

A FEW PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT THE ENGLISH VERSION OF PAZMASHEN

Please be advised that from Armenian to English, 90% of the translation was made word by word. The rest of the words were rephrased to give a meaningful sentence.

Because of the period, the author has used many Turkish words in his memoir. With my minimal Turkish knowledge, it became very difficult to find the exact meanings in Armenian as well as in English.

Vartan Khosrovian, the author, has used many nicknames in Armenian and in Turkish. I was unable to find the true meanings of these nicknames. Therefore, you will note all the original *Nicknames* in *Italics*.

Names of villages, mountains, fields, fountains are in either Armenian or Turkish and are left in their original names and they are shown in *Italics*.

I visited the Worcester Public Library and looked into many maps of Armenia, during that period, but I was unable to find **PAZMASHEN** or **GOOLTIG VILLAGE** in any of maps. On page 23 I have included a photocopy of a map "Overview of Armenia", which shows Kharpert, Arapkir, Mezireh, Malatia, Adana, Caesarea, Dikranagerd, Sepastia and Ordou, mentioned in the book.

I have also made photocopies of the pictures which were in the Armenian version and included it in the English version on pages: 1-A, 46-A, 48-A and 48-B.

My apologies for any grammatical or spelling errors. Please, understand that it was not an easy task to translate. However, I hope you will have as many laughs reading the English version, as I did with the Armenian version.

DEDICATED

In Memory of the People of

Pazmashen
(Pazmashentsis)

Compiled by:

Vartan Khosrovian
1930



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PREFACE

The purpose of the history of Pazmashen is to communicate the past and the glory of Pazmashen to the heart and soul of all Pazmashen individuals who are spread at the Four Corners of the world.

The history of Pazmashen will remind us of our past, the sad and happy days, and will remain indestructible the name of Pazmashen deep in our hearts.

The history of Pazmashen introduces without any impartiality the men of the village, who stood supportive and loyal to Pazmashen.

Pazmashen will be an inseparable friend, and it will keep the new generation aware of their parents' village.

The history of Pazmashen will be the heir to every Pazmashen and its usefulness and appreciation by all readers; and it will be our rewards.

Vartan Khosrovian

PAZMASHEN

Our intention is to write the history of Pazmashen, from our past expression by gathering precise knowledge, without exaggeration and to render to the future generations.

The history of Pazmashen, precisely and with an opinion of feasible veracity will attempt to establish who were the founding members of the village.

The history of Pazmashen will acquaint us with all those majestic souls, who confronted all the difficulties; and gave their hearts and souls, until they made Pazmashen visible. To build and populate Pazmashen was their vow.

The name Pazmashen will remain always fresh and deep, in the hearts of the villagers. For more than five hundred years they have lived of the land. They have drunk its pure water and breathe the air. They will never, never lose the memory of its superb sights, the hills covered with lilies, and the miraculously constructed Churches. They will all bow in front of its memory, as individual bows in front of a Saint, and will remember its name from century to century.

Pazmashen's principle men have been the Kendoian four brothers, who were called *Egopenk*. They purchased the entire village, a distance of two and one half miles of mountain and field, with a legal document, in the year 1422. That document was preserved with Ovan Kendoian; we called him *Khanchee Ovan*. In 1875, we personally saw that document, which was methodically dated and prepared. However, Sultan Hamid's forces seized that document.

Ovan Kendoian's mother, Anna, was 120 years old when she passed away. She had seen her grandchild's grandchildren. The Kendoians and the villagers competed with each other day by day to construct and populate their village. The village grew and people began to immigrate from all over. By that date the Kendoian families

increased to 40 individuals. We have learned from narrators that people from other regions came to settle in the village and were accepted only with a distinct oath that they will remain faithful to the charming Pazmashen, to its air and water, which augments the human lives. The Kendoians felt very proud working for the village's progress. It was unfortunate that the village lacked a Church and a school. Church services were held in ordinary homes; and for schooling, if an individual knew reading and writing, the children were educated with that person. That is how it continued until the year 1550.

THE COURSE OF SULTAN MOURAD TOWARDS ARMENIANS

During the sweet-scented season of spring, in the year 1556, the Turkish Sultan had a humble notion to personally visit his country's regions, provinces and villages to see his trustworthy and loyal people. The Sultan executed his decision the last month of spring. He started to visit all the provinces and villages. Regardless how small the village was the Sultan wanted to know his people. He had visited Kharpert and he was on his way to *Chor* village. When the people of Pazmashen heard that the Sultan had arrived at the village of *Chor* they prepared to welcome him. The elder women constituted the first group, accompanied by the Priest. The second group constituted the elder men and village Rulers. The entire village population slowly walked through the fields to wish the Sultan a warm welcome. They all bowed in front of him, held candles and the women had their heads covered with a white shroud. The Sultan extended his appreciation to the Priest and kissed the Holy Cross. Then they all proceeded toward the village by singing and using the cymbals.

The Sultan raised his eyes to look around, and he noticed a great number of people in the field. Along the way the Sultan and his secretary, who was an Armenian, blessed the people and wished them to be expedient and to **multiply**.

At that time, the name **PAZMASHEN**, (Multiply), was given to the village; before that, the name had been *Goolteeg village*.

Thus the Sultan and the elders with joyous and happy pace entered the village and after some rest, they surrounded a prepared food table. On one side sat the Sultan with his bodyguards and on the other side the Priest with the Rulers. The ladies had roast a whole lamb and decorated the table with small flags. The Sultan extended his appreciation to the elder ladies. After the Priest blessed the table, they were ready to eat. Uttering salutations to the Sultan and everyone emptied their wineglasses. The deacons sang a song dedicated to the name of the Sultan, with a melancholy voice. The Sultan with happiness told them that, “this is my village, I will never grow tired if I stay here long”.

After dinner the Sultan started to ask religious questions and wished to see the village Church. The Priest answered, – “Your majesty, unfortunately we do not have a Church, our services are held in ordinary homes”. The Sultan found out the facts, and extended his pain and immediately gave an order so that an adequate, large, and solid Church be built. A *jug* full of gold was given for the construction. (That empty *jug* remained in the Church until the year 1898, after that it was seized by Sultan Hamid’s *wolves*). For the construction of the *Sultan Mourad Church* he personally brought architects and then departed from the village.

The village was considered very lucky and blessed for the new Pazmashen; it was a great opportunity to have a friend like the Sultan. Mourad’s orders were executed in a very fast pace. There were no shortages of labor for the construction of the church; Pazmashen’s young men worked day and night; every effort was made to send the news to the Sultan that the Church construction was completed without any delay. Truly, the construction was completed in four years. The Church painting was sent to the Sultan, and a reply received by telegraph. That original telegraph communication remained with the Kendoians until 1895.

THE PROGRESS OF PAZMASHEN

The village people had a more enthusiastic work drive and won higher standards in Kharpert and Pazmashen received many praises. When the villagers heard about the praises they had received, they worked fervently for its progress. Pazmashen had many different craftsmen, especially a large number of agriculturists for all the land, which belonged to them. There were more than 30 workshops built in the village. Pazmashen produced linseed, sesamum, opium, and started to produce oil and distribute it all over. It was unseen and unheard of the things that Pazmashen, in a systematic way, succeeded to produce oil and illuminate most of Turkey. Before that date people used cedars to illuminate their houses. Therefore, Pazmashen rescued the people from their troubles.

The position of Pazmashen had been impregnable, constructed between two mountains, approximately an area of six square miles towards *keevla-village*, *Sorsere*, *Argheroog*, *Chor-villageh*, *Hentsor*, *Miadoon*, *Khach Kar* ecetera.

THE COMPLICATED QUESTION OF KHOOLA-VILLAGE

The following has been gathered from historians. Back in time, the *Kheevla*-field belonged to the people of *Khoola-village*; it was unknown as to how or under what circumstances? It was also unclear as to why the people of *Koola-village* opposed the people of Pazmashen. There was no certain reason, but it was true that a person from Pazmashen was murdered and was hidden in a stack of wheat. A girl from Pazmashen who had gone as a bride to *Khoola-village* could not tolerate that her neighbor and her grandfather's friend was murdered in vain. One night, the bride in her dream saw the bloody hand of the murdered villager who told her, "Girl do not forget my vengeance." This gracious bride awoke from her deep sleep, very quietly came out of her bed, put on her clothes and went to Pazmashen. She told her father what she had heard and what she saw in her dream and returned to her place without

anyone's knowledge. The people of Pazmashen informed the rulers without revealing their source of information. The incident was pursued for a long time, but the judges were unable to determine who the real murderer was. The question was: if a person from *Khoola*-village was the murderer how the people of Pazmashen found out the where about of the person who was placed in the haystack? In addition, if a person from Pazmashen had killed the victim, why the government was not notified? This difficult incident could not be understood, therefore it was important to reveal the affair. Finally the court appointed three men to go and examine the victim at its location and according to their intelligence and findings give a judgment. The three men went to *Khoola*-field. After examining all the facts they decided to have one person stand in *Khoola*-village another man in *Pazmashen* and another man in between *Khoola*-village and *Pazmashen*, on a small hill, and scream "*Allah Hekbar*." Whoever heard "*Allah Hekbar*" first is the place of the murderer. That is the way happened, *Khool*-village heard it first. Pazmashen won the case, and the *Khoola*-field remained to Pazmashen, and the name of that small hill remained "*Allah Hekbar*", the way it was named during their time.

The city of Kharpert was a distance of three hours from Pazmashen. On the west, situated at the low end of two hills, had its protector, the *Holy Cross* and its *Holy Place*, they were the fortress of Pazmashen. At the lower end of the village, towards the North, there was a very wide field, a distance of three square miles, not even a space as wide as a hand was remained uncultivated. It had sweet tasting water, colder than ice. It seemed like a person would have a gentle envy when that delightful sight appeared in front of his eyes, those beautiful gold color wheat husk fields moving like the waves of an ocean, one after the other.

Pazmashen enjoyed a partial freedom by the far-sightedness of the Rulers of the village who remained free from suppressions and harms way. Those great men brought dignity and irreprehensible honors to the village all the time; they knew the psychology of the Turkish people and won their favors. It was learned from the history that one day *Neego Oksivzian* went mule-riding; robbers came and stole

Neego's mule. "Well, said *Neego*, I came to cultivate *Master Hajie Ahmed's* land and you steal my mule?" When the robbers heard *Hajie Ahmed's* name they immediately returned the mule, and *Neego* said, "Love that dog's name; when *Kharpert* barks at the mountains of *Yeznuga* it changes the wolf to a lamb." During the time of those men, *Pazmashen* had never had any grief or suffering. The name of *Pazmashen* was always praised within the Turkish circuit and the words of *Pazmashen* people had great value everywhere.

THE ENJOYMENT DURING HOLIDAYS

Holiday periods were observed majestically, the entire eight days. Church services were held in the evening, with large number of people present in Church: girls, brides, and boys, old, small, throughout the night. Services ended before sunrise and every person returned to their home, merry! You would think that the entire village was filled with God's blessings. No one was left alone to eat; it continued like that the eight days of Christmas. There was much merriment during the Carnival days; no one kept spite or grudges towards each other. With happiness, they would spend their days. Young and old had their own certain games. Young women formed their own group holding hands and walked charmingly, with their "gold" color hairs spread to their shoulder, shiny gold earrings hanging from their ears, with their tender faces; specially their mouth opened like a rose bud oscillating. With their enchanting cheeks and ravishing eyes observed the young men who watched them. They were innocent in their hearts, with low voice, they whispered to each other's ears, *Khatoon* today during the dance we are going to praise you. Behind them walked women, more aged, and one of them said, "Today I am going to praise my daughter-in-law and you will be the lead dancer"? Another group with young girls, dressed up in colorful and decorated dresses with unspeakable happiness, ran after each other. One of the young girls said, "*Sooltan*, our mother gave us a huge raisin, when we go home she will also give you some; and my father has made a long sweet *rogeeg*. Another

youngster interrupted by saying that her grandmother made *basdegh*, which is larger than a bed. The youngsters forgot that they were going to the dance hall; suddenly they realized and hastily ran towards the dance hall. In the large dance hall, a bride had started to dance. The lead dancer was the Godmother, next to her the new bride, covered in a white silk veil. At the center of the dance all the youngsters were singing, including the new bride, in a very low voice that the Godmother could hardly hear the singing. They whispered, "Cut a silk cloth equal to the length of the *Sooltan*, write Paul's name in it", and with her beautiful eyes, very gently from underneath the veil, observed the young men who were starrng at her. In another dance more aged women danced by praising their new bride and singing: -

It was *Mariam's fountain* from arch to arch,
And they want *Mariam* for *Minas*

This last praise gave a luster to this gala and occupied everybody's attention, which lasted a very short period. All the guests moved to the *Narzhonts* floor. There, two monsters wrestled, hurting each other, one pitiless like a tiger and the other stronger than a lion. Who could stand calmly? It was impossible for people to change their places, perhaps her favorite young man would be conquered; and the new brides looked directly, with the fear that someday their husbands would wrestle. Oh, that day, blessed that day!

Without any delay, Easter arrived! On Great Thursday, every family was in preparation. Elderly women boiled red eggs. The Great Thursday egg could be kept for forty days! The small children felt uncomfortable during the afternoon Church services. The Priest was prepared to place butter on their hands and wash their feet. Everybody, young and old were gathered in the Churchyard. The Church bell rang; soon after, the second door of the Church opened and all the youngsters in a row entered the Church where the Priest was prepared; every child took their place. On Good Friday, all the youngsters appeared with their red eggs; the women and the girls were ready to attend the evening Church Service. They were going to *sew Judas eyes*, they would listen to the musicians; they would listen to the Priest and Holy

Mass: - *“Take, and eat; this is my body”*. The Church was full with parishioners; they listened to the whole ceremony with faith. Darkness took place; *Judas eyes* were sewed; and everybody returned to their homes. On Saturday morning every young men, eggs in their hands, went out.

The young men with unspeakable happiness gathered in groups in the streets and they participated in egg fights with strong eggs. They told each other: - “If you have an egg that was laid every other day I will give ten for one of them”. Although they had started egg fights, they were not allowed to eat. They waited for Noon Services; the entire village waited for the Church bell to ring. The Church was completely full with parishioners. Time came to read the Book of Daniel. The bidding Competition commenced. Every man opened his eyes wide. Suddenly a person voiced; “One *mejeed*” (*Silver coin*); another interrupted: - “two”; a third “three”; and another one with a loud voice “One gold”. This last one won the competition, and he proudly started to read the Book of Daniel.

The deacon: - *“Bless and Praise”*.

After the Church services everybody with unspeakable happiness returned to their homes. A person would be very lucky to have a guest in his home to celebrate Easter. It was the desire of everyone to dine with someone. It was difficult to bring a young man home from his egg fight. On the day of Resurrection, no one stayed home; everyone went to the dance hall. Brides dressed up in red dresses, after arranging their home affairs, went to the dance hall and worked with the others.

All of the villagers gathered outside. It was something to see! Some were spouting, dancing, running and some wrestling with their opponents. It was difficult to describe the huge audience, without age partiality. Everybody had a smile.

THE KHATCH-KAR HISTORY

The protector “Khatch-Kar” of Pazmashen was located outside of the village, on the Eastside, on a elevated rising; it was a white rock. An organized force of men could high.

have lasted a very long time against the Kurdish forces. The Khatch-Kar was ten feet high. A strange inscription was noticed, and it was presumed to be in Greek writing. If that was true, the Khatch-Kar was erected before Pazmashen was discovered as a Holy Place. In 1892, the Katch-Kar was destroyed by a much-unknown strong wind. On that day, some people uttered that this was meant to be a token of destruction of the village.

On the East Side, on a tremendous elevation, was located the Saint's Place, named Saint Zachariah. On that huge rock, it was possible to hold more than one hundred people. In front of Saint Zachariah there was a delightful scenery; the village which was under its protection, its plowed plains and grape fields, miraculous fountains, babbling brooklets, sometimes in a very soft sound would tumble. During springtime, many plants grew around Saint Zachariah. Fragrant flowers like the ones in the Paraisaical Garden appeared in front of visitors. Fresh plants bent down on the rocks would look like shaking the hands of the pilgrims. Elderly mothers with deep faith would carve their kiss on the darken rocks; it sounded that there was a voice coming from inside that said: - *"Your faith will heal you."*

Far from the village, at the summit of the mountain, flocks of sheep were spread, over a great area mixed with goats. The shepherd with his game bag flung on his shoulder, his flute on its side, ran down from the top checking his flock. With his magical flute, he would guide the course of his flock. Next to his flock would be seen a large, but a smart dog; on its neck hung a metal chain. That smart dog would always walk from an elevation and sometimes would sit on a rock with his paws stretched and his beautiful head placed on them; but again his eyes traveled around the flock under his responsibility to guard, specially the goats that ran ahead of the rest who amassed more fresh grass.

On the newly grown greens little lambs were spread bleatingly looking for their mothers; the moment they saw her they would start to run up the mountain. It was impossible to stop them; they would fall in their mother's bosoms. On the other side

it was visible two pairs of oxen plowing a field, proudly pulling in front of their master the yoke which was placed on their shoulder. Now and then they would move their head up to breath the Northern wind and to sound the noises of their hanging bells.

A little farther there was a noticeable newly grown green shrubs which had grown like a newly risen bride. The bees would ramble around the half-opened flowers to collect their essence. The brides who were tendering the gardens with their rosy cheeks, with their gloomy and beautiful eyes, dressed up in blue dresses, their fair hairs spread above their shoulder, their pretty foreheads held above, with a beautiful voice they would sing home-made melodies, with a cradle-song voice, barely restraining their tears. It was obvious that either someone had migrated or lost a person close to their heart.

At that instant a young man who was watering a nearby field heard the heart-warming voices. The soft female voices would rumble his whole essence, when he heard the song with the following words:

*Do not cry, oh, do not cry, and do not let me cry,
Whomever makes me cry let God make him cry;
Let my eyes go blind I will never forget you,
If I speak lye, let God knows.*

THE LIFE OF KHAYEEG PASHA

In 1877, Nigoghos Jigerjian said, "From Tatoi's or *Garamoo*'s house a 15 year old lad was troubled and escaped from his home. After many searching he was forgotten. In the mean time the lad traveled to *Bolis*, (Constantinople). Upon his arrival, the police arrested him for not possessing papers of personal identification. The lad was astonished and he asked to see *Sultan Moorad*. The policemen without any objection informed the Sultan that there was a lad who wanted to see him. The Sultan gave an order to bring the lad to him. When the lad bowed in front of him, the Sultan asked him "what do you want? On the other hand, how do you know me? Since you are a

young boy.” The young man answers as follow: - “Your highness I know you; I am from Pazmashen.” The Sultan kissed the lad’s forehead and asked: - “how did you come here? Why did you come and what are you planning to do here?” The lad answered, “I have come to work and live here.” The Sultan said, “ If I send you to school will you go?” “Yes, I will go”, he replied. Under the Sultan’s care, he was sent to school. After many years, *Khayeeq Tatian* graduated from military school. He received a governor’s degree from the Sultan; and after a while he was sent to Mosul on an official business. He traveled to Kharpert; when he reached near his birthplace, he chose to stay at an Inn, in the village of Pazmashen, in his old home as a guest; he stayed one week. When they brought a lamb and chickens from outside he questioned: - “Is this homemade soup good? Or the lamb that walked outside.” *Khayig Pasha* never identified himself to his family members. Before he left, he placed an article written about his life at one of the corners of the house.

THE ORIGIN OF DERVISHIANS SURNAME

The Dervishian descendants were not large at the beginning. In 1640 a person by the name of *Mikayel* had chosen *Dervish* profession (Muslim Ascetic Orders); he never stayed in the village; very seldom *Dervish*’s neighbors saw his face; at the same time they knew his living place. From its history it had been know that *Dervish* had not chosen that course to earn his living, but underneath that miserable clothing there was a great man. The intention of *Dervish* was to warn the passing emigrants that the neighborhood of Pazmashen was very dangerous. During that time, Armenian villages were full of foreign robbers. After feeding someone twice, they would demand money. Considering all these difficulties *Dervish* took his bagger’s stick; his hair shed on his shoulder, his long eye brows, his beard mixed, his odd clothing covered in dirt sat at the top of a nest, on a hill and with his planet eyes observed the roads. When he saw unwanted people approaching the village, the *Dervish* with his strange face would greet and frighten them. Whoever saw our dear *Dervish* would not dare to place a foot on that land. With the precise meaning of the word *Dervish* became the father Pasha for his great services and sacrifices to the village. During

that period, *Bezdig Dap* was a very small Armenian village and eventually they all immigrated to Pazmashen. There is more to say and to write about this. *Khan Fountain* became a *Turkish village* and involved in conflicts with Pazmashen. Again, *Dervish* had played a big role.

In 1882, on top of *Sooroo Mountain* they found a hole, it was said that it was *Dervish's* living place. It was 15 feet long and 6 feet high cave. Hovhanness Memoian and Asadoor Boghosian had found a hand made straw-mat; a small water jug; a food plate and it was said that these articles belonged to *Dervish*.

DISOBEDIENCE IN KHARPERT

It had been told that in 1722, there was disobedience in Kharpert and Kurdish strongmen came to the villages to collect dues by saying, "it is our right". Violence increased day by day. Also in Kharpert every individual acted like a *Ruler*: - the Kurds, the Turks, the Laz, the Circassians, etceteras; they never recognized the government. Of course, this echoed until it reached *Bolis*. The governor was sent with 50,000 soldiers toward Kharpert and strongmen prepared to fight. *Resheed Pasha* arrived in *Malatia*. All the Chieftains from the surrounding areas of Kharpert gathered near *Euphrates Rivulet* to withstand the soldiers. The battle started in the morning, which lasted about four to five hours. The soldiers crossed the water and they gallowed all the chieftains and insurgents. When they arrived *Khan-Fountain* village, the head ruler of Pazmashen, Asadoor Onanian; gave a petition to the Governor that the village was on fire. The Governor sent a detachment of troops to Pazmashen to investigate the problem. The soldiers noticed that the immigrants had their horses bridles installed wrong. The soldiers gathered all the immigrants and took them to the Governor. *Resheed Pasha* had built gallows and sharp stakes to punish the wicked. He noticed that Pazmashen was a large village and gave an order to the Kurds to live peacefully. There was no disapproval from the villagers and the entire village lived peacefully. A Kurdish woman had said, "Do not do that, it will not remain like this everyday." *Resheed Pasha* brought peace to everything.

Everybody recognized the Ruler. Even the lamb recognized its mother. For a while even Kharpert and its regions ate their bread peacefully.

THE QUESTION OF *KHoola* WATER

Near *Khoola* village there was plentiful gushing water which belonged to Pazmashen along with *Khoola* field. In 1722, the villagers from *Khoola* village again created a problem and ended up in court, for a long time. Avedis Kendoian had told a story that he saw seven Governors who arrived with their tents. This case continued for four months and no one would guess who would be the winner. There was a linguist from the village whose arguments were so strong that the Governors were unable to give a judgment; even elder Kurdish men had come and testified that the water belonged to Pazmashen. Nevertheless, it was needless. At that time, a letter arrived from a famous lady. Give an order to give a favorable solution to the judgment in order *not to give the brain of the lion to the cat*. After reading that letter they were informed that the water belonged to Pazmashen and departed immediately. That water remained to Pazmashen until 1892.

SHABOIAN'S PAST

Very early, the Shaboians stayed with Kurds. The story, as told by *Molla Sorig* goes like this: - The two Shaboian brothers – Hovhaness and Sarkis and the son Mardo – were involved in business, in Kurdish neighborhoods, and they were very influential and fearless. One day, the brothers went to the Kurds in *Zeva* to collect money owed to them. When they were near the property of Master *Ismayel*, they had a big collision with the shepherds. The two brothers broke the heads of two of them and returned home. When *Master Ismayel* was informed he was enraged and immediately sent a group of Kurds to give a good lesson to the *gentiles*. At nighttime, they surrendered the Shaboians house. The two brothers watched the men from inside until morning. The Kurds noticed that it was impossible to attack them, they burnt part of the house and departed.

Our two brothers naturally were unable to tolerate this and a few days later with their Kurdish neighbors went to their opponent's mill and started a fire with a few stacks of hay. The opposition increased between the two sides. Although there was a Kurdish Ruler in the neighborhood of the two brothers, but it was getting very difficult to live there, therefore they decided to emigrate to Pazmashen, where a few houses were being established.

The Shaboians built their house at the upper side, near the Atamians. After a while the Shaboians changed their name to *Merenk*. How it happened? Let us explain in a few words. A ranking official lived in that house, after his death a humane lady, by the name, *Mero*, with her children, remained in the house. Accordingly, the Shaboians were named *Merenk*. The last remainings were *Meger*, *Mosses* and *Mardo*. Mardo was adopted by Krikor Jeloian.

OVESSIANS PAST

Gostan Ovessian came from *Bezdig Dap*. They had two sons, active young men, and one daughter, *Givultana*, who was a young dedicated mother and the last survivor of the Aghoian family. On the mountains of *Dersemie*, Gostan Ovessian was murdered along with his friends, Medros, Garabed and Giragos Ajemian. A young man like that is born only one in one hundred years. The story, as told by some of the villagers about the Ovessians: Gostan Ovessian settled in Pazmashen, his son Meger was good pewter, traveled by working in Kurdish villages. After a short while he built a small house. A few years later he went to the interiors to establish work. He only visited Pazmashen twice a year. One day on his return home the Kurds surrounded the valley, assumed that Meger had plenty of money. The vibrant young man saw his life in danger and he hid in a cave. The Kurds waited for him for two long days. It was impossible to remain in the cave without water and food, Meger decided to come out from the cave. He attacked the Kurds; even if he faced death. Firm on his decision, he attacked insanely the two Kurds who surrounded him. Without saying anything, he wounded them and passed the guards. Meger was also wounded and soaked in

blood. He escaped in the dark and went directly to *Shaghavat*, to the home of *Moustafa* the Ruler.

When the servants saw his condition, they notified the *Moustafa* about Meger. He immediately ordered for him to be washed, and then to treat his wounds to the best of their experience. Within a few days his wounds improved. The *Moustafa* gathered information and told *Meger* that he knew his father *Gostan* very well, "I was very much respected by him, and now leave your revenge to me". He sent Meger to *Pazmashen*. *Moustafa* burnt the houses of those who touched *Gostan*'s son. He remained a friend to the people of *Pazmashen*, even during the days of his son, *Omen Geevlee*, in the year 1780.

ABOUT THE LIFE OF THE AZOLIANS

In 1740, Markar Azoian became the Ruler of the village. All the villagers loved his brother *Merganos*. The history showed that during his ruling no one gave him any difficulty.

The Azoian brothers were blessed with twelve sons, lively and healthy, they had granddaughters and grandsons. They had left a famous name in the region, but the *merciless Turks* murdered all of them, barely leaving just a few members of their family. In 1878, the Azoian name was no longer heard.

INFORMATION GIVEN BY DANABASHIAN HOVHANESS

Let us say that *Bezdi Dap* was a small village and had very little cultivable land and it was not sufficient to earn a living from a palm size land. In order to create jobs they encouraged shepherds to graze their flock, since there was a huge mountain in the back, named *Arzdiv (Tiger) Mountain*. The number of sheep increased tremendously and they decided to rename *Sevri (pointed) Mountain*. A Turkish shepherd by the name *Chorkeghtsee Ossman* sat in his tent and grazed his flock in the nearby fields. One day the shepherds from *Bezdie Plain* started to fight with *Osman*.

The servant of an Armenian, a *Turk*, by the name *Mesto*, was killed and buried in the field, to hide the body. Pazmashen, in order to protect the people of *Bezdi Dap* pursued the question. They discovered the man who was buried and started to fight against *Osman* and his men until they were expelled from *Ozmaker*. The majority of that place, along with the field, remained to Pazmashen. It was named *Medekor Osman*, and stayed there until our days.

THE LIFE OF ASADOOR DERVISHIAN

During his youth time, it seemed he was built like a piece of steel, very tall, very strong, with a striking face and clean character. He had his own land. We do not know under what circumstances but he was involved in a fight with the Oksinians, one with words, and the Dervishian, bodily strong. Every person knew that it was difficult to vanquish Asadoor and the case was closed without going to the courts. A week later the stacks of hay of the Oksinians was placed on fire outside of the village field. This was a suitable occasion for the Oksinians; and they notified the government that a few days earlier, they were involved in an altercation with Asadoor and now they have burnt our stacks of hay. The rulers sent policeman to bring Asadoor to the civil authorities to be hung. It is said, during that time that was the way one was punished. When the policeman arrested Asadoor and took him away, his mother wanted to accompany her son. When they arrived *Gedoog Village*, in the valley, Asadoor told his mother in his language: - "Mother, should I try to escape?" "Why do you ask my son, if you can why do you wait?" They walked some more; a grape dealer came. The policeman said to himself, "this is his last day and I will do a good deed". He bought some grapes; they sat down to eat. Asadoor moved to one side to let him know that he had a *need* and fled rapidly. When he was delayed, the policeman rode his horse to see why he was delayed. He turned his horse back, this side, that side, but Asadoor had vanished. He saw a shepherd and asked him if he had seen a man fleeing from here? The kind shepherd pointed the wrong direction, the policeman returned without Asadoor.

The policeman started to beat the mother. Her eye and face was covered with blood, and he took her to the Rulers in that condition. When the Rulers saw the blood covered woman, they became feared. They asked the policeman how he allowed this to happen. "Her son escaped", he replied. They asked the policeman, "haven't you eaten bread from the hands of this woman?" The policeman received his punishment with a cane.

Let us turn to Asadoor: - For many weeks he roamed mountains and valleys, hungry and thirsty; he came to *Mariam Mountain, Kheje Pooghar* place. He stopped in Minas Arakelian's field. He called, "Uncle Minas, Uncle Minas". "Asadoor, my son, is that you? Come, come", said Uncle Minas. "I am hungry and thirsty." "Come, there is plenty of bread, and water." A frightened Asadoor ate his bread, drank his water, and stayed with Uncle Minas for two weeks. Minas told him that it could not continue like this. He said, "Let me send you to *Kurdish Master Sanookh*, he is my friend, and he will protect you". Asadoor went to the *Master* and told him the facts and that he is innocent. The *Master* told him that at any cost "I will protect you; stay with me". When the Rulers heard where Asadoor was, they sent a threatening letter to *Master Sanookh*, and they received the reply as follows: - "Not an Armenian, not even a hen will be surrendered to you, whatever you want help yourself". The Rulers hopelessly arrived in Pazmashen on Dervishians place and took the land and water as a pledge.

After staying a few weeks with *Master Sanookh*, Asadoor requested from him to take him to Euphrates River to go to *Adana*. The master forced him to stay in his home. Asadoor refused the *Master's* request. The *Master* took him to the other side of the River and Asadoor Dervishian arrived in *Adana*.

After a few years, it was discovered that the Oksivzians haystacks were burnt by a Turk. Before the Turk died, he confessed that Asadoor was innocent, "I burnt the hay stacks". When the Rulers heard the confession, they sent a letter to Asadoor in *Adana* to announce his innocence. Asadoor returned to the Village, but the Rulers refused to give his land back. They told him that he could lease the land and cultivate it and that is the way it worked. Those lands remained under the hands of Devrishians and were called *Resheed Beg* land. During that time it was like

that whoever knew how to respect the Rulers, flatter them, his back never touched the ground, and remained a friend of the Ruler.

THE PAST OF MUGHDES DEPAN MEZOIAN

Mughdes Depan was a great mule-rider; he had between 65 and 70 cattle. He was a fearless and brave man. He traveled for many years to all the ports to transport merchandise. He was a famous horseman; very well known around Arabia and spoke fluent and pure Arabic. At that time it was impossible for a common man to travel directly from Kharpert to Caesarea, but *Mughdes Depan* went; as any other person was safe going to Church from his home. He had no fear what so ever, he was the same way, day and night, and traveled all over Turkey. When *Mughdes Depan* sat on his horse with his spear in his hand, it was something to see! His appearance gave horror to the Turks! It was said that once he had left his home for three years. One day he returned to his village with his more than sixty horses and mules, he stayed in the fields under his tent. The villagers assumed he was a Turk. *Mughdes Depan* after two days entered the village and went directly to his house in Pazmashen. His wife was making bread and his mother opening the dough.

“Madams, I am a traveler, could you give me a bread”, he said. The mother replied, “not one, take two.” When he took the bread, “bread maker lady, you are red like a bread, will you give me a kiss”, he said, and he removed his facemask. The mother with her arms open embraced her son. *Mughdes* Minas Dervishian told a story that one day he went to Caesarea, to a place called *Lele Maylie*. He saw more than 30 *Circassians* ready to attack him. He was enraged, took his horse and drove towards the robbers. When the robbers saw him aim his spear at them, they immediately fled. That is the way it was his entire life! One day the people of Pazmashen went to *Chor Village* to pick up wood in *Master Hajie Ahmed's* wagons. When they returned to Pazmashen, *Mughdes Depan* also joined them. *Ahmed Hajie* asked *Mughdes* to compete in spears with him. *Mughdes* refused but *Ahmed Hajie* insisted. During the game, *Mughdes* hit *Ahmed Hajie's* back and he fell off his horse. The *Master* was

surprised and upset; he kept a grudge in his heart and at an appropriate occasion *Mughdes* was imprisoned and destroyed.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE NEW CHURCH IN PAZMASHEN

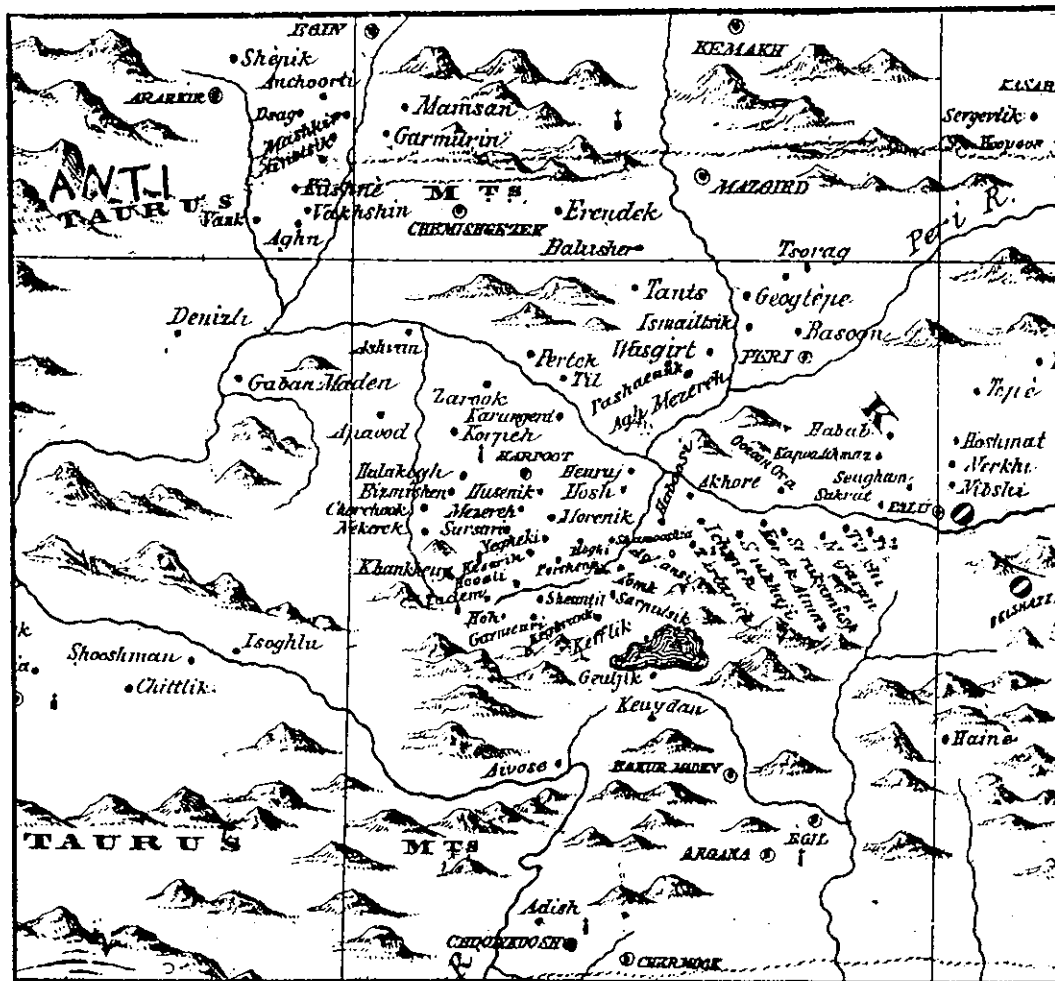
In 1845, the population of Pazmashen increased vastly and no one moved out of and remained in the village. At that time Pazmashen had many agriculturists, every agriculturist had between forty to fifty members. The village rulers held a meeting and decided to construct a new Church, because the Church that was built by Sultan Mourad was now too small for Pazmashen. Before the Rulers made a final decision, they let the villagers know their intention. When the words of the Church construction reached the population, they unanimously raised their voice that they would dispose of everything they have for its construction. Again the Rulers held a meeting and after many deliberations, one Saturday afternoon at the center of the village they called a meeting, in the open air. This time the rulers again wanted to know or test the power of the population. Also present at the meeting were government head, who as if noble Christians silently listened. Hampartsoum Kheroian was the chairman of the meeting. After saying a few words he explained the purpose of the meeting and all the villagers applauded the intention. Kheroian made a large donation and opened the contributions; in a short period 350 gold money was collected. The government heads also donated a large amount. At that meeting, Hampartsoum Kheroian was appointed overseer. The construction started in 1846, with great architects and the enthusiasm of the villagers was something to see. The villagers respected their promises and sacrificed everything. Brides, girls and women, disposed of their ornaments along with their labor; if someone moved indifferently, every person would unblest. From the age of six to sixty they all worked like ants; stone, mud, water, everything that was necessary were carried. The foundation of the church was dug ten feet deep, and eight feet wide. The tombstones brought without any break. Many women to make sure their parent's tombstones were transported safely paid money. *Mukhsonts Digin Mughdes Oghdig* paid two gold coins for her father's stone to be moved to the outside wall and it was completed

that way. The wealthy women of the village hired all the lively and powerful young men to work. It seemed that the young men were born just for that kind of work. The four pillars of the church, each were 32 feet in length and four feet in thickness. Constructed with the hands of *Mughdes* Khayajian, in a short time. *Mughdes* Khayajian was as strong as King Durtad, red cheeks, vigorous, so much that by saying "Christ the Helper" by himself raised the pillars. Miraculous scenery would set open when the pillars transported from *Ozmarkar*. The village people came out to witness that ceremony. More than ten wagons one by one linked to each other and in turn joined by bulls and buffaloes, decorated with silk handkerchiefs. When the wagons started to move tambourines and flutes played music and the women broke eggs on the foreheads of the bulls, crying well wishes. Everyone had a tool in his hand to repair anything, should anything break. Others were ready to wash the wagons and the bulls.

It took one week to complete the work of transporting the four pillars, safely and without any injury. With this kind of vigor they started and with the same passion the construction of the Church was completed after four long years, in 1858. In about two months the Anointment of the Church took place, the Church was named **Mother, Sourp Asdvadzadzin**: with the presence of a Bishop, Priests and many renowned Armenians. Pazmashen had seven priests.

HAMPARTSOUM KHEROIAN

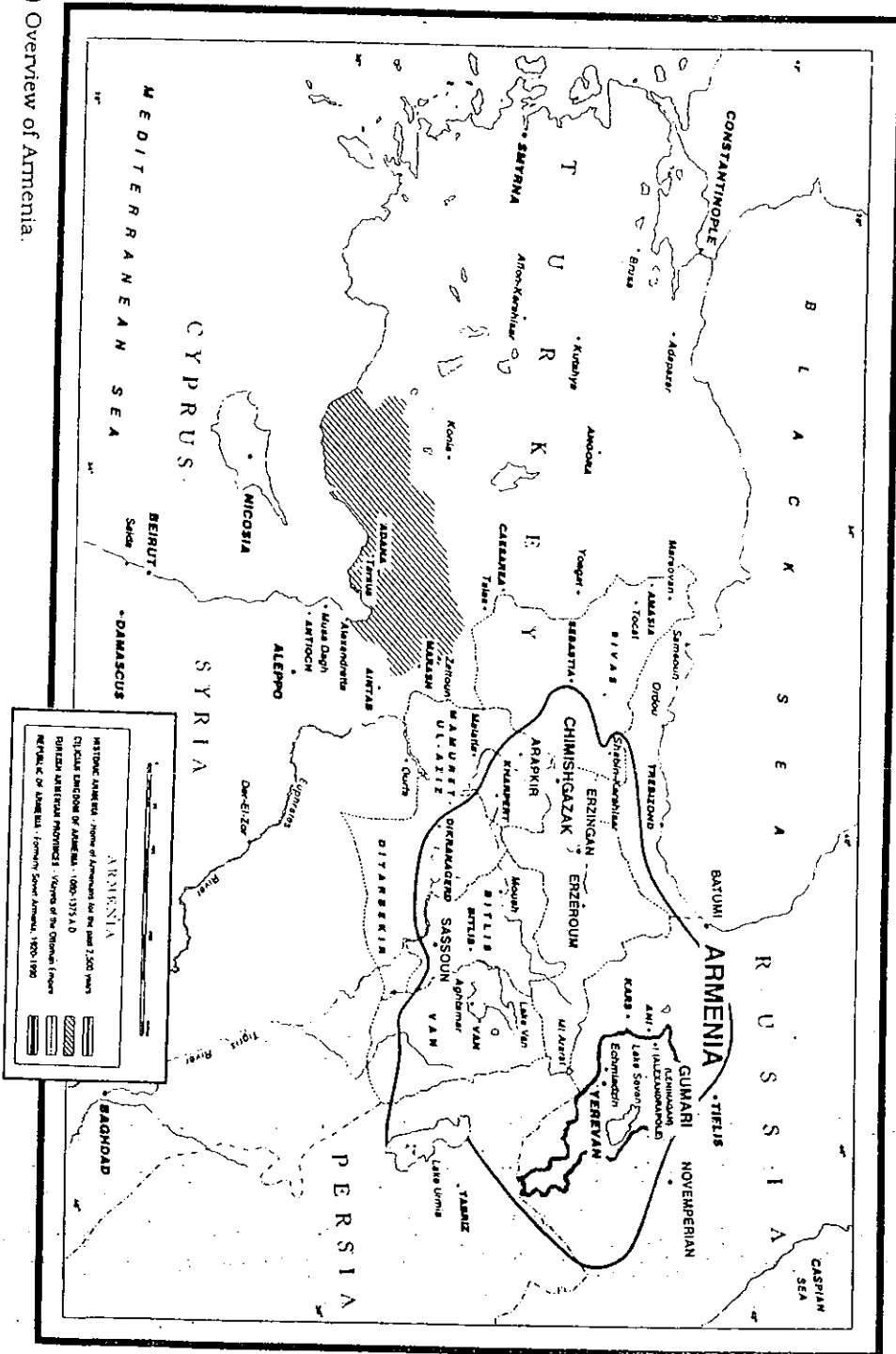
Hampartsoum Kheroian was a famous linguist, proud of his village, healthy and strong. In 1870, he supplied the food for the government soldiers. He was an influential person and all his Turkish employees bowed to him, as a soldier would bow to his superior. For more than ten years, Kheroian continued to do business with the government. The government owed him five thousand gold coins. For many reasons, they refused to pay him and he was forced to take legal action against the Rulers. Intentionally the local government refused to hear the case. He asked the case to be transferred to *Bolis*. As such he left Kharpert with his son, Krikor, and went to *Bolis*. Krikor started his schooling. For a long period, Kheroian worked on his court case and finally he won.



THE CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES OF KHARPERT PROVINCE. THE PLACES FROM WHICH MOST OF THE EARLIEST Armenian settlers in Worcester came.

Memoranda of Euphrates College 1878-1915 (Boston, 1942) p. 179.

(1) Overview of Armenia.



The Sultan ordered the money to be paid from the income of the Kharpert villages, but Kheroian refused to accept, by saying, "I want red gold". Again the case remained unsettled; and he returned to Kharpert. After taking care of his business, he departed for *Bolis*, this time, accompanied by his youngest son. However, alas! before he reached *Bolis*, in a nameless village, he was murdered and his money gone. His death was a big loss for Pazmashen.

Yenovk Pilligian was a wealthy man. During that time, he had made a large sum of money for the construction of the Church; also, his wife, *Havas*, who was the Kendoians daughter, like her ancestors she was zealous to the village that she loved.

Israel Pilligian was a famous merchant, always humble; he was very fond of and sweet to his neighbors.

ABOUT THE GROWING FAMILIES

It was said that the Ajemians, during our time, were a large family; we only know that just one of them came from Iran to Kharpert and found Pazmashen to be a convenient place to live. After some time he married; he was a very kind person. Started to import goods from Iran and sold locally. A few years later he established a good future. He went to Iran and on his return he was robbed; after that he never returned to Iran. He remained in Pazmashen and started a new occupation. Day by day, he enlarged his house.

As to the Ghazarians, they came very early from *Bezdi Dap*. At first they were known by the *Hokestenoian* surname. We named them *Ghazars*, because when they came from *Bezdi Dap* they stayed in Pazmashen, many years later, we learned that some immigrants lived in their house during that time. We also heard that one of the Ghazarians, who was very irritable man, when one of the immigrants asked for money after he ate his food, *Ghazar* became very mad, took his saw and cut off the immigrant's neck. After that they remained as Ghazarians.

KHAN FOUNTAINVILLAGE

The *Ahmedjan*'s house was the largest house in the village. It was a populated house; they were all fearless and brave men. The tax collectors with difficulty asked for money from them. There was an old man at the house, although he was aged but he was active and strong. We called him Uncle Bedros; he was 110 years old, never had a tooth extracted. In 1882, Uncle Bedros told us that his father reached the age 120. He told us that *Khan* Fountain village was a Turkish village. At the top of the hill, there was an objectionable land for the people of Pazmashen. *Khan* Fountain villagers were in collision with the people of Pazmashen. Although the documents held by Kendoian or Egopen clearly indicated the boundaries of the village, but the Turkish people of *Khan* Fountain constantly gave difficulty. From history it was learned that this situation existed even before the year 1600. One day a problem arose in the morning during a field plowing. Pazmashen was notified that the people of *Khan* Fountain had taken the bulls and the donkeys. All the villagers rushed out. Our dear *Dervish* came out from his nest, soared with his hatchet at his shoulder, with red eyes, and it seemed as if he was going to cut a tree down. It was there that he was going to let them know what it was to live in the mountains. It was a short fight but the people of *Khan* Fountain left and all the obstacles disappeared with them. The same historians established that the population of *Bezdi Dap* traveled through the top of the mountains of *Khan* Fountain and always had problems with the people.

DER KAPRIELIANS FAMILY

The Der Kaprielians had many clergymen. It was told that from that family seven priests were ordained. They had giant young men, especially Haroutune, Toros and Jivan. One Spring day they went to collect wheat; they drank wine with one of their friends. A little later they went to the river to wash up and two of them drowned. In the same house lived Grandfather Vahan, a man like a rock, who went to *Dickranagerd* and from there to *Kharpert*. He saw that the wheat was selling cheap there and he bought 500 pounds of it and returned to the village. Garabed Jeloian accompanied him, also *Mughdes Depan* and Ohan, the wrestler. The latter was well

known to be a strong man. He had wrestled in *Dickranagerd, Baghdad, Mosul, Aleppo, and Caesaria* and won every place. Ohan was a good mule-driver, but was a tough and irritable person. One day during an argument, *Mughdes Boghos Mouradian* was stabbed by Ohan's own hand. It was possible he was still going to do many things if he had seen another person in the village. He had also hit his own sister. When the Ruler heard, he sent ten policemen to the village to arrest Ohan. He sat on a ledge outside of the village and looked at the policemen. When the policemen saw Ohan, they said, "It does not matter; this man looks very kind. If he has wounded one or two men, it's nothing..." and they returned to Der Kaprielians house at night time and demanded chicken and lamb meat. The Der Kaprielians could only be able to give them wheat bread and unable to feed them lamb meat. When these words were being spoken, Ohan was looking in from the window. He very quietly entered the house, changed his mask and said, "Can you arrest Ohan or do you know him"? When they said "yes" he drew his dagger and ordered them to immediately leave. They begged to stay until morning but their request was denied and they returned to Kharpert. After a while the Najarians put their horse for sale, their good horse. Ohan came and told *Mughdes Merganos*, "Let me just once sit on your horse and test it, if it is good I will buy". "Yes", they said. Ohan rode the horse by saying "remain well, villagers" and went to Adana. He lived in Sees, died in Sees and a good tomb was placed on his grave.

THE MALKHASSIAN DESCENDANTS

Those who knew the Malkhassians have told us that they had a large descendant; big agriculturist and mule-driver. Their past was pure and spotless, always well spoken about them. They were also very vigorous.

One day the two brothers, *Meghdesie Hagop* and *Meghdesie Boghos*, for business went to *Girason*. On their return trip either in a Turkish or Kurdish village they had an altercation; which later changed to a brawl. *Meghdes Hagop* said, "brother, do not flee; if you flee they will kill us, therefore place your back against mine. When they come your way you strike and my side I will strike". The fight started. Our lions struck from the right and left for almost two hours. The Turks saw that it was

impossible to move these two men from their place, they gave up. Our *lions* with winning behavior continued their voyage. The Malkhassians were rich money-changers.

THE WEALTHY INDIVIDUALS IN PAZMASHEN IN THE OLD DATE

The Najarians were a large agriculturist; they had more than twenty bulls, horses and many cattle. The Najarians always helped the poor and the needy. For the construction of the Church, they dedicated their great service. A person who was unaware of the value of gold in Pazmashen went to *Meghdes* Margos Najarian.

The Samuelians had many bulls, cows, more than two hundred sheep and seven horses. *Meghdes* Abdal Samuelian had worked very hard for the completion of the Church. He had always left his door open for the poor. Never ate dinner without a guest. He had told his household members as such: "Only during my days you will eat bread, since laziness has encompassed you". Truly, it had happened as such. It was told that a 25-year-old young man escaped from the house and went to *Sepastia*, a distance of two hours from *Khanghal* village. He married and was blessed with two sons. From his lineage, a Bishop was ordained. Being a very strong and wealthy man always had altercation with the Ruler of *Khanghal*.

THE PAST OF THE SHAHPAZIANS

The Shahpazians were the most populous family in Pazmashen. They were famous agriculturists, mule-riders and they kept their promise. *Mughdes* *Egop* was much respected in the village. The Turks talked with respect about the Shahpazians bread and water. Their motto was to love the poor, to protect the villagers and they had done great sacrifice for the construction of the Church.

Mughdes *Echno*, succeeded *Mughdes* *Egop*, who was exceedingly honest and an impartial person. One day the people from Pazmashen went to the forest of the

Rulers with wagons. *Meghdes Echno* Shahpazian, an honest man, went with them; on their return trip, in the *Timar plain*, they were involved in a struggle with Kurdish people. *Meghdes Echno* said, "boys do not be afraid, kill them." More than 30 Kurds spread on the ground and after tying them behind their wagons went to the headquarters of the Rulers. The following song was sung for the fight:

*Shahpazian Echo said, "do it fast,
Dismember their bodies with hatchets
Let the Kurds always be our donkey
Let them see how Pazmashen is".*

It was told that the Shahpazians were settled with the Kurds. They were very rich and influential. During that time, they were known by the *Avligian* surname. One day a Turk came with a detachment of soldiers and stayed at the Avligians house. The Turk enjoyed the respect and stayed for a few days. Before leaving, the Captain said, "*Olan Shahpaz Oghlee*", (meaning: *The Son Of Superior*), and that is why the name Shahpazian was given.

ABOUT THE LIFE OF THE MOURADIAN FAMILY

The Mouradians were agriculturist; great mule-traders and they were known to have the strongest men in Pazmashen. In 1873, the Mouradians owed money to a Turkish man in *Dickranagerd*, for cattle they purchased. A Turkish Captain from *Dickranagerd*, accompanied by twelve soldiers, came to Pazmashen, to *Abdal Shahpazian's* house who was a tax collector. The Captain's duty was to collect money owed by the Mouradians. Two soldiers went to the Mouradian's house to question him but there was no one at home. One late night, a few more men from the detachment returned to the Mouradian's house and they found the door locked. Kevork Mouradian heard them and told his wife, "I am not going to appear, you go and open the door and tell them that my husband is not home." In the mean time, Bedros and Kevork made plans and prepared to attack them. When Kevork's wife, *the mother of the family Yeghnar*, opened the door, without any questions a soldier struck the poor woman with the back of his sword. The lady followed the soldiers and climbed the stairs crying. When the soldiers reached the roof, Bedros and

Kevork, in their pajamas, soared out from their room, started to struggle with the soldiers and threw them on the lower street. The soldiers returned to their Captain, at Abdal Shahpazian's house, and told him the facts: - that the two men appeared to be as big as a *mountain*. Even Russia does not have huge men like that! *They are Khojabashee!* – (meaning powerful principal in Turkish). “Now we are leaving for *Mezireh*. We are frightened! You must come with us”, told the Captain to Mr. Shahpazian. “I hope the two men do not follow us, who are as large as a mountain!” The Detachment left for *Mezireh*. Boghos Mouradian ahead of the soldiers arrived in *Mezireh* and filed a legal complaint. When the Captain and the soldiers arrived in *Mezireh*, they were taken directly to a prison. During the night they bribed the guards and fled. The Mouradian's liability dissolved at that time.

A DOCTOR WITH EXPERIENCE

Hekim, (Doctor), Sarkis Hekimian was a kind man with a good character and very useful for the villagers. With his experience, he had cured many sick people. Contrary to his strong body he never wanted anyone to feel hurt. One day Sarkis Hekimian went to plow his field; late at night, he noticed that more than ten robbers approached him. He took the tail of his plow and threw it at them. He also used such a voice with powerful language that the robbers thought that he was not alone. Sarkis without waiting approached them and attacked with a lot of force. The robbers were obliged to escape. Sarkis returned home praying and feeling like a Captain.

THE CLERGIES OF PAZMASHEN

In 1670, Pazmashen had twelve Clergies; they lived like brothers and they gave great services for the village. The topic of their sermon was always to respect the elders, to love the poor and to feed the needy. They were true representatives of Christ. No one had any dissatisfaction towards the Priests. They lived with a small income satisfied. Later of course, this changed.

THE CHARITIES OF MEGHDES'

The humanity and charities that the *Meghdes'* had contributed were highly talked about by the Armenians as well as by the Turks. Their home was always full and they generously gave food to the needy and the poor. Official people stayed at their home. There was no one in the village who had not eaten the *Meghdes'* bread. They were experienced agriculturist and mule-riders. Hovagim Hazarkhanian, who belonged to that family, was a famous young man in Kharpert, tall, handsome, a strong wrestler and his close friends envied him. In 1880, Hovagim went to water his field, a distance of one hour from the village, near the border of *Jeep Village*. His Turkish neighbor, who was an opponent to Hovagim, killed him. Hovagim's dead body was transported to Mezireh by a wagon and presented to the Ruler. The Ruler said, "you find the killer and we will give the punishment." A convenient answer!

Kel Kevoians belongs to the same tribe as the *Meghdes'*, who had a bright past. The last remaining person from that family was Krikor *Kel Kevoian*. He was one of the most impartial Rulers of the village. One day two policemen came to Pazmashen at shoemaker *Maroot's* house, to collect taxes. One of the villagers, Sarkis Shahpazian delivered food to *Maroot's* house. When the policemen saw the food they spit on it by saying we can only eat roasted chicken. Shahpazian was forced to go and find chicken. However the day was late and suddenly he met Krikor *Kel Kevoian*; he told him what had happened. Krikor entered the room of the policemen and asked what they wanted. "Chicken", they answered. "Fine", Krikor said, "in a little while I will satisfy you." Krikor returned to the policemen with a long wooden stick in his hand. He said, "Ascend! I have brought you your roasted chicken" and started to strike from the left and the right. The policemen asked very kindly not to be expelled from the village, but Krikor refused to listen and sent them away. That night the ladies in their prayers, said, "long live the Krikorians, one-thousand-and-one time longer."

THE ORDINARY FAMILIES OF PAZMASHEN

The Cheloians had a bright past; they were adequately wealthy, owned more than two-hundred sheep. Melkon Cheloian was one of the Rulers in the village, a very kind and impartial man, as well as his son.

Mikael Der Bedrosians were a large family, they were always drawn aside from wickedness; they had healthy children, and also a very famous musician, Ohan Der Bedrosian, whose loss was lamentable by the people of Pazmashen.

The Boghosians were always God fearing people. They had an *ashough*, (Troubadour, folk singer/song writer), by the name, *Arout*; with great glory they spoke about *ashough*. One day *Arout* went near Caesaria, Zat village for business and never returned.

The Peltoians from the beginning arrived a little poor but at the same time they shuned away from brawls. *Pulto* Giragos was a very humorous man. The Turkish Rulers asked *Giro Kehya* to become a Turk so that he would be free from all his troubles. *Giro* replied, "If I become a Turk I will not be able to be a Ruler like you. However, as a common Turk what it will do for me?"

Der Sarkis the Priest had also a big role, he loved his race, but he was very reserved human being. In 1890, a young *Meshetsi* man was kept in his home for two months without anyones knowledge. During the Vartanants Day Celebration in his sermon the Priest explained its meaning.

FROM THE LIFE OF DERVISHIAN MEGHDES MINAS

Meghdes Minas was a famous man; he was a natural linguist, renown throughout the provinces. He was a man with great dignity and very well known with the government. With a few lines in a letter, he was able to accomplish a lot of work. In

1880, he was a candidate for mayor and he succeeded, but he refused to accept the position. Hajie *Agha* adopted him when he was very young, but Minas' wish was to live in Pazmashen and it turned out to be that way. He became the Ruler of Pazmashen during that time and his door was open all the time and had everything in it. When the Turkish Rulers came to his house for rest, he used such a polite and educated language that the person in front of him knew that *Meghdes* Minas was not a common man. He would turn a furious person to a *lamb* within a few minutes. Very often when his Kurdish neighbors were involved in altercation or a fight came to *Meghdes* Minas to complain and *Meghdes* Minas regulated the case. It was impossible for someone to speak the contrary. His death was a huge loss for the whole village. When *Meghdes* Minas was walking in the town of Kharpert he found a valuable purse; there was fifty gold money in it. Minas immediately made it public his discovery and a day later a Turk man came and claimed to be his, just by declaring the exact content of the purse. *Meghdes* Minas gave the purse to him. After that with a big complement, they spoke about him as a faithful and noble man.

THE LIFE OF YEGHIA KHALAJIAN

Khalajian was a vigorous and keen young man; tall, clever, and a talented mule-rider. He was present in Pazmashen no more than two times a year. His charm had no measurement or boundary. Whoever saw him once, wanted to see him again. During his travel, he had a few fights. One day at the *Ordou Port* he was involved in a fight with a few Greeks and he was declared the winner without losing a string of his hair. The life of this powerful young man was like that until his last days.

THE ASSISTANCE OF ABDAL SHAHPAZ

In 1878, the paper money of Turkey lost its value; during that time, the principle tax collector was Abdal Shahpazian. He collected 45,000 *piaster* from Pazmashen. All the surrounding village tax collectors were aware of the devaluation of the money; they went to the Government to find out what the outcome would be. In addition,

from Pazmashen Abdal Shahpazian went. All together, there were 64 village tax collectors at the door of the Governor. Shahpazian was the first to enter the Government hall and he directly approached the Governor and used such a language that a person's body would tremble to describe. Shahpazian started his opening remarks as follows, "Oh, Lord Governor, let your greatness be kind enough to spare the destruction of Pazmashen. If you refuse to accept this amount, Pazmashen will perish. I ask for your help, your highness; you are kind, you are affectionate, you are noble." As Abdal Shahpazian finished with his speech; the Governor gave an order to have the money counted. Shahpazian expressed his appreciation and left the hall. More than fifty villagers from Pazmashen were waiting for his arrival; they took him in their arms and happily returned to the village.

REVEREND GIRAGOS' FAME AND HIS LATEST MISFORTUNES

During 1700, Reverend Giragos was a respected clergyman. He had a great effect within the Government circles; many times, they had spoken with great glory about Reverend Giragos. He had a vast wealth of land, water and many cattle. Der Hair was a middleman for many Masters. However, happiness, fame, and his wealth were short lived. Evil-minded people informed the Masters that Der Giragos, because of them, had amassed a large fortune. The Masters persuaded with this notion, came and seized everything that Der Hair had. After that, Der Giragos was left poor.

In addition, before that date, the Turks came and seized the lands owned by the Armenians, with the exception of Kharaman Hekimian's. However, Kharaman never made things easy for them, instead with his skillfulness and linguistic ability always avoided them; that way he saved his property.

The Choboians had a large family. Khachadour Choboian's wife, Khoumar, was a champion of the poor. They had five male children, all of them were wrestlers, like their mother always became winners. One day *Choboian* went *Karahisar* on

business, with a few friends. On his way back, he met a few policemen. The Police Captain asked what his name was. My name is *Khara Khariman* was the answer. Native of? Asked the Captain again. From *Kharpert*. Where did you come from? From *Karahisar*. What kind of freight do you have? Tar-stone. The Captain continued to give him trouble and Khachadour became very furious and cautioned the Captain to stay calm. The frightened Captain and the policemen left.

The Yeghigians were also known with the *Goshgagarian* surname, and blessed with sons; one of them, Khachadour Yeghigian became very famous in his wrestling profession. That humble young man emigrated to *Bolis*. One day he wrestled with a foreigner and Khachadour was the winner. Shortly after, while Khachadour was asleep an evil enemy murdered him. When the news of his murder reached the village, all the villagers felt his death.

The Jeloians and the Khorsigians lived in one house for many years. The Jeloians were kind and always kept away from wickedness. The Khorsigians were blessed with a son. He became a Priest; known as Der Krikor, he was also a first-rate musician. In addition, the Khorsigians had another son who was a famous gun lover by the name of Giragos.

THE TWO STONE MINES OF PAZMASHEN

Mughdes Khayajian and Boghos Keljian exploited Pazmashen's stone mines. The Kaprielians also produced huge quantity of practical stones. They were very famous craftsmen, constructing buildings and churches.

KHACHADOUR PULTOIAN'S MURDER

Sultan Hamid's agents had started their plans to exterminate the Armenians. In 1885, about 15 policemen came to Pazmashen to collect taxes. Many very poor people and were ordered to stand up under the hot sun of the summer and received different types

of punishments. Khachadour Peltoian's mouth was filled up with chewing gum and forced him to look up the sky the entire day, under the hot sun. In the evening they let him go home and ordered him to find money and return the next day. Khachadour went home and went straight to bed. After two weeks of torment, he died. The news of his death was announced in *The Cultivator* Newspaper. The dentist of *Khoola village*, Baron (Mr.) Mirakian was a subscriber of the Newspaper, when he read the unfortunate death news he rushed to the Government of Mezireh. After he told them of the incident, he sued. However, the Bishop caused the lawsuit to lose. The Patriarch sent a telegraph to Baron Mirakian to transfer the lawsuit to Bolis. Again the Bishop caused disturbance and Mirakian hopelessly, but personally went to the Patriarcha in Bolis. He could not succeed and the lawsuit was lost. During that incident, the head of the Police force of Pazmashen was an Armenian, from Mezireh, *the son of Orchoojie Toro, Sarkis* was living near **Boston Massachusetts.**

FROM THE LIFE OF APRAHAM THE TEACHER

Apraham the teacher, at the age of fifteen, graduated from the local *School of the Illuminator* and became a good musician. The following year he entered the local Protestant School and majored in preaching. He was barely twenty years old when he completed his education and returned to the Armenian Missionary Church. When the villagers saw the Preacher preaching, they proposed that he be appointed the Principal of the village school. However, Abraham Oksoozian refused that proposal by saying, "my age does not allow me" and he left for Arapkir with others. It was said that whatever villages he visited he made sure he went and saw with his own eyes all the Churches; sometimes he preached with such passion that their broken hearts bled. According to Ohan Choboian, one-day at the village of *Agna*, he met *Pingan*; they went to Church and participated in Church Services. After the services, it was proposed for Abraham Oksoosian to say a few words. Abraham with his humble pervasive look stared at the huge audience and preached his unity Bible to them. After a few years, the Rulers of the village urged him to take charge the duties of school principal. During vacation time, sometimes, he visited around

Arapkir. At an early time, he had the spirit of his nation in him. A few times a week he read the Bible in the Church, followed by a sermon. When the parishioners heard just a few words of his sermon, their eyes fixed on him. After that, he announced that on Sunday afternoon there would be a divine service only for male men. He arrived at Church early. When that humble person turned his eyes towards the parishioners it seemed that a flame erupted from his eyes. Under his proud skull a volcano and in his heart a big sorrow that he was hesitating to give out. He could only say this much, "Those who love each other, they also love Jesus, who ever respects his neighbor, his future is bright". At that moment with all his soul he tried to let the parishioners understand that he would be very blissful if all practised love and unity. Apraham the teacher, under pressure would never bend his head, not even in front of wealth. He was sacrificed for jealousy by one of his closest relative who was opposed to his sermon. The teacher was forced to leave his village, and went to *Upper Khokh*. For five years it caused a huge grief to the students that he left behind. Again, Pazmashen felt the need for a teacher and in 1891 they asked him to come back. He again started preaching in his gracious and cultured language. From the appearance of the teacher, his students were proud. In 1892, the teacher was absent from the school, he traveled to the city limits of Kharpert and he preached to the Armenian people, asked them to sell their overcoats and carry a guns to protect their life, before it was too late... Shortly there after the topic of his sermon reached the ears of the Turkish Government. The teacher was unaware of the investigation, he continued his commitment. From the beginning it was mentioned that one of his relatives objected to his sermons. Mamish Kasbar had slapped the person who had opposed it. However, the teacher had told Kasbar, "Friend, you must go to that person, kneel down and ask for his forgiveness, this is the humbleness".

In 1892, Abraham the teacher died suddenly at night, which caused much sorrow to his family and also to his friends. After his death, in the Holy Book, a note was discovered, which was written as such:

"My dear wife *Joovar*, there is someone who is against my opinion, there is someone who wants to tie my heart, perhaps my death is close. My dear do not feel pain, be a widow. Take care of my Isahag, I see a huge soul in him."

The same year, we do not remember what day, early in the morning a Turkish Major with more than twenty soldiers went to the other teacher's house and surrounded it. The teacher was arrested and all the books in the house were collected. Next, they went to the school with the teacher and confiscated books. From there, along with the teacher, they went straight to Mezireh. However, principal Krikor desired to accompany them but the Major forbid him by saying, "I am your friend. I advise you to stay away from this problem".

Hagop Paytonjian was imprisoned for six months until it was established that the teacher they were looking for had died.

HOVSEP GAROOIAN

Hovsep Garooian was a mule-rider; he traveled all over Turkey. All the villagers loved that handsome man with a clean character; especially by his neighbors. In 1884, with his friend, Donabed Khorsigian, went to Sepasdia. All the villagers sadly wished them well. It seemed that the *Saint Soul* was the witness and they were not going to see Hovsep anymore. Moreover, it happened like that. Coming back to the village, his body returned on a camel, all the villagers remained in mourning.

THE MARSOBIANS

The Marsoobians were very humble and with good character. Movses Marsoobian was one of the Rulers, always trustworthy in his position and very useful for Pazmashen. He received praises through out his life. In addition, Onnig Marsoobian was a wonderful man, for a period he was the tax collector of the village. Because of his honesty, he experienced some losses. In addition, Asadoor Marsoobian like his father was a humble man always lived with solidarity with his neighbors.

THE SKILLFULNESS OF PAZMASHEN PEOPLE

The *Der Aroots* had a wonderful Clergyman, Der Haroutune. He was very humane and charitable. After his death, a small bottle with Chrism was found.

The Der Aroots were not well to do people and therefore decided to sell the Chrism. One of the men from the family loaded two containers of opium oil on his donkey. He took the bottle of Chrism, his loaded donkey and went to nearby the villages of Kharpert. Every village that he went to, he showed the bottle of the Chrism, and then sold the oil from his containers. He sold the two loads of oil completely as Chrism. He made a good sum of money and returned home. During that time, this was considered skillful as they were selling in Europe cotton as silk and glass as diamond.

THE ROLE OF KEVOR KACH MUNCHIGIAN'S AND HIS ACCOMPLISHMENT

In the spring of 1888, there was drought in Kharpert; all the vegetations were drying up. The people of that city believed that, if a newly expired person's or a perished Turk's head was brought near the brooklet of a fountain and buried rain will come. Founded with these beliefs, the agriculturists of Pazmashen told Kevork *Mughdesonts*, (who was also known as *Armeshad Kevo*), "We will give you three quantities of grain if you bring us the head of a Turk". The proposed work on Kevork was very heavy, but for the sake of his village he took the responsibility. Two days later he left the village, without telling anyone his destination. For two days he researched everything very carefully. Finally, Kevork went to *Andjoz* village, very tired. Late at night he went to the cemetery and started to dig the ground; a little later a pretty girl was unearthed, whose hair was long to her heels. Because of her beauty he hesitated to cut her head off; he held himself strong and placed the girl on her back outside the hole. He noticed that a few policemen on horses were traveling too close to the cemetery. What was he to do? The poor man, if he fled, it would have been more evil. Like a thunderbolt an idea passed through his mind; he promptly jumped in the hole, he layed on his back and placed the pretty girl's body on him; the girl's body was shorter than his. He pulled his legs towards his stomach and this way it covered. The policemen arrived and looked all around to make sure no one was

hiding. Without suspecting that the man was hiding underneath the girl, one of the policemen said, "The villagers must have been late and the duty to cover the dead body was left for the next day; therefore let us leave". Kevork removed the girl very gently from him, and he came out of the hole; again he placed the girl on the ground and this time the head that had beautiful eyes was divided from the body. He placed in a sack and he rapidly went away. When he went to the person that had assigned him the duty, told him as follows: "Here is for you a beautiful head of a Turk, where is our three-quantity grain"?

ABOUT THE GAMOIAN'S NAME

The Gamoians were good people, charitable, compassionate and never malicious. Before this, the Gamoians were known as Kharibians. They emigrated from *Chor Village* and settled in Pazmashen. One of the Kharibians had the desire to see the Tomb of Jesus Christ and left for Jerusalem. He traveled by boat and due to a storm, the boat was shattered. Kharibian climbed to the top of the mast and remained out of the water. Three days later he was saved. He lost his desire to go to Jerusalem and he returned home. After that, he was named Garoian. They were also blessed with an active young man who killed *Yegheksie Begs, (Master)*, with his spear. The Garoians had a large family; they had clergies such as Der Ohan, Der Mikael, and Der Krikor who was the most conscious clergyman. The rest of the family members were Hovagim, Minas and Haroutune.

THE PALOIAN'S HAD AN ASHOUGH

The Paloians migrated from *Palou* and settled in Pazmashen. They were a family of good character. They were agriculturist and during the construction of the Church they gave their participation. One of the family members was an *Ashough (troubadour)*. He had an invincible voice; and his lyric/poem that he weaved, always kept his opponents quiet. The last family member was *Pasilos* who was the head of the village for more than ten years. He had given his services to his people.

Israel Paloian was a Protestant and avoided harm. Moreover, Minas was a nationalist and a kind man.

The Noroians were a big agriculturist. Their house full, always affectionate to the poor. During the construction of the Church, they made huge sacrifices and it was mentioned that for many months their most powerful bulls were disposed. The last person was Serop Noroian, who was one of the rulers of the village and always an impartial man.

The *Garamous* were very kind men. Uncle Boghos was impartial and had a clean character. Their son, Sarkis, was a brave man; Kasbar and Sarkis fearless people; for two hours they fought with robbers and arrested them. They spoke with glory about Kasbar; along his gallantry, he was a powerful man. His sons were, Sako and Garabed and his mother *Khoumar*, a model woman.

HAMPARTSOUM KHARIBIAN

Hampartsoum was named *Yezid*. Let us explain why this nickname? When he was young, he had a defiant character. One day when he was plowing the field he was involved in a fight with *Mughdes Yegho* Shahpazian. Hampartsoum Kharibian lost the fight, but his strong defiant character caused not to forget. After a while, one Sunday when *Mughdes Yegho* was returning home from Church, Hampartsoum attacked him with a dagger. Although Shahpazian was slightly wounded the case was closed without going to court, but Hampartsoum's name remained *Yezid*. His son, Baghdasar, was a handsome young man, very strong and had a bright past, but his unexpected death finished his young life.

The last member of the Noroians family was Serop, who was one of the Rulers of the village; he was impartial and very charitable and compassionate to the poor.

The *Goshgars* were a large family; they had all kinds of craftsmen. *Mughdes Abdal* and *Baron Agop* were good people. The Yeghigians told us they were wrestlers. For ten years Mardiros was the *Kezire* of the village he never harmed anyone. Contrary

to his kindness they poisoned that sincere man, they envied his fame. Moushegh and Kasbar were powerful men.

The Sakoians were four brothers; Aznavour, Kevork, *Mughsi* Minas and Soukias. For a while they were agriculturist, later Soukias went to Adana and established there with his skilful linguistic ability. He became a partner with the local Governor in agriculture and he received the title of *Efendie*. He was very useful to the Armenians, especially to his villagers. His name had a great fame in Adana region.

The last family member of the Atamians was Giragos, with a clean character he lived for 110 years. His children, Sarkis and Abdal, his relatives Ossian and Asadoor were good people.

In early times, the Garvoians were a good family, agriculturist and mule-riders. Hagop and *Yegho* brothers had buffaloes and dams, as such they had a very good past. Hampartsoum, *Khacho*, Garabed, Hovhanes also Pilibos were the children of two brothers. The village eldest woman was the *Khoogos Tarvez Bajee*.

Haroutune Bedrosian was known as the *Kechavor*'s. He was a huge man. In 1880, Turkish butchers brought lambs to the village; they slaughtered the lambs and sold them to the Armenians on credit. In March they returned and collected their money. The last month of the fall season they brought their flock of sheep to Pazmashen. Because the meat prices were expensive, no one dared to approach. The butchers waited for a while and noticed that *Kechavor Aroot* arrived. The butchers told Haroutune that they would sell him at two piaster discount, (Turkish money), less than the regular price so that the villagers will follow suit. Haroutune agreed and bought four lambs. The rest of the villagers started to buy. Soon all the lambs were sold. March came again, the butchers came to *Kechavor Aroot* and demanded money. Haroutune told them he had no money but instead would give them copper. By agreement he took them to his house, in one dark corner where they could barely see each other, he gave them a plate made of clay. When they weighed the plate, they

noticed that it was too heavy. They said, "*Aroot* what are you doing? This is something made out of clay." Haroutune said, "Alas! You do not like my merchandise! Your lamb meat was full of bones". He took a hard wooden stick and started to strike them from right and left. The butchers wanted to escape, but they lost their way out. By the time they noticed the door, their body had been bruised and blakened. This way *Aroot* Kehian's liability was paid off... The last of the family members of the Khazarians were Zadoor, Asadoor and Aghavni. They were agriculturists as was Hovhaness.

The Terzians were big agriculturists; they had oxen, cows, lambs and their own land. They had a notable musician with the same ability as Hovhaness Terzian. The Kharzigians were big mule-riders; *Mughdes* Hagop was the most humble man, respected by all the villagers. He also liked the villagers. His son Krikor had a altercation with the Hekimians and gave his life away.

HAROUTUNE HOULIGIAN'S LIFE

Houlig Aroot was not a boasting man. The granaries were full of grain and money was plentiful in the house. One early morning he left for the village of Tadem for business. There he saw an elderly woman, neatly dressed; he liked her immediately. Later he found out she was a widow, and with the help of his friends he asked for her hand in marriage and he proposed marriage to her. The woman and her friends wanted to know his material resources. *Aroot* replied that he had thousands of bees with beehives, cows, buffaloes, many oxen and the owner of many cattle, also, land and water. This conversation occupied the elderly woman's mind. Very shortly they were married and left for Pazmashen. When they arrived near the land of *Sorsur*, *Aroot* pointed to the bride the vast land where the sheep were grazing. He said, "All this is ours. The poor woman was so excited that she was going to be the owner of all that. When they approached the field, with his finger he pointed and told her that it was his personal property. Truthfully, that was the only thing that he owned! A little later the dome of the Church was visible and he said, "Wife, do you see that? It

is the dome of our palace". They arrived at his house. What does the old bride see? A house which could only accommodate four or five lambs. The woman understood that the man had misled her, therefore she thought for ways to leave and finally returned to Tadem.

FROM THE LIFE OF HAJIE ZADOUR

Hajie Zadour Maghakian, at the age of twenty-two became a mule-driver and a gun lover. At the first opportune time, he went to the villages near Kharpert. At the beginning, he was satisfied with small things. He saw others travel to farther cities and envy motivated him to do the same. However, *Hajie* Zadour, to out do the others, planned to go to Adana; an unusual thing for that period. After making his decision, Zadour made his travel preparations with *Yeghsig*. Within a few days, everything was ready and departure time was near. Caravans were on their way. Half-hour later he was to follow them. His mother, his wife and friends arrived to wish him farewell. They cried and kissed him, as such that they were not going to see each other again. Zadour set on his horse, his bullets lined up on his chest, his silvery dagger tied to his hip and his lovely gun at the side of his horse, the neck of the gun facing down and his legs ready to give a demand. Last few moments left to be separated, his friends squeezed his hand; all of a sudden he shut the side of the horse and went away. They said, "Let God be with you" and cried. Zadour traveled very fast through the mountains, without stopping in *Gavour* and arrived Adana.

After arranging his business, he left for Kharpert. As they traveled someone came in front of the caravan. Like a flame of a fire Zadour attacked and forced the man to flee. During his travel, Zadour escaped from many accidents and arrived at the village, although others thought he was lost. Zadour more than five times had traveled and examined every road and became aware the psychology of the robbers. One day, while traveling a group of armed robbers crossed the caravan. Zadour gave the order to his friends to stop the caravan and surround the wagons with caution. Zadour immediately went behind a huge bolder and started to fire his weapon. He was no longer Zadour, like a lion his hairs scattered, his heart swelled, and his body

like a piece of iron. Very rapidly he continued to fire his gun and two of the robbers tumbled from the rock. When the robbers saw that their leader was killed they took his body and fled. The caravan continued their journey. One of the murdered men was the son of the Village Chief. When the caravan arrived in Kharpert they began the preparation to continue their journey. *Yeghsig* told *Zadour*, "You killed someone's brother and the victim's brother has arrived in Malatia to find out who the killer is; it will be better if you do not go and instead assign someone else to take your place". *Zadoug* replied by saying, "I will clean the bushes of that road or I will die."

According to his firm decision, a few days later the caravan started to move. In addition, one day later *Zadoug* left the village. The journey was very peaceful, until the place where the Chief's son was killed. *Zadour* told his friends, "Men, I am going to be separated from you to see someone, God willing, late at night I will reach you at the Inn" and he separated from his men. On a zigzag road, he sped his horse by giving an echo to the mountains. The distance was completed within two hours; he stopped in front of a one story house. After waiting a bit, he knocked at the door three times with the butt of his weapon. After two minutes, the door opened half way. A well-dressed middle aged woman, with a smile on her face, came out. With her sweet look she stared at the well-dressed man sitting on the horse and asked, "what do you want *baron*"? *Zadour* said, "May I see your master"? "*Baron*, please come in; he will come soon". She extended one hand on the horse's bridle and the other hand to his gun, according to their appropriate custom, and helped him descend from his horse. However, *Zadour* hesitated to release his gun; but he had to accept her favor. The lovely lady led him to the living room. The Chief Mule driver, his heart beating, his eyes fixed toward the door waited for over one half-hour. The door opened, a tall handsome man with a short beard entered the room. It was evident that he was a gentleman. *Zadour* stood, took one step forward and offered his hand to this man. The man was *Ahmed Agha*, he looked at his guest's face and his elegant clothes, and especially the bullets lined up on his chest.

"Welcome", said the man. "Forgive me for being late, I was away on an important matter. Could it be possible to know who you are? Or your name"? "*Ahmed Agha* my name is *Zadour*". *Ahmed Agha* and *Zadour* sat down and started to smoke

tobacco and talked sweetly; the smoke, like a cloud, rose to the ceiling. A little later two small gold cups filled with coffee was served. Zadour interrupted and said, "*Ahmed Agha*, my horse has not eaten anything and I will not eat". Good, said *Ahmed Agha* and they drank their coffee. The hours slipped by and Zadour waited for the right moment to tell *Ahmed Agha* about his brother's death. At that moment the door opened and *Hasan, Hivse Agha* with his soldiers came in and stood in front of the fireplace. By that time, the room was almost full with many men. Zadour was seated at the side of the table and *Ahmed Agha* at the opposite side. After a long conversation, *Ahmed Agha* changed the conversation and said, "*Hajie Zadour*, a few months ago my brother was killed, I do not know who that killer is"? "I was the one who killed your brother, *Ahmed Agha*", said Zadour and placed his hand near his heart and added, "Who ever comes in front of my caravan I fire". *Ahmed Agha* stood up and kissed his forehead and said, "Many times I urged my brother not to do those things; he refused to listen". *Hajie Zadour* made a move to leave, it was two o'clock, but *Ahmed Agha* objected and said, "Who ever comes to my house cannot leave without my hospitality, you must stay here tonight". *Hajie Zadour* accepted. A little later, a lamb was cooked and they all shared in food and drink. After dinner, the men went home. *Hajie Zadour* and *Ahmed Agha* retired for the night. When the rooster awakened *Hajie Zadour* had one of the servants feed the horse. The servants in the house prepared the coffee. The two had a coffee and smoked two cigarettes; *Hajie Zadour* was ready to leave. This time there was no objection from *Ahmed Agha*. Daylight was above the mountains. *Hajie Zadour* sat on his horse, squeezed his friend's hand and went away.

After that Zadour dominated the mountains and valleys. He was about two hours behind his caravan. He was to meet the *Shirotsis and Ayvoghtsis* they were supposed to give him money to be delivered to a designated person. A few robbers spied on our Zadour, and the robbers went to the valley and waited for him. Two days later *Hajie Zadour* left Adana. It was an uneventful journey and suddenly he noticed a group of armed man, leaning against their weapons waiting for him. Zadour quickly jumped off his horse, and took a position behind a tree. "Dogs, I know you have been waiting for me; in my pocket I have five hundred gold, if you are brave come over, if

not I will kill you". The robbers stood up and immediately disarmed. They said, "God forbid, we are not waiting for you here." Zadour very carefully approached to the men and slapped their faces. Zadour said, "take this two gold and go away from here".

Now we will discontinue to document *Hajie Zadour's* activities, because he was involved in twenty-seven fights and he had won all of them. There was nothing that scared him; *Hajie Zadour* could have been compared with *Antranig's and Serop's* if he had belonged to any political party. He was strong, a hero, fearless and never a loser.

In 1885, *Hajie Zadour* again traveled to Adana, and all his caravan members were from Pazmashen, they had a very easy journey, and they continued until *Giavour Dagh*, and went to an Inn. When every one was asleep, Zadour had a dream that he had fallen into the ocean and drowned. He moved his arms here and there and finally stood on a rock and then one of his friends extended a wooden stick and he was saved. When his companions woke up, he told them of his dream.

Zadour knew that the journey was risky but they loaded their load and left. Shortly there after they noticed a group of about fifteen robbers crossing the road. Zadour gave the orders to stop the animals, and he advanced to find a good position to hide and face the robbers. All of a sudden, weapons started to fire. *Hajie Zadour* jumped in a ditch aimed his gun and opened fire. One of the robbers, un-noticed, approached behind *hajie Zadour* with a dagger to stab him. One of his friends, *Arakel*, who was observing from a distance saw a man's movement and yelled, "hajie, hajie, they are coming from your back". Immediately Zadour jumped from the ditch and noticed that a man was headed to him with a wide dagger in his hand. Zadour with the butt of his gun hit the man at his chest. The man tumbled and fell. Zadour again took his position and continued to fight furiously. Two of the robbers died. The robbers realized that it was impossible to win, they took their dead bodies and fled. Again, our hero was saved from danger.



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Անուանի է. Բազ առաջնորդ համբարդներու

HAJIE ZADOUR MAGHAKIAN

A NOTED AND STRONG LEADER OF TRAVELLERS

HGA

ABOUT BERBER KHACHADOUR

Khachadour Berberian was a handsome man, he was tall, had won many fights, he loved to wrestle and his strength allowed him to fight often.

In 1872, in the spring, the Berberians were in heavy sleep, two thieves came and opened the door with a different key, they collected everything and placed them in bags. Khachadour woke up, went outside and noticed that there was a light downstairs. He looked down from the window; the light went out and one of the thieves acted as if he was familiar with the house and went up the stairs towards the roof. Khachadour grabbed the hand of the thief and tied him. He wounded Khachadour with a dagger. Although Khachadour was wounded, he refused to free him and the man's dagger fell down. Khachadour with all his power held the man with one hand and with the other hand tried to capture the dagger, but the thief shook and fled. All the villagers gathered. Khachadour collected his thoughts and informed the villagers that there were two thieves, one of them fled but the other must be downstairs. A few of the young men of the village followed him to the stable. They saw that the thief had a gun in his hand; they attacked him and took his gun away. After a good beating, they turned him over to the government. The Berberian's wound was not serious and healed up fast.

FROM THE LIFE OF THE ATAMIANS

The Atamians were a large ancestry; they were good people, mule-riders and agriculturists. Khacho Atamian had disposed his strong oxen during the construction of the Church. Giragos Atamian lived a long life, 110 years old in good health. His son, Abdal Sarkis, was a good business man, pretty well to do, fearless and powerful. In addition, Osgin Atamian was a powerful man, with good character. Atam Atamian's both eyes were blind, but he was a first-class trubador and because of that, a few times a year went for gatherings. In 1888, Atam and Giro went to Arapkir to beg and after traveling for a few weeks, they returned home. Blind Atam and lame Giro walked through rocky ways with difficulty. Giro noticed that a man holding a

large dagger in his hand was rapidly approaching them. Giro turned to Atam and said, "a man is approaching I think he is a robber". "What does he have on him"? "A large dagger, Atam". "Do not escape Giro, if you escape I will kill you". They were in this kind of conversation when the robber appeared in front of them. The robber talked to Giro, since Atam was blind. He pointed the edge of the dagger to Giro and demanded money. "I beg you *Agha*, we are poor we have no money, but if you wish to have bread we have plenty". The blind Atam stood behind the robber, with his arms opened. The robber again demanded money, but Atam held the robber's arms and squeezed his hands with such a force that he brought them to his chest and linked his fingers. It was impossible for the robber to separate his hands; it seemed that they were nailed together. The robber dropped his dagger, Giro took the dagger and threw it away, but the robber shook Atam, leaped toward the dagger, and took Atam with him. Although Giro was limping, he rapidly took the dagger and threw it in such a way that the robber could not tell which direction his dear dagger went. At that moment, the robber begged from them to let him go. They neglected to listen to his cry and quickly tied his arms tightly, left him there and went their own way.

The Derderians had a caring clergyman, with a clean character. Krikor, Mardig *Agha* and *Hajje Hagop* were good people.

The Der Simonians, from the beginning to the end were humble people. Der Simon and his children had been renowned. Hampartsoum and Ohan, like their grandfather, were humble.

Mikael Mamishian was a businessman in Arapkir. He was born to be a big revolutionary, known as Kasbar Mamishian.

Aharon Dervishian, sometimes *Delou Aharon*, was a wonderful person; his son, Garo, was a famous young man, handsome, his hair and beard were prettier than silk. He was a businessman in Arapkir.



Կ. ՋԻԳԵՐՅԱՆ ԻԿՕԻՅՈՒ

Վերջին կյանքը որ հարկահաւաքներէն .

K. JIGERJIAN (koko)

THE VILLAGE FAMOUS TAX COLLECTOR



ՊՐԻՆԻՍ ԱՅԻՒՔԱՅԻՆ

Բարձրագույն Լուս. Ինստիտուտի Հիմնադիրը

BOGHOS JIGERJIAN

**FOUNDER OF
ENLIGHTENED EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY**

The Khougoians were agriculturist. Moushegh Khougoian was a wonderful and kind man in Pazmashen; he always loved his neighbors, also Zakar and his son, Haroutune. He was a good musician.

The Bedigians were a large family, helpful to the poor, always respectful to their neighbors. Never interfered with others problems and they always looked after their own family. They loved their church, religion and prayed all the time.

THE COMPETITION OF "WITTINESS"

During the cold season of fall, a few elder men sat under the sun and made predictions for the coming year's crop and some of them remembered the past season. The *Tookhool's* Bedros, said, "Boys, (*deghak*), the other day I went to *Chor Khool*, hailstones came down, and everyone of the hailstones were larger than a mill stone". *Kerzents* Aznavour interrupted and said, "This year, so much thorn grew that there is no solution as to how to remove them, but the dogs ate them up and the donkeys remained hungry". *Tookhool* Bedros said, "I do not believe that, Aznavour, but my father, near the shore of Izol River leased a field and planted vegetables. A cucumber grew so much that reached the other bank of the river and people walked over that cucumber and walked back and forth". *Kerzents* Asnavour said, "I believe that Bedros, my grandfather had one-thousand beehives with bees, each bee's leg was tied with a string so that it would not mix with others. *Tookhool* Bedros became very angry with Aznavour for lying and an altercation arose. Suddenly *Dasho* Bedigian arrived, and listened to the argument and said, "Bedros is telling the truth" and closed the argument.

THE JIGARJANS LINEAGE

The Jigarjians had a large family; they cherished the poor people. Nigoghos Jigarjian was the kindest person. For ten consecutive years, he was the Mayor of Pazmashen. That kind person offended no one. Because of his sincerity and the love for his

villagers, he gave away his personal property. Onnig Jigarjian cared for the poor and fed the hungry, dressed the naked and always avoided altercation. He always gave good advice to his neighbors. Sarkis, Krikor, Meger, Osgian and Arakel had the same qualities. For many years, they were tax collectors. No one expressed any dissatisfaction about them. Mayor Krikor had a good character; it seemed he was born for the poor people. He cared for the weak and hated violence. He was the glory of Pazmashen. During his entire ministry period he governed with such wisdom that all the villagers, as well as, his opponents remained pleased. When the yearly vote took place, even his strong opponents gave their vote to Krikor. They knew very well that Krikor had a noble character towards the police. Was it possible for the police to disobey the Mayor's intention? He had internal force, he was never afraid from anything, with his humble and clean nature he was the love of the village. Nevertheless, unfortunately in August 1895, merciless death ate his stronger than iron body.

The Onanians were impartial people. Alexan, Bogos and Asadoor *Mughdes* were always sincere in their position. Asadoor *Mughdes* was the Mayor of Pazmashen for a few years. One day when he completed his accounting he noticed that a good sum of money was left with him. He thought that amount belonged to all the villagers. He called the Rulers of the village and asked for their advice. The Rulers told him to go and ask *Hajje Ahmed*. When Asadoor asked *Hajje Ahmed* what to do? He replied by saying, "lucky man eat that money". However, he was an honest man, and disliked things like that, because he had a good future. When he died, he left a good sum of money for his children. Manoog Onanian like his father, was very generous, there was no one who had not profited from him.

MUGHDES MELIK SHAHPAZIAN

Mughdes Melik was a kind man, with a good reputation. He was a mule-rider by profession, but barely able to make a living. After his death, his children became well to do. Boghos *Mughdes* was the village's Ruler; he was considered one of the

important men within the village circles. He had been the Mayor of Pazmashen's, but during his time he was not useful for the village. *Baghdo* Kehian was murdered in someone else's house. No one knew why? The reason remained unknown; and no one would even know what really happened. We can only guess that *Baghdo* was murdered because of jealousy. We can say that he was not a spy, or a thief. He had some faults, but not enough for someone to kill an innocent man. There were many people like *Baghdo*; why were the others not punished? They were with fault but well respected. Let us mention that when Hapet and Hagop for more than three months stayed in Pazmashen, *Baghdo* knew which Inn they were in. He did not betray them. We do not know why, but this is the truth.

THE LAST DYNASTY

In 1880's, the Pultoians were very poor. Although they had a few parcels of land, the income from the sale of the crops barely paid the interest of their loan. When Toros Pultoian reached a lawful age, he told his father, Giragos, "Father, don't you think we should sell a few parcels of land so that we can pay off our debts and our work will not be wasted". His father listened to his smart son's advice, sold the lands, and became free of debt. Toros with his solid will and intellect started trading, day and night. Occupied only with his work he improved his home position where food became plentiful and was able to give food to others. His father saw all this. His Toros had a sharp mind and a strong will. Although Giragos had five children, Toros was the one who reestablished his house and kept poverty entirely away from his home.

In a short time, he built a great wealth; his father saw all this with his own eyes. Giragos was ill in bed and before his death gathered his children and said, "I bless you all, but I ask God to bless Toros one-thousand times for I have seen my house filled with food. I am dying with a peaceful heart". After Toros' father died, he had no desire to interfere with the village affairs, his only interest was in his trading business. In 1898, he became a notable rich person in Kharpert.

MOUSHEGH MORTANIAN'S COMMERCE

In 1875, Moushegh Mortanian was involved in the buying and selling of gun-powder and bullets in Karahisar village. He also had a branch in Kharpert. He expanded his capital greatly. He was a responsible man, never worried about coming problems, and enlarged his business. One day he received a telegram from Karahisar that the store was on fire. Mortanian immediately left for Karahisar and found everything destroyed. He returned to Kharpert via *Garini*. He purchased two thousand oxen and sent them to Kharpert. Shortly after the oxen arrived in Kharpert they became sick and all of them perished and Mortanian's business was ruined. Mortanian was a good man, he protected the poor, he was against violence and he always struggled regardless whoever he faced. Many times the village Rulers troubled the ordinary people; Moushegh Mortanian fought, and criticized the Rulers and accomplished everything legally.

THE HUMORIST MAN

Varteres Kalkesian, sometimes known as the *Kurdish Boy*, was a very clever man and in addition to that, he was very sincere. Unfortunately, Varteres' jokes had no value in the country. In 1895, when the people left Pazmashen, our *Kurdish Boy* was held captive; the *Khan* Village Kurds with great pleasure took him to their village to sacrifice him on a Friday. Finally the day of burnt-offering arrived, they tied Varteres' hands and lead him away to take aim at him. Suddenly a gypsy arrived, when he saw Varteres he said, "*Kurdish Boy* what are you doing here"? All of a sudden the Kurds came and asked the gypsy if Varteres was a Kurd or not. In addition, Varteres said, "Let me say *agha*, one day my mother went to collect materials to burn, she was forced by a Kurd... and then I was born; and named *Kurdish Boy*". As such, he was saved from death.

FROM THE LIFE OF UNCLE (*AMOU*) GHAZAR GHAZARIAN

Ghazar *Amou* was a strong man and known to speak truthfully. The Pazmashentsis called him *Aldo* Ghazar. Ghazar was seven feet tall, very strong and bony, but solid. One day he rode his donkey to collect heating matters and he noticed a piece of wood; without descending from his donkey he reached towards the ground and picked it up with his hands. He saw a young man on the road walking towards him. When the man arrived he saluted and asked if the village on the other side was Pazmashen? Ghazar asked, "What is the problem". "There is no problem, I am from *Hogh* Village. I had an argument with a few men in our village by saying to them that there is a very tall man in Pazmashen. I came to prove that it was true". "My friend, let me tell you the truth; in our Pazmashen I am the shortest person". The man looked directly to Ghazar *Amou*, who was sited on his donkey and looking up while talking. The man from *Hogh* Village said, "It is unnecessary for me to go to Pazmashen. Since you are the shortest person, who knows how tall the others are". The man began to walk back to his village. He turned to look back at the man on the donkey, but by then Ghazar *Amou* was far away from him. After completing his job, Ghazar *Amou* returned home. A policeman was waiting for him. He told Ghazar that he had been summoned to appear at the courthouse the next morning. However, Ghazar was apprehensive to go, but he also was against covering the truth. The next day Ghazar rushed to the courthouse. When the time came for him to testify, the judge objected by saying, "This man is old, he has no brain and he cannot properly testify. "Forgive me, your honor; I have something to ask". The judge allowed him to speak. Ghazar *Amou* trembled, he looked at the judge, waited a bit, trembled, he looked at the judge and said, "I am old, I have no brain, and you are a Moslem, 82 years later on what day your *Khourban Bayramin* arrived and when does Ramadan arrive? Can you tell me that"? The judge was stunned and told him, "Give your testimony immediately and leave". Ghazar gave his true testimony and was sent home.

By profession the Poloians were troubadours, poor and physically weak. Always kept away from harm. They were never well to do. They could only buy a piece of bread.

Although they were poor and difficult to get out of it, they were not malicious. They were kind to their neighbors and lived with them as they did with their family members. Khachadour and Mendzo came to America and were able to expel poverty from their home.

THE BEDROSIAN'S PAST

The Bedrosians previously were Tatoiian. From the early time they were separated, again they became a large family; always God fearing and kept away from fights. They had their own land and cattle. Boghos Bedrosian was college educated, with a good and kind reputation. He respected all the Pazmashentsis. They also had a young man by the name of Garabed, on his way to Dersim for business. Robbers killed him. His son while swimming in America was drowned.

THE OSKOIANS PROFESSION

The Oskoians by profession were famous musicians. From young to old they were guided to find an easy way of living. Some of the family members were involved in agriculture and they owned many lands. Many times the grains remained under the snow until spring. It was told, in 1872, they went to a wedding in *Givmish Maden* and stayed there for months. On their return, they brought back a large amount of money and clothes. This is the way it went the days of their life.

THE KOTOIANS PAST

Krikor Kotoian was kind, serious and thoughtful man with a good reputation. He was one of the important rulers of the village. He also had an important position. For more than 15 years, he was the vicar; once a week he went for a meeting at the prelate, he was very important at the meetings. The Bishop had a big respect on Kotoian's ability; he liked his impartial conversation.

Kotoian had a small wealth. His son Ghazar was a truthful person in the villages of Kharpert; he had won a big name within the government circles, he was very helpful to his village. He had large amount of wealth, land, water and grapevine fields.

SARKIS PASHAIAN'S LIFE

Sarkis Pashaian was a poor man; he lacked personal possessions, except his small living quarters. He was unable to earn a living, although he was a clever and talkative man. He had four small sons to support and he could not endure the government taxes. Sarkis had a large debt but they could not collect from him; like a lawyer, he defended his case.

One day Sarkis went to Arapkir on business, he had just become a Protestant. When he arrived in Arapkir, he was a guest at a important Armenian Protestant's home. After a long conversation, dinner was served. The master prepared the table; he covered the table with a snow-white tablecloth. When the dinner plates were placed on the table, Brother Sarkis closed his eyes and said, "O, Our Father", and started to eat. Brother Sarkis finished the food on his plate and said, "Amen". The master told Brother Sarkis that there was more food coming. "Brother I ate very well", repeated Sarkis. The master forced him to have a taste of it. "I said I will not eat, if I taste it I will be a liar". The master thought that there could not be a more trustworthy man like him and thereafter he became his close friend. After the meal the master asked, "Brother Sarkis, you did not tell me what kind of business you came here for"? "Brother, I came from *Caesaria* my mules are coming with full loads so that I will be able to sell my goods in Arapkir. I came first in order to prepare the loads, but my money became scarce". The master now found a new friend. He asked how much money he needed. Brother Sarkis asked for 30 golds pieces. The master said, "Very well", removed a bag from his chest, and counted his 30 gold pieces. Brother Sarkis made a blessing; after that he placed the money in his pocket, and left by saying, "Either tonight or tomorrow morning we shall see each other. Stay well". Brother Sarkis fell ill. For a time he lived of that money, but was unable to pay some of his debts. He died in poor condition. After Brother Sarkis' death, the village Rulers had

the courage and forced his children to pay up five years of taxes owed. The four brothers saw that it was impossible to pay the debt, the first-born brother, Nigoghos, took his mother, Yeghisapet, during the night and migrated to *Dzaroug Village*, where they stayed with his uncle. For a while Nigoghos, his mother and his brothers lived quietly. Again they had difficulty trying to earn a living. One day a Kurdish Master told Nigoghos, "Come and lease the land I have; I will give you an ox, a plow and I will give you everything you need". Nigoghos accepted his proposal. A little while later the four brothers started to cultivate the land and placed their work in order. One day the Kurdish Master came and told Nigoghos to give him the shovel. Nigoghos replied by saying, "I am using the shovel. I cannot give it to you". By saying, "Give", "I will not give" argument turned to a fight. Nigoghos with the tool he had in his hand hit the head of the Master twice. The man fell to the ground wounded. A while later a lot of noise arose; but the *pashas* paid no attention. The Kurdish master never forgot and constantly told the other Masters that the children of this *gentile* must go away, because some day they will give us a bigger problem. They began to complain from all over the village. Nigoghos saw that there was no other way and started a tobacco business with one of his brothers. The Kurdish Masters continued to give troubles to the two brothers. One day Nigoghos and his brother brought many goods home. But when Nigoghos saw a crowd around the house changed his destination. The house was surrounded with a large crowd of Kurds but they did not have the courage to enter, because they had heard about Nigoghos' strength. Because of that, the other Masters were friendly with Nigoghos. Nigoghos and his brother escaped to the mountain. When the searchers arrived to the mountain the shooting began from all over, and the fighting became violent. For Nigoghos the fight was nothing, he had no fear from death, he fought with courage, the two brothers against a whole crowd. When the crowd concluded that it was impossible to reach to Nigoghos, they surrounded him. They fought for more than five hours. Nigoghos considered dying rather than surrender. However, his friend, one of the masters, from a distance sitting on a hill advised him to surrender. Finally Nigoghos dropped his weapons and surrendered. After he received a good beating, he was sent to prison. He was held in prison for a long time and tormented. Until

his release from the prison he had done no harm or evil to anyone, but he said, "Henceforth I am going to be a different man. What is justice worth? We have to put to work our freedom".

Nigoghos started to do all kinds of bad things, without sparing anyone, neither a Turk nor an Armenian. Within a few years he left a great fear throughout Kharpert and the vicinity. They trembled just hearing the name Nigoghos. He fought many brawls, he was also beaten, but there was nothing that Nigoghos was frightened from, night or day he was the same, it was only enough to mention that Nigoghos was coming and all his opponents trembled. The Kurdish Masters were saying, "Didn't we say that some day this *gentile*'s children were going to be dangerous? We should approach prudently with these men, so that someday we will not face another Nigoghos". At the same time Nigoghos could not tolerate it when he saw the others sudden unpredictable change. However, Nigoghos never changed his attitude. After a while, there was a big fight; this time the opponents were more prepared, more forceful and they surrounded him in the mountain. After a long resistance, Nigoghos was arrested. The Major told the policemen, "Why did you bring this man to me alive". Again, Nigoghos went to prison. This time he was very happy, because in the prison he was introduced to Taniel and with an oath he became a member of the *Hunchagian political party*. After a long stay in prison, he was again freed. However, Nigoghos was not the same man, he was completely changed, always looked sad to his friends, they were surprised from Nigoghos' movements. When he remembered the past, he looked like a wounded lion and he bent his head and started to cry like a child. Many times, he said, "I was very merciless, and done many injustices. Finally Nigoghos regretted, and repented and returned to his parents' village, Pazmashen. He settled there and married. Then he was introduced to Hapet and Hagop, with Nigoghos' advice they were protected in Pazmashen for three months.

THE EMIGRATION FROM PAZMASHEN TO AMERICA

The first person was Zadour Maghakian in 1887. When *Hajie* Zadour arrived in the City of Worcester, America, jobs were very scarce. He was introduced to

Missionaries, but they were not helpful in finding employment; they only took a picture of him in his native clothes and sold one of them for 150 dollars. They gave three dollars to *Hajie Zadour*. *Hajie Zadour* by cleaning others houses earned a few dollars. He heard of a place called Whitinsville, he immediately went there, met the Priest and with his help he found a job. Before *Hajie Zadour* arrived in Whitinsville, there was a man from Kharpert who collected 45 dollars from each one that he found a job. However, *Hajie Zadour* found jobs for his compatriot, Pazmashentsis, at free of charge.

The second person to arrive was Paul Movsesian. The followings followed him: Sarkis Malkhassian, The Bedrosians, *Merganos Terzian* and etceteras.

Until 1892, many Pazmashentsis came to America and usually settled in **Chelsea** and **Brighton**. During that period Boghos Gigerjian, Hajie Garabed Oksouzian, Ohan Oksouzian, Abdal Kelojian, *Ekno* Shahpazian, Marsoub, Kasbar and etceteras. These men got together and after a long deliberation, they decided to have a general meeting with all the Pazmashentsis, to form an Enlighten Educational Society. A week later they announced the desirable meeting place in **Brighton**. At the exact time the meeting hall was full of Pazmashentsis. The Chairman, *Hajie Garabed* opened the meeting with applaunds, and the secretary, Boghos Gigerjian, presented the agenda and gave it to the Chairman. After many discussions, they formed The Pazmashen Society. The plan and the condition were left to the Committee.

The Committee Secretary, Boghos Gigerjian, spent one dollar and one half from his own pocket in order to collect one dollar; he ran from city to city for the advancement of the Society. In a short time he collected a good sum of money. After a resolution, ten gold money was sent to Pazmashen to hire a school teacher. Before the money had arrived the village, the Priest, Der Sarkis, had brought Hagop Fenerjian as the Principal and musician Apraham as teacher and the third Ohan Der Bedrosian. This way the school entered in a very good position because of the Founders from America.

In 1895, Vartan Khosrovian, (*the author of this book*), met Boghos Jigerjian. His first question was, "How is the village school". I replied, "Very well". "When are you going to be a member. Money is not an option, I know that you just arrived, I will

pay your dues. Just join the organization so that in a few years we will transform the school to a college". This was the desire and the aim of the founding members. Therefore, we can not forget the will of our founding members. Let us together join to complete the unfinished work, so that the our founding members memories will always remain alive.

THE 1895

Beginning in 1895, the Turks started to show their color. The government failed to listen to the people complaints and ignored whatever was happening. In September, the Turks and the Kurds started their secret activities. In the outskirts of Pazmashen at *Shaghfie Beg's*, (*agha*), house, the Kurds were gathered. The government suggested that *Shaghfie Beg* burn Pazmashen. *Tapa Beg* said, "I have a lot of faith on Pazmashen, especially with the Armenians. In addition, I have heard that six to seven loads of made in *Martenie* weapons have arrived, and I am afraid to tell you that they also have many cannons. They were smuggled into their village at the time when they moved their cattle from *Khoola* Village fields". This secret meeting reached *Hajie Zadour* and he immediately, with a few armed men, came to Pazmashen to help this region. They captured a few of Kurdish men and brought them to Pazmashen. The Turkish blockade increased. A few days later, *Garabed Dervishian*, while going to the grain mill, hit the nose of *Shaghfie Beg*. When that news arrived in Pazmashen, they were sure that the Turks were going to attack the Armenians.

A small group of men from the village came out, small in size, but big in heart. *Apraham* the teacher headed that well organized group. They were the power and product of Pazmashen. Many of *Apraham's* students were placed at the Four Corners of the village to alert the village day and night.

The group leaders were *Boghos Shahpazian*, *Hekim Kevork* and *Donabed Ghazarian*. The Chief of all the fighters was a tall man, *Kasbar Mamishian*, who wanted to arm all the men indiscriminately. Those who had money were also required to carry a gun; before the enemy had reached the village and their forces increased. Their aim was to arm whoever they could. *Mamishian* ran from one angle to the other to make sure everything was in place. He was all fired up, his head like a volcano ready to

burst. His eyes were fixed to the mountains and fields. He noticed a large crowd. Sometimes he heard the firings of bullets, for which our men answered continuously. The enemy forces came closer but the village men stood in front of the crowd valiantly. All the men of Pazmashen were ready to fight in whatever way possible. Saturday morning daylight came. The sun rose and came out from the red horizon. The enemy forces had doubled and surrounded the mountains, in the fields and valleys and ready to attack, without shame, the small number of men of Pazmashen. The cannons were lined up at the center of Pazmashen and *Khoola Village*; who were they going to fight against? Which government? The sun had not completely risen; bullets were flying, from both sides, like hailstones. A large group of Armenians held their position at the *Khachkar*, and the other group under the leadership of Soghomon Egopents and *Chelo Mikael* at the lower end of the village. This bloody fight continued until the afternoon. The leaders noticed that their bullet supply was diminishing and they were in need of gunpowder. A decision was made to empty the population of the village and a few hours later the Armenians retreated. Unfortunately, Kasbar Mamishian was heavily wounded. Before he died he raised his head towards the village that he loved and said, "Oh beautiful village, how are you going to remain" and his tear filled eyes closed.

Soghomon, who was fighting at the lower end of the village, was also heavily wounded and could not escape and fell into the bushes. *Chulo Mikale* noticed that his dear friend fell, rushed to help him; as if a child, he placed his friend on his shoulders and retreated. Within a few hours, the population of Kharpert gathered near a field in Mesireh, surrounded by Turkish government soldiers.

The small, tired, population had been kept together for almost one week. The government then gave an order to all the villagers to return to their villages. A group of men from Pazmashen, with a few Turkish soldiers, returned to the village. The soldiers kept away from the village. Our men wandered around the village and noticed that a Kurdish man at Giragos Atamian's house had fainted. They took the

Kurd, threw him in water well, and covered it securely. The men were Sarkis *Oghloo*, Mourvart Kasbarian, *Zournajie* Ohan, Khosrov Khosrigian, and etceteras.

The population returned to Pazmashen, with more ardent and determined to work for the village progress and growth. Within a year or two many glamorous and expensive houses were built better than before; by the followings: Famous and rich *Pelto* Toros, a famous merchant *Chelo Mikael*, a famous agriculturist *Meghsi* Abdal Goshgarian, Humble *Hekim* Khacho, impartial Koko Ghazar, Kasbar Mourvaghian, although a little defiant but always truthful, Dervish Mikael, Marout Khacho, a rich agriculturist, Baghdasar Jeloian and an important individual, money-changer Asadoor Malkhassian. Pazmashen's School again competed with all the villages after the massacre.

FROM THE LIFE OF *KHAYAJAN* MALKHASSIAN

Khayajan was a brave man; he never worried about the future. We know of three events. (*The author of this book was present at one of them*). *Khayajan* Sarkis *Oghlou*, along with Kasbar and three other men went to *Shiro* for business. While in *Shiro* robbers approached Kasbar; as always, Kasbar was ready to engage in a fight. When *Khayajan* saw that the other robbers were going to attack Kasbar from behind, *Khayajan* intervened and grabbed the gun from the robber's hand; the frightened robbers ran away.

The second wonderful event was the following: One day a policeman came to Pazmashen, we do not know how it happened, but the policeman had too much to drink and he did not know what he was talking about and was using vulgar language. *Khayajan* gave him a good lesson; in manners and a black eye.

Another event: One day a lad came from *Chor* Village to Pazmashen. He showed no respect for his elders. As he left the village *Khayajan* caught him, grabbed him by the throat and brought him back to Pazmashen. He was going to beat him if a few men did not come to stop him. *Khayajan* told the lad not to place his foot in this village.

Moreover, it happened like that. *Khayajan* had his faults, but his bravery surpassed his faults.

THE PASHAIANS

Very early Sarkis' grandfather, Isahag, in the biggest village of Kharpert, was the richest man; he had many oxen, cows and horses. He was the middleman to the Governor. Pashaian collected all the yearly income and earned an honorable reputation. It had been told that because Sarkis was a frequent guest at the Governor's house the Tatoian surname was changed to Pashaian.

Der Hovsept the Priest was a very influential person; all the tax collectors asked for his help during money collection time. He was a very strong man. Before he became a priest he was a wrestler. In addition, his grandson, Hagop, was a strong and vigorous youngman, as well as his son, Sarkis.

TAXATION TIME

During the spring season a respectable man, Kasbar, his hand on the handle of his plow was plowing at a fast speed. He had forgotten that lunchtime had passed as he was deep in thought. Suddenly his servant, Samuel, arrived gasping, gave the sad news that the Turkish Tax Collectors had arrived to collect taxes, and were harassing the villagers for payment. Kasbar felt a chill and his eyes turned red. He left his plow, hurried toward the village, and went to *Mughdes Minas*' house. After consulting with each other, they came out to meet the Village Chief. A brief conversation took place. They went to *Narjonts Fountain* and saw that the village men had been abused and thrown into the mud.

Kasbar turned pale, his eyes turned red and like a lion he darted toward the Tax Collectors. Whomever he caught he threw into the fountain. The villagers interfered and calmed the fight, however, the Tax Collector wanted to have Kasbar arrested, but he was not an easy catch.

It was essential for Kasbar to see *Mughes Minas*, because he was the Ruler of the village. When the Tax Collector with his assistants appeared in front of *Mughdes Minas*, he was told to leave the village. With their departure, the village went back to their work.

Kasbar belonged to the *Hunchagian Political Party*, but treated all fairly. His aim was to die for his Country.

MARKAR AHMADJIAN'S PAST

Markar was a fearless man. He had the same bravery at an early age; he was a true hero; nothing frightened him, and he was dedicated in a nationalistic spirit. He knew when to strike and exterminate the Turks. Markar's motto was to win. Those who knew him knew very well that Ahmadjian never retreated from the dark or feared from the Turks, but his position was limited and he could not expose his strength to the enemy.

One day Markar and his brother went to plow the field; an hour away from the village, at the *Timpar Field*, the cattle were grazing and a little farther away, the two brothers were working very hard. From a distance, Markar noticed that the animals were forcefully moving; he immediately left the tail of the plow and ran after the robbers with a wooden stick in his hand. There were about 30 robbers; his teeth protruded like a lion; he turned into a tiger and commenced to hit from right to left, contrary to the advice that his brother had given him, to keep away. He continued to attack without any compassion. He wanted to shred the Kurds but suddenly he saw that the wooden stick was broken, he immediately removed his silver color dagger from his back and hit someone's arm and the other's ear. When the other Kurds saw the condition of the two wounded men, like a rabbit they escaped. Markar was victorious and he took his cattle back and returned

FROM GARABED MANTASHIGIAN'S LIFE

Garabed, a miller, was a sensible man. He was also a brave man. Although he was short, he was fearless, regardless of the opposition, he was big and strong, he never gave up. Garabed also had two workshops: one for fine wheat and the other for paper for cigarettes. All the surrounding villages and the city of Mezireh bought their goods from him. He had obtained a big name for the love of his nation. He was acquainted with Hapet and Hagop and for a long time he kept them in Pazmashen for their protection and freedom. But in vain, the spies snatched them from his hands.

KHOSRIG KRIKOR'S PAST

At a young age he was in love with his gun and became a slave to it. He preferred to have a gun rather than a thousand gold coins. To fight and without fail to win was his desire. At age 18 he came to **America** and settled in **Newton Upper Falls**. Shortly after that, with a few friends they formed a group to learn how to handle guns under the patronage of B. Soukigian. They were well trained and qualified to handle guns and they were alert young men. Shortly thereafter, Krikor was promoted to the rank of Corporal position. Mr. Soukigian saw that Krikor was brave and fearless he kept his eyes on him and knew that someday Krikor would become an important soldier when the time came to free the nation.

One day Krikor could not wait and with his friend went to a Doctor. When the doctor completed his examination he found that Krikor had two hearts. Krikor remained another four years in America. During the Balkan war, he returned to his homeland. Krikor loved his gun more; fell in love more with his nation and the Turks became hateful to his eyes. Krikor had no fear from anything; whether the opponent was strong or weak, little or plentiful, daylight or night, there was no one to stop him. All of the Turkish villages had heard the name of that brave young man, "*Khosrig* Krikor". One night Krikor with his two friends and the village School Principal went hunting, a long distance from the village. Krikor remained a little behind. His friends

thought he would follow them. They waited for a while and heard the sound of gunfire. The village Principal ran to see what had happened. When he arrived, he saw *Khosrig* Krikor with his gun in his hand he had captured more than twenty Kurds all by himself. Krikor in English told the Principal to check if they had any good guns. If so, to take the guns away from them and then to set them free. The Principal completed the search, but found no guns or other weapons. The Kurds only had the shirts on their back. They let all twenty Kurds free.

Krikor was conscripted five times in the Turkish military service and always escaped. The third time he was with *a weak* Dervishian. Dervishian fell ill but continued their journey. They arrived at a place where there was a bridge; there were two guards standing. What were the two escapees to do? If they turned around, it would have been a more difficult situation and the guards would have suspected of something unusual, therefore they had to cross the bridge. Krikor said to Dervishian, "Let us pretend that we are slaves and approach the guards, after that we will think for the rest". With that decision they walked and came to a stop in front of the guards. The guards wanted to talk to Dervishian. Krikor very quickly removed his dagger and swiftly stabbed one guard in the heart and the other's forehead and not a sound was heard from them. Without anyone's knowledge, the two escapees continued their journey.

Krikor was very happy and proud to have stepped on the grounds of Pazmashen again. There was an official order in the village from the Turkish Army to kill Krikor wherever found. Krikor the *lion* knew that his life was in danger. He also knew that the Armenian soldiers were dying from poison. During the day, he hid in the fields; sometimes he saw the *Khoola* villagers and told Mrs. Der Boghosian that if the enemy failed to hit him in Pazmashen he will never be hit anywhere else. In addition, he said to her, "I will be careless if I die, but I will be afraid to die without taking my revenge as I have not completed my mission yet".

That day! Wish that day's daylight never came. Krikor met two of his friends near *Khoola* village; he sat down to eat bread. He noticed that two Turkish policemen approached. Krikor told his friends, "Allow me to kill them". His friends objected. The policemen wanted to arrest Krikor. Krikor took his gun to fire. His friends held

his hands. The policemen took advantage of the situation and killed Krikor. Krikor fell; his steel heart was pierced with a piece of lead from the bullet. Krikor lifted his beautiful head again, stared at his friends, and said, "Wicked friends why did you do that wickedness." For the last time he kissed the ground and closed his eyes. It was a heavy loss for Pazmashen. His brave body came back to Pazmashen and the villagers mourned.

In 1911, the people from Pazmashen began to immigrate to America. Every week a group of young men left, before the other group arrived in America. It continued like that for years. It seemed that there was an internal voice that said, "go". The internal voice was our fatherland's voice telling his children to go; to go there rapidly, where there is safety. I am frightened that there is a big flood approaching, holding the head up like a snake, the mouth open like a dragon, which will devour you. My dear people proceed with haste; under this sky, there is no protection. I do not want you to see the destruction of our Churches; moreover, the hymns of our Churches will become quiet. Our fountains will stop running, the fireplace smoke will go out, my consecrated bread will break into pieces under their filthy feet and the streets will flow with blood. The nightingale will no longer sing in our pretty fields. The fields will turn to nests of the snakes, but my dear people do not forget my will. My people of Pazmashen always live together, wherever you go. Think like one person and work with a kind heart. Maybe, you will return to my bosom, with all the people of Pazmashen and you will restore my Churches. Hymns will be heard again from the Altar. The stones of the streets will make noises again, it will have the mouth to say that we are now in peace. At that time, oh, that day, I will hold you on my chest, I will squeeze you firmly and I will bless you, by saying, multiply, increase and fill up Pazmashen.

550 YEARS OF CONSTRUCTION BEING DESTROYED

In 1915, in the middle of April, all the military age young men from Pazmashen were assembled by the Turkish soldiers. The rest of the population, unknown to what was coming, continued to work; sometimes sad, sometimes happy. In the last days of

April, suddenly the village was surrounded with soldiers, a Captain with ten soldiers entered the village, people were seized and taken to the Church. The door of the Church was shut tight; the soldiers brutalized the people and demanded them to turn in their guns, some of them could not endure the pain and surrendered what ever they had.. A few soldiers started to search houses, whatever they found they collected and along with the village men took them to the city prison, there they endured heavy punishments until they promised to give their guns. Those who did not have guns were beaten and murdered. Since the village was surrounded, some people were hiding in the mountains and some in the fields; they were hungry and thirsty. Many died and the rest succumbed to the enemy. Accordingly all the men from the village were taken away. Later it was heard that these men were taken to a place called *Haroghli* and with torture were murdered. At the end of June, the government posted special notices on the walls of houses that in 15 days the entire population of the village will be deported. The villagers tried to sell everything they had; in submission to the announcement, they started to bring their furniture to the street, the Kurds bought everything at a very cheap price. What were the villagers to do?

(Regretfully, page 111 and 112 of the book are missing).