Years ago, when I was a small boy, my mother became ill. As her illness grew worse, she began to spit up blood. My father took her to İzmir to see if a doctor there could cure her. All of us remained at her bedside.

It seemed that she had some serious problem with her stomach, a problem which could be treated only with surgery. "And how much would that surgery cost?" asked my father.

"It will cost 300 Turkish liras," the doctor answered.

In those days 300 Turkish liras was a large sum of money. "Amazing!" said my father. "I could get a brand new wife for 150 liras. Isn't it too much to have to pay 300 liras for repair work on a used one?"