

Story #315 Not on tape)

Narrator: Filiz Kiygı

Location: Ankara, but narrator came from Istanbul

Date: April 1962

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Meshedi Cafer and the Persian Express

One day while Meshedi Cafer [Giaffir] was sitting in the coffee house, the conversation turned to the speed of railway travel in various countries.

A man from England said, "You know, the trains in England move so fast that, well, you wouldn't believe it, but it's actually difficult to count the stations."

"That's nothing," said a Frenchman "why, in France the trains move so fast that the telephone poles all run together as if there were just one pole."

Meshedi Cafer couldn't let the story stop there. "That's pretty fast," he admitted, "but let me tell you what happened one time to me when I was going from Teheran to Isfahan. The conductor of the train in the Teheran station was hurrying me along into the train, and he said something I didn't like at all. Well, I put one foot up on the step and grabbed hold of the train, and I swung out with my other hand to slap the conductor's face. But, do you know, the train moved so fast that when my hand landed it struck the face of the conductor in the Isfahan station!"