgaria, Rumania  
& Russia, but ~~to~~ there  
are no delegates here from  
those countries.

Talk of peace & the folly  
of war as we will, the  
enemy of freedom is real  
& strong.

As I look ~~about~~ <sup>at</sup> the



13

XLe CONFERENCE INTERPARLEMENTAIRE

ISTANBUL, PALAIS de YILDIZ

31 Août-6 Septembre 1951

Istanbul, le

1951

landmarks + monuments  
of civilizations that once  
thrived here, now vanquished  
& destroyed — I am  
made firmer in my  
conviction that our people  
must remain strong  
both with out & within.  
And it is <sup>with</sup> remembering  
that most ~~of~~ civilizations  
have lasted until ~~they~~  
its people became corrupt  
& weak within.



My friends:

I am speaking to you from Istanbul, Turkey, by transcription.

I am here as a United States delegate to the Interparliamentary Union.

The American delegates flew here to attend the 60th session of the Union.

As our plane passed over the historic city of Corinth, descending toward the Dardenells, and circled over the Bosphorus to land in this ancient city of Istanbul, which I read about in my elementary history book years ago as Constantinople, I almost felt as if I were riding a magic carpet.

Con - stan - ti - nople - I remember learning to spell the word, one of the longest in our spelling book, ranking with hippotamus and Mississippi. Not once did I dream, even as I read Arabian Nights, that some day I would visit this enchanted land.

Here stood the ancient city of Byzantium, dating back to the 5th or 6th century before Christ. For many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, Byzantium was a center of Mongol power and culture. Then it was conquered by the Romans and in the year 330 A.D. was made the center of the Eastern Roman Empire and named Constantinople in honor of the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great.

After the Romans, the Greeks held it. Then, about 30 years before Columbus discovered America, a fierce people from the East, the Turks, captured the city.

A long line of Turk Sultans ruled until a revolution in 1922 overthrew the Turkish Sultanate, established the present modern Republic



of Turkey and gave the city its Turkish name - Istanbul.

This area literally abounds in ancient ruins and traces of vanished civilizations - mute evidence that peoples - nations, empires, civilizations, rise and fall.

We were met at the airport by our American Ambassador, Mr. Wadsworth, and members of his staff.

Driving toward the city, I saw a huge old stone wall, perhaps 30 feet high and 20 feet thick, a massive, stupendous structural ruin. To get into the city, we passed through a gate in this ancient city wall erected centuries ago to protect it from foreign foes.

Inside the wall, beautiful Moslem religious temples, mosques, towered above the scene.

This has been an historic battleground between the Christian and Moslem faiths. For a time Christianity ~~has~~ prevailed only to be swept out by the Moslem victory in 1430.

Now Turkey is again oriented toward the West, not so much in religious faith as in political sympathy.

But a struggle is underway.

The narrow Bosphorus technically separates Europe from Asia. But the separation is only physical. Here East and West meet and co-mingle. It's hard to tell where the East ends and the West begins. In every street, on every corner, I have seen the meeting of the East and West. Not only that, I have seen the medieval and the modern scuffle on the



narrow, twisting alley-ways of Istanbul. Men of burden, peasants bearing huge baskets and bundles of wares - fruits, vegetables, milk, slain goats, utensils, apparel -, <sup>PATTER</sup>~~tatter~~ and plod up and down the seven hills of the city, reminding me of the pack peddlers who used to walk the roads of rural Tennessee. Through them, around them, and, not infrequently, over them, race modern taxies - Fords, Plymouths, Chevrolets.

Children play in the roads and streets, chattering an ancient tongue, yet singing a modern tune. A boy holding a small donkey, an ancient beast of burden, looked up at me and said - "O.K."

In the shops, one sees a Persian rug, woven as others have been woven for centuries, hanging beside textiles of the modern mill.

Thus the new and the old meet and jostle each other.

Poverty and riches, too, stand side by side.

Upon arrival at our hotel, invitations to attend an official reception were handed us. As soon as we could bathe away the fatigue of a long trip, we proceeded to the reception, which was held across the Bosphorus in one of the many palaces of the former Sultan of Turkey.

There is no bridge across the Bosphorus<sup>H</sup>, though the city of Istanbul sprawls athwart its choppy waters. A native boat plowed us by the small but menacing Turkish Navy, brought in from the Black and Mediterranean Seas, I suspect, for the gaze of delegates to this Conference, and docked us at the Palace entrance in Asia.



I have never seen such splendor. Gold, silver, marble, crystal chandeliers, brocade, tapestry, rugs, paintings, rooms, big rooms, countless rooms, all dazzlingly beautiful. Our White House would compare with the Sultan's servant quarters. And then there was his harem, I mean the building which housed his harem of 200 wives.

An orchestra with more than 20 violins played. Of course, a Tennessee country fiddler couldn't help but be impressed with this.

After shaking hands in proper order, mingling with the guests and listening to the music for a while, I went out into the garden by a small pool into which water was gently gurgling, to be alone, just to back away, so to speak, and look and think it over.

"No wonder the people revolted," I thought. A place like this of alabaster and gold, built out of the grinding poverty and sweat of a people groveling in misery, all for the vanity and intemperate, ungodly pleasures of a ruler so insensible of the rights and dignity of people as to demand for himself 200 wives, enslave his fellow man, and feast upon the bounty of the land, while all about him his fellow countrymen suffered and starved.

I felt proud of the man who had led the revolution to overthrow the iniquitous mess. So next morning I went to the statue of the great Ataturk, the George Washington of Modern Turkey. He freed his people from not only Sultan oppression but also from much superstition and



prejudice. He liberated women and by law removed the veils with which they had been required to hide their faces. He brought education, too, and better health.

Though still a backward people when measured by our standards, Turkey has come far and is coming fast. She hates Communism and Russia, would not give in without fighting fiercely. She has a million men in her army, intends to get stronger.

Intensely proud of the gallant showing made by her soldiers in Korea, Turkey is firmly on the side of the West.

The President of her national legislative assembly has been presiding at our Conference, ably too.

Thirty-one nations have sent delegates <sup>To</sup> ~~at~~ this meeting. Nearly all the free parliaments of the world are represented here. One has only to look around to see all sorts of dress and hear the babble of many tongues.

The chairman of the United States delegation, Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan, paid high tribute to the soldiers of Turkey, to the contributions to freedom and peace which they and their country have made. His speech was warmly received and applauded.

Some great speeches have been made by men wearing turbans, men in skirts, white <sup>MEN</sup> ~~yellow~~, red and <sup>BLACK</sup> ~~black~~. All have voiced one hope - that mankind can devise ways to live in peace, that war may be avoided.

Out of this meeting, the area of disagreement may be narrowed a little. When men of good will meet and confer with one another, mutual



understanding and respect is the usual result.

The pity of it is that people from behind the iron curtain are not allowed to come. We are meeting within a few miles of Bulgaria, Rumania and Russia, but there are no delegates here from those countries.

Talk of peace and the folly of war as we will, the enemy of freedom is real and strong.

As I look at the landmarks and monuments of civilizations that once thrived here, now vanquished and destroyed, I am made firmer in my conviction that our people must remain strong both without and within. And it is worth remembering that most civilizations have lasted until its people became corrupt and weak within.



X

My friends:

I am speaking to you from Istanbul, Turkey, by transcription.

I am here as a United States delegate to the Interparliamentary Union.

The American delegates flew here to attend the 60th session of the Union.

As our plane passed over the historic city of Corinth, descending toward the Dardenelles, and circled over the Bosphorus<sup>H</sup> to land in this ancient city of Istanbul, which I read about in my elementary history book years ago as Constantinople, I almost felt as if I were riding a magic carpet.

Con - stan - ti - nople - I remember learning to spell the word, one of the longest in our spelling book, ranking with hippotamus and Mississippi. Not once did I dream, even as I read Arabian Nights, that some day I would visit this enchanted land.

Here stood the ancient city of Byzantium, dating back to the 5th or 6th century before Christ. For many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years, Byzantium was a center of Mongol power and culture. Then it was conquered by the Romans and in the year 330 A.D. was made the center of the Eastern Roman Empire and named Constantinople in honor of the Roman Emperor, Constantine the Great.

After the Romans, the Greeks held it. Then, about 30 years before Columbus discovered America, a fierce people from the East, the Turks, captured the city.

A long line of Turk Sultans ruled until a revolution in 1922 overthrew the Turkish Sultanate, established the present modern Republic



of Turkey and gave the city its Turkish name - Istanbul.

This area literally abounds in ancient ruins and traces of vanished civilizations - mute evidence that peoples - nations, empires, civilizations, rise and fall.

We were met at the airport by our American Ambassador, Mr. Wadsworth, and members of his staff.

Driving toward the city, I saw a huge old stone wall, perhaps 30 feet high and 20 feet thick, a massive, stupendous structural ruin. To get into the city, we passed through a gate in this ancient city wall erected centuries ago to protect it from foreign foes.

Inside the wall, beautiful Moslem religious temples, mosques, towered above the scene.

This has been an historic battleground between the Christian and Moslem faiths. For a time Christianity ~~was~~ prevailed only to be swept out by the Moslem victory in 1453.

Now Turkey is again oriented toward the West, not so much in religious faith as in political sympathy.

But a struggle is underway.

The narrow Bosphorus<sup>H</sup> technically separates Europe from Asia. But the separation is only physical. Here East and West meet and co-mingle. It's hard to tell where the East ends and the West begins. In every street, on every corner, I have seen the meeting of the East and West. Not only that, I have seen the medieval and the modern scuffle on the



narrow, twisting alley-ways of Istanbul. Men of burden, peasants bearing huge baskets and bundles of wares -- fruits, vegetables, milk, slain goats, utensils, apparel --, <sup>PATTER</sup> ~~tetter~~ and plod up and down the seven hills of the city, reminding me of the pack peddlers who used to walk the roads of rural Tennessee. Through them, around them, and, not infrequently, over them, race modern taxis -- Fords, Plymouths, Chevrolets.

Children play in the roads and streets, chattering an ancient tongue, yet singing a modern tune. A boy holding a small donkey, an ancient beast of burden, looked up at me and said -- "O.K."

In the shops, one sees a Persian rug, woven as others have been woven for centuries, hanging beside textiles of the modern mill.

Thus the new and the old meet and jostle each other.

Poverty and riches, too, stand side by side.

Upon arrival at our hotel, invitations to attend an official reception were handed us. As soon as we could bathe away the fatigue of a long trip, we proceeded to the reception, which was held across the Bosphorus<sup>H</sup> in one of the many palaces of the former Sultan of Turkey.

There is no bridge across the Bosphorus<sup>H</sup>, though the city of Istanbul sprawls athwart its choppy waters. A native boat plowed us by the small but menacing Turkish Navy, brought in from the Black and Mediterranean Seas, I suspect, for the gaze of delegates to this Conference, and docked us at the Palace entrance in Asia.



I have never seen such splendor. Gold, silver, marble, crystal chandeliers, brocade, tapestry, rugs, paintings, rooms, big rooms, countless rooms, all dazzlingly beautiful. Our White House would compare with the Sultan's servant quarters. And then there was his harem, I mean the building which housed his harem of 200 wives.

An orchestra with more than 20 violins played. Of course, a Tennessee country fiddler couldn't help but be impressed with this.

After shaking hands in proper order, mingling with the guests and listening to the music for a while, I went out into the garden by a small pool into which water was gently gurgling, to be alone, just to back away, so to speak, and look and think it over.

"No wonder the people revolted," I thought. A place like this of alabaster and gold, built out of the grinding poverty and sweat of a people groveling in misery, all for the vanity and intemperate, ungodly pleasures of a ruler so insensible of the rights and dignity of people as to demand for himself 200 wives, enslave his fellow man, and feast upon the bounty of the land, while all about him his fellow countrymen suffered and starved.

I felt proud of the man who had led the revolution to overthrow the iniquitous mess. So next morning I went to the statue of the great Ataturk, the George Washington of Modern Turkey. He freed his people from not only Sultan oppression but also from much superstition and



prejudice. He liberated women and by law removed the veils with which they had been required to hide their faces. He brought education, too, and better health.

Though still a backward people when measured by our standards, Turkey has come far and is coming fast. She hates Communism and Russia, would not give in without fighting fiercely. She has a million men in her army, intends to get stronger.

Intensely proud of the gallant showing made by her soldiers in Korea, Turkey is firmly on the side of the West.

The President of her national legislative assembly has been presiding at our Conference, ably too.

Thirty-one nations have sent delegates <sup>To</sup> at this meeting. Nearly all the free parliaments of the world are represented here. One has only to look around to see all sorts of dress and hear the babble of many tongues.

The chairman of the United States delegation, Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan, paid high tribute to the soldiers of Turkey, to the contributions to freedom and peace which they and their country have made. His speech was warmly received and applauded.

Some great speeches have been made by men wearing turbans, men in skirts, white <sup>MEN</sup> yellow, red and black. <sup>BLACK</sup> All have voiced one hope - that mankind can devise ways to live in peace, that war may be avoided.

Out of this meeting, the area of disagreement may be narrowed a little. When men of good will meet and confer with one another, mutual



understanding and respect is the usual result.

The pity of it is that people from behind the iron curtain are not allowed to come. We are meeting within a few miles of Bulgaria, Rumania and Russia, but there are no delegates here from those countries.

Talk of peace and the folly of war as we will, the enemy of freedom is real and strong.

As I look at the landmarks and monuments of civilizations that once thrived here, now vanquished and destroyed, I am made firmer in my conviction that our people must remain strong both without and within. And it is worth remembering that most civilizations have lasted until its people became corrupt and weak within.