EPISODES FROM MY LIFE

Dr. Daniel S. Wosgian *(Né Kuyumjian)*

1909-1972

HAIGAZIAN
UNIVERSITY
PRESS

Original Title: *Episodes From My Life*
By: Dr. Daniel Stepan Wosgian (*Né Kuyumjian*)

Edited by Elda Khanamirian Awad

Copy edited by Dr. Natalie Honein

© 2025 Doreen Khanamirian El Zein and Elda Khanamirian Awad
Beirut, Lebanon

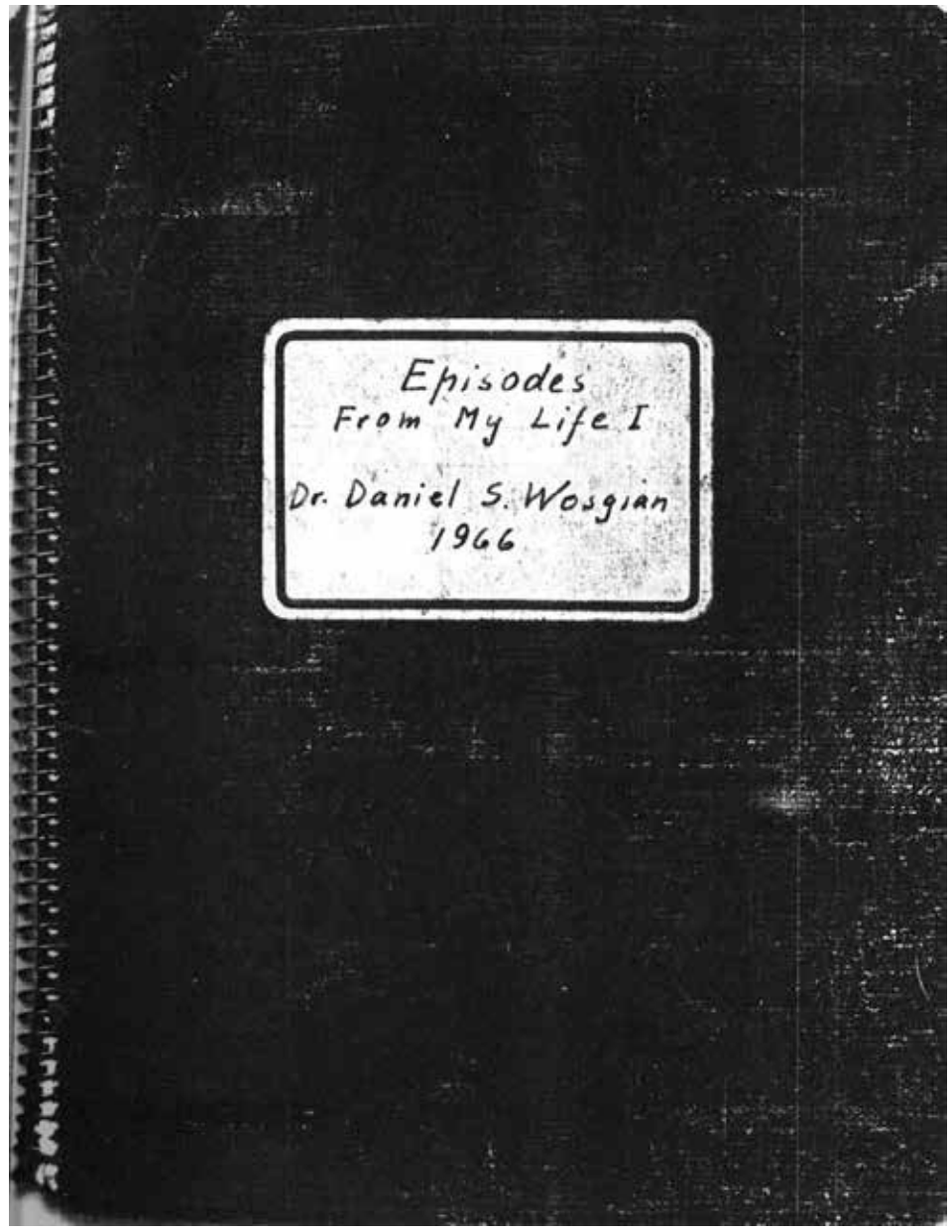
All rights reserved.

First Edition: May, 2025

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise), without the prior permission of the publisher.

www.haigazian.edu.lb

ISBN 978-9953-585-61-1



Book I of Daniel's original manuscript

To our beloved mother, Nancy, whose love, wisdom,
and positivity continue to inspire us every day

FOREWARD

This book has been in the making ever since our mother, Nancy, entrusted us with the handwritten memoirs of our grandfather, Daniel Wosgian many years ago.

From that moment, we felt a deep responsibility to share his story—a first-hand account of the Armenian Genocide told through the eyes of a 6-year-old young boy who survived unimaginable horrors, rebuilt his life, and ultimately earned a PhD from Columbia University in New York.

By publishing this memoir, we are honoring our grandfather's hand written stories so his journey and words can now find their place in the world. Completing his memoir ensures his legacy lives on. As we move through life, we carry with us the enduring lessons from Daniel's story—lessons of perseverance in the face of adversity, resilience in hardship, and a deep commitment to one's values.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to Haigazian University—especially Reverend Dr. Paul Haidostian and Dr. Antranig Dakessian—for their support in bringing this publication to life.

Our sincere thanks goes to Dr. Natalie Honein for her meticulous copy editing; to Mouna Mounayer for her steadfast guidance and wholehearted support every step of the way; and to Dr. Nadim Shehadi for his insightful guidance. We are equally grateful to the American University of Beirut, the Lebanese Arab University, Columbia University and Bird's Nest

Orphanage for their support in granting access to their archives. Our sincere thanks to Obeida Sidani for his creative vision to the book's elegant design, and to Myrna Ateshian for thoughtfully shaping the manuscript into its final book format.

Doreen Khanamirian El Zein
and Elda Khanamirian Awad

EDUCATION: THE REACTION TO BRUTALITY

As of June 28, 1914, Europe was entangled in a war that soon engulfed other continents and was known as World War I.

The Ottoman Empire joined the war on October 29, 1914. It believed this war offered it ample opportunity to restore lost territories and to annihilate any pending or forthcoming challenges to its territories. Indeed, as the wave of nationalism had spread in the Empire throughout the 19th century, the European powers had undermined its stability and pushed for reforms for the non-Turkish *millet*s of the Empire. These reforms, particularly for the over 2 million Armenian indigenous population of the Empire, had become a basic preoccupation of the 'sick man of Europe'.

Thus, the Ottoman government, led by the Committee of Union and Progress, grasped the WWI opportunity to initiate the first large-scale genocide of the 20th century against the Armenians.

Soon orders were made for conscription. Next, deprived of their able family members, the Armenians were uprooted and exiled to the Syrian deserts, while others were massacred in their homeland.

The order of exile covered Zeitun, too, a town nestled in the mountains of north-east Cilicia, a week after the indigenous population celebrated Easter in May 1915.

Daniel Wosgian, the author of this memoir, narrates his trials and tribulations and miseries during the next seven years as he "…walk[s] endlessly …hoping against hope…[since] those who stayed behind were beaten to death… [while] Turkish, Kurdish and Chechen villagers or nomads would readily and without being noticed rob, kill and carry away the women of their choice."

Wandering in the wilderness, he struggles to survive and protect his mother, witnesses his mother being whipped, experiences impotent rage (and eventually utter helplessness and submission), barters a quilt for a piece of bread. The poor child notes that, "under such dire conditions of suffering and starvation, nobody seemed to care for others …[as] extreme hardship brutalizes people and destroys humans and human qualities." The personal disappointment of a child of seven being deserted is awful: "Nobody wanted me."

The scenes Wosgian describes make the panorama of uprooting, deportation, massacre and survival tremendously intense. Reflecting on these appalling sufferings, Wosgian questions how come "I… a refugee, an abandoned child of 5½, growing to be 8½, living in complete filth, full of vermin and all sorts of microbes…was never sick…."

Things start changing with the loss of the Ottoman Empire in the war. Daniel takes refuge in an orphanage in Aintab; he attends school, which is interrupted a year later by the war of Aintab. After the Aintab self-defence war, Daniel's orphanage is relocated to Lebanon. Now, most of the orphans feel they have wasted too many years out of school. "Therefore, it was most urgent that we should make the very best use of our opportunity …. [we were] completely absorbed in our schoolwork, outside of which we understood hardly anything… [we] completely lacked worldly shrewdness…." The world outside frightened them.

Eventually, he is admitted to the sub-freshman class at the American University of Beirut. AUB is Daniel's next turning point in his life. After graduation Wosgian's life is a non-stop upward-moving ride dedicated to learning, education and community service.

In reflection, this resolute, passionate and fervent individual is convinced "that the greatest role both in my survival during the war and any success in the post-war years was played by my *family education* during the first five or six years of my childhood."

Daniel Wosgian's memoir is one of a thousand and more memoirs written by Armenian Genocide survivors of different age groups. He is both an actor and observer of the events, which he narrates, reminiscing about his struggle to survive and eventually to carve out a respected niche for him and his family. However, the memoir is a rare testimony of an orphan who becomes an educator and drives for the highest degrees in education and for service to education. Besides, it is a rare narrative of the post-orphanage years of the Lebanese Armenian orphans. As such, it sheds light on the dynamics of a rejuvenating refugee community that settled in Beirut in the early 1920s, coming out of its catastrophic period, supported by international philanthropic organizations, particularly the Near East Relief. Equally interesting are his perceptions, understandings and descriptions of life in the orphanage, and the mindset of the orphan. His depiction of the orphanage, the orphan, the instructors, the conditions they lived in enable the reader to construct a fair overview of the time and life of the orphan and his determination to advance.

Wosgian's account is brief and compact. He composes short paragraphs, while his usage of critical words makes his descriptions plain and comprehensible. The key words and expressions he uses sound simple, yet they relocate the reader from a mere witness to an observer and a participant in the events.

While some other memoirs stop abruptly after the authors reach their salvation point, Wosgian continues to narrate the sinuous road he took towards growth and stops when things become clear and the reader can imagine that whatever is left as an untold story is a natural and smooth road of life. In that regard, the book reconstructs and validates narratives of the first two decades of the post-Genocide Armenian communities of Syria and Lebanon, the challenges they faced in reorganizing community life and the uphill road they followed in constructing youth societies both independent and partisan.

For me the book's outstanding message is that, due to his "homely virtues", Wosgian responds to man's inhumanity to his nation by dedicating his post-orphanage life to knowledge and education.

Alongside the memoir, this book contains some of Wosgian's articles which were published in the periodical of the Jbeil orphanage, *Doun*, a number of family and personal photos, as well as photos of certain localities, a map of the deportation route from Zeitun, and the conclusion of his PhD thesis. Unfortunately, it was impossible to retrieve his BA degree thesis, entitled "Armenian Refugees in Syria and Lebanon."

The Haigazian University-based Armenian Diaspora Research Center and the HU Press take pride in publishing Daniel Wosgian's *Episodes from My Life.*

Dr. Antranik Dakessian, Director
Armenian Diaspora Research Center

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Part Three

MY LIFE IN AINTAB (1916-1918)

Part Four

AT THE ORPHANAGE IN AINTAB (1918-1920)

Part Five

JBEIL COMMUNITY (1920-1924)

Part Six

AT A.U.B. (1924-1929)

Part Seven

SIXTEEN YEARS IN ALEPPO (1929-1945)

CONCLUSION

Appendices

Part One

CHILDHOOD IN ZEITUN

(1914-1915)

I

"I Wish I Could Die, Instead of Daniel, My Brother

I must have been about four or five years old (1914) when I seemed to be living my last days, suffering from the measles. Dr. Levon Melidonian, a maternal uncle and the only M.D. in Zeitun, believed there was no hope for me.

I remember vividly my younger sister Antaram (the unfading), only four years old saying: "Ah, God I wish I could die instead of Daniel, my brother." A few days later, she was in bed with measles. I was cured, and she died of it.

II

Our Michov Koefté at the Top of the Poplar Tree

In Zeitun, every family that could afford it had *michov koefté* (stuffed meatballs) for lunch on Sunday.

As father had died early, one Sunday mother was not able to prepare *michov koefté* because she could not afford it. When my younger sister Antaram asked for it, she received the following answer from mother: "Our *michov koefté* is at the top of the poplar tree. Daniel will grow and bring it down for us."

Fifteen years later in 1929, I was able to bring down the *michov koefté* of the Wosgians, but Antaram was no longer there to enjoy it.

III

My Father and the Big Box of Coins

Ours was a modest family in Zeitun. We were not prominent in wealth, by birth or by fighting men–these being the main factors that gave families influence and social standing. But my father was able to make a name for himself. He was quiet, studious, and docile. His teachers liked him and therefore sent him to the newly opened secondary (Getronagan) school in Zeitun.

His *Osmanli* (ancient Turkish/Arabic) calligraphy was the best in Zeitun. This was a very significant fact in a place where people's educational achievements were judged mainly by their penmanship. People high up in the government would often have my father copy letters addressed to high authorities. In this way, my father came to the attention of Ali Pasha who was visiting Zeitun, and he was able to secure a position in the government.

My father refused a very lucrative job as *tahsildar* (tax assessor) because his conscience would not allow him to perform such a duty. So he was employed as a chief clerk in the Finance Department.

I remember very vividly my taking lunch to him and seeing beside him a big open box full of coins. This left a tremendous impression on me because even the smallest coins were so rare in Zeitun. I remember we would buy vegetables and fruits by giving in exchange a handful of *bourghoul* (cracked wheat) or flour.

IV

How I Deceived Uncle Meldon

Meldon Kera was the brother of my grandmother. He was an old man who could not see well but was still running a shop with all sorts of little things.

One afternoon, when I was about 5 years old, my little friends convinced me to take a worthless piece of metal, a wick knob to Meldon Kera and buy with it *kerek léblébou* (sweet split peas). The trick worked but later on, Meldon Kera discovered his mistake but told my mother not to punish me. Nobody would mention it to my father because they all knew how much he would be upset. His standards of ethics were impeccable.

V

I Thrust a Blade into the Nostrils of a Playmate

In the mud, I found a rusted blade of a knife and was very happy about it. A playmate insisted that it was not worth much because it wouldn't cut. To prove him wrong, I thrust the blade into his nostrils causing profuse bleeding.

That day, I couldn't go home for lunch. I had to take refuge from my parents and spend the day with my aunt who was married to Mr. Nishan Yezegielian.

VI

Armed to the Teeth at Age Six

It must have been around March 1915 when the government had gathered the young men of military age and searched homes for firearms and other weapons. To avoid the consequences, people were throwing their weapons out of their homes. With some playmates, I found a great

number of these with much ammunition under the aqueducts of a flour mill.

I returned home armed with a curved sabre and a big revolver with some ammunitions. Partly aware of the situation, I hid these things under some plants in our house. Mother, discovering this terrible thing, gave me a beating and sent the arsenal back to its original place.

VII

Missed Church on Sunday

Zeitun was a town of 15,000 Armenians, with another 15,000 in the surrounding villages. On Sunday, all work stopped, and everybody went to church. Father was in bed; therefore, mother could not go to church, but I was expected to go and join my maternal grandfather *Ghazoy Dada* (Lazarus grandpa).

One Sunday, instead of going to church, I went with friends to our garden (*Astzoulnak*) about 6 or 7 km from town. A woman reported this to my parents who became furious because they considered this a very serious matter.

This was a second occasion when I couldn't go home and had to take refuge with my aunt until evening, when matters cooled and arrangement was worked out between my aunt and my parents concerning my guilt.

VIII

My Grandpa Ghazoy Dada and the Church

Ghazoy Dada, my maternal grandfather, was a very tall and handsome man. He was very kind and generous to all but loved me in a very special way. He was active in the church (*Asdvadzadzine*). On special feast days, he read

from the book of the prophets, such as Daniel. People from other churches would go to *Asdvadzadzine* to hear him chant and read from the book.

He was to be ordained a priest but could not because he did not have a son and because his wife had died. To be a priest, one had to have his first wife alive and have a son from her.

Ghazoy Dada was always in the front *tass,* the choir with the priest and deacons. There I could join him and stand in front of him. With his hands, he would play with the hair on my head.

IX

Paboujians and Building the Church of Asdvadzadzine

Zeitun had four quarters with four churches and four "princes" (*ishkhan*). In fact, there had been hostilities between them. In my days, there were no such "wars," but each quarter maintained its peculiarities, its "prince," its dialect, its costumes, and its church.

Our quarter was the *Sourenian*, or central quarter. That is where the central market, the government house, the central high school, and the prelature were located.

Our church was *Asdvadzadzine*. Mother tells me that while it was being built, practically everybody in the quarter had to contribute money and work. From her family alone (Paboujians), three people were killed by accident while building the church:

1. Babik, my mother's uncle, a young man, died while unloading from a mule. A section of a stone pillar had fallen on him and crushed his belly.

2. Haji Panus, mother's grandfather, also died of a wound caused by a stone falling on his leg.

3. Sahag, another uncle of my mother, was a very handsome and kind young man who was engaged to be married. He was a carpenter who fell from a scaffolding while engaged in plastering the church walls.

Three persons from the same family, father and two sons, died in building this church. Of course, they were working volunteers without any pay. In each case, the accident happened because they were being assisted by other volunteers who were not trained for the job they were doing.

Everybody was anxious to give a hand in building the church. In memory of these three deaths, the Paboujians were given a special section reserved for them.

X
The Zeitun Costume

I have vivid memories of my first and only Zeitun costume on Easter Day 1914. I was then old enough to have a man's costume and I was very proud of it.

I had a *postal* (soft boot) with colored metal pieces (*poul*) on it. White underwear (*khassa*) both *vardig* and *shabig*. My culotte was tied just below the knee but flowing down to cover the upper part of the boot. Then I had a *zouboun* with three parts (3 *pésh*), *rayé* blue and white, and two side parts of the *zouboun* were folded up to the wrist. Then I had *zafa* from the sleeves. These sleeves were long and wide hanging more than an arm's length from the wrist. The ends of these two sleeves were tied together and thrown to the back of the head. Thus, anyone who saw me from the front would see all white, top to bottom. Grownups would be dressed in the same way and would have on an *abaya* with gold ends.

XI
A Rifle Seized in Our Home

It must have been during the summer of 1914, because mother, sister and I were sleeping on the roof. When the police came in, mother went down to meet them. Later on, I learned that a rifle (a Martini-Henry) had been unearthed from our stable.

Nishan Yezegielian, a well-educated young man with certain ideas about resistance oppression, had buried his rifle in our stable, which was considered free from suspicion because our family had no adult male member. Somebody betrayed him and under torture he confessed to having a rifle and told them where it was hidden. As far as I know, we were not held responsible for hiding a gun.

XII
Fighting at the Monastery

It must have been about March 1915. The Ottoman government had decided to exterminate the Armenian population of the empire, beginning with Zeitun, the town it had failed to subdue for five centuries.

Zeitun decided to submit and comply with orders because:

1. *Catholicos* (head of the church) and other Armenian leaders told them that if they resisted, the Armenians in the rest of the empire would suffer dire consequences.

2. Germany was an ally of Turkey and had given the Turks modern weapons very different from those of the old days. The three latest occasions when Zeitun had successfully defied the imperial army were in 1862, 1895 and 1909.

3. The harvest had not yet been gathered and winter provisions were exhausted.

On every previous occasion, Zeitun had waited until wheat, grapes and other winter provisions were in before they defied the government, while they controlled all the fields and vineyards.

4. Zeitun was relatively modernized. There were educated people who read newspapers and thought they understood politics. In the old days, there were feudal lords, *Ishkhans,* who commanded explicit obedience and who fought oppression without too much thought about consequences.

The steps by which Zeitun was destroyed:

1. Zeitun was crowded with Turkish troops.

2. Young men of military age were conscripted and taken out of the region to eliminate the fighting men.

3. Assurances of and fair treatment were given officially and through Armenian leaders outside Zeitun.

4. Zeitun's leaders were induced to surrender their outlaws (éshkhié) – about 200 - who were promised fair treatment.

5. All weapons were collected.

6. All leaders were taken into custody and carried to Marash.

7. The population, now helpless, was deported.

8. The town was burned, and the Turks had vowed that they would completely destroy it by sowing wheat where the town had been.

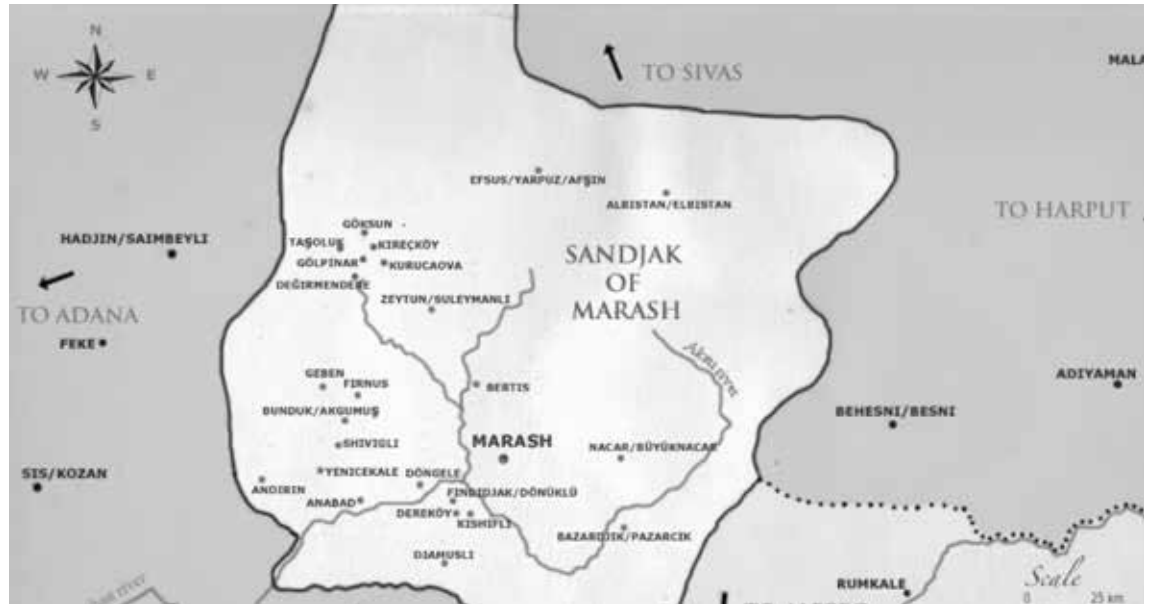
9. In 1921, when the holocaust was over, out of 30,000 Armenians of the region, only 3000 had survived.

There were a handful of young men who refused to surrender. About 18 of them took refuge outside the town in the monastery (*Asdvadzadzine*) and fought a successful one-day battle against an army of several thousand men with modern weapons. From our roof, I watched the fighting, and the next day, the burning of the monastery. The brave young men withdrew to the mountains and kept on fighting for four years. Many of them were still alive at the end of the war.

XIII

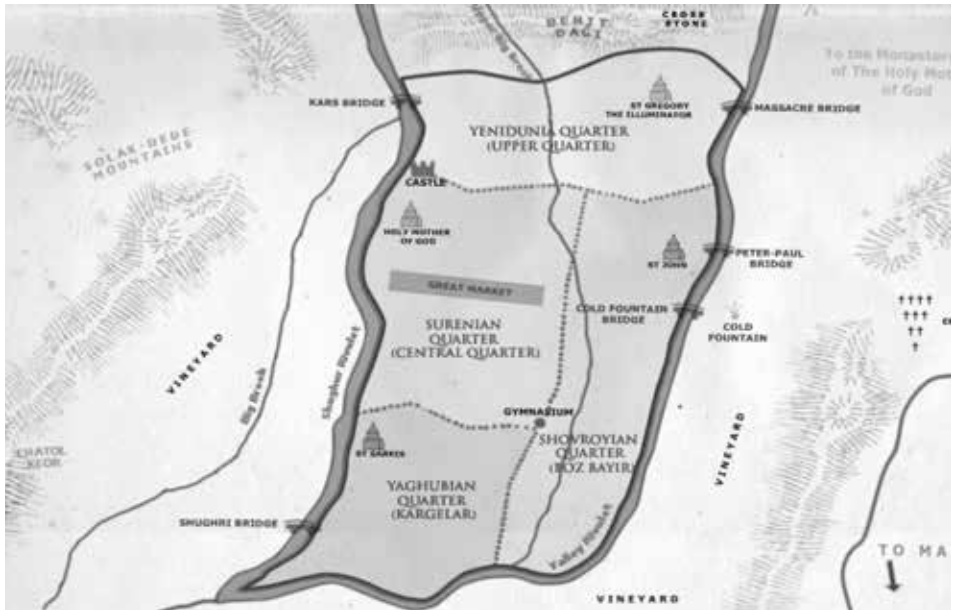
The Torture of Nazaret Chavush

All the éshkhié and leaders of Zeitun were tortured and hanged in Marash, but the worst tortures were reserved for Nazaret Chavush Norashkharian. His nails were pulled out and his flesh was cut into little pieces causing him terrible suffering for days. He was hanged before he could die of his wounds and tortures.

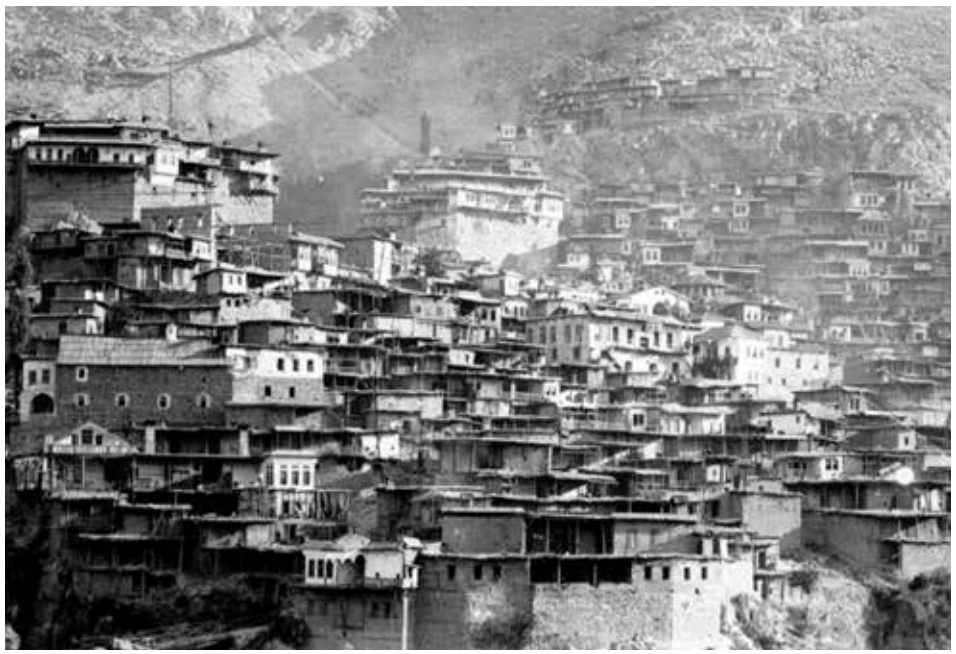


Map of Marash

Province (vilayet) of Aleppo, Zeitun town - Source Houshamadyan



Map of Surenian quarter in Zeitun - Source Houshamadyan



General view of Zeitun currently Süleymanli - Source Nubarian Library Collection

Zeitun natives in 1915 - Source Soviet Armenian Encyclopedia

Part Two

WANDERING IN THE WILDERNESS

(1915-1916)

I

Deported

In April 1915, we celebrated Easter, the greatest feast of the year. A week later, the deportation of Zeitun started. We were the first Armenians to be deported. By May, all the town and its surrounding villages, 30,000 people, had been deported to an unknown destination. We were part of the batch before last because we were the least dangerous people; my mother, a very religious (*mouhabétdji*) widow at 30 and her son, me, a child of 6. The last batch of deportees consisted of the helpless, the sick, and the invalids.

II

"Glad" to Be Deported

Not realizing the calvary awaiting us, I was happy that we would be seeing great cities like Marash. How innocent a child can be!

III

The Conditions in which We Left Our House

As I mentioned elsewhere, ours had been a modest family in Zeitun, but after my father became a government official, we became one of the

fortunate families in town. His monthly salary was three gold pounds which was a lot of money in those days. Father had spent his first salaries on improving our house, so that when I knew it, it was one of the rather modern dwellings in town. Most of the improvements were on the second floor where we had a relatively large hall with a wooden floor.

In spite of her intense religious feelings, my mother did not want to leave our winter provisions to the Turks who were to occupy our house. They were either Bosnian Turks or Albanians. They bothered us practically every day, saying: "Now, this house is ours, and you must vacate it soon." It is easy to imagine our impotent rage.

We piled all our provisions – wheat, flour, lentils, peas, *bourghoul*, molasses, oils, beans, etc. – in the middle of the hall on the second floor and mixed them all together. Then we brought all the windowpanes, broke the glass into little bits and mixed them with the pile of provisions to make sure that the enemy did not make use of it. Then we left all the doors ajar and came out, never to see it again.

I wonder why mother and other Armenians did not think of setting their homes on fire. I suppose they all hoped that one day they might return.

IV

My First View of Marash Under the Whips of the Turkish Zaptieh

As we left Zeitun we were fortunate to secure a donkey on which we loaded a few essentials – food, clothing and bedding – while mother and I walked. In about 10 hours, we were at the top of *Kiavour Dagh* (mountain of unbelievers, referring to Christians).

I have a vivid memory of the beautiful view of Marash and its great plain from the top of *Kiavour Dagh*. I could see a checkered plain of many

colors – red, green, brown, black. I could also hear the humming of a great city.

Under the insults of the Turkish mob of Marash and the furtive and frightened looks of local Armenians from behind closed windows, we were marched into a stable in a *khan* (inn). We must have spent a day or two in that *khan*, after which we were marched out to an undisclosed destination.

All I could see of Marash was from the eyes of a captive being marched out of the town under the whips of the Turkish *zaptieh* (soldier).

V

The Immediate Destination of our Refugee Caravans

We had no idea where we were being driven to, but as we walked, we realized where we were going. It seemed those from Zeitun who were destined for immediate destruction were driven south-east to the Syrian desert, but helpless children, widows and invalids, like mother and I, whose immediate destruction was not considered necessary, were merely driven in the opposite direction to the west. So, we found ourselves passing through Bulanik, Bahcheh, Keller, Koniah and finally Sultanieh.

It was the policy of the government to have the refugee caravans avoid the main road and the great cities. So, we walked most of this time across mountain trails and deserted wilderness, under the whips of mounted *zaptiehs*. The government had two reasons to avoid the main roads:

1. To prevent foreigners and certain progressive Turks from seeing the suffering inflicted.

2. To make it easier for robbers, bandits, and convicts (liberated for this purpose) to feel free to rob, rape and kill.

VI

Three Months in the Filth of Sultanieh

Sultanieh was a three-hour walk from Koniah, and that seemed to be our destination for the time being. Personally, I have no memory of it whatsoever, but mother tells me that what struck her as peculiar to Sultanieh was the extreme filth and abundance of flies. Flies were so numerous and so hungry that as we opened the dough to make bread, swarms of them would lay on it and refuse to budge. Mother said: "As one of us opened the dough, another one was busy driving the flies away."

According to modern standards, Zeitun itself was far from being clean. So, I can imagine the filth of Sultanieh when mother, just out of Zeitun, was so shocked by the filth in Sultanieh. She was surprised that we survived that filth for about three months.

VII

A March to Death – Going Back "Home"

On one of those " days," a herald was sent around in our camp announcing that his majesty the Sultan, in his "great mercy" for his Armenian subjects, wished to allow them to return to their hometown. We suspected (I mean experienced people among us suspected) some devilish design in this announcement, but there was nothing we could do about it. The people hoped against hope that this might be true.

We were also told that we should leave all our belongings there, whatever some families had managed to bring as far as Sultanieh, and start walking homeward. It was promised that our s would be dispatched soon by train to us.

Soon it became evident that this deception was used to make our movements easier. Since we were "going home" it was not necessary to have many gendarmes to accompany the caravan. We could not expect

anything from the Ottoman government, but we did not also realize that this was to be the beginning of a march to death.

VIII

T*en Months at Islahieh Working on the Baghdad Railway*

Halfway back to Zeitun, we were stopped. Other Armenian deportees from many regions joined us and were all made to work on the Baghdad Railway at Islahieh, in the Taurus Mountains. We had to carry earth to build the embankments for the railway. Of course, no food was given and no wages were paid. People still had some money to live with. The last coins my mother had she paid to buy a quilt. Half of it under us and half over us we slept, mother and I, on the ground at the end of a tent which the Germans had given to the refugees. One night, mother said it rained hard and we were soaked in water, quilt and all.

Mother and I lived during those ten months on dry biscuits which I was able to secure from individual German soldiers. I do not remember how I secured them, but mother told me that I brought enough to keep body and soul together. I must have begged or stolen, or both.

IX

Winter of 1915-1916 in Kurd Bahcheh

After completing the job at Islahieh, we were moved to the next station, known as *Kurd Bahcheh* (Kurdish Garden). There we continued our work on the railway but under more trying conditions because the people had exhausted the money reserves, they had, and because it was now winter. The winter was severe, and we had no adequate food, clothing or shelter. There were several sad episodes that happened there, but I will tell them elsewhere below. We were barefooted, hungry and with only shabby rags covering our body, already swarming with vermin, mainly lice.

X

My Daring Theft in our Struggle for Survival

Mother and I struggled for survival at *Kurd Bahcheh*. We ate any grass we could find, as a result of which mother's body was swollen all over. One thing saved her. Spring was coming and trees began to come to life. There were many bushes of wild pistachio trees (*ménéngish*, *pénégénee*). We gathered the sprouts, the fresh shoots of this tree, boiled them in a tin can and ate them. This helped mother, her swelling subsided and she got well, able to work and get an occasional ration of food.

Under these conditions of starvation, I heard one night that there were carloads of wheat at the railway station. It was pitch dark. I took a bag and followed others who were moving down to the station. The Turkish sentinels and guards were moving back and forth. We could not see anybody, but we could hear the pounding of their boots on the ground. As soon as the soldier walked away, I, barefooted, moved silently under a railroad car. With a sharp metal, I cut the sack of wheat through the slit between two planks. The wheat came down in a steady stream. I filled my bag and waited until the sound of the soldiers' boots were far enough from me. I moved out and up the hill to my mother. For a few days, we had a feast. We boiled the wheat in a tin can and ate it. No salt, no oil, no spices, just the whole wheat boiled. You should taste it after starving for months.

XI

Freezing to Death in a Snowstorm

Mother and I were allowed to spend our nights in the corner of a black tent made of goats' hair. We slept on the ground and covered ourselves with some rags which were the only possessions we had. With the other refugees, every morning we went to work on the railway. For the day's work, each one was given a piece of bread about 40 grams in weight. This

was the only food we had for the day except for some grass which we might find in the mountains.

It was a cold winter day. Mother and I were late to go to work. On the way, we were caught in a snowstorm. The ground was covered with about 5 inches of snow, and we were cold, tired and hungry.

The time came when I couldn't walk anymore and sat down on the snow. Mother says she realized at once that if we stopped there, that would be my end. She had heard that if a tired traveller sat in a snowstorm to rest, he would soon fall asleep, numb and freeze to death. She sat down on the snow with me and began to rub my body as hard as she could, with all the strength even a starving mother can muster. She realized that her only son can be saved from death only that way. This warmed her and warmed me and woke me up from my death sleep. Then she dragged me forward to work.

As soon as we arrived, the Turkish soldier (*zaptieh*) who was our foreman told us that we would not be given our ration of 40 grams of bread that day because we were late. Mother says that this declaration made me furious, and I charged the soldier furiously. Fearing that the soldier might put me down on the spot or shoot to kill, she asked the other refugees to give me a beating. This satisfied the soldier, and mother managed to secure some bread for me as the storm subsided.

XII

We Have a Bath a Year

One night, there was a heavy rainstorm while we were in the tent at *Kurd Bahcheh*. The men in the tent who still had some strength left in them, went out and opened a trench to direct the flood waters away from them and therefore in our direction. Soon, mother and I were floating in a flood of water in our bed. This was the first and only bath we had had for a

year. We had to spend the rest of the night standing in the water. The next morning, we stood in the sun and spread our bed on a rock to dry.

XIII
Suffering Kills Human Feelings

Under such dire conditions of suffering and starvation, nobody seemed to care for others, even their dearest ones. Those who dug the ditch were not interested in extending it a little further to save us from the flood. To be fair, we must say that they did not have the strength to do so. People were indifferent to the death of dear ones. Mother remembers only the case of one man, Balintz Garabed, who cried when his two sons died, one after the other. Mother herself did not have the strength to cry when her sister died at *Kurd Bahcheh*. This sister named Iskouhi was famous in Zeitun for her beauty. She was considered lucky because her suffering had come to an end.

XIV
Barons and Porters

Hovannes Aharonian (Héynintz Vannes) was considered the top intellectual in Zeitun. He was the principal of the secondary school, the highest institution of education, and he was much respected.

During the war, Aharonian and his son, with some other people of Zeitun, were working as porters for some Turks. They stopped at some point on the road and put their loads on a wall to rest. At this point, one of the men who had always been an unskilled worker stretched his arms and said: "Thank God for making Baron Aharonian a slave like us."

Aharonian's son began to murmur, whereupon the father said gently: "Don't start a fuss now. This war will end one day and if we are alive, we shall again become Barons, but that man will remain a porter."

In fact, after the war, Aharonian became the principal of an AGBU Orphanage. Then he went to Montevideo where he started a business. Later he became the owner, with his sons, of a chain of stores and earned millions. He made his sons doctors and engineers, helped many of his relatives join him, and they all became prosperous businessmen in Montevideo.

XV
A Carpet Bartered for a Loaf of Bread

As we walked along, we had thrown away things we carried because we got weaker and weaker. One of the past possessions my mother had was a carpet. It couldn't have been a very expensive carpet because otherwise the gendarmes would have taken it from us, but it was something very useful to us. It was our home, our furniture, our floor, our roof and our bedding. On the road to *Kurd Bahcheh*, we gave it away in exchange for a loaf of bread. We did this for two reasons. First, because we were too weak to carry it much further, and second, because we were starving and would give anything for some food. Mother begged the woman to give us at least two loaves, but to no avail, we got only one.

This carpet was the bedding for four of us – mother, her sister Iskouhi, Iskouhi's mother-in-law, and myself. All four of us wrapped ourselves in this carpet and spent our nights in it.

XVI
Parting from My Mother for the First Time

Elsewhere I mentioned how in Sultanieh, we were told that we would be allowed to return home. Mother was told to go along with the caravan, promising to send me along in a train. Mother reached *Kurd Bahcheh* and waited for about a month, but I did not appear. She was worried so she

found a man and gave him her two gold earrings, which she had concealed, with the understanding that he would find me and return me to her. After a month had elapsed, my aunt and her mother-in-law brought me back to my mother in *Kurd Bahcheh*.

XVII
The Rain Soaks Us All

There was a river at a place called Mamurieh, near Adana, where we spent two to three weeks. Nearby, there was a railway station where there were German troops. I don't know what people ate there to keep body and soul together, but I was not hungry as I had been earlier because I used to go to the Germans and get some dried biscuits from them. These biscuits were as dry and as hard as stone. I soaked them in the river for a while until they were soft enough to be eaten. Both mother and I were thus able to gather some strength here. We also found some bedding which other deportees had thrown away, unable to carry them.

We were in the open air with no tents. One night, I remember very well it started raining. I covered myself in my bed until I found myself in a torrent. I had to throw my bed on a rock and stood on another rock, completely soaked under the heavy rain. This time must have been spring 1916, because it was not very cold and because the rain did not last long.

When the rain stopped, we all made a big fire to dry ourselves and our bedding. I cannot understand why I was never sick during those first two years of the deportation 1915-1917.

XVIII
Urine Cures My Sore Eyes

I have just said that I was never sick during the first two years of the deportation 1915-1917. Only once I had sore eyes at Mamurieh. I couldn't open my eyes and it was painful.

There was no possibility of securing any kind of medicine. The women told mother that some drops of milk might help. There was a woman breast feeding her baby, so mother begged her to give us a few drops of her milk, but she would not. This is another instance showing how extreme hardship brutalizes people and destroys humans and human qualities.

Another woman told mother that urine might help. At night, I woke up and wanted to urinate. I could not open my eyes but from the sound of my urination, I realized that my urine was being collected in a can. My inquiry brought no satisfactory reply from mother, but I later learned that drops of it in my eye had cured my sore eyes almost miraculously in a matter of days.

XIX
How I Was Given a Pair of "New Shoes" Every Evening

As mentioned earlier, during the 12-hour walk from Zeitun to Marash, we had a donkey which carried a few things we were able to take with us. Occasionally, I was able to ride the donkey, but that was only the first day of deportation. After Marash, we had to walk, walk, and walk endlessly.

What is worse, we were not allowed to walk along the regular roads. The gendarmes riding their horses made us walk in deserted areas where robbing and killing could not readily be noticed by foreigners. Also, it would cause more hardship, fatigue, exhaustion, and death. Also, it would be difficult for the deportees to find drinking water. In those lonely places, Turkish, Kurdish and Chechen villagers or nomads would more readily and without being noticed rob, kill and carry away the women of their choice.

During those day-long walks over the rocks, shoes did not last long. I came out of Zeitun without spare shoes, and the one I was wearing lasted for about 10 days and then became useless. So, every time we stopped for the evening, mother would gather some rags, wrap them around my feet and sew them tightly. This made excellent shoes – soft and comfortable. By

evening, after a day's walk over the rocks, the wrap was not there anymore, and had to be renewed.

Fortunately, at every station we had no problem finding rags, because people were throwing away some of their extra clothing to lighten their burden. Thus, every evening, usually after I fell asleep, mother would gather the rags and sew them on my feet, ready for the next morning. After walking all day, I would be so tired that I would not be bothered by the "operation" being performed on my feet.

People with regular shoes developed blisters resulting from walking all day, but our feet were free from such sores. People suffered from these blisters which burst open, got filled with soil, became infected, and caused much pain. They had to walk on these blisters because those who stayed behind were beaten to death.

XX

The Dangers of Falling Behind the Caravan – My Mother Gets Whipped

Walking all day and sometimes at night with very little food, exhausted us so completely that once we put our heads down on the earth, we fell sound asleep. On one occasion, mother woke me up and we were dismayed to see that the caravan had moved on and could be seen on a distant hill being driven relentlessly forward toward an unknown destination. We scrambled up and hurried to catch the crowd. Even when you are marching to your death, you feel less worried when you have a large crowd with you.

The important point in this episode is the fact that usually, those who did not have the strength to keep up with the caravan or for other reasons, were left behind or beaten to death.

So, mother and I knew what to expect. Two local gendarmes were around. As soon as they saw us, one of them started hitting mother with a whip, while I ran to a safe distance begging him not to kill my mother.

Every time she stood up to walk towards the caravan (she did not have enough strength to run), she was knocked down by the gendarme's whip. This was repeated several times while I screamed for mercy. Finally, the second Turk, a civilian who was watching us said: "Leave the bitch alone! She is not worth killing."

At last, I was pulling mother after me to join the caravan.

This episode illustrates again the indifference of one victim towards another. We had been sleeping on the mountainside in the middle of the caravan, but when the order to move on came, nobody around us took the trouble to wake us up although they all knew that it might result in our being beaten to death. We were all brutalized. All people were interested in was to live a day longer.

XXI

Mother Suffers from Night Blindness

It must have been the lack of food, especially of vitamin A, that caused night blindness in many deportees; mother was one of them. When we had to march at night over the rough ground of the mountains, I had to get hold of her hand and guide her. During the day, she would urge me to march on and not stay behind, because as I said, those who were straggling behind the crowd were knocked down and killed. On different occasions, mother was beaten because she could not catch up with the caravan. She was undernourished and sick. I had to drag her on.

XXII

Ants Eating on a Dead Woman's Wounds

The track we were following was strewn with naked bodies, male and female, young and old. I will never forget the swarms of ants moving into the open wound of a dead woman. She must have been about 30. A great

number of ants were busily moving in and out of her slashed side. Nobody paid any attention to such scenes.

XXIII

Hoping Against Hope

I mentioned earlier that we were first driven to Sultanieh near Koniah, and on the way, quite a few of us perished. Then we were ordered to retrace our steps. We had to be on the move from one end of the vast empire to the other, until we perished of hunger, thirst, exhaustion, disease, and occasional massacres by "irresponsible elements."

At Sultanieh, we had been told that we were to return home. Nobody could expect anything of the Turks, and therefore, we could not believe this news, but we hoped against hope that this might be true. Man will always find a ray of hope in the darkest gloom.

The Turks seem to have made this declaration to reduce the need for gendarmes that accompanied the caravan. To drive a thousand women and children, it might be necessary to have 10 gendarmes, but when we were told that we were going home, only 4 or 5 of them would be enough.

After almost a year of wandering in the wilderness, we finally reached again the outskirts of Marash which had been our first station after Zeitun. Right there, before entering the city, we were made to walk to the east toward the Syrian desert rather than to the north where Zeitun was. Of course, this was no real surprise to us, but still made us feel even more disheartened. Now we had to think of something new in life worth living for. At this time, the Armenians of Marash had not been deported as yet. We all had friends and relatives among them, so, when they heard of our arrival and of our misery, they came out to meet us, bringing food and clothing and medicine. I will never forget that scene on an open field where the Armenians of Marash were trying to reach us but the gendarmes with

whips in their hands rushed around and kept the two groups apart, so that no help or comfort would reach us. They were pushed back to the city, and we were driven to the desert.

XXIV

A Thousand People Terrorized by 3 Gendarmes

One thing Europeans have not been able to understand is the fact that during the deportations (1915-1918), sometimes a thousand Armenians would be driven to their death journey by about three mounted gendarmes with no attempt at resistance. Why?

1. Normally the crowd consisted of women and children (the men had been taken away at the start and massacred).

2. The Armenians were hungry, sick, exhausted, and completely demoralized.

3. They were driven through hostile territory, through Turkish villages and tribal areas where the people were encouraged to harass, rob, and kill the Armenians.

4. As I mentioned on several occasions, there was no *esprit de corps*, no feeling of togetherness. The general spirit was *sauve qui peut*. There was no concern for the group or the individual neighbor.

XXV

40 Days in the Quarry, Waiting for Death

From Marash, the people were driven into the Syrian desert where places like Rakka, Meskeneh and Deir-Zor on the Euphrates became centres of great massacres. Mother and I were part of one of those centres of massacre.

Those who could walk were driven on but about 300 of us, old and sick people or little children were stationed in a stone quarry on the outskirts of Aintab (now Gaziantab). So far, our stations had been open spaces on top of hills and with us had been many able-bodied people. This time, we were inside the caves of the quarry where the space was damp, limited and sheltered from the sun. Most of the people were sick and invalid, unable to move from their places. In a way, this was the unhealthiest station we had had so far.

We all slept on the moist ground without bedding and without cover. The dead and the dying were thrown to one side of the cave, unburied, while the rest waited for death to relieve us from hunger and suffering.

We were completely isolated from the rest of the world. There was a well in the quarry where we got our drinking water. As to food, occasionally some American missionaries or local Armenians, when they could get permission, would bring us some bread, but had to throw the bread down to us. They were not permitted to come down into the cave and we were not allowed to go out. The main reasons must have been the following:

First, we were so hungry and brutalized that we might assault even our benefactors for food.

Second, we were full of vermin and all sorts of microbes, and we could easily infect them and start an epidemic in the city.

As the bread was thrown down, people who had some strength grabbed it in the air, while children, including myself, would look for crumbs in the soil. We threw bits of soil in our mouths and swallowed them hoping there were crumbs of bread in them. We lived in complete filth, with swarms of vermin on us, overwhelmed by the odor of the unburied dead and dying. Can you imagine about 200 human beings crowded in a single cave without toilets or any hygienic facilities, with some 50 or 100 corpses reeking and stinking, unburied for a month in the intense heat of July?

XXVI

How I Stole Sour Grapes

I have here described our life in the quarry just outside and to the east of Aintab. The caves in the quarry where we lived were about 20 meters below the ground surface and had a simple narrow entrance where two gendarmes were posted to prevent all unauthorized exit or entry.

The season of the year must have been July because there were sour grapes in the vineyards just outside the quarry. This was the only way I could tell the season of the year, which must have been 1916.

After dusk, I would watch the gendarmes very carefully, and when they were preoccupied or looking the other way or half in slumber, I would climb out of the quarry into the vineyards and return with some sour grapes. Then I would exchange some of my sour grapes for bread which some people were glad to give me to have some grapes for their sick or dying loved ones. I never considered myself smart, but it seems that exceptional circumstances can call out unsuspected qualities of people.

XXVII

How We Left Aintab Quarry – Mother to the Slaughterhouse and I Became an Orphan

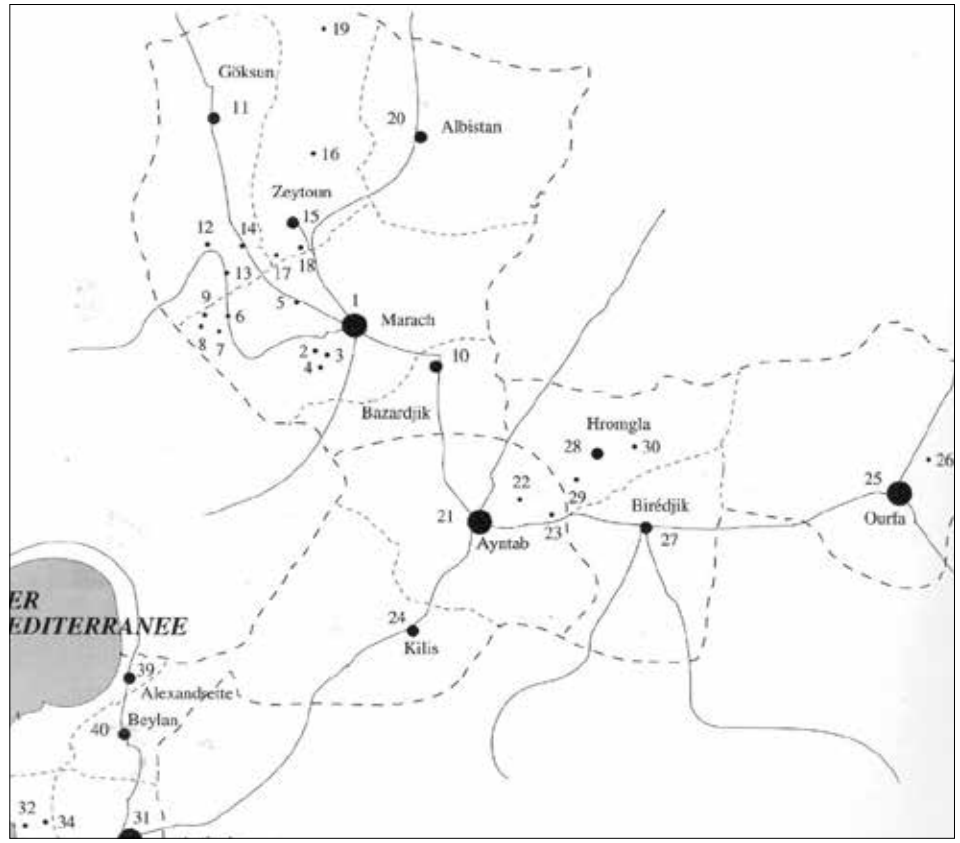
It must have been around August 1916 when orders came to evacuate the quarry. By that time, our numbers must have been reduced from 300 to about 80 who could still be counted as living persons. In the 40 days we stayed there, about 125 must have died, 80 were taken out and sent on to Deir-Zor, and about 15 were left there half dead or dying as we cleared out and abandoned the place.

Of the 80 that were left, about 30 were children below 8 who had no parents. These were taken to the town to be distributed among Moslem families. The rest, about 50 old and sick people, were thrown into

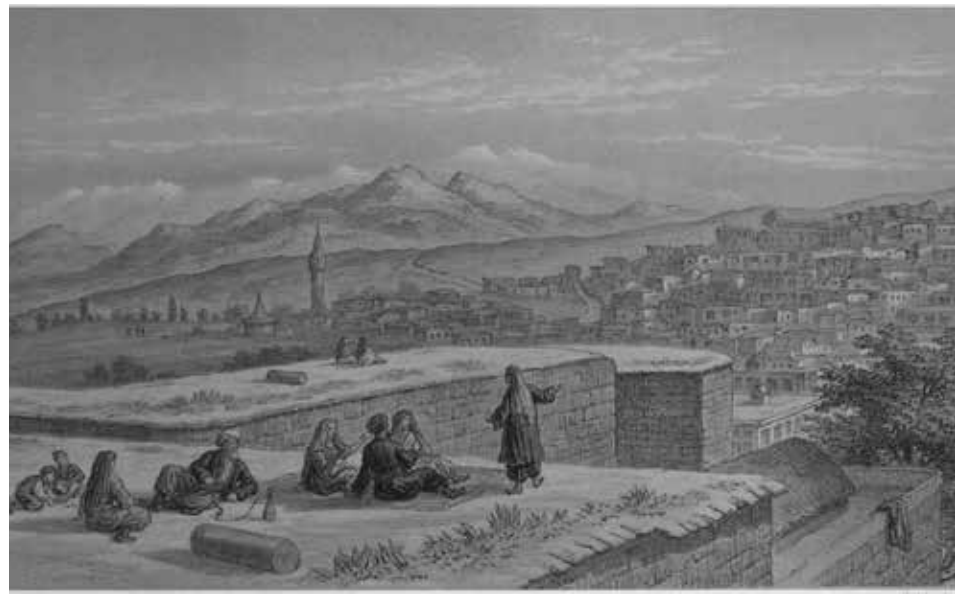
carts and carried away in the direction of Deir-Zor, the most atrocious slaughterhouse of Armenians.

Mother was sick and had to go into the slaughterhouse cart, but she and I agreed that I would say I had no parents so that I might go to Aintab and have a chance to survive the deportation. Thus, we were deported for the second time.

At this time, I was 7 years old, and from there on, I was entirely on my own. There wasn't even one townsfolk from whom I could ask for advice. I had to make my own decisions and manage to survive in a hostile country. A child of 7, all alone, facing a hostile population which itself was suffering from severe famine.



A map tracing Daniel's death march from Zeitun to Marash and Aintab



Marash with the plains, Giaour Dagh in the distance - Source Houshamadyan

Baghdad Railway construction on the Taurus mountain 1912-1915 - Source Bill Milhomme

Armenians in Caravans - Source The Armenian Genocide Museum Institute

One of the marches of the Armenians - Source The Armenian Genocide Museum Institute Foundation

Children waiting in the snow for admission into the Orphan City

Part Three

MY LIFE IN AINTAB

(1916-1918)

I

In the "Black Hole" of Aintab

There were about 30 of us, I think all of us were boys. We were marched to Aintab, about 10 km from the quarry, and were enclosed in a room of about 5 x 5 meters. I came to call it the "Black Hole" of Aintab, after I learned about the "Black Hole of Calcutta."

The door and the window shutters were tightly closed and a large can of water was put in a corner. We also had some bread with us. As the quarry was evacuated, the people of Aintab distributed bread rather generously for the long and perilous journey to death, which everybody knew the elders of the group were destined to. I never understood why the Turks did not imprison or slaughter all of us right there to save us and themselves the trouble. Could it be that their conscience forbade it? Or that they wanted a slow death for us with torture? Thus, about 30 children aged 5-8 years, remained in this dark room for several days, not knowing when it was day and when night. We ate our bread, drank water from the tin can and left our waste and excretions on the floor where we slept. It was one square room with no nooks or any sheltered or secluded place for the wastes of the body. Now, this strikes as terrible, but at the time, none of us minded it because the life we had just left behind was not any better. This time, we had one great advantage, bread to eat.

We may have spent about a week in that room without even the door being opened once. It may very well be 2 or 3 days or as many as ten days. I've had no way of counting the days of this imprisonment in the "Black Hole" of Aintab.

II
I Am Rejected

One day, at last the door was opened and we saw daylight again. I could see the moist, foul air rushing out of the room. This air must have carried with it terrible odors, because all the people who were in the courtyard ran away from the door as far as they could. We were so used to those odors that we did not feel it at all. It is possible that some of us had fainted or even had suffocated to death in the room, but we did not pay any attention to such "minor" events. We were not afraid of anything like death; we had no concern or pity for our comrades.

Somebody asked those of us who were alive to come out and line up against the wall. At the other end of the yard, as far from us as possible, there were 8 or 9 Turks who were standing against the wall opposite us. One by one, these Turks chose the boys they wanted and took them away with them.

Nobody wanted me. So, with those others who were not wanted, I had to go back into the "Black Hole" of Aintab. This process was repeated days later until a Turk chose me, as by that time no better lad was available in our group.

III
I Am "Adopted"

The Turkish *agha* who chose me was a corpulent giant of a man. He said nothing to me, just signalled for me to follow him from a distance of 5-6 meters. We reached his house, which I later found out was on the north-eastern hill of Aintab, near the town citadel.

At this time (about August 1916), I hadn't yet learned to converse in Turkish, in fact nor in Armenian. As a child, the only language I spoke was my native Zeitun dialect of Armenian, barely comprehensible even to other Armenians.

Ahmed *Agha* seemed to me was the name of the man. He put me in the hands of Arsho, an Armenian girl of 18 or 19, whom he had taken as a maid. Arsho burned all my clothes, swarming with vermin (lice), gave me a bath and some rags to wear, which at least were clean. For a year and a half, and for the first time, I was changing clothes and wearing clothes free from lice. Then, Arsho gave me a meal of *pilav* (*bourghoul*) and bread and began to explain the situation to me. We were two little conspirators in the possession of a Turkish family. Arsho was the person who really adopted me and did her best to help me. She fed me well, kept me clean and informed me of the plans Ahmed *Agha* and/or his wife had for me.

IV
I Am Not Wanted

Arsho described my situation as follows: Ahmed *Agha* had no child and therefore, wanted to adopt me, but his wife had not yet given up hope of having one and hence did not want me. She, however, had no voice in family affairs and could not contradict her husband.

Next morning, after Ahmed *Agha* had left the house for his shop, his wife (I have no idea of her name) slapped me hard on the face, put me out of the house and told me not to come back. I went out and hung around until Arsho came out for some pretended "business." She showed me the way to Ahmed *Agha's* shop and told me to hang around there on the street until evening and keep an eye on Ahmed *Agha*. She said that when he closes his shop and starts walking home, I can follow him from a distance and come back into the house right behind him. I did this and it worked.

V

Arsho Warns Me

Arsho told me that Ahmed *Agha* was planning to give me a Moslem Turkish name and have me circumcised and declare me his son. She also impressed me with the idea that this must never happen. Her plan was to delay the event, and with the help of Ahmed's wife, I could find some other place to go.

She told me there were some Armenian families in Aintab whom I could contact through the many Armenian refugee children roaming all day the streets of Aintab and ask them to help me and save me from becoming a Moslem Turk.

On the third day of my adoption, I reached out to Armenian refugees on the streets and begged them to show me an Armenian home where I could apply for help. This was the main business I had all day and every day for about 12 days but had no success.

VI

How I Found an Armenian Home

As I indicated earlier, the Armenian refugee children on the streets of Aintab were anything but eager to help me. Most of them refused even to listen to me, but occasionally one of them would take the trouble to answer my question. Maybe many of them did not even understand what I was saying because I must have been using an Armenian that was heavily burdened with expressions from the Zeitun dialect.

Those who took the trouble to answer my question, indicated to me the general direction in which I should walk to get to the quarter where Armenian families lived. For several days, I walked in that direction (to the west) all the way to the end of the city without finding Armenians. Every day, I reported my failure to Arsho, but she insisted there were Armenians and

that I should not give up my efforts to contact them. Years later, I realized why I could not locate Armenians. All the time I was hoping and expecting to find people dressed in Zeitun costumes and speaking the Zeitun dialect. At the age of 7, I could not think of any other real Armenians except the ones I had known in Zeitun.

The native Armenians in Aintab spoke the same language as the Turks and, as far as I could judge at the time, were dressed like the Turks.

One day, which I was proud to be the last day of my daily mission, I spoke to a little boy who was carrying some wood fire in a big half-tin can. Later I learned that he was the apprentice of an Armenian baker who was taking this fire from the oven to the house of his master. This was one way to have fire at home for heating or cooking. This little boy who was about my age told me to follow him. We got to his master's home. He told me to knock at the door sometime after he had delivered the fire and gone away. He was afraid to bring in beggars to the house of his master.

VII

My Proof of this Home Being Armenian

I could not believe that there were Armenians who still had homes. Such a thing seemed to me to be impossible, especially when I had in front of me a very large and solid building. I peeped in through the keyhole, saw the women and heard their conversation. They weren't dressed like Armenians (I was thinking of the dress of Zeitun women) and they did not speak Armenian.

After a careful study of the situation, my hesitation was gone. Two things convinced me that this could be an Armenian home. First, the little windows high up near the ceiling were in the shape of crosses. Second, it was a Saturday afternoon and they were pounding meat for *kubbeh (houm koefté)*. In Zeitun, this was the first step in preparing Sunday's *michov koefté*. These two signs convinced me that this family might be Armenian, so I walked in (the door was left open).

VIII

Why Did Some Armenians Have Homes in Aintab in 1916

I had reason to wonder about Armenians having homes in Aintab in 1916. Later on, I learned how it had happened. On orders from Constantinople (Minister of Interior Talaat), all Aintab Armenians were deported around May 1915. Soon, the Turks found that there were no bakeries where they could buy bread, no carpenters, no tailors, no blacksmiths etc. So, they called back saying that life was impossible without these people and received instructions to recall a minimum number of them essential for the Turkish population's needs. This is how in Aintab there were some Armenian families who had reoccupied their homes and resumed their services to the town. The home I was led to was that of Mr. Artin Barmaksezian (Barmaksiz [fingerless] Artin), the baker of Ayib Oghlou Street.

IX

"Adopted" Again

I walked to the threshold of the home of Barmaksiz and waited. This was a very common sight to the household. During the day, many beggars came and were sent away with a piece of bread. So they gave me a piece of bread, but I refused to go. I was eating meals every day and I was not hungry. As I waited there, the women in the courtyard wondered why I was not going away. There were four of them seated on the ground around a table sorting out lentils. They looked at each other and one of them turned to me and asked what I wanted. I approached them and explained my case.

As soon as we were deported, we had been told by our elders never to tell a Turk that we were from Zeitun, the proud town that had resisted Turkish domination for 500 years. The Turks despised the name Zeitun. However, for the same reason, we had been told to expect sympathy and

help from Armenians in whose eyes Zeitun was the symbol of courage, heroism and resistance to tyranny.

So, knowing that these women were Armenian, I looked around to make sure that no Turk heard me, and whispered that I was from Zeitun. I considered this enough to oblige them to help me. Then I told them about Ahmed *Agha* who was trying to proselytize me and adopt me as his son. On hearing this, the women began to discuss my case, each one suggesting to the other to adopt me. Osanna would not, Mariam would not, but finally Sophy Baji agreed to adopt me.

I stayed in Aintab with this family for two years and never again saw Ahmed *Agha*, his wife, or Arsho, the girl who risked her own position and life to save me.

X

I Become a "Member" of the Barmaksiz Family

Arsho had washed me and changed my clothes (gave me some old but clean clothes) but that was two weeks earlier. By this time, I had gathered again some lice. So, once more, I was given bath and clean clothes by my new "mother" and my old clothes were burned. Then I was taken around to several Armenian homes where there were boys of my age. In every home, my story was repeated and clothing secured for me.

At a time when the streets were full of Armenian boys, why I was given so much attention is still a puzzle for me. My being from Zeitun cannot explain it because among those street boys there were many like me from Zeitun. Anyway, I was lucky not to be left homeless on the streets of Aintab, because a few months later, famine became very severe and many died of starvation.

I lived in the Barmaksiz home for two years until the British occupation of Aintab.

XI

I Work in the Bakery and Sleep in the Kitchen

During the summer months, like the rest of the family, I slept in the yard, outdoors, but when winter came, the rest of the family took to their bedroom and my "bed" was put on the floor of the kitchen.

Almost as soon as I was "adopted," I started working in the Barmaksiz Bakery as an apprentice. Most of the time, I had to stand on a flat stone to do my work because the worktables were all made for adults and I was only 7 years old. I performed all sorts of tasks in the bakery: I was *ambarkirasse*, the person who weighs the different kinds of flour and pours them down to the basin in the right proportion to be mixed and changed to dough. I also worked as *tabdji*, the person who flattens the ball of dough partially and turns it over to the next person who gives it its final form by putting his nails on it. Occasionally, I was also *ghallédar*, the cashier who is also the salesman.

XII

I Never Get Enough Sleep

Every day, I had to go to the shop before daybreak, probably around 3 a.m., because I was entrusted with the key to the shop, and had to be the last to leave the shop. It was necessary for me to go early in the morning because that is when the *khamourkeh*, the man who makes the dough, had to go so that there might be time for the yeasting of the dough before the other workers came at about 6 a.m.

So, I worked from 3 a.m. to about 10 p.m., 19 hours. I have never in my life slept so soundly as I did during the few hours that I had for that purpose, from 10:30 or 11 p.m. to 3 a.m.

My work was hard and took up long hours. One duty I had was bringing water from the mosque, about 100 meters away, to the shop. I carried water with a *tshateh*, a stick attached to a string around my neck

with two large cans hanging from the two ends of the stick. I could not carry two full cans but made them ¾ full.

XIII

Complaints of My Master – I Feed My Street Companions

My master, Barmaksiz Artin Ousta, had two sons and a daughter – Artin, Mihran and Mary. Mary was engaged to be married, Mihran was away in the Turkish army, and Artin Jr. was working with his father who was too old to run the shop alone. The town needed the younger Artin, that is why he was allowed to remain at his job. But just the same, he had to pay ransom twice (*bedel*), and the police every now and then used to come and ask for him. Therefore, he kept out of sight and his father had to give the police bribes every time they appeared. For this reason, the father too tried to keep himself out of sights, posting me as the cashier and salesman.

I do not think I made mistakes in selling the bread, cashing and returning the change, because it was all petty cash. People came to buy 3, 5, or 10 loaves, seldom more than that.

The main complaint from my master was what the other workers told him about me. Refugee boys with whom I had been on the streets of Aintab, were now starving. So, when they came to me begging for bread, I could not resist their requests. Bread was very expensive, and my master was very, very stingy. This was the principal complaint my master had against me, and after I had been reported several times, he hesitated to put me as cashier.

XIV

I Become a Night Guardian

Towards the end of 1916, there was a great famine, and naturally

working in a bakery was a desirable occupation. I was one of the very few deportees who could eat all the bread he wanted and occasionally also *lahmajin* (loaves with meat cooked on it).

Because of the famine, bakeries were ideal for thieves to break into, therefore my master wanted me to sleep in the bakery and I did. It was the winter of 1916-1917 and a cold winter. I slept on the roof of the oven which was very warm. Sometimes too warm even in winter and at night. At the time, I did not realize, or even if I realized I did not mind, the dust that had accumulated there several inches thick. I had hardly anything as a mattress and the bed of dust gave me a soft cushion.

Naturally, I was afraid, but I slept very well because I was dead tired and sleepy all the time. My dreams had one theme.

In my dreams, thieves would come in and I would fight them. A thief would make a hole in the door and put his head in. Then, before his body moved in, I would smash his head with a heavy iron prong with a long handle. On another occasion, I would use the sharp-edged wooden shovel which was used to put the bread in or out of the oven.

XV

The Unparalleled Greed of My Master

There are many episodes confirming the heartlessness of my master. Here is one. One afternoon during the famine, an old Armenian refugee woman, brought four balls of dough consisting of a kind of bran fit only as cattle feed. She asked my master to have it baked, offering to pay for it with all the money she had, one "metallic" (maybe a tenth of a cent). My master insisted on two "metallics." When she wept and explained that she had no more money, he finally agreed after some argument.

Then he took the four balls of dough and brought them to us, the workers. He turned his back to the woman to obstruct her view; cut with his fingers a little from each ball and told me to take in the cuttings and throw them into our own dough in the tanks.

He did this even to an old Armenian woman who was starving, at a time when he was taking home every evening a large pile of coins – the cash of the day.

XVI

A Case of Heartlessness

As I have mentioned elsewhere, during the years 1916-1917, I do not know exactly for how long there was a real famine in Aintab. Bread was the most precious commodity people wanted, no matter the quality. To obtain it, they had to pay a high price and wait for hours. In those days in Aintab, people had no idea about queuing. We would have a crowd of about 100 people pushing each other, jostling, shouting, cursing and fighting to get to the counter and buy some bread from our bakery.

Nobody had time to think of the quality of bread they were getting from us. Many foreign materials had been placed in the dough purposely and as a result of carelessness. One ever-present foreign ingredient in our bread was worms.

It was on such an occasion that my master took two piasters from a poor helpless woman to weigh and give her some bread. Then he pretended to have forgotten about it and began to attend to other customers. The woman wept and begged to have her bread, but my master denied that he had taken money from her.

N.B.: 1. I must confess that I cannot be sure that my master really took the money but knowing him and seeing the helplessness of the woman. I am inclined to believe her.

2. Another thing that is remarkable in that large crowd is that nobody would champion the cause of that poor woman. She was pushed aside by other customers and her voice was drowned in the din of the crowd.

XVII

My Master and Ahmed the Grocer

The Barmaksiz Bakery was in the middle of a street called *Ayib Oghlu*, and in a corner next to it was Ahmed's grocery store. Ahmed was friendly in general but occasionally would threaten my master to report him to the government for sheltering a refugee or a deportee, that was me. So, it was very important to placate him, and yet my master's stinginess led him to petty thefts which if discovered could have irritated Ahmed and cost my master very much.

My master ate his meals at the cashier seat. He had in his hand a long stick with a sharp iron hook at its top. This tool was used for pulling toward him the fresh loaves of bread as they came out of the oven and arranging them on the counter in front of him. At mealtime, he would watch Ahmed and at a time when Ahmed looked the other way, he would use his hook to catch a tomato or a green pepper and eat it with his meal.

XVIII

Artin Jr., a Gambler

The bakery was making huge profits. Every evening, we took home a pile of coins which we poured on the floor, while all the family sat around to sort out the different denominations of coins.

While Artin senior would steal a tomato to economize a "metallic" coin, Artin Jr. was wasting a lot of money gambling. Often, I was sent to the coffee shop where Artin gambled to spy on him and report back. He liked me very much and would make all sorts of promises urging me not to report.

As I have said twice, ransom (*bedel*) had been paid for him. He was gambling away much of the wealth of the family and caring for the business very little. All this was reported it seems to his brother Mihran who was

away in the army, because when Mihran returned, there were nightly fights between the two brothers.

XIX

Starving Deportees on the Sidewalks of Aintab

On several occasions, I mentioned there was famine in Turkey in 1916-1917. The crop was of poor quality, and the army was taking whatever was produced. Most of the wheat and other foodstuffs were also being shipped to Germany where there was a great food shortage.

When the Ottoman army and the Turkish population did not have enough food, naturally the Armenian deportees would be left to starve. They were to live with crumbs, but now there were no crumbs left.

On the sidewalks of Aintab, the deportees were lying down and begging for food. They were lying down because they had no strength to walk or even to stand. Stretched on the sidewalk, they would beg for some food from the passers-by day after day, every day their voices getting weaker until they died. The tall and handsome youth of 15 who died thus on our street not far from the bakery, left upon my mind a lasting feeling of guilt. It is true that I had been forbidden to give out bread, that precious material of which we alone seemed to have plenty, but I suppose I could have done it in secret.

If I was only a lad of seven and under threat of dismissal and starvation, what about the hundreds of adults who passed by that youth daily? No, nobody seemed to care for the helpless and the starving.

XX

How I Learned Turkish Among the "Worst People"

Curses, blasphemy, coarse language, and theft were the rule among the workers of the bakery. It was known in Aintab that tannery workers were

the worst people, the scum of the town. The bakery workers were proud to say that next to the tanners, they were the worst people.

By 1916, I had picked up some Turkish, but my real education in Turkish was in the bakery. Thus, I picked up the worst curses, blasphemy, and the coarsest form of Turkish used in Aintab.

In later life, I got over this early "education" because at the time I was too young to really grasp the true meaning of the words I heard daily, especially since I was sexually immature. For many years after that (1918-1940), I had other Turkish language teachers who were the Armenian Protestant pastors. Their sermons in Turkish and their conversations would constitute a permanent part of my environment.

XXI

"Hunting" Sparrows and Mourning Doves

Occasionally, I was given a most unique assignment by my master. In the rainy season of winter, we washed large quantities of wheat which were to be dried and sent to the flour mills. The wet wheat was spread on the paved floor of a large upstairs room. The wheat was about 5 or 6 inches deep and it was my duty to plough with my bare feet through this wheat and help it to dry and then aerate it.

I would plough through the wheat for a while then leave one windowpane half open and move downstairs. I would watch the open window as birds, mainly sparrows, moved into the room one by one. When I had 15 or 20, I would run up into the room, shut the window and chase the sparrows and catch them one by one. Occasionally, I would catch a pair of mourning doves called Gugussi or Yussufu *dutun* (catch Yussuf).

These birds were valued by the Turks and to some extent by the Armenians, and it was customary not to bother them. They were the only birds that were allowed to live in the crowded towns undisturbed.

Sparrows lived there in spite of man, but mourning doves were tolerated

and even protected. They always go in pairs as lovers, and the story was that a boy by the name Yussuf caught the female of a pair and from then on, the male went around saying or singing "Yussufu *dutun*," catch Yussuf. In fact, the cooing of these birds sounds that way. These birds are very helpless and easily frightened or panicked. Catching trapped sparrows was a hundred times more difficult. If they think that you have not seen them, they will conceal themselves and keep quiet. When you catch them, they will scream and bite.

XXII

Why So Much Confidence in Me?

My master had great confidence in me. He would not trust anybody, even his own son, as he would trust me. There were several reasons for this.

First, I was a little child of 7, not used to having money and not even aware of the power of money.

Second, I had no contacts in town except the family of my master. I worked all day and had just a few hours of sleep at night. Even if I stole his money, which I could have done very easily, I would have no place to keep it, no way to spend it, and no person to give it to.

Third, he realized that in my early childhood, I had been conditioned against any form of theft.

Knowing all these, he trusted the shop key only to me. Outside the family, I was the only one who could cash money from sales, under circumstances where no checks of any kind existed or were possible. I was also the only one who would sit every evening around a pile of coins and help sort it out.

XXIII

Theft: The Rule of the Bakery

There were many accomplished ways and methods of stealing from our customers. This was one fact that justified bakery workers boasting of being "next to the worst people" in Aintab.

1. Meat was brought to us for making *lahmajin*. Customers had heard and knew that some of it would be stolen so they kept a sharp eye on the journeyman who was working on their *lahmajin*. But in spite of all their watchfulness, the meat would be stolen when they blinked and sneezed or were in any way distracted. At such an appropriate moment, the lump of meat in the hands of the journeyman, intended for *lahmajin,* would instead fly into the flour box (*eolbé*). Then my master would ask me to bring him some flour. I knew what this meant. I had to take the meat from the flour box in case the suspicious customers crossed the obstacles and came in to find the stolen meat.

2. Another regular procedure of theft took place when rich customers brought in pure wheat dough for baking. We would always lift a part of it for us to eat and the rest was added to our dough, which was of very inferior quality and full of worms. The master's family and the bakery workers always used this far better quality of bread. Customers realized what was happening and brought their bread opened up as loaves with a hole in the middle. But even then, we had orders to cut off a little from each loaf before baking. Sometimes when the workers were too greedy, they would cut so much that the hole would be to one side instead of being at the center, thus inviting suspicions.

3. We would steal eggplants and Indian corn on the cob, even though they were counted before being baked. Then there would be a long argument about the number of eggplants or corns.

4. Another method of theft was deceiving customers with less weight. For one thing, we would sell bread while hot and heavy. Also, while weighing, my master would throw the bread on the scale with some force

and without waiting, then taking it back and giving it to the customer. These things could be done because it was a sellers' market – the demand was so great and persistent.

XXIV

My "Brothers" Fight

It must have been sometime in 1918 when Mihran returned from his military service and we were all very glad. He was much more popular in the family than Artin Jr. because he had been suffering in the army while Artin was wasting his father's money on ransom, bribes and gambling. Mihran was the loyal son and Artin the prodigal son.

Mihran was told about the "fabulous" sums of money the family business had made while he was away, so he asked his brother to account for it. Every time Mihran said this, Artin would throw out to him a large bag of coins he always carried in his inner pocket. Mihran would ask for the main treasure of gold pounds and Artin would deny the existence of such a thing. Then Mihran would assault him and the fight would start.

- Artine, paraye chekart. [Artine, take out the money]

- Al, bashene yéssin. [Let it eat your head]

- Bou sénin bashene yéssin, altounlare che kart. [Let this eat your head; take out the gold money]

- Hépisi bou dour bashka para yok. [This is all there is, nothing else]

- Walla, namessez, it oghlu it, deyous sén Barmaksiz oghluisén bén dé Barmaksize oghlu im. [Really! You are a disgrace, you, a dog's dog, stupid. If you are the son of Barmaksiz, I am the son of Barmaksiz too]

This argument went on all night every night and ended by throwing chairs at each other, and often rushing at each other with kitchen knives. At such times, the father would helplessly beg them to stop, the mother would

sob, and Artin's wife would cry for help like a frightened bird. Finally, she had to take refuge in her father's home where Artin followed her. That is, it seems to me, how this family war came to an end as far as I was concerned. How they finally settled matters, I do not know.

XXV

Learning to Live with Germs – Typhoid Fever

From 1915 to 1918, I was a deportee, a refugee, an abandoned child of 5½ growing to be 8½. This was a period of great trial and suffering, in a hostile land, among hostile people that were in the grip of famine.

Hunger, exposure to extreme cold and heat, long forced marches, fear, beatings, and all forms of mental and physical suffering were my lot. I had no money, no friends, no advisors, no experience, and did not even know the language of the people. Half of what I ate was rubbish and *dung* (crap and manure). I picked the mulberries that lay around the mulberry tree half buried in dust and *dung* and ate them. I picked from the mud what I hoped contained crumbs of bread and ate them. I drank stagnant water from pools on the ground, pushing aside any lumps of animal and human excretion.

All this was before I joined the Barmaksiz family. But as far as sanitary conditions were involved, there was not much change even after I joined that family.

In the middle of the courtyard of every important house in Aintab there was a fountain with a round pool of one meter in diameter above the ground. The pool had an inlet at one end and an outlet at the other, consisting of pipes of pottery about 18 cm in diameter. There was some running water that ran from house to house, flowing into the pool and out to the pool of the next house. Every family washed its dishes and diapers in the pool, making a pretence of keeping the coarse waste outside the pool. I remember very well seeing many times lumps of human excretion pop

up from the outlet pipe of our pool (these pools or fountains were known in Aintab as *ghanch*). I would wait to let such coarse waste flow away before I bent down and drank from it.

In spite of the filth in which and with which I lived during those three war years; I was practically never sick. Once I had sore eyes which we were able to cure in one day by drops of urine, as I have mentioned elsewhere. The only other time I was sick was while I lived with the Barmaksiz. I must have had typhoid fever. All I remember is that I was too weak to walk, and I went to the W.C. by holding the wall and leaning against it. I do not think I had anything more than home medicine of the most primitive type as a cure.

Aintab 1919-1920 - Source Houshamadyan

Armenian children orphans

Armenian orphans in rags

Famine and starvation

Part Four

AT THE ORPHANAGE IN AINTAB

(1918-1920)

I

I Become "Number 10"

In 1918, the British entered Aintab and one of the first things they did was to collect into an orphanage the Armenian children who were in Moslem homes or were homeless. I was in an Armenian family and was therefore not entitled to join them, but I realized that those children would be in school. They would be taught to read and write, a thing which I was very anxious about because of early childhood conditioning, I suppose.

When I mentioned my wish to my master, he was very much upset and made all sorts of promises to me. He said that he considered me his son, that I was to have my full share of his wealth, that he would see that I was married into a decent family etc. I believed every word he said but nothing was for me enough to keep me away from school. In later years only, I realized that he wanted to keep a hardworking laborer without pay. So, one day as I was gazing out of the gate of the Barmaksiz house, I saw a group of boys collected from Moslem houses being marched to the orphanage. I just walked out and joined the group. Some boys who seemed to recognize me told the leader that I was in an Armenian family. I begged them to keep quiet and the leader of the group either did not hear them or paid no attention to what they were saying. Thus, I left the Barmaksiz home and bakery and entered the orphanage where we were each given a number, my number being 10. I came to be known by that number from 1918 to 1924. That number appeared on everything which I possessed – my clothes (underwear, handkerchiefs), my bedding, my books, copy books, and my little box in Jbeil.

II

The Insatiable Greed of My Master

It must have been 2-3 weeks after I was at the orphanage that I went to visit my master in the bakery. Everybody was glad to see me now that I was dressed in regular western clothes. I was no longer the exhausted dirty boy in rags. I was now nine years old and had already put on some weight.

Of the many things that were mentioned between me and the employees at the bakery, one thing remains in my memory, the thing that shocked me at the time. I was now wearing corduroy trousers on which were fixed the eyes of my master. At last, he said, "Daniel, can't you give me those trousers? I will give you some money if you can bring some others like it from the orphanage."

I was surprised that a rich Armenian should encourage a little orphan boy to steal from his benefactors, when he had been accumulating a fortune while all his compatriots were starving and being massacred.

III

"You Are Still Alive!"

As mentioned earlier, in July 1916, mother and I had parted from each other at the Aintab quarry. She was taken or driven in the direction of Deir-Zor, the final and principal center of massacres, while I was taken to Aintab with other children. We remained away from each other until about October 1918, without ever hearing of each other's whereabouts. Elsewhere I'll speak of what happened to her.

After the British occupation, Armenian refugees began to move about freely and families began to gather their scattered members. My mother learned that I was alone in Aintab from some people who went from Aintab to Birejik. In fact, a distant relative, Mrs. Ovsanna Klanian, sent her word

with Brother Kaloust who was going to Birejik to find his nephew who had been taken by a Turkish family.

Mother came to Aintab with Brother Kaloust and found me. She had no close relatives and therefore lived with the Klanians.

One day, an acquaintance, Mrs. Archelian from Zeitun, visited the Klanians and was surprised to see mother alive. She said:

- Are you Gadar, the wife of Stepan Effendi, daughter of Ghazar Paboujian?

- Yes.

- So, you are still alive!!

- Yes, thank God. I was in Birejik for over two years and came to Aintab a few days ago to join my son.

- Is your son alive too?

- Yes, a thousand thanks to God.

- So, you are both alive. How strange!

In fact, it was most unexpected and strange that a weak woman and her son of 6 should come out of that holocaust alive, while the rich, strong, clever people with friends and connections had perished, about 1½ million of them.

IV

My Elementary and Secondary Education, All in Five Years

The children gathered from Moslem homes were taken to the American hospital where we slept on the floor for some days. Then we were taken to a very building (Ali Bey's home) and finally to the Halajian school. After we were cleaned up and fed, it must have been around the

middle of 1919, when we started going to school downtown. I think it was Vartanian school.

All I remembered from my Zeitun schooling was the Armenian alphabet, so I was given the first reader for kindergarten children which started with this: *"sa, dés, terchoune, terchoune, terchoune. Terchoune tév ouni, terchoune ge terchi, désa terchoune"* (See this bird, bird, bird. The bird has wings, the bird flies, I saw the bird). This was a first lesson in reading, which was interrupted a year later by the war of Aintab.

In June 1929, I received my BA degree from the American University of Beirut (AUB). I had covered 15 years schooling in 5 years of half-time schooling. I say half-time schooling because in Aintab the war interrupted school and then we became refugees from Aintab on our way to Jbeil, Lebanon, where we had to work on some days of the week to build buildings, cut wood, carry water, and help in the laundry or the kitchen. Different classes would stop school on certain days and take their turn in these tasks.

Thus, not only did we have to cut school on certain days of the week, but also our teachers, although devoted, were not qualified to teach. Mainly with my hard work and self-help, I obtained a certain degree of education (maybe about the level of the present-day 9th grade) before I was sent to AUB in October 1924.

V

Night Blindness Relieved

As I mentioned earlier, I had been seriously ill only once during the deportation years 1915-1918. I think I was quite healthy when I entered the orphanage in Aintab, but when the war started between the Kemalists on one side and the Armenians and French on the other, along with the rest of the population, I suffered from lack of salt and fresh vegetables

and fruits. Later on, I learned that because of the lack of vitamin A, I developed night blindness. This, however, was relieved by chance when the season for Aintab pistachios came and I had some of them fresh. Evidently, this fruit (often known as Aleppo Pistachios) has much vitamin A when fresh. During this period, mother worked as a laundry woman and earned some money. She would give me one silver piaster (small *barghout*) a week, with which I could buy fresh pistachios, which were not expensive, because, due to the war, they could not be exported.

VI

Klanians' Kindness to Mother

The Klanian family consisted of Partam, his wife Ovsanna, his two sons Krikor and Simon, and his brother Garabed. Of these, Ovsanna was a distant cousin of my mother (daughter of a maternal uncle – *mors kerayrin aghchige*). On their way to Deir-Zor, the "final" destination of deportees, some 4000 or 5000 Armenians were detained in Birejik on the Euphrates to work for supplies (food, clothing and carpentry) for the Turkish army. The person in charge was an officer of the army named Jameel Effendi, a Kurd who had taken as his wife Dikranuhi, the Armenian daughter of the first Der Garabed. Because of Dikranuhi's influence on him and his kind disposition, and because he was a Kurd not a Turk, he did his best to keep, feed and protect these Armenians under the pretext that they were all needed to keep the army regularly supplied. In fact, a small fraction of the 5000 Armenians did any useful work for the army supplies.

The irony of fate brought Jameel Effendi, this all-powerful officer of the Turkish army, to my feet in 1941 when I had a summer job as Chief of the Center at the OCP (Office Ceréales Panifiables) at Azaz. He and his wife begged to employ him at the OCP. I gave him the job of "expert," who had the very important duty of determining the purity and quality of wheat we were buying for the wheat office. People in this job became rich in a year or two because they would receive bribes and classify the wheat

as better than it was and secure a higher price. Jameel Effendi, I think, was too honest to take bribes and had to leave his job after a year.

Sorry for this digression. My intention was to speak of the kindness of the Klanians. They arranged for mother to remain in Birejik, thus saving her life. Then they informed mother through a traveller that I was in Aintab. And finally, when mother came to Aintab, she was taken in as a member of the family. They were five all sleeping on the floor of one room. In that room, they found a place for my mother to sleep. She helped the family and worked one or two days a week in the orphanage as a laundry woman. While at the Klanians, mother was treated with respect and kind consideration. When there were family quarrels, especially between Ovsanna and Garabed, mother would be the judge and arbiter.

The Klanian brothers were simple, unskilled laborers but very strong and would lift the heaviest weights. Partam was a giant, a great eater (once he ate 18 *lahmajin* in one meal, on another he ate 3 kilos of apricots in one seating). Garabed would carry the huge stones used as steps for staircases, hence he was paid double wages. Every member of the family was solicitous of my mother and gave her more than her share of food and consideration.

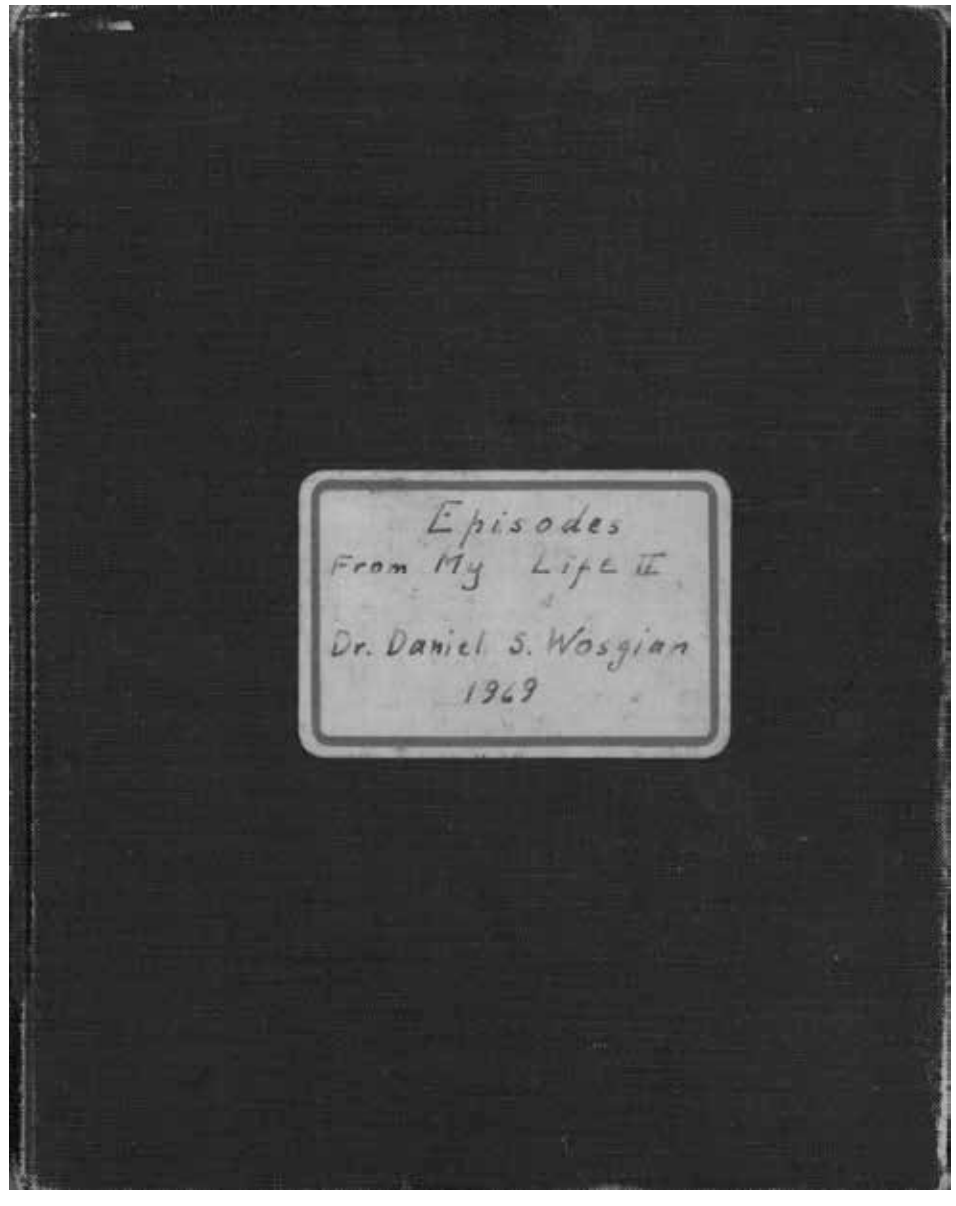
P.S. I just read in *Danasg, C.E. Bi-Weekly*, about the death of Jameel Effendi. The paper published his picture with some kind words in appreciation of his services to the Armenians. August 10, 1967.

VII

My First View of a Motorcar

It must have been early summer in 1916 when, with some other street children, I used to go to the Aintab College area (Central Turkey College) to eat mulberries, which were my main source of food in those days. I would collect mulberries half-buried in the dust of the road and some of them downtrodden by passers-by.

One day, as I was engaged in this daily routine of mine with other



Book II of Daniel's original manuscript

beggars, we heard an unusual and novel roaring and puffing. We saw a huge cart, with a large room built on top of it, moving forward laboriously, belching forth smoke and fire, and raising a cloud of dust.

The noise, smoke, fire and dust multiplied three-fold when this giant cart began coming up the hill leading to the entrance of the college. Later I was told that this was a German military truck, my first experience with an internal combustion engine.

VIII

I Taste Chocolate!

One day, in the Aintab orphanage, one of my friends spoke to me about a new kind of candy with a heavenly taste unlike anything we knew. His mother, who was the laundry woman of an American family, had brought some to him. I begged him to let me taste it one day and he promised.

I don't know how soon that day came. He called me to one corner of the orphanage courtyard with a mysterious gesture and began solemnly to introduce me to this heavenly candy. He showed me a little speck of a brownish substance about a fourth of a milligram. He told me to put it on my tongue and keep it there as long as possible, avoiding swallowing it too soon. "As it melts," he said, "you will feel its exquisite taste." As I did what I was told, I found that he was right in every detail. If anything, this first bite of chocolate tasted even better than my childhood imagination could picture.

I do not remember the next time I had a chance to taste chocolate, but my first taste of it is very vivid in my mind.

IX

Our Fights

Now that I think of the years of deportation (1915-1918), I am surprised at the utter helplessness and submission where thousands of us were driven around by two or three gendarmes to our doom and death.

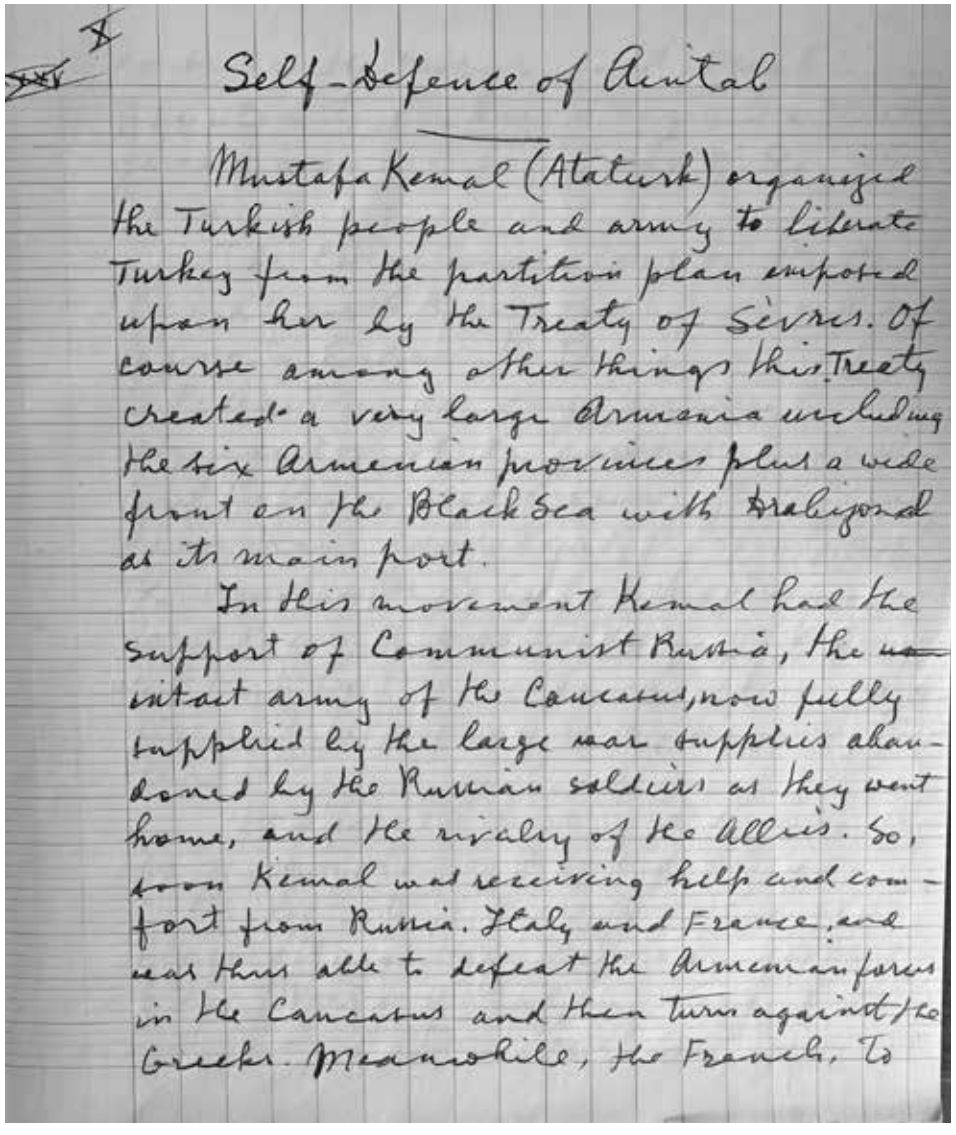
In the orphanage, the mood of the children was quite different. They showed a restless combative spirit. Maybe they were, unconsciously, trying to make-up for the shameful submissiveness of the past years or maybe, now that they were better fed, they had more energy to expend, especially that they were more or less brutalized by the war years. I must say at once that I was one of the few who did not show this fighting spirit at all. I was quiet, obedient, and interested only in my duties. This may be due to my genes, my home environment in childhood or to the fact that I spent most of the war years in the baker's home and shop with heavy responsibilities and under severe discipline.

Fights in the orphanage were between individuals and large groups. One day, our American director used a novel way of settling a fight. The two champions of rival groups were stripped naked, except for their underwear, and were told to fight in her presence and in the presence of other teachers and students, and according to certain rules of wrestling.

The two antagonistic groups in the orphanage were the Sivaz and Aintab boys. Each group was organized in the form of an army with a "general," "captain," "flag" (a rag at the end of a long stick) and "drums" (tin cans beaten with sticks). These rival "armies" would march on the orphanage campus and defy the other group. Sometimes, detachments were sent out to a camping ground on Sundays, to Aldeben, or Kavaklik, where they were joined by grown-ups from the town and engaged in more serious fights.

As a Zeituntsi, I was in the minority group. Guruntsis were the leaders of the minorities, which chose sides according to the convenience of the occasion. Our headquarters were the barracks of the Guruntsis, where we

had meetings and kept our "arsenal," and where we made wooden rifles and swords.


Self-Defense of Aintab

Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) organized the Turkish people and army to liberate Turkey from the partition plan imposed upon her by the Treaty of Sèvres. Of course among other things this Treaty created a very large Armenia including the six Armenian provinces plus a wide front on the Black Sea with Trabizond as its main port.

In this movement Kemal had the support of Communist Russia, the intact army of the Caucasus, now fully supplied by the large war supplies abandoned by the Russian soldiers as they went home, and the rivalry of the Allies. So, soon Kemal was receiving help and comfort from Russia. Italy and France, and was thus able to defeat the Armenian forces in the Caucasus and then turn against the Greeks. Meanwhile, the French, To

X

Self-Defense of Aintab

Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) organized the Turkish people and army to liberate Turkey from the partition plan imposed upon it by the Treaty of Sèvres. Of course, among other things, this treaty created a very large Armenia including the six Armenian provinces plus a wide front on the Black Sea with Drabizon as its main port.

In this movement, Kemal had the support of communist Russia, the intact army of the Caucasus, now fully supplied by the large war supplies abandoned by the Russian soldiers as they went home, and the rivalry of the Allies. Soon, Kemal was receiving help and aid from Russia, Italy and France, and was thus able to defeat the Armenian forces in the Caucasus and then turn against the Greeks. Meanwhile, the French, to embarrass the British, sent Franklin Bouillon to Ankara and signed a treaty giving away Cilicia which they occupied.

The local irregulars of Mustafa Kemal, with some help of regulars, began to harass the French out of Cilicia. This was done because the local commanders of French garrisons were reluctant to leave and because the Cilician Armenians considered the land theirs. The French, with the help of the Armenians, could easily frustrate the Turkish efforts but they had orders from France to evacuate and in no way antagonize the Turks.

As a result, there was a renewal of massacres and deportation. The Cilician cities were, once more, cleared from their Armenian population. Marash, Hadjin, Urfa, Zeitun and many other localities with large Armenian populations were abandoned by the French, and massacred and deported by the Turks.

Naturally, Aintab Armenians knew that soon it would be their turn. Occasionally, there would be "runs" where the Armenians would "run" from the market and the word would go around that "it started." The atmosphere was tense for a long time and finally one day it really started.

One day, I was at the American hospital with mother having an abscess at the foot of my left thumb opened, when we saw Tchifteli Setrag running to the hospital and telling people to move as soon as possible to their battle positions, because "it" had started. Soon we heard rifle fire cracking to our right and left.

Aintab had time to organize its defense and was lucky to have Mr. Adour Levonian, an officer trained in the British army. The Turks insisted that their intention was to hurry the French garrison out and that they would not hurt the Armenians. But everybody knew that the purpose was to divide the enemy and deal with them one at a time. The Armenians told the Turks that they could attack French positions, but to do so, they could not pass-through Armenian quarters. All Turkish efforts to crush the Armenian resistance proved vain. The French, with the help of the Armenians who were engaging the bulk of the Turkish forces, withdrew safely to Aleppo, leaving the Armenians alone. Finally, an agreement was reached between the Turks and the Armenians by which the latter were allowed to evacuate the city and emigrate to Aleppo.

This war of self-defense was the second war I had witnessed from close quarters, the first one being the fighting of 18 Zeituntsis in the monastery of Zeitun.

There are several episodes of the Aintab war that are vivid in my memory.

Our orphanage, the Haladjian school, was dominated by a minaret in the Kurdish quarter from where the Turks would shoot on any moving object. Therefore, we had sandbags in front of all our windows, and trenches through which we moved from one building to the other. After several were killed from that minaret, the Armenian forces decided to eliminate it. The attack started both on ground and underground. There were tunnels that led running water from one well to the other. Moving through those tunnels, the Armenians were able to creep into the mosque, occupy it with the help of the surface forces and blow up the minaret, sky high. Before blowing it up, Yeghia Khodja Bakamjian sang some Armenian *sharagans* from the minaret.

Another episode I remember is related to the Turkish attacks on Mardin, an American Girls' School for Armenian girls, just outside the city on a hill that could be easily seen from our orphanage. As we saw Turkish forces moving against Mardin, our men began to fire, but the distance was out of the range of many of our rifles. Therefore, orders came that only Mausers should fire, both to save ammunition and not to betray the weakness of our weapons to the Turks.

Still another episode is that of the large "gun" the Armenians mounted on the orphanage wall, and the "Berth" that began to fire point-blank into the Turkish positions.

XI

Shushan Khanem Kalayan

In Aintab, I was at the orphanage and mother was with the Klanians. They were distant cousins of my mother but were fond of her, so she did not have to worry about my, or her, daily living.

But as I have said elsewhere, I suffered from night blindness due to the lack of vitamin A, and therefore, we discovered that if I could buy enough fresh Aleppo pistachios, I could improve my sight. This and similar other needs made it necessary to secure some money.

Mother, who was working at the Klanians, secured also a job knitting woollen socks for the American Relief organization. Shushan Khanem was put in charge of the knitting of socks. For a while, she gave work to mother and then refused to do so. Mother begged and explained our urgent need for some cash. She would not listen. She kept on repeating, "there is no work." Then mother asked her "when you say there's no work, is it for all or just for me?" They both knew that other women were getting work. Shushan Khanem, with an angry tone, said "there is no work for YOU."

Things looked hopeless, so mother had to look for some other work. For a while she worked as a laundry woman for the orphanage. Thus, she

was able to give me a small *barghoud* (one silver piaster) a day, which I used almost exclusively for buying pistachios.

XII
Aram Khoja

I do not remember for how long I was able to go to school in Aintab. The orphanage was at the Halajian school next to the American Hospital, but we were sent to school. I think, at the Vartanian School. The British arrived in Aintab about the end of 1918. By the time the orphanage was formed and school started, it must have been about February 1919. Then in less than a year's time troubles started and school was discontinued.

As I have said elsewhere, it was at this school that I really began to learn to read Armenian, although I remembered my Armenian alphabet from Zeitun. I have only vague memories of my school life during this period. I know that we used to sing Armenian national and revolutionary songs with great enthusiasm. We were also taught to sing the "Marseillaise," because meanwhile, the French had replaced the English as the occupying force.

But the most vivid memory I have of those days is that of a typical poor teacher at the old school. He was Aram Khoja, who was always well dressed and soft-spoken, a frightened creature in many ways, with the characteristics associated in those days with women.

He taught me, among other things, Armenian calligraphy based on acute angles, always avoiding curves. Thus, *ayp pen kim ta yetch za …bé dûn pûr* and etc. Never, ayp pen kim ta yetch za … bé dûn pûr (Armenian alphabet).

Years later, I met this same teacher in Aleppo, where I was teaching. He was no longer able to secure a job. He was destitute and was trying to sell what had been his capital as a teacher: namely, a fountain pen, and three out-of-date but well-preserved dictionaries. He had a few other books too, but he knew that nobody would pay a penny for those books.

Remembering my old days in Aintab, I bought his fountain pen, which could not be used, and his dictionaries, which I still have with me.

I do not know if he recognized me as his old student, because I said nothing about it when I made the purchase. The tragic end of Aram Khoja was common to most Armenian teachers of those days.

XIII
My Hernia Operation (August 1967)

Today is the 24th of August 1967, and I am at the American University of Beirut Hospital, room 223, getting ready to have my hernia operation tomorrow morning at 7:30. Thus, I decided to interrupt my story and record my experiences in this connection.

The cause of my bilateral hernia:

About a month ago, Rosaline (my wife) and I were visiting Nancy (my daughter) and her family in Bhamdoun. Rosaline noticed the water reservoir, which was uncovered, and expressed fear that our granddaughters Doreen and Elda might fall in it, so I started moving the heavy concrete cover, in spite of the urgent pleas of Rosaline. Two days later, I noticed a bulge above my testicles, and I suspected a tumor. Rosaline said it was a hernia. The next day, Dr. Yervant Jidejian confirmed Rosaline's opinion.

At the hospital:

Because I was suffering from coronary insufficiency, Dr. Jidejian wanted a note from a cardiologist saying that there was no contraindication for an operation. He sent me to Dr. Kaid Bey who took an electrocardiogram and reported no contraindication. Then began a long process, which I never realized would be so involved.

1. On Tuesday August 22, I was sent for blood tests, coagulation time, prothrombin etc.

2. At 2 p.m. the same day, I entered the hospital. The only thing they did for me was a urine test.

3. The next day, the only thing they did for me was a blood test again.

4. Both Tuesday and Wednesday I went home to spend the night because there was no real need for me to be in hospital. My lack of experience and the lack of advice on the part of the doctors cost me two extra days at the hospital.

5. Things really began to happen today. More blood was taken from me, in all, I counted seven instances of blood taking: Tuesday from my arm, my fingertip and my ear; the second day from my arm; and the third day, today, from my fingertip and arm. With a little planning, these could have been reduced from seven to three – arm, finger and ear.

Today, they also shaved the area to be operated, gave me an enema, a bath with special soap and medicated water, and finally rubbed the same area with some special soap water that was left in situ to dry. They also gave me a sleeping pill because I have a roommate who was operated on for peritonitis and is not doing so well. Now I will try to sleep.

At the hospital, after the operation:

Friday August 25, I was operated on for bilateral hernia. Just before the operation, I suppose because I was worried, I had some pain in my left forearm and took some vasodilator (to dilate the blood vessels) but could not produce enough saliva to dissolve it. Of course, the next thing I remember is the giving of infusion from my left hand in the recovery room.

Then I was moved to bed 216 where I stayed until Wednesday August 30, when I left the hospital. Thank God no complications appeared but of course I had pain and had to take injections and pills (codeine) to be able to sleep at night. Dr. Jidejian visited me twice a day, both morning and evening. His assistant Dr. Yacoubian, husband of Sonia Sarkissian, visited me with Dr. Jidejian and also in between. The nurses, most of them Armenian, were very kind to me, especially Miss Angele, adopted daughter of Rev. Yenok Hadidian. I told Dr. Nassif, the Assistant Dean of the School

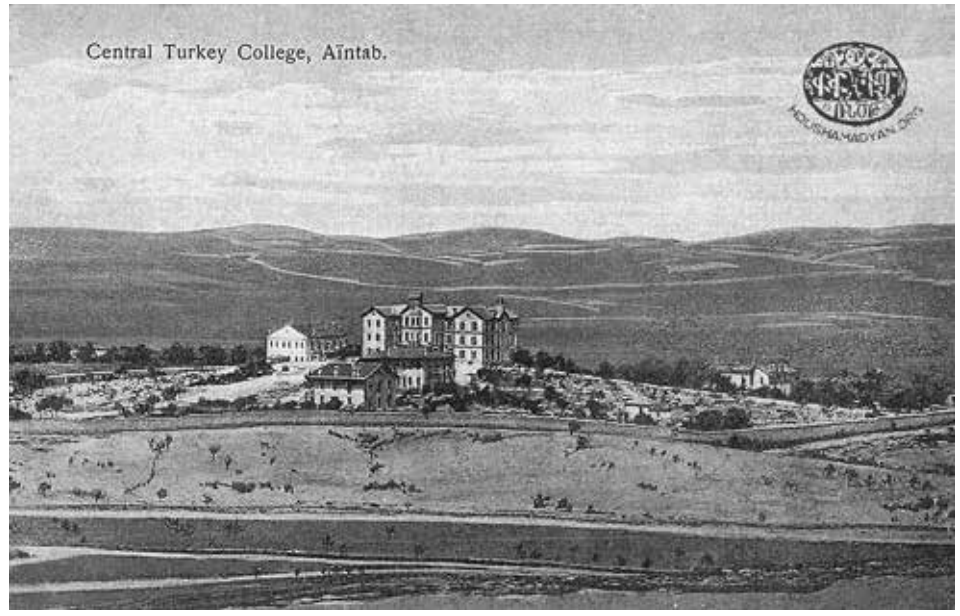
of Medicine, that the service at the hospital was very . He was pleased and said: tell us what you think is bad about the hospital and tell others what you think is . The male nurse who was most helpful was Maroun, to whom I paid LL 9, and to another Armenian male nurse I gave LL 6 and a few pounds to others. The hospital bill amounted to LL 753 with the preparatory test, examination and electrocardiogram. The operation cost me LL 1,207. Maybe the insurance company will pay LL 400 or 500.

Nancy and Varouj (her husband) visited me at the hospital only once. Nancy spoke to me on the telephone 3 or 4 times and got information through Ida. Ida and Garbis (my eldest daughter and her husband) visited me practically every day, and after leaving the hospital insisted that I should stay at their home from August 30 to September 5. Garbis sent his employee with a porter who carried me up their stairs and down – four trips in all – about 52 steps.

On September 5, I saw Dr. Jidejian about a suspected swelling at one point of the stitch. He assured me that I was all right, so I moved to *Ktchag*. Mr. Yervant Gulesserian came to our home, took Rosaline and me and drove to the *Ktchag* where we were very well received. Here we expect to stay during my convalescence, probably until September 27.

A panorama of Aintab, late 19th century - Source Houshamadyan unknown photographer Mihran Minassian Collection

Armenian orphans, probably photographed in Aintab in late 1919 or early 1920 - Source Houshamadyan



Central Turkey College, Aintab - Source Houshamadyan

Orphans in Aintab in late 1919 or early 1920 - Source Houshamadyan

Part Five

JBEII COMMUNITY

(1920-1924)

I

The Orphanage is Evacuated

In spite of the fact that in the Aintab war, the Armenians and the French had the upper hand and could easily have occupied the whole of the town, it was evident there was no future there for the Armenians.

Practically all the Cilician towns of the interior – Urfa, Marash, Hadjin etc., had fallen to the Turks. The French had orders to fight only a defensive war until they could be withdrawn, and soon Kemal Ataturk would be sending his regulars. The great powers had sealed the faith of the Cilician Armenians, including those of Aintab, and therefore a local success was not of great significance and could not be lasting.

With these considerations in mind, all that the Aintab Armenians wanted was safety and evacuation. On the insistence of the Turks and in their eagerness to please the Turks, the French had already evacuated the Armenian contingent of their garrison (Armenian Legion) and were fighting simply to have the time to retreat to Syria.

The Armenians in charge of the orphanage finally convinced the French authorities to lead the inmates of the orphanage with a military convoy, and we were moved out. There had been two orphanages in Aintab, one in the Turkish quarter, in a *khan*, and the other at the Halajian school where I was. The orphans in the Turkish quarter had been brought over to Halajian, in the nick of time, just before fighting started. Thus, all of us moved out of Aintab under military escort. The journey was uneventful. We passed through Kilis and Aleppo, and arrived in Beirut.

II

At the Beirut Karantina (Quarantine)

We must have arrived in Beirut about early summer 1921.

We wore only underwear and lived under tents. I suppose new groups of boys had joined us in Beirut and those in charge were not able to find enough clothing for all of us, so they left us only with our underwear. In the orphanage store, there were a few *zubun*s, flowing garments (*entari*) divided into three sections vertically from the waist down. When it was necessary to send an orphan for a medical examination downtown, he would be given one of those *zubun*s, which he would return when he came back.

The food must have been very poor, for I remember running out of the camp to steal some figs from neighboring gardens, although such a thing was very risky.

III

The Sea Dogs

At the Beirut Karantina, I was already twelve years old but still very ignorant of the world and very innocent. My bitter experience in my childhood, in the mountains, in the streets, and at the baker's shop had not done enough damage because, I think, I had not been old enough to take full advantage of my experience.

Where we camped was at the seashore but on high ground. From there we had a view of the distant horizon. I personally never had the courage to go down and actually touch the seawater. I still believed that where the sea touched the shore it was thousands of feet deep, and one could be immediately engulfed in it. That may have been one reason why I never went down to the sea. Also, it is possible that our elders had frightened us by such stories to keep us away from the sea.

On stormy days, I would watch the sea and see the waves breaking into

foam and moving forward. Along with many of my friends, I was made to believe that these advancing patches of white were sea dogs that were agitated at times of storm. This also may have been another reason why I never went down to the sea.

IV

The Chain of Orphanages

After World War I, the Armenian nation came very close to annihilation. What was left of it consisted mainly of sickly, famine-stricken children, widows, old people and women, very few able-bodied men.

The preservation of these remnants as the nucleus of what was to become the revived and revitalized Armenian nation owes much to the American Near East Relief (NER). This organization gathered into orphanages most of these remnants and fed them in many areas – Greece, Armenia, and Lebanon – in all maybe about 100,000 boys and girls with several thousand adults who were hired to feed, dress, care for and educate these orphans. In Armenia, the entire population, about 700,000, received its provisions from the NER.

In Lebanon alone, there were the following orphanages. In Sidon, the Birds' Nest for little children. Hill-Top (Miehoumieh) for teenagers. In Beirut, Kelekian Orphanage of AGBU (the Armenian General Benevolent Union), a home for working girls and a center for working boys. Then there was the long range of NER orphanages along the coast of Antelias (now the *Catholicosate*), Nahr Ibrahim, Jounieh, Mameltein, Ghazir (up in the mountain), and finally Jbeil or Byblos.

Each orphanage had its own peculiar character. Birds' Nest was intensely religious, so was Ghazir for a while. Antelias was mildly nationalist. Nahr Ibrahim was a temporary affair without a character and had to be absorbed by others because of an epidemic of malaria. Ghazir had only girls who were taught trades such as rug-making.

The NER Orphanage of Jbeil was very different from all the others and was envied by all. Its special character was due to its director, Mr. Travis, who was a most interesting character.

Mr. Travis insisted on calling his orphanage Jbeil Community, avoiding the word orphanage, with all the connotation carried with it.

In spite of being instructed to just keep these children from the streets and feed them, he tried hard to make the institution a high school with an emphasis on education and athletics.

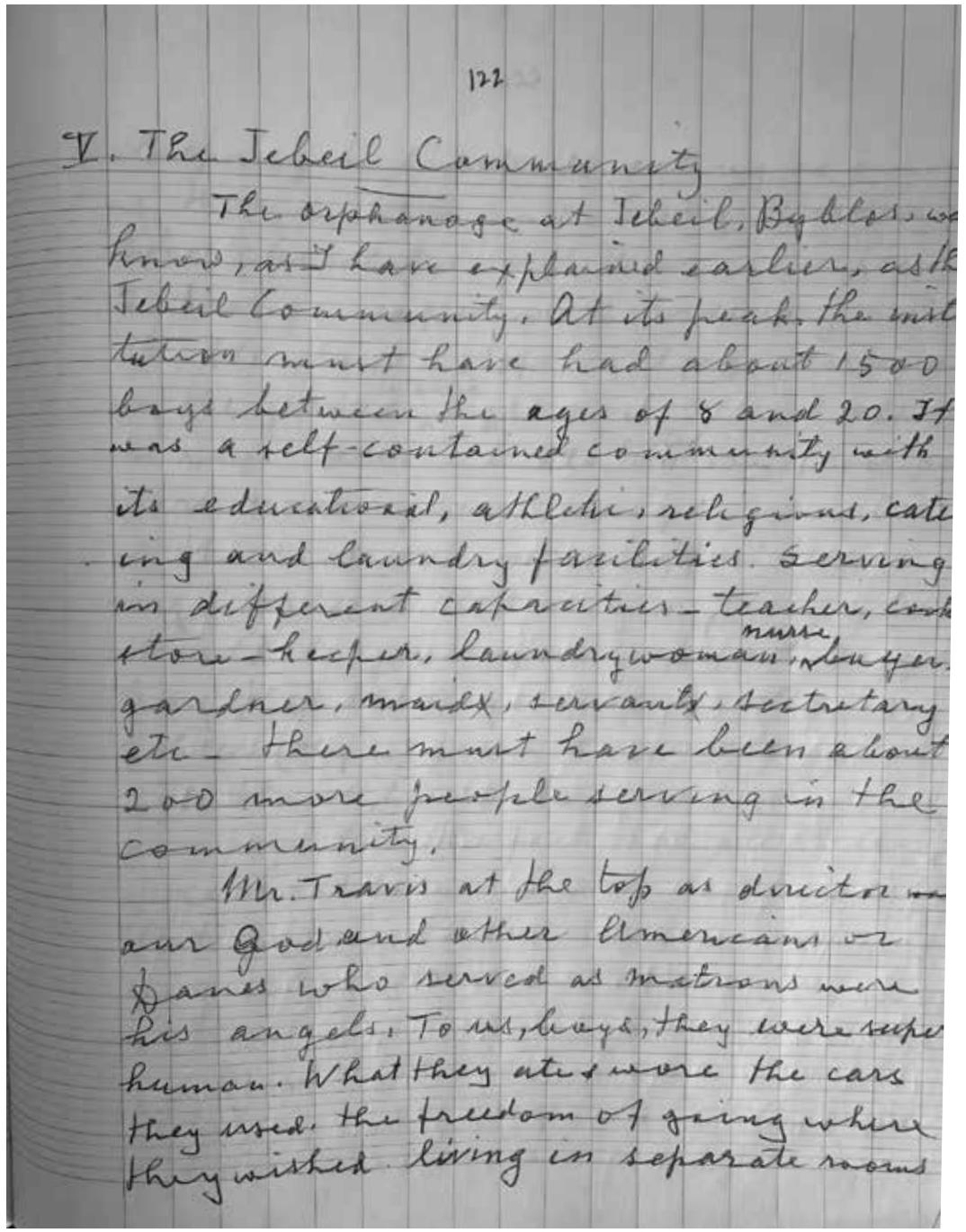
Also, he invited as teachers, men of all parties – Hentchag, Ramgavar and Tashnag, people with ideal and backbone. This resulted in the indoctrination of the students with intense feelings of nationalism, idealism, pride, and eagerness to learn. True enough, this created an atmosphere of rivalry, friction and unrealism, but it gave the orphanage an ideal, a purpose. Pride in things Armenian and an incentive for hard work.

V

The Jbeil Community

The orphanage in Jbeil, Byblos, was known, as I have explained earlier, as the Jbeil Community. At its peak, the institution must have had about 1500 boys between the ages of 8 and 20. It was a self-contained community with its educational, athletic, religious, catering and laundry facilities. Serving in different capacities – teacher, cook, storekeeper, laundry woman, nurse, buyer, gardener, maid, servant, secretary, etc. – there must have been about 200 more people serving in the community.

Mr. Travis at the top as director was our god, and other Americans or Danes who served as matrons were his angels. To us boys, they were superhuman. What they ate and wore, the cars they used. The freedom of going where they wished, living in separate rooms, sleeping in bedsteads, eating as much as they wished, and eating delicacies like chocolates – all these were peculiar to beings superior to ordinary mortals.


122

V. The Jebeil Community

The orphanage at Jebeil, Byblos, was known, as I have explained earlier, as the Jebeil Community. At its peak, the institution must have had about 1500 boys between the ages of 8 and 20. It was a self-contained community with its educational, athletic, religious, catering and laundry facilities. Serving in different capacities – teacher, cook, storekeeper, laundry woman, nurse, buyer, gardener, maid, servant, secretary, etc – there must have been about 200 more people serving in the community.

Mr. Travis at the top as director was our God and other Americans or Danes who served as matrons were his angels. To us, boys, they were superhuman. What they ate & wore the cars they used. the freedom of going where they wished. living in separate rooms

We boys slept in large dormitories on the ground, in rows right next to each other and in rags. We ate seated on the floor and were never given enough bread. One of the matrons, in an effort to economize, ordered that only a piece of bread should be given for breakfast, suggesting that the boys might collect some *zaater* (thyme) from the mountain to eat with their bread. However, I must add immediately the fact that all the boys were healthy and strong, so I conclude that we must have been receiving enough calories and other nutrients.

Most of the boys were supposed to be taking a regular course of education, but there were also some, maybe 1/3 of the boys, who were learning trades – shoemaker, carpenter, tailor, etc. These trade boys attended to the needs of the orphanage.

Those of us taking an educational course were divided into classes known by the name of the teacher – Darduni, Hayk, Aram Balian, Hovsep Keshishian, Gosdan Bandikian, Mgrditch, Mihran Babikian, etc. The teacher and his students remained together year after year. They only changed their books and educational level.

I was most of the time in the class of Hovsep Keshishian, who was not very popular with the teachers or the boys. He was disliked for various reasons. First, he was Protestant and taught Protestant hymns. He was not a party man and hence was not considered nationalist enough. I was not only his student, which would have been enough to be suspect, but I was his favorite and protégé.

Most of our teachers had strong personalities and were able to impose their stamp upon their classes. The top class was that of Darduni, who was Tashnag and a former petty officer in the French army. He gave his boys an extreme Tashnag ideology with party literature and party insignia. He gave them also very strict military training – running long distances, making them lie down in the mud or on rocks. Through these boys, Darduni tried to control all the other boys. We all admired them. In later life, these boys became active Tashnag leaders.

The teacher who tried to do the same for the Hentchag party was a well-known Hentchag leader called Dkhruni. But his success was limited because Dkhruni did not stay in the orphanage long enough; his class was a lower class without the prestige of the senior class; and he did not have the outside support that Darduni had. In spite of the handicaps, when Dkhruni left the orphanage, he left behind a Hentchag cell, with a secret Hentchag library, which was constantly circulated in spite of all the persecution.

As far as I remember, there was also a Ramgavar teacher who organized his class as Ramgavar. I think he was a certain [Nerses] Chirinian.

Very often, we would notice Tashnag, Hentchag and Ramgavar teachers at the head of their respective columns marching and demonstrating, singing their own revolutionary songs. These demonstrations were ostensibly class activities, but everybody knew their party significance.

VI

Unskilled Labor, Part of Our Assignment

Those of us who were given the privilege of following regular schoolwork had many interruptions. In the early days of Jbeil, we had to level the ground and help build new buildings. This meant that boys took shifts and divided their time about equally between unskilled labor and school. Arakel Usta was the engineer-architect and chief mason, while the rest of the work had to be done by the bare hands of the boys, hundreds of them digging and transporting earth, rocks or mortar.

Later on, probably after the first two years, 1920 to 1922, when most of the construction was completed, we could devote more time to our academic work, although there were still many unskilled jobs to be performed. One or two days a week, a class would be requisitioned for work – repairs, incomplete construction, work in the garden, cutting wood, carrying water, sweeping, working in the kitchen or in the laundry.

Naturally, we resented being taken away from our academic work and would run back to it as soon as we got a chance. Five boys would be sent,

say, to Jano Emmi to chop wood. After a while, four of them would be back in their classroom reading. Jano Emmi would send the remaining boy to the teacher to complain. Meanwhile, boys would have returned to the classroom from other jobs too. The teacher would come to the classroom and find practically all his boys there. He would shout and scold us and order us back to our jobs. As we moved out one by one, he would stand at the exit and give each one a blow, to some a really hard blow, to others not so hard. When his favorite student was moving out, he would miss the blow entirely as it happened to me when I was in Mr. H. Keshishian's class.

In conclusion, I must say that my schooling in Jbeil lasted for four years, 1920-1924, which probably amounted to not more than three full years of work, with the interruptions described above. Thus, after kindergarten in Zeitun where I had learned hardly more than the Armenian alphabet, I had four years of schooling, one in Aintab, three in Jbeil, before I was admitted to the sub-freshman class at AUB I was supposed to have completed 10 years' work in four years.

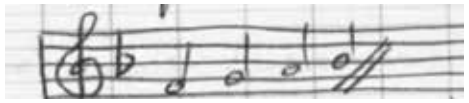
VII

My Insatiable Desire to Learn

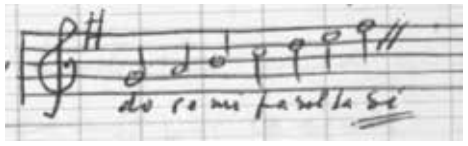
I do not think that I achieved much during my first post war year of schooling in Aintab, but the atmosphere in Jbeil was a very different one. Most of us boys had the feeling that we had wasted too many years on the streets, out of school, and that our opportunity to learn might not be prolonged very much. Therefore, it was most urgent that we should make the very best use of our opportunity as long as it lasted. Much of what we learned was self-taught. Many of our teachers knew little more than we knew, and hardly any of them had professional training. But I must say that these teachers were just as earnest and devoted as we were eager to learn.

Personally, in addition to a crowded program – Armenian, English, French, arithmetic, history, geography, etc. – I tried drawing, joined the choir to learn singing, joined the brass band and learned to play practically

all the instruments used there. In addition to these, I had to read the long novels of Raffi, because it was a national shame not to have read them. Also, I tried to learn solfège on my own and in cooperation with a classmate Sarkis Ganimian. Sarkis had been in the German orphanage (Beit Shalom) in Marash during World War I and had learned to read music and to transpose it. In the band, I learned the importance of keeping time in music, and Sarkis learned to read notes, transposing them as he read. Thus, we would take a hymnbook, read the notes and sing, helping each other. The method of transposition I learned from him was based upon a very simple principle, the theory of which I never learned. No matter how many flats there might be in music, the last flat made its location fa. Thus,



I would read the above do, re, mi, fa. In the case of sharps, the last sharp marked the place of 'si'. Thus,



in this scale the "sol" would be read as "do" and the note on the last line where the sharp is, would be "si."

For me, the school day in Jbeil felt more like 18 hours than 8, especially during examination week. Like many others, I would get up after midnight and go to the classroom and study for several hours until daybreak with the light of a little candle. I wrote every English word I came across and looked up the meaning in Armenian and copied it in my own dictionary, which was my constant companion. Thus, I learned thousands of English words. But to put them together in an English sentence was quite a different matter. Also, my pronunciation must have been atrocious because in later life, I heard our teachers speak an "English" that an English-speaking person could understand only by guesswork.

For one thing, we had no idea about the existence of accents (stresses) in words. As in Armenian, we always put the accent (stress) on the last syllable of a word. I remember very well learning an English declamation. For this purpose, our gardener Boghos Nersessian was assigned to me as a coach. He had spent some years in the United States and therefore had the right accent. Every time I said "charactér," putting the stress on the last syllable, he kept correcting me saying "chàrecter." I couldn't see any difference between the two pronunciations. I had no idea about word stresses. I was furious at Mr. Nersessian and did not think much of him because he was not a teacher but only a gardener. Years later, I learned that he was right and all the rest of us in Jbeil, including our teachers, were wrong.

VIII

My Drawings

I do not remember who it was that taught me an aggrandizement method of making drawings of pictures. I would draw horizontal and vertical lines on the picture and number these lines. Then, on a large paper, I would draw the same number of lines only farther apart. By reference to the corresponding numbers on the two papers, I would carefully locate key points, join them and obtain the larger outline of the same picture. Then I would add the shades with a black pencil and rub it to be uniform with a piece of paper. I do not know how many pictures I aggrandized or copied in this way, but those of St. Sahag and St. Mesrob have a special significance for me.

I must say that I have no gift for drawing. All I was doing was something quite mechanical. I doubt very much there was any trace of art in them. But somehow, the teacher decided to hang up my drawings of St. Sahag and St. Mesrob in the classroom. I think there were others too, but mine were more conspicuous because of their large size and because of my subjects. These two saints, so dear to every Armenian, had to have a place of honor, and had to loom larger.

My drawings attracted the attention of visitors to the class. One day, two Armenians dropped in and were interested in the pictures of St. Sahag and St. Mesrob, so they inquired about them and wanted to know who had drawn them. My name was given, which they wrote down. Later on, I heard that this was one of the factors that helped the administration find a benefactor for me.

IX

I Become the First Trumpeter of the Band

The orphanage had a brass band with some wind instruments, in all about 25 pieces: 4 trumpets (*cornet* á *piston*), 2 bugles (2nd cornet), 4 sib clarinets, 2 mi b clarinets, 2 flutes, 2 altos, 2 trombones, 2 tenors, 2 bases, drums big and small, cymbals, etc. These were the instruments we had. For music, we used a French publication, I think it was a Claude Angé publication. We had two teachers, one stayed at the orphanage with us permanently and the other visited us once a week. The permanent one was Mr. Bulbulian and the visitor was Mr. Hagop Uvezian, whom we admired very much. For us he was the world's top musician. We heard many stories about his ability to make his violin sound like a nightingale, or like the braying of a donkey, or the roaring of a lion.

My membership in this band had some important consequences for me:

1. I learned to play not only my instrument, the trumpet, but also practically all the instruments in the band.

2. Later at AUB, I taught Prof. Bacons' nephew how to play the trumpet and thus earned some money.

3. I was able to organize a brass band for the Beirut Near East League and one for the North Syria School for Boys in Aleppo.

4. Most important consequence: it helped to attract the attention of Mr. Travis and later of Miss Hardcastle, both of whom were of great help to me as we shall see elsewhere in these notes.

X

The Jar of Drinking Water for the Class

Like other classrooms, our class also had a big jar of pottery, with a wooden cover and a cup on the cover. We took turns keeping the jar full of water, so that we could always find in it drinking water. I do not remember all my classmates, but I know that among them were:

1. Hrant Lambajian, other than myself, very intelligent but impudent and unfriendly. He became a bookkeeper in a firm and died in Beirut in 1957. I was much touched to attend his funeral and did my best to help his sons, one of whom was a student at the Armenian Evangelical College at the time I was principal there.

2. Rev. Garabed Tilkian, who later on became the pastor of the first Armenian Evangelical Church of Beirut for 22 years. Who could imagine that our Garabed would become a prominent leader?

3. Sarkis Ganimian was another interesting classmate with whom I was associated at the AUB Cooperative Club, in Aleppo College, and finally in Zahleh, where he became the principal of the Armenian National Elementary School. I enjoyed visiting him in Zahleh and speaking of old days. His company was most enjoyable.

I am sorry for this digression, so let me come back to what the topic of this section suggests.

Sarkis Ganimian was lame and therefore did not take turns like us to bring drinking water. One day, when it was my turn to bring water, I came to class and was surprised to find Sarkis shouting insults to my address because there was no water left in the jar. It must have been a hot day and water needed to be replaced fast.

This may sound like a simple incident, but it made me furious. I could not bear the injustice of the incident. There were about 30 boys, all of whom took their turn to bring water to the classroom, with the single exception of Sarkis. And lo! He was the only one who complained and

insulted me. How unreasonable one can be! And yet I liked Sarkis. Until his death this year (1967), he was suffering from hypertension and died of cerebral hemorrhage, after a night of a great banquet.

XI

Revolution at the Orphanage

I have already mentioned that all three Armenian political parties were active in the orphanage, but the main party was the Tashnag party. This political and revolutionary spirit made the students unruly and sensitive to certain conditions.

The discontent was due to a variety of factors – some real, others imaginary. Of course, the food given us was not satisfactory, sometimes more than other times. Then there were wild rumors of immorality among the personnel, management, teachers, maids, nurses and even some of the older students. Some of the teachers, mainly Haigazoun and Hovsep Keshishian, were considered Protestant, hence not Armenians and lackeys of the Americans.

I am not familiar with the details of how it started and exactly what happened, but as I remember, for two or three days in 1924, the orphanage was in a revolutionary state, where the boys had the upper hand in the institution. Teachers were beaten, stores plundered, and unpopular students sent into hiding. The Keshishians were beaten, non- Tashnags were out of favor.

I remember Mr. Gosdan Bandikian making frantic efforts in appealing to the boys to quiet down. He feared the consequences for the boys and for himself. The orphanage might be closed and teachers dismissed. The boys liked him as a sincere honest person, a father to all, but under the revolutionary conditions they simply neglected him and went on rampaging, carrying their destructive plans. The Tashnag teachers like Darduni and Balian could easily have stopped all the commotion with one word, but

they did not. They were probably the instigators. The result: some students were expelled, and two years later in 1924, the orphanage was closed.

XII

Our Extracurricular Activities

Elsewhere, I have already mentioned how avidly we studied and read novels, how I studied solfège on my own, took part in the brass band and the choir, how I worked on drawings, declamation contests, did manual labor, etc.

Here I want to mention the fact that our orphanage was also well-known for its athletic activities. In these I did not take a prominent part but never neglected physical exercise. Every morning, we had our Swedish drill, but in addition I would run around the field 2 or 3 times and swim daily.

In fair weather, we all had to swim once a day, but to many of us this was not enough. Like some others, I would have my second daily swim in the sea secretly, away behind the rocks. I remember very well diving into the sea under the rain. I would tug my clothes under a rock to protect them from the rain and would jump into the sea. This was one of the very few cases of disobedience or my breaking a rule. Normally, I was most scrupulous in respecting regulations.

There is one more extracurricular activity in which I participated. We published a collotype paper called "Doun," mainly in Armenian but also including one or two short articles in English. I "wrote" some of the English articles. I can imagine the kind of articles I must have produced, when I could not correctly form a single sentence in English. I looked up every other word in the dictionary and substituted it for the Armenian word I had in mind. It involved also a great deal of plagiarism. This activity of mine, however, proved very significant for me, because Mr. Travis corrected my articles, and through them, he came to know me and remembered me when candidates were chosen to be sent to AUB for a higher education.

XIII

I Am Sent to AUB – A Great Turning Point in My Life

In the orphanage, some of us were put in trades while others were allowed to study. There was constant pressure from the higher authorities of the NER to minimize education and send more and more boys into trades. It was the policy of the NER to render these boys self-sufficient as soon as possible. There was no intention to turn the orphanage into a school, certainly not into a high school. Along with a trade, the boys must be taught how to read and write the three R's (reading, writing and arithmetic) but not more. It was thanks to the efforts of Mr. Travis and our teachers that we were able to devote more time to our academic work. In a way, this was an unauthorized, clandestine activity.

Thus, we were always urged to drop our studies and enter a trade. Our class was subjected to this pressure on several occasions, and every time, some students were forced into the trades. This danger came very close to me on several occasions, but somehow, I was able to survive.

It must have been in 1923 that some students like Samuel Semerjian (later M.D.) and Hovhanness Shahinian (later pharmacist) were sent to AUB from the top class. These were the lucky ones.

In 1924, it was decided to send a second batch, some of them from my own class. I was pleasantly surprised to find my name among the few chosen for this purpose. As far as I can guess, Hovsep Keshishian and Mr. Travis must have had a part in my selection, because I was not a party man and therefore had no backing otherwise.

Therefore, I ascribe my selection to the following factors:

1. Mr. Travis knew me and appreciated my work in the school paper "*Doun*," in which I "wrote" English articles.

2. He also knew me as a permanent member of the brass band, playing the most conspicuous instrument, the trumpet.

3. He knew me as the one who had drawn St. Sahag and St. Mesrob, attracting the attention of American visitors, with the possibility of securing scholarship from them.

4. The other person who must have spoken well of me must have been Mr. Hovsep Keshishian who appreciated my work very much. He presented me as an ideal student, obedient, respectful of rules, hardworking, reliable in character and intelligent.

Such little incidents were responsible for my election to be sent to AUB, a major turning point in my life.

XIV

A Recipient of One of the Highest Awards

Out of about 1500 students, three were chosen for the highest award in the orphanage. These three boys, Zakar…, Hovannes Tilkian and I, were considered ideal persons physically, mentally and morally (by character).

After an elaborate process, we were chosen as models physically, intellectually and morally, and granted a souvenir with the same inscription. I was presented a Cassel's Dictionary English-French/French-English, which I still use. The donor was the physician of the orphanage by the name of Mr. Hadidian. He wanted very much to have me go to their home and associate with his son who was of my age. I remember one day sitting on a chair in their home with my usual uniform consisting of khaki shorts. Mr. Hadidian pointed to my bare legs and spoke to his wife: "Look at his legs and healthy mien and intelligent eyes and think of what he eats and what care he receives. I do not think anybody else, except God, cares much for him, and yet how well he has developed physically, mentally and morally. Then, think of our son of the same age, with all the care we bestow on him, the food we give him, the teachers and schooling we supply, all the advice we give him. Maybe it is not strange that God has done a far better job than we have."

XV

Mr. Travis' Recommendation to AUB

Out of the 1500 boys in the Jbeil Community orphanage, about 10 were chosen to be sent to AUB and I was surprised to be one of them, because I never considered myself in any way prominent. I did not have a powerful patron among the teachers; I was not a party man; I did not belong to the top class, there were two classes higher than mine; and I was not the type who would forge forward aggressively. On the contrary, I was the shy, quiet type who tried to keep away from the limelight. In spite of all these unfavorable factors, I was chosen to be one of the very few lucky ones.

After the teachers' meeting where the selection was made, the teachers came down from the second floor and many of them came to the music room when the band was practicing. They pointed to me and said: "This is the boy… Oh! Is this the boy?" Many of the teachers did not know me by name.

A few days after my selection was announced, the secretary of Mr. Travis approached me and said: "You should see the letter of recommendation Mr. Travis wrote to the Central Office of the NER in Beirut about you. It is full of the highest praise." I asked to see the copy but he would not show it. I do not understand how Mr. Travis praised me so much, without having exchanged with me so much as a word. I never spoke to him, and he spoke to me only once from a distance of a hundred meters without recognizing me. I was swimming out of schedule when Mr. Travis appeared at the top of the cliff about 100 meters away and shouted: "*Dga! Dga*!" He meant "Boys! Boys!" On seeing and hearing him, I picked up my clothes and ran away. This was our only meeting.

XVI

Toum LaLa! Zoum LaLa!

The teachers played many practical jokes on each other, such as:

1. Throwing into the sea a teacher who was afraid of the sea.

2. Forcefully shaving the mustaches of a teacher who was very proud of his mustaches.

3. Carrying a cowardly teacher in his sleep, with his bedstead, and planting it in the water at the shore of the sea.

In this connection, some teachers composed a song about other teachers and taught us boys to sing it. I remember a few stanzas, which I will mention here. They would not mean much to those who did not know the teachers in question with their habits, weaknesses, fables, but to us every word of the song had a hidden and significant meaning, and we sang it with great joy.

Here are some stanzas:

*Gardjérou métch gardj és tou*n	You are short among the shorts
Ousoutszchabéd Haigazoun	Headteacher Haigazoun
Toum lala, zoum lala	*Toum lala, zoum lala*
Toum lalalala, zoum lala.	*Toum lalalala, zoum lala.*
Ouse shalgadz pah pritch	Carrying a shovel and a pickaxe
Aznouagan Mgrditch	You noble Mgrditch
Toum lala, zoum lala etc.	*Toum lala, zoum lala etc.*
Khorhourt medz yev dér mégha	A big mystery and Lord, I have sinned
Yergaynhasag Yeghia	You tall Yeghia
Toum lala, zoum lala etc.	*Toum lala, zoum lala etc.*
Hérik enés gargedan	Enough patching
Bandiguian Mr. Gosdan	*Bandiguian Mr. Gosdan*
Toum lala, zoum lala etc.	*Toum lala, zoum lala etc.*

XVII

Privileges of Band Membership

As a member of the brass band, I enjoyed certain privileges, one of which was the occasional trip we had to go and play for festive occasions.

On several occasions, there were inter-scholastic Field Days among the high schools of Beirut held at the AUB Prep. School. On one such occasion, as we were traveling in a REO truck, I complained of a headache and somebody gave me an aspirin. When it did not give me immediate relief, I took a few more, one after the other, expecting relief right away. Then we reached AUB and started playing some tunes in the noon sun. The next thing I knew, I was in the bed of an Armenian medical student late in the afternoon. I must have fainted and remained unconscious for about 6 hours. There were several Armenian medical students or young doctors around my bed asking me how I felt.

Another memorable occasion for our brass band came in the early summer of 1923 when we played at the inaugural ceremony of AUB President Bayard Dodge. At the time, I did not know what the occasion was, nor did I know that the following year, I would be a student there.

XVIII

Innocents Abroad A

As mentioned earlier, I was only 6 years old when we were deported from Zeitun. During the first years of deportation, my mother was with me but during the latter part of that period, I helped mother more than she could help me. I helped her in finding food and also in keeping out of the way of the gendarmes, the two things most essential for survival at the time. Then I lost my mother, or rather we departed from each other by mutual agreement, and from there on I had to make my own decisions and take care of myself without adult guidance. This I did successfully,

hence, one might suppose that I had learned the ways of the world and I had become mature at an early age. Maybe this was true in a way and yet in other ways I was a simpleton. Here are some instances to point in that direction:

1. In 1920, aged 11 at the Beirut Karantina, people were able to make me believe that the white foam of the sea waves were really sea dogs. To believe this while living at the seashore for months is a little strange, isn't it?

2. I have also mentioned how I took 4 or 5 aspirins, one after the other, on my trip from Jbeil to Beirut expecting the disappearance of my headache as soon as I took the pills. At this time, I was 14 years old and I should have known better, but I did not.

3. One day in Jbeil, it must have been around 1922 when I was 13 years old, we were given soup for supper. We were seated on the floor and beside the soup, each one of us had a pinch of salt. A boy of my age, Norayr, sitting next to me put all the salt in his soup without first tasting the soup, which became so salty that no person could eat it under normal conditions, but he ate it because there was nothing else to eat. Immediately, he warned me not to put all the salt in my dish. Then, being wiser after the mistake was made, I asked him why he put all the salt in without even tasting the soup. His answer indicates how innocent or rather ignorant we were. He said: "I assumed that all that salt was necessary for my soup, otherwise why would they put it there?" As far as we were concerned, "they" knew everything. We were completely absorbed in our schoolwork, outside of which we understood hardly anything that went on around us in the world.

XIX

Innocents Abroad B

As forlorn orphans, we were poor and penniless but refused to take advantage of securing money when we had the chance. Money meant

very little to us and we lacked complete worldly shrewdness. Here are some instances of my lack of acquisitiveness. Natural honesty, which was not prompted by the fear of hell, came naturally to me:

1. At the baker's shop, I was the cashier and handled large sums of money daily.

Occasionally, I would spend a few piasters to buy candy, but never thought of stealing and keeping some money for future emergencies, even though my future was very uncertain and precarious.

2. In 1918, I refused the baker's offer to make me his heir. I preferred to turn my back against his considerable wealth and preferred to enter the orphanage to study.

3. While at AUB, like all my orphan friends, I was so short of cash. I would walk, almost daily, all the way from AUB to the Tramway station (7-8 km) and back to avoid paying 5 piasters each way. Meanwhile, I was given by the Near East Relief $200 monthly to be spent for feeding about 25 orphan students in our Cooperative Club. Only under my signature, every month, I turned in the account for $200 or so and received the new allowance from the Relief. It never occurred to me to put in an extra item or increase one of the items and appropriate a few dollars for my personal use. The fact that I did not steal is not as significant as the fact that the idea did not occur to me.

4. One year at AUB, the NER paid my full tuition. Meanwhile, I received a letter from Mrs. Gould who was also willing to pay my tuition. Here I had two tuitions for the year, $200 each. Without hesitation, I told Miss Hardcastle about it and together we arranged for $200 to be used as tuition for 4 or 5 girls at Miss Webbs' school. Miss Hardcastle, in charge of the Welfare Department of the Near East Relief, was especially pleased because she had discovered that one of my classmates had tried to secure two tuitions for the same year and had been discovered. Many of us were innocent of the materialism and shrewdness of the world. We were living in an idealistic environment of our own, as Innocents Abroad.

5. Before closing this chapter, I would like to mention one more

interesting instance pointing in the same direction. I just remembered it. In the year 1929, during my senior year at AUB, I had to write a B.A. thesis. I chose to write on the "Armenian Refugees in Syria and Lebanon." Miss Hardcastle and Mr. Murphy were much pleased with the subject, so they arranged for the NER to give me LL 44 pounds for a trip to the refugee camps in those two countries to collect material. I went on the trip during the Easter vacation, and on my return, I gave them LL 12 which I had not spent. They were surprised that a penniless orphan boy would do this, and they refused to take it back.

XX

How I Managed to Survive

When I look back to my childhood years, I am surprised at my success at surviving and forging ahead under tremendous odds. People much richer, much stronger, much more mature died like flies, but poor little 6-year-old Daniel with his penniless, sickly mother survived four years of forced marches, famine, persecution, massacres and disease. It was very natural for acquaintances not to believe their eyes when in 1918 they saw us both still very much alive after that holocaust.

The only person who was a helpful companion, my mother, had to leave me when I was seven years old. Even earlier, during the first year of deportation when she was with me, we were only "companions." She was not in a position to help me much because of her weakness, sickness and pennilessness. I helped her more than she helped me, in finding food and in keeping out of the way of the gendarmes who took pleasure in knocking people down when we had no material wealth which they (the gendarmes) could take. Let me add here that finding food and keeping out of the way of gendarmes were the two things most essential for survival in those days.

Therefore, at the age of seven, I was all alone, on my own, in a hostile country, among a hostile people during a period of war and famine. Not even the law would protect me because it was the express wish of

the government that all the Armenians should be annihilated. Killing an Armenian was a deed as far as the government was concerned. As an Armenian, I was an outlaw.

Under these impossible conditions, how did I manage to survive? Maybe it was one of those miracles that happen occasionally, but there is more than that to it.

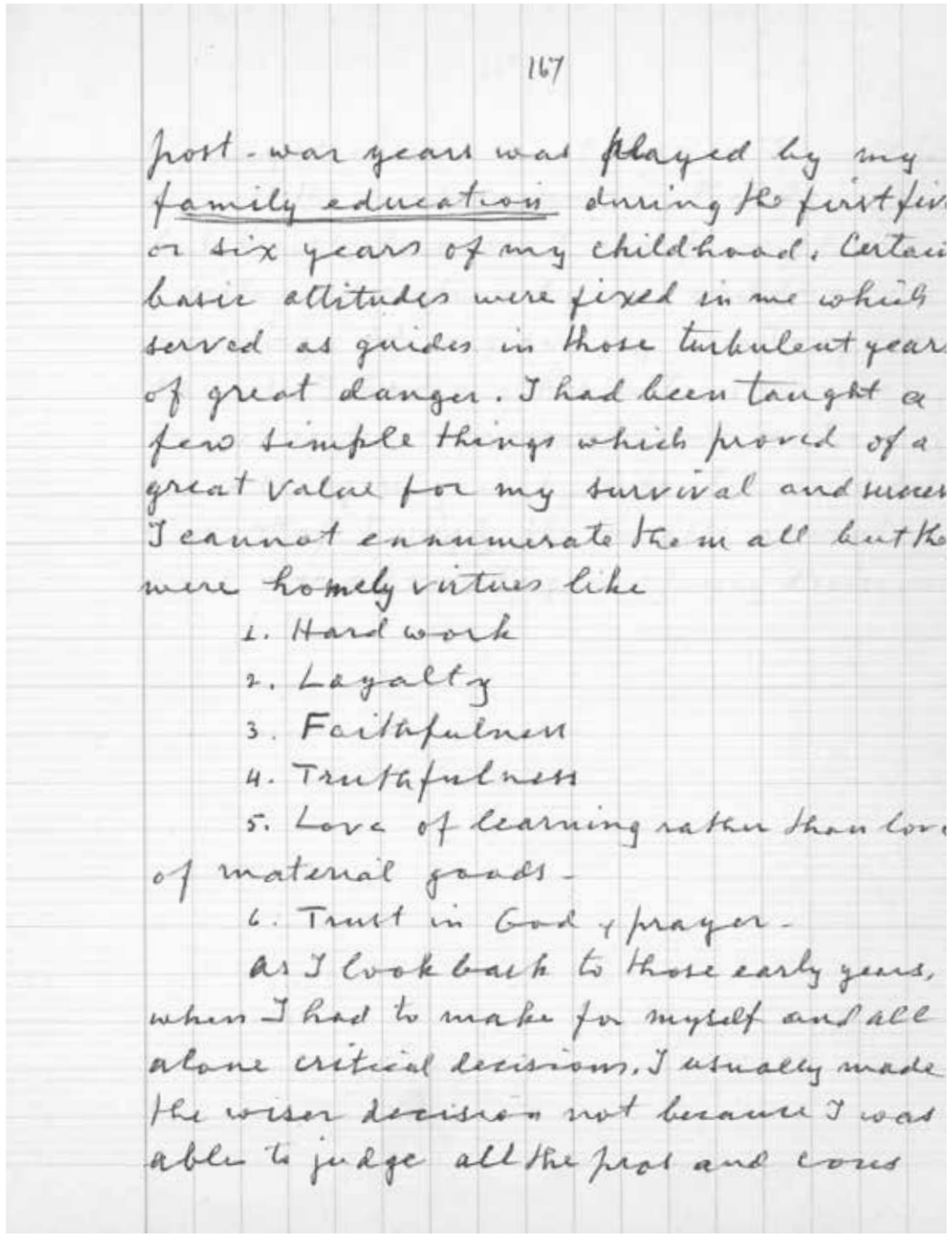
Then came the post-war years of my orphanage life. How did it happen that out of the many thousands of orphanage inmates, I happened to be one of the handful who were able to secure a university education?

This is another mystery fortune. I was not exceptionally intelligent, or likeable, or aggressive, or lucky, or social. In fact, I have always been rather of the introvert type, shy and retired, not the type that aggressively jumps at every opportunity and tries to seize it. How to explain then my luck? There may be many factors, some of them rather luck, but I am convinced that the greatest role both in my survival during the war and any success in the post-war years was played by my *family education* during the first five or six years of my childhood. Certain basic attitudes were fixed in me which served as guides in those turbulent years of great danger. I had been taught a few simple things which proved of great value for my survival and success. I cannot enumerate them all, but they were homely virtues like:

1. Hard work.
2. Loyalty.
3. Faithfulness.
4. Truthfulness.
5. Love of learning, rather than love of material s.
6. Trust in God and prayer.

As I look back to those early years, when I had to make a critical decision all alone, I usually made the wiser decision. Not because I was able to judge all the pros and cons of my decision, and not because I could

foresee all the consequences of that decision, but simply because I was prompted in a certain direction by my childhood training. It was simply a rule of thumb. I had no hesitation in making those critical decisions at the turning points of my early life, because I did not stop to weigh the possible advantages and disadvantages of my decisions.



167

post-war years was played by my
family education during the first fi
or six years of my childhood. Certai
basic attitudes were fixed in me which
served as guides in those turbulent year
of great danger. I had been taught a
few simple things which proved of a
great value for my survival and succes
I cannot enumerate them all but the
were homely virtues like

1. Hard work
2. Loyalty
3. Faithfulness
4. Truthfulness
5. Love of learning rather than lov
of material goods.
6. Trust in God & prayer.

As I look back to those early years,
when I had to make for myself and all
alone critical decisions, I usually made
the wiser decision not because I was
able to judge all the pros and cons

Armenian refugee camp - Source Near East Foundation

Armenian refugee camp in Beirut

General view of the Jbeil orphanage - Source Houshamadyan

Jbeil, around 1920. Armenian orphans receiving instruction, with the American and Armenian flags behind them

A new arrival to the orphanage. They usually came barefoot - Source Mennonite Church of USA archives

Jbeil Orphanage - Source Houshamadyan

Orphans at Jbeil during recess. On the right is the train track built by the orphans

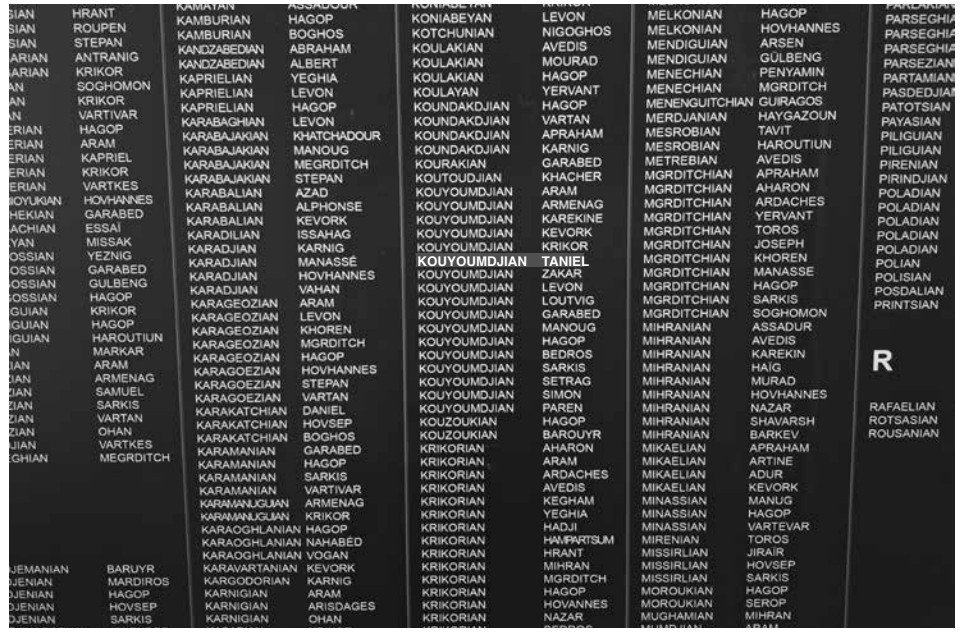
The library and reading room at Jbeil Orphanage

The brass band at Jbeil Orphanage

The brass at Jbeil Orphanage Museum

The refectory at Jbeil orphanage. Plates are put on the floor as the orphans eat on the floor.

The refectory at Jbeil Orphanage after being equipped with tables and chairs



A list of all the names of orphans who came to Jbeil orphanage including Daniel Wosgian's name (né Kouyoumdjian)

The orphans swimming in the sea - Source Yates County History Center

Part Six

AT AUB

(1924-1929)

I

My Admission to AUB

It must have been October 1924 when four of us were brought from Jbeil to AUB for an admission or entrance examination. Our preparation was very defective. Personally, I had had in all, four years of post-kindergarten education, and an education that was often interrupted by manual labor. Also, we had spent much time on Armenian, which was of no help at AUB. We were far from being qualified for university work, not even by age, because I was only 15 years old at the time.

I do not know what we did in the examination and how examiners evaluated us. I know we were asked to find the cubic root of some large numbers, a thing which I never learned and could not manage even after I got my PhD

I think the examination was for freshman entrance, but because we failed in it, we were admitted to the sub-freshman class. The whole thing was a very special arrangement. Mr. Travis and the other NER leaders had very relations with AUB, particularly with President Bayard Dodge, and they advanced the following arguments:

These boys know enough but they have had much of their education in Armenian, that is why they did not do well. Also, they are advanced in other ways but are not prepared for this exam. They are very intelligent boys and can advance very fast and catch up with their classmates. They lack practice in the use of the English language, although they have a vocabulary. By such arguments and with some pressure, we were admitted

to the sub-freshman class, the graduating class of the Preparatory School, on probation.

In fact at the university, there were about 25 students from different orphanages that came at different times. Of these, maybe only 10 or 12 were able to graduate.

II

Too Conspicuous at AUB

The orphanage group of 25 was very easy to locate on campus. We were shy, retired, aloof, grouped always together and in khaki shorts, our orphanage uniform. Any newcomer would ask: "What is this group?" "The orphans" would be the answer.

This condition bothered the AUB authorities who considered it psychologically very unhealthy. Finally, they told the NER leaders to secure for us civilian suits to minimize our separation from the general student body.

It was a great day when we received ordinary civilian suits. We really felt different. Now we could associate with other Armenians, if not with Arabs. I had a black suit of which I was very proud, although it was of the cheapest quality available. It could very well have been a second-hand suit, because all these suits were from the United States.

This black suit of mine has an interesting story attached to it. We had a friend of the family, Zeituntsi Hagop (Hagop Mardirossian) who was to be married but had no suitable dark suit. He was a (*badanadji*) whites wash man and could hardly make the two ends meet. He borrowed my black suit for his wedding, and it became his wedding suit. Today, Hagop Mardirossian is a contractor with the Lebanese army and is worth several million Lebanese pounds. He paid for the luxurious weddings of his six daughters and two sons, and is the respected patriarch of a family of about 40 children and grandchildren. He has a huge vineyard in the Bekaa, a modern poultry

farm, building sites in Antelias, and a four-story house for sale. He has a home in Beirut, one in Dhour Choueir, and one in the Bekaa, in addition to the house he built for sale.

I dwelt at length on this subject of Hagop Mardirossian because it is a picture of the progress of the Armenian community of Lebanon and Syria between 1920 and 1960. This is a picture that can be repeated a thousand times over, filling the heart of every thinking Armenian with pride and pleasure.

III

The Great Upsurge Recovery of Armenians

The example just mentioned is only one instance of the miraculous reconstruction and upsurge that went on all over the world, wherever Armenians took refuge after World War I.

Hagop Mardirossian, who as an unskilled laborer that could hardly earn his daily bread, became a millionaire. In Beirut alone, one can count a hundred Armenian millionaires.

Yervant Saatjian, a penniless orphan at AUB, I hear has become a multi-millionaire in Sudan and Ethiopia.

Bethy's father, still a cook in Kuwait, made his two sons engineers, one son a B.B.A. with a salary, and gave his daughter in marriage to a dentist.

I could think of hundreds of examples of day laborers or porters whose sons became doctors, engineers, merchants, and professional people. Having been uprooted from their own country and homes, there was no longer the normal tendency for children to follow the occupation of their parents. Now everybody aspired to a higher position and many attained that position, especially with the growing availability of scholarship funds.

This phenomenon is a source of infinite joy and pride to me.

There is still another aspect of the upsurge of the Armenian community. Originally, Armenian refugees were admitted to Syria and

Lebanon with some hesitation, and for a long time were considered parasites, robbing natives of their jobs and incomes. All that has changed now, and the Armenians have become the most creative element of the area, contributing to the development of these countries tremendously. They have introduced many new crafts; they brought about a tremendous advance in others; they became the best mechanics; they established new industries; they provided the best medical service to these countries (Altounian and Jidejian are examples); they brought new initiatives and vision in the businesses of the area.

The Armenians have become a great asset to Syria and Lebanon and are appreciated as such. When, in 1946, there was the movement to emigrate to Armenia, the Syrian and Lebanese were sorry and rather upset by it.

IV

Our Cooperative Clubs

During my student years at AUB, there were about 120-140 Armenian students, about 10% of the student body. A very small proportion of these students could pay their own fees.

Out of 120, probably 100 received help from one source or another. There were about 25 who were supported by the American Near East Relief, which paid all expenses because these boys were completely helpless. Then, there was an Armenian Educational Foundation in the United States (Hay Gertagan Himnargoutioun) which gave partial scholarship to about 40 students. There were also individual benefactors, compatriotic unions who helped. This was a period when practically every Armenian community had its compatriotic union (Hayrénagtsagan Mioutioun) – Zeitun, Marash, Aintab, Harput, Sivas, Adana, Hadjin, Gurun, Ourfa, etc.

So, all Armenian students were under the obligation of economizing. One way in which we economized was by living together in large groups of about 25 or 30 in what was called Cooperative Clubs.

I lived for two years in the Cooperative Club of Dr. Dikran Berberian in the Wardieh district of Hamra, in a building that belonged to the Sarrafian brothers. This club, I think, was somewhere on Abdul Aziz or Jeanne d'Arc Street, I am not so sure now. It was organized democratically, there was an elected committee, and a woman was hired as cook and "mother." Much of the rest of the work was done by the boys themselves.

In every way, the standard of living and freedom we had was a great advance over what we had in the orphanage, and yet it was a continuation of the same general pattern. I think for two years, the orphanage boys had their own club of which I was the principal one responsible. The NER gave me the money, a budget of $200 a month for about 25 boys. With this money, I had to feed them and arrange for their washing and laundry. In connection with this club, there are two things that surprise me now. How could Miss Hardcastle of the Welfare Department of the NER trust a penniless boy like me with the exclusive responsibility of spending $200 every month, for 9 months a year?

Following the rules of the Berberian Cooperative Club, I started by putting two signatures on the monthly accounts. Samuel Semerjian's as President, and mine as Treasurer. Then I quarrelled with Dr. Semerjian, so I asked Miss Hardcastle if it was necessary to have his signature. Without inquiring into the reason for my wanting to change the accepted procedure, she said: "Of course not, your signature is enough." From there on, I neglected Dr. Semerjian and his signature.

A second thing that surprises me now is the fact that the finances of the club were so well managed that at the end of the year there was a balance of $12. Miss Hardcastle and Mr. Murphy congratulated me for this success.

V

Life at the Cooperative Club

I must say that the orphans' Cooperative Club has not left many memorable impressions on my mind, because it was a continuation of the orphanage and because there was not much of a cooperative life. The boys were divided into two factions, Tashnags and non-Tashnags, opposed to each other.

At the Berberian club, there was more collective club life because the orphanage boys were few and there were others, older, more experienced and better off, hence with greater influence. Berberian, even as a student, had much influence and was greatly respected. He had relations with people higher up. He was a close friend of Prof. Seelye who was the club advisor, and often invited himself to tea at President Dodge's house. The rest of us would be shocked by what he did. At 10 p.m. he would not hesitate to knock at the door of the Sarrafians, who were the richest Armenians in Beirut, hence unapproachable for most of us.

I was on terms with Berberian because on many things, our ideas matched. I was also a member of his orchestra, playing the trumpet. In a sense, he was our hero and model. He was a medical student and hence was supposed to know what was for one's health. For instance, in the summer, he shaved his head. Now I realize that it was because he was losing much hair. I was one of the few who followed his example and had my hair shaved.

Next to Dr. Berberian, other respected non-orphans at the club were Dr. Yervant Ketenjian and Hovhanness Karamanougian. Dr. Berberian's brother Haroutune was one of the least respected. His conversation was the most vulgar in the club. Some of the orphan members of the club were Manuel Kizirian, who later became a pharmacist; Hampartsoum Der Hagopian, who later became a secretary at the American Embassy in Ethiopia and now in the United States. Hampartsoum also married Arshaluys, the nurse who had wanted to marry me. Another member of the club was Garabed Tilkian, of whom nobody thought much, but later

on became the pastor of the first Armenian Evangelical Church of Beirut for over 20 years.

One funny episode from our club life comes to my mind just now. One night around 10 p.m., as it happened often, we were walking to the club from AUB, leisurely discussing this and that in small groups of two and three. I overheard Manuel and Hampartsoum, both Guruntsis, having a rather heated discussion on whether the moon had inhabitants or not. When we reached the club, we saw Manuel trying to strangle Hampartsoum because he refused to agree that there were inhabitants on the moon. We had a hard time pacifying them.

Guruntsis are famous for their obstinacy as the story of the flying goat indicates. Two Guruntsis saw a black object on a distant rock. One said it was a crow, the other insisted it was a goat. Then the black object flew up into the air. The first Guruntsi said: "You see, I told you it was a crow." The second one said: "*Trchiné a* édz *é*" (It is a goat, even if it flies).

VI

While Studying, We All Worked

Manuel Kizirian and Yervant Saatjian swept the floor of West Hall to earn part of their tuition. Rev. G. Tilkian worked for Dr. H. Dorman, doing errands for him, watering the garden, and sweeping the yard.

Mine was always a white-collar job. I was the favorite of the Near East Relief, mainly because of Miss Hardcastle and Mr. Murphy. At AUB I gave trumpet lessons to the nephew of Prof. Bacon, the head of the Physics Department. I also held elective offices at the Near East League (a league of ex-orphans). I was not paid for this work, but this made me a favorite and therefore secured me a full scholarship, $200 a year. For the last 2-3 years of my AUB life, I was the conductor of a brass band I was asked to organize. As bandmaster, I was paid $5 a month. This was a lot of money, enough to cover all of my mother's expenses. In summer, I was given full-

time work, a job in the central office of the Near East Relief with a salary of $20 a month.

It was at the end of the first academic year, in June 1925, that our orphanage boys fell in a gloomy mood of despondency. There were 25 of us, from the age of 15 to 20. All of us had been completely dependent upon the NER for several years, as a result we were wholly ignorant of life in the country and of the possibilities of work. We were all called together, and the following announcement was made: "We have been providing everything for you during the academic year because you were studying. Now that you are free, go and find work and support yourselves during the summer months. You are not children any longer, you should be able to take care of yourselves." All this was right and quite justified but the boys were not normal, they had not lived a normal life, they were shy, the world frightened them, and they had no initiative and no knowledge of the outside world.

In the end, with some help from the NER, the professors and the Armenian political parties, all the boys found jobs and were able to earn a living.

Again, I was singled out for work in the Central Office of the NER and this became the normal practice during the following years.

VII

The Near East League

Armenian leaders of the Near East Relief had great dreams. They believed that they could leave behind them a permanent organization that would be of mutual help to the members, would uphold high ideals, and make for peace and understanding in the countries of the Near East. They hoped that this aim would be attained by the Near East League, an Old Boys' Association of the tens of thousands of boys and girls dismissed from the NER orphanages. This was a kind of Y.M.C.A., or rather the Armenians hoped it would be that.

There were many branches of the Near East League in the various countries of the Near East. At the Central Office in Beirut, I was the top leader as far as Old Boys were concerned. This is because in the central committee, we had representatives of the Boys, Americans and prominent Armenian citizens of Beirut like Boghos Aris (Catholic priest), Rupen Ezajian (prominent Ramgavar), and one of the Sarrafian brothers.

Most of the time, I was also Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Beirut branch, and Chairman of the Annual Conferences of the League to which came representatives from about 20 chapters in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, Egypt and the Sanjak of Alexandretta. Thus, representatives came from places like Alexandria and Alexandretta.

I do not know how well I was able to handle such important activities, because I was far from being mature. We translated the name of the League and its aims rather freely because our aim was different from that of the Americans. We wanted to make the Near East League a purely Armenian national organization. So, our name for it was, *Hay vorperou enthanour miyoutyoun* (Armenian general orphanage community) and we called each other *Paghtagitz* (companions of fate).

I can remember some instances of my immaturity:

1. I was the head of the committee preparing a new constitution for the organization. For the membership fee, I wrote *antamavdja*rr. One of the other members, Dr. Samuel Semerjian, corrected me and said *antamavdja*r because the word comes from *vedjarel* (to pay) not *vadjarel* (to sell). I resisted for a while because Samuel was an opposition member. How immature of me!

2. Also, I was dictating circular letters to the chapters and Miss Victoria Kharputlian (VMK) was my typist. In these letters, I spelled the Armenian word to bring *pérr*él. VMK corrected it to *pér*él and did it quietly, anxious not to hurt my pride. I made the correction and returned the letter to be typed again with the wrong spelling. Finally, she had to point out to me the word in the dictionary as indiscreetly as she could. How ridiculous of me!

3. I remember another such case in which I spelled the word *khorine* as *khorhine* with the extra "h". The printer corrected it for me, and I insisted on returning the proof with an "h". How foolish of me!

In many ways, I was quite immature. I was only 15 years old, and yet important tasks were entrusted to me.

VIII

My Responsibilities in the Near East League

In the previous pages, I already mentioned that I was most of the time Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Beirut branch of the N.E. League. Also, that I was Chairman of the Annual Conferences, and Chairman of the committee that was to draw up a constitution for the association. In addition to many such duties, I also had the following responsibilities:

1. Bandmaster of the League.

2. Member of the Central Committee.

3. Assistant Editor of the League's monthly "Star" (*Vorpashkharhi Asdgh*).

4. Treasurer of the Cooperative Club for the Orphanage Boys.

5. Inspector of the Central Committee sent to the various branches as Damascus, Aleppo, Alexandretta and Ghazir to help them solve certain problems, or attend some of their important celebrations.

I spent much of my free hours in League business. I had to make almost daily trips to the League office behind the Tramway company near the Beirut harbor, probably 7 or 8 km from AUB Very often, these trips were made on foot to save the Tramway fare of 5 piasters. We paid 2½ piasters for the trip to the Bourj and 2½ from there to the tramway company. Many of us riding the crowded trams would keep an eye on the ticket man and get down the Tramway when he approached us.

This gives the reader an idea of how much was being attempted with how little! How little money! How little talent! How great the jobs! How important the responsibilities! How immature!

IX

How I Became the "Official Interpreter"

It may have been in the spring of 1927 or 1928, when the Near East Relief built a spacious hall as the League Club. It was in the neighborhood of the Tramway Company near the seashore, on a piece of elevated land. For the opening ceremony of this club, many of the prominent personalities of Beirut were invited. There were Armenian bishops, Protestant pastors, Catholic bishops, government officials, American missionaries and AUB professors. It was a very dignified assembly, held in the evening after dark. The backseats of the hall and the surrounding rooms and passages were packed with people, many of them our own League members.

Miss Hardcastle who was sitting in the front row, sent for me. She took me aside and said: "In about 30 minutes it will be my turn to speak, and I want you to interpret for me." In the dark, she may have noticed how I became red and trembled, so she went on: "On this paper you will find what I will say. Take it and be ready to repeat in Armenian the brief sentences I will utter.

I simply nodded and took the paper. Fortunately, it was not a well-lit corner otherwise, she would have noticed that at that moment I was no longer myself, I was really sick. It was like being told that in 30 minutes I would be taken to the gallows and hanged. But who was I to say no to Miss Hardcastle? I studied the script and when she called me to the platform, I walked and stood beside her. Without daring to look up, I repeated in Armenian what she said in English. This lasted maybe for 10 minutes.

She had a surprise for me at the very end. She produced a big key of the new club, and officially gave it to me as the representative of the Near East League. I had not suspected such a thing and naturally I was very much touched by her kindness to me and her confidence in me.

From that moment on, I became the undisputed official interpreter for all ceremonial occasions. In all our important gatherings, there would

be Armenians and a few important Americans representing the NER, and therefore, it was necessary to interpret every Armenian speech into English and every English speech into Armenian and this was my duty. It was a experience for me.

X

I am Catholicos Sahag's Official Interpreter

There were important occasions when I served as interpreter. For me these were of historic importance and therefore deserve to be mentioned here.

It must have been in the spring of 1928 when Mr. Levon Zenian came to Beirut with Mr. Acheson, who was one of the two top leaders of the Near East Relief. There was a very important gathering of the top people and League members at the League Club. The first speaker was Mr. Murphy, the Near East League Secretary, and naturally I interpreted for him.

Then it was the turn of Mr. Acheson who was to give his message in English. He naturally asked Mr. Zenian to interpret for him. Then Mr. Zenian came forward to the platform, and addressing his words to Mr. Acheson and the rest of the audience, he said: "This boy is doing a perfect job as an interpreter, much better than I. Let him interpret for you too." From this moment on, Mr. Zenian began to show me special affection and since he was interested in the rejuvenation of the Armenian Apostolic Church, he tried hard to get me to enter the Antelias seminary. Later, he tried to interest me in the Sunday School of the same church. I refused these things politely, without hurting his feelings.

A second truly historic occasion was the time when I was asked to serve as an interpreter between *Catholicos* Sahag and Mr. Acheson for the transfer of the Near East Relief property in Antelias to the *Catholicosate*. This must have been in 1929, when the priest Dionisius Drezian, who knew my work

in the League, asked me to interpret on this auspicious occasion.

He took me to the Gemayzeh prelature (there was also a second Armenian prelature in Bourj Hammoud) where the following people were gathering: *Catholicos* Sahag, Mr. Acheson, and bishops (then only Vartabed) Khat Achabahian and Dohmouni. They made me sit between Mr. Acheson and the *Catholicos*. After a few polite words of greeting, the following conversation took place:

Catholicos: My son, tell Mr. Acheson that I would like to buy the Near East Relief property in Antelias. Would the Relief be willing to sell it?

Mr. Acheson: Oh! That is a very simple matter. The Episcopalian Church in America is very much interested in the Armenian Church. They will make this property and much more available to you, if you will only agree to start a seminary and train educated clergy for the Armenian Church.

Catholicos: My son, please tell Mr. Acheson that I am interested in buying that property. Is this possible?

At this point, Khat and Dohmouni became very enthusiastic and said: "Your majesty, they are willing not only to sell but to give it as a gift and money on top of it."

But the *Catholicos* pretended not to understand what I had interpreted for Mr. Acheson, nor what the Vartabeds were saying. He kept on repeating: "I want to buy. Will he sell it?" I felt guilty because both negotiators might have thought that I was not interpreting correctly. I do not know exactly how the conversation ended, but this was the tenor of it in general.

XI

The Best Teacher I Had, Mr. Durrell

Of all the teachers I have had, there is only one whose memory stands in my mind far more vividly than any other's. This man taught me just

one course in my senior year at AUB. He was a young man who spent one or two years at the university and returned to the United States to go into journalism. I do not remember his first name, but I think his family name was Durrell.

Mr. Durrell was a creative teacher who was interested in making us think, rather than memorize facts and data. He taught me political science where I wrote my B.A. thesis, practically the only important paper as an undergraduate. There are two instances in my relationship with him which have impressed me most.

Our political science class had a very hot discussion one day on the subject of women's equality. Mr. Durrell was very careful not to express his point of view, while the students argued back and forth. Some insisted that women should in every way be equal to men, while others insisted that a woman's place be in the home and not outside of it.

I was almost alone fighting for the view that men and women were equal but different, and that therefore, it would not be right to expect women to do everything that men did and vice versa. Biologically, they were different and therefore were better suited for different functions.

As this discussion was raging, the bell rang and we had to disperse, but the students were anxious to hear the teacher's view. They closed the door and refused to let him out until he spoke his mind. Only then he said: "I agree with Kuyumjian." That was my name then.

The second instance that endeared him to me was when he advised me on my B.A. thesis. I wrote on the "Armenian Refugees in Syria and Lebanon." He was appreciative of my work because it was original research, pioneering, unbiased and well balanced. Maybe it was the grade A he gave me that endeared him to me, but others too had given me A's.

His great virtue was that he made us think.

XII

I Become a Bandmaster

It was mentioned earlier, when I was sent to AUB from Jbeil, it seems that Mr. Travis sent a highly flattering recommendation about me to the central office or Headquarters of the Near East Relief in Beirut. This I learned from his secretary, although I never saw a copy of the letter. Later on from Miss Hardcastle, I learned that among other things, Mr. Travis spoke of my musical training and my experience in the brass band of the orphanage.

Thus, one day Miss Hardcastle called me and told me to organize a brass band for the Beirut branch of the Near East League. Out of shyness, I could not say no. So, I went ahead and prepared a list of the instruments we had in Jbeil and the music books we used. As soon as I submitted the list, the order was put in and it arrived in about a month. Now began the real work.

I could play all the brass instruments – trumpets, bugle, alto, tenor, baryton, trombone, bass etc., but I had to learn to play the wind or reed instruments – the clarinet and flute – before I could teach them. I never learned to play them properly but could show beginners how they should be played.

The Relief authorities gave me every facility. They suggested having white military uniforms for my plays, with a special one for me as the bandmaster. They also paid me $5 monthly, this being enough to support my mother.

XIII

Mother Leaves the Service of Others

From 1916 to 1926, my mother had to serve in one family or other until I was able to provide for her, but wherever she served she was respected

and trusted as a mother, as a guest, or a relative. She was really a respected maid, but she was never made to feel that fact.

After we parted from each other, she reached Birejik on the Euphrates and remained there. The Klanians, through Jamil Effendi, succeeded in keeping her in Birejik instead of proceeding to Deir-Zor, the slaughterhouse of Armenians. After a while, mother entered the service of a Moslem family, where the mother and the daughter did not trust important keys to each other and preferred to let mother keep those keys. They were all polite to her, respected her, trusted and sympathized with her a lot. The food she cooked and the bread she baked were considered superior. This was partly a reflection of the general attitude of the Turks who considered the Armenians more clever, more civilized, and in general more advanced than themselves. Jealousy resulting from this situation explains partly their treatment of the Armenians.

The second home in which mother served was that of the Klanians, distant relatives of my mother. There were two brothers Partam, who was married and had two sons, and his brother Garabed who was not married. Mother stayed with them in Birejik and Aintab. She was the most respected person in the family, the arbiter of disputes and the peacemaker. In 1918, when people of Zeitun returned to their hometown, the Klanians could not go because my mother refused to leave me in the orphanage in Aintab and go to Zeitun. In the end, this saved the Klanian family because many of those who returned perished there, but at the time, what they did was a really great sacrifice.

The third home mother served in was that of the Jerejians in Beirut. Here again mother was respected and trusted. The children called her *Anasi* (mother in Turkish) and love her dearly to this day. Madteos and Azniv were the two children who now have their own children but still know my mother as *Anasi.*

In every case, mother left those families to join me or at least to be in the town where I was, and every time, those families shed farewell tears for her. In 1927, she finally decided to live on her own, in her own hut in the camp, with the money I was able to give her.

XIV
Mother's Hut

To the east, or rather the northeast of the Tramway Company, there was a very large Armenian refugee camp with huts of rags, tin, and wood on land that was squatted.

In about 1925, Mr. Partam Shanlian arranged with the refugee committee to let my mother have a piece of land about 3 x 3 meters. He also gave mother a big wooden box in which s had come from Europe. Mother gave a carpenter friend about LL 15 which she had saved to have a hut built for her.

When I first saw the hut, it was a healthy, clean, and neat place. The other huts were about half a meter away on three sides of it, but in front of it there was an open space of 3 x 4 meters. The floor of the hut was about one meter above the ground and the ceiling about 1.75 meters high. Like the other huts, but much smaller than many of them, it was made of wood from the big box mother got, with some pieces of canvas and tin from tin cans.

Mother had this hut built while she was serving with the Jerejians, and she let our relative Mrs. Ovsanna Melidonian live in it with her 2 sons and one daughter without rent. Mrs. Melidonian was the wife of Dr. Melidonian of Zeitun, the only doctor of the town and a nephew of my paternal grandmother.

When I began to earn some money, mother left the Jerejians and moved into her hut, where she lived with the Melidonians until they left Beirut.

This little hut of my mother was a model in neatness and cleanliness. When she decided to move out and live with me in a room, I had rented on Hamra Street (which has now become the most famous street of Beirut), she gave the hut to her cousin Mrs. Baidzar Der Sarkissian, Minas' mother.

I understood that very soon after Mrs. Der Sarkissian had to pull down this hut and use the wood in building her own new house in Bourj Hammoud. This new house was still in the form of barracks, but it was

built on land owned by her and it was a much bigger affair with two floors and a shop underneath.

XV
The Armenian Students' Union

Most of my social activity was in the Near East League's *vorperou enthanour mioutioun* (general orphanage community) where I had the principal key role, but I was also active in the Armenian Students' Union of AUB. The purpose of this organization was to create an *esprit de corps* among the Armenian students to encourage Armenian cultural activities – plays, lectures on Armenian problems, literary contests, and assistance to Armenian students who needed financial or academic help.

Most of the time, I was on the Executive Committee of the Armenian Students' Union but never as chairman. Here I did not play the leading role, but I was counted as one of the leaders.

The Union was founded in 1908 by the Tashnag leader Zavarian clandestinely, and became official in 1909. It continued to remain under Tashnag leadership until 1927 and the party considered it as one of its side activities. In 1927, some of the non-party members decided to make the Union a non-party entity. We had a meeting in my home, where we divided the Union membership into three groups – the reliable, the doubtful and the unreliable – and distributed the doubtful among the reliable to work on them. We also prepared our list of candidates, among whom we put one or two Tashnags, because we wanted cooperation not domination. The result was a resounding victory which looked like a *coup d'état*. Never again was this Union Tashnag dominated.

Dr. Samuel Semerjian, a party member and Dr. Hrant Chaghlasian, a Tashnag sympathizer, were on our list and when we first met, these two protested against the election. Dr. Semerjian was very bitter and said: "by propaganda and intrigue, you left out the best elements and old veterans

and elected non-entities like Hrant Markarian." In a way, this was true because the Tashnag students had more experience in these kinds of social, cultural and political activities. He threatened me by saying, "Very soon, one of these days, you will be taught a lesson in the middle of Bourj Hammoud, a lesson that you will never forget." I challenged him to bring his *zaim*s and *zopaji*s anytime he wished and thanked him for exposing his vulgar plans of brute force in the presence of so many witnesses. I also assured him that such an act of confession would not remain without a report.

In 1929, we had the 20th anniversary celebration of the Armenian Students' Union in the Common Room of West Hall, packed with guests. I was the principal speaker but out of a spirit of conciliation, we also put Dr. Semerjian as one of the speakers. There again we had a clash in our public speeches. I had to refute his declaration that the founding of the Union was in 1908 and by Zavarian. This was of course true in a sense but not true officially and in the eyes of the university authorities.

Some prominent members in this Students' Union were Dr. Y. Jidejian, Dr. Baghdassarian, Dr. Hagop Kassabian, Mr. Sarkis Abdalian, etc.

On several occasions, an attempt was made to organize a students' union that would bring the Armenian students of AUB and St. Joseph University together. In St. Nishan Church, we had a meeting where a joint committee was elected. I was on that committee, but we hardly had any activity before the whole thing fizzled out.

XVI
Emile Bustany

In addition to the Armenian Students' Union, we also had the AUB Students' Union in which every student was a natural member. Prominent in the meetings of this Union were people like Emile Bustany, Charles Malik and [Constantine] Zurayk, all of whom in later life became internationally

well-known personalities. The purpose of this Union was to defend the rights of the students and voice their wishes and their complaints.

Emile Bustany had been in the Saida orphanage and had served on the table of Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Stoltzfus. At the university, he was a poor student working to earn his tuition and board, but he was outstanding in many ways. He was active in the Students' Union, in the Arab Nationalist Movement against the French Mandate in Syria and Lebanon, and in organizing variety shows in which he would imitate and ridicule members of the faculty.

Along with Prof. Zeine N. Zeine and Farid Fuleihan, Emile Bustany was my classmate but majoring in engineering, hence not having many courses with me.

In the English class, where we were together, we had 5-minute speeches. In those speeches, Emile would often attack the French, and the Armenians as their satellites. One day, as we came out from a History or Economics class in College Hall, he turned to me and said: "As soon as we get rid of the French, we shall throw you Armenians into the sea."

In this connection, I can't help but make the following remarks:

1. In later life, as the number one Lebanese businessman and founder of the famous CAT company of engineering contracts, he always preferred to employ Armenians and give them the key jobs.

2. Also, as President of the Alumni Association, he chose an Armenian, Ara Tabourian, as his secretary, confidant and friend, and helped Ara (André) to follow his footsteps and become a shrewd and successful businessman.

3. As to his threat to throw the Armenians into the sea, roles were reversed.

His private plane plunged into the sea in plain view from Beirut. Evidently, he was tied to his seat, so that he went down to the bottom of the sea with his plane and could not be found. No diver could dive that low, and even the best equipment in the world was not enough for the purpose.

Monuments to Emile's genius are the CAT Co., Al Bustan Hotel in Beit Meri, and the Bustany dormitory at AUB.

XVII

The VMK Affair

At the Near East League Club, there was Miss Victoria Kharputlian (VMK), the secretary of Mr. Murphy who also typed my official letters and other League material I had.

In character, intelligence and appearance, she was a perfect girl who developed a special sympathy for me, which I returned, all in the most platonic way, never saying a tender word to each other. Soon it became evident that she and her family would like me to get attached to her. Everybody in the office knew about this, watched us and was amused. This was my first serious interest in a girl who more than reciprocated my feelings, although all in a most platonic and romantic fashion.

Mr. Vram Samuelian, the assistant to Mr. Murphy and the Editor of "Star" *Vorpashkharhi Asdgh*, asked for her hand but she refused, and everybody believed that it was because of her attachment to me. So Vram came to me to find out my intentions. I told him and sent word to VMK through others too that I was not in a position to think of marriage, but she wouldn't give up hope. Then, Parounag Tovmassian tried to make love to her to get her detached from me, or as he said to secure my freedom from her. Nothing would change her mind, but as things looked hopeless, she gave up her job and went to South America.

Mr. Murphy tried hard to help us develop that mutual sympathy beyond the platonic level. As it happened often in our League chapters, there was to be some celebration at the Ghazir orphanage. Mr. Murphy hired a car and sent several to the celebration. This looked to be strange, and I was hurt because he did not include me in the group. After they had gone, rather late in the afternoon, he hired a car and told me to take VMK

with me to Ghazir. I offered to take others with me as the car had room for three more people. In a severe way, he said that this car was just for the two of us, VMK and I. I had to comply. On the way, VMK was very moody, a thing I could not explain. Nothing was said about our mutual feelings. We came back in the same way and VMK was very much disappointed. All these things I did not understand at the time but gradually they became clear to me.

Our conception of the relation of the two sexes was entirely different from that of young people now.

XVIII

Prof. Parounag Tovmassian

Parounag and I were best friends in the League, at the Cooperative Club and at AUB. Now he is the number one leader of the Ramgavar Party, but at the time, he played second fiddle to me. Rupen Ezajian wanted both of us to become Ramgavar. Out of respect for the man, I did not object, but Parounag convinced me that we should not. Later on, he joined after I had left for Aleppo, and ultimately rose to the undisputed leadership of the party.

With Parounag, we also opposed an attempt to change the League to a Y.M.C.A. under the leadership of Mr. Apkarian, who later became Rev. Apkarian and died in Los Angeles (1967). We wanted to preserve the Armenian national character of the League.

We two were also active in ousting a secretary of the League, Mr. Bulbulian who had lost his mental balance. This irritated Bulbulian who sent *zaim*s to beat me.

I want to finish this note by mentioning Mr. Murphy's opinion about Parounag and I. In a letter to the Near East Relief Headquarters in New York, he said:

1. "If I were asked to take only one of the League boys as the only

companion I could have on a lonely island, I would choose Parounag."

2. "If the Near East Relief had failed to prepare leaders in every case, the millions of dollars it spent could be justified by this boy Daniel Kuyumjian (Wosgian), whom the Near East Relief has brought out of nothingness and made a leader, the likes of whom I haven't met so far among the Armenians." Of course, this was an exaggeration.

XIX

Dangers and Threats from the Right and the Left

In Armenian social and cultural life, political parties have always been active and have tried hard to capture social and cultural organizations. I never belonged to a political party and firmly believed in keeping them out of organizations. My activities both in the Near East League and the AUB Armenian Students' Union were directed against the attempt of political parties that tried to capture these organizations. Therefore, I antagonized both the left (Hentchag and Communist) and the right (Tashnag and Ramgavar).

In the Armenian Students' Union, my confrontation was with the Tashnags because the danger came from them. I have already described how Dr. Semerjian threatened to have me beaten by Tashnag *zaim*s, although this did not happen. Tashnag opposition to me took all sorts of forms but not a physical encounter.

My encounter with Hentchag and Communist elements was more violent and mainly in connection with the Near East League. This organization was in the neighborhood of the Armenian refugee camps, and it catered to the poorer classes, hence the leftist elements were stronger and tried harder to capture it. It was my main job to keep them out. In this connection, I had two violent encounters. A young man by the name of Vartkes, leading 8 or 10 others, surrounded me one night as I was returning from the League Club to AUB. Parounag was with me. They made him step aside, surrounded me, and threatened me with a revolver

and sticks. I managed to get out of this fight a little frightened and my eyeglass frame broken.

On another occasion, two Hentchag members of the League, Donabedian and Achabahian, with some followers surrounded me but could not hit me because soon my friends reached the spot. They were forced to surrender to me the bamboo stick they threatened me with. My mother used this stick for many years to beat wool.

In later life, when I became Principal of the Melkonian Educational Institute, the main opposition to me was from the Ramgavars, in the form of newspaper articles of which not less than 100 were written against me.

Thus, I have had to fight Tashnags, Hentchags and Ramgavars in trying to keep social and cultural organizations and educational institutions from being captured by political parties.

XX

I Become a Boarder at AUB

I was at AUB for 5 years, 1924-1929. Starting with the sub-freshman class, and in spite of very defective preparation, I went through the whole period without a single failure. Many of the orphanage boys could not carry on, some dropped out, others took the short course commerce, which was a refuge for those in trouble.

The total cost-tuition, board lodging, books, pocket money, etc. for each of us per academic year was $200. In my case, the Near East Relief was always prepared to pay the full amount, but occasionally, a certain Mrs. Gould from Springfield, Massachusetts, or Miss Ward of Merzifun College helped. As I mentioned elsewhere, there were times when the NER had already paid my expenses when funds also arrived from my benefactors. In such a case, the extra amount was used for the tuition of girls at Miss Webb's School.

Miss Hardcastle, who was very anxious to give me every possible experience that might contribute to my intellectual and psychological maturing, decided that I should be a boarder for a year at AUB. Parounag Tovmassian too was given that opportunity the same year. But we two were the only ones, out of 25 orphanage boys, who were to enjoy this luxury. I call it a luxury because instead of $200, the NER spent $300 that year on each of us. When Miss Hardcastle's attention was called to this fact, she said, "This is going to be a different experience and I want you to have it. Parounag's presence with you will make the change smoother." How considerate! This may have been in the year 1926-1927.

XXI

I Am Tempted to Go into Medicine

In my junior year, I became interested in medicine and took pre-medical courses like sophomore physics, physical and analytical chemistry, etc. As usual, Miss Hardcastle was well disposed towards me and was willing to pay for it, although she would prefer to have me devote myself to social work.

Finally, however, I decided against medicine because of a reasoning that may sound naïve and rather idealistic, unrealistic, and even foolish. I said to myself, "For so long (11 years, from 1918-1929), I have depended upon others. In 1929, I will get my B.A. degree and will be in a position to earn enough to support my family and myself. It is wrong to prolong my dependence beyond what is absolutely necessary, and work for an M.D. degree. This will not only prolong my dependence beyond the limit of absolute necessity, but it will also deprive other needy students from financial help."

By such reasoning, I gave up my plan to take up medicine, and graduated with a B.A. degree in History and Economics.

XXII

Kuyumjian Becomes Wosgian

I did not like my family name because it was Turkish and because foreigners could not pronounce it correctly. In Zeitun, we were known as "Ghoumdjoupenisink". I would be described as "*ghoumdjoupenisints* Stépan Eféndé *bolouze*" (the son of Stephan Efendi Panos Kuyumjian).

Just before graduation in 1929, the Registrar's office sent a circular to all prospective graduates and said: "Please write your name exactly the way you wish it to appear on your diploma." I thought this was a chance for me to change my family name. I translated Kuyumjian into Armenian and it became Vosgeritchian, which was not satisfactory because it was as long and as difficult to pronounce as Kuyumjian. So, I decided on Wosgian. It should be written as Voskian but I preferred the "W" because in Armenian, my name was not written with "Vév" but with "Vo," and "ké" did not correspond with "guén."

I thought there would be no difficulty in this change because I had no relatives to consult. Later, however, this change caused much difficulty. The Americans did not pronounce the "W" as "V" as I wanted them to, and they pronounced the "o" as an "a" and not an "o". And sometimes, the "g" as a "dj" with a soft sound. I had to tell my friends to read my name like a German word to get it right.

The more serious difficulty in this change of names was with the government, where my name remained as Kuyumjian for 25 years after the change, causing much confusion and some suspicion. Finally in the year 1954 in Cyprus, I consulted the Lebanese Consul General Mr. Hadji Touma. He wrote to Beirut and learned from them that in Lebanon a change of name should be made through a long process involving the *mukhtar*, police, *dayret al-nufus*, the court, and the Presidency. "But" Beirut said to the Consul, "you represent all these branches of the Lebanese government in Cyprus; therefore you can make the change in the presence of two witnesses." That is how I had the official change 25 years after the unofficial change I had made.

Even now, I sometimes have an identity card in which my name Kuyumjian was crossed out and Wosgian written instead, of course with an extra-stamp and signature. The last identity card I received has no trace of Kuyumjian on it.

XXIII

My First Negotiations with Mr. W.A. Stoltzfus

Two or three weeks before graduation, I received a notice inviting me to the Registrar's Office, where the acting Registrar Mr. …, a Jew, asked me if I would be interested in a teaching position in Aleppo. Having taken my consent, he wrote to Mr. W.A. Stoltzfus, the Principal of the North Syria School for Boys in Aleppo and told him to come and see me. About ten days later, I received another invitation to the Registrar's Office where I found Mr. Stoltzfus. I spoke with him while standing for a few moments, and we agreed upon the terms of my employment.

In spite of my leading role in the League, the Students' Union, and the monthly "Star," I was most immature in financial or rather business affairs. I had heard of people teaching in Baghdad and being paid LT 12 per month (Turkish gold pounds). This to me seemed a lot of money, so when I was asked to state my terms, I said I want LT 12 per month. Without hesitation, Mr. Stoltzfus agreed, and the deal was made. I was to be in Aleppo around the 1st of October, and I was.

To show how immature I was, let me say that we did not specify that this salary would be paid for 12 months. It seems that Mr. Stoltzfus took advantage of my immaturity and paid 9 salaries, in all LT 108 per year. When I objected, he said: "If you wish we can pay the same amount in 12 instalments." I am under the impression that he played a trick on me because the other teachers were paid 12 salaries, but it was too late for me to insist upon my rights.

XXIV

The Summer of 1929 in Damascus

In June 1929, I received my B.A. degree and 2-3 weeks earlier, I had already agreed to work in Aleppo. However, many of my classmates, particularly orphanage boys, were in a very depressed condition. Now that they had their degree, they were worried about their immediate future. Most of them had no definite offers or places to stay, and the uncertainty of their future worried them much. The common feeling was "and now what?" They were penniless.

I was lucky not only because I had a contract for a permanent job, but I was also given a summer job. I was offered a salary, $20 a month, to spend the summer in Damascus and reorganize the League chapter there. I went there with my mother and rented a club for the League and lived in the club, which I helped reorganize.

My work in the Damascus branch of the Near East League was crowned by a grand public meeting held in one of the famous cinema halls of the city. All the Armenian notables, such as the Prelate Bishop Khat Achababian, were invited to this meeting and had the best-known speakers of the city. One of these speakers was Mr. Mihran Der Stepanian, a secretary of the President of the Syrian Republic and a well-known writer and Ramgavar leader.

XXV

My First Home

After we left Zeitun in 1915 and until 1928, I had not had my own home. I had lived on the streets and the roadside, with the Moslem family and the Armenian baker in Aintab, then in the orphanage and the Cooperative Club, but never in my own home.

It must have been in 1928 when, together with Haroutune Aivazian and Socrat Avedissian, I rented a *sheikh*'s house on the southern limits of

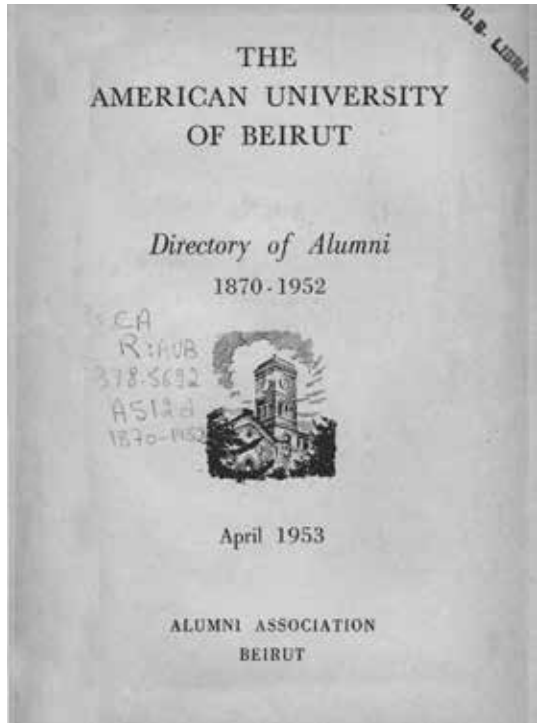
Beirut, in the neighborhood of what is today Hamra Street. We rented the upstairs which had three rooms, one for each of us, and a long veranda in front of the room. We were very happy together, each one of us lived with his mother. I think Haroutune had his grandmother, rather than mother, with him.

I do not know where Haroutune got his money. Probably from his father and his relatives in the United States. Socrat also got his money from relatives in the States. As for me, I was the League bandmaster and had the $5 monthly salary, a summer salary of $20, and also my scholarship allowance.

It is interesting that during the five years I studied at AUB, I was never hard pressed for money. Of course, I was very careful about it, and would think twice before I paid 2½ piasters for a tramway ticket, but I always seemed to have enough for what I considered essential. I never borrowed and was never left penniless.

In the *sheikh*'s house, not only were we three friends happy, but also our three mothers became very friends.

AUB 1920's - Source Library of Congress



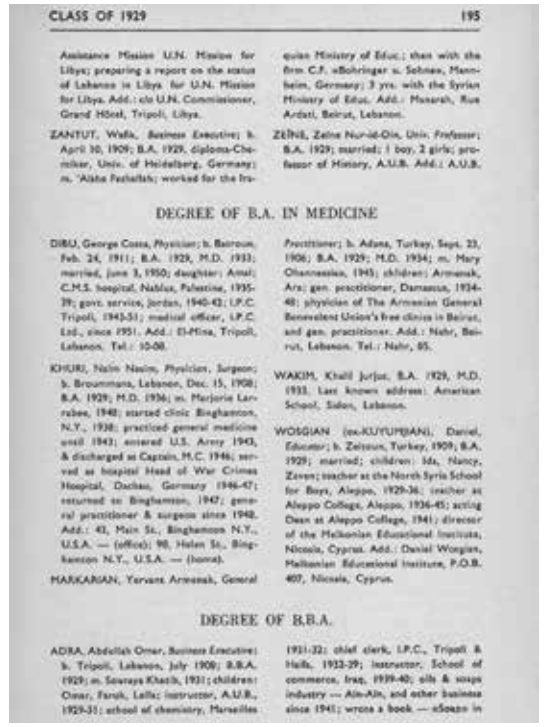
THE
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY
OF BEIRUT

Directory of Alumni

1870-1952

April 1953

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
BEIRUT



CLASS OF 1929 195

Assistance Mission U.N. Mission for Libya; preparing a report on the status of Lebanese in Libya for U.N. Mission for Libya. Add.: c/o U.N. Commissioner, Grand Hôtel, Tripoli, Libya.

ZANTUT, Wafik, *Business Executive*; b. April 10, 1909; B.A. 1929, diploma-Chemiker, Univ. of Heidelberg, Germany; m. 'Aisha Fathallah; worked for the Iraquian Ministry of Educ.; then with the firm C.F. »Boehringer u. Sohnes, Mannheim, Germany; 3 yrs. with the Syrian Ministry of Educ. Add.: Musarah, Rue Ardati, Beirut, Lebanon.

ZEÏNÎ, Zeine Nur-id-Din, Univ. Professor; B.A. 1929; married; 1 boy, 2 girls; professor of History, A.U.B. Add.: A.U.B.

DEGREE OF B.A. IN MEDICINE

DIBU, George Costa, *Physician*; b. Beirut, Feb. 24, 1911; B.A. 1929, M.D. 1933; married, June 3, 1950; daughter: Amal; C.M.S. hospital, Nablus, Palestine, 1935-39; govt. service, Jordan, 1940-43; I.P.C. Tripoli, 1943-51; medical officer, I.P.C. Ltd., since 1951. Add.: El-Mina, Tripoli, Lebanon. Tel.: 10-08.

KHURI, Naim Nasim, *Physician, Surgeon*; b. Broummana, Lebanon, Dec. 15, 1908; B.A. 1929; M.D. 1936; m. Marjorie Larrabee, 1948; started clinic Binghamton, N.Y., 1938; practiced general medicine until 1943; entered U.S. Army 1943, & discharged as Captain, M.C. 1946; served as hospital Head of War Crimes Hospital, Dachau, Germany 1946-47; returned to Binghamton, 1947; general practitioner & surgeon since 1948. Add.: 43, Main St., Binghamton N.Y., U.S.A. — (office); 90, Helen St., Binghamton N.Y., U.S.A. — (home).

MARKARIAN, Yervant Armenak, *General Practitioner*; b. Adana, Turkey, Sept. 23, 1906; B.A. 1929; M.D. 1934; m. Mary Ohannessian, 1945; children: Armenak, Ara; gen. practitioner, Damascus, 1934-48; physician of The Armenian General Benevolent Union's free clinics in Beirut, and gen. practitioner. Add.: Nahr, Beirut, Lebanon. Tel.: Nahr, 85.

WAKIM, Khalil Jurjus, B.A. 1929, M.D. 1933. Last known address: American School, Sidon, Lebanon.

WOSGIAN (ex-KUYUMJIAN), Daniel, *Educator*; b. Zeitoun, Turkey, 1909; B.A. 1929; married; children: Ida, Nancy, Zaven; teacher at the North Syria School for Boys, Aleppo, 1929-36; teacher at Aleppo College, Aleppo, 1936-45; acting Dean at Aleppo College, 1941; director of the Melkonian Educational Institute, Nicosia, Cyprus. Add.: Daniel Wosgian, Melkonian Educational Institute, P.O.B. 407, Nicosia, Cyprus.

DEGREE OF B.B.A.

ADRA, Abdullah Omar, *Business Executive*; b. Tripoli, Lebanon, July 1908; B.B.A. 1929; m. Souraya Khatib, 1931; children: Omar, Faruk, Laila; instructor, A.U.B., 1929-31; school of chemistry, Marseilles 1931-32; chief clerk, I.P.C., Tripoli & Haifa, 1932-39; instructor, School of commerce, Iraq, 1939-40; oils & soaps industry — Ain-Ain, and other business since 1941; wrote a book — «Soaps in

AUB class of 1929 graduates

PROFESSOR DANIEL WOSGIAN RECEIVES LEBANESE MEDAL OF HONOR

Last June Prof. Daniel Wosgian was pinned with the Lebanese Medal of Knighthood by the representative of the Education and Justice Department of the Lebanese Government. This recognition was bestowed upon him as a result of engagement in productive educational work for more than forty years.

Serious, industrious, persevering and wise in his word and work, Dr. Wosgian has brought his active participation in many of the nation's important organizations. He served as Principal of Melkonian College for many years and his last important contribution

Daniel receives the medal of honor. Source AMA Armenian missionary association. February 1971 newsletter

Near East Relief Headquarters. Citation CleoCleo A. and Nellie Miller Mann Papers, 1920-2000. Mennonite Church USA Archives

Part Seven

SIXTEEN YEARS IN ALEPPO

(1929-1945)

I

The North Syria School for Boys (NSSB)

In Aleppo, the Americans had two schools. The first was Aleppo College, the continuation of the Central Turkey (Aintab) College, run by the Congregationalists. The second school was the North Syria School for Boys (NSSB), run by the Presbyterians. Aleppo College, under Dr. John Merrill, was almost wholly Armenian, while NSSB under Mr. Stoltzfus was almost wholly Arab. In each one, there was one B.A. and qualified teacher – Mr. Azrak, an Arab, was in the Armenian school, and I, an Armenian, was in the Arab school.

The NSSB was only a high school but had grown-up students. I was only 20 years old when I started teaching but had students who were 25. Soon I became popular with the students, staff and administration. An older student, Miss Esther Ibrahim, who must have been about 25 years old, said one day: "Sir, you know how much we love you and respect you, but you may be surprised to hear that when we heard that an Armenian was coming to teach us, we made up our minds that we would make life for him impossible."

There were only two Americans (Stoltzfus and Witherspoon) and I who were called "Mr." All other teachers were called "*Muallim*." Arab teachers were a little jealous of me. They could not understand why an Armenian should receive special consideration.

II

I Become Jack of all Trades

At the NSSB, often called the "Khandek School" by Aleppo College people who looked down upon it, I was the only person, except the principal, who held a degree. Consequently, I was asked to teach most of the upper-level courses. The two top classes had very few courses with others. I taught them History, Biology, Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Trigonometry, etc.

The first year I was there, Mr. Stoltzfus asked me to teach geometry which was a subject I was really ignorant about. I had had one course with Prof. Najib Khoury at AUB, a professor well-known for his laziness, inefficiency, and lack of interest. I had managed to receive a satisfactory grade in it but had really no understanding of it. I told my principal that I did not know geometry. He said, "There is no one who knows better, so you better try." Thus, that year, I started learning geometry, and believe me, there is no better way of learning, than teaching. This was true for other subjects too, but most of all for plain geometry.

In this same school, I also taught songs and conducted a brass band. The name Wosgian became synonymous with NSSB as far as the two upper classes were concerned. In a sense, this had been true at Aleppo College too where, before the arrival of Mr. Azrak, Mr. Louis Hekimian had been teaching most of the more important courses in the upper classes.

III

I Organize the NSSB Band
(Eh shoo hey, laa Inglizi, laa Arabi)

Mr. Stoltzfus had visited his brother who had a school in Sofia, Bulgaria, and had been much impressed by the school band. Prof. Bacon of AUB had highly recommended me to Mr. Stoltzfus and had told him of my League band in Beirut, so Mr. Stoltzfus begged me to organize a band.

As I had done in Beirut, I prepared the list of instruments and music book I knew and submitted them. They were ordered right away, and in a month or so they arrived. With my work in Beirut, I was a little more experienced, but in Aleppo there were additional difficulties. In the League in Beirut, there were some boys who had been in orphanage bands, so I had a nucleus to start with. But the Arab boys at NSSB were completely ignorant of music, so I had to start from scratch.

I taught 32 periods a week of the most important courses. On top of it, I had to train competing groups to sing English songs, and now I had to teach 25 boys to play different instruments. Band practice was at the noon recess, an hour or an hour and a half. During the first half-hour, I had to run home, eat, and run back to school. During the remaining hour, I had to take each boy separately and teach him how to play his instrument. I am surprised now how I could endure all that. The secret was that I was only 20 years old and had gone through the hardships of the deportation and orphanage life.

There was an incident which will illustrate how ignorant my boys were. Sometime after the band was organized, we were playing a familiar tune. One of the students became curious and looked at the book the boys were playing from, and he was surprised to see that the song he knew was written in a strange way which was neither Arabic nor English. He exclaimed, "*Eh shoo hey, laa inglizi, laa Arabi*" (What is this, it is neither English nor Arabic). Evidently, this boy who was about 15 years old had no notion about the existence of musical notes. He did not know that tunes or music could be written or read.

IV

"We Don't Like Armenians…But You Are Different"

I have already mentioned what my Arab female student told me about the students' plan to make life impossible for the Armenian teacher who was to come. Evidently, this plan was common knowledge and the principal too had learned about it and was worried. When the year was over, Mr. Stoltzfus asked me if anyone had given me trouble or if there was anyone on the staff with whom I wished to cooperate. I told him that I was quite happy and that everybody had been very kind to me. In fact, I was overwhelmed by the kindness of my students and colleagues.

Of course, he was happy and he knew that what I said was true. He was asking me the question simply to hear my reaction to the atmosphere in the school.

Here, I want to add that I was not an exception. Other Armenians taught in other American schools with Arab students and had the same experience as I. Haroutune Aivazian was very popular in the Gerard Institute (Sidon), and Khatcher Kalousdian was just as popular in the Tripoli Boys' School.

In every case, the Arab boys would say "we don't like Armenians, but Mr. Wosgian (or Mr. Aivazian or Mr. Kalousdian) is different." There were several reasons for their prejudice against the Armenians. In the first place, they were refugees who spoke a different language, had different customs, were poor, lived in refugee camps, and yet looked down upon the Arabs and did not mix with them. But more important than this, Armenians associated themselves with mandatory French authorities who were hated. Armenians were "justly" considered satellites and tools of the French who chose many of their officials out of the Armenians and organized a militia of minorities like Kurds, Armenians, Circassians, etc. to suppress the Arab revolt.

So, the Armenians were disliked by the Arabs because of prejudice, jealousy, and cooperation with the ruling power. However, when they came

to know an Armenian personally at close quarters, they appreciated his talents, hard work, and devotion to duty.

This misunderstanding between Arabs and Armenians disappeared soon after the French left. It became evident that the French, knowingly and otherwise, were responsible for it. The French and the Americans made us believe that the Arabs would throw us into the sea once they were free from the French Mandate.

Events proved quite the contrary. After the French and the English were driven out of Syria and Lebanon, the Armenians were accepted and appreciated as a constructive element, as an asset to the country, doing much more than their share for the progress and development of the country. Instead of parasites, now they were considered a progressive, gifted, hard-working element to which both Lebanon and Syria owed much.

V

Merger of the NSSB and Aleppo College

Aleppo College, mainly Armenian, was a Junior College, while the NSSB, mainly Arab, was a high school. The Presbyterian (Arab) and Congregational (Armenian) missions wanted the two institutions to merge. In fact, they wanted the two churches and the two peoples to merge, or rather they wanted the Armenians to lose their separate identity and become part of the Syrians and Lebanese, both in language and culture.

Unfortunately, there were many Armenian Protestant pastors like Rev. Yenovk Hadidian and Lutfi Levonian who favored union with the Arab Protestants. For them, Protestant sectarianism was more important than nationalism. It was with this mentality that the Sultan's *firman* (decree) establishing Protestant *milleti* (nation), which was in the hands of the Armenians, was surrendered to the Arab Protestants who thus assumed leadership and represented the Armenians as a section of their church. So that now, the Lebanese government recognizes the existence of one

Protestant community whose leaders are Arab Protestants. In Syria, the Armenian Protestants finally managed to secure some sort of separate recognition on the basis of a separate *firman* which Aleppo had.

Coming back to the specific problem of the schools, let me say that around 1937, the two schools were merged under the name of Aleppo College, but in the premises of NSSB and under the leadership of NSSB

The most serious opposition to this merger came from Dr. J. Merrill and Rev. Sisag Manoukian who, however, could not prevent the merger because the Congregational mission controlled all Aleppo College funds.

VI
Cordial Relations with Mr. Stoltzfus

My relationship with Mr. Stoltzfus was very friendly. In those days, Americans and Europeans were still considered different from natives and superior to them. This opinion was held both by the westerners and the Orientals, so it was rather an unusual thing that an American should accept me and deal with me as his equal. Both Mr. and Mrs. Stoltzfus would tell me about their personal problems.

As we were going to Saida, Mr. Stoltzfus one day showed me the rock near the point where the whale had vomited Jonah (a biblical story). "Here," he said, "Mrs. Stoltzfus and I expressed our love and promised to marry each other."

On other occasions, each one complained to me about the other. Mrs. Stoltzfus, who was a society woman, would complain that her husband, a farmer's son, was not aware of his superior position; that he would smile to everybody and salute anyone as an equal. On the other hand, Mr. Stoltzfus would complain of their visits to "high society" in the Azizieh quarter. These visits were in an atmosphere of frivolity, and snobbishness. He said they were a waste of time and boring to him because it was all artificial and there was no genuine companionship, but he was obliged to go because

of his wife. Mr. Stoltzfus once said, "Quarter of an hour of friendly conversation with you Daniel, is for me far more enjoyable than two hours of an evening in that luxurious but, corrupt and decadent Azizieh society with the 'greats' of this city. Its vanity and paucity bore me." I was on terms with Mrs. Stoltzfus too, but my true and real friend was Mr. Stoltzfus.

VII
40% Salary Cuts

The great economic depression in the world became particularly acute in Aleppo in 1932. As a result, our salaries were cut by 40%. This did not affect me much because I was not money-minded. I was still the idealist orphanage boy. Moreover, I was not married, and everything was so cheap that my salary secured for me and my mother a very comfortable life. Other teachers, however, with smaller salaries and larger families were hard pressed, so they wanted to protest. Any action by local people against the American "Superman" was unimaginable, but finally the teachers asked three of us – Garabed Giragos, Naim Mussalli and I – to talk to Mr. Stoltzfus about this matter. The three of us were considered to have the greatest influence on the principal.

As soon as we walked into the office of Mr. Stoltzfus, I mentioned the purpose of our visit. Immediately he turned to Naim and said, "It is better for you if you don't get involved in this." Naim at once realized the meaning of this remark and apologized for his foolishness and went out. Naim did not even have a high school diploma and was given several privileges such as living in the boarding department of the school. Then, Mr. Stoltzfus turned to Garabed, and with a menacing tone he said, "and what about you, you have the courage to protest, get out right away." Garabed bowed and walked out with an ashen face. I was a little surprised at this high-handed treatment of my colleagues that was rather angry and combative. Then, Mr. Stoltzfus turned to me and with a smile invited me to sit down. Then started the following conversation:

- *Me*: How can you justify a 40% cut on salaries that are in many cases already ridiculously low?

- *Mr. Stoltzfus*: Well, you know about the depression. This is what is happening all over the world, even in the U.S.

- *Me*: I understand that you receive $4000 a year from the mission, of which you take $2000 for yourself and the remaining $2000 you distribute among us teachers, 10 of us. Is this the Christian spirit? Is this your understanding of the work of your Christian mission?

- *Mr. Stoltzfus*: But you must realize that the $2000 I take is just enough for me. I pay a very high rent, have school expenses of my children, and our standard of living is not like that of the native teachers – it is much higher.

- *Me*: Don't you think that we too can have a high standard? That other teachers too can send their children to expensive schools and live a more luxurious life? As a Christian missionary, how can you justify this double standard?

- *Mr. Stoltzfus*: Mr. Wosgian, suppose you were in my place. The mission in America sent $2000 for you and another $2000 for running the school, and your salary was hardly enough for your needs. Would you give your teachers what was allotted to you?

- *Me*: There you beat me. I am not sure if I would be less selfish than you, but in that case, do not pretend to be a servant and disciple of Jesus, because that is not what He would do.

- *Mr. Stoltzfus*: Really, the only alternative I have is to close the school and dismiss everybody, or at least some of the employees, or make this big cut on all salaries. Tell me which is preferable.

This brought our conversation to an end, and we parted as friends.

Mr. Stoltzfus had the rare gift of achieving much with little. He would pay very low salaries but get whole-hearted cooperation and extremely long hours of devoted work. Everybody worked and did the work of two

persons joyfully and in a spirit of cooperation. We all pulled in the same direction, fully loyal to the administration. There was a complete lack of intrigue, at least, if there was any, I was not aware of it.

VIII

Unmarried Life Becomes Unbearable

Dr. Yervant Ketenjian was a friend of mine. We had been together at AUB and at the Cooperative Club. He was the only one with whom I would discuss plans for marriage. Both of us had lived a puritan life as far as sex was concerned, and now that we were mature and in constant contact with all sorts of people in society, life had become unbearable. We used to repeat what was often said at AUB: "What is life without a wife?" Dr. Ketenjian, who treated young women patients, many of them anxious to attract him sexually, was struggling with himself. I was in a similar position with the mature female students and with young women colleagues, some of them making a special effort to be attractive to me. There were two lady teachers – Genevieve and Subhieh – who were very attractive, vivacious, and sexually wide awake. However, in both Yervant and myself, the built-in inhibition was so strong that we hesitated to associate even in the most innocent way with these women.

This was our great torment in the years 1929 to 1932. Then he was at last engaged to Julia Gulesserian, whom he met in Broumana. When he returned, he was living in seventh heaven. He whistled and sang the following song all the time:

O! Dona Clara, my heart is waiting for you.

O! Dona Clara, you are wonderful, etc.

IX

I Get Married

After Dr. Ketenjian was married, I think in 1932, it became very necessary for me too to think of marriage. I had already saved some money, which I was planning to use either for building a house or getting married. Because Aleppo was a Moslem city, my mother did not consider it safe enough for building a house, so it was decided that I should get married.

After considering several girls, we heard of the Roubian family. Mrs. Mennoush Sankihian and Mrs. Mayreni Tcholakian spoke very highly of Rosaline Roubian, daughter of Dr. Stepan and Augustine Roubian. So, we asked them both to inquire about possibilities in the way of a sounding. For some months, we had no report. Then one day, as I was going somewhere with Mr. Stoltzfus in his car, he said, "I have news for you, guess what?" I couldn't guess, so he went on. "Yesterday, Rev. Aharon Shirajian came to me to inquire about you in connection with your interest in the Roubian girl. I spoke very highly of you and told him that no matter how the girl might be, you deserve two like her. He seemed satisfied and the deal is almost settled." This was about the greatest news in my life. So, I ran home and told mother.

Sarkis Ganimian and Lila, his cousin, who lived in the room opposite to us came to inquire about the cause of our glee. We seemed to have been very noisily happy about it. Soon we sent an emissary to ask for Rosaline's hand officially, and we were invited to the Roubian home. Soon, the official engagement followed on July 8, 1932, and the marriage on April 17, 1933, nine months later.

Now, it was "All Quiet on the Western Front."

X

Platonic Love "A"

As I look back to my youthful years, I found myself sexually wide-awake. But because of my puritan up-bringing (breeding), I had been involved in nothing more than platonic love all along.

As a five-year-old child in Zeitun, I remember having "learned" a lot about sex from my playmates of my age group. Let not parents be deceived of their children's ignorance of sex questions. Even in my days, 60 years ago at the age of five, I had much sex "instructions" from my playmates. So, my conclusion is that you *cannot* start the wholesome sex education of your children *too soon*.

During the four years of World War I, I was too hungry, too exhausted by hard work, too tired to think of sex. All my energy was absorbed in a struggle to keep body and soul together. Even as the baker's "adopted" slave, I worked too hard to have time and energy to think of sex.

At about the age of ten, when I was admitted to the orphanage in Aintab, I remember being very much aware of sex, but always and only as a personal dream. I never talked about it or in any way contacted girls. In 1919, boys and girls were all huddled in the Franciscan Monastery *kendirlilerin kilisesi* (the Church of the Roped) in close proximity. Some of the girls were grown up and had been snatched from Moslem homes where they had had ample opportunity for sexual activity. They were sex-minded, and some of them were most anxious to get out of our prison-like confinement and get back to those Moslem men.

Living in the same building with such sexy, mature girls, and being relatively well-fed and completely idle, my companions and I spent much of our time watching those girls and exchanging furtive glances with them. The American administration soon became aware of the dangers of such a situation and decided "to separate flaming fire from combustible cotton," as one missionary put it.

I am sure that older and more extrovert boys, as well as some of the "teachers," took full advantage of the situation, but there were many like me, whose activities, although quite intense, were confined to the platonic stage.

XI

Platonic Love "B"

Elsewhere, I described how the Aintab orphanage was evacuated to Beirut in 1920, and after the summer months, was moved to Jbeil (Byblos). The Jbeil orphanage, called Jbeil Community, was of great significance in my life. These were, in a way, my formative years, when I was 11 years old on entering and 15 on leaving. Those four years have meant a lot in my life, but here, I wish to mention only its sexual aspect.

At the start, I must say that in spite of very strong natural urges, I had no time or extra energy for sex, so there was no sexual aspect to my life during this period.

For students who were older and less absorbed in their education, as well as for teachers and administrators, sex had a very large place in their lives.

In the large campus of the orphanage, there was one person who was out of this world, an angel walking on earth. At this time (1920s), she must have been in her teens, maybe sweet sixteen, radiant like the sun, blonde, dressed in white, clean, European dresses, fleeting around like a butterfly. To watch her from a distance of 100 meters was a treat that thrilled boys like me. When she came closer than 100 meters, we had to hide ourselves or turn around, not to be seen gazing at her. We were like Moses of old who could not approach Jehovah and look him in the face. This heavenly creature, with whom we were all "in love," was Beatrice, an Armenian girl adopted by the Danish missionary, Miss Jacobsen.

Years later, around 1932, eight years after I left the orphanage, I met her in Souk-el-Gharb at a teachers' conference and had an opportunity

to talk to her. She was still a very attractive young girl but no longer the inaccessible heavenly creature of Jbeil. She turned out to be a very normal girl who enjoyed walking with me hand-in-hand. Her patrons, Gaidzagian and others, had a hard time keeping her away from me during our walks in the cool of the Souk-el-Gharb evenings.

XII

Platonic Love "C"

As an AUB student aged 15 to 20, my sexual feelings were well-developed, but again these were years of hard work. I had to complete 15 years of education – elementary, secondary and college – in 10 years. In 1919, I started to read Armenian monosyllables, and in June 1929, received my B.A. degree. This probably was one factor that kept me from sexual mischief. As a student, I also had to work as a tutor to teach trumpet to the Bacon boy; I worked for the Near East League and its paper, the "Star"; and conducted the league band. These things kept me busy, and my puritan breeding kept me away from all sex affairs.

Some of my classmates and schoolmasters like Socrat, Yervant and Haroutune were quite active sexually, and not always in a proper way. They often told the rest of us innocents about some lewd sex affairs of theirs. I, for one, had neither the time, the money, nor the courage (or up-bringing) necessary for it.

There were the Sarrafian girls who belonged to the only aristocratic Armenian family I knew in Beirut. They were unusual and friends of Dikran Berberian (later M.D.) in whose orchestra I played the trumpet. So occasionally, in the shadow of Berberian, I was admitted to the Sarrafian home and admired their girls, hardly exchanging a word with them.

Another Armenian girl, the Gulbenk girl, was a darling of the boys. She was, for those days, too free and too permissive, to such a degree that at night, after a concert, she would walk alone in the streets on her way home, I suppose.

On one such occasion, she was walking on one sidewalk, and some of us on the opposite sidewalk. I was shocked when one of my companions began to say aloud: "*yev mi danir zmez i portsoutioun*!" (Lead us not into temptation!). They kept on walking, parallel to her and repeating these words. This was a shocking experience for me. This must have been in 1926, when I was 17 years old.

XIII

Platonic Love "D" – VMK

Probably the first real feeling of love in me was for VMK (Victoria Kharputlian), but still this was platonic love involving only the eyes and the heart, without any physical contact.

VMK was Mr. Murphy's secretary in the Near East League where Mr. Murphy was the boss. I was Chairman of the League, and VMK was hard-working, loyal, efficient, quiet, and much respected by everybody in the office. I think she was the only woman employee among many men. Everybody seemed to be in love with her – Murphy, Vram, Parounag, Aram, etc. and I. She definitely preferred me and fixed all her attention on me. I know this because several of the other men begged me to release her, to tell her that I was not interested in her. They told me that she made it clear to them that she preferred me. She would consider them in case and after she gave up hope for me. There is no question that I had very tender feelings toward her, which she could feel, but I couldn't be thinking of marriage before I got my degree, found work, and saved some money. Also, I couldn't think of love apart from marriage. There was one isolated episode I like to relate here.

In the league chapter of Ghazir, there was to be a play and several people from the Central Office were sent there to attend. Mr. Murphy did not send me, which surprised me because normally on such occasions, I would be the first to be sent. After all the others had gone, in the late afternoon, Mr. Murphy told me to order a taxi, at office expense, take

VMK with me and go to Ghazir. This was too much of a luxury for me and I was afraid to be alone with VMK, so I suggested taking some other members of the League committee with us. Mr. Murphy was rather angry and gave me strict orders to take no one else except VMK. When the American orders came, we obeyed, there can be no questions asked.

So, VMK and I all alone in the back of a taxi went to Ghazir and returned back late at night. All the time, VMK expected me to do something. All I could talk about was League business and small talk, although there was a lot I wanted to say or do, but I couldn't.

From that day on, VMK decided to leave the country and her office which became unsupportable for her. The day she took the boat for South America, Parounag and I stayed late until 1 a.m. in the streets and watched her boat disappear in the horizon.

XIV

Platonic Love "E"

Soon after VMK went to South America, I graduated in June 1929 and was sent to Damascus for the summer as the Near East League Secretary, and in October 1929, I went to Aleppo as the only B.A. teacher at NSSB.

Now that I was earning a regular salary, I could seriously think of marriage and many more girls presented themselves as candidates. Among these the more serious ones were Genevieve, Angel, Arshaluys, Lydia, Marie, etc. In some cases, I considered them seriously, in some cases the girls were more aggressive. In two cases, the girls actually chased me from town to town following me as I travelled during my summer vacations.

I was going through a period of intense emotions, but I managed not to be guided by secondary considerations and waited long enough to make the best choice in the person of Rosaline Roubian.

XV

My Position at NSSB

Elsewhere, I have spoken of my cordial relations with Mr. Stoltzfus the Principal, and of the fact that of the natives, I alone was called "Mr." while everybody else was "*Muallim*." The Arab teachers liked me, but very often they asked the question: "Why is he alone called 'Mr.' like the Americans, while the rest of us are only "*Muallim*?"

My position was unique because I was the only one with a university degree, and I was the only Armenian. I was a friend of the principal, and I taught practically all the upper-class courses. I taught them History, Algebra, Geometry, Biology, Trigonometry, Economics, English, Bible, and even French to the 7th or 8th graders.

XVI

Aleppo Friends

At the NSSB and Aleppo College, we students and teachers lived like a family, in close friendship. From my NSSB days, I remember with special fondness Mr. Stoltzfus, Aziz Khoury, Garabed Giragos, Naim Mussalli, Abboud Yateem, Na'meh Ghazal, etc. From the Aleppo College period, I remember as friends Dr. Alford Carleton, Harry Dorman, Saatjian, Souren Babikian, Aziz Sayegh, etc.

Outside the college, I enjoyed the company of Dr. Yervant Ketenjian, Dr. Robert Jebejian, Dr. Haroutune Nazarian, Dr. Vahram Babikian and Dr. lskandar Kassis. These were mainly AUB friends.

Then there were many Near East League friends like Parounag Tovmassian when he visited Aleppo, Bedros Hagopian, Assadour Armadouni, Levon Bilezikjian, etc.

I had some senior friends with whom I served on committees. With Krikor Zarian and Onnig Mazlounian (*Baron*), I served on the Near East

League Committee; with Dr. Boghossian, Kevork Kalemkerian and Rev. Shirajian, I served on the Armenian Red Cross Committee.

Then there were family friends like Dr. Avedis Jebejian, Dr. Philip Hovnanian, Mr. Yusuf Dayian, pastors, etc.

Now as I look back to those days, I am surprised of the very great number of friends I had. Of those, I have mentioned only samples, because if I attempted a complete list, it would be too long.

XVII

Dr. Alford Carleton

Dr. Carleton was one of the most intelligent and efficient persons I have known. He was President of the Aleppo College, mission treasurer, de facto Dean, teacher and deeply involved in pro-allied politics. I have seen him carry on a serious conversation as he composed and typed a letter which was well thought-out, well-spaced and in perfect English style. He was a remarkable man, probably more politician than missionary or educator. He could run the College, the mission, and several other things at the same time but he could not control his wife.

Dr. Carleton was a great friend of mine and had great confidence in me. I had a full-time teaching job, but he made me Registrar, Acting Dean and confidant. On two occasions, 1938 and 1940-41, when Dorman was away, he appointed me Acting Dean. I had to sign Aleppo College Diplomas. On this occasion, I mentioned to him the seniority of Mr. Farajallah Azrak who had been my chemistry teacher at AUB, but Carleton insisted that I should assume such important responsibilities as Registrar, Dean, Student Council Advisor, or Chairman of the Scholarship Committee. I think he found Azrak demanding and rigid. Every time Azrak was asked to do an extra job, he raised the question of pay for it. Also, he was too rigid in his ways while Carleton was flexible, and I suppose he wanted a flexible person in key positions.

Evidently, people noticed the blind confidence Carleton had in me. On one occasion, our neighbors the Shnorhokian sisters told my wife and mother: "Even when he wants to attend to his natural needs, Carleton will consult Wosgian."

During World War II, he became a great friend of Marshal Wilson, the Commander in Chief of the Middle Eastern Armies of the United States. Carleton showed me Wilson's hand-written note saying: "I will never pass-through Aleppo without seeing you." Also, Carleton showed me two of his reports for Wilson, one was on the Turks, whom the Allies were anxious to drag into the war. This was anti-Turkish for two reasons:

1. Turks refused to enter the war.

2. Responsible Turks told him in Turkey: "Now that the great powers are weakening one another, in the end the U.S. and Turkey will become the dominant powers in the world." This is an interesting reflection on the megalomania of the Turks, who are still of the same mentality.

Another important report Carleton showed me was on the Palestine problem, and it was pro-Arab and anti-Jewish. In showing these reports, Carleton wished to know my reaction but probably he expected me to tell the Armenians that he was not pro-Turk and tell the Arabs that he was pro-Arab. It is also possible that he would like to get my ideas on his secret reports. On other occasions, after the British and free French occupation of Syria, he wanted me to write a financial and economic report showing the advisability, or otherwise, of introducing price controls in Syria and Lebanon. I wrote this report for him, but I do not know what he did with it. He must have revised it and turned it to the authorities.

XVIII
My Key Positions at Aleppo College

In passing, I have just mentioned some of the delicate positions Carleton entrusted me at Aleppo College. Here, I want to mention one or two instances that show the significance of those tasks.

I won't be wrong if I say that most of the Armenian students and Arab Protestants at Aleppo College paid very little in the way of tuition. As Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, I was in charge. Members of the committee were in fact investigators who brought me reports concerning applicants, and I decided what to charge. Nominal, fees were very high because we had rich sons of great feudal landlords. It was my policy to have very high fees and give large scholarships when justified. Normally, the regular tuition was Syrian Lira 500. I had the power to cut this down to 25 or even less. No questions were asked for one reason – my position was secret, and Carleton refused to interfere in my job. This is how poor students, like Apraham Jizmejian (later Rev. Jizmejian), were admitted.

Another delicate job I had was Advisor to the Student Council. This was a most delicate position from 1941-45 because the students at colleges and secondary schools were constantly organizing demonstrations against the French and sometimes the British occupying armies. The leaders were the students of Tejhiz High School. They would come to Aleppo College and ask our students to join them in street demonstrations. At this time, Mr. Dorman, the Dean, was the advisor of the Student Council and therefore responsible for controlling the political activities of the students. He could not manage it and he antagonized the students who rose against him. Under these difficult and delicate circumstances, Dr. Carleton recalled Dorman to save him further trouble and disgrace, and appointed me as Student Council Advisor.

I enjoyed the confidence of the students, avoided antagonizing them, but insisted that all Student Council activities, including demonstrations, should be democratically decided upon. So, every time a delegation came from Tejhiz asking our students to join them, I recalled a meeting. The matter was discussed at length, and often delays were intentionally secured. Because these demonstrations were not and could not be planned ahead of time and were emotionally spontaneous actions, very often, before our Council had reached a decision concerning our participation, the French army would break up the demonstration and we would remain out of it, having saved face.

On one occasion, with the permission or on the wish of Dr. Carleton, we decided to join the demonstration in which I led the Aleppo College group. We, however, made a condition that the demonstration would have to be orderly, noiseless, and not destructive.

I think I have said enough to show that many key positions were entrusted to me during critical periods, acting as Registrar, Acting Dean, Student Council Advisor, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, etc.

XIX
How I Learned English

I have already related how I wrote "English" articles in our Jbeil paper *Doun*. I had my own handwritten dictionary of about two thousand words. I knew their meaning in Armenian, but God alone knows how atrociously I pronounced them!

As mentioned earlier, I accidentally became aware of the existence of accents (stresses) of English words because our English teachers were not aware of them. I was to take part in a declamation contest and my subject was something on character. Mr. Boghos Nersessian, who had been in the United States, coached me and he insisted that I put the emphasis on the first syllable of the word "character," while I kept stressing the second syllable. I had a very low opinion of him because he was only the orphanage gardener. This criticism of Mr. Nersessian did not make sense to me. And only years later at AUB, I became aware of word accents.

Another instance of our ignorance at the orphanage was the case of our Dean, Mr. Haigazoun Keshishian. I was one of many who admired his fluent English at the orphanage, until I met him in Beirut four years later at a Near East League meeting. His poor English and his mistakes with accents shocked me.

The first instance was in 1923-24, the second instance in 1928-29. But evidently, this kind of Armenian English, or English with Armenian

accents, continued at least for another decade. In 1937, when Aleppo College was combined with NSSB, I taught Armenian students Algebra as well as many other courses. I will mention one sample of their English in Algebra: 5 + 6 was pronounced "*Fayev pelles sikes.*"

XX
My First Trip to Europe

Dr. Carleton wished for me to spend the summer of 1939 in Europe at the College's expense. This had never been done to a non-American. So, for me it was a great honor and a cause of tremendous excitement.

Around June 15, I was in Beirut prepared to take the Rumanian ship Transylvania, but before starting, I went to see Prof. Soltau, an Englishman. For him I had great respect and asked him what would be the most profitable way for me to spend the summer in Europe. Prof. Soltau said: "If I were you, I would worry most about coming back before the war starts." In reply to my arguments, he insisted that this time it was not going to be just a war scare, it was going to be a Great War. I paid no attention.

I had a bad experience with Greek customs. Then between Patras and Naples, I became aware of crossing a time zone. Between 11:45 and 12:15, five times I went to the dining room and every time I was told that lunch would be served at 12 noon, until I realized I had crossed a time zone.

I had a most enjoyable trip in Naples, Vesuvius, and Pompei for which I paid full fees.

Once in Rome, I presented my letters from the Italian Consul in Aleppo to the CIT and secured all sorts of advantages:

1. 75% reduction on all Italian railways.

2. Free admission to all museums and galleries in the Italian Kingdom.

3. Free CIT tours in all Italian cities, etc.

I visited Florence, Venice, and Milan. In Florence, CIT objected and

the man at the counter said, "they can do that in Rome, but remember *senior,* there is one Rome in the world." In the end, however, he agreed to give me some privileges that had been given to me in Rome.

Milan overdid it. CIT gave me a private guide with orders not to let me spend a Lire. At noon, when I sat down in a restaurant, the guide insisted on paying my bill as well as my taxi bills.

Passing through the Simplon tunnel to Switzerland was an experience I will never forget. In spite of all that the Italians did for me; I was glad to get rid of them and pass to a free country. The weather too was symbolic. On the Italian side, it was gloomy with heavy rain, while in Switzerland, the sun had risen, the rainbow was bright, huge torrents were rushing in deep gorges, and there was a pleasant fragrance in the air. Soon, disappointments succeeded when I bought a sandwich at Briggs. Switzerland was terribly expensive.

I spent one month in Zurich at a teachers' institute and 15 days in Davos Platz for the same purpose. Here I became acquainted with Prof. Beales, a reader in Economics at the London School of Economics. He gave me a recommendation.

Then I went on to Oxford for a lecture course of three weeks. I stayed at St. Hilda's College across Cowlly Bridge and went to Examination School for lectures. It was quite an experience being at Oxford.

Then I went to Paris. As I was wandering in the Paris Zoo, Haroutune Babikian saw me and warned me that the war was about to start. This was August 26, 1939. So, I tried to make arrangements to return home. This I found very, very difficult.

XXI

Return Trip from Europe – August 29, 1939

On August 26 in the Paris Zoo, I was warned that the war was about to

start. On August 23rd, I had read about the Hitler-Stalin disagreements in the Paris paper *Ce Soir.* I couldn't believe my eyes. I stood by the newspaper stand and bought new editions of that paper as they came out every two hours. But even this had not convinced me of the immediate imminence of the war. The thing that frightened me was the Blackout in Paris on the night of August 26th.

I rushed to buy my return steamship ticket. None were available. I applied to the Lebanese consulate, which told me where I could get one. Soon I found out that there was just one first class ticket, with no guarantee that it could be used or returned. I had no choice, I had to buy it, but did not have enough cash. So, I took a taxi in panic and rushed to the Paris Chase Manhattan Bank to cash my check. The bank refused because the Franc-Dollar rate was not known. I rushed to my waiting taxi whose driver demanded an exorbitant amount. I objected and he threatened to call the police, I had to withdraw part of my ticket deposit and pay the driver. Soon I rushed to Haroutune Babikian, borrowed some money, and came to pay for the ticket.

I rushed to Marseilles where the Cairo City steamship was scheduled to call for its trip to Beirut. Both in Paris and Marseilles, a Greek agent of the ship told me that my ticket had to be verified because many of those tickets were invalid. This proved impossible because of the long queue waiting in front of the company's offices. Greek style people were getting in from the back door and the line was not moving at all. I was lucky to find a French woman who was in the same condition as I was. I urged her to appeal to a French policeman and stayed close to her and stuck to her shirts. She managed to walk up to the ship, so did I, in spite of the protests of the Greek agent. On board the ship, I found Prof. Lutfi Levonian, his wife and his two sons. I borrowed some money from the professor and felt quite secure, while the professor himself, was terribly scared that the war would soon start.

We left Marseilles on August 29th and were told the normal destination of the Cairo City steamship was Beirut. But flying the Union Jack flag,

the ship was in constant contact with the admiralty and could very well be asked to change its destination. This did not worry me. I was only 30 years old, full of confidence and energy, and seeking distraction.

In the middle of the sea, on September 1st, the war started. Had Italy entered the war, our condition would have been really deplorable. In spite of all expectations, Italy did not enter the war, but as a precaution, the ship showed no lights at night on its north side facing Italy and Europe.

We had a minor scare when two British destroyers stopped us for an inspection in the middle of the sea.

We arrived in Beirut I think on the 5th of September at night and found the city blacked-out. At home, I shouted the name of my wife, but no reply came. Evidently, they had not received my letter telling them of my return on board the Cairo City steamship.

XXII

My Family in Constant Tears in Baalbeck

I spent 2-3 days in Beirut to attend to some minor business before joining my family summering in Baalbeck. One day, Mr. Nishan Saatjian saw me in the streets of Beirut and told me that my mother and wife were crying all day in Baalbeck, fearing that they might never see me again. I immediately went to Baalbeck. My appearance was miraculous.

At the time, Rosaline was very sensitive because she was expecting Nancy in less than 2½ months. We spent a few days in Baalbeck preparing to move to Aleppo and get ready for work. A distant corner like Baalbeck was caught with the hysteria of war, and there was a strict blackout. At night, we had to attend to the needs of Ida who was only 4½ years old. We lit a little candle and put it under the bedstead. The night watchman would throw stones at the windowpanes and urge us to put out the light.

Everybody seemed to be under the impression that in the first few days of the war, the whole world would go up in flames. This was the feeling

of many people, including my wife, even in a forlorn corner like Baalbeck. Soon we got used to war conditions, which we endured for more than five years.

One little incident in Baalbeck is of personal interest to Ida. There was another girl of Ida's age who had been bothering her by calling her "*Tchalem aghchig*" (proud girl). As I was walking with Ida, this girl repeated her usual words, on which, without saying a thing, I gave her a hard kick on the ass. She was stunned, ran away and never again approached my daughter. Maybe what is significant here is the fact that even at the age of four, Ida had a special, proud air to her, noticed by her age group.

XXIII

My Great Moments in World War II

As a teacher of history, I was naturally much interested in the war and missed no opportunity to listen to the radio. I had a very big and loud second-hand radio which was confiscated by the government for a short while with all other registered radios and returned soon after.

During the war, there were shocking moments that left a greater impression on me than the start of the war, maybe because while on board the ship, I had no chance to listen to the radio when the war started.

Along with many others, I was relieved when in 1940, Chamberlain declared: "Hitler missed the bus."

But the greatest shock came in June 1940 when Petain asked for an armistice. I ran out and told my friends that France had surrendered, the war was over. With everybody in the world, except Churchill, I believed that Hitler had won the war. Only years later, I remembered watching the sullen, hopeless young men who went to war in France. As I was standing in the railway station of Marseilles watching groups of recruits going to join their units, an old French veteran told me: "How can you expect those people to win a war. They have no vision, no ideal, no hope of victory, no

enthusiasm. You should have seen my comrades and me when we were mobilizing in 1914. We joined our units singing songs of victory, feeling sure of fighting to build a better world, a Greater France. This generation is defeated before the battle starts." These words proved prophetic.

The next great moment for me was when Hitler invaded Russia. The German military's music was something out of this world. One morning, as I was shaving, I had my radio on Germany. The music that day was exceptionally noisy and martial. Then I heard a speech by Hitler in German. All I could tell was:

1. Hitler was angrier and more excited than usual.

2. He had made a most significant decision.

3. He associated Communists and Jews, Bolsheviks and Juischen.

After a while, it was announced that Hitler had decided to punish the "treacherous" Russians who had been in League with the Jews, while they pretended to be Germany's friend. The German speaker said, and I knew that this was really a thing, that all others, including the Battle of Britain, had been preparatory steps. Now, the Nazis faced the Communists in deadly combat and in deadly hatred. It was no longer a "civilized war." Each side wished to destroy the other utterly and physically.

Soon we heard the voice of Churchill, the greatest warrior of the greatest war: "I will not unsay what I have said of Communists, but I am ready to have even Satan as an ally to destroy Hitler. If Russia can resist for a little longer than three months, we shall be able to help her and save her." Soon, Roosevelt associated himself with Churchill in this resolve.

Then Japan came in, Italy had come in, and China was in it from the start. A better name for this war is "*The* World War" because the war of 1914 was mainly a European war – the fighting outside Europe being only peripheral.

XXIV

We Start the First Cooperative in Syria

For a while, price control was tried in Syria (and Lebanon), but it proved impractical. All worthwhile articles disappeared from the public market to reappear in the black market. So price control was given up and prices rose sometimes 20 times the original. Imports were under control and by license. Merchants bought for 10 and sold for 100 or 200.

Dr. Robert Jebejian called together some intellectuals, doctors, lawyers, teachers, engineers (Moslems and Christians), and suggested organizing a cooperative that would help keep prices at a reasonable level. He persevered and pushed it hard until finally, people (about 40 or 50 of us) agreed to pay a membership fee to be used as capital. Then it was found that under Syrian law, there were no provisions for cooperatives. He travelled to Damascus and interested lawyers to pursue the matter without pay. Merchants did everything to stop us but, in the end, after a long delay, we were allowed to operate as a cooperative, but the government refused to grant us licenses, on the basis that we had not been operating as a business firm before the war.

In spite of all that the merchants could do, in spite of official displeasure, the first cooperative was founded in Syria and the law was passed. I cannot say that this was an immediate success, but it was a beginning, breaking the ice.

XXV

Dr. Robert Jebejian

I was lucky to have a friend like Dr. Robert, one of the few Aleppo friends with whom I am still in contact.

He was and is a very unusual man – un-biased, public-minded, generous with his time, money, and energy. The founding of cooperatives

was only one of his many socially beneficial activities. Let me mention some of them that come to mind now:

1. He organized a sustained scientific campaign to eradicate trachoma from the Armenian schools for many years and succeeded in his aim.

2. With practically no support, he founded the Sarian Academy, in which many boys and girls, often coming from the streets of Aleppo, got the opportunity to develop their artistic (mainly painting) talents.

3. He arranged for publicizing the artistic works of Armiss (Armenag Missirlian), who had been his art teacher in Aleppo College. He arranged for his trip from Paris to Beirut, Aleppo and Armenia, organized for him an exhibition for his paintings, published his biography, and made Christmas cards of his paintings. In many different ways, he helped the public to realize and appreciate the artistic genius of his teacher who was in a terribly neglected and despondent state.

4. He paid about LL 3000 to introduce the printing type devised by the artist Mr. Onnig Avedissian, seeking no profit or glory in it.

5. He headed a group to raise money ($50,000) to buy a pipe organ for the School of Music in Yerevan.

6. He introduced certain techniques of eye operations into Armenia, supplying them with the necessary surgical instruments from the West.

7. He made a collection of ancient Armenian needlework (*janyag*) for the museum in Yerevan.

8. He sent to Yerevan a whole ancient Arabic manuscript to help establish an Institute of Arabic Studies there.

9. He published the life of Dr. Assadour Altounian in Armenian and Arabic, to help reconstruct the history of Armenian medicine in the Near East.

I am sure I could count about 100 major and minor projects sponsored and carried out to completion by Dr. Jebejian, simply because he believed to be serving a worthy cause, seeking no profit or glory.

He is a rare specimen of a truly Christian person, although his own Protestant church distanced itself from him as a troublesome extremist.

XXVI

My Three Children – Their Birth

I tell my children to count their blessings. Personally, I have a countless number of blessings, not the least of which are my three children, all of them born in Aleppo.

Ida is the eldest, born June 25, 1935, the very day Rosaline's father, Ida's maternal grandfather, died. She was born in our home at the Kayali building, on Khandek Street, in our southwest room, with the help of the then famous midwife Arika Khanem. I was around and will always remember my helpless anguish as Rosaline went through labor pains. This was one of the most painful experiences in my life. Never again did I attend the birth of my other children.

Nancy-Lily is my second child born November 29, 1939 at the Gulbenkian Maternity in Aleppo, Dr. Iskender Kassis being the attending physician. I was not in hearing distance during the childbirth, but I understand it was relatively uneventful. I think the same day, or 2-3 days earlier, Rev. Shirajian had died. Thoughtlessly, I walked to Rosaline's bedside with a black necktie, and she was frightened. Five years had elapsed since Ida's birth and meanwhile there had been much progress in the Armenian Community of Aleppo. Now there was a maternity and an obstetrician with the most modern training. The name Nancy was adopted on the insistence of Juliet, Rosaline's sister in the United States.

Stephan-Zaven, our last child, was born on Christmas Day, December 25, 1944 in the maternity clinic of Dr. Kassis on the *TileI*

Street in Aleppo. The doctor, however, had him registered as born on January 1, 1945 which remains his official birthday.

Zaven's birth was very eventful because his mother had eclampsia and came very close to losing her life. The doctor's nurse evidently was careless and did not report that she had albumen, until Rosaline was poisoned by albumen. One winter morning, about the 23rd of December 1944, she could not breathe, so I called our doctor friends – Hovnanian, Kassis, Babikian, R. Jebejian – to our house. Hovnanian took charge and took three glassfuls of blood which gave Rosaline immediate relief. Then she was taken to Kassis' clinic. Fortunately, the child was born soon, because according to the doctors, if it had been delayed for a few days, Rosaline's life would be in real danger. Rosaline had high fever and all sorts of complications after the birth. It was possible to save her life thanks to heavy doses of Penicillin, a new drug which was next to impossible to obtain. The only supply was in the hands of the British army. We were able to obtain a supply of it through the interventions of Dr. Altounian, a friend of all of us, especially of Dr. Kassis who was in charge of Rosaline.

XXVII

Invitation from Cyprus: Director of The Melkonian Educational Institute

It must have been around the middle of June 1944, when I received a very long cable from Cyprus, all out of the blue. As I read and re-read it, it made no sense. Main points in the cable:

"You have been elected as Director of the Melkonian Educational Institute, with a salary much higher than your present salary, plus food for all your family, and the benefactor's villa for your residence. You are invited to visit Cyprus for as long as you wish and without any prior obligations, to see the institute, talk with the board, and acquaint yourself with the job. Your airfare and all other expenses in the best hotel in Nicosia will be taken

care of. We count on you. This institution needs you and we feel sure that you will not refuse this urgent call for service to your own people. Signed, Armadouni, Chairman."

All this sounded like a joke, the only clue to the mystery was the name Armadouni. I surmised that my friend Assadour Armadouni, who was traveling, must have spoken to a cousin of his in Cyprus, and hence this invitation. I showed the cable to Dr. Carleton, who said: "We want to keep you and promote you. Dr. Dorman, the Dean, will leave next year or the following year. Meanwhile, we will send you to the United States for a year or two to be trained as Dean, to take over the position. However, this offer is a tempting one and if you prefer administrative work to teaching, you may accept it.

After a few days of hesitation, I wrote back to say that I could not accept the offer. Then came more letters and for a whole year, there was correspondence.

In May 1945, Dr. Armadouni, the Chairman of the Melkonian Board of Managers, came to Aleppo to induce me to accept the offer. After a long talk with him, I accepted.

Why Did I Accept to Go to Cyprus? In the first place, I had no convincing answer to the arguments of Dr. Armadouni…

CONCLUSION

Dear Reader,

We will never know why Daniel chose to go to Cyprus, as his memoirs end before that chapter of his life. Yet, what followed was a journey marked by academic excellence, leadership, and dedication to education and community service.

In 1945, Daniel moved to Cyprus with his wife Rosaline and their three children, Ida, Nancy, and Zaven. There, he became the Principal of the Melkonian Educational Institute (MEI) for eleven years, making him the longest-serving leader of the Armenian boarding school in Nicosia. Under his guidance, MEI flourished, achieving remarkable matriculation rates and earning recognition from the British government and Queen Elizabeth herself.

In 1956, Daniel accepted a position at the Beirut College for Women (BCW)—now the Lebanese American University (LAU)—where he served as a history professor and head of the History Department.

His dedication to education was further exemplified when he was awarded a grant to pursue a PhD in History at Columbia University in New York. In April 1963, at the age of 50, he submitted his doctoral thesis, "Turks and British Rule in Cyprus." This academic pursuit came at a personal sacrifice, requiring him to leave his family behind temporarily.

Returning to BCW, he continued to shape young minds and was later appointed Dean of the History Department—a testament to his intellectual brilliance and leadership.

Beyond academia, Daniel left an impact on every community he touched. In 1928, he was a member of the editorial board of Vorpashkharhi Asdgh. In Aleppo, he was on the committees of the National Red Cross, Armenian Youth Organization, Zeitun Compatriotic Union, the board of the Armenian Evangelical Emmanuel School. He was a member and then the chair of the Armenian Evangelical College. He served the Armenian communities of Aleppo, Nicosia, and Lebanon in various civic, religious, and educational capacities. His contributions extended to school boards, churches, the Red Cross, Near East Relief, and numerous civic institutions. Notably, he was Chairman of the Board of Managers at Haigazian College for two terms and was re- elected just before his untimely passing. His lifelong dedication to public service was formally recognized by the Lebanese Government, which awarded him the prestigious National Order of the Cedar—the country's highest state honor. This distinction is reserved for individuals who have rendered extraordinary service to Lebanon, demonstrated acts of courage and moral integrity, and dedicated years to public service. Few Armenians in Lebanon have been bestowed with this honor.

Tragically, Daniel's remarkable journey was cut short. While visiting his relatives in Manhasset, New York, during a summer vacation, he suffered a heart attack. On Sunday, August 20, 1972, he passed away at St. Francis Hospital at the age of 63. His funeral at Maple Grove Cemetery was intimate yet profound, filled with family and friends who carried with them the memories of a man who had profoundly shaped their lives.

AMAA Newsletter
FROM THE GENERAL OFFICE OF THE ARMENIAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.
140 FOREST AVENUE, PARAMUS, N.J. 07652
EDITOR: G.H. CHOPOURIAN
VOL. VI OCTOBER, 1972 NO. 4

TRAGIC LOSS

Dr. Daniel Wosgian, while on a visit with his wife and daughter to his brother-in-law and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Vahe Roubian of Manhasset, New York took final leave of his beloved family. His death is a great loss not only to his wife, daughters Mrs. Nancy Khanamirian and Mrs. Ida Tabourian of Beirut and son Stephen Zaven of London but also to Haigazian College, the evangelical community of Beirut, the Beirut College for Women in which he was a professor, and to the entire Armenian people of Lebanon and Syria.

The Board of Directors of the Armenian Missionary Association of America, along with the Trustees of Haigazian College, its affiliate, extend their heartfelt sympathies to his wife and children, the members of his immediate family, and to the many outstanding leaders such as educators, professors, administrators, ministers and merchants who came under his influence and who will mourn their beloved teacher.

Daniel, the Father and the Grandfather

Daniel loved interacting with his three children, Ida, Nancy and Zaven. Though not outwardly affectionate, his children felt deeply loved through his consistent presence, calm demeanor, and great support. He infused daily life with thoughtful conversations, political insights from his extensive readings, and a deep love for language and learning.

He was well-connected and mingled in international circles, yet he remained humble and never talked about himself but his laughter, discussions and sense of humor made him the center of attention at any gathering. He savored barbecues and simple meals on their Hamra balcony, enjoying delights like bread, cheese, olives, cucumber, tomato and his favorite – Vospov Koefte

Daniel's eldest daughter, Ida, cherished his intellectual curiosity and passion for art and history. She remembered his museum visits in Europe and the time he once got locked in at Columbia's library for staying after closing hours. One of her proudest moments was how during his PhD oral exam, the examiners debated a technical point about Turkish railways, and Daniel challenged their point. Eventually they had to consult the dean—who confirmed that Daniel was right. It was a powerful reminder of his sharp intellect and the respect he earned in academic circles.

Nancy, his second daughter remembered her father as witty, diplomatic, and firm when it mattered most. He rarely scolded but always knew how to guide through silence. She recalled how as a teenager she snuck into the woods to take photos during school time, and how once she made faces behind a priest's back—only to find Daniel had seen it all, but chose to remain quiet. "His silence was a lesson in itself," she said. At night, she recalled how her parents lingered in bed, talking for half an hour about their day—a ritual of connection and reflection that left a lasting impression.

Zaven (Stepan) his son, recalled that despite his father's great journey and achievements, he never imposed career expectations on his children. Zaven remembered how his father supported him when he chose to run a newsagent in London after completing his bachelor's degree in Business

at AUB. "He never made me feel I had to follow a traditional path." He described Daniel as a lifelong teacher—even in letter correspondences, "he would correct my grammar like it was an assignment." Daniel's thirst for knowledge was insatiable; he even taught himself German while studying at AUB. Zaven recalled evenings filled with conversations, laughter, and the warmth of a home to the point that he rarely avoided coming home during his university days. He also recounted a humorous story from school when one day he got into trouble, a teacher threatened to send him to the principal—unaware that Zaven's father was the principal- He replied "I see him at home every night".

Daniel's thoughtfulness extended to his work. He crafted 100 multiple-choice questions for exams, ensuring students grasped key information without feeling overwhelmed.

He provided great support for his students. One memorable instance involved a Jordanian student who was failing her history class at BCW. She asked her professor, Daniel for a passing grade so she could graduate and travel to marry her fiancé. He brought the discussion home to his family and decided to award her a D instead of an F – a small act that changed her life. His kindness stemmed from a deep understanding of human struggles and the belief that everyone deserves a chance.

Though Daniel endured personal trauma, including losing his family and experiencing the atrocities during the Armenian genocide, he refused to let hatred fester. He believed that such burdens were too heavy to bear and chose instead to fill his life with love for his family, education, and simple pleasures like swimming, tennis, and reading.

Doreen and Elda, Daniel's eldest granddaughters, remember a grandfather who taught through wonder and play. Doreen recalls road trips in his white VW Beetle, driving through the Lebanese mountains on archaeological adventures. Along the way, he would explain the art of traditional olive pressing, turning each journey into a joyful lesson—where history came alive through his stories. She fondly remembers the colorful candies he kept in the glove compartment, always ready for a sweet surprise.

Elda reflected on her weekend sleepovers at the grandparent's home where the 6am distinctive tune of the BBC World Service news served as a gentle wake-up call, a ritual Daniel observed without fail. Daniel's other grandchildren—Nadine, Katia, and Kegham—cherish the memories of sitting on his lap as he gently tapped their backs, mimicking the sounds of animals and letters of the alphabet, playfully challenging them to guess each one.

Gadarina (Gadar), Daniel's mother

Daniel's mother, Gadarina (Gadar) Paboujian, played a vital role in shaping his character and values, despite their separation when he was six years old. By then, she had already installed in him essential values that would guide him throughout his life. Her remarkable resilience in the face of adversity provided Daniel with a model of strength that influenced his own approach to life›s challenges.

Navigating the genocide and the hardship that followed, Gadar's perseverance likely inspired Daniel to face difficulties with determination. The sacrifices she made for her family laid a foundation for his identity, teaching him the ability to rise above personal and collective tragedies.

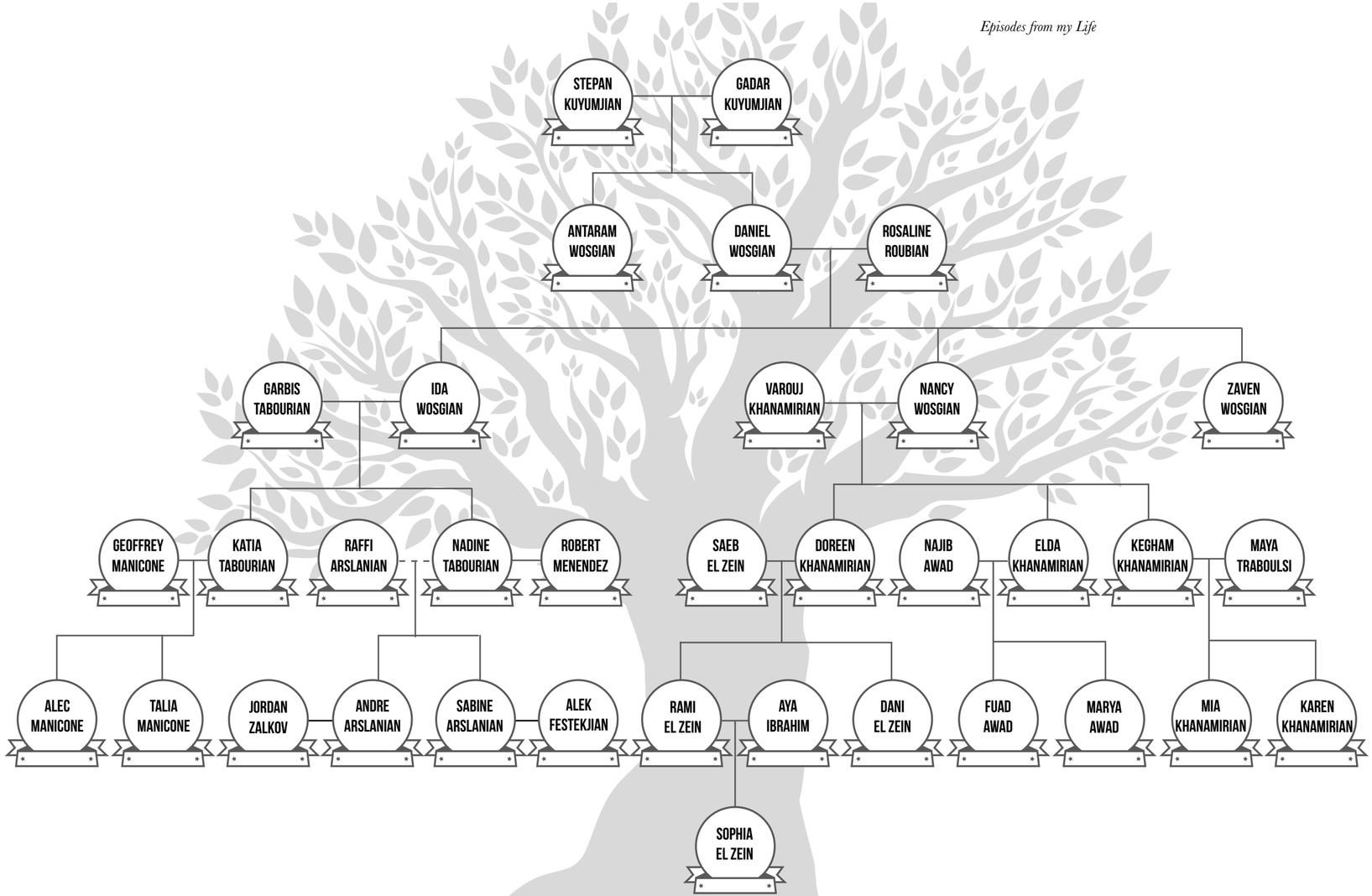
Her life was a tapestry of selflessness, often putting her family's needs before her own. This dedication to motherhood is a testament to the strength of Armenian women who nurture and support their families, even in the most challenging environments.

By celebrating Gadar's contributions, we also pay homage to the broader theme of womanhood. This recognition fosters a greater appreciation for the importance of female figures in family histories, reminding us that the lessons learned from them resonate deeply and last a lifetime.

In closing, dear reader, as we reflect on Daniel's journey, let us remember the countless ways in which the strength and love of family shapes our lives. May we honor those who came before us and recognize the lasting impact of their sacrifices, guiding us as we forge our own path.

Daniel, with his mother and grand daughter Nadine

Gadar, with three generations of her Family



Daniel with his mum Gadar, and his first grandchild, Doreen

Daniel and Rosaline with their grandchildren Nadine and Katia. Beit Meri 2 March, 1969

Daniel and Rosaline during his PhD graduation, NY 1963

Daniel, Rosaline and their three children

Daniel, Ida and the priest in Keghart

Daniel, Rosaline and their children with Gadar

Daniel and Nancy, 1955

Daniel with Steve and Nancy in Beirut July 28, 1952

Daniel and his daughter Nancy July 24, 1969

Daniel and Rosaline

Daniel's mum Gadar

Daniel, Rosaline, their three Children and spouses with Gadar

Daniel working at the AUB library

APPENDIX A

The cover of the Doun

While at the Jbeil orphanage, Daniel contributed to its periodical, Doun *(Home), a 24-page monthly magazine written entirely by the orphans in English, French, or Armenian. Launched in September 1922 and issued until December 1924,* Doun *reflected daily life at the orphanage, capturing the mindset, perceptions, and dreams of the orphans. It reported on sports tournaments, trips, scouting activities, and visits from prominent figures, and was rich with drawings of Armenian cultural icons, French and American political figures, and the surrounding environment. Daniel also translated three articles from Armenian to English, though these are not included.*

Doun, # 1, September 1922, pp. 11-12.

THE FIRE

There was a two-story building in one of the insignificant streets of the city. A young widow used to live in that building with her eight-month-old baby, a baby with a tender body, rosy cheeks, and curly yellow hair. Unfortunately, the father had been martyred during the war in defence of the fatherland. Thus, the young bride was solaced only by her nice-looking baby.

Suddenly a cry was heard. It was the heart-breaking cry of the mother, who woke up to see her house burning, was terrified and was confused. She was barely able to throw herself out of the house, but her lovely baby was in the house, subject to the terrifying fire.

The poor mother waited outside crying and screaming and pulling her hair. The water-bearers arrived and made every effort to put out the fire. A crowd had gathered around the house, and a great turmoil was created. Uproar and disturbance prevailed on the street. People ran left and right in confusion.

The poor mother was crying and lamenting on the corner, in front of her burning house and asked help from the passers-by. They all pitied her and wanted to come to her help, but no one dared to try to save the baby. At last a man came out of the mob and approached the poor woman. He was a laborer, who took pity on this woman and tried to console her. This kind worker understood the reason for this outcry and tried to console her, promising to do all he could to save the child.

Promptly, the young man disappears and after two minutes returns carrying a ladder on his shoulder. He leans it onto the window of the burning house; he climbs up and jumps through the flaming window into the house. The poor, hopeless mother and the mob wait for the worker impatiently. Suddenly a part of the house crumbles, as it could not stand up to the flames. All start shouting in fright, particularly the mother of the baby and the family members of the young worker, who lost hope and started pulling out their hair and yelling.

But, what a joy and what rejoicing!

The young selfless worker is seen at the window carrying the pretty baby. Coming down from the ladder, he hands the baby to his mother.

Cheering voices and clapping are heard from all sides. The young woman wants to kiss the worker's foot, but the latter avoids any expressions of thanks stating that he only carried out a **responsibility** and is happy with that.

Doun, # 11, July 1923, pp. 3-6.

AN UNFADING REMINISCENCE

Several horrible years have passed which, with the unimaginable oppression, misfortunes, and famines they brought, could extinguish all memories. They could even make us forget our most beloved, sweet mother tongue, as they did me.

True, though so many of my memories took the wings of the swallow and went to far countries, maybe so as not to multiply my griefs, and to bury in the twilight my unhappy past, in order for me to look at only the future, which is still dark and misty.

I have forgotten so many of my memories of my fatherland, but I have been able to preserve one of the finest of those memories in my heart's most unpersihabale and safest niches. Until now, it is still like an unfading, newly-budding rose which scents its surrounding.

This is a memory of one of the acts of my three-and-a-half-year old blond, naïve and angel-like sister, who had a beautiful dawn-like face. It has left a very deep impression on me.

I still remember it very clearly and radiantly, how our whole family was mourning for me because, when they had shown my smallpox-infected body to the local doctor, the latter had declared that all medicines and cures were useless to this patient, and had refused to check me as it would be unfruitful.

I saw my parents and relatives, surrounding me without hope and with tearful eyes.

When all them went away and my mother was busy with her obligatory home chores, I always used to see my younger sister sitting next to my bed and washing me. When I uncovered myself, I would see the moving of her hands, trying to cover me, and when I shouted at her face angrily, she would call in my mother immediately with her tender voice, which still echoes in my ear: "Mother, my brother has pushed away his cover; he uncovered himself." My mother would arrive instantly and cover me up.

I do not remember exactly which weekday it was when my mother was busy with the household chores, and two sad souls were in my room, me and my guardian angel, my three-and-half-year old sister. I was crying, sighing unusually while she was sitting next to my bed, was thinking and, if I am not wrong, whispering some words under her breath. Lastly I could hear a deep, sudden sigh, which came out of that angelic head, which was small but engulfed a lot. It seemed she could not resist any further the pressures within, suddenly erupted and I heard the following wishes addressed to God, words which sprang from a clear heart and an honest imagination: "Oh, fatherly God, I beg you to take my souI instead of my brother's soul."

And I must assert that those words really had an influence, because less than 2-3 weeks from this incident I convalesced and recovered gradually, stood on my feet and surprised the doctor who had declared my case "hopeless".

But it seemed our family was condemned to face grief always because some 4-5 days after my recovery my younger sister started to suffer severely from the sickness which I had just recovered from. In response to all our requests the doctor was unable to do anything.

A few weeks passed and the patient was suffering severely, while my parents felt unspeakable anxiety. One evening I heard a scream, which announced the death of my guardian angel. It was my mother's hopeless scream, a mother who was screaming with her angel daughter on her bosom.

Then I found myself in the arms of someone and eventually in my paternal auntie's home. Her two young sons, who were older than me, were

standing around me, trying to keep me busy and suggesting different games. But though I could not comprehend what was going on, I felt myself under pressure. After some 10 to 15 days, I returned home. However, my younger sister was missing in the house. She had taken with her the liveliness and happiness of the home. The home left the impression of a cemetery on all its inhabitants.

Every time I remember my sister, I remember the great statement that came out of her little heart, "Oh, fatherly God, I beg you to take my soul instead of my brother's soul."

What a majestic soul that willingly wanted to sacrifice her own life, hoping that that could save the life of her brother. Oh, my lovely sister, my adorable sister, be sure that you still live; your unfading memory lives in my heart forever.

Doun, # 12, August 1923, pp. 1-2.

TO SAINT MESROB

Like the sun, which is the source of light, born from unimaginable heights, and which for centuries now, enlightens many worlds and gives life to them, you shine throughout the centuries, thou, Saint Mesrob.

We see your shining, the strength of the Armenian genius on your face which radiates like the dawn, your ingeniousness, your mental abilities and sacred ideas. It is impossible to find anything similar to them in the East. We, with filial eyes, are thrilled and look through the rare history of our golden age. You forged it in gold, in collaboration with the powerful patriarch Saint Sahag Bartev and with the support of Armenia's sovereign eminence, King Vramsahabouh.

When in solitude, I search through my advising, intimate friends, the books written in my native language. I become vigilant and think about the unfortunate Armenian children who did not have such intimate friends. And my books speak out to me: "Oh, you, happy young boy! Now you are becoming aware of events that happened in the distant corners of the world thousands of years ago, and by garnering experience from those events, you are building up your character. Do you ponder who that great genius who granted you that priceless richness was? And do you feel yourself thankful to that superbly gentle and self-devoted, patriotic individual?"

I bow my filial head in front of that charming genius. I stand up for a moment of respect, and suddenly I wake up and exclaim: "It is impossible

for a nation to ever disappear from the world if it has nourished such genii and creative minds on its breast, and therefore, as long as the nation lives, there in the depth of their hearts live as well the individuals who have brought glory and have been the pride of that nation."

Then, with a contented heart, I depart from the scene after a last respectful glance at it.

Doun, # 15-16, November-December 1923, pp. 5-6.

HISTORY OF THE ARMENIANS

Among all the books of Armenian history we had up to the 20th century, we should consider Movses Khorentasi's book on Armenian history the most successful. It has been translated into many languages of the world. Notwithstanding the legends, traditions it includes, it has been introduced to the scientific world and has gained respect. Khorenatsi wrote this outstanding study upon the request of the cavalier Sahag Pakradouni. He compiled in three books the story of our nation, from the beginning to the fall of the Arsacid Kingdom. Though M. Khorenatsi is the father of Armenian historiography and the biggest pride of the fifth century, I have to state that with the history he wrote in the 19th century Sdepanos Balasanian surpasses his predecessors and his contemporaries. Balasanian has written this book having the books of Khorenatsi and other historians in perspective, as well as foreign and/or national sources, like Greek, Chaldean, Assyrian historians, the Bible, national manuscripts, folk songs and traditions.

Honesty, impartiality, his concise and easy to understand style, and the Armenian language style used stand out in Balasanian's study. These give the study plusses so that the reader never gets bored reading it.

This authoritative researcher historian meant to uncover what was concealed of past centuries and to better illuminate for the new generation the past tracks of its predecessors, their conquests and their losses, bravery and wickedness, which he rebukes repeatedly. In any case, he wants to

teach the new generation under what circumstances it can have successful periods and under what circumstances an individual can be subject to destruction.

Accordingly, we can state that Sdepanos Balasanian's *History of the Armenians* can be defined as one of the main resources for the success of our generation, because by reading this book, the new generation will not fall intothe traps which our predecessors often fell into. Rather, we will be aware of these traps and walk safely through plain grounds and therefore will succeed.

With filial, ardent and honest feelings we offer our thanks to the author, who has flattened all difficulties and eventually has produced this book, which will become a leading advisor to our generation.

Doun, # 21, May 1924, pp. 34-35.

THE CITY OF ANI

The city of Ani… a remnant of past glories, a great output of Armenian genius and a pride for the Armenians….

Descending from the heights of Aladja, Akhurian approaches it and in veneration kisses the queen's, Ani's, pedestal. Then it avoids departing from Ani too soon, making every effort by shifting from its course and making a semi-circle saying bye to its beloved, once maginificent and mysterious, embellished and splendid lord, whose glorious and shining days have been equally witnessed by him.

Whover sets foot there for the first time, Armenian or a foreigner, cannot watch indifferently and in cold blood the scene that sprouts in front of him - many destroyed and half-ruined churches and monasteries, hills covered with stones and soil. Taking steps in the direction of the west, he comes across the ruins of the marvelous palace of the Bagratids, which stands out proudly with its hundreds of rooms on Dzaghgatsor. Around the palace and in different parts of the city there are many mansions, public and philanthropic constructions and inaccessible fortresses. But alas… only their fragments remain as living witness of the past great glories….

We may consider the marvelous Cathedral of Ani as a representative of Ani's past dignity. It is the masterpiece of the most able architect, Dertad, which has stood up against the storms of the centuries, and still astonishes all travelers today. It has high arches from inside, which are embellished with delicate and beautiful ornaments from outside.

Another remnant of Ani's old glories is its northern double-walled bastion, with its circular towers. Eleven entrances of such towers have survived to this day.

The multiplicity of these ruins, the massiveness of these constructions, their gloriousness, majesty, excellence, hugeness with their revealing memories inspire reverence in the bystander. At the same time with their deadly odour and frightful silence they present the life story of a horrifying cemetery, which leaves a heavy, heartbreaking impression on the bystander.

The ruins of Ani tell a lot about our past, and it is impossible for those who comprehend their language not to become emotional about this tragic history. A Russian sergeant, after comprehending the deep grief and lamenting at the ruins, has written on the wall what his heart instructed him to write: "Oh my God, why did you desert the nation that loved and worshipped you."

These ruins give prophesying inspiration to others. A Frenchman, carried away with such a prophesy, has written the following truth on the wall: "If such a strong nation has not disappeared by now, it will never disappear from now on."

Doun, # 23, July 1924, pp. 5-6.

S.E. LE GÉNÉRAL WEYGAND

Son Excellence le général Weygand, bras droit du maréchal Foch et artisan de la défense de la Pologne, est né à Bruxelles le 21 juillet 1867. À 18 ans, il intègre la division de cavalerie de l'École militaire de Saint-Cyr, qu'il quitte trois ans plus tard avec le grade de sous-lieutenant. Il est alors affecté au 4e régiment de cavalerie de ligne, où il gravit les échelons, obtenant successivement le grade de lieutenant, puis de capitaine cinq ans plus tard, avant d'être promu commandant dans la cavalerie légère (Hussards) en 1907.

S.E. le général Weygand s'est également distingué en tant qu'inspecteur des armées alliées du Rhin. Il fut ensuite nommé Haut-Commissaire de France pour la Syrie et le Grand Liban, ainsi que général en chef de l'armée d'Orient.

Lors de son arrivée, le pays a retrouvé la paix, la sécurité et la prospérité. La politique a été entièrement réformée, et les prévaricateurs ont été fermement sanctionnés. Le général, animé d'une profonde humanité, s'est personnellement rendu dans les villages et les villes, observant les conditions locales et portant secours aux plus démunis. Pour nous, Arméniens réfugiés en Syrie et au Liban, sa présence a été une source de réconfort : il a su remplir nos cœurs de gratitude, d'admiration et d'espérance.

L'absence de S.E. nous attriste profondément. Cependant, la France, soucieuse de préserver ses meilleurs soldats, demeure fidèle à ses

engagements et à son inébranlable sollicitude envers un peuple qu'elle a toujours considéré comme une amie fidèle et une seconde patrie.

Pour nous, Arméniens, il est impossible de taire nos sentiments de gratitude envers la noble France et ses éminents représentants, qui furent les seuls à nous accueillir à bras ouverts en Syrie et au Liban, alors que des milliers des nôtres erraient, désespérés, à la recherche d'un refuge sous le soleil.

C'est donc avec une joie sincère et une immense satisfaction que nous adressons nos félicitations à S.E. le général Weygand pour sa nomination au Conseil supérieur de la Guerre. Nous lui souhaitons des succès incommensurables et à la Syrie comme au Liban, une prospérité durable.

Vive la France et S.E. le général Weygand !

Vive le Liban et la Syrie !

Doun, # 23, July 1924, pp. 25-27.

THE GREATEST DAY OF A GREAT NATION

The British colonies of America had enjoyed quite a peaceful life, and prospered under the rule of the kings of England. Up to the rule of George III of England, they had made a great deal of money by trading with the French and the Spanish – sending them lumber and fish and bringing back molasses and sugar from French islands and bags of silver from the Spaniards. Now, with the beginning of the new king's rule all this profitable commerce was to come to an end.

George III was conscientious, but narrow-minded, obstinate and sometimes crazy. He cut off the trade of the colonies with all parts of the world, imposed a number of taxes upon them, plundered their seas, ravaged their coasts. He sent armies of mercenaries to carry on the work of death, desolation and tyranny with cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the old barbarous ages. At last, the wise men of the colonies came together to oppose, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people, but they never thought of separation from England or of independence.

Up to 1776 the New Englanders had been fighting in defence of their rights as British subjects. But when, as an answer to their humble petitions for justice, the king of England called for troops to put down "the rebellion" in America, the patriots thought the time had come for a final separation from Great Britain. The arms should decide the contest, but the English people would not volunteer to fight their brethren and their kinsmen, so the king had to hire mercenaries for the work. The knowledge of the fact

cut the last tie that held the colonies bound to their mother-country. They never sought separations, but it was the king and not the people that forced it upon them. After a long line of struggles and bloodsheds, the patriots under the command of General Washington succeeded to expel the British troops from the country.

The last, the most decisive and crowning victory of the war was that of George Washington upon the able general, Lord Cornwallis.

Cornwallis had defeated the Americans at Guilford, Court House, North Carolina, but he himself had lost so heavily that he could not hold his ground, so he retreated to Wilmington, North Carolina. He arrived there in a miserable plight, having lost nearly half of his men by battle, sickness, or desertion. Cornwallis then decided to march northward to Virginia and at last fortified himself in Yorktown, which was to be his prison until he surrendered. Now, it was Washington's turn to give a tremendous blow. Washington, by the aid of the French fleet and the troops and by his own army, marched rapidly south from the Hudson to Yorktown and besieged it. Cornwallis held out manfully for a week, against all hardships – solid-shot, red-hot balls and shells. Then seeing that it was useless to struggle against fate and against the iron will and the inalterable decision of George Washington, he surrendered. This bright victory practically ended the war of revolution. By this victory the foundation of the Declaration of Independence was laid on more permanent ground and it was acknowledged by the world and even by England herself. So, July 4th, as the birthday of it, was made the Greatest Day of U.S.A.

Indeed, July 4th is a great day, for the world and especially for the Americans, because, on that day, 148 years ago, one of the greatest events of history took place on the other side of the Atlantic. That day is the birthday of a nation, which was to be the pride of and a blessing for mankind, and a breathing model of philanthropy, justice, kindness, honest, and uncommon beneficence. That very day freedom stood up victorious in the battlefield, upon the corpse of despotism, singing heartily the song of liberty. On that historical day did the Star-Spangled Banner wave freely over the flourishing country, where once the persecuted pilgrims had landed.

As one of the thousands of the protégées of this noble nation's noble sons, I have a word of honor, a word of respect and a word of thankfulness to those heroes of American history who showed themselves ready even to sacrifice their precious lives for the Declaration of Independence – that is for the foundation of this new nation. O! that I could praise one by one all those who voluntarily shed their precious blood to lay the foundations of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, but I see that a much stronger and vivid imagination is needed to do that.

Doun, # 24, August 1924, pp. 44-45.

A PLEASANT JOURNEY

At daybreak, we small company started to journey to a village just ten miles off from our town. The day was bright and pleasant and nature had put on her most beautiful attire. The mountains, far in the horizon, lifted their snowy heads proudly and higher than the clouds, which passed away hardly daring to feel the rough bodies of their Majesties. After a while rose up the sun from a mountain peak to add its beauty to those at hand. The numerous cool springs gushing out from the cracks and sliding away in crystal clearness glittered under its first rays.

The scenery was a most splendid one. Bewitched by the beauty of nature we forgot our fatigue. Our journey was all the more enjoyable. We walked on, often stopping to admire a many-colored bird or to listen to its song. The sun had attained a high position when, at last, our pleasant journey was drawing near its end. Soon we were upon a verdant hilltop from where we could see the aim of our journey.

Down in the valley along the mountain side amid the greenness lay a cluster of peasant cottages. The beautiful out-spread fields of several colors revealed the masterpiece of the world's greatest artist.

We entered the village by a narrow path overarched by trees on both sides. It was composed of twenty houses having almost, without exception, a fragrant garden, fringed about with thorn bushes. In many of these gardens flourished flowers of the most dazzling hues. The cottages were all

one storied, with thatched roofs, and usually had one or more dogs, which at each step of ours, broke into turbulent barking.

In our trip through the dirty and muddy lanes of the village, before a cottage door we met a bare-legged old woman, wrapped in a much worn-out robe, and wearing a pair of square-patched shoes. She stood knitting a stocking, while a huge, dark-eyed dog walked by, fawning around her. She invited us in with her villager's hospitality, and offered a mattress to sit on.

The hut had three passages, as far as I perceived. One was the door we had entered, the second led to a larger room, which seemed to be used for every purpose- kitchen, woodstore, laundry and pantry, because there I could see cooking utensils, farm tools and all the like. It had an old-fashioned fireplace, where a few blocks of wood smouldered. Much of the smoke found its way into the room, where we were sitting, only a small part succeeding to escape out through a third passage on the wall. By the woman, on the same mat, sat her faithful friend, often opening its mouth wide. The cocks, the hens, the chickens walked in and out of the cottage at pleasure.

After a few minutes of pleasant conversation, we came out of the hut. Among the muck and the mire of the narrow lanes, we could see a great hurly-burly of shepherd, of cattle and of dogs. Everything we perceived, seemed to hasten to rest, having performed the day's work. Now, the bleating of sheep, barking of dogs, bellowing of cows and screaming and brawling of men, under the last beams of the golden disk of the sun, filled the atmosphere.

Two hours more passed away, and the village, with all its hurly-burly fell in a deep sleep, and we withdrew into our host's cottage.

Doun, # 25, September 1924, pp. 46-48.

THE PAST AND THE INEVITABLE MESSAGE

For some long years, beginning from 1915, the Armenians were driven from their homes to deserts and barren regions. The mass of the people looked like a shepherd's flock of sheep wherein some hungry wolves had made their way. No one knew what he was to do: none could make use of his will; no one was his own master. The children did not belong to their parents. Thousands of innocent infants were taken from their parents' breasts, and condemned to grow, as Moslems in the densest atmosphere of sin and vice. They were deprived of anything that meant much for conduct and character.

This was not a small thing to pass over. It was a serious problem to be solved. A whole generation of young people was being robbed of its religion, and its history of the past, and itself. This infamous work of conversion by force was carried on more and more successfully and zealously. If this course of events continued without a check, the end would be very deplorable. Such a grave danger would not be viewed without an agitation of souls. But who would prevent this mighty danger? To whom could this helpless people voice his sufferings and griefs? Everywhere reigned the same dismal condition. The world was a chaos for these sufferers, at least they were forced to think so.

This the devoted Americans thought a supreme opportunity to achieve a bit of their love for humanity, their skill in using their authority, which has a high position in this country, as everywhere. And, they felt free to

begin their toilsome work. It proved to be the mightiest human force in determining the destiny of a whole people. Tens of thousands of children, scattered all over the country, already some having forgotten their language, religion and nationality, were gathered with great difficulties.

Then began the hard but, at the same time, grand work of rebuilding the ruined characters, which worked upon as flowers by the sun, soon flourished, and were improved to a considerable degree. This reshaping of characters and the cultivation of a fine moral sense demanded great energy, skill, patience and perseverance, and our American friends proved to possess all these qualities in large measures.

These thousands of lads, each from a different town, speaking altogether different dialects, some Turkish, some Armenian, some the mixture of the two and others Kurdish, were soon made to feel one another as brethren. The orphanages became true homes with families of hundreds of members, the love of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, all were substituted for.

I have been a member of one of these very large families since a long time.- My family, once formed of only ten members, is now increased to ten hundred members. Illiteracy was general in our family of that day. I never could have imagined, even, that in the world there existed a language which men called English, and which I should study, though very little. I could not write or read in my maternal language, and there scarcely could be found a few who knew more than I.

When these facts of the past penetrate my mind, which happens often, I cannot avoid the message they bear. I shudder at first from that terrible fable, and after a little while of confusion, I instinctively feel overcome with some emotion which I cannot conceal. It is a feeling of admiration, gratitude and thankfulness towards our deliverers, protectors, and all those who devoted their precious time, and excellent skill, and energy for our cause.

This feeling is an inevitable message of the past, and is deeply planted in the heads of all the conscious protégées. Not one of them can glance at his frightful background without uttering a few words of honor and respect then thankfulness and admiration to the heroes of that great task of determining the destiny of thousands.

Doun, # 20, April 1924, pp. 27-29.

FAREWELL DEAR FRIENDS

It is two days our band is in Beirut. Yesterday we played in the Field Day of the American University, and today we are waiting anxiously for our schoolboys who will come from our orphanage at Jbeil to go to France. The sun has attained quite high point in the sky and shines in full brightness. The sea, like an old grandmother, looks at the ships, like her granddaughters. Everything on the earth under the sun's rays shines like a sun. Below in the streets the people go and come like ants in the warm sunshine. On the highway, at the heart of a long train of dust an auto advances. Oh! they are our schoolboys. After a few minutes we have their hands in ours and talk happily with them. Now all the band boys are mingled with their friends. Everybody is happy and there is mutual love. At last, the bell rings for dinner and all the friendly conversations come to an end.

After the dinner the interrupted talking continues with enthusiasm. Our band plays a few happy tunes. Then tickets are given and the time approaches to go to the quay. After a while we all are outside the door in the street. We are surrounded by a crowd of interested people. They seem to be interested especially with the band that is at the head of a long procession. This procession is composed of boys from Jbeil, our orphanage, from Aleppo and from other orphanages. It passes through the crowded streets of Beirut. Now everybody seems somewhat perplexed by the thought that he is going to leave all his friends and relatives, if any.

Occasionally we hear the thunder like sound of the ship which we have now in sight.

Arrived at the quay, the long procession makes a halt. There we wait for general Weygand who should pass from there to enter the ship, because today he also will go to France. All the great men of Beirut come by and by to bid farewell to the general. The sun has declined to the west; shadows have grown longer. At once all the eyes turn to one side. The arrival of the great general is announced. Immediately, as he passes, we play "Le Marseillaise" as farewell and as sign of our wishes for his voyage.

Others return to their home having accomplished their duty, but how shall we leave here so many friends, whom we shall see no more? Oh! That is a difficult task. But we cannot do otherwise. The sun declines more and more to the sea, gilding it with its dying rays. After a moment's hesitation we take one by one the hands of our friends and shake them heartly, and bid them farewell. It is the cruel moment of separation. Then we shake handkerchiefs and hats and they answer from the boat with similar signals. Now they all are swallowed up by that monster of the sea, the ship.

bye, friends, school mates! I hope you will ever remember the days we have spent in fellowship and never forget about the kindness of our director and our teachers and all the ness you enjoyed in the orphanage. I wish you luck, prosperity and happiness in all your lives.

Doun, # 21, May 1924, pp. 51-52.

THE PROSPECT OF CENTURIES COMES TO LIFE

It was the exciting vision of generations, for six centuries, that May 28th of 1918 brought life to the Armenians, although not in the same splendour as it was fancied so long. Many had suffered the most disastrous and bitter death for their attempts to dream this goal nearer. Thousands of noble souls were sacrificed for this same sacred subject, which seemed to attach to it all the youthful and cultivated minds. It was for this day, the day of independence, that our forefathers longed and hoped even in the dark prison cells and under the cruel lashes of tyrants.

Oh! May 28th, speak to these curious hearts of ours. What was that tie, which attached to you so firmly the fast-beating hearts of millions for hundreds of years? What made you so dear and majestic, so that one and all of the individuals of a whole nation fancied you in their most unfavorable situations and even before the gallows? I see. You are so eagerly longed for because you were to grant them an atmosphere of freedom, where their progress should not be checked or hindered. There they would be allowed to worship their God in the way they preferred, and no one would interrupt their affairs.

Indeed, this was a rightful and natural desire for a people inclined to progress continually. This people wanted to build, to create, to work and to enjoy the fruits of their own labor and intellect. In this direction they worked and made heroic efforts until they succeeded, though after centuries and after having been reduced to a miserable state. Then are we

not fortunate in having been destined to see this great day, the most ardent desire of our fathers, incarnated? Indeed, we are.

The 28th of May will be welcome every year, henceforth, in every corner of the extensive world where there is an Armenian. And we, the children of our hopeful fathers, for the fifth time, in Jbeil at the foot of the Lebanon greet it with a tenderness of heart. And as we solemnize this great holiday, we can never fail of thinking all about the startling and thrilling events, about the surprising and inexpressible horror which gave birth to it.

APPENDIX B

EXCERPTS FROM AL KULLIYAH, AUB MAGAZINE

From the *Official Records*

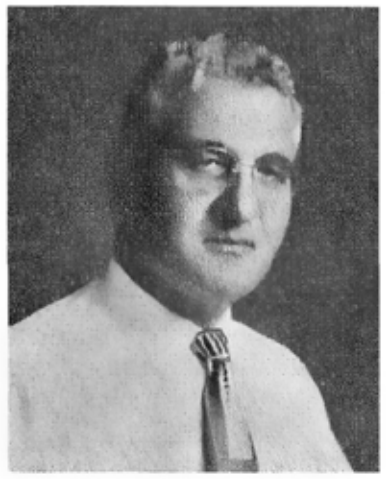
A Visit From Melkonian's Director

A school where all students' expenses are paid through philanthropic sources is almost unique in the educational world. Of such a sort is the Melkonian Educational Institute in Nicosia, whose Director, **DANIEL S. WOSGIAN (B.A. '29)**, better known to some of his classmates as **KOUYOUMDJIAN**, visited the Alumni offices in late August. Established by funds from the Melkonian cigarette fortune, the school has some 160 students from the Near East, including Turkey, Greece, Cyprus and Abbysinia. It begins with the seventh year and prepares graduates for higher education and for elementary school teaching. It has 150 graduates now teaching in Armenian elementary schools throughout the area.

The purpose of Mr. Wosgian's visit was to choose ten students from among the nearly 75 applicants in Syria and Lebanon. Students are chosen according to their need and also for scholarship attainments.

Mr. Wosgian, born in Zeytun, spent 16 years as Dean and Registrar of Aleppo College. He has been at Nicosia for seven years. Last year, he directed the 25th Anniversary celebration of the Melkonian institution. He is married, and has a son and two daughters.

Mr. Wosgian later sent us a very interesting yearbook with many photographs which show the school to be progressive and up-to-date. Melkonian graduates with A.U.B. degrees are **DANIEL ABDULIAN (B. Sc. Pharm. Chem. Hon. '52), VAROUJAN BARSAMIAN (B. Sc. C. E. Hon. '51), GARBIS MUGRIAN (B.A. Hon.)** and **SARKIS NALBANDIAN (B.A.)**



Daniel S. Wosgian, director of a unique school

AL Kuliyyah magazine 1952.pdf

AL-KULLIYYAH

ISSUED BY THE

American University of Beirut

FORMERLY THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

VOL. XV. JULY, 1929 No. 9

Candidates for the degree of B. A.

Muḥammad Maḥmûd Adîb	John Ibrahîm Mirhij
Ha-an 'Ali Afnân	Farîd Jibrâ'îl Najjâr
Haratûne Panos Aivazian	Bahâ'i Sa'îd Nammar
Fâḍil Jurji Antippa	Michel Jurjus Nassar
Ṭawfîḳ Sab' 'Aṭâya	*Zayn Nûr-ud-Dîn
'Abd-ur-Raḥmân Khalîl Barbîr	'Ali Yûsuf Nuwayhiḍ
Nadîm 'Abd-ul-Hamîd Barûdi	Yervant Vahan Ouzounian
Ṣubḥi Rashîd Barûdi	Mihertad A. Panossian
*Emile M. Bustâni	'Ali Parviz Ra'ûf
Fahmi Sa'îd Charmukli	Munîr Riḍa Rûḥi
George Mir'i Haddad	Amîn Farḥât Saffûri
Haydar 'Alâ'-ud-Dîn Halâwah	Ihsân Aḥmad Shâkir
Iliyya Jurjus Hammâm	Fu'âd Hamdi Sha'râni
Garabed Haratunian	'Ali Rashîd Sha'th
'Abd-ul-Hafîz 'A. Jamîl	*Muḥammad 'Abdallah Shbaḳlu
Ibrahîm Mîkhâ'îl Kalash	*'Afîf Isḥâḳ Tannûs
Akram Nadîm Kamâl	'Abd-ul-Latîf Ṭîbâwi
Haratûne Kazanjian	Garabed Tilkian
Salma Jurjus Khûri	Ibrahîm 'Abd-ul-Fattâḥ Ṭûḳân
Daniel Kouyoumjian	Ḳadri Hâfiẓ Ṭûḳân
Vartan Hagop Krikorian	Na'îm Haydar Ṭûkân
Sulaymân Salîm Mâmu	George Najîb Wakîm
*Ibrahîm Jibrân Maṭar	Wafîk Zantût

Candidates for the degree of B.A. (in Medicine)

George Ḳusta Dîbu	Yervant Markarian
Na îm Nasîm Khûri	Khalîl Jurjus Wakim

* With honor.

AL-KULLIYYAH

ISSUED BY THE

American University of Beirut

FORMERLY THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

VOL. XVII. MAY 15, 1931 No. 5

ALEPPO BRANCH

It is very gratifying to learn of the enthusiastic interest our fellow alumni in Aleppo are showing in the progress and welfare of their Branch. In the last business meeting they held on March 14, they voted to meet more frequently than heretofore—at least once a month—during the nine months of the academic year. An election of officers to serve in the coming year took place in that March meeting.

The officers elected are :

Amin Hilal, B.A., 1907, President
Philip Hovnanian, B.A., M.D., 1908, Vice-President
Daniel Wosgian, B.A., 1929, Secretary
Yervant Ketenjian, D.D.S., 1929, Treasurer

We felicitate the new officers on the confidence placed in them by their fellow Alumni in Aleppo and wish the Branch a very flourishing year. We thank also the former Secretary, Mr. Aziz Ni'meh, for his services during his term of office.

We were assured by our friend, Mr. Hilal, that the new Secretary will keep us posted on all the activities of the Branch in the Northern city.

AL-KULLIYYAH

ISSUED BY THE

American University of Beirut

FORMERLY THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

VOL. XVIII. JULY, 1932 No. 6

SOCIAL MEETING OF THE ALEPPO BRANCH

We learned from a letter from Mr. Daniel Wogian, Secretary of the Alumni Branch in Aleppo, that about a hundred and twenty people gathered on Saturday evening, May 2, at the big hall of the American School for Boys in Aleppo, to enjoy a pleasant social evening. Half of them were guests of the Alumni Branch. There were planty of good instrumental music, thanks to Mr. S. Tchamichian, son of L. Tchamichian, M.D. 1910, a prospective student of the A.U.B. A very attractive part of the program was vocal music furnished by a choir of more than thirty young men and young women under the leadership of S. Ganimian (Short Course Commerce). This group of singers was organized by the wife of Philip Hovnanian, M.D. 1908.

The whole audience enjoyed seeing the pictures of the A.U.B. thrown on the stereopticon screen. They carried the A.U.B. men back to the Campus and refreshed their memories of pleasant and familiar scenes of college days, and they impressed the guests with the beauty and dignity of our institution.

The President, Mr. Amin B. Hilal, gave the concluding item of the program—a loyal and pleasant speech in which he spoke vividly of the spirit of the A.U.B., and urged the members to continue their endeavours to keep the organization alive and active.

AL-KULLIYYAH

ISSUED BY THE

American University of Beirut

FORMERLY THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

One dollar yearly

VOL. XIX. NOVEMBER, 1932 No. 1

THE ALUMNI BULLETIN

1929 We were glad to receive a card announcing the wedding on July 8, of Daniel S. Wosgian, B.A., teacher in the North Syria School for Boys, and secretary of the Alumni Branch in Aleppo, to Miss Rosalin Roubian of the same city.

countant for the Sudan Plantation Syndicate at Barakat, Sudan, and Miss Josephine Azar from his native town, Zahleh, were wedded at the bride's home on September 25. Ten days after the wedding the happy couple went to Barakat.

VOL. XXI. FEBRUARY 1, 1935 No. 3

ALEPPO BRANCH

On Tuesday evening, December 13, a good number of our fellov allumni in Aleppo held an informal meeting in the home of Drs. A, & R. Djebedian and Dr. P. Hovnanian. The hospitality of the hosts wa: thoroughly enjoyed by the enthusiastic alumni. It is true that th meeting was held in the northern part of Syria, but, judging from th letter of Mr. Daniel S. Wosgian, Secretary of the Branch, the atmos phere was that of the A.U.B Of course the A.U.B. was the center o the "constructive and intellectual conversation". The memories o "their dear Alma Mater" were revived. They talked about her anc about their lives on the campus with "deep feelings of devotion anc reverence". Mr. Wosgian writes us that the alumni in Aleppo intenc to hold, during this academic year, several meetings of similar nature.

APPENDIX C
EXCERPTS FROM BCW (LAU)

LAU Yearbook: Trireme

1958 BCW yearbook

© 2025 Lebanese American University Librairies. All rights reserved.

HISTORY - POLITICS DEPARTMENT

Within the wider context provided by the purpose of the College as a whole and the consideration both practical and theoretical — of the Curriculum Committee — the History-Politics Department operates with the view of fulfilling the following :

a) Establishment in the students' minds of the scholarly and scientific approach to a problem where emphasis on facts, truth, and objectivity is stressed rather than on emotions, imagination, or wishes.

b) Encouragement of students to take stands on issues — stands that could be defended if challenged, stands that are to be changed in the light of new evidence, or in case they prove to be unsatisfactory.

c) Acquainting students with basic facts of politics and history, with different methods of procedure in these fields and with techniques of legitimately interpreting facts and evaluating procedures.

These we hope will provide our students with skills that enable them to follow intelligently current developments, to distinguish between irresponsible propaganda and responsible talk, to realize the complexities and difficulties involved in the political, social and cultural behavior of their own communities, of other parts of the work and in different periods in history, and to correctly estimate the different kinds of relationships that best lead to mutual understanding between people.

Matter (courses) and methods (approaches) are supposed to join hands in preparing responsible citizens equipped with basic rules of responsible behavior.

M. KURBAN

Miss Mary M. Roberts, B.A. Mr. Mulhim Kurban, Ph.D., Mrs. Frances M. Roberts, M.A. Miss Angelina el Helou, B.B.A. Mrs. Wadad Cortas, M. A. Mr. Donald Roberts, M.A. Miss Najla Najjar, B. A. Mr. Daniel Wosgian, B. A.

1958 - 1959 BCW yearbook

© 2025 Lebanese American University Librairies. All rights reserved.

Mr. Mulhim Kurban, M.A., Ph.D., Mr. Donald Roberts, M.A., Chairman, Miss Angelina el Helou, M. A., Miss Najla Najjar, B. A., Mr. Daniel Wosgian, M.A., Mrs. Wadad Cortas, M.A., Mrs. Frances Roberts, M.A.

History - Politics Department

The Department trains students in the scholarly and scientific approach to basic facts and problems in history and politics, their interpretation and evaluation. They are encouraged to take stands on issues that can be defended if challenged — and to change them in the light of new evidence, or in case they are proved unsatisfactory.

Matter (courses) and methods (approaches) are combined to enable students to follow current events intelligently, face constructively the complexities and difficulties involved in the political, social and current behavior of their own and other communities, and promote relationships that can best lead to mutual understanding between people.

HISTORY-POLITICS DEPARTMENT

DANIEL S. WOSGIAN, Chairma
Ph. D., Columbia University

The aim of the History-Politics Department is to supply a substantial amount of remembered experience basic to human development and progress. The courses offered are an integral part of a liberal arts program. The major emphasis is on the experience of Europe, mother of modern civilization, and on the Near and Middle East, where most of BCW students have their homes, and whose rich and distinctive cultural heritage will be preserved and advanced only as it is understood and appreciated.

1962 BCW yearbook
© 2025 Lebanese American University Librairies. All rights reserved.

When did what happen and where?

Dr. Daniel Wosgian
Chairman

Names, events, places and dates paraded in and out of our minds as history repeated itself on every test. Tackling the ancients' as well as the moderns' political ideas proved to be quite a challenge which we met with some views of our own. Trying to find out who and what we are led to lively discussions on the nature of human beings and their societies. Still, we sought solutions to our problems and those of the world.

1965 BCW yearbook
© 2025 Lebanese American University Librairies. All rights reserved.

SOCIAL SCIENCE DIVISION

Dr. Daniel Wosgian
Professor of History
and Political Science

The Social Science Division includes History, Political Science, Sociology, Social Work and Psychology with Child Development. All of these pertain to the study of individual or collective, present or past human behavior, a phenomenon, the understanding and controlling of which is one of the greatest problems of the modern world. The social scientist is challenged in this age to check the growing imbalance between scientific discoveries and the hazards they can create for world civilization.

Perhaps it is student awareness of this problem that is in part responsible for making the Social Science Division the most popular one at B.C.W. There are 118 students majoring in the various fields of Social Science this year.

D. Wosgian

Daniel S. Wosgian
Chairman

1970 BCW yearbook
© 2025 Lebanese American University Librairies. All rights reserved.

Daniel at the Armenian Evangelical College

Daniel at MEI, 1952

Graduates and teachers of MEI, 1945-1946

Daniel at MEI, 1956

Daniel with MEI teachers and Catholicos Karekin Hovsepians, October 6, 1946

Graduates of MEI, 1946-1947

Graduates and teachers of MEI, 1947-1948

Scouts of MEI, 1949

Board members, 1 April, 1949

MEI graduates and teachers, 1950-1951

MEI graduates and teachers, 1951-1952

MEI graduates, 1952-1953

MEI teachers with the scholar Arshag Chobanian, 1953

The scholar Arshag Chobanian, with MEI students, March 8, 1953

MEI graduates and teachers, 1953-1954

MEI graduates and teachers, 1954-1955

MEI graduates and teachers, 1955-1956

CYPRUS UNDER BRITISH RULE

By

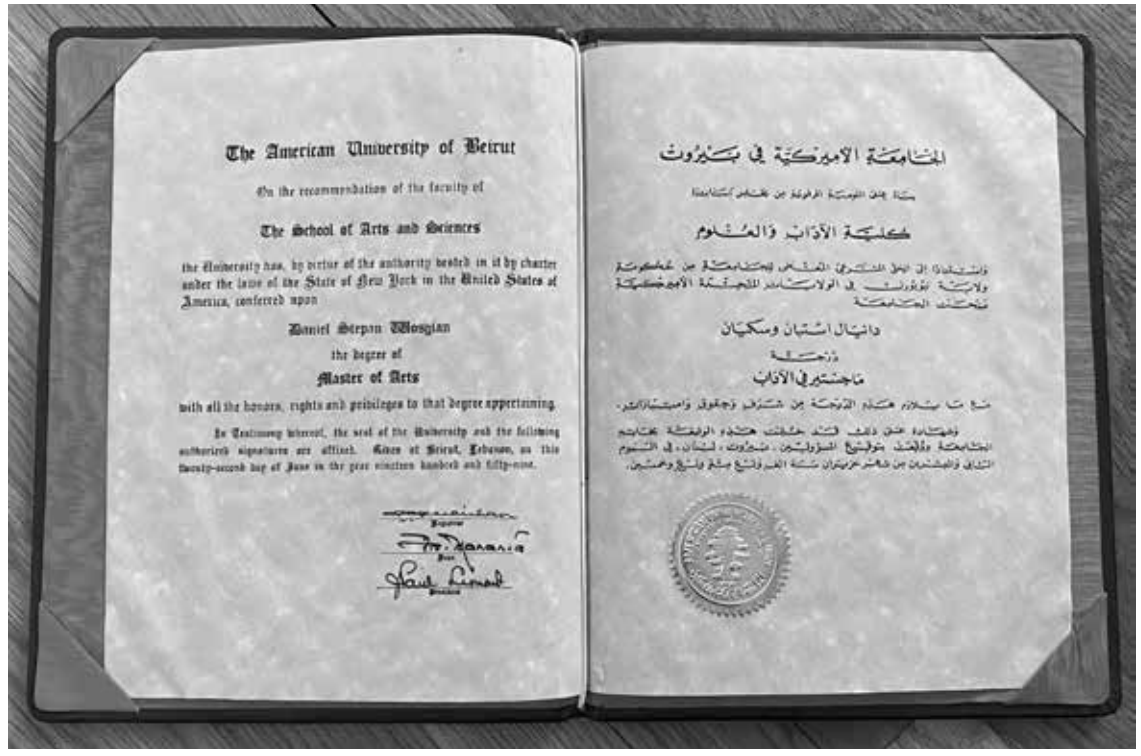
Daniel S. Wosgian, B.A.
(American University of Beirut, 1929)

A thesis submitted to the History Department of the American University of Beirut in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Degree of

Master of Arts

American University of Beirut
Beirut, Lebanon
April, 1959

Daniel's MA thesis cover



The American University of Beirut

On the recommendation of the faculty of

The School of Arts and Sciences

the University has, by virtue of the authority vested in it by charter under the laws of the State of New York in the United States of America, conferred upon

Daniel Serpan Wosgian

the degree of

Master of Arts

with all the honors, rights and privileges to that degree appertaining.

In Testimony whereof, the seal of the University and the following authorized signatures are affixed. Given at Beirut, Lebanon, on this twenty-second day of June in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-nine.

الجامعة الاميركية في بيروت

كلية الآداب والعلوم

دانيال اسبان وسكيان

ماجستير في الآداب

Daniel's MA degree

APPENDIX D

THE CONCLUSIVE CHAPTER FROM DANIEL'S PHD THESIS

Daniel Wosgian Received his PhD from Columbia University in 1963. The following is the conclusion of his thesis, entitled "Turks and British Rule in Cyprus"

Anglo-Turkish "Collusion"- In this study we have examined the impact of British rule in Cyprus, particularly upon the Turkish-Cypriots, and have seen that, in the long run, contrary to occasional Turkish complaints, far from deliberately advancing the Greek cause to the detriment of Turkish interests, if anything, the British have done the opposite. Greeks may call it an Anglo-Turkish collusion to frustrate Enosis, while it may be only a natural alliance brought about by a community of interests; but in either case, the fact of Anglo-Turkish cooperation cannot be denied.

During the eighty-two years of their administration, the British have shown a scrupulous respect toward Turkish traditions and customs, have given the Turks their full share of government jobs, and have worked hand •n in hand to bulk Greek designs on the island.

Naturally the Cypriot Turks could not retake their privileged position of old Ottoman days as a ruling race, with full rights of citizenship, in the midst of a majority of second-class citizens, *dhimmis* or *rayas*. This medieval oriental institution had lost its survival value, had become an anachronism diametrically opposed to the modern ideas of democracy and equality of all citizens before the law. The Turks cannot blame the British for their loss of these privileges, because in Turkey itself the old institution dealing and finally disappeared during the same period. The British did their best to

safeguard the rights and interests of Turkish Cypriots as individuals and as a community, in spite of the unceasing efforts of the Greek majority to secure power and reduce the Turks to the s tatus of a minority, with only minority rights.

During the British occupation, the Turkish-Cypriots talked occasionally of the island's return to Turkey and during the last two years, of its partition (*Taksim*) between Greece and Turkey, but soon after the first years of British rule they must have realized that Cyprus was lost for as far as Turkey was concerned. It was not logical to expect Cyprus to be an exception and not fall in line with the general pattern of events of the period. The ottoman Empire was crumbling fast in an ever-accelerating process of disintegration, losing territories all along its periphery.

Wherever there was a majority of non-Turks and especially non-Mus1ims a separatist movement appeared; it soon became irresistible; in the name of liberty or democracy, and after World War I, in the name of the principle of self-determination it secured the support of one or more great powers; and brought about a secession.

Under these circumstances, Cyprus, with an over whelming Greek majority and its island position rendering it impregnable to a Turkey deprived of any sea power to speak of, could not be expected to return to Turkey. Anyway, regardless of what they may have believed prior to it, by the Lausanne Treaty and in accordance with Ataturk's po1icy of excluding non-Turkish majorities, the Turks finally and officially surrendered all their claims to Cyprus. Therefore, the most they could realistically expect was security and minority rights under a regime, which naturally would be dominated by the Greek majority. However, as the British felt less and less secure in the island, particularly after the open EOKA revolt against them, the Turks realized that they could increasingly rely upon the British and, in alliance with t hem, secure much more than what they might otherwise have expected under normal conditions and without active British support. Thus, they exploited this opportunity and made the most of it, finally succeeding in becoming privileged partners in an independent Cyprus, instead of a mere minority. A brief review of the specific advantages the

Turks finally secured will convince the reader of the privileged position they obtained vis-à-vis the Greek majority, in a three-cornered bargain in which · they and the British enjoyed each other's support as "natural allies".

Advantages Secured by Turkish-Cypriots - As was evident. in the preceding chapter, in our discussion of the salient points of the Cyprus Constitution, there is hardly any article in it which does not provide for some right or privilege for the Cypriot Turks.

For the Turkish flag and language, they have secured a place of honor equal to that of the Greek majority. The Turkish Vice-President has prerogatives parallel to those of the Greek President, and the right of veto over the major decisions of the President, the House of Representatives and the Council of Ministers. Practically, it is he who appoints the Turkish ministers, judges and high officials and exercises the right of pardon in capital cases involving Turks.

The Turkish population of Cyprus is only 17.5 per cent of the whole and yet they have secured thirty per cent of the seats in the House of Representatives, thirty per cent of all positions in the civil and foreign services and forty per cent of the army posts. What is more, in certain fundamental questions, no decision can be made by the House without the explicit' consent of a majority of Turkish Representatives. Then, there is the Turkish Communal Chamber, parallel to the Greek, with equal rights and privileges.[1] Also in all the five principal towns of the island the Turks will have their own geographically separated municipalities.

In the judicial set-up the Turks are not only represented in proportion to their numbers, but in many cases on a basis of equality with the Greeks.

---

[1] *Halkin Sesi*, 16 September 1962.
The columnist Turanli complains that the Greeks still consider the Turks a minority and their constitutional rights as concessions. He insists that "the Turkish community is one of the two partners.... To describe the Turkish community as a minority and our rights as concessions does not accord with the principle of justice, ethics and humanity."

For instance, in the Supreme Constitutional Court, they have equal representation with the Greeks. In the ordinary law courts, they have the privilege of being tried by Turkish judges and sentences against them are to be carried out by Turkish officers alone.

To be doubly safe against a possible attempt of the Greek majority to revive Enosis, the Turks have secured two international treaties. By a Treaty of Guarantee of which Great Britain and Turkey too are signatories, "the independence, territorial integrity and constitution of the Republic" are guaranteed, in other words all the above-mentioned privileges of the Turks and the present *status quo* are under international or rather British and Turkish protection. There is also a second international agreement, the Treaty of Military Alliance, which enables Turkey to maintain a garrison in Cyprus with the right of reinforcing it in case of need, again for the purpose of protecting Turkish rights and privileges provided for by the Cyprus Constitution.

It is interesting to notice that the share Turks have been granted now in the administration of the island is much greater than what they could secure in 1882, when Cyprus was stll1 technically Ottoman territory and the relative number of its Turkish population was much greater.[2] In addition to all the other novel advantages just mentioned, their share in the present administration is thirty per cent as against twenty-five per cent in the 1882 Constitution.[3] Also a study of the Turkish demands, prepared on 1 June 1948 by the Turkish members of the Consultative Assemb1ly, in conjunction with other leaders, ostensibly their maximum demands, fall far short at the rights secured in 1960.

No prophetic insight is necessary to imagine what would probably have happened to Cyprus and the Turkish-Cypriot community without a British occupation. If the fate of similarly situated areas in any guide, Cyprus with

[2] In 1881 the Turks constituted 24.41per cent of the is1and's population.

[3] Ahmet Gazioglu, *Ingiliz Idaresinde Kibris 1878-1960, Cilt 1*, Istanbul, 1960, p. 48.
Out of twelve elected members of the Legislative Assembly only three (25%) were Turks.

its overwhelming Greek majority and insular position, inaccessible to the Turkish land forces, would have gone to Greece sometime between 1914 and 1923, if not earlier, followed by an exodus of Turks, perhaps under the guise of an exchange of population. Defence needs of Turkey could not prevent the cession of Rhodes to Greece, although it is closer to the Turkish mainland, nor could the presence of a greater proportion of Turks in Crete prevent its loss.

Advantages Secured by the British. - Soon after the occupation of Cyprus grandiose British dreams of making it the nucleus of and the springboard for building a great new empire in Asiatic Turkey receded and the island remained as a British military outpost in a strategically important and politically sensitive area. Therefore, British interest in Cyprus was mainly one of defence[4] and by the Cyprus settlement they secured these rights in a satisfactory manner, without the responsibility and expense of governing the island, a responsibility which was becoming increasingly distasteful and onerous with the necessity of maintaining a large force there, fighting an-esteemed and traditional friend and seriously endangering a valuable alliance.

A glance at the four maps constituting Appendix V in the Cyprus White Paper (Cmnd. 1093) will convince any observer that the British could hardly have asked for more than what they secured by their Treaty of Establishment. Annex A of this treaty provides for the two British Sovereign

Bases at Akrotiri and Dhekelia and Annex B provides for auxiliary faci1ities with over forty sites, outside the Sovereign Bases, to be used by the

[4] Halford L. Hoskins, *The Middle East Problem Area in World Politics*, Macmillan Co., New York, 1957. '
During the EOKA period the British were most anxious to maintain their hold on Cyprus at considerable cost both material and moral (endangering Greek friendship and antagonizing world opinion), because they considered it their only safe base within striking distance of Moscow (1500 miles), Bakou (1000 miles) and the Rumanian oil fields (800 miles). It could also be used to watch the Suez Canal and the Straits.

British as airfields, harbors, radar stations, training areas, firing ranges and sources of water supply. All those areas are fairly evenly distributed over the island and on looking at those maps one cannot escape the impression of the British presence in Cyprus. The British registered a further success, when six months after her independence, the Republic of Cyprus decided to join the Commonwealth.

Greek Defeat. - After more than a century of sustained effort to secure Enosis, in the 1ast critical years of British rule, when that dream seemed just around the corner, suddenly the whole picture changed and the beautiful dream vanished. The Greeks were forced to make to the Turks and the British the extensive concessions just described, because they were outmanoeuvred into an impasse by their two opponents.

The Anglo-Turkish cooperation put the Greeks in a tight corner both in Cyprus and around the international conference table. The armed struggle of EOKA was ruining the island economically and was becoming daily more difficult as the British army constantly improved its tactics and narrowed the ring around the Greek fighters; Turkish action in the communal strife presented ominous prospects; the British refused to revert to tie easy-going pro-EOKA regime and declared their decision to apply the Partition Plan (*Taksim*) unless the Greeks agreed to a plan acceptable to the Turks. The Greek cause looked equally hopeless in its international setting. Anglo-Turkish cooperation had succeeded in tipping the balance away from pro-Greek tendencies. Whether in the U.S. State Department, NATO or UNO, the combined influence of Great Britain and Turkey proved too much for Greece. Thus, unable to resist any longer the concerted Anglo-Turkish action and the international pressure they were able to bring to play, the Greeks complied with a heavy heart and agreed to give up their century-old dream of Enosis. The "final" solution of the Cyprus question snacked of an Anglo-Turkish victory over the Greeks.

Daniel receiving his PhD from Columbia University, New York 1963

THE END