##### CAGLAR KEYDER

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I think we have missed your deadline, but I just found your letter under a heap of papers, read it, and was so horrified at the thought of an empty space under the name Caglar Keyder, Class of’69 (Ezra Stiles), that I felt compelled to try to remedy this as best I could. Caglar would let it go and all would be lost. It will be brief. After he completed his stint at Yale, he went off to do a Ph.D. at Berkeley, where he met me, the undersigned. He finished his degree some time in the seventies and then returned to Turkey to teach at Middle East Technical University until 1983. He then transferred his academic allegiance to State University of New York, Binghamton, where he became a sociologist and where he resides for half of every year, the other half being spent in Istanbul. Of course, a lot more occurred over the years, but I note you don’t want a cv. We have pro- duced two offspring, boys, Emil (born 1983) and Murat (born 1986), securing our admission to that select group of overaged parents.

If this isn’t enough, I am enclosing a photograph which is guaranteed to send you reeling—five Yalies on the Mediterranean, including your esteemed classmate in the subtle grey t-shirt (second from left). The others are (from left): Sefik Buyukyuksel, ’67; Halil Berktay, ’68; Sevket Pamuk, ’72; and Yesim Arat, ’78 (seated and married to above mentioned Sevket Pamuk). The little fellow is Murat, number two son. This was taken in late May of 1993 on the occasion of a sort of reunion.

Caglar declines the opportunity to “look back” on his time at Yale, or to declare what he generally thinks, but I trust this is better than nothing.

Ed. Note: The above was written by Virginia Brown (Keyder), Caglar’s wife.