

**VILLAGE OF  
PARCHANJ  
GENERAL HISTORY  
(1600 — 1937)**



Illustrated



By  
**MANOOG B. DZERON**  
of  
Parchanj  
Joliet, Illinois, USA

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Translated by  
Arra S. Avakian

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## Preface

The English publication of the book "Village of Parchanj" by Mr. M. B. Dzeron, author, marks the culmination of a promise I made 47 years ago, to have the Armenian version of the book translated into English so that the present and future generations of the people mentioned in the book will know something about their roots and also about the trials and tribulations that existed in the village of their forefathers at that time.

Through the excellent efforts of Dr. Arra Avakian, who was eminently capable of accurately translating the Armenian thoughts and subtle expressions of the Armenian, as expressed by Mr. Dzeron, nothing was lost in the translation. We also wanted this book to be available as a historical reference book showing the traditions, culture and life existing at that time.

The book represents another bit of interesting Armenian history written by a true Armenian patriot whose roots were in Parchanj and whose credibility cannot be questioned.

Dr. Suren M. Seron, Son  
1984

# TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Manoog B. Dzeron's General History of the Village of Parchanj is one of a remarkably extensive collection of histories of Armenian old-world communities. Virtually all of these, written by natives who lived in the communities they describe and who therefore knew first hand of what they have to say as well as anyone else, have been written and published in Armenian. Present-day generations in the Dispersion generally lack the language facility to enjoy the rich heritage that is theirs in discovering their past as described in these works. So it is that a demand exists for translations into English.

The sons of the author of the present work, feeling the need themselves and as a consequence benefitting their compatriots, have undertaken to have their story "anglicized." We are happy to be a part of their plan.

Mr. Dzeron has written his General History with convincing authenticity. He has given it a personal viewpoint, but in so doing has not distorted. His language is "native," using words, phrases, and idioms that belonged to Oul Ova—the general region—and to the village of Parchanj particularly. Often he has used words, not, incidentally, included in his special glossary, that are obscure, making it something of a challenge to track down the meaning. Turkish words, certainly part of the living language of the people of these old-world communities, are necessarily part of the writing.

It should also be mentioned that the author has a style of writing that is often quaint and enchanting. In our translation we have tried to preserve the tone of that style.

Names of persons and places, and often special words are necessarily transcribed phonetically into English. This has been done as far as possible using phonetic values corresponding to the speech of the region. Where a word was felt better kept in its original form rather than translated, it has been transcribed phonetically and shown in quotation marks; it is then followed by a translation or an explanation contained in square brackets. In general, any material we have introduced has been included in square brackets. We have chosen this approach rather than to encumber the text with footnotes. Entries that appear in parentheses are generally taken simply as they appear in the original text.

The original work, in Armenian, contains many sketches with Armenian explanatory notes. Genealogical charts are also hand written, in Armenian. We have reused the original sketches, but with Armenian notes replaced by transcriptions into English or with translations. Genealogical charts have been redone.

The translation has been a difficult, but rewarding task. We hope that the new class of sons and daughters of Parchanj, and others, will enjoy it.

Arra S. Avakian  
Fresno  
1984





M. B. DZERON  
Editor



ARARAT

## DEDICATION

From the village sons and daughters burning with longing,

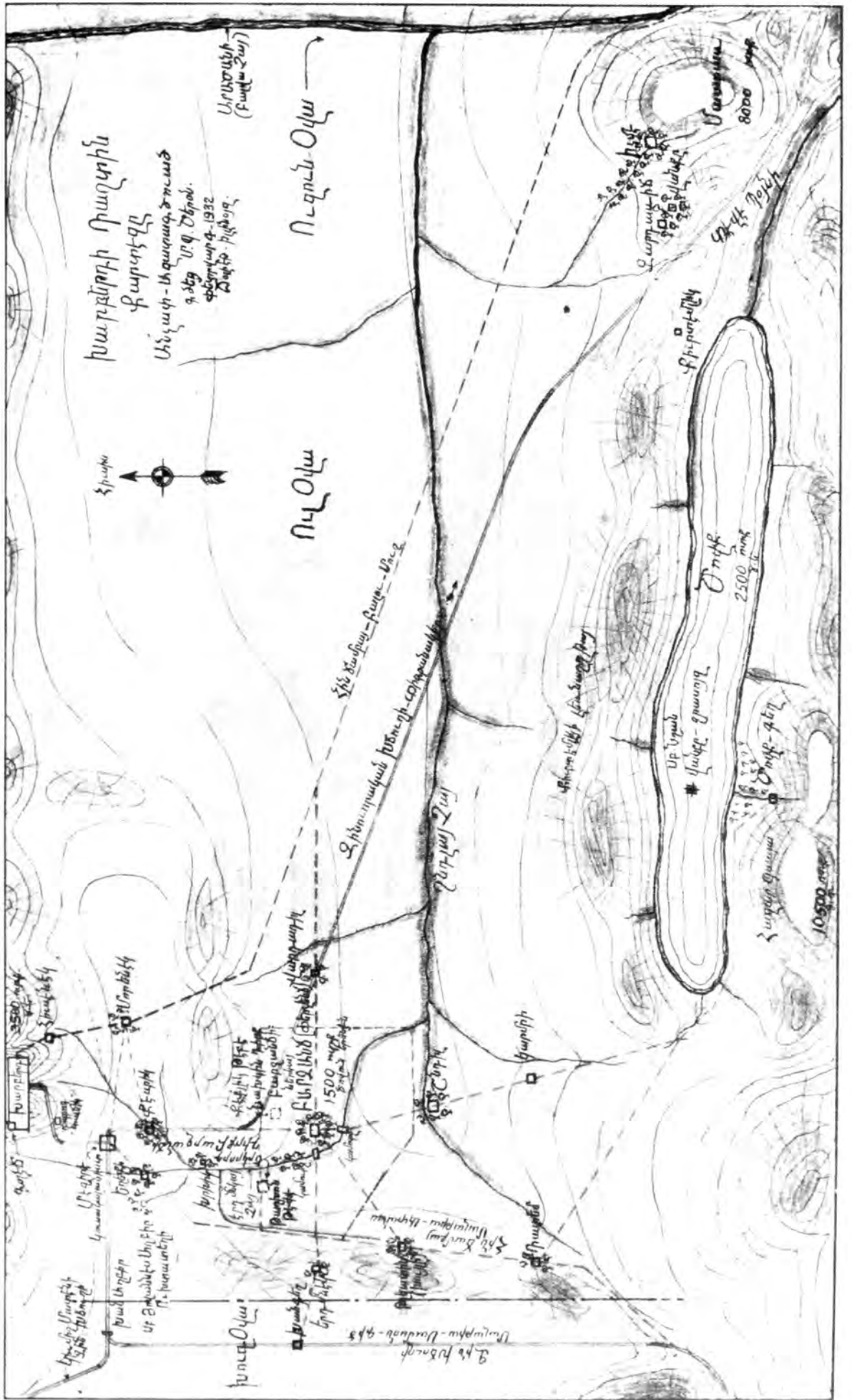
to

MOTHER PARCHANJ

and

to the generations that are and that will follow

Legend: Military Highway Old Road Boundary Trees



## AN EXPLANATION

A requirement for a historical work, which this volume is, to be of value and to have clarity, is that the names mentioned therein be authentic. All peoples have had and do have their own proper names, and their nicknames. In our history we have used many such names. In this work none of the local names used is intended to suggest an evil thought or ridicule. The author has attempted to present everything as accurately as possible. To change anything would mean to compromise the work's authenticity. I hope that this explanation will suffice, and that no one will find reason to be aggrieved.

Mrs. M. DZERON (Widow)

# FOREWORD

A fatherland does not consist only of a land area with a population of people that inhabit it, that work to make it flourish, and that are always ready to fight and even sacrifice their lives to protect it. It includes as well the memories of significant events and noble works and braveries that have taken place in that area and by those people. It reflects the unique mores of the society, its customs, the events, the patterns of work, and the kinds of skills indigenous to the area. It reflects also the characteristic idiom of the religious life, the popular traditions, beliefs, proverbs, fables, songs and dances, as well as the cultural works in art, science, and literature that it produces.

The Turk in the horrendous crime it perpetrated against the Armenians during the Great War (WW I) wanted to eradicate them in those tragic regions of Armenia where it had established its autocracy. It sought not only to eradicate the living population, but also the national homeland and the culture generated by the Armenians over many centuries. Those sons of Armenia that managed to escape the unprecedented carnage have more than a simple duty toward their destroyed land of birth and toward their martyred blood relations. One of these duties, being among the most consecrated and important, is to preserve the moral and spiritual values of the vestiges of ravaged Armenia.

The establishing of new Arapgirs, new Kharperts, new Malatias, and new Sepastias in our new Armenia, on the flanks of Mt. Arakadz and at the foot of majestic Mt. Ararat, is one way of fulfilling that duty. Also, it is patriotic and beneficial for the nation to gather the spiritual and physical resources that still remain out of the ruined old fatherland, and bring them to reinforce and thus strengthen our newborn, small, but treasured fatherland. A further way in which this duty can be fulfilled is carefully to gather together the moral values that prevailed in our tortured homelands that are still recalled by survivors, or that can be gleaned from the scattered pages of earlier published works. These can be consolidated and analyzed and recorded in new volumes, to insure the permanent preservation of those spiritual treasures, of genealogical vitality. If this cannot be accomplished immediately after the carnage it may be lost forever.

This book is a beautiful effort which enriches the collection of a number of praiseworthy publications that serve this purpose and that have recently appeared among the Armenians of the Dispersion.

The descendants of one of Kharpert's villages, Parchanj, had emigrated to America even before the massacres and there formed the "Ousoumnasirats Engeroutiun" [Educational Society] to help in the educational work of their native community. They have agreed with the Pan-Kharpert Union to build a new Parchanj as a section of new Kharpert being built in Soviet Armenia. And along with such a physical memorialization they have undertaken to do so morally by perpetuating the memories of their birthplace. This tender and difficult task of creating the memorial



has been delegated to Mr. Manoog B. Dzeron, one of the most worthy sons of this village. That esteemed patriot has long since become known and honored in the Armenian community of America through his wise, nationalistic, and sensitive works. To accomplish the task that has been delegated to him he has conceived a plan that is as comprehensive and as complete as possible. For the accomplishment of that plan he has devoted the necessary effort for research, collection, classification, and analysis, tirelessly and methodically.

Thus, this book gives us the overall picture of the Armenian social life of the people of the village of Parchanj for 60-80 years. It does so as far as the details of that life are remembered by the oldest sons of the village, one of whom is the author himself. Moreover, the book includes a description of the life of several centuries as it had been handed down to these senior members, or as gathered piecemeal from old books.

Salient events and notable persons of the village are paraded through this work, with special emphasis on the massacres of the Ilamidian regime, and the Great Massacre of 1915-16.

Described therein are the characteristic mores, customs, traditional pastimes, and the patterns of living, working, and producing. The peculiarities of the local dialect and the various expressions of its folklore—proverbs, sayings, tales, witticisms, fables, songs, etc.—are also gathered here.

This memorial work is valuable not only for the people of Parchanj, but for all Armenians. It is so because it contains the history and the spiritual biography of one segment of our people, and adds to the treasury of valuable and inspiring written records of the foundation of our race.

The members of the Educational Society of Parchanj are to be congratulated for undertaking this noble and fruitful project.

Thanks are due to all those of Parchanj who with the characteristic diligence of lovers of tradition have contributed to the realization of this work. Thanks are due especially to that Armenian patriot who assumed the authorship of this book. The wish must be expressed that there will be others to follow their example—those that are the descendants of other ravaged villages and cities of Turkish Armenia.

Paris, 29 September 1934

/s/ Arshag Chobanian

# INTRODUCTION

Village of Parchanj—this book of history is a monument to the noble memory of “Mother Parchanj,” which the Educational Society of Parchanj has erected alongside New Parchanj for our posterity.

The original idea was only to prepare a register, with biographies and photographs, of those who participated in the \$5000 fund-raising in 1918.

However, the Educational Society, in its 40th and 41st Conventions, broadened the purpose and plan of the book. They formed an autonomous Album Committee, recommending that it spare no effort or cost to produce a worthwhile and select work.

The Committee started immediately in the task of gathering stories. After negotiations and consultation they gave me full responsibility for editing and completing the book.

I started work on the book in August 1931, in Joliet, immediately after receiving the questionnaires sent out by the Committee. I completed the manuscript on Thursday, December 23, 1937, in Joliet.

The book is a general account of the life of Parchanj, from about 1600 to our times. Our forebears kept no records of events, of births and deaths. The anointing and baptismal records of the church priest, imperfect and wretched as they were, were all lost in the final demise of 1915, becoming nothing but dust and ashes.

“The Year of Famine,” “the Year of Agony,” “the Year of the Epidemic,” “the Year of the big Earthquake,” “the Year of Hail,” “the Year when ‘Khavgha’ or Uncle came” [the Russo-Turkish War], etc., etc. These were the historical time markers of our forebears. And all of our dates are tied to these markers. My birthyear was “the year your father built the meetinghouse of the city’s [Protestant] reverends, on the Saturday night of the feast of St. Hagop [James],” my mother of happy memory would say. Thus, the sources of our old stories have been *a.* tradition, confirmable and mythical, and *b.* testimony of living witnesses. How fortunate the present and future generations of Parchanj are for the fact that we still have with us a few of those gallant tradition keepers. They are the oldtimers of our village in their 70’s to 90’s, who have heard the stories from the grandfathers, and fathers, and mothers. A few of them even lived through the Blood and Terror, and miraculously escaped that hell. In California we find Khojig Mardig’s son Haroutiun (Sari Arout) 88 years old, cobbler Mghdesi Krikor’s son Hovhannes (Khanem Ovanes) 72 years, Gougou Mlko’s son Haroutiun (Khadi Arout) (deceased) 75 years, and Rev. Bedros M. Garabedian 75 years. In the Boston area there are Kilarjonts Garabed Amou 83 years, Big Torgants Mgrdich’s son Ovan Amou 73 years, Mghdesi Beyros Garoian 75 years, and Margosents Beyros 70 years; in Joliet Manoog Dzeron (the present author) 75 years; and in Lvons Tato Khazar’s son Giragos 80 years.

From such credible sources has the information come on the following: the name of the village, its origin, its early aspect, the church, and all traditions; also a population count of the Armenians to the present day, the list of names of those who were martyred or displaced in the blood and ruin of the 1895 and 1915 massacres, the structure of the governing body of the village, the relations between Armenians and the Turks, the temper of the culture of the village, the composition of families, the mores and customs, the productivity and industry, and the crafts and lists of craftsmen. Packaged in this book our descendants will find the popular games for the pastime of the village, the admonitions of our dear mothers, the riddles they invented, and spells, curses, and blessings, superstitions and fairy tales dreamed up by our dads in their cozy barn nooks; oaths and tales of gnomes and vignettes from real life; discussions, witticisms, and proverbs; and dance songs and love and wedding odes. And appended to all of these is a vocabulary of more than 3200 words, including some non-Armenianized, the village employed.

The book is illustrated with group and individual photographs of former and living villagers, to the extent deemed necessary and as available. There are also more than 100 drawings that illustrate the native tools used by the farmers, the artisans, and by our mothers. These drawings were made by the author from memory, but very carefully rectified. The cover drawing and the drawings for "Halaj [one who combs] Combing Cotton," "Sawing Boards," and "Harvest Time" were done and redone ten times from my descriptions by Mrs. Nevart Dzeron Goshgarian, the author's daughter born in Parchanj. All of the other drawings were prepared by Levon M. Dzeron, son of the writer of these lines. On behalf of the Educational Society I extend deep thanks to the two of them for this valuable and unrewarded service. I have drawn the maps of Oul Ova and of the village from memory. They are not to exact scale, but relatively accurate, and verified.

I have converted the Turkish form of the village name Perchenj to the Armenian form Parchanj after very careful research. This change has already been accepted and confirmed by the Educational Society at its 42d convention.

I requested the famous writer Mr. Arshag Chobanian and the well-known philologist of the Mekhitarist Order of Venice, Father V. V. Hatzouni, to advise me of their feelings on the reasons for justifying the change, advising them of the general plan and purpose of this work.

Mr. A. Chobanian wrote from Paris on May 13, 1933,

"I received your valuable letter. I find the work you are about to undertake to be most praiseworthy. You know that I very much like such undertakings. This is an admirable task for it helps to preserve regional values that are lost or that are about to be lost. The plan you have devised is very good. Edit your book accordingly. Perchenj is clearly the Turkish form for Parchanj. But ask the Venice philologist Father Hatzouni . . . etc."



Father Hatzouni answered from Venice on July 11, 1933,

"I have probed but have not succeeded in finding historical data on 'Perchenj,' as recent tourists write the name. It is not an acceptable belief that the Apostles built a chapel; it is only the product of popular imagination. Travelers, as well as Srvantsdians and others, rarely mention the name of that village in the list of the villages of Kharpert. Consequently, it remains for you to establish the place name. Wishing you success . . . etc."

I feel it a duty to express the Society's grateful appreciation to these famous Armenologists for their helpful suggestions and opinions. I extend extra thanks to Mr. A. Chobanian for his very valuable Foreword that graces the opening of my book.

Of those mentioned in the book as sources of information I wish here to acknowledge those of my compatriots who selflessly and willingly were particularly helpful to me in this work.

They are the following: the Vicar Catholicos of Lebanon, Bishop Yeghishe Garoian, in his "Homeland Longings"; the Very Reverend Ghevont Kilarjian in his biography; and Hamasdegh (Hampartzoum Gelenian) in his "Novelettes," all especially valuable. Next comes veteran worker Khachadour B. Gelenian from the Boston area—the Society's "Derder"—who gathered and recorded the most reliable census of families, and provided other vignettes.

From California there were Harry Berberian, Hagop S. Kaprielian, Hagop N. Khazigian, Tateos Apkarian, Aram Bedoyan, and Soghomon Googooian. They collected and wrote down the tales told by these oldtimers living in California, as well as stories of events following the enactment of the Ottoman Armenian National Constitution. The first two, especially, continued in their collaboration, making corrective revisions and promptly providing answers to my questions regarding new matters that would arise.



Khachadour Gelenian

Also from Boston there were Mrs. Altoun H. Boyajian of Aleppo, Mr. Sarkis Minasian (blind), Rev. Nshan's daughter Haiganoush, Demourji Khacher's wife Mariam, and Teacher Boghos' son Mr. Sarkis Minasian. These had witnessed and experienced the Turkish hell; their reliable and vivid descriptions became complementary sources.

Chief Editor  
M. B. Dzeron



# VILLAGE OF PARCHANJ

## Chapter I TOPOGRAPHY

### 1 — Oul Ova

A. The line of hills of Yertmnig divides the plains of Kharpert into two. The western part is called 'Khouz Ova' [plain]. The eastern part — from the hills of Yertmnig to Palou Chai (the Aradzani River), about 30 miles, and from the Keklouk-Tapa chain of hills to the Kourdemploug Mountains, about 12 miles, — is the 'Oul Ova' valley-plain. It is the most beautiful, the most fertile, the most built-up, and the most populated plain of the villayet of Kharpert. On the north the highlands of Kharpert, on the south the mountain chain of Kurd-Emlig, the hoary Hazar-Baba and Shnorhali's Lake, on the east the 'sky-high' Masdar [mountains] and the ever-flowing Aradzani, and on the west the pocked and rocky Yertmnig line of hills — these are the eternal guardians of Oul Ova.

B. The Shntil Stream (also called Kharndga Chai) flows through the center of the Ova. In early spring it swells to become a small river, while in the summer it becomes a trickling stream that hardly drives the water-wheels of the flour mills and the cotton gins lining its banks. This stream is able to irrigate only the fields hugging its banks. However, Ova's fields are not parched because Ova has countless sluices and springs, full-flowing and never dry. It has many villages, some all Armenian, some all Turkish, and some mixed. The military highway between Samson and Dikranagerd [Diyarbakir] passes through the middle of Ova. The roads joining the several villages during the spring and fall are muddy and impassable. There are only two bridges over the Shntil. Ova has an area of

360 square miles.

C. Note: Some of the villages of Ova are known by the Turkish form of their names. For example, Kesirig in Armenian is Garsig, and the native is Garsgtsi.

### 2 — Village of Parchanj

A. Parchanj is the main village of this beautiful plain. On the western edge of Ova, along the 'skirts' of the Yertmnig mountains and at the intersection of five roads, it is enthroned as an 'eternal queen' over its gardens and orchards and surrounded by its clear waters and moist and fertile fields.

The village and its fields cover about 14 square miles. From Keklouk-Tapa to Shntil and the borders of the villages of Yengije is about 4 miles. From Yertmnig and the Tlgadin (Khuylou) lands to the borders of Vartatil is about 3½ miles. Topographically, it is a lavish plain. In the center of the village is a flat-topped mound about 40 feet in elevation. On the northern and western sides is the Turkish quarter. On the southern side, on level land, is the Armenian quarter near their fields and sluices. On the center of the mound is the old mosque that has collapsed during the earthquake of 1872. When Dzeronts' master craftsman Bedros was doing some excavating while rebuilding the mosque, he found some native vessels of fired clay. But for fear of government [interference] he did not continue his digging. He even reburied what he had found. I have often heard from Master Bedros (the author's father) that 'that mound is packed and with artifacts. A lot is

buried there.'

The mound of an old, buried village? Perhaps! No one has been able to establish this as a fact with careful and extensive excavations. Some day, when the Armenian descendents of Parchanj regain their ancestral home, that puzzle will be solved.

### B. The Early Circumstances of the Village

There is no reliable or confirmable information on the date when Parchanj was founded or on its early circumstances. All that exist are traditions, and these are even vague, uncertain and legendary.

Father V. V. Hatzouni, the famous philologist of Venice, on my inquiry wrote on July 11, 1933, 'I have probed but I have not succeeded in finding historical data on 'Perchenj,' as recent tourists write the name . . . Consequently, it remains for you to establish the place name, remembering that traditions are only traditions.' The commonly accepted tradition places the original site of the village where the mound is. But it doesn't say when. If that mound is an original site — and the earthen vessels discovered there are an indication — then these ruins must be much older than the times of our forebears whose history we are now writing. Another tradition has it that the original site was on the southern flanks of Kekloug Tepe where the Turkish cemetery is. According to a third tradition, the original site was to the east of Yertmng mountain near Khrkhig village at Dashkhoun Tapa. Evidence supporting the second and third traditions are the firepots and other earthen vessels that are discovered when graves are dug. Also, the Khoramans (an old Turkish farming family) have found glazed water jars and 'khachkars' ['cross stones'] while tilling their fields at Dashkhoun Tapa. That khachkar was placed in front of that Turkish home and used as a 'bineg-tashi' [stoop for mounting horses].

According to a fourth tradition, the last two mentioned sites were two parts of the village surrounded by vineyards and gardens on both sides of the stream. Kekloug Tapa and the cemetery areas were called Vartkegh ['rose village'], and the Dashkhoun Tapa was called Sarakegh or Chrkegh ['water village'].

On the Vartkegh side there was only little water (a sluice), called Yeghoents spring, but later known as St. Sarkis spring, and a chapel for Armenians and Turks. After all, hadn't St. Sarkis of Bursa, when escaping from Greece to Persia, stopped at Vartkegh by this spring and,

having drunk of the cool and refreshing water, blessed it? This was the legend generally accepted and frequently repeated by our fathers in their cozy barn nooks. That spring was a shrine for Armenians and Turks. They came for cures for chills and fevers. Near Sarakegh, at a place called 'Khayayin Touter' [Khaya's mulberries], there was a small stone hut, the St. Yeghia [Elija] chapel (also called a monastery). It was a miracle shrine in which the [olive] oil lamp burned summer and winter without becoming exhausted — 'through the hand of the Saint.' Near this shrine was a 'shosh,' a mineral spring, tasting of iron. The village mothers would bring their sickly children there to be cured, but always bringing with them a small glass of olive oil — 'for St. Sarkis.' A bath in the waters of the shrine, a drink of a few drops of the water, a bit of kneeling in prayer . . . and what else — 'by the Lord's command,' the child would become well. My mother of loving memory, even after becoming a 'prode' [Protestant] used to visit that miraculous shrine. The excuse — a holiday! But she never forgot the olive oil.

Combining these legends we can infer the following. The first founding Armenians of the village established themselves on the east and west banks of the stream, on the flanks of Kekloug Tapa and Dashkhoun Tapa. But wearying of the destruction caused by the annual flooding from the stream, they relocated to the mound.

Later Turk arrivals, however, seized the Armenian homes on the mound. Armenians were obliged to relocate in their present areas. The village remained divided in this way with two distinct quarters, Armenian and Turkish, until our times. Only two old families remained in the Turkish quarter. And 9 or 10 Turkish homes were scattered in the Armenian quarter.

### C. Homes

The village consisted of 500 homes, 300 of them Turkish and 200 Armenian. The houses, in general, were small. The large, old Turkish 'khanakh' [comparable to an inn], 20 or so farmers, and 4 or 5 'jouvaloug' [non-farmer, or village worker] families had large houses. All houses were of two stories. Walls were of 'karpij' (unfired bricks) and [floors and ceilings] of poplar beams. The village was the only one in the Ova to have a public bath (in the Turkish quarter) and a bakery in the Armenian quarter. There were five flour mills and one cotton gin



run by the stream. There were also Depo Garo's 'palika' (factory) and two mills for crushed 'bghlour' [cracked wheat], driven by horses. The village marketplace was in the Armenian quarter with 4 cobblers, 4 barbers, 2 blacksmiths, 2 cabinetmakers, one dyer, one 'toujjar' [drygoods merchant], one goldsmith-watchmaker, 4 grocers, and one butcher.

There were also a 'zham' [church], a meetinghouse [Protestant], a 'national' [belonging to the mother church] and a Protestant school, both coeducational, a mosque, and a shabby 'medrese' [Turkish school].

#### D. The Streets

The streets of the village had no assigned names, nor were the houses numbered. There were three wide, main streets. Effendi's 'chvakh' (street) ran east to west from Krigents' mill going by Janigozalents' spring and on to the lower mosque and the barren fields toward Hoghe village. This was the road that separated the Armenian and Turkish quarters. The 'City' street, in Turkish Dara-Yoli, running north-south, began at the military highway, passed by Hamid Bey's garden and inn, by Janigozalents' spring, joining Effendi's street [for a short distance], passing by the corner of mghdesi Khacho's (Hodo) house, crossing the Chai road, passing through the shop area, and going all the way to Haji Bey's sluice toward Shntil and Rngije, dividing the village in two. The Chai [stream] road was also known as Boyaji's street. It started at the stream and went east to the Vartatil road, dividing the Armenian quarter. The marketplace was on this street. The rest — just side streets — were narrow and dead-ended, with some places bridged over by houses producing dark, cellar-like vaults. The surfaces of the streets, and generally of the whole village, were sandy gravel in its natural state. During rainy seasons, however, in some places the water buffaloes were hardly able to pull the carts, so wet and impassable would the streets become. In winter when the snows from the rooftops were being shoveled, the snow would fill in those streets to the roof levels, sometimes even flush with the rooftops. Then to get out of the houses it was necessary to tunnel through the snow. The streets had no sidewalks.

#### E. The Highways

Parchanj was a natural conjunction of highways. The military highway linking Sam-

son, Malatia, Dikranagerd, and Baghdad passed along the northern edge of the village. Parallel to it was the Samson-Baghdad railway. In addition, radiating outward from the village were the following: Yertmng road (which from times immemorial has led caravans of Armenian refugees toward Adana, Istanbul, and more recently America); the Mezire road — or the Mill road — toward Mezire, the City [Kharpert], Khozat, Giumish, Madan; the Shntil road toward Dzovk; the Vartatil road toward Dikranagerd; and the Hoghe road toward Palou, Alashgerd, and Moush.

#### F. The Yards

These were in back of houses. In these yards the larger families had their dung holes and waste heaps where they would pile the dung and droppings from the stables and the garbage and dirt from their homes. Once or twice each year they would cart these to the fields as fertilizer. In the summer the yards also served as play areas for the village children.

#### G. The Bridges

One of the bridges over the stream was on the Yertmng-Adan road, the other on the Shntil-Tlgadin-Dzovk road. These bridges were of mortared stone forming masonry arches believed to have been built in Roman times. Both, but at different times, had been destroyed by the raging floods of the stream and had been rebuilt. They bear no inscriptions. The Yertmng bridge was still standing in 1915. The Shntil bridge, when first destroyed, was rebuilt by the Torgank family at their own expense to keep the road to the cemetery passable. But in 1890 it was again destroyed, and the two side and center foundations and segments of the arches remained protruding out of the sands.

There was a third bridge on the Shntil stream for the road to Moulli village, but long since destroyed. Only the two large foundation blocks had remained, but the Turks had taken them for the foundation of the minaret of the lower mosque. To destroy instead of build — that has been the barbaric instinct over the centuries.

My grandfather used to relate that "lance-bearing horsemen would ride under" the first two bridges. Now the side arches are filled with sand.

## H. The Stream

It was also called the Yertmnig Chay. It ran north to south along the west side of the village and joined the Shtil Chay. The main source of the stream is the St. Hovhannes spring (near the village of Yegheki) nestled in among the orchards and the gardens, always flowing full, cool and clear, and "bottomless." It was a shrine for pilgrims and a most popular and cool spot for play. Just below Yegheki this water joins the Kesirig Chay which comes from the upper valleys of Hiusenig and Morenig and the heights of the Pouzari and the Khaysarji mountains. A canal passing under Khrkhig diverts part of the stream to run the five mills of Parchanj. From the Yertmnig bridge to the Mezarlar-Choukhourin (the Turkish cemetery) the stream passes through cool groves of willows, hawthornes, and roses. This was the Balik-Goli, habitat of nightingales and fairies.

The northern edge of Balik-Goli, on the broad and clean gravel banks of the stream, was where the washing and bleaching of clothes was done in the village. The water was warm and clear. Here and there it was deep enough for bathing, with sandy bottom. Right nearby, running through a shady grove of willows was a cool, trickling feeder stream, making a perfect bathing pool and playground for Balik-Goli's fairies. Ever summer the Armenian young brides and girls would come here to wash and bleach the cloths they had woven, and to wash and sun-dry their rugs, carpets, and mats.

The flooding of the stream after the first heavy rains of the spring, however, caused heavy damage. I remember the year of the Big Flood when the waters from both the stream and the Khorkhor-Dara together caused a frightful flood and inundated the village. The swollen, bursting stream reached half way up the garden walls, roaring like a seven-headed devil. The yellow flood waters rushing along Boyajonts alley and the road from the City flooded homes and gardens and covered the village and fields with mud.

The flood sent house beams, and planks, and doors, all kinds of furniture, beds, cradles, animals, all kinds of uprooted trees from Mezire, Kesirig, and Yegheki, filling the Shtil stream. The mill canal was eroded. Many vineyard walls were toppled. The masonry walls of the wells and springs were destroyed, and the wells were choked up with sand. And all this occurred in one or two hours. They used to relate

that during this flood they caught a cradle with a baby in it — safe. The courageous and stalwart villagers used to gather the scrap wood from these floods as firewood for the winter.

## I. Sluices, Springs, and Wells

Hodoents Sluice was right alongside the stream. It flowed in a stone-lined canal from the regions of Daskhoun Tapa. The flow was about the size of a water buffalo's belly, always flowing, cool and clear — and very fresh. It belonged to the Armenian farmers.

Begents Sluice was a branch of Hodoents Sluice; it passed under the stream and came out at the upper end of Begents street. The water of Yeghoents Sluice along the Rhoylou road was plentiful and cool, but a little bitter and laden. The Moulli road sluice had limey water. And there was St. Sarkis' sluice.

The lower Khojgants or Levendonts spring, flowing under the Khojgants' home, was the largest spring, flowing unceasingly and full like a sluice, cold and clear. It formed a large pool, a place for cows and water buffaloes to go wading. It came from the "bowels" of Keklouk Tapa through a stone-lined aqueduct. "It's the 'yourd' [probably "entitlement"] for better than the likes of us," my grandma used to say. Chatal spring, across from the lower mosque, was a branch of the Khojgants' spring. The water for the public baths came from there. Topourmayents spring — the Turks called it Khoja-Poughar — was the main source of water for the Armenian quarter. It came out from under Topourma Mghdesi Mourad's home, forming a wide pool where oxen and water buffalo would drink and wade, and where cobblers would scour their tanned leathers. The water of this spring was also plentiful, cool and fresh. It started from the slopes of Yertmnig mountain, came through stone aqueducts and passed beneath the dung heaps in the yards. Sometimes the aqueduct would become damaged and the water would become polluted. Once or twice the aqueduct had become the cause of a typhus epidemic. The Janigozalents' spring — the main source for the Turkish quarter — had minimal water, but it was fresh and airy. Because its aqueduct was on the ground surface, the water was warm and unsafe, but was always used. In the Turkish quarter there were also the Choukhour spring and the Amoshents spring, both with minimal flow and sometimes dry. The Khrkhig spring on the road to Mezire was cool,

but slightly laden and bitter — water liked by donkeys. There were also four springs inside the inns with minimal flow, sometimes dry.

In the village were six large wells, filled with cold water, clear and abundant. They were in the yards of Effendi's, Upper Torgants', Haji Hafiz Agha's, Garoents;, and old and new Dzeronts' homes. They were from 20 to 25 feet deep. In the first three the water was drawn with copper buckets. In the last two the water was drawn with hand hewn wooden buckets of poplar.

These vital sources of water were all dug by Armenians, and all of them, at one time, belonged to Armenians. They have been full-flowing from past centuries immemorial. After all, it was the Armenians who, every year after the floods, rebuilt the stone aqueducts and cleared out the sands and roots of trees. But now . . . when there are no Armenians? Recent tourists relate that the sluices and springs are dry, and the walls have collapsed and the wells are blocked. There remain in the village only two flowing springs and one well.

#### J. The Name of the Village

At the present time the generally used name is written "Perchenj," evidently the Turkified form of the original Armenian name. Perchenj has always been used in government records, official documents, and in transactions in real estate and business. The Armenian intellectuals of the City — thanks to their prudence in civil matters — have adopted the same name, and have been obliged to use it in literature. According to very old and unverifiable traditions, the original name was Parechan at the time that the Apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew built the chapel-church in the village. It would follow from this tradition that the village is 18 [19?] centuries old. This does not seem probable, but because its source is an ancient tradition, we record it here out of respect, and for whatever value it may have.

The Kurds called it "Parpanj." In a booklet that we had 57 years ago on the topography of Kharpert, the village was called "parpanj" and said to mean "five doors," probably suggested by the village's being at the junction of five roads. I remember neither the name of the author, nor where it was published. Another

tradition has it as Parpin or Perpen, as uncertain and as unverifiable as the others.

PARCHANJ is indubitably the original Armenian name of the village. This must be because until the 1890's the unschooled elements of the village, especially the oldtimers — the entire Armenian population of Khouz-Ova and Oul-Ova, and even the inhabitants of the City [Kharpert] and our Palou "uncles" — called it and pronounced it "Parchanj." Our 70 to 100 year-old sires heard it as such from their dads. And we have heard it the same from them. Also, in volume I of the Provincial Dictionary ["pnashkharig"] published at the St. Lazar Monastery in Venice in 1907 under the entry for Kharpert, we find "Parchanj," and under it also "Parshanj." Mr. Arshag Chobanian believes that Perchenj is assuredly the Turkified form of Parchanj.

Now free of imperious rule, the village should be given the name used by our forebears, that name that they, the Armenian builders, had "christened it." And that we have done.

#### K. Notes Concerning the Maps

The maps were drawn from the recollection of 45 year ago without precise measurements. But the draftsman was the very one who was our official surveyor of roads, very familiar with the topography of the "Ova." Thus, he was able to draw the maps pretty much to scale, making them as valuable and serviceable for our purpose as authentic ones.

The map of the Ova shows the villages immediately surrounding Parchanj, with names of a few interesting places. The names of other villages have not been included, being considered inessential.

The map of the village represents the situation as of 1890. Only a few Turkish homes are designated. Ancestral names are shown — without identifying succeeding generations — of Armenian families that the draftsman and the natives providing advice were able to recall at the time the map was drawn. The complete census of families was undertaken much later when the map had already been completed and the plate made. It was going to cost much more and entail much labor to make the changes. To mitigate this deficiency the genealogy of 58 families not included will be given separately.



# Chapter II

## DEMOGRAPHY

### Introduction

At the turn of the century, 1890-1915, Parchanj had 3500 inhabitants, the most populated of the villages of the Ova. There were 300 Turkish families with 1500 individuals, and 200 Armenian families with 2000 individuals.

Untold centuries ago, and until the mid-17th century, like the other villages of the Ova, Parchanj was all Armenian, built and molded by Armenians. True, the names of its fields, springs, mills, and many of its streets have been Turkified since the domination of the Turk. But the former Armenian names, enshrouded in the traditions bequeathed by our forefathers, are inextinguishable evidence of the Armenian origin of the village.

#### I. The Turks of Parchanj

It is beyond the purpose of my book to write an extensive history of the Turks. Needed only is a superficial and quick documentary as necessary to complete the overall picture of Parchanj.

#### A. Turkish Families

It was during the 17th century, about 300 years ago according to tradition, when the first wave of Turks and Islamic Kurds from Moush, Garin, Dikranagerd, Kharachor, Konya, and Shami (Damascus) swept upon the prosperous and flourishing villages of the plains of Kharpert. Parchanj, the paradise built by Armenians through their labor of centuries, did not escape the claws of the ravenous wolves. The first Turk-Kurd families sweeping into the village were Bal Oghlonk (Hafiz Iboshenk), Imamenk, Sapatjonk, Shaynayenk, Hakhverdienk, Chbouxhjonk, Bekir Aghaenk (Bouloud Efonk and Delou Faroenk), and Kharamanenck. They seized the best and most valuable of Armenian properties. At that time the Armenians were able to make do with what little remained after the grab by these newcomer tyrants.

However, early in the 18th century Chotali

Zade Suleyman Bey, a notorious Kurdish tribal leader, assuming leadership over nearby tribal leaders and bandit hordes, invaded the province of Kharpert. He subjugated all of the villages of Oul Ova. He settled his followers in the Armenian villages. He seized all their lands and apportioned the fields and vineyards among the Kurdish hordes. The Armenian communities were forced into becoming tribute-paying domains.

The central government, following the established practice, became obliged finally to appease the influential Kurd, appointing him governor of the State of Kharpert. But after his death the pasha's bold Osmanli wife, Haji Khanum, taking advantage of the power held by the Kurdish nomadic tribes, continued absolute control over Kharpert until late in the 18th century. It was then that Gozlougji Rashid Pasha invaded Kharpert with an army and put an end to the reign of Haji Khanum and the Kurdish tribal leaders. It was at about this time that Haji Khanum left her former place, Chatal village, and came to live in Parchanj with her one son Haji Tahar Bey. Along with them, and some later, the Effendis (Haji Hafiz, Haji Osman, and Haji Memmet), Moulla Sadughenk, Kel Nejibenk, Haji Hafiz Aghaenk, Haji Eminenk, Chatal Oghlonk, Aboenk, Haji Omar Agha (Haji Kouchoug Agha) from Kharachor, Eshpi Khalilenk, and their followers — a horde of "satellite" thieves — gradually came pouring into the village. These Turks who came later became stronger. They seized all the best properties from the Turks who had come before, and from the Armenian community everything.

It was in this period that the Parchanj Armenians, devoid of lands and devoid of rights, became the domain and bondsmen of the Turkish and Kurdish aghas and beys. These Turks and their generations in the 300 years of their presence added not one bit of value to the economy and culture of the village. They lived merely as lazy parasites, a scourge hanging over the heads of the Armenians. In short, they annihilated the Armenian of the village, and all the



values he had built up over centuries. They did this with the fury of hyenas.

Haji Tahar Bey, Haji Hafizenk, Chatal Oghlonk, Haji Kouchoug Agha, and the three families of the Effendis — these seven families — owned nearly all of the village. Land, water, vineyard, mill, and bath belonged to them. Except for Haji Tahar, the other six families had become dens of thieves. These, having gathered about them bloody rogues, ruled the village, harassing and pillaging.

### The Memorable Turks of the Village

Haji Khanum was amply built. She was immeasurably rich, and ruler of the tribe, domineering and bold. With her bellowing voice like the roar of a torrent, she remained the mistress of the land to the very end. Her face was not veiled. All her lands were tenanted by Armenians. Her share of the crops raised by the bondsmen — wheat, oats, cotton, etc., — she left with them until she needed them. Even after she had established herself in the village, the Inn remained the “Mecca” of the tribal leaders. Haji Tahar Bey — Haji Beg, followed in his mother’s steps in his way of life. He was peace-loving, good-natured, liked the Armenians, and was just. He was the best Moslem in the village. After all, he was a Kurd and always the protector of his bondsmen. He was short and heavy set, always smiling. He knew as much Armenian as an Armenian, and always spoke to them in Armenian. He especially liked Armenian boys. He would have his pockets filled with raisins, leblebi [chickpeas], and 5-para [cents] coins. When he met an Armenian boy he would stop him, squat by him, and ask his name and his father’s name. He would tug at the boy’s ear. If it snapped back he would give him a 5-para coin. If it didn’t snap back he would give a handful of raisins or leblebi. This writer remembers the meetings of his boyhood days. “Dzeron Ousda’s grandson, c’mere. Let’s see if your ear snaps back!” Cockfights were his main pastime. Sometimes he would come to Garoents’ corner with two cocks under his arms. He would pit them against Mghdesi Arevig’s uncle’s cocks. He had a real inn with doors always open and tables set for everyone. It was very large with two pools and three springs. The stable was filled with Arabian horses and valuable mules. There were many servants. Mother and son lived very long. He neither participated in nor encouraged the quarrels between the Turks of the village. He would not of-

fer refuge for thieves. The Turks avoided him, but showed respect, while Armenians liked and esteemed this decent Kurd landowner.

Effendonts’ Haji Memmet Agha was another important and influential Turk. He was a fanatical Moslem, without pity, severe, but fair, it was said. The Effendonts were the most wealthy and influential family next to the Haji Begs. In 1860 they divided into three families: Effendis Haji Hafiz and son Haji Mustafa; Aghas Haji Memoud and son Haji Hamid (“blind Hamid”); Effendis Haji Osman and son Haji Hiusen were the most famous Koranists [knowledgeable in the Koran] of the state. Haji Osman’s wife, Sabo Khanum, was the second most influential woman among the Turks of the village.

I very well remember Kosaents’ Tat Hasan. This Turk was a zealous Moslem and a hater of Armenians. But he was the only Turk who spoke out bluntly, who criticized, and who fearlessly brought to court agha, bey, pasha. He was the “sty in the eye” of the villainous Turkish bigwigs. It had become a byword in the village — “Amongst the Turks, Tat Hasan; amongst the Armenians, Dzeron Beyros [Bedros].” I must not overlook “Ijra Mamouri,” Choban Moullaents’ Haji Osman. He was a drunkard of Kurdish extraction. The Turks called him Khuzlbash. He was kind-hearted and liked Armenians very much. He saved many Armenian lives during the massacres of ’95.

Haji Omar Agha (Haji Kiuchig Agha), the tribal leader from Kharachor, large of build, and with a fierce, indomitable, and despotic character, was an infamous scourge. He married Haji Beg’s sister. He was elected to the state administrative body. In a short time he seized the whole village — Armenian, Turk — in his rending claws, becoming absolute ruler. During his days there was no going to “City Hall.” He was the government, and his inn was the courtroom. He killed, he beat, he imprisoned, he harassed, he confiscated, and became rich, this reincarnated Nero. This manlike monster had only one good trait — he became a strong protector and champion for women’s rights and family morality.

Tat Hasan died of cancer. His clan ended. The inn was closed until an Armenian bought it and renovated it. Haji Hamid Agha (blind Hamid — the name given by Tat Hasan) assumed Haji Kiuchig Agha’s place. He was the most immoral, bloodthirsty, and wicked Turk. His inn was a den of thieves and murderers.

Alishents Aymed (Mustafa's brother), blind Okoushents Haydar, and well-known brigands were his cohorts.

Robber Zilfo and his brother Memmed Chavoush, of Kurdish origin, became the most notorious of the bandits. They left a trail of dread and panic in the Armenian and Turkish populace of the village and of the Ova. Brave and bold, also killers in self defense, they did hold to a measure of "honor among thieves." This distinguished them from the other dirty scoundrels. Blind Hamid had fear only of these two. Once they had knifed him. He could never get these two bandits to submit to him.

The new generations of aghas and important Turks, uncouth, indolent, and without skills had divided into two camps. Their bosses were Haji Emin and blind Hamid's illegitimate son Shiukri. From 1890 to 1915 their pastime was gambling, debauchery, quarreling, robbery along with Kurdish accomplices, and all kinds of savagery against the Armenian communities of the region. They were succeeded by Hakhverdons, and Zilfo Chavoush.

Only three or four Turkish families were farmers. They owned their lands and tilled and sowed them. The rest were "jouvalag" [non-farmers, such as officials, artisans, merchants, and intellectuals]. All of them had their own homes, but only a minority owned land. Most were tenants on vineyards owned by the aghas. The principal occupation of the Turkish common laborers was tilling farms, tending domestic animals, performing hourly labor, working as servants of the aghas, doing policework, and mostly stealing. A Turkish barber, a butcher, a bathhouse tender, a miller — such was the contribution of the Turks to the crafts of the village.

## B. The Religious and Educational Situation of the Turks

In 1890 there were two mosques. The old mosque was in the center of the Turkish quarter, on the Mound. It was a small, square building of rough hewn stone with walls held together with mud. It had a flat roof and a short, square minaret. The first Turks who moved into the village built it using the builders from Hiusenig and the village.

The lower, new mosque was on the eastern edge of the village near the bath. The walls were of mortared stone, with the roof sloping in the newer fashion. It was a substantial and well-styled building with a tallish round minaret.

The "mehrab," the pulpit where the imam [Moslem priest] rises to deliver his sermon, was a masterpiece of work. The architect was Dzeronents' master Bedros, who also planned and built the mehrab, minaret, and the roof. He had the expert help of his brother Boghos; of carpenters Minas, Khachadour, and Ounan; and of masons Mghdesi Boghos and Garmrtsi Beyros. The previous mosque had collapsed in the earthquake of 1872. It was in rebuilding this structure that masterbuilder Bedros found native clay vessels.

The imam of the lower mosque was Haytayents Molla Mstafa — the Great Imam, 120 years old. The imam of the upper mosque was Haji Omar Effendi, the Zort Molla. The other two imams were effendis Haji Osman and his son Haji Hiusein. They preached in the lower mosque, but only on feast days.

Haji Husein Effendi had, for 40 years on his knees, studied the Koran in the school of the Great Mufti [the high Mohammedan priest] in the central school of the City [Kharpert]. In those days the height of wisdom and attainment for Turks was to master the Arabic language and to memorize the Koran, analyzing the "thousand and one" possible meanings of each and every word. The four imams of the village had the authority to issue a "fetva" (a written opinion on the effect of Moslem law on complex matters in civil law).

The imam is the "priest" of Turks, the absolute lord over the mosque. His duties were to preach, to wed, to circumcise, to bury the dead, and to keep the Turks inflamed against the "giavours" [infidels]. They were remunerated through voluntary annual gifts, through income from the "vakifs" (properties granted to the mosques), and through gifts on the occasions of weddings, circumcisions, funerals, and also days of the Bairam [Islam holy day of sacrifice]. The imams wore green scarves on their white fezes. The village imams had many pupils who could complete an abridged course on the Koran in 5-6 years. They would receive the rank of Hafiz and the right to wear a white scarf, be called effendi, and make the "ezan" calls from the minaret.

Imams, Mollas, and Hafizes were exempt from military duty and from paying the exemption fee. Thus, thanks to the bestowal by the well-rewarded imams, all the sons of the aghas and well-to-do Turks of the village were Hafizes. As such they were exempt from military duty, wore white scarves, were effendis, and capital rogues — every one of them.

This appraisal is exceedingly condemnatory, but it is history that is speaking.

There was no modern education, intellectual development, or cultural awakening, nor any tendency toward attaining these, on the part of the Turks of the village. There was no school for girls. Not one female knew how to read or write. Among the males 95 out of 100 were illiterate. For boys there was a school, near Janigoghalents spring. It consisted of a small, second-floor room 15 by 20 feet in size. The room was packed — filled with pupils sitting cross-legged on their individual cushions placed on mats on the dirt floor. The school was near our old house. I attended the school for three days. I remember the old *khoja* [teacher]. He would sit at one end of the room on his cushion, leaning against a pillow at the wall. He was hard of hearing and with poor sight. He carried a long rod that reached the middle of the room. All the pupils recited their lessons for hours on end, simultaneously, and loudly so that the deaf *khoja* might hear. Woe to him who stopped reciting! A crack from the *khoja*'s rod! Imagine the Babelian confusion in that mob. In 4-5 years the sum total of what they learned was to read and write Alif-Beh [ABC's], to conjugate a few Arabic verbs, and to memorize a few short sections of the Koran — all to be forgotten!

Each day the pupils were required to fill both sides of a sheet of paper (the kind used to cover windows) with Alif-Beh's. For years the pupil, with a *divit* (brass inkwell and penholder) tied to his belt, a book bag slung from his shoulder, and his cushion clasped at his armpit, would go to the school, and then leave it, uneducated, uncouth, and . . . content.

The *Divit*: It was made of brass, and tin plated, either hand wrought or cast, and ornamented with designs. The penholder body (about 10 inches long) was attached to the inkwell. The body and the well had covers to close them. The Turks' pens were made from a reed. Only the *khoja* knew how to cut these reeds so that they could be used for writing. One of the important activities of the *khoja* was to cut this "khalam" [pen]. The ink they used was black and thick, made in the village of gum Arabic and the soot of linseed oil mixed with water and cooked. To dry the wet writing, instead of using blotting paper, they sprinkled a fine (ground up) white sand dust that was imported. Armenians also used the *divit*. However, they originally used feather quills, but for the last hundred years they used steel-nibbed pens.



62. *Divit*, *Khalam*, *chakhou* [knife]

Mustafa effendi was the preeminent one in Turkish literature and calligraphy. Berber Avak's son Mardiros, Pilibos Boyajian, this writer, and brother Haroutium had their primary lessons and learned Turkish writing and literature through this learned Turkish master along with many Turkish lads of the village.

Each morning after breakfast we would line up in this effendi's reception room for our lessons. Lessons were free. After all, he was the agha of our village. But, of course, it was impossible for the fathers of the Armenian pupils to forget him at Christmas and New Year. This effendi had a part-time position in the criminal court as recorder, but with very small stipend.

Eshgients Haji Mustafa Effendi also had pupils from among the Turks. He also served for 25 years as the principal recorder of the state legislature. Each morning he went from the village to the state house in Mezire on his white donkey. His monthly pay was 60 ghurush (about 3 dollars). He had "bought" that position at a price of 100 Turkish liras, thanks to which he was able to put away a substantial fortune . . . O blessed bribe!

The only centers for culture and pastime for the Turkish community were the warm "odas" [rooms] of the aghas. On winter evenings members of the same band would gather at the oda of their agha to learn the latest news and hear tales. They would exchange ideas mainly to keep the fire of hate toward the *giavours* burning, and often to plot deeds against the Armenians or opposing bands.

### C. The Turkish Family; Mores

The Turks of the village did not really have family, hearth, or family life. Love, the "mortar" that is the only bond to unite man and wife and form the family, lay outside their ken. For them the model of the "family ideal" was the harem, comprised of choice women, slave to gratification. As needed, they kept house, worked in the fields, and incidentally bore children. The wives numbered according to wealth. The aghas and other wealthy individuals with few exceptions kept more than one wife — a sign of af-



fluence and for them an enviable situation.

The poorer Turk was obliged to start out with a one-woman harem to form his "family," and proceed one at a time. After all, there was no legal or religious obstacle to abandoning one woman who had got "a little old" and taking on another. It was easier and cheaper than throwing away an old shoe and buying a new one. In many cases the cost of marriage was no more than a basket of fresh white mulberries, or the grapes from one vine, to be paid to the imam. The woman had no voice in the matter of abrogating the marriage. The decision was made on the whim of the husband. As a result, "liberating" a wife, especially among the poorer class, was a commonplace thing. In harems with several women rivalry, hatred, and connivance among the women, and plots against others' children, were everyday occurrences. Sometimes even serious crimes were committed. A peaceful and loving family atmosphere and a warm and intimate relationship were lacking. In such a family a Turkish woman's position was insecure and unstable. As a result she was obliged to cultivate other avenues and opportunities before being let go. By nature indolent with a love of finery, devoid of intellectual development and uneducated, and nothing more than a plaything for man, her only purpose in life became to be at any price a pleasurable and attractive "ever-bride," for her husband . . . for anyone!

Motherhood was insufferable, an undesirable state that causes deterioration of beauty and form. Love and character were unnecessary commodities. Thus, the woman naturally developed the art of becoming attractive and coquettish. She dressed and adorned herself with femininity, externally always neat and clean. She colored her fingernails and toenails with henna. She used mascara on her eyelids and brows. She rouged her lips and cheeks. She anointed herself with sweet-smelling oils . . . and she smoked. What else was there for her to do, she a soulless creature, ordained only for pleasure.

In general, family morality was lacking among the Turks of the village. Except for a few families with Kurdish lineage, their family homestead was a morass of immorality and prodigality — hearths of degradation. The instinct for modesty, humility, nobility, and the elemental traits of good breeding was already dead in the generations of Turks born and bred in these harems. The unspeakable mores and vices that

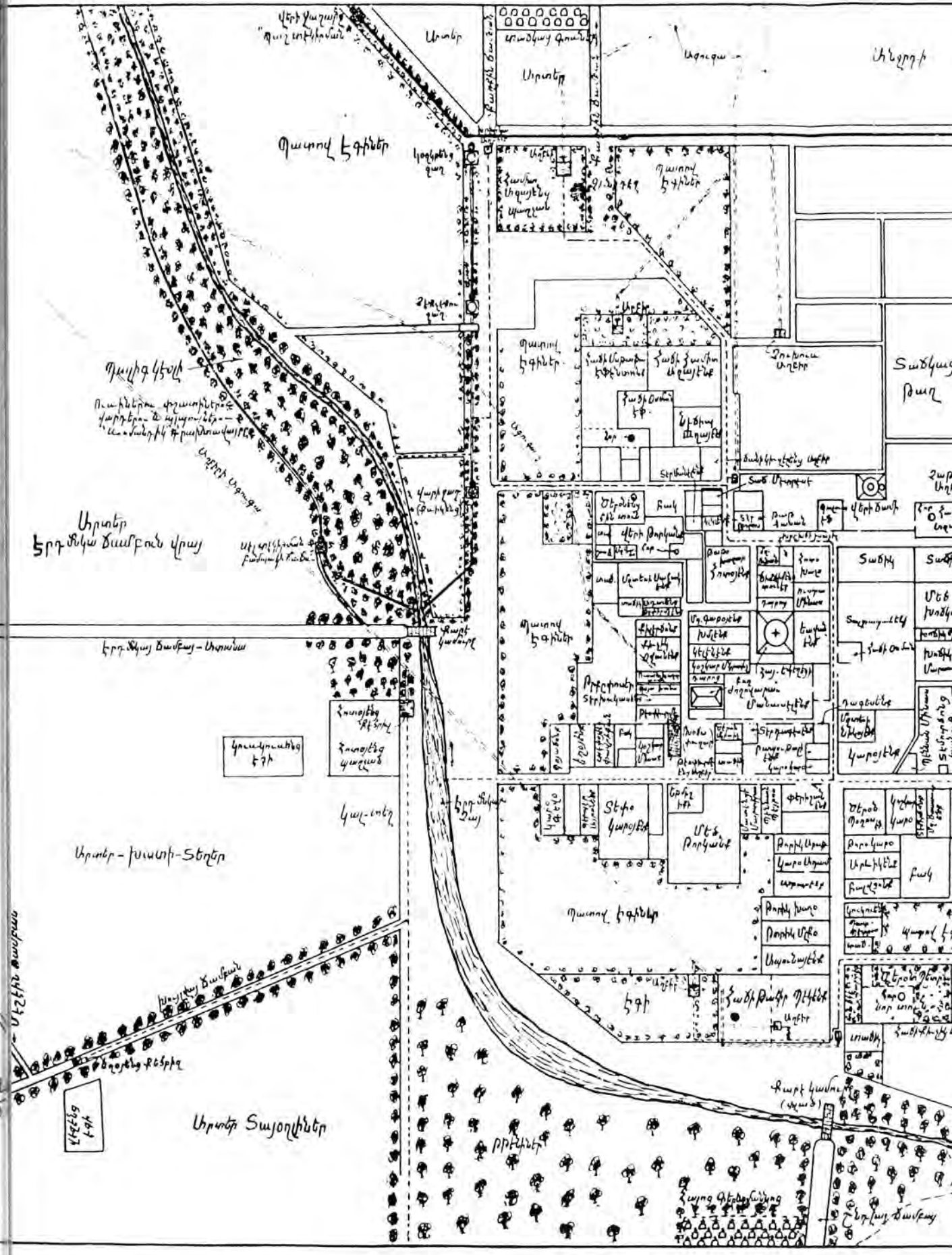
had long since become characteristic were part of their everyday living and interrelationship. And they brought with them debilitating diseases.

And so it was that these Turks who for three long centuries lived in our clean patriarchal village, became our neighbors . . . and in the end our hangmen.

#### D. Turkish Customs

I can claim, without wavering, that 99 out of 100 of Parchanj' Turks did not regard love as a necessary or natural ingredient to instituting a marriage. Marriage was an institution dedicated to the satisfaction of the male. In complying with this concept the boy and girl had no voice. The parents did the arranging and bargaining. The families' wealth and station played a major role in forming nuptial ties. The children of two brothers could marry one another. There was no need to observe the rule of seven "bord" [literally, "navel," implying genealogical separation about equivalent to third cousins].

Engagements and Weddings: The task of finding and choosing a girl for her son fell to the mother because only she would have the opportunity of seeing girls. A neighbor woman might recommend to the boy's mother — "now Hasan Agha's daughter Giulish, tall and willowy, heavenly, with sparkling eyes, long hair, arched brows, cheeks like the red of a polished apple, teeth like pearls in perfect rows like the seeds of a pomegranate, a marvelous dancer, a queen she is, just right for your Mehmet." The boy's mother sees Giulish in the baths, and while dancing in the garden. She approves of her and tells her husband. One evening husband and wife go to the home of Giulish' father along with their "kivra" [equivalent to godparent]. "Selame aleykoum" [greetings]. They sit, sip coffee, and talk of all sorts of things. Then, "By the laws of the Prophet and Allah's command I've come to request your daughter for my son, Hasan Agha. What is your answer?" So says the boy's father. "If Allah has made it Khismet [has blessed it], then it can be," answers Hasan. Then bargaining begins. They talk about the "er hakhi." How much can the boy pay? The "er hakhi" is the indemnity price of the marriage, the amount that the husband would have to pay the wife when he divorces her. In our village that varied from 40 paras [part of a piastre] to 1000 tahegan [100 tahegan to one Osmanian gold coin]. The mothers in another



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"Պատուկ հիվանդանոց"  
Սրահ

Սրահային գույն  
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Արևոս

Պատուկ հիվանդանոց

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Պատուկ հիվանդանոց

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room negotiate the "jihez" [dowry]. How much of a dowry will the girl bring along! When arrangements are completed and the girl's father approves, the boy's parents confirm the understanding by leaving gifts of earrings, rings, bracelets, according to their means. The next day the girl's parents visit the boy's home taking an engagement gift from the girl. Then they determine the date for the wedding.

On the eve of the wedding day two witnesses representing the girl, together with the imam, go to the boy's home to receive his declaration that he will be "lord and master" of the girl. Also, two witnesses representing the boy, together with the imam, get the girl's declaration.

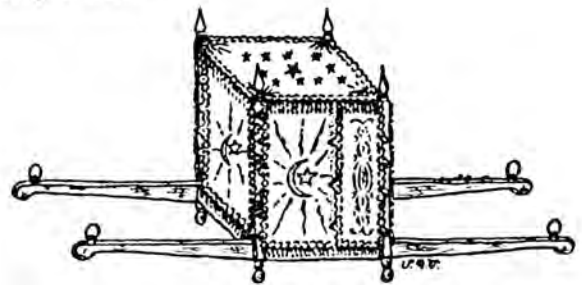
After these formalities have been completed, and in the presence of the four witnesses and the parents of both the boy and girl gathered in the boy's home, the imam according to the law confirms the "er hakhi" and ties the "nikyah" [engagement] with the recitation of a few lines from the Koran. Then with drums and horns outside, and musical instruments inside, the wedding ceremony starts. The house is full of hubbub and excitement. The next evening after the engagement the women and girls of the wedding party, along with a female barber go to the girl's house to henna her fingers and toes. The barber, wife of barber Zilfo, who was the only one authorized by the imam, clips the bride-to-be's "zilif," the lock of hair falling over her ear. She mumbles a few memorized lines from the Koran. This was the "circumcision" of the girl — a religious rite performed as a girl is to become a bride.

In the morning the boy's wedding party starts out, on horseback and on foot, with a "takhdouravan" [palanquin] being carried by two adorned horses. They are accompanied with davoul and zourna [drum, and oboe-like wind instrument], saz [lute], kemana [violin], daf [tambourine], and a "kochag" [male dancer] to "fetch the bride," but without the groom. And with the bride and her bridesmaids in the palanquin they return. Following the palanquin are one or more mules loaded with the dowry and gifts of the bride. The wedding procession pauses at the stream. The horsemen joust [play "jrut"] for a while and proceed on to the groom's house. Before the bride crosses the threshold the boy's godparent butchers a cock or a ram as a "khourban" [offering].

The first morsels of the roasted offering are eaten by the bride and groom before entering

their veiled chamber. Sometimes the groom would have tossed out raisins, leblebi, or small coins from the upper balcony over the doorway on the bride and her party.

The great feast of the wedding is ready, and the merriment begins. The main dish is "zarda pilavi" a rice porridge sweetened with honey or syrup. It takes the place of the "keshkeg" [herisa] of the Armenians. Also, there is the "khourban" meat, roast lamb, and sherbet in place of wine. The wedding guests eat, drink, and make merry with "davoul and zourna," "kemanche" [violin], and dancers. During the festivities the door would be open. Whoever came by — neighbor, stranger, beggar — without restriction, could have some zarda pilavi and khourban meat, and eat it there or carry it out.



105 Takdouravan [Palanquin] (Equipped)

*The takhdouravan was a closed litter that Turks used at weddings to transport the bride and her bridesmaids. It was fashioned of strong wooden poles. The enclosure curtains were colorfully embroidered woven materials, fastened with button loops. The inside was lined with printed silks and provided with rugs and soft pillows.*

They would carry the takhdouravan on two bedecked mules, one fore and one aft, with a muleteer. The entire outfit belonged to a Turk. It was the only one in Oul Ova.

The rental price was high. Thus, only the rich Turks could afford the use of the takhdouravan. The poor Turks and the Kurds carried their brides on a donkey or other beast of burden.

Divorce: To take care of this matter did not require going before the imam of the "khadi" (adjudicator of the Koran). Divorcing a wife was as easy as drinking water. The husband would take a straw or a twig and throw it back over his head saying, "Nikyahin benden bosh olsoun" (may this marriage be annulled by me) in the presence of his wife. And the divorce would be absolute and without appeal, according to Moslem law. The woman, now

superfluous as far as the man was concerned, would have to cover her face with a veil, and collecting her "er hakhi" return to her mother's home. Such an annulment done in an acute case of envy or anger on the part of the husband precluded him from recalling his wife should he feel remorse.

The imam could not confirm the "nikyah" [betrothal] without having had an appropriate amount of "er hakhi" [indemnity] designated. Among the wealthy Turks the substantial amount to be paid was a significant impediment to divorce. This was not so for the poor. For them the 40-para was an adequate indemnity to bring them within the law.

Becoming Haji: Pilgrimage to Mecca-Medine: The supreme desire and pride for the mature and old Turks in the village was to become "Haji." It was the talisman that covered and remitted all past and future sins — the password that opened the doors of paradise. And what of him who died while in the process of becoming haji? He would immediately be carried straight off, dressed in furs and lamb-skins and yellow slippers, right to the bosoms of the nymphs in the arms of a pair of angels.

Before starting out on a haji pilgrimage one would first receive "halal" [forgiveness, remission] from Turks and Armenians. To assure a safe and hale return he would offer a sacrifice and distribute it to the Moslem poor. Visiting Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem was essential to become haji. These hajis were numerous in the village. They were protected from the danger of falling into "jehennem" [hell] while crossing the "maze garmouj" [equivalent to crossing the River Styx]. And with their natural enmity enhanced by their exalted state as hajis, they became the greatest scourges on the Armenians of the village.

#### E. Structure of Community Administration

At first the Turkish community had no administrative structure. Chatal Zada Haji Khanum, the son Haji Tahar Bey, and Haji Kouchoug Agha governed the village — Armenian and Turk — with absolute authority. After them came the Community Council whose 10-15 members were chosen by the Turkish people in the odas of the aghas, always their favorites. During this period the dominant leaders were the aghas Haji Mustafa Effendi — most powerful — Kor Hamid, and Kel [bald] Nejib. Only Kasoents Tat Hasan of the council members was intelligent, independent, and

fearless. He remained a member until his death. The council had an executive, with title of "Mukhtar" [administrator]. His duties were to collect taxes from the Turks, and with the Armenian "khojabashi" [leader, head] to promulgate governmental ordinances and directives and oversee their execution. He worked with officials concerned with the taxing of homes, domestic animals, income, vineyards, and wines. He was also an intermediary in arranging bribes. His salary consisted of whatever bribes he could muster — the main source — as well as what he could siphon off from the taxes on the Turks. The latter wasn't much because the Turks were not the generators of the village income. The pressing burden of supporting the government was borne by the Armenians — always.

This brief account of the life of the Turkish community of Parchanj ends here. I bequeath it to history. It is a moderate, accurate, and unprejudiced description.

The evidence? They are my ruined and desolate village, the destroyed cultural values created by the Armenians, the unburied bones of our martyred forebears, the caravans of our mothers, sisters, and brides who disappeared in the barren deserts, and the reborn generations after the martyrdom who today suffer in the dispersion. The evidence is in the uncivilized status of our orphaned village, without Armenians, occupied by the present Turk-Islam settlers, and devoid of any semblance of civilization.

## 2. The Armenian Community

### A. Families

Who were the first families of the village? Just when did they come and from where? When did they build the village and become established there?

There is no written history covering these points.

Traditions that have come down to us are very vague and without reference to dates. But still, they are the only believable source — accepted by the community.

The founders and builders of the villages of Oul Ova were the generations of Armenians that were part of the great migrations many centuries ago. They had migrated from the central regions of the Caucasus, Ani, Garin, Moush, Charsanjak, and other places, in the direction of Fourth Armenia [one of the early provinces in-



cluding the regions of Erzinjan] and Cilicia seeking safer and more fertile lands, and hoping to escape from oppression and the hardships of gaining a livelihood.

All of the early and key families of the village of Parchanj, however, came directly from the province of Palou, and most of the inhabitants of the village are from branches of these families.

The remainder, later comers, in the last 100-200 years, came from Dzovk, Kharachor, Gimish Madan, Chunkoush, Kharpert, and from other villages of the Ova.

The earlier key families, starting from the earliest, were Torgank, Manaselenk, Norsesenk (Nersesenk), and Boghgank. After them came Misakenk, Khojgank, Tatoenk, Kokojenk (Kilarjenk), Dzeron-Depoenk, Boyajonk, Palvutsonk, Safarenk, and Yavanenk. The correctness of the tradition that the latter group came from Palou is supported by making comparisons in their provincial dialect, their sayings, their customs, their superstitions, their manners of dress, their structures, their agricultural practices, their tools, their names, and their foods. We find them quite alike except for a few insignificant corruptions and variations in pronunciation, declensions, and conjugations of verbs.

## B. The History of Family Genealogies

The genealogical charts that follow contain known information on generations from the early patriarchs to the present day. These charts were prepared from information gathered by the Album Committee in their diligent and praiseworthy effort. The information was obtained from present-day descendents, from the old-timers of the village based on their personal recollections, and tradition. This author has accepted this material as valid enough for this work only after long, detailed, and painstaking examination and conscientious comparison.

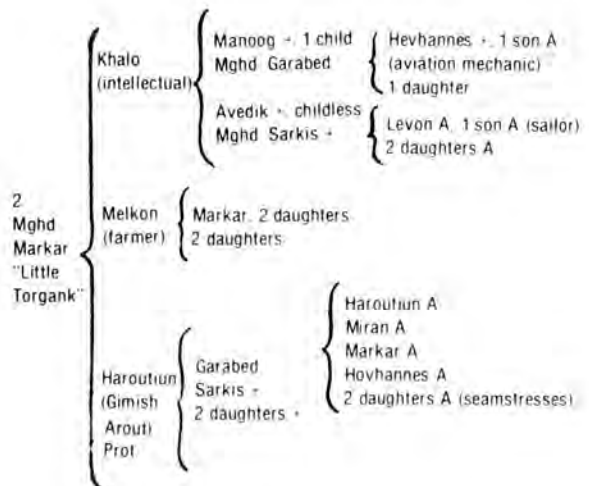
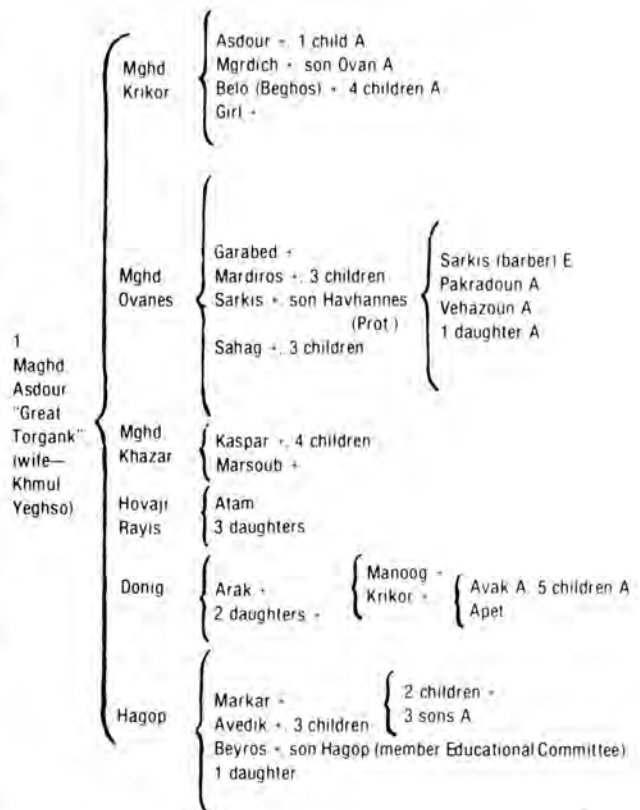
In these charts, where known, the deceased have been identified by a cross, and the living by (A) for America, and (E) for elsewhere. We have not been advised on the remainder whether living or dead, or their whereabouts.

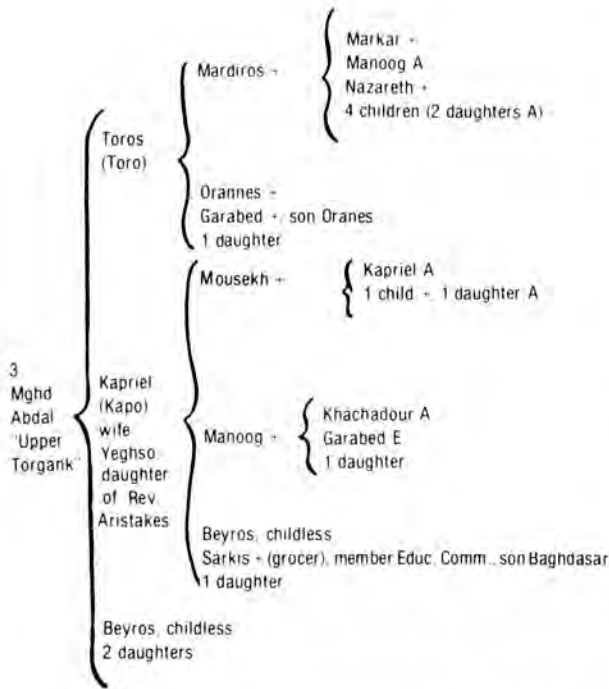
**TORGANK** — the Torigians: Long ago they used to be known also as Chapanenk. They were established in the village in the 16th century, possibly earlier, according to an uncertain tradition. However, we can record back to the great grandfather Torig.

We find the great granddad Torig with his

three sons early in the 18th century (1730). They were Mghdesi-s Kirkor, Asdour, and Markar, living in the ancestral home alongside the Turkish quarter and adjoining the old home of Dzeronts, with their tribe of 77 persons, a great farming family.

The family tree of the three brothers:





These three brothers lived together until late in the 18th century. Then, after the death of the elder Torig, Markar assumed the role of head, and his wife Yeghso Nana became the mistress of the household. Together they propagated, increased, and prospered. They were tenant agronomist of Chatal Zada Haji Suleyman pasha, and under the protection of grand Haji Khanum.

They used to say — a curse on the bearer of false tales — that Torgank had a whole water buffalo "dig" [a bag formed out of the whole hide of the animal] full of gold. But it is true that Mghd. Markar and wife Yeghso were devout and charitable toward the poor. In the year of the Drought, when the Great Famine occurred, they were the only family in the village that had surplus wheat. To the helplessly poor, Markar would give wheat free. To the poor he would sell a "chareg" [a measure of foodstuffs, possibly a bushel] at the price of a "rubkila" [one-fourth of a chareg]. And my grandfather used to relate that every day that she baked bread Yeghso Nana would send an armload to her needy neighbors. In this way they saved hundreds from starvation. May the light of divine blessing shine on their graves! And they do say that a light has been seen shining over Markar's grave.

In 1787 the three brothers separated their families, but they continued to live in the ancestral homestead until 1837. By that time they could no longer squeeze into their

designated living quarters, so much had they multiplied. Mghd. Asadour had already died when his six sons sold their share of the homestead to Tato Khazar, and built their own spacious home in the Armenian quarter. They continued farming under the name of Great Torgank.

When Mghd. Markar also died, his three sons established themselves near Haji Beg's inn. But a short time later they divided into three separate families. Mghd. Khacho and Haroutiun (Gimish Arout) quit farming. Only Melkamou stuck to farming to the very end. Mghd. Abdal's sons remained together in their old homestead and continued farming under the name of Upper Torgank.

These five families swelled in number, reaching 70 to 80 persons, the most eminent line in the village. Uncle Ovagim was their head. They tilled the 175 "chareg" [here used as an area producing one chareg of foodstuffs] belonging to Haji Beg, and 35 chareg of their own land. They also owned some walled vineyards and unirrigated vineyards. Each year they planted 60 chareg wheat, 30 of oats, the equivalent of 30 of cotton, and 5 to 10 in seed producing crops. Each year by effective management they profited from their operations 5-600 chareg wheat, 2-300 chareg oats, 200 "lir" (one lir is about 18 pounds) cotton, and about 50 chareg of seed crops — lentil, sesame, siser [chick pea], beans, kidney beans, peas, millet, chicken seed, and linseed. From their gleaners they gained an additional amount of about 100 chareg. From their vineyards they produced about 5-600 lir of wine. They made Armenian syrup, "bastegh" [sun-dried sheets of thickened grape lymph], "rojig" [strung walnuts repeatedly dipped in thickened grape lymph, and sun-dried]. They had about 250 mulberry trees which were rented to silkculturists on the basis of a return of one half or one third of what was produced.

It is worth noting here that the effectiveness of this grand family's farm management was the model for the management pattern of the other ranchers of the village.

Their home had an area of about 50 "magh" [each magh probably the equivalent of ten square meters]. It was two-storied, with six balconies. The cookhouse had an area of 4 magh, with two tonir [buried bake ovens] and two fireplaces. There were 10 rooms of one magh each, a pantry of one magh, storeroom of 4 magh, a room for cotton machinery of 4 magh, a

barn of 9 magh, a hayloft of 4 magh, and a stable of 4 magh. They had 12 wooden storage bins for wheat, oats, and flour; 30 earthenware urns for seed products. In the large barn there were the olive oil press, the "ding" [equipment for cracking wheat], and the oven for salting the sesame and the linseed. The barn was full of fat and well-cared-for water buffalo, oxen, milking cows — their work-buddies. The stable was filled with ewes and lambs. Uncle Ovagim could not read. He could not even write his name. But like his forebears he was wise, and a fair manager. During his times, about 1880, the Great Torgank family became a "Paradise Family," with a creative and productive energetic life. Every one of the 70-80 members of the family had his specifically assigned tasks, summer and winter. They were the harnessers, sowers, irrigators, those who carried fertilizer to the fields, reapers, sheavers, those who carried the reaped harvest to the threshing area, those who fetched food, water and wine to the reapers, wheat winnowers, bulgur boilers, wheat crackers, those who carried products to and from the mill, those who daily mixed the dough and baked the bread, those who plowed, pruned, and tied in the vineyards, picked and crushed the grapes, and made syrup and wine, foremen for the cotton pickers, huskers, carders, spinners of wool for stockings, bags, and sacks, those occupied with the tasks of cutting, sewing, and mending the clothes of all the members of the family, those who did the shopping, animal keepers, shepherds, etc. All of these people carried out their assigned tasks conscientiously and faultlessly, according to directions given by the head and mistress of the household. They did all this without complaint, willingly, and with orderly cooperation. The harmonious tone of this productive work, like the buzzing of the bees around their hives that were set out on the balconies, could be heard ceaselessly from this great house. There was the morning and evening "Hayr Mer" [the Lord's Prayer]. Early in the morning the prayer-book would be opened. All would arise, wash in the clear water of the spring in the yard, murmuring "Orhnyal E Asdvadz" [Blessed is the Lord], reverently make the sign of the cross, and go about their tasks like the dutiful bees emerging from their hives. In the evening they would all return home with the setting of the sun, drivers, hoers, and laborers. Four tables for the menfolk and four tables for the womenfolk — "just like Patriarch Abraham's table," ready and abundant, was their just reward for honest toil. The head of the

household would bless the table with the "Hayr Mer," and with "Jashagestouk khaghaghoutyamp" ["Let us eat in Peace"]. These toilers of the soil would eat their bulgur pilav with "khaourma" [braised meat], sweet "khategh" [madzoun], fresh golden wheat bread, and savored red wine and other good things. After the meal the older folks would go out with the head of the household on the roof, under the stars. The young brides would clear the tables, and after washing the various vessels and putting them away would gather somewhere to chitchat, to joke, and to whisper love secrets. And great grandmother, off to one side, would spin tales of fairies and goblins to the wide-eyed attentive children. Ah, the sweet memories of our loving grannies, and their tales of mystery.

The men would be busy feeding the animals and grooming them, giving the bellicose water buffalo and the bulls some extra feed. They would clean their stalls and add new straw. At bedtime, generally quite early, they would all gather in the cookhouse. Facing east and following their leader they would recite the "Hayr Mer" and their "Havadov Khosdovanim" ["I Confess with Faith," of St. Nerses, the one full of grace]. They would then go off to their places for their night's sleep. Everyday, except Sundays and feast days, they would bake one or two chareg of wheat bread. On the eves of Sundays and feast days two brides would mince 3 lir (about 54 pounds) of meat using a "satr" [cleaver] on a heavy wooden stump (our mothers had no meat grinders). Four brides would mix the "kheyma" [bulgur and uncooked, freshly ground meat] in earthenware bowls. The lady of the house would stuff it into the "khabourgha" [cleaned entrails used as sausage sleeves]. The meat was from their own herds and flocks. The yearly store of victuals for this great house was 175 chareg of wheat for flour, cleaned and placed in containers in the granary, 40 chareg bulgur, 15 chareg whole wheat, 20 chareg lentils, beans, kidney beans, chickpeas, etc. Also, there were 35 sheep bought from the outside, cut up, and braised, 500-600 lir wine stored in large tar-sealed vessels, and 20 chareg mulberry "oghi" [pure distillate, equivalent to rakhi]. There were also vessels of syrup, dried mulberries, bastegh, rojig, pickled peppers in brine and vinegar, parsley, eggplant, and cabbage. The balconies were stacked with burnable materials, tree stumps, vine prunings, etc.

On days of Easter, Christmas, and "Paregen-



tan" ["good living," the eve of a period of abstinence] the brides and girls would distribute cheeses and wine to the village folk who were poor. At any time neighbors could carry away crocks or pails of "tan" [water-diluted madzoun, often called buttermilk]. On every paregentan this household would have a wedding, or affiance a boy, or give up a girl in marriage. They chose their brides and grooms-to-be from humble and honorable common families of the village. Many were the rooms where the creaking of the cradles blended with the cry of babies!

Every year, at Eastertime, all of the members of the family, including their laborers, would get new clothes, new shoes, new slippers, new headwear. The footwear was got from the village cobblers, but the headwear came from the City. Blouses, dresses, aprons, doublets, covers of comforters and cushions, were all made from cloths they wove themselves, heavy, durable, and warm.

The prints [fabrics] in reds and blues were produced by the Assyrian "chitjis" [printers] in the dye shops of the City. The spun yarns of sheep wool would be dyed by the ladies of the house using vegetable dyes with which they were familiar. The brides would weave stockings, colorful and lovely like themselves.

The Great Torgank family had played an important role in the building of the Holy Savior church in 1840. They were responsible for the building of one wall. They assumed the costs of four columns, the plaster, and the master builders. They also carted the stone blocks from the quarry in their own carts. They were responsible for the rebuilding of the lower bridge of the village on the road to the Armenian cemetery, at their own cost. They had a role in the governing of the Armenian community. They were also pillars in church and school affairs. They were reverent, church-loving, and peaceable. Their doors were open; they were prosperous and generous. The six brothers who formed this household with their father divided into two households in 1870. After a few years they became six households, and later twelve.

The households, families, and properties fell to carnage. The Beg's extensive lands were taken from them. Thus destroyed they became have-nots. For their everyday needs they were obliged to serve as common farm hands and laborers. Eventually they sought refuge in America. Thus, the Torgants' hearth became extinguished, and darkened.

The first to leave the Torgants' household

was Mghd. Ovanes' son Sako. Hovhannes, Sako's son, was the second Protestant in the Torgants family, and the first artisan, a shoemaker. He was humble, reliable, and was esteemed. While in America he played a leading role in the Protestant Educational movement. Back in the old world he became head of an orphanage. Because of his compassion he was given the honorific of "hayrig" [father]. During the Great War [WWI] he was one of the wagoners transporting military supplies to Garin [Erzurum]. Heartbroken at the barbarity he witnessed along the way, he died. Gimish Arout, after leaving his two brothers and farming, occupied himself in business. In association with some people of Dikranagerd he introduced silk and cotton textiles into the village. He also introduced the cultivation of opium and silk, and became a pioneer in the art of spinning silk. He attained a successful posture in buying and selling silkworms, opium, and silk. Because of this he became known as "Gimish" [silver]. He was one of the first Protestants of the village, the first of only two Protestants from the Torgants family. Mghd. Khacho's son Mghd. Garabed was the king of the storytellers of the village. He was much sought after in the salons, the barn lofts, and during corn-husking evenings. The son of this "hekiatji" [teller of folk tales] and of Dzeronts Mariam is now a first class aviation mechanic in the United States Navy. Levon, Haji Sarkis' son, is a sailor. The descendents



1. Hovhannes 2. Wife Arousiag 3. Daughter of Barbara 4. Levon

of the Great Torgants family in America and elsewhere number 14 males and 16 females. Asadour, of the Great Torgants family, graduated from the Central School.

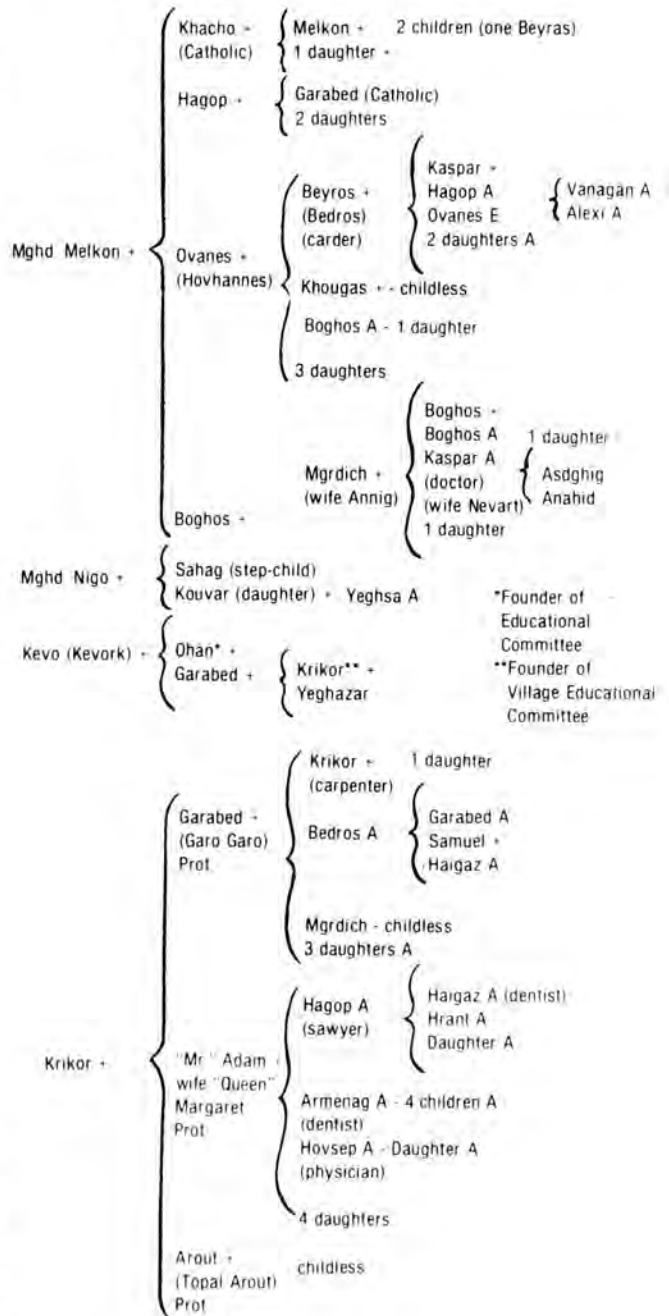
2. **Mghdesi Sahagenk** were a distant branch of Torgank, back to the times of great grandfather Torig, or earlier — no one remembers. They were farmers. In 1890 there were two families — those of Mghd. Sahag and of Mghd. Kapo. The first were farmers and the second were craftsmen.

From Mghd. Sahag's [from the text and the genealogical charts this should probably be "Kapo"] family only Rev. Hagop (see Mihran Kaprielian's pamphlet, *Asbarez*, 1911) and his sons Bedros, Dikran, and Mihran were able to obtain a school education. The Reverend obtained his education in the Missionaries' Theological Seminary of the City, and the boys in the United Association Central School of Moush. Rev. Hagop was minister to the Protestants of Parchanj from 1872 to 1876. In 1876 he

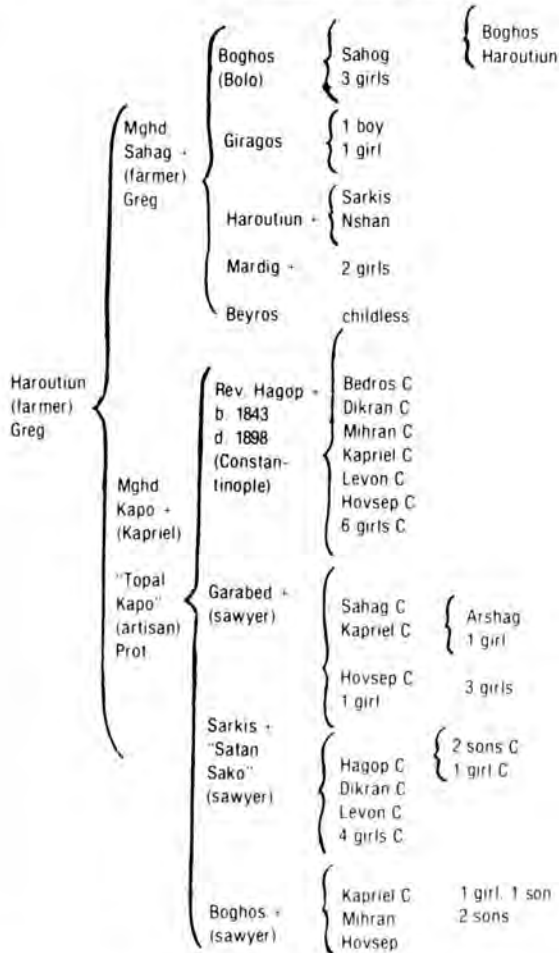
other three sons were expert sawyers in the village. Mghd. Sahag's family remained farmers to the end, but were never very wealthy. Mardig, however, learned carding. Garabed's son Hovsep volunteered during the Great War [WWI] and fought on the Bitlis front [see Parchanj' Volunteer Soldiers, Chapter 8].

3. **Garoenk** were a creative family, from Palou, and the family most branched out. Who was their patriarch? When had he come to the village? No one knows. The two brothers Mghd. Beyros and Mghd. Agop are identified; the family tree starts from them.

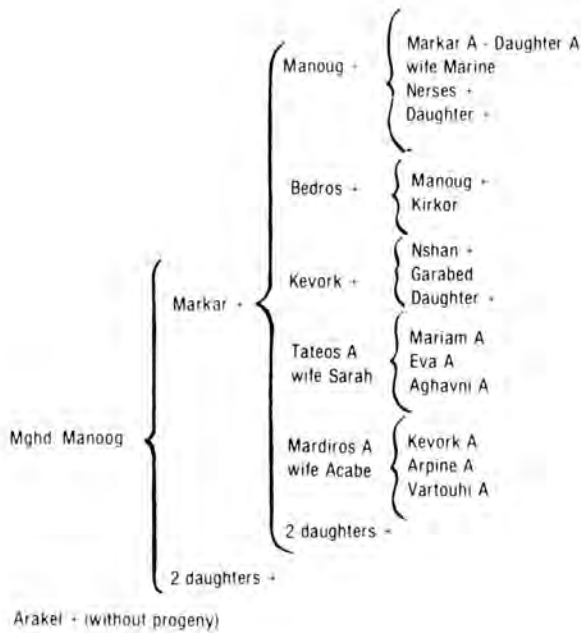
Mghd. Beyros: Great Grandfather. His Branch



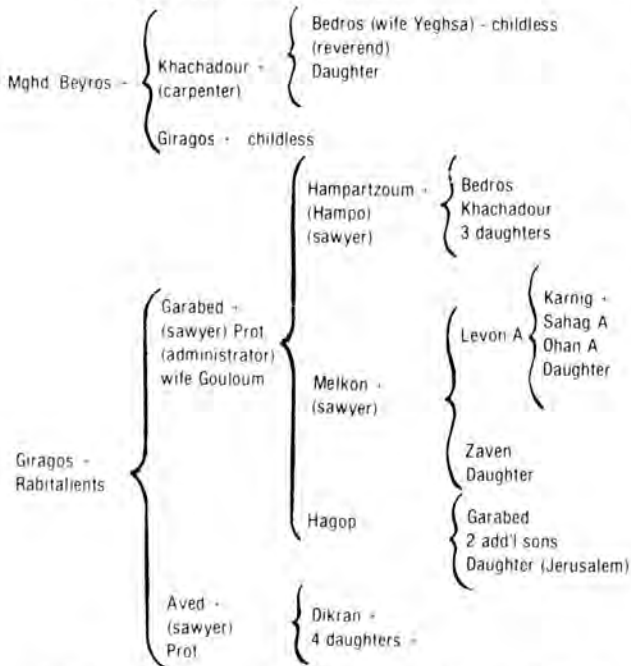
Genealogy of the Two Brothers



went to Moush where he taught ethics at the United Central School until its closure. He was devout and kind, of fine character and a patriotic Armenian. The students at the school, the faculty, and all the people of Moush liked and admired the Reverend. Mghd. Kapo's



2 Garo Agop. Great Grandfather. His Branch



When Mghds. Beyros and Hagop were together the Garoenk owned much land. They were wealthy and reputable farmers. The map shows their lands — to Bilbil Sako's street — and their old homestead that was later cut up into bits. This great family was managed in the same traditional and efficient manner, as was described for the Torgents family. Mghd. Beyros was the patriarch of the family, one of the community leaders, and an influential figure. Woe unto that new bride that might dare out into the street without covering her mouth,

nose, and hair with her veil. They say our Mghd. Beyros would whip them.

After the big division the brothers Nigo and Manoug stayed together. They farmed the 20 chareg of land belonging to Chotali Zada Haji Omar Beg, and together with the 20 chareg of rented lands they had an annual crop of 300 chareg of wheat and barley. They also had, it seemed, a clay pot of gold buried. In the period of 1880-90 they formed 12 households. Of these only Nigoenk, Garo Kevoenk, and Garo Markar remained farmers, tilling their own lands. The others became artisans, with some becoming craftsmen, all with a bit of land of their own.

The Garoenk always remained tied to the Mother Church, except for a few homes that became identified as Protestant or Catholic. One administrator, one Protestant preacher, one college-graduate minister and hero, carpenters, 6 sawyers, 2 merchants, 2 physicians, and 2 dentists — these represented the tribute of the Garoents clan to the honor of Parchanj.

Garo Adam was one of the first supporters of Protestantism. In those days the missionaries were very much needed native "tillers in the Lord's vineyard." Sawyer ["khzarji"] Adam, who had just married, was one of four villagers who went to the newly opened Theological Seminary in the City.



Garo Adam

He remained in the seminary for one year, under the care of the missionaries. Inculcated with the catechism of Protestantism and the Holy Scriptures, Mr. Adam and "lady" Margaret were sent to the villages — Kaylou, Garsig, Parchanj, Til, Pertag — as missionary preacher and teacher. They worked for 15 years. Barely escaping the massacres of 1895, he emigrated to America and lived with his children. He died in California. Mr. Adam's three sons, Hagop, Armenag, and Hovsep,





1-Kevork M. 2-wife Kouvar, sons 3-Nshan and 4-Garabed, daughter 5-Eva, 6-Bedros M. 7-wife Varter, her sons 8-Manoug and 9-Krikor, daughters 10-Mariam and 11-Anna, 12-Markar M. 13-Asadour S. 14- Altoun, 15-Saro, 16-Isgouhi (teacher in Marseilles), 17-Kouvar (Nigo), 18-head Mgrdich, wife 19-Anna, son Dr. Kaspar, 20-Mgrdich's daughter, 21-Mariam.

received their primary education in the village school. After studying for two years in the missionary school of the City, Hagop was obliged to go into sawing wood for a time. In 1887 he left for America. With Halaj Toumas and Rabitalients Melkon he organized the first Armenian company to produce firewood and kindling. After working at it for 21 years he went to California and opened a grocery store. He is now retired. His son Dr. Haigaz is a graduate dentist.

Armenag, child of the village, born in 1869, became a superb model of unflinching and courageous perseverance. He went to America, attended night school, became a citizen, earned some money, and returned to the village. Averting the 1895 massacres he married and returned to the "land of dollars." But he was not content. He finally decided to become a dentist. With 4 children and a wife on his hands, and without the preparatory education, our Armenag "blended day into night."

For two years, selling kindling during part of the day, working nights, and going to school in Boston for the prerequisite education he finally succeeded in entering Boston Tufts College of

Dentistry. During summer vacations he sold fruit and firewood, and with his brother Hagop's generous assistance he successfully graduated as a dentist, in 1907. At present he is established in San Francisco, and has gained an honorable position. Now he is content.

Hovsep was born in the village in 1887. With his father's help he graduated from Euphrates College in 1907. For a time he taught in the school of the mother church in Khouylou. But he wanted to become a physician. As soon as the paths were cleared he emigrated to America and joined his brothers. In 1910 he entered Boston University School of Medicine and in 4 years graduated as a physician-surgeon with an A.B. [presumably M.D.] degree. After serving in Boston and Lawrence for 10 years he went to Fresno — the city of raisins. He lives there now with his wife and son, esteemed as a competent



Dr. Hovsep Atamian

physician. Working during vacation periods during his student days, and with his brother Hagop's help and loans from the Armenian Students' Association he was able to cover his costs for the 4 years. Here is a sample of Dr. Hovsep's philosophy on health. "Why do people prefer to eat all sorts of artificial sweets, candies, cakes (usually misrepresented) that interfere with digestion, while nature has provided plentifully of pleasant, tasty, natural sugars contained in various vegetables, fruits, and milk. We can say positively that health can be assured by following nature's direction."

Rabitali Garabed, Giragos' son, was one of the oldest Protestants. His trade was wood-cutting, but for many years he was head man for the Protestants, and later for the Armenian community. He would talk "khum-khum" [?]. And did he drink water! "Girl, bring it in a jug!" His brother, Aved, as village comic, was sought after to entertain at winter gatherings. His top act was to mimic Dzeronents Zondo Depo. Mghd. Nigolents Mghd. Sahag could keep up with Aved.



Dr. Kaspar M. Garoian

Dr. Kaspar M. Garoian was born in the village in 1886. His father was Garoents Mrdich, an untutored, poor unsophisticate, but humble, kind, devout, and church-loving. The villagers called him Honest Mrdich.

During the massacres of 1895 father Mgrdich put his son Kaspar in the French Capuchin (Catholic) orphanage school of Mezire to get the lad out of reach of the Turks. Kaspar graduated in 6 years and remained there 9 years more as teacher.

Later, by some means, he went to Beirut where he entered the French medical school in 1910. He had successfully completed his 5 years of study when the Great War started. The Turks closed the school and graduate Kaspar was sent to the Palestinian front. In 1916 Kaspar fell into the hands of the victorious British, and he was transferred to Cypress where he served as physician in the English hospital. After the Armistice he went to France. There he continued his medical studies, specializing in obstetrics and venereal diseases, and went to America. He settled in Boston. He married Nevart who became a wonderful mother. They had 2 daughters, Asdghig and Anahid.

Dr. Garoian writes, "I would have amounted to nothing without my father's sacrifices. I owe everything to him, physically and mentally. . . . Yet, today, he does not even have a grave, neither in the village, nor in any corner of the fatherland where I might make a pilgrimage and kneel [before his grave]. I think of this from time to time and my eyes and heart are filled with tears. At least may his grave lie in

the history book of the village, until one day when he may have his own spot in our New Village." A tender tribute from a grateful son, dedicated to the consecrated memory of a sacrificing father!

Reverend Bedros Khachadourian was Khachdour Varbed's son, a child of the village born in 1863. After learning all that teacher Mousekh of Khoula village knew, Bedros was sent to college in the City by his father. "My son will not be a carpenter." He became a minister — and such a minister! He graduated from Euphrates College. He took an additional year of theological studies, and served as a Protestant minister under the aegis of the missionaries, to the end.



Rev. Bedros Khachadourian

He married Yeghsa, daughter of Dzeronents Boghos Effendi. Unfortunately, they remained childless. He started in his calling as the preacher-teacher of the Protestants of Garsig (Kesirig). Later he went to Arapkir for a greater and more appropriate challenge. There he was ordained. He gained a fine position and the reputation of a competent, courageous, and patriotic clergyman. He became a close friend of Bishop Moushegh Seropian, then the dauntless prelate of Arapkir, and undoubtedly the inspiration for the revolutionary spirit of the minister. The two worked together effectively in civil and social matters. From Arapkir we went to Kghi. During the upheavals of 1915 we find him established in Chunkoush, a noteworthy person in government circles. He was loved and



esteemed by all the Armenians in Chunkoush. During the massacres there Turkish barbarianism ran into Armenian resistance. The slaughter was merciless. The local government demanded that Rev. Bedros sign a public declaration blaming the Armenians for the brutal savagery, holding the Turks blameless, and informing on the people of Chunkoush engaged in the fighting. "I shall not hide the truth. I shall not betray my nation. I will not sign, even should you kill me." They threw the reverend into prison. For days he was left without food, or water, sleepless and in isolation. They pierced his throat, the nipples of his breast, and his face. They seared the bottom of his feet and his armpits with hot irons.

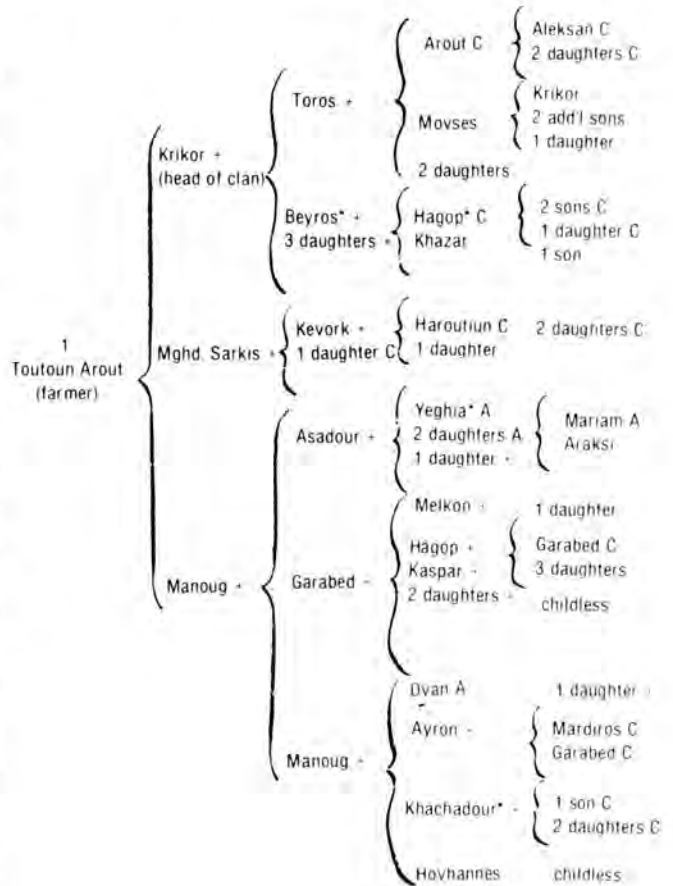
"I will not sign. . . . I will not betray," he would gasp, gritting his teeth during this unbelievable torture. These devils. . . . Who was it who was interested, inquiring? God? Man? What need was there for a public declaration!

He never signed. And finally, under these horrible tortures he died a hero's death. he was buried in the Armenian cemetery of Chunkoush. During his ministry he remained the same Bedros he was while in school — practical, fun-loving, very sociable . . . "one who hobnobbed with pharisees, sinners, and tax-collectors." He had a pleasing, captivating manner, and was endowed with a commanding personality.

Faults? Of course! But these disappear, totally obscured by the magnificence of his self-sacrifice. His memory will remain like fiery embers in the souls of every freedom-loving son of Parchanj, and his grave a perpetual monument for inspiration for coming generations, and a way-station on the road of the nation's battle for freedom.

**4. Yeghoenk** were one of the oldest families of the village, having come from Palou. They have been a great farming family from early times. They were wealthy landowners, and a multi-branched family, according to traditional accounts.

But in 1890 they had greatly diminished in numbers, and had become modest farm laborers. They were members of the mother church. Their story begins with the brothers Yegho (Yeghazar) and Mncho (Mgrdich).



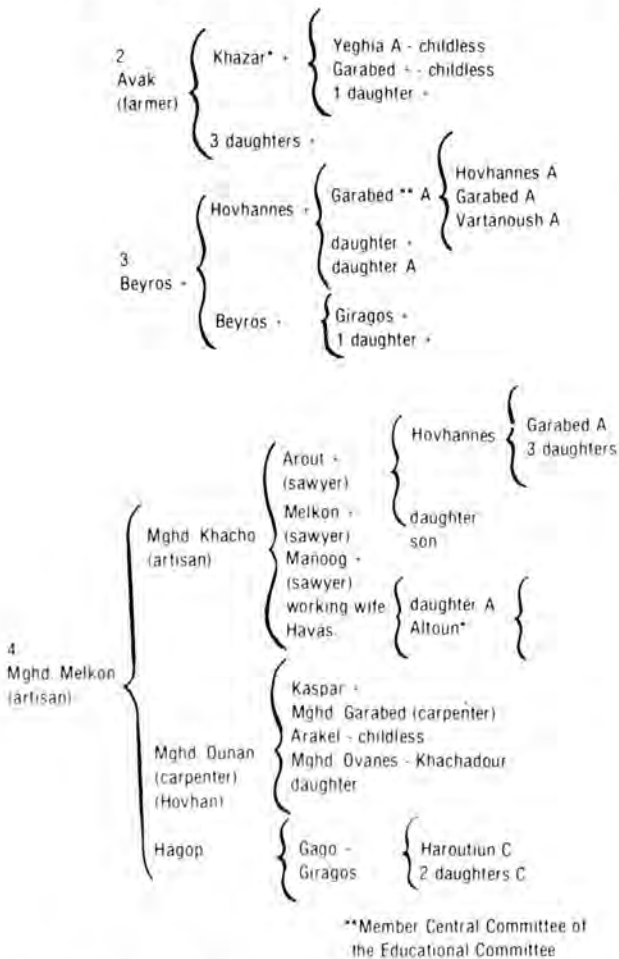
\*Member Educational Committee



They owned (at first) the Tstiank, St. Sarkis, and Khouylou sluices, a mill, extensive fields, walled vineyards — all long since appropriated by the Turks. But the villagers still referred to those holdings as "Yeghoents" in identifying places.

**5. Hodoenk** were another early clan, and also a multi-branched and great farming family. Who was Hodo? When did he live? What did the name mean? No one knows! About 1790 we find Toutan Arout, Avak, Bedros, and Mghd. Melko — 4 brothers, but by 1850 already separated and branched out.

No one remembers when they came from Palou and settled in the village. Toutan Arout and Avak remained farmers, while the other families became workers and artisans. Below is the genealogical chart of this great clan.



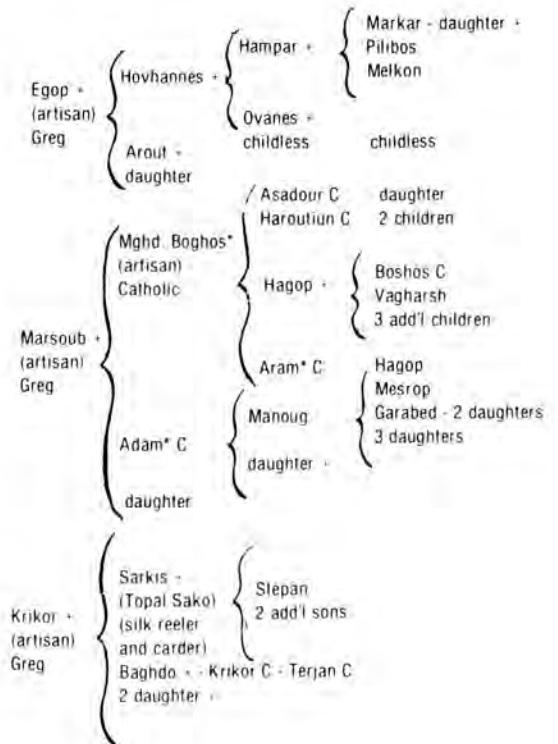
Hodoenk, during the time when Hodo Krikor was the family patriarch, were also wealthy, with their doors open to all. This was about 1890. Krikor and two of his brothers tilled the 50-60 chareg fields of Chotali Zada Haji Muharrem Pasha of Hiusenig, along with their own 30 chareg of rented lands. Later they tilled the fields of Haji Emin Effendi as well.

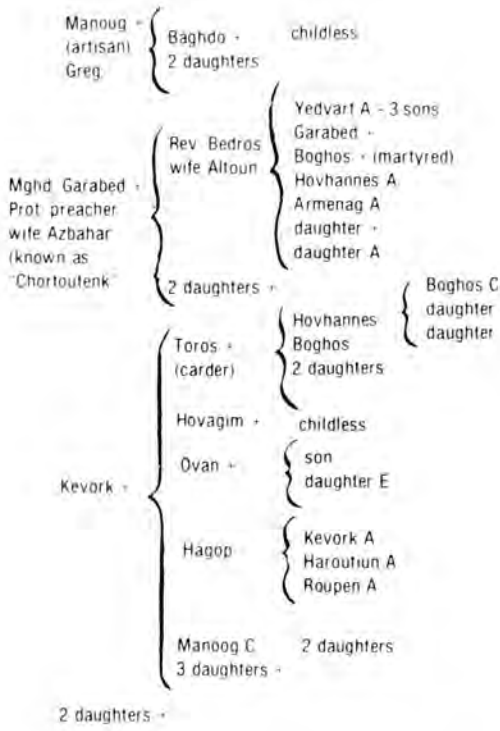
For the 40 members of their household their flour needs were 75 chareg of wheat. They had a large homestead, extending from near the church to Tat Hasanents street. They had a large barn, and in it an olive oil press and a wheat crusher. There was a large barn loft, a place where the old-timers could gather to argue the problems of the day and the pangs of the nation. In the barn also was a play area for the village children, to play hide and seek during the winter, in and around the olive oil press. They had 2 water buffaloes — Hodoents famous fighting animals — 10 oxen, 4 cows, and 40

small cattle.

I remember Uncle Kirkor, large of build, with a big head on his shoulders that was constantly in nervous motion. But he was a kind and devout leader. Mghd. Ounan, long a carpenter, was the master repairer of farm tools, olive oil presses, and mill parts. He was always pleasant and comical, and very humorous. He was a popular, and humble Armenian. Garabed, grandson of Beyros, was the only one to go to college out of the Hodo clan. He became a Protestant teacher in the village. He was also a member of the central committee of the Educational Committee, and in Cambridge, a grocer! Mghd. Khacho, Mghd. Melkon's son, was in his time one of the formidable athletes. He became blinded during a wrestling match. Kirkor's son Beyros, and Manoog's son Ovan eventually became carders.

6. Bedoenk too were one of the early, multi-branched families. It is said that they came from the village of Engija, and previously from the regions of Palou. Much earlier they were farmers. But in the 1890's they became divided into 6-8 established families. The great grandfather, Granddad Bedo, had 6 sons and 2 daughters, branched as shown below.





Rev. Bedros M. Garabedian

Mghd. Garabed was the only one of the Bedo clan who with his family joined the first Protestants. He was one of the first Protestant preachers prepared in the missionary seminary. He preached for many years. He was a modest and kind Christian. With the paltry sum received from the missionaries Mghd. Garabed and his family could hardly keep body and soul together. But he lived preaching and died poor. Before he became a Protestant preacher he tilled the soil with his brothers, and made a tolerable living.

Rev. Bedros was Mghd. Garabed's only son, born in the village in 1862. From the Protestant school in the village he went to continue his studies in the missionary school and college in Kharpert, with the help of loans from the missionaries. After enduring hardships he graduated from Euphrates College in 1884, to become the village's second college graduate. After teaching for a year in the Shepig school (Gregorian and Protestant) he taught in the missionaries' seminary (now only little improved) for a year. Before starting to work "in the Lord's vineyard" he went to America to earn some money. He worked for 4 years as a grocer in Worcester with Topal Asdour of Khouylou. He returned to the homeland, married Dzeronents Boghos Effendi's daughter Altoun, and was ordained as pastor of the Protestant church of the village. He served until 1895. After the massacres [1895] he settled in Mezire.

Under the aegis of the American missionaries he distributed aid to the Armenian needy of the Kharpert villages. From 1897 to 1916, 19 years, he was a teacher in the orphanage school of the German missionaries established in Kharpert. Under their auspices he was an itinerant preacher and distributor of aid. During the horrible upheavals of the massacres, his wife Altoun become the helpful "mother" of the sick, starving, and tattered villagers crowded in Mezire. But the German mission — being the sole activity of their government in the area — for the sake of political expediency, abandoned the reverend and his family to their own fortunes, and let the Turks murder the minister's son Bedros, a noble lad.

In anguish, and without hope, the reverend went to Dersim with the help of Kurds (after paying a price) and from there to Garin, then in the hands of the Russians. There too he preached, for a year and a half, and distributed aid supplied by the Russian government to the refugees. In 1920 he went to Constantinople. After serving for 8 years as principal in an orphanage, he left for America. Now living in Sanger, California, he serves as pastor of the Parlier Armenian Evangelical Church. He lives a comfortable life.

Marsoub's sons Mghd. Boghos and Adam had shown admirable concern for the welfare and betterment of the village church and school, and later in America also as members of the village Educational Committee. Mghd. Boghos, however, became a Catholic and remained so. Hampar's son Markar did teaching at Kaylou. Their house was near Gougounent's house.

**7. Boghank** were one of the first established families, having come from the south. They were large-scale farmers. Their large

homestead, very extensive, went from Boghos Effendi's house to Mghd. Asdour's narrow street. During the first quarter of the 18th century they moved to Adana, leaving behind in the village three married women from their clan — Dzeron varbed's wife Zartar, Hoppala Dono's wife Altoun, and Torig Mghd. Khacho's wife Mariam. Zartar and Altoun were the grandmothers of the editor [writer] of this book.

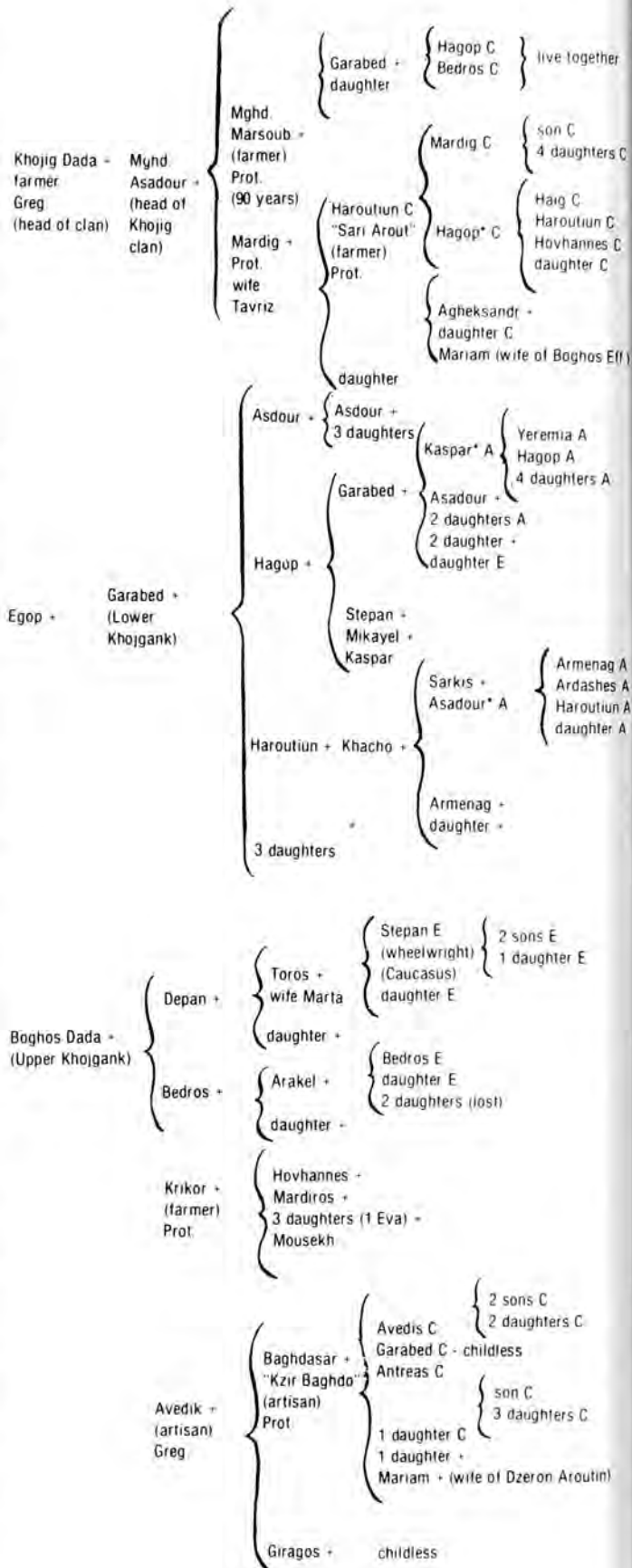
There was a married girl from this clan also in Garsig. We have no information whatever about any tie that might exist between the Boghigian clan of Hiusenig, and that of the village.

**8. Khojgank** have a history of 300 years. They used to be known as Panoenk (Depanenk?) according to an uncertain tradition in the village which, however, seems foundationless and unacceptable. The father's name of the three brothers, Khojig, Egop, and Boghos, is not known. But it is quite certain that they had come from the regions of Palou. They were successful farmers, well off, and with about 40 members in the family. For many years they tilled the lands of Effendvonts. By 1880 they had already separated into three substantial and prominent families — Upper Khojgank, Khojig Mghd. Marsoubenk, and Lower Khojgank, all farmers. Below we give the complete genealogy of this family.

Khojgank had little lands of their own. After dividing, each of the families continued as tenant farmers. The Upper Khojgank tilled the lands of Haji Hafiz Agha, Mghd. Marsoubenk the lands of Samourenk of the City, and Sharamatents, and Lower Khojgank the lands of Haji Effendvonk. However, they were not as prosperous as before.

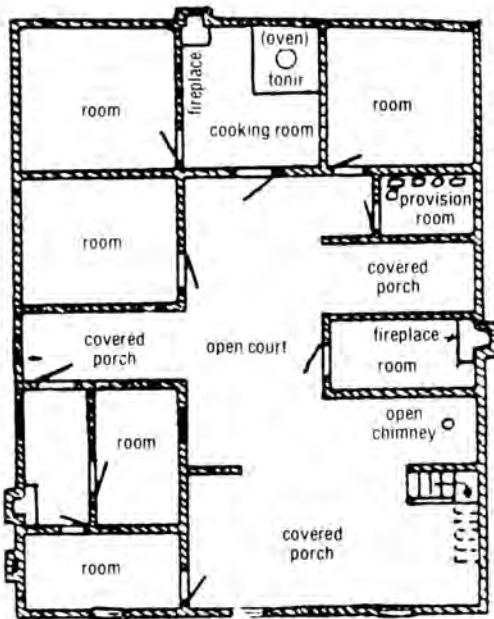
The Upper Khojgank lived in the patriarchal home. It went from the corner to Haji Hafiz Agha's street. It covered an extensive area, containing a barn with olive oil press and wheat crusher, and also a water well. They had 2 water buffaloes, and 10 oxen. Their annual needs included 150 chareg wheat for flour, 25 chareg bulgur, 12 chareg whole wheat, and 20 head converted to braised meat [khavourma]. Each day they baked one-half chareg bread. A hired hand was annually paid 10 chareg wheat, a litre of cotton, a roll of woven cloth, and a pair of sandals.

This house of the Upper Khojgank represented only about one-third of the patriarchal household. The homes of the village farmers, big and small, were all about alike, and as shown below, varying only in size, according

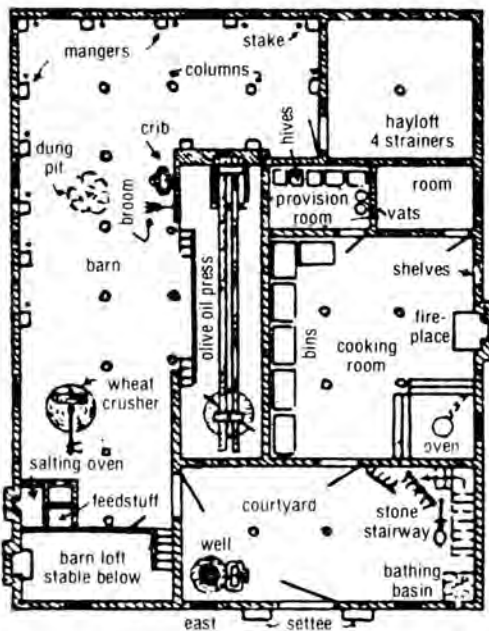




to the number of members in the household. Only 8 families had olive oil presses, wheat crushers, and ovens for salting linseed and sesame.



Upper Floor Plan



Ground Floor Plan

Khojgants Street

### 65. House of Upper Khojgank

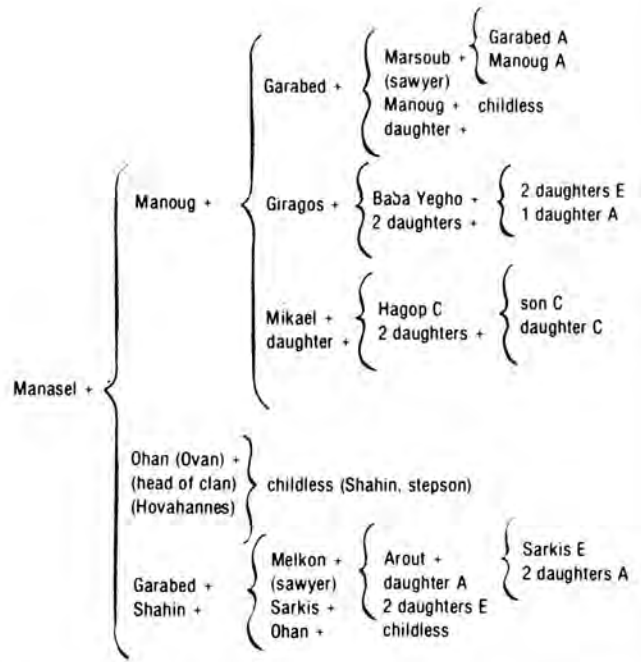
Khojig Dada's (granddad, or great granddad) son Mghd. Asdour, his grandson Mghd. Marsoub, and Egop Dada's grandson Hagop were among the village leaders. They were influential, devout, and God-fearing. Khojig Mghd. Marsoub was the village Samson, the strongest wrestler of the Ova — a fabulous figure. In admiration they called him Mghdesamou [Uncle Mghdesi].

He had a black water buffalo, enormous and bellicose. And Mghdesamou was like his water buffalo. What a pair! Of medium height, potbellied, and husky, our Mghdesamou would wear a colorful woven turban with a blue braid the trailing ends of which were tucked into his waistband. On his feet he wore heavy leather sandals. His legs, stout like the columns of the church, and as hard, were bare to the knees. His sleeves were rolled to his elbows showing his muscular arms. His broad chest showed under the compact mass of greying hair, and his thick neck was bare, both winter and summer. And what a face . . . round, squat, fringed with a white beard, yet noble and intelligent, robust and sunburned. His eyes . . . they were well-springs of kindness. He was a picture of power and vitality. And when, with shovel over his shoulder and whip in his hand, he went out with his yoked black water buffalo . . . what a scene! And he died unvanquished and with honor.

Mghd. Marsoubenk and Uncle Kirkor of Upper Khojgank and family were the vanguards of Protestantism. Uncle Kirkor was the first Protestant of the Khojgank clan, and he suffered much torment. It was during the times that the great Khojgank clan split up, and all of them became impoverished. They relate that Kirkor's son Mardiros was defeated by Misak Khacho in a wrestling match. Distressed and brooding he was ill for 7 months, and died. Uncle Hagop, head of the Lower Khojgank, lost his three brave sons and, deranged and grief-stricken, he died. His oldest son Garabed became obliged to go to America to earn a living. Garabed's wife Hrop (see photo of Madison, Maine), left alone, continued for a time to till Effendvonts lands as tenant farmer, with her 2 sons and a hired hand. But wearying of the hardship, she left these lands that the Khojgank clan had tilled since time immemorial. Fleeing from the hells of the massacres, she succeeded in going to America and to her husband.



Uncle Krikor of Upper Khojgank



Khojig Mardig's son Haroutiun, "Sari Arout," now 88, is the only old-timer still living. As a family they were spared the massacres of '95, thanks to "Sari Binbashi" [Major Sari] and villager Haji Osman. He continued the family occupation of farming until 1915. He was one of only two who returned of 25 wagoners who had gone to Garin. He was the actual witness of the "Slaughter of the Wagons" to provide the information for the village history. Fortunately, he was able, through countless bribes and going through tribulations, to escape with his wife Yeghso. After wandering around Aleppo, and Mexico, he succeeded in entering America, to be with his 2 sons who had settled in Fresno, California. They called him "Sari" because of his fair complexion.

The Khojgank clan produced only 2 artisans. Sari Arout's son Hagop of the Khojig Dada branch became an outstanding carpenter. Today he is a first-class master builder-carpenter among the Armenians of Fresno. He likes his people and his village, and has always played an active role in the local branch of the Educational Committee. Toros' son Stepan of the Toros Dada branch also is an able carpenter-wheelwright who lives in the Caucasus with his family.

**9. Manaselenk** were a family established in the village during the second period of migration. No one knows when they came to the village, nor what the name was on their arrival. Our history begins with Manasel Dada, with branches as shown below.

After Manasel Dada's death the sons continued farming for many years. Uncle Ovan was the head of the clan. He was of medium stature, solid, and pleasant-faced. The household, successful and well off, consisted of about 30 persons. Their doors were always open to the needy, and their ovens always fired. Manasel Dada was a bit largish, like Ovan. He was the biggest eater of the village. "Manasel" and "Big Eater" were synonyms. Phrases like "Say, man, are you Manasel?" and "He eats like Manasel" had become common sayings.

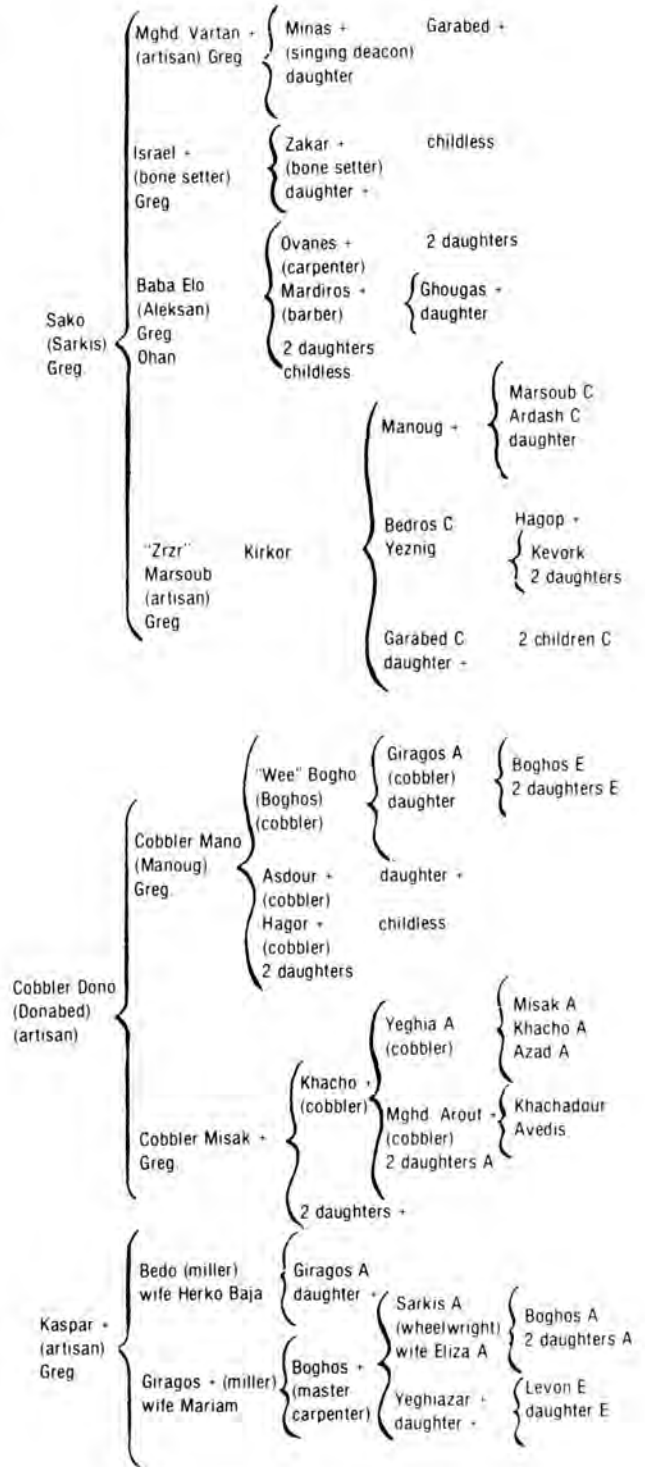
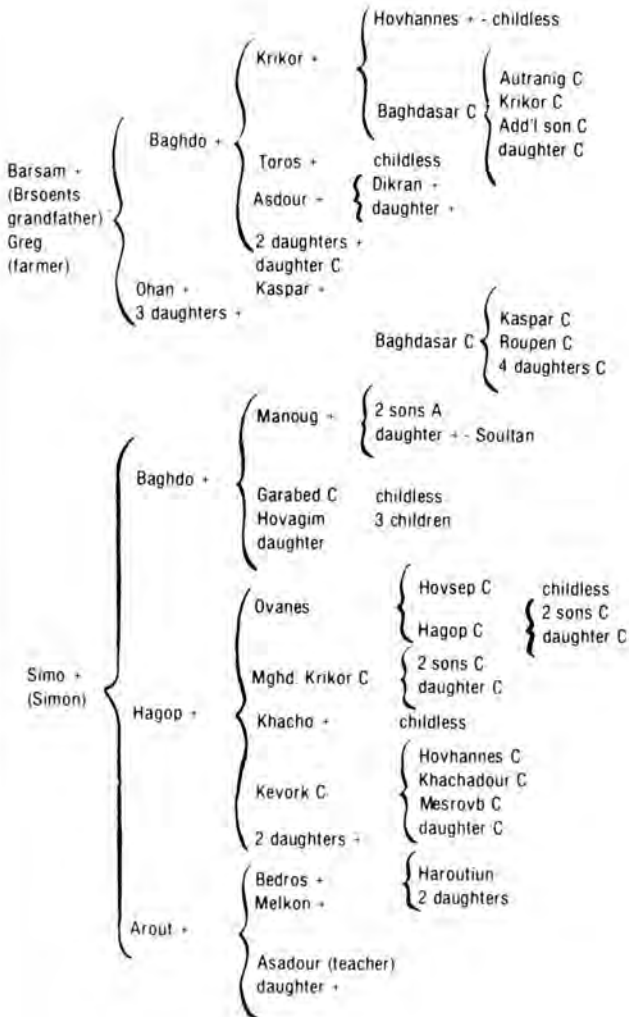
During Manasel Dada's days the family were Gregorian [member of the mother church], as always. But after his death they became the first large farmer family to convert all at once to Protestantism, under the leadership of Uncle Ovan. Only the lady of the house, Uncle Ovan's wife, remained an "Armenian Christian," adhering to the "illuminated faith." Uncle Ovan was one of the pillars of Protestantism in the village, as well as one of the leaders — a fulfilled, benevolent and God-fearing Christian.

For many years Manaselenk tilled the lands of Nejb Agha along with their own 30 chareg of sharecropping, during the times of grandfather Manasel and Uncle Ovan. However, after the death of Uncle Ovan and his brothers, all that emerged out of this family of "bee-hive" industriousness were two sawyer artisans and the tilling of some land belonging to an agha. They were unable to make a living out of the small parcels of land that fell to them as their portion of the large family holdings. Only the two

sawyer artisans were able to make a comfortable living. The others were obliged to work at ordinary labor or hire out as farm hands, or go to America. The artisans were Melkon and Marsoub.

Manselents Shahin was Uncle Ovan's stepson, adopted by the family. He had come with his mother from Khokh village when he was very small.

**10. Misakenk**, or Misakank, were a very old, multi-branched family that had come from Palou as farmers from early times. A vague family tradition identifies Misak Dada and his son Bedig. The known branches of this family, and its reliable history, start from Bedig's children. Here is the genealogical chart showing Bedig's five sons.



"Gorgeous" Donabed (relationship unknown)

The ancestral home of Misakenk was on the northeast edge of the village, in the Turkish quarter. "Zrzt" Marsoubenk, Baba Eloenk, and Brsoenk remained and lived there to the end. The old-timers of this clan were the huskiest and strongest of the village. The brothers Mano and Misak, with their sons and grandsons — 9 in all — were cobblers, mainly in making sandals. They prepared their own leathers. Cobbler Misak was successful and wealthy.

Mghd. Asdour's family lived in the Armenian quarter. To the end they remained farmers, but never attained affluence. Baghdo's son Manoog was regarded as the fastest runner in the village. Brsoenk never gave up farming; they remained relatively poor. Herko Giragosents' house was next to Garo Ataments' house. Brso Asdour's son Dikran became a policeman. Because he was Armenian he was slain by the Kurds.

Uncle Israel and Zakar were the only "khrkhji" (bone-setter, "chiropractor") in the village. They were experienced, but not first-rate. Baba Elo's son Ovanes, apprentice to Boghos Eff., was a master wheelwright. His brother Mardiros was a barber, contemporary with "berber" Avak. Miller Giragos' son Boghos, another master carpenter, and apprentice to Eloents' varbed Minas, became the most skilled general carpenter and builder (later) of the village, except for the Dzeronians. Boghos' father died in Adana. His mother married Eloents' varbed Minas, taking with her her 5-year old Boghos, who grew up under the tutelage of this famous master, and who himself mastered the craft. They used to call him varbed Minas' boy, and he was known in the village as Minasian.

In 1891 a fire destroyed the St. Prgich [Savior] church and damaged the adjacent school. Master Boghos, as overall supervisor, and with old-time master Mghd. Ounan and other carpenters, worked diligently and willingly, without compensation, to rebuild the church in three months, more beautiful and modern than before.

"Say, husband, no money, not a red cent, and here you are, like Balash Koko, forgetting all about your own work, and tied up day and night with the church!" So his wife would complain. "Woman, don't talk like that. That's sinning. The church comes before everything else. Our babas shed their blood for it. Is it a whole lot that we should work on it for a couple of months? We come and we go. But the good



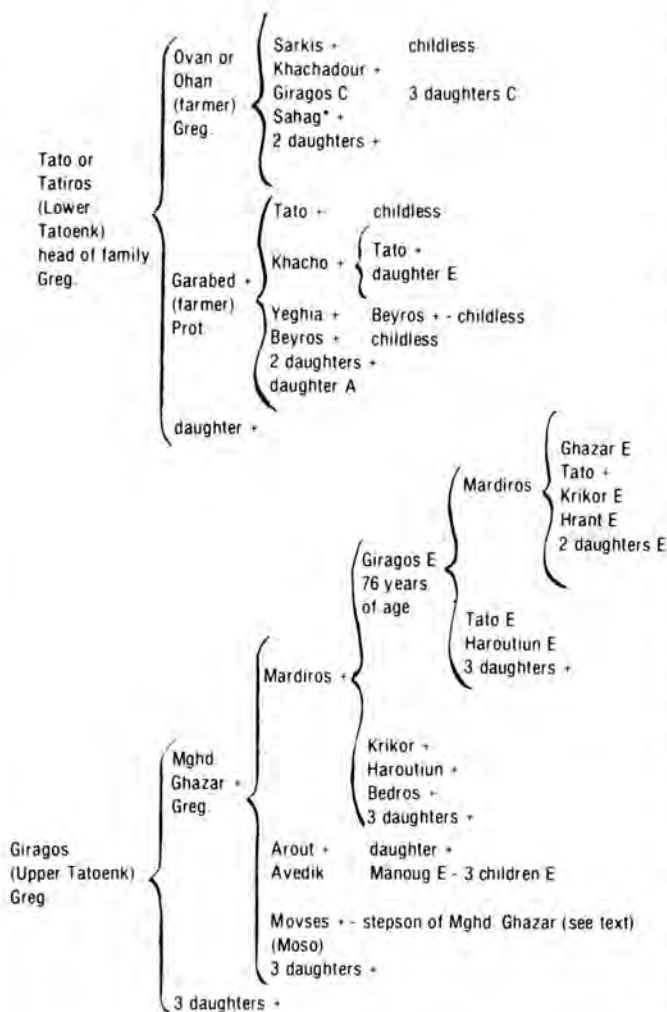
1-Master Boghos, 2-wife Yeghsa, 3-son Yeghia, daughter 4-Mariam and 5-Satenig, 6-Vartig M. and 7-Mariam E. Minasian, 8-Stepan S. Bedoian ("pesa"), 9-Herko Baji, 10-Sarkis, son of Master Boghos, 11-wife Flora, 12-son Boghosig, 13-..... 14-Eliza and 15-Anjel, daughters.

that we do stays," so the good master craftsman would answer. During his last years Boghos varbed spent his whole time with the church. An able and acknowledged master, he lived and died honored.

Sarkis, Boghos varbed's son, having learned carpentry from his father, went to America. There he perfected his craft and learned related skills. He returned to Kharpert and taught mechanical drawing, cabinet-making, and carving in the newly established department of Euphrates College. He held this instructorship until 1918 when during the great upheaval he was barely able to escape the talons of the frenzied Turk, and get back to America. At present he is with his family in Cambridge where he has a cabinet-making shop. Sarkis' brother Yeghiazar was conscripted into the army in 1914, and he was killed in action. He was a fine carpenter. Sarkis, the sincere, reasonable, and patriotic builder, always played a leadership role in the protective and developmental work of the Educational Committee of the village. For years he was a member of its Central Committee. And he is now a member of the Committee for the Parchanj book. Of the important structures built by Boghos varbed were the American Vice Consulate and Muhaddin Beg's mansion in Meziere.

**II. Tatoenk** came from Palou two centuries ago. Tato-Tatiros (Tadeos) and Giragos are remembered as the two brothers that lived in the Armenian quarter. No one knows the name of their father.





For many years the two brothers continued farming together. After their death Mghd. Ghazar separated from the family, 100 years ago, and buying a portion of the ancestral lands of the Torgank, he settled there becoming known as the Upper Tatoenk. Ovan and Garabed remained in their own ancestral home. They were called the Lower Tatoenk. Both families continued farming, but they did not become wealthy. Uncle Garabed was the first and only Protestant member of the clan. He eventually separated from his brother Ovan. Tato Garo was an intelligent and honorable man, influential in village affairs.

Ovan's son Giragos and Mghd. Ghazar's grandson Giragos — both wagoners during the upheavals and both keepers of tradition for their clan — represent the vestiges of the 'Tatoents' clan in America and in Lyons, France.

**12. Norsesenk** were the next-door neighbors of Banna Minas. An old-established family they were farmers, tilling their own, relatively small lands, and making an adequate living.

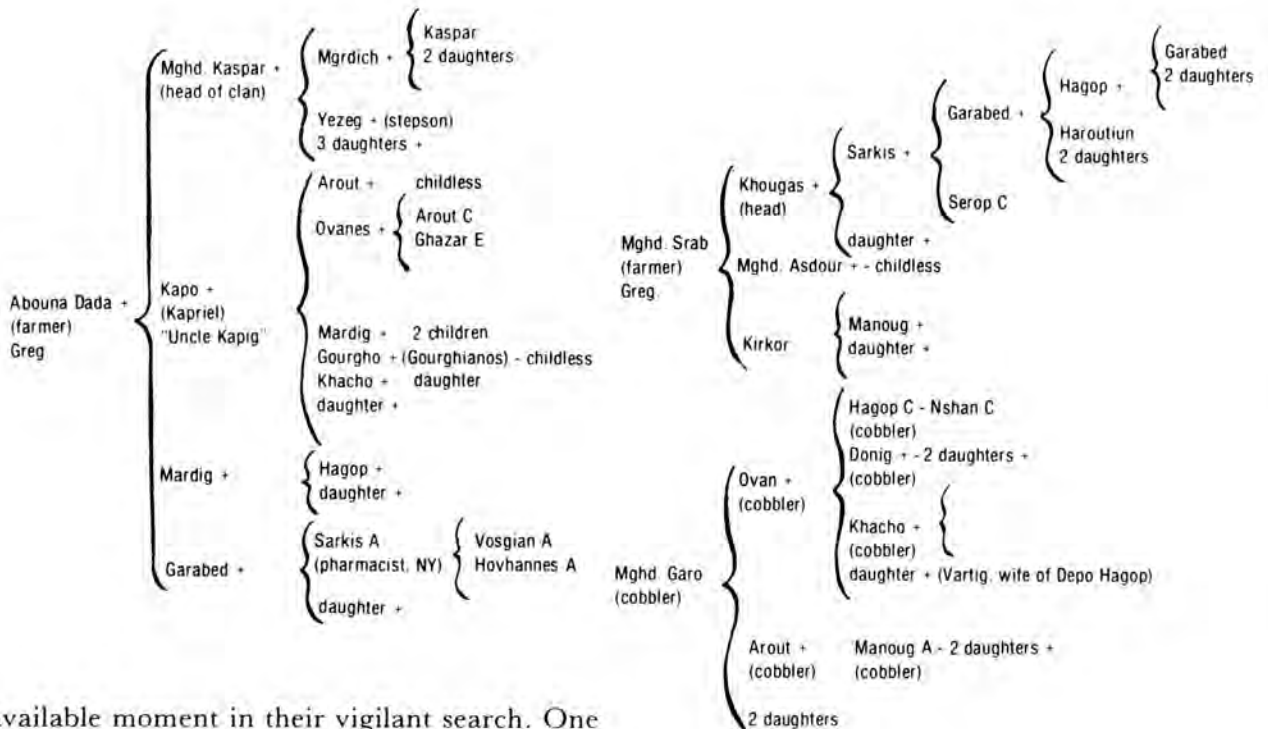
Norses Sahag was one of the "literate-wise"

of the village, and an important figure. He was tall, thoughtful to the point of appearing to be frowning, and never smiling. He played an important part in Protestantism as soon as it had come to the village. He became the first Protestant teacher, independent of the missionaries, and unpaid.

They would say, "The shadow weighs heavy" [meaning unclear]. "A slap in the face is heavy, too," my big brother would say rubbing his face.

**13. Abounaenk** had the same roots as Norsesenk, but what those roots were, or where the families came from have all been forgotten. They were the family of the village having the largest land holdings of their own. They were successful and very rich. Their wells were full and their bins were full of wheat. They had walled vineyards, and open fields, and they owned 200 sheep. In addition to their own lands, they tilled a part of the lands of Haji Muharrem pasha of Hiusenig. The four brothers, experienced farmers, blending night into day, worked, planned, with women and children, ceaselessly and unrelentingly, and with the honest sweat of their brows, extracted from the fecund earth much wheat, barley, cotton, and wool from their sheep. And they exchanged these for more land and gold. And what reward did they seek for their labors? A full belly, a blue homespun entari or coat, a woven band around the waist, sandals on their feet, and on their heads a turban, a thick woolen one for winters. They lived parsimoniously, their hands tightly clenched, their doors shut! They stored their wealth and without having enjoyed it, passed on. Their descendents, however, did not follow the example of their forebears. They learned how to enjoy life. Sarkis, Garabed's son, was the only one to go to college. After graduating from Euphrates College he went to America. He studied pharmacology and is now established in New York as a pharmacist, comfortably fixed.

The four brothers, before separating, had a practice of setting aside a portion of their year's earnings for the purchase of desirable additional land, and the remainder for conversion to gold to be kept. Abounda Kaspar had the fattest bag of gold, hidden in some secret place. He told no one where, and died, the secret with him. Kaspar's only son knew about the existence of the gold. But after his father's death Mgrdich probed and dug to find it, but in vain. Much later, still undertaking to recover his share, Mgrdich and his wife Mariam spent every



available moment in their vigilant search. One day when in the kitchen he was tearing down the smoke-blackened boards in a dark corner of the ceiling an earthen pot fell out and the gold pieces scattered all over the floor — Abouna Kaspar's hoard! Mgrdich and his wife gathered up the gold, but the workmen were not left wholly without a little share of it. They too were able to find some number of the "little reddish disks," ones that had got buried in the dirt of the floor hidden in dark corners.

Mgrdich agha now began to live — like an agha. And the laborers, some, were able to use their find to arrange passage to America. "One man's is another man's [literally, "what one has but does not eat belongs to the eater."] No?

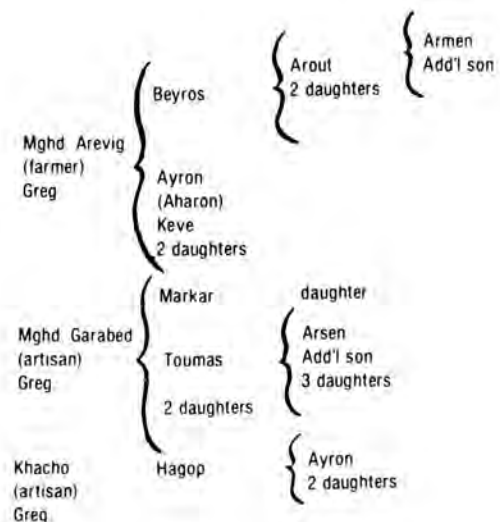
**14. Srabenk** were a two-branched family coming from Bedoents roots. But the branching was so long ago that no one remembers just what the connection was, nor who the father was of the two brothers that formed this family. We are able to chart only the families of Mghd. Srab and Mghd. Garo.

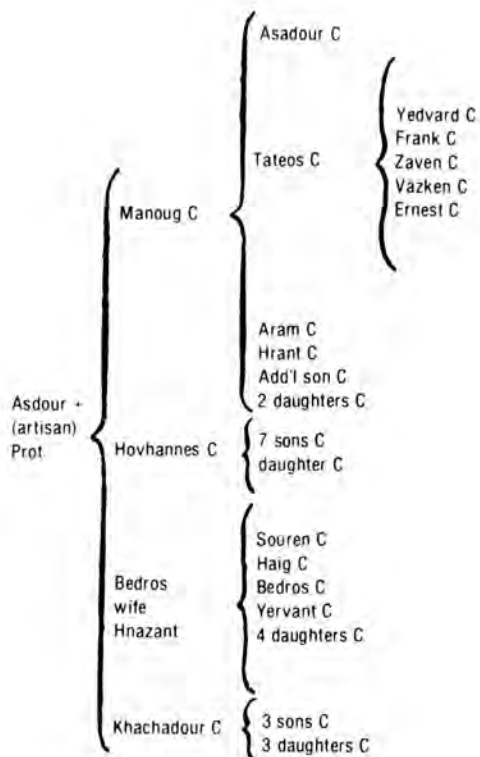
During the lifetime of their father the two brothers had been farmers. Mghd. Garo, having learned shoemaking, very soon after his father's death separated and followed his own trade. His family was known as Cobbler Garoenk.

However, Mghd. Srab remained a farmer and retained his ancestral surname Srabenk. This family tilled their few chareg of land and made a living. They were one of the first families to become Catholic. Mghd. Asadour died a Catholic. He was buried along the Shntil

road. Because of this circumstance Mghd. Asdourenk remained Catholics to the end. Mghd. Srab lived to age 125, and Mghd. Garo to 105. The Srabents' home was adjacent to that of Mghd. Manoenk.

**15. Paloutsvonk** came from Palou during the second period of migration. Their father's name is not recalled. Only Arevigenk remained farmers; the other three brothers became farm laborers.



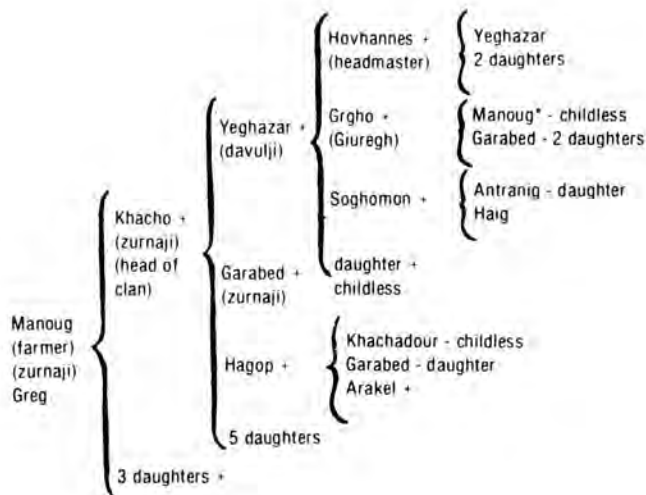


Arevigenk had a large barn, with olive oil press and wheat crusher.

Uncle Arevig and sons, Beyros and Ayron, were tall and husky men. Arevig dada with his white, floating beard was the very picture of a venerable patriarch. He was healthy and robust. He loved divertissement. He had a fighting water buffalo, as powerful and brave as a behemoth, and a black giraffe that fought the water buffalo. He had two enormous cocks, easily a match for those Haji Beg had. Arevigenk tilled the lands of Haji Kouchoug. Arevigents' barn was warm. We used to play hide and seek in and around the olive oil press. There too were full cloth bags of feed that we would puff up. What days they were!

**16. Yavanenk** were a farming family. They had come 150 years ago from Engije (but according to some, from Aleshami). The family name is evidently a derisive one given by the Turks of Aleshami. Their story begins with Manoug Dada, whose father's name we do not know.

All the men of this family — from grandfather Manoug to Khojabashi Hovhannes — were davuljis and zurnajis [players of davuls and zurnas]. Manoug Dada, Uncle Khacho, Garabed, and Ovanes blew the zurna. Yeghazar and Hagop beat the davul. Yeghazar, however, had cultivated the playing of the davul into an art. He, along with zurnaji Ayron of Morenig, were the most famous in the Ova and the state [villayet]. There were no head-splitting noises



that came out of Yeghazar's davul. Instead, there were melodious vibrations, and Yeghazar would sway and rock in harmonious body movements. Notwithstanding the meaning of their name "Yavan" (without oil) [suggesting poverty], they had an "oily" position in the village. Their crafts and farming provided them with a handsome income. Yeghazar's son Hovhannes was a capable and influential khojabashi [a kind of local boss, or big shot]. According to a vague tradition this family and Gougouenk have common roots.

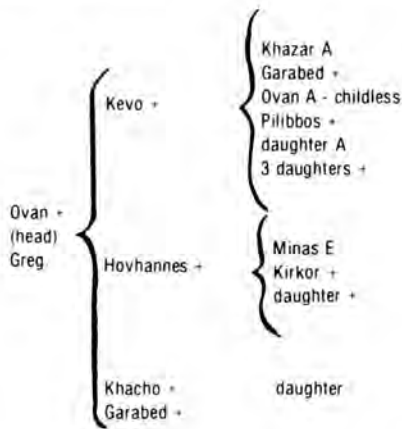
**17. Atamenk** were a small family. We know neither who their ancestors were, nor when they settled in the village.



They were not well off. From the several parcels they farmed as tenants they hardly eked out a living. Uncle Ghougas and Garabed were "reading" deacons and were the first old-time teachers in the village. They were very devout and zealous in their love for the church. They played a great role in caring for the mother church and the school. They were solicitous in insuring the betterment of education.

Adam's son Adam was a more worldly person, however. He was handsome, wore a large moustache, had curly hair — eternally very captivating. He craved wine and beauty.

18. **Kouchoug Ovanenk** were a small farming family, settled in the village for about 150 years. Their ancestors are not known to us. The history begins with Kouchoug Ovan. The whole family of Kouchoug Ovanenk were quite short. It is certain that because of their small size the Turks gave them the derisive name of Kouchoug (small).



Thanks to Haji Kouchoug Agha he [Ovan] was a member of the community assembly. He enjoyed only a little popularity in the village because of his vacillating manner. Garabed moved to Adana very early.

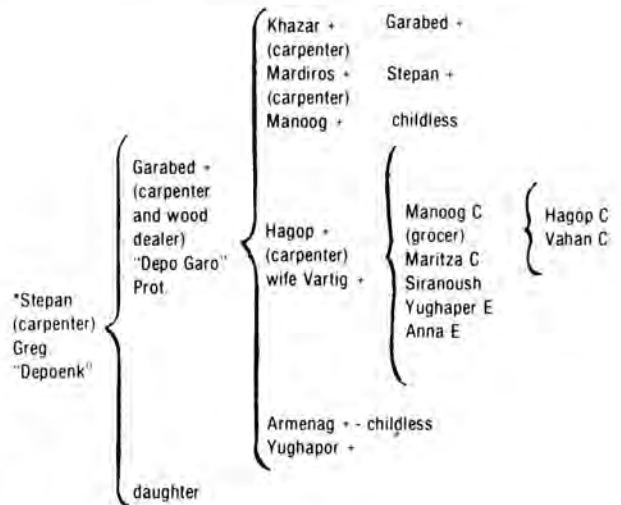
19. **Dzeronenk**: This ancestral name started from Great-Grandfather Chatalbash Dzeron, who lived in the Havav village of Palou very early in the 18th century.

The author of this book remembers the "keri"-s [uncles on mother's side] who nearly every year until 1890 would come visiting in two's and three's from Havav. They would tell about Chatalbash Dzeron's home and vineyards that existed and were known about even until 1914. Also, when I was in Constantinople in 1883 in the Choukhour Cheoshme Khan [inn] I met two or three very old carpenters from Havav. They were contemporaries of my grandfather Dzeron and had worked under him. They related the life of our forebears in Havav and about Dzeron Khalfa's (my father's father) life in Bolis. These persons, as well as my tiny grandmother — the teller of those lovely fairy tales — were the main source of our ancestral history.

The Dzeronenk of Havav were a famous family of builder-carpenters. After the death of Patriarch Dzeron his grandson, master artisan Stepan, at about 1775 moved to Kharper and settled in Parchanj where some old families from around Palou had long since settled. Garabed was born on the way, about the time of arriving

at Habousi village. Stepan built his home at the edge of the Turkish quarter, near Effendvonts mansion, and right adjacent to the Torgants ancestral home. He died there. Garabed mastered his father's craft. He had three sons — Stepan, Dzeron, and Hovhannes, who also followed their family trade. Dzeron was the most skilled of them. Hovhannes died young, leaving only his daughter Mariam.

Stepan separated from the family after his father's death. He built his home next to the Great Torgank, and set up his own family under the name of Depoenk. Dzeron remained in the old home and kept the prior family name of Dzeronenk.



### A. Depoenk — HISTORY

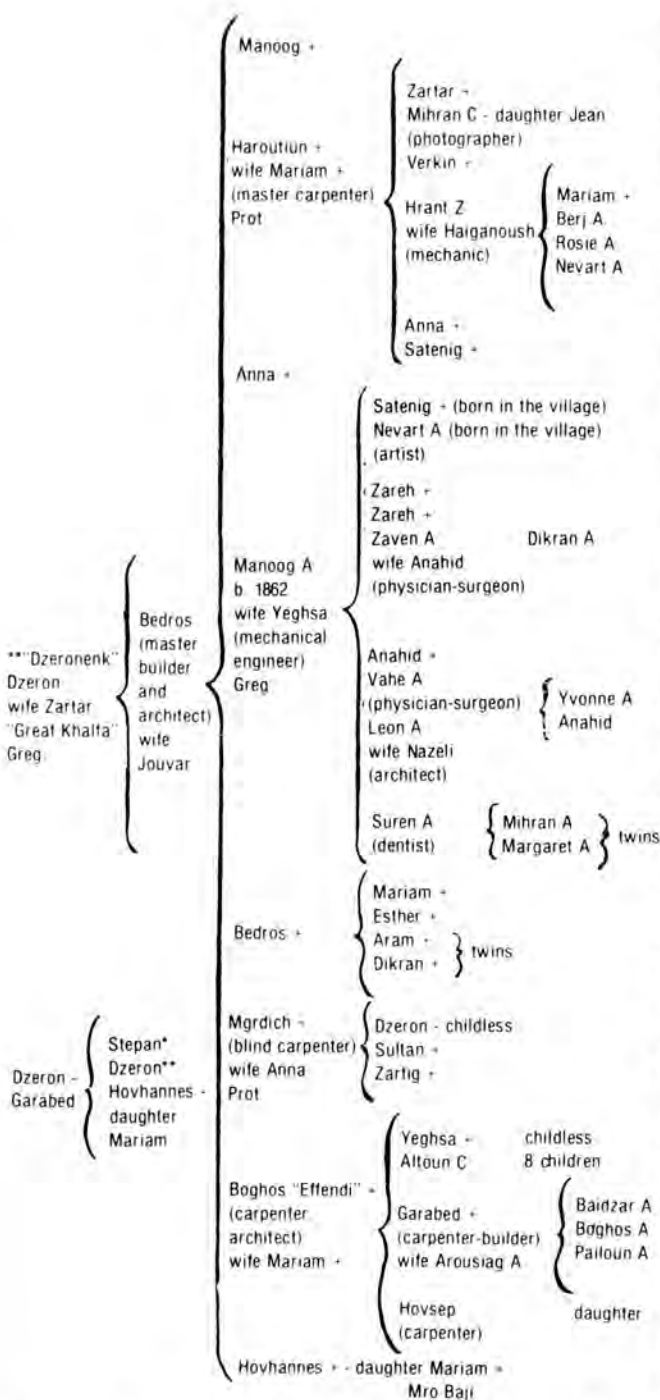
Stepan and Garabed did not continue carpentry for long. Through an accident Stepan became crippled. His arms and legs withered, and he became totally disabled. He had to remain seated, unable to work. Only by dragging himself across the floor could he move about. His forearms remained strong, however, and his mind was alert. They would call him Chondo [crippled] Depo. For many years the "grey ass" served as his legs, as well as the oak cane, which they buried with him.

Garabed became engaged in dealing in lumber (keresdeji). He would buy poplar trunks and with the help of Dzeron Khalfa and craftsman Bedros, would produce lumber — posts, beams, and boards — for government buildings. He was not an expert carpenter. But he was an enterprising and skillful merchant. He had an authoritative and handsome appearance, and was pleasant, gregarious, and proper in his manner. As a result he gained great recognition and good credit within the im-



a fun-loving and worldly "prod." He was the singing "deacon" [song leader] of the Protestants. In the meeting house during services he would lead the songs. And in Protestant weddings he led with the "davul-zurna." His voice was powerful and bellowing. At the head of a procession of students from the school he would sing with them all the way from the meeting house to the home of the groom. His favorite songs were "Above we have a happy home; we are going to our fatherland," "We are on our way to the heavenly house, do you wish to come along?" "We are crossing a great sea," "look up, look up, dear mother," "The vanity of this world," "Before the judgment, what lamentation and beseeching." He would belt out these songs with his powerful, ample voice, rocking heaven and earth. Depo Garo's home was like a hotel. The door was always open. And his wife? Roasting Anno Nana! She was tall, a little bent, with blotchy eyes — but what a woman. She had boundless love, compassion and goodness, always smiling, and mother to the poor. Depo Garoent's sitting room, always warmed by a glowing fireplace, was in winter a gathering place for the village folk. Depo Garo also played an important role in developing a technique for ginning cotton and grinding bulgur. He provided the capital to enable Dzeron Bedros to build the first factory in the village, and also to introduce and build the first mechanical cotton gin and with it a new type of mill for grinding bulgur, both capable of being driven by the power of one horse. This factory of Depo Garo's was the first such innovation in the central states.

Depo Garo's sons were able to receive only the education that was fed to them by the Protestant school of the village. All of them were mechanically gifted, except that Ghazar, Mardiros, Manoog, and Armenag did not amount to much, and also left no progeny. The Turks slew Stepan and Garabed, sons of Mardiros and Ghazar during the 1895 massacres. The older members of the clan had already died except Hagop, who lived, left descendents, and gained an enviable position. Misakian (ward of varbed Minas) apprenticed with varbed Boghos and mastered carpentry, developing into a famous cabinetmaking branch of the German trade school, as well as associate with German architect Young in the construction of the meetinghouses of Mezire and the City. The carved double door of the City meetinghouse [church] was regarded as the masterpiece of this master craftsman.



portant government circles as well as in the village and in the Ova. He became renowned among both Armenians and Turks, and in his time he was the most influential and best situated Armenian in the village.

At that time, being the only keresdeji, he attained great success and became wealthy. He was one of the first Protestants, a pillar, but not fervid. In back of their home they had an extensive lumber shed which the Protestants used for many years without rent as a meeting place [church, "zhoghovaran"] and school. Depo Garo would wine and dine, give feeds — he was

Hagop varbed's children, one son Manoog and four girls, all received a good education in the German schools. During the Great War Manoog enlisted in the American army. Now he lives in California with his wife and two sons. He is a successful grocer and makes a comfortable living. All four daughters are married, two in California, one in Mexico, and one in France.

Manoog and Maritza had gone to America before the massacres. Hagop varbed, his wife and three daughters were dispossessed. Manoog was killed in the hills around Malatya. His wife Vartig with the three girls reached Urfa, taking refuge in a Swiss hospital. She died during the upheavals but the three girls escaped.



1-Armenag, Depo Garo's son, 2-Manoog, Hagop's son, 3-Maritza, Hagop's oldest daughter

#### B. Dzeronenk — HISTORY

Dzeron, Garabed's second son, was born late in the 18th century. He learned his father's trade. His wife Zartar, Boghgants' daughter, tiny and with twinkling eyes, with exceeding love and kindness, was a lovely mother — a treasure trove of memories and fables. Dzeron was of medium height, sinewy, healthy, and attractive. He had a broad, prominent forehead. His look was thoughtful and penetrating. His chin was covered with a short, rounded, trimmed beard that blended with the hair of his head. He dressed more trimly than was commonplace, with breeches and kodi [waistband] of dimin [a hard, fine, imported cloth], a woolen cloth coat, and a fez on his head. His voice was a little throaty. He did not speak much. He had boundless energy and was the fastest worker. He was fearless, noble, devout, and charitable.

They had three sons, Bedros, Mgrdich, and Boghos, who, of course, followed their father's trade.

Neither Dzeron nor his sons ever saw the inside of a school. Mgrdich at a tender age became blind from smallpox. The other two hardly knew a bit of simple reading and writing. Dzeron did not have that much. Despite that, Dzeron and his sons — these indigenous folk of Parchanj — with their rustic ingenuity became unequalled master craftsmen. Their fame as well as their work operations extended from Palou to Adana, and from Mosul to Constantinople.

With their woodworking skills and their craftsmanship they established a family hereditary line that remained unsurpassed in Kharpert and in the surrounding provinces, right up to the latest upheavals. And it continues to the present time through their descendents, uninterrupted. The public bath in the village was built by Dzeron varbed and his father, with the help of the masons of Hiusenig. Dzeron varbed was the principal in the building of the Holy Savior Church, both its planning and building, and also in the building of the mansions of Haji Beg, Effendvots, Haji Semmed, and Haji Hafiz Agha. The majority of the principal carpenters of the village were sometime pupils of this master craftsman. Of them I recall only Gougouents Agop, Garoents Khachadour, Glgents Toros (later Father Toros), and Jemjements Marsoub. He had a large workshop in his old house.

How clearly I can recall it! I was a 6-7 year old lad, always by him, busily dulling his tools. When the doors of the shop were closed I would slither in through one of the upper windows. My obsession was to dull the sharp saw, the files, and the plane. Neither did he beat me, nor did he admonish me. "Jouvar, that little mouse has got into the shop again," he would say with a snicker, and give the tools to the apprentice to sharpen. During the last years of Sultan Mahmoud, Dzeron varbed had gone to Bolis. "He is the lord Sultan's chief builder," the old master craftsmen of Havav used to say. "And what a varbed! What influence he had! He could even save the neck of someone about to be hanged. He could be seen along the roads dressed in furs, with apprentices holding the skirt ends. He would toy with his money. But he was very generous. However, the end was very bad! When he got the word from back home on the death of his son he was driven to drink. He became disgraced. He was dropped as chief. He

became wretched. His friends sent him back home." Dzeron went back to Bolis for a second time with his son Bedros. This time too he became chief among the carpenters building the Sultan's magnificent theatre.

When the theatre was finished Dzeron varbed returned home, with money and with honor. He married his children, and had grandchildren. He saw his sons attain the pinnacle of skill in their craft. He saw them, as his apprentices, become established as expert carpenters in their own shops. Then he died, in 1871, after 75 years of a full and productive life. He died without having suffered torture, contented, untroubled, and happy, praised by everyone in the village. He was esteemed and loved, and surrounded by his loved ones and his grateful apprentices. "Get along with what you have, neighbors, I'm going to Istanbul again. . . . Jouvar, I've got a hankering for sarma [a food delicacy of stuffing wrapped in grape or cabbage leaves]." These were his last words. Jouvar put the sarma in the "traveler's" mouth, but the inevitable demise struck at just that moment, and the "traveler" joined the "caravan bound for Istanbul" with the sarma in his mouth. They buried him in the Protestant cemetery. On his grave they placed a great memorial tombstone, which the Turks stole . . . the ghouls, the graverobbers!

After their father's death the three brothers separated. Bedros remained in the ancestral home with his mother. Boghos and Mgrdich went to the Armenian quarter and settled there. But Bedros and Boghos continued to the very end to work together, sharing in profits, like a father and son. Bedros, like his mother was short, but well proportioned. With the typical broad forehead of the Dzerons and with the air of authority he displayed, he radiated will and character. He was muscular and a tireless worker — a human dynamo, they used to say. He was fussy and stringent in producing quality work in his trade. He spoke only little, but pretty bluntly. He was honest and fearless. He was always a sought-after person in affairs of the community.

Bedros varbed replaced his father, and even excelled over him. Of all the Dzerons he was the most talented, endowed with skills in many fields — he was carpenter, cabinetmaker, builder, mechanic, architect, and surveyor. He was a specialist in the building of churches. He planned and built the Holy Savior Church of the village and many other churches in the Ova. He painted them with a special durable paint that he invented. The meetinghouse in the village, the

Turks' lower mosque with its minaret and its mehrab [altar of a mosque] were his designs, as well as the rework of the upper mosque and minaret. All of the following structures were designed by him and built under his supervision, always together with his brother Boghos Effendi: Khourd pasha's large mansion in Garsig [Kesirig]; Haji Izzet pasha's magnificent mosque with minaret and minaret in Mezire; the large government building; the military barracks; the Roushdien school with the nearby mosque and minaret; the jail; Haji Abdulla agha's casino (the first of its kind); the military school next to Aslan Poughar (a large masonry building); the first meetinghouse with its upper rooms built for the missionaries in the City; the Islah-Khana military training school of Dikranagerd together with the installation of the purchased machinery; and the palace of Senior Haroutiun and government building of Adana. Bedros varbed was the one who introduced wide-span beams for ceilings without columns, long-span wooden bridges. He built Depo Garo's factory in the village, ordering the cotton gin and equipment for operating it with horses, from Bolis. He installed the system, and built into it the mill for crushing bulgur so that they would operate together.

At 15-18 years of age he had already mastered his father's trade when he went to Bolis. There he worked as a carpenter in the theatre they were building, under his father's direction. The overall supervision of the construction was under a French architect. The wooden floor was made of choice woods put together like a mosaic. The wood was brought from France, but the inlay work was done by domestic craftsmen. Dzeron and the other carpenters working with him couldn't quite manage the job. Young Bedros, the boy carpenter, spent a whole night studying and experimenting with the pieces of wood. He finally solved the riddle. The old-timers had laughed at him, but the architect saw what had been accomplished and kissed Bedros on the forehead. "I'll take the boy to France and put him through an engineering school. He'll be a great man." But his father would not allow it. "I too was working there with Dzeron varbed. But that Dzeron's boy made fools of us," Choukhour Cheosme, the old master from the khan would recall, chortling. When the ceiling beams of Aslan Poughar's building were being constructed the governor Haji Hasan and Fazli and Ferig pashas had come to inspect the big structure. The governor made a comment on the design of the structure. "Pasha Effendi, that



is something you don't know about," answered Bedros with marked self-confidence. Boghos Effendi and the other craftsmen were taken aback and paled. "You're right, chief," said the governor with a chuckle, and slapped the varbed on the back.

Bedros married miller Hoppala Dono's daughter Jouvar, whose mother was from the Boghgants clan. Jouvar, or Jouhar, was a virtuous and worthy life-mate for Bedros. She was an ideal and tender mother, a great housewife and household manager. And who was the most courageous woman head of household in the village? Dzeronents Jouvar! She was a bit large, pretty, healthy, and strong. She took to Protestantism early, with her husband. They were somewhat overzealous, but very devout and sincere Christians. In those days there were some poor Protestants traveling from village to village. Brother Sarkis, a feigning limper, knew everybody. While they were still in their old home Jouvar would keep him, feed him, clean him of lice, and bathe him. The helpless one would never be satisfied. He prayed long and pleadingly — which was most important in Jouvar's eyes. "He is God's pauper, don't you see?" she would say. Another one, blind Brother Hovhannes, a violinist, became ill and died one winter. For three months Jouvar took care of him, lovingly and without complaint. He was a singer of spiritual songs, was he not!

They bore 6 sons and 3 daughters in their ancestral home, the last birth being twins. In 1886 they bought Haji Kiuchig agha's mansion, just across from Haji Beg's mansion, and settled there. That year Manoog lit the first "melemed" on the roof of that bloody Turk's former house; the crackling flame dedicated and Armenianized the house. It was an imprudent act . . . possibly. The Turks fumed and fumed.

Of the children of Bedros varbed only Anna and Manoog received a college education. The others, each in his own time, went to the village schools.

Haroutiun had natural talent in art. He did not become a carpenter-builder. But in cabinet-making, wood-carving, and in free drawing he excelled over his father and his uncle (Boghos). He was a unique handcraftsman. He made a decorative carving for the expensive organ installed by the missionaries. And the altar of the Protestant meetinghouse of Mezire remained as a superb masterpiece of handiwork. He made hundreds of handcrafted works for governors, begs, and other Turkish bigwigs. However, he did not regularly work in this field. He worked



Left to right — Bedros varbed and his wife Jouvar; Hovhannes and Mariam, son and daughter; grandchildren Hrant and Satenig (seated)

with his brothers Bedros and Boghos as record-keeper and accountant for all their jobs. He was learned in Turkish and in law. He learned to read and write from Effendvonts Mustafa Effendi, Turkish from Petitioner Krikor Effendi of the village Turkish school, and accounting from Mr. Hovhannes of Dikranagerd. These were the means for his education. He was intelligent, clever, enterprising, and progressive. He found that the cotton gin imported by his father cut the long fibers such that the cotton brought a lower price than what came from the indigenous gins. He wrote to Oldham (England), where the cotton gin had been built and learned that there was a leather-bonded gin that did the job as the native gins. He ordered the machine — the first in our Ova.

Later, on learning that the same kind of gin was already in use in Malatya, he sent for an expert (to operate it) and installed the machine in the Dagirman mill-stream to be operated through a water wheel. He organized the first company to set up a ginning and spinning factory.

In 1894 he went to Egypt to buy the necessary machinery. On his return with the equipment he was waylaid and robbed by the guards [or police] of the barracks at Kemour Khan on the Euphrates. They choked him, and tying him in a burlap bag threw him into the river. They said he had died of cholera. The machinery he had bought was destroyed with him. And his company? . . . Haroutiun was very fortunate to





Haroutiun Dzeron

have the Euphrates as his grave.

It was not far off . . . '95! Kor [blind] Hamid was gnashing his teeth [literally, shortening his teeth] in his frenzy for vengeance because after the 18 years of "waste of time" on account of the trial for the murder of Margosents Garabed, here was the problem of Haroutiun Dzeron drawing him to the courtroom.

Haroutiun was essentially a man of art and work. He did not mix in with the life and pastimes of the Armenian community. He had married Khojig Boghos' daughter Mariam who died grief-stricken after her beloved husband . . . and "fortunately," before the '95 massacres. They had 2 sons and 5 daughters. Only the 2 sons and one daughter are alive, in America. Mihran went from the village school to college, but after the '95 massacres he was obliged to go to America. Today he is a first-class photographer. His wife is Asdrid. They have a lovely daughter Jean, who has graduated from high school. They have settled in Gilroy, California. Hrant is a very skillful mechanic. His wife is Gelen Haroutiun's daughter Haiganoush, a wonderful homemaker and mother. They have one son and 2 daughters. The boy Berj is in college, in pre-law — a good-looking and promising young man. Hrant lives with his family in Cambridge, Mass., following his trade.

DZERON MANOOG, the author of this book. Only I have remained of the 9 children of



1-Haroutiun, 2-wife Mariam, 3-Mihran, 4-Hrant, 5-Verkin

Bedros varbed. I was born in Parchanj on December 16, 1862, "on the Saturday eve of St. Hagop [James]. [Note: December 16, 1862, was a Tuesday according to the Gregorian calendar, "new style." At that time Armenia was still on the Julian calendar, or "old style." December 16, old style, would correspond to December 28, new style, which was a Sunday. The author was probably born on the night of the 27-28 of December.] My parents were Protestants at the time. My grandmother Altoun (my mother's mother), a very zealous "Lousavorchagan" [Gregorian, member of the national mother church] on first seeing me said, "A nice bouncing baby . . . h'mm . . . just a puppy, what else, without 'miuron' [holy chrism] on its forehead." She didn't kiss me. At age 4 I started in the village school, for 8 years. I started learning Ayp, Pen, Kim's [Armenian ABC's] with Mr. Hovhannes Darakjian of Dikranagerd, and finished under the tutelage of teacher Moushegh of Khoula village.

I liked crafts. One day I went as apprentice to cobbler Kaspar. He sent me to gather "pin" [manure]. That didn't sit well with me. I ran off. I've got an eye for my grandfather's craft, I said. My father was in Adana with his brother Boghos, and son Haroutiun. I was the foremost student in the school. The missionaries had wanted it so, and my father had decided to send me to the city school. "Education is great thing. I lost my chance in Istanbul. I want my son to go to school and become a man," my father would always say. I liked my father's trade — to build. I wanted to learn it. I forged a letter to my mother from my father saying he wanted me in Adana. My mother made [travel] arrangements

with a muleteer and even prepared my baggage. But Glgents Toros, later a priest, knew my father's handwriting and the deceit was revealed. My little game fell through. They sent me to school. Good-hearted (Rev.) Toros changed the whole course of my life. I hold him in blessed memory. After 3 years in school and 4 years in college I graduated in 1881. Throughout my studies I was regarded as astute in arithmetic and mathematics.

It was the wish of missionary Dr. Wheeler that I become a "Reverend" [badveli] to work in the "Lord's vineyard." But my ancestral leanings prevented that. For 6 months after leaving college I was a teacher in the Protestant school of Arapkir. After that, for one year, I served as the first teacher in the United Society High School of Paghesh [Bitlis]. There I met two fine and serious revolutionary patriots, Mgrdich Sarian, the general superintendent, and Margos Natanian, the assistant superintendent. And in the monastery of Amlort I had the opportunity of enjoying the inspiring presence of the patriot, His Eminence, Supreme Vartabed Karekin Srvantzdians, who was in Paghesh for 6 months as locum tenens [provisional primate] and lived next door [to me] in the monastery (where our school was). For me those were days of inspiration, and rebirth, in patriotism and revolutionary life.

May his consecrated grave be forever luminous.

On returning to Kharpert I taught for a time at the Lousavorchagan school of "vari tagh" [lower quarter] together with Tlgadentsi and blind teacher Sarkis. In those days Sultan Hamid had established the "Hendese Miulki" engineering school in Constantinople, partly military, and with a 4-year program of studies. It was an in-residence school, free, and with stipend paid to students. It was to be for all subjects of the Ottoman Empire, without exception. I went immediately to Bolis. The school was under the Ministry of War. But notwithstanding the intercession of Aunjian Apig Effendi, of blessed memory, an intimate friend of the Minister, I did not succeed in entering. "It was the secret command of the Sultan to accept only moslems," the pasha advised Apig Effendi confidentially. "You have successfully passed your examinations. Become moslem, and of course we'll accept you," the general superintendent of the school told me. "I don't want to renounce my religion or my nationality for the sake of engineering," I answered, and gave up the quest, disappointed. I completed the

2-year course at the secondary school of surveying under the Ministry of Construction, and in 1886 returned to Kharpert. There I had the position of assistant state-surveyor, and for 4 years worked at construction of military highways. While in Constantinople I covered my living expenses by teaching in the local school of the Ferikiugh parish, and by serving as clerk for the parish council. Also, I had the good fortune of gazing on the luminous face of Khrimian Hairig, and of kissing his saintly hand.

I married in 1887, in our new house, with a genuine Armenian wedding. My bride was Yeghsa, daughter of attorney Krikor Eff. of Ichme. We had been engaged for 6 years. I had seen Yeghsa in the girls' school during college days. She was in washerwoman's clothes, but I fell in love without even having become acquainted with her. That meeting was the most auspicious moment of my life.



Yeghsa (M. Dzeron's wife)

I had found the "virtuous woman," sought but not found by the Sage of the Proverbs. And what a woman! What a housewife! What a mother! What a life-mate! She was the embodiment of whole love, kindness, self-sacrifice. She shared and inspired my ideals, my hopes, and my emotions . . . and still does. Yeghsa was born in 1867, in Ichme, on the slopes of the Masdar mountains. She received her education

in the missionary school for girls.

In Parchanj we had daughters Satenig and Nevart. The year after marriage I spent two months in jail with my father and my brothers Haroutiun and Boghos Eff. That occurred in connection with the plan to move to Bazarjek, on the presumption that we would be joining Zeitun in a planned uprising. It was pure calumny, contrived by one of our Turkish enemies of the village with the connivance of the rogue Mouroents Ovanes. We got out of jail, through heavy bribe, of course. I continued working in my position. But the Armenian restiveness from the "Armenian highlands of Erzerum" had begun to upset the central government. Our governor, in appreciation of my 4 years of good work, had forwarded a recommendation to Bolis for a promotion for me. But toward the end of 1889 an order came through to remove all Armenians from engineering ranks. I decided to go to England to advance my profession. I left my wife and the two newly born children in the village. Though roads were closed to Armenians I was able to leave the country through the kind intercession of the governor. But instead of going to England I landed in America, in 1890.

I went to Worcester to enter the Polytechnic [Institute]. My father's death interfered. Instead I learned practical mechanical engineering working for 9 years in the drafting room of an engineering firm under the famous engineer A. M. Powell.

I moved west in 1901. I worked in Chicago for 6 years, and in Joliet for 25 years, for U.S. Steel Corporation as a mechanical draftsman. In 1932 I retired with a pension. Since then I have been busy working on the history of our village. I had come intending to return [to my homeland] in 3 or 4 years. But having become involved in support of the revolutionary movement I could no longer return to the homeland. Yeghsa came to America in 1893 with Nevart. Here we had 6 sons and another daughter. Today [1938] Nevart, born in Parchanj, and 4 sons are living.

Nevart having received her preparatory education (high school) in Worcester and Chicago, completed a 7-year course at the Chicago Art Institute and graduated with honors as an artist. For an additional year she went to France and Italy to refine her art. She married Prof. Bedros Goshgarian. They settled in New Jersey. Nevart has always remained a patriotic Armenian. During the Near East Relief fund-raising she traveled to important centers in America, lecturing on indigenous



Mrs. Nevart Dzeron-Koshkarian

Armenian music, and singing Armenian songs. She was also the first to organize a touring Armenian chorus, Armenian costumed, and to offer Armenian music to the American public, from one end of the country to the other. She prepared the cover drawing of my book and drew many of the sketches as a gift of love to her mother-village.

Zaven was born in Worcester in 1898. He completed his preparatory education in Joliet. During the Great War he volunteered his services to the submarine fleet. After discharge he attended the University of Chicago, and then the associated Rush Medical College for 6 years and graduated as a physician-surgeon with the S.B. and M.D. degrees. After 3 years in his own practice he entered the Government Forestry Service as a military reserve medical officer. He and his wife Luda have a son Dickran. He is presently practicing medicine in Fresno, California.

Vahch was born in Chicago in 1903. After high school and junior college in Joliet he entered the University of Chicago and Rush Medical College, and later the University of Illinois in medicine. He graduated in 6 years as physician-surgeon, with the S.B. and M.D. degrees. Vahch, too, is married and has his own office in Joliet. In high school he became one of the statewide basketball stars. His wife's name is Blanche Mary.





Dr. Zaven M. Dzeron [Seron]



Dr. Vaheh M. Dzeron [Seron]



Levon M. Dzeron [Seron]

He married Nasalee Bakalian; they have two daughters Evonne Anahid and Orienta Zabelle  
He lives in Joliet, Illinois



Dr. Suren M. Dzeron [Seron]

Levon, too, was born in Chicago, in 1905. Like his father Levon also followed the calling of the Dzeron clan. On graduating from Joliet High School we went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge, entering the Department of Architectural Engineering. He completed the 5-year course with honors as an Architectural Engineer with B.S. and M.S. degrees. During the final 4 years he received scholarship awards for his high scholarship.

Suren was born in Chicago in 1906, and received his education in the schools of Joliet. After junior college he entered the Dental College of the University of Illinois, and graduated in 4 years as a dentist. Received his B.S. and D.D.S. degrees.

His wife's name is Blanche. They have a boy and a girl, twins, Merron and Marjo. He has settled in Joliet, Illinois. He also has another son Suren Vaheh.

I have become 75, and 50 years still with Yeghsa! To serve the fatherland and to educate our children became our life mission in



America. My battles with Blind Hamid and his cohorts in the village, with the Turk ruffians during my college days, with the mayor of Molli village and with the Kurdish tribal leader of Izoli during my government-service days, with the leader of the Kurdish nomads in Moush, and with the Irish in Worcester, and my quarrels with the assistant superintendent Baravian in Paghesh, and with the city council about my position — all these were waged in the name of honor, self-defense, principle, and justice only. I have never liked quarrels, but I have never given up or run away. It was my uncle Mgrdich who in my youth planted and watered the rebellion seed. It was during my college days that we would go into the provision cellar of the house of the martyred Professor Nigoghos Tenekejian to read the newly received newsheets promoting the revolutionary spirit. It was then that the ideal of revolution began to grow in me. And from those days on, until today, Yeghsa and I have walked among the ranks of those patriotic, knowledgeable and sacrificing revolutionaries.

The most uplifting period of my life were those first 28 years that I lived in the village, as one with the villagers. I remember . . . wasn't it just yesterday? . . . my group of playmates ("gang") — Topal Kapoents Boghos, Ataments Agop, Chortoutents Beyros, Kilarjvonts Kirkor, Palvutsvonts Manoug, Garogaroents (Mghd.) Beyros, Mghd, Asdourents Manoug, and Sabitalients Mlkon — all of us rascally youths. We used to have forays of filching grapes from the walled vineyards and making off with apricots. There was the Stream . . . and Garoents rooftops where we used to play running games, in the sun, barefoot, bareheaded. There were the weddings and wedding processions with davul and zurna, and Jbo Avakents Khsho Sarkis filled with red wine dancing away with flailing arms to the rhythm of "Ermeni [Armenian] tunes." There were Arevigents' and Hodoents' warm barns for playing hide and seek, nights for cleaning cotton bolls at Haji Garabed's, and Kilarjonts carder Garo who would also weave fairy tales. There were the schools with the teachers and their switches. There was Balik Gol where we would go on Saturdays to swim altogether naked in the warm and clear pools of the sandy bottomed stream that flowed under the leafy arches formed by the willow branches.

I remember Hodoents' threshing place and the stream where the water buffalo would scuffle. I remember Eastertides with gifts of red-

dyed eggs, cheoreg [biscuits], bastegh, and rojig. I remember our broken garden wall with a nest built long ago by two storks on the tip of a jutting segment of the wall. They would sound their calls each morning at dawn as they flew out to catch little snakes and moles for their young. Do you remember the mills where we would go with our uncles to eat some unleavened bread, and where we would swim in the stream and dive to bring up stones from the bottom? And the sluices where we would prostrate ourselves along the edge and immerse our faces to drink of their cool waters!

What days! What a nice village, that mother Parchanj of ours — like a beehive, buzzing with life. What heart-rending and soul-stirring memories — variegated pictures of village life that often flared like wildfire and banished the darkness in my heart's longing for the fatherland.

And now, in the twilight of my life, I have three great desires — three wishes. One is the building of New Parchanj in the reborn Soviet Armenia with the scattered remnants of the village gathered there. The second is to visit Armenia and New Parchanj with Yeghsa. And the third is successfully to complete my book on Parchanj village — my life's last tribute to my very dear Mother Parchanj. This last wish of mine is here being realized.

Hovhannes was Bedros varbed's third son, born in 1871. He was a likable and talented youth. After completing the village school he worked with his brother Haroutiun on the cotton ginning machines. In 1891 he went to America to study mechanical engineering. But he was unable to remain. He was engaged, and he returned home to be married. One week before the day set for the wedding, when he went up on the roof to drive off robbers who had come to rob the house, Hovhannes was shot and killed by robber Silos' son. All of the village mourned ill-fated Hovhannes' tragic death.

Mgrdich was called Mgrchamou ["uncle Mgrdich"] by the Armenians, and "blind Mgrdich" by the Turks. He was born about 1827, Dzeron varbed's second son. He was blind since the age of 10. My grandfather used to say that he was much of a tree climber. One day, when he had gone to filch apricots from Esho Baji's garden, "the old woman had cursed him saying that he should go blind! The kid came home with smallpox. The pox got into his eyes. I couldn't keep his hands tied. He tore the sore in his eyes and went blind." He married Habousetsi Anna's daughter, who became a

fine homemaker and a faithful wife. They had a son Dzeron, and 2 daughters.



1-Mgrdich Amou, 2-M. Amou's wife, 3-Zartig, 4-Hovsep, 5-Arousiag, 6 and 8-Arousiag's children, 7-Hodoents Hagop

Medium of stature, broad shouldered, husky, and sinewy, Mgrchamou was one of the strongest of the village. He grew up fearless and free, thanks to the support of his brothers. He was naturally stubborn, easily provoked, courageous, and fearless. He had a hand-filled "altepatlar" [six-shooter], and a "pala" (a big knife) made by himself, which he did not hesitate to use when the occasion called for it.

When he pounded his feet or struck the ground with his staff it was time to get out of his way. But he was very sociable and generous. He would readily share his last piece of bread or mug of wine with friends.

He was an ingenious and naturally skilled artisan. In later years he had made a hand-operated, portable grinder for bulgur that could be rented for a small sum and taken home for grinding a small quantity of bulgur. He had also made a weaving machine, also portable. His sense of touch and hearing were superbly sensitive and sharp. His memory was extraordinary. His finger tips were his eyes. He liked families and was always on the side of the weak. All of his fights were for the protection of others. In all his life he never paid taxes. "Let the king pay so I can eat." He used to say. He was hardy and durable to the highest degree. But sometimes he would have severe stomach cramps. When that happened he would lie face down and the editor of this book — then a small lad — would trample on his back and with a large needle would pierce him where he designated, to draw blood. That was Mgrchamou's own brand of self-therapy. He

lived 88 years and died a natural death in 1915.

Only son Dzeron remained of Mgrchamou's children. Dzeron did not pursue a regular trade, but he knows carpentry and mechanics. He is married and lives with his wife Anna in Whitinsville, Mass. He works there as a mechanic in the factory. He is known as a firm believer in the revolutionary movement and as a true son of his village.

Boghos Effendi was born in Parchanj in 1830, Dzeron varbed's youngest son. From his father and oldest brother he learned carpentry in all its aspects, cabinetmaking, the structure of buildings and bridges, and color paints. He married Khojgants Mardig's daughter Mariam, who became a noble and typically Armenian mother. They had 2 sons and 2 daughters. They were the first to marry as Protestants from the Dzeronents clan. Boghos did not have a school education. He learned only simple reading, and the writing of his name.



Dzeronents Boghos Effendi

But he was naturally bright, intelligent, and resourceful. He had an unimpeachable character, with a noble and virtuous personality. He had a spiritual and generous soul. He had the affable and pleasing personality of a diplomat. Yet, he was fearless, and a fighter when need be. Endowed with these admirable traits, and having his brother Bedros as supporter, mentor, and a driving force, he attained an influential and leadership position in governmental circles and in the Armenian and Turkish communities of the village, becoming famous everywhere.

After the death of their father Boghos went to the Armenian quarter. There he bought goldsmith Abraham's house, at the corner of the Armenian central school. There he built a

public oven, his workshop, and two stores — a butcher shop and a general store. Boghos, however, until the death of his brother Bedros, remained his inseparable partner and sharer in all his endeavors. He loved this brother and worshipped him as father and as the master craftsman who made him a man. Boghos and Bedros formed a brotherhood like Moses and Aaron. Bedros, the quiet master craftsman, was attached to his brother with the loving and selfless care of a father. Boghos was Bedros' mouth in all their operations, the motivator, the entrepreneur. All glory and credit to him!

The governors and engineers of the states of Kharpert and Dikranagerd recognized and appreciated Bedros' Effendi's expertise and boldness in structural work, and always used his services. All of the military highways of the state — from Sepastia, Khozat, and Agn all the way to Dikranagerd and Mosul were primarily started and built by Boghos Effendi. All contracts for governmental and private construction were undertaken in the name of Boghos Effendi.

He remained in Dikranagerd for 3 years with his brother Bedros. There they built the shop for military crafts under the supervision of a French architect from Bolis. It was there that the two brothers succeeded in creating and perfecting a machine for the beating and straightening of heavy woolen goods, while the French specialist had failed to make one. It was then that the vali [governor] Gourd pasha of Dikranagerd dismissed the Frenchman and made Boghos the overall superintendent of the plant, awarded him the third level medal of honor, and entitled him Effendi. "My rewards and my becoming Effendi I owe to my brother," he would tell us. Such brotherliness!

The idea of migrating to Bazarjek, the forming of the Cooperative Union, and the plan for the acquisition of lands took place under Boghos Effendi's initiative. But this grand project, alas, finally came to naught because of the intervention of Armenian Judas. It was as a consequence of this activity that Boghos Effendi spent two months in jail with his older brother and his two sons. They also kept him in a dungeon for a week to expose the treachery, and especially to set the stage for some greasy bribes. After release from prison Boghos Effendi went to Bolis and tried for a whole year hoping to get his protector friends (the governors Gourd and Haji Hasan pashas, at that time in Bolis) to intercede and have the ban placed on the migration removed. It was then, in 1890, on his return

from Bolis, thwarted and disappointed, broken-hearted, and fatigued, that we met on the road just below Malatya. And I . . . I had turned my steps toward the land of hope and opportunity! We embraced one another and cried. "My boy, my boy, what's there in America! Couldn't we manage a decent livelihood in our own country? Come-on! Return home!" Yes, it was our last meeting, and our last separation! A heart-rending scene — unforgettable!

Boghos Effendi was not a revolutionary, but he loved his nation, his village. He was the villager with the dedication of a tribal leader. This without boastfulness!

The Turks saw Dzeron as courageous and independent. They would withdraw from him. And the tax collectors and government officials dealt with a little more restraint with the Armenians of Parchanj.

Having become a Protestant very early, but always a very liberal Armenian Protestant, Boghos Effendi was the most popular figure in the village, loved and esteemed by all. Uncle Khasab Aymed (the Turkish meat merchant) would say, "If there is a bag of gold left in the evening at Dzeron's house, you wouldn't find any the next morning" And that was the way it always was. Boghos Effendi never became rich, and never owned land. But he built a paradise of his home and hearth. He enjoyed a happy and productive life. He always played an active role in the life and activities of the Armenian community. He improved the hygienic aspects of the village, and protected Armenian interests. His warm oda [salon] was the gathering place for Armenians on winter evenings. He was very sociable and friendly. His heart was open, and his table was always set. He was surrounded morning and evening with guests, with tea and coffee always on the stove.

During his later years, however, he lost his inseparable life companion, his brother Bedros. He lost his nephew Haroutiun who was his right arm. He remained lonely and unconsolable. The failure of the plan to migrate to Bazarjek, because of outside interference, and the financial losses suffered by the families working with him, as well as the personal sufferings they bore, all disheartened him. And this naturally robust man became physically beaten.

And finally, during the terror of 1895, he was shot in the back by the monster, constable Aymed, who had got his position through the personal intercession of Boghos Effendi, his benefactor and his host on many an occasion of hospitality. They dragged his body over the





1-Boghos Effendi, 2-wife Mariam, 3-son Garabed, 4-and Hovsep, 5-daughter Altoun, 6-and Altoun

rocky roads and the mud of the streets. They hung him head down at the door of his house. Boghos Effendi could easily have evaded this hellish end. He and his family had taken refuge in Haji Osman's house. The Turkish bigwigs, having got the smell of blood, like hyenas, had gathered at Bouloud Effendi's house to plan the plunder and massacres.

Saru Binbashi, a powerful and influential friend, had arranged to transfer Boghos Effendi and his family to his home in Mezire. "No, I want to stay where I belong. Either we shall pull through together with the villagers, or we shall all die together," was his answer. He decided to appear before the assembly at Bouloud Effendi's house and plead to have the plan for plunder and massacre put aside, as a last and desperate attempt. "Don't go to that meeting, Boghos Effendi. They'll kill you. Don't go," Haji Osman begged. Despite the pleading of this good Turk (of Kurdish descent), putting aside the tears and pleas of his wife and loved ones, and fully aware of the death staring him in the face, he went before that delirious horde. He offered all the wealth and lands of the Armenians, and begged them to desist in their plan for plunder and massacre. "We will protect the village. Have no fear," they promised. He went out of the house and was murdered . . .

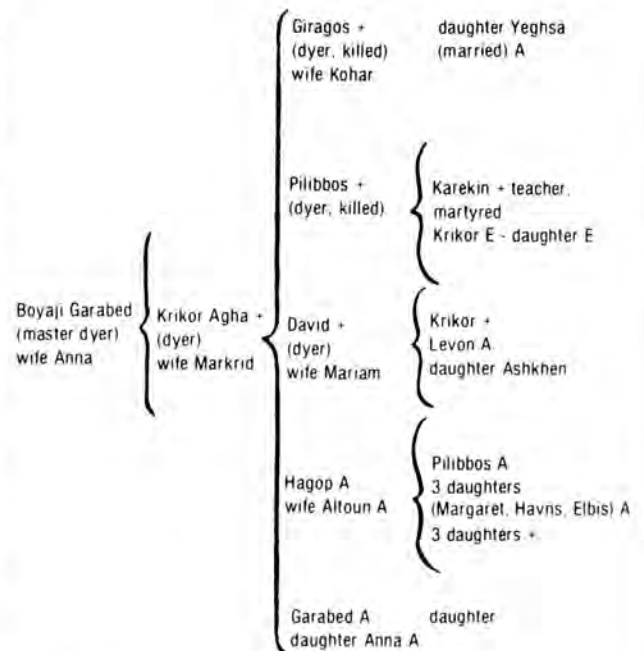
So it was! Boghos Effendi, this great master, this great man, this true son and pride of Parchanj, lived, worked, and was crucified for his village. Blessed be his everlasting memory, and may his grave be luminous always.

Sons Garabed and Hovsep learned their

father's trade. Garabed, settled in Long Island, is engaged in construction. His daughter Baidzar is a skilled fashion designer who studied in Paris. Hovsep, also married, lives in California, engaged in carpentry. Both display the splendid character of sons of Armenia. Garabed is married to the daughter of the fine and modest Kondazian family of Arapgir. They have 3 children, 2 lovely and virtuous daughters, and a fine son.

**20. Boyajonk** are an old family of expert dyers who came from the Havav village of Palou and settled in the village during the second period of migration. No one knows the date of their arrival, nor the name of their Palou ancestors. Their history begins with grandfather Garabed.

Boyaji [dyer] Garabed, somewhat short and husky, and with a short greying beard, was a pleasant person. On his head he wore a turban tightly wrapped. He dressed in a blue entari. I remember him in the dye shop, his sleeves rolled back and his arms blue to the elbow. The dye shop was across from the meetinghouse. It was the third one in Oul Ova. They dyed every color. Throughout the province, and including the City, Boyaji Garabed gained the reputation of being a master dyer, achieving great success.



He was a devout, religious son of the mother church. Until the end he was an energetic, active worker in his dye shop.

He died about 1868, at an advanced age — his hands still blue.



Boyaji Krikor Agha worked with his father, and after his father's death continued in the family trade with his sons, improving and enlarging the business.

It was during this period that Boyaji Koko — the great expert, and always busy among the dye pots of his shop — attained a prosperous and enviable position in the village.

He was born in the village in 1824. His wife was Markrid, a fine homemaker and mother, one of the resolute women of the village.

They had 5 sons and one daughter. Three of them, Hagop, Garabed, and Anna now live in America.

Krikor Agha was well formed, of medium build. He had an authoritative and noble appearance. Good in politics and highly practical he became a fervent believer and a solid pillar of the mother church. He was always a leader and held an influential position, as delegate and councilman, in the religious, educational, and political activities of the village. He did not become a government man, but he was an important figure in the Armenian Prelacy, enjoying the esteem of and befriending all of the Primates. When his sons had grown and learned the trade Krikor Agha retired from the work and devoted all of his time to community activities. He became the second most popular person in the village, loved and esteemed by all to the end.



Boyaji Krikor Agha

It was Krikor Boyaji's wish to be buried in the courtyard of the church he loved. He willed ten pieces of gold to the church on condition that the

church would permit the burial. He died September 7, 1894. All the village mourned. His body was interred in the courtyard with great pomp and ceremony. Pilibos, the reigning head of the Boyajonts, not yet having paid over the 10 gold pieces as willed, wanted a gravestone erected over the grave. But many of the younger, responsible members of the church demanded that the provision of the will be carried out before placing the gravestone. Well, Pilibos was a boss in the village, an important and influential person, a parish council member, diocesan delegate, renowned in governmental circles and in the Prelacy, and with his whole family dedicated to the church!



1-Markrid, 2-daughter Anna, 3-Karekin, Pililbos' son, 4-Mariam, Pilibos' wife, 5-Hagop's first wife, 6-Mariam, David's wife, 7-Yeghsa, Giragos' daughter, 8-David's daughter

Krikor Agha, of blessed memory, a solid pillar of the church "devoted his whole life to the well-being of that church — was it not an insult to his dignity to pay over a sum of money?" so said Pilibos. He had those who sided with him, including Father Nshan, the kind priest. We know that in our ancestors' days a will was sacred, and its breach a sin. Considered from both sides it should have been possible to resolve the issue of the will impartially, without difficulty, and without controversy. That is not what happened. The outcome? Everybody, the prelate, the priest, the people — all, like tan and gorgod [a metaphor referring to "tanabour," boiled wheat in buttermilk] became embroiled — just on account of a gravestone. Old seething passions burst into flame, and a conflagration ensued. About 10 families, zealous members of the church and distressed over these quarrels

quit the church and embraced Catholicism. The lack of astute and unselfish leaders, the tragic unwillingness to understand — these racial faults . . . what calamities they have brought to our nation!

Boyaji Krikor's sons went to the schools of the village and received only an elementary education. They followed in their father's trade. Giragos became the expert dyer among them, better even than his father or grandfather.

But alas, he [Pilibos] was killed in 1885 by Beyros' son Manoug. Naturally friendly, and having learned a little Turkish, Pilibos got involved in village affairs. He exposed the improper operations of a clever and fraudulent politician and became a leader in organizing vigilante groups in the village. He was a brave, fearless, and self-confident fighter to the end. One day Haydar stole some of Boyajvont's water. Pilibos, a husky youth, grabbed Haydar and immersed him in the stream saying, "I'll make a dam out of you, so that you'll be a man." In the Armenian quarter the aqueducts leading from Topourmayents spring flowed through Mamo's vineyard. Mamo had planted poplars along both sides of the aqueduct. Their roots had grown into the aqueduct and impeded the flow of water. The flow ceased. Pilibos went with some villagers to clear the roots out of the aqueduct. Mamo, a bloodthirsty type, blocked it and started a fight, threatening Pilibos.

Some of the villagers urged Pilibos to forget it. "We'll get water from another spring. Why stick your neck out?" they said. But undaunted, Pilibos appealed to the Central Government and through a legal injunction had all the roots removed. Mamo never forgot that. In 1912, one night in the threshing area, Mamo stabbed Pilibos as he slept.

That time he recovered, but in 1915 he was killed by the same gang. Pilibos' son Karekin was the only one of the Boyajonts clan to gain higher education, graduating from the central school of Mezire. He was a tall and handsome youth who became an advanced and competent teacher in Parchanj and Gasrig. During the deportations of 1915 the government found Boyajian Karekins's name among others in a political party membership roster that had fallen into its hands. Karekin was arrested, and after subjecting him to indescribable torture murdered this fine youth because of his noble revolutionary principles. David, kind and generous of character, was always involved in the activities of the village and the nation. He served for 6 years in the Central Educational

Committee of the village, and was a close supporter of it to his death. Hagop's second wife Altoun was a highly cultured woman. She was continually active in and a leader of the Cambridge (Mass.) Women's Auxiliary of the Educational Committee of the village. An escapee and a witness to the terrible deportations of 1915, she became an exposé of those days of terror.

Boyajonk were also an expert and successful clan of craftsmen. They, too, earned much money through their trade, but also did not accumulate wealth nor own extensive lands. Their home was a place of hospitality, warm and substantial. They worked tirelessly and lived honorably as Armenians. They tasted both the wine and dregs of life. They passed on leaving exemplary memories for their descendents and for future generations of the village.

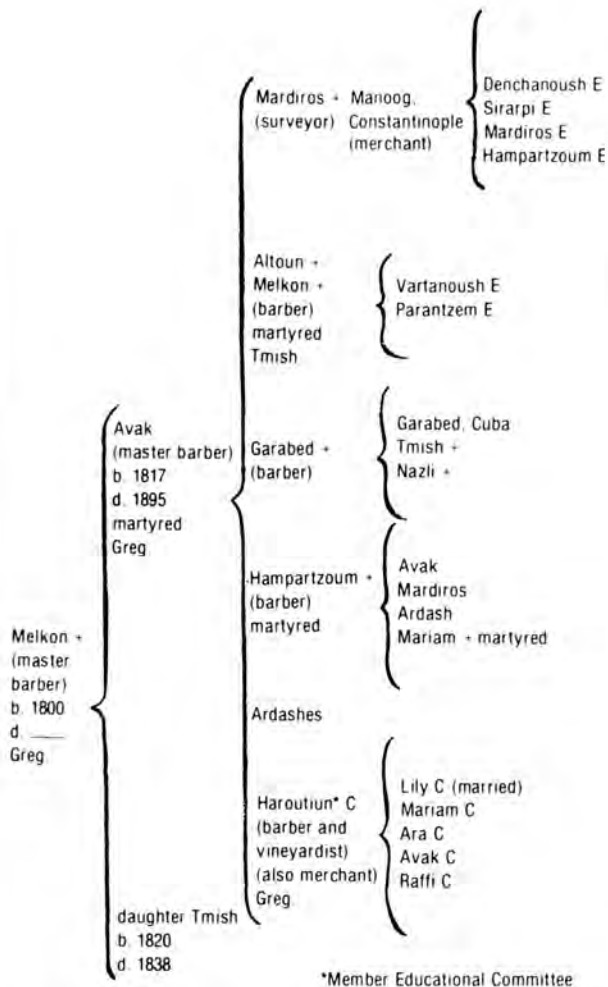
**21. Safoenk (Safarenk)** were later called Berberenk, or Berber Avakenk, a family from around Palou that settled in the village during the second migration. Our account begins with grandfather Melkon, the father of Berber [barber] Avak.

It was Melkon's father who came from Palou, but both the name and date have been forgotten. Melkon was born in the village in 1800. He had learned barbering from his father, and in his day was a renowned barber-surgeon. It was evident that this was a family of barbers, and for this reason the villagers called them Berberenk.

Berber Avak was Melkon's only son, born in 1817. He, too, became a barber, improving his skill and excelling over his father. He was the best of the old village experts, and known throughout the Ova. Berber Avak was not only a barber, but also a "surgeon, dentist, and an eye and ear specialist," as well as an expert blood-letter with a scalpel and syringe.

His salves, poultices and herbs — secret practices of the clan transmitted from generation to generation — and the many amplifications to this store of cures for ills of the eyes, ears, teeth, scabs, warts, moles, pimples, burns, chills, fever, heartaches, stomach aches, wounds caused by blows or knives, stings, and . . . well, what else shall I say, for all ills — these were sought out by Armenians, Turks, from everywhere. He became a fabled figure — Parchanj' Healer Lokman [a fabled universal healer of the east].

Varbed Avak was short and stocky, with a broad face and smiling eyes, black curly hair, and without a beard. He was brilliant and a ready talker, a diplomat, and with winning



\*Member Educational Committee

His barber shop was in the Armenian marketplace, and it was a coffee house as well. Inside in winter, and outside in summer, there would be rows of chairs, with a checkerboard at one corner. It was a place for pastime for those without work and for the older folk — a sort of news exchange. Everyone would go to the barber to be shaved (once a week) and for haircuts. The regular price for a shave and a



Barber Avak on his way to barbering

haircut was 5 para — ½ cent — in the shop. Barber Avak had different levels of equipment for barbering, according to the price paid. For the 5-para customers he would place under the chin a copper bowl with the tinplate worn here and there, a threadbare and darned cloth to place over their shoulders, and an old, uncared-for razor would do. But for the select, who paid 4-8 khouroush — 4 to 8 cents — he used expensive equipment. The bowl would be hand-crafted of brass, light and bright. The drape cloth would be of linen embroidered with silk. And the razor would be sharp. When he went to do barbering at the homes of the magnates, as a sign of respect he took along an apprentice who carried the equipment and held the bowl under the chin of the customer being shaved. And he would be 5-10 para richer. A majority of the farmers of the village were patron customers. For each male they would pay him 2 olchag [each olchag about 15 lbs.] of wheat at threshing time, and a few lir of cotton at the cotton harvest. Avak would do all the barbering for the males and would take care of all the family's ills for the whole 12 months. They would call a regular physician from Mezire or from the City when the Angel Gabriel had already arrived and stood over the head of the sick one.

Barber Avak's wife was Mariam, daughter of Garabed of the Lower Khojgank. She was a fine



Barber Avak giving a shave

ways. He had "a comb for every beard." His polite and wheedling manner had become proverbial — "like Barber Avak."

He remained a faithful believer in the mother church to the very end, and an important and zealous force in the progress of the church and school. He was deacon, diocesan delegate, and for many years the leader of the singing in the church, with his strong and tremulous voice.



and noble mother, and a resourceful woman. From her husband she learned blood-letting and the use of his medicines which she would use for the women-folk.

Berber Avak's sons received only an elementary education in the village school. Among them Mardiros, however, was not fulfilled with that. He also learned to read and write Turkish from Mustafa Eff. After teaching for a time in the village school, he attended the Riushdien school (Turkish) of Mezire. He was a bit short and bent, but very sharp, talented, and ambitious. He graduated from the Riushdien school with honors and went to Constantinople to attend a Turkish scientific school. He graduated from there in 1892 as a civil engineer and a Turkish scholar. He went to Dikranagerd with a government position. Mardiros was married in the village to an Armenian girl. They had one son Manoug. The marriage was an unredeemable misfortune, with tragic consequences.

With the hope of being liberated from an internal spiritual crisis, and of being freed in those trying times from the threat against one's own life, he yielded to the pressures of a high-ranking Turk and married his daughter. When he visited the village during the massacres of 1895 his father had already been killed. But he was able to rescue the remaining members of his family and some relatives. Mardiros' son Manoug is now in Constantinople with his family. He is engaged as a merchant.

Avak varbed's sons Melkon and Hampartzoum were martyred during the deportations. Hampartzoum's 2 sons and one daughter as well as Garabed's 2 daughters were lost along the deportation trails. Melkon's 2 daughters, Vartanoush and Parantzem, studied nursing. They live in Europe. Garabed's son Garabed is now in Cuba.

Only Haroutiun of Berber Avak's children is alive. He was born in 1888, in the village. He received his education in the village school and with his brothers learned their father's trade. In 1903 he married Lower Tatoents Chan's daughter Elmas who became a modest and noble mother. Three years later, threatened by the severe crisis engendered by the Adana massacres he left for America. In 1912 he brought over his wife and 2 children and settled in Fresno. After practicing barbering for a time he undertook grape farming. He succeeded handsomely because of his native alertness, his honest dealings, his ingenuity, and his noble and courteous manner. Today he holds a first-

class position among Armenians and others in the industry.

Haroutiun has 3 sons and 2 daughters. Together with his fine wife they have formed a paradise family befitting their ancestry. Ara studied chemistry and graduated with honors as a chemist, and today he is a leading chemist in a research laboratory. Haroutiun is a loyal son of the mother church and always a generous contributor to revolutionary, religious, national, and benevolent institutions. He is an exemplary father who has given his children the highest level of education. He has always held a leadership position, and been a member of the executive committee of the California branch of the Village Educational Committee.



Ara H. Berberian

Unselfish, his table abundant, and his heart warm like the sun of Armenia, he is the model of a hospitable Armenian. For many long years he was a member of the Diocesan Council of the California Diocese of the Armenian Church.

On November 25, 1895, a bloody day of infamy, Berber Avak was martyred. He had gone to the home of Haji Mustafa Eff. to find refuge. Along Manasents street, at Takesents corner he was beset by Haji Aymed, Khadounents Msto, and Berber Zilfo with the horde of their bloody hyenas, armed with guns, scimitars, axes, and knives. Msto shot him in the back. Berber Avak fell to the ground. He was writhing in his death throes when Berber Zilfo split his skull open with an axe. Haji Aymed thrust the scimitar into the lifeless body and chopped it up. The corpse plunderers stripped the body of everything whatever, money, watch, shoes, socks, the fez from his head, the entari, the vest, filling their sacks and leaving the body only in a shirt — in the sun at the mercy of the street dogs. Left there for three days in a pool of blood! After being given up by the human-form hyenas, the street dogs lapped up the congealed blood.



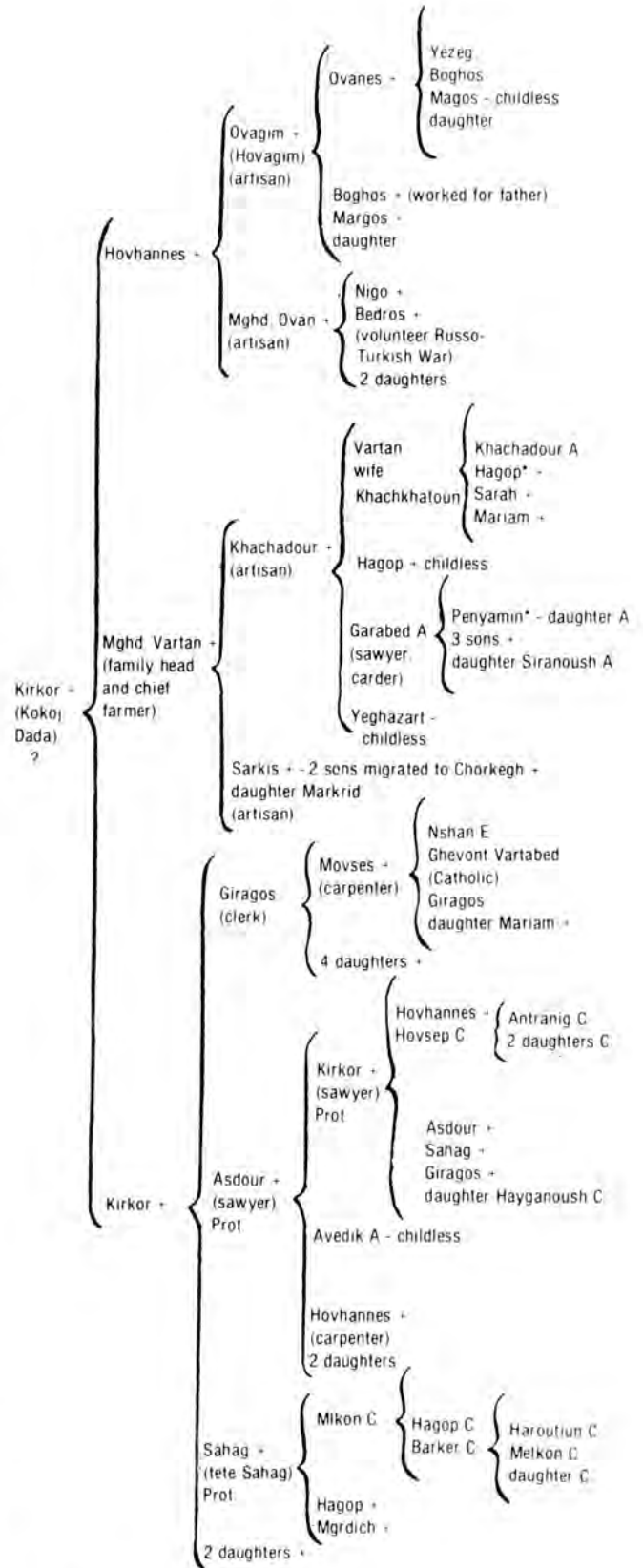
There was no one to place a pillow under his head, or to pull down his eyelids. No one was there to read a verse from the Gospel or to kneel beside him in a prayer. Nobody gave him his last Holy Communion. His wide open eyes were directed upward as in praying to heaven calling on his worshipped Lord for help — not a soul heard his plea. After three days the same band of monsters came and took Berber Avak's corpse along with others in an ox-drawn cart to a point near the Armenian cemetery. There in a shallow pit they dumped the bodies and covered them with dirt. Such was the manner of Avak varbed's martyrdom . . . just one episode of the many thousands of Armenian martyrs whose memory will make our hearts grieve, and forever fire our souls with vengeance.

Berber Avak's second son Melkon became his noteworthy successor who from childhood grew up in his father's store, alongside him. He learned the ancestral trade, and mastered the art of "cure-all" as well. Moreover, he had inherited his father's traits and behavioral patterns. The tragic death of the master and the destruction of their home life did not cause them to despair.



Berber Melkon

Melkon assumed the position of head of household in place of his father. With his brother Hampartzoum they kept the shop open. In 8 or 9 years, under the wise and competent leadership of their mother the ancestral home revived and flourished. Melkon varbed advanced his art day by day. Active like his father in the community's political, national, religious, and educational life, he became loved and respected in the community. However, he became very ill because of gallstones, and had to withdraw from his work. Unfortunately, their mother, already



\*Member Educational Committee

grief-stricken, became even more broken at Melkon's untimely illness and went to join her husband in their eternal rest. Now Hampartzoum took over the reins and continued in the

family trade without interruption until the final days of terror in 1915 when the two of them fell before the Turkish scimitars. May the light of heaven illuminate their graves.

**22. Kokojenk** — Kilarjvonk also came from the regions of Palou. From much earlier times they had been known as Kokojenk. Koko, or Koko, is the good-natured corruption of Krikor, the name of the earliest forebear that can be recalled. Kilarji is Turkish for keeper of the larder.

Evidently one of the early forebears of the family had been a keeper of a supply room, and they were known by that name. The village took up that name and used it for the whole family, forgetting the name Koko. The reliable history of this family goes back to the 3 brothers Hovhannes, Mghd. Vartan, and Kirkor. A vague and unconfirmable tradition identifies Koko Dada as their father, and we have shown that name, with reservation. During the time that Mghd. Vartan and his two brothers lived, this farming family was prosperous. They had 300 sheep, 2 water buffaloes, 3 pairs of oxen, and cows. Mghd. Vartan was head of the household, as well as one of the chiefs of the village. He was influential. He was a member of the delegation that went to Khanaghpir to welcome Gozloukji Rashid.

Asdour, and especially his son Kirkor, were expert sawyers. Khachadour's son Garabed was a sawyer and a carder, and one of the two great storytellers of the village. Vartan's son Khachadour was also a sawyer. He now lives in America, is a merchant, and an active and leading member of the village Educational Society. Clerk Giragos' son Movses was a skilled carpenter-cabinetmaker in the village. Asdour's son was also in carpentry.

Of the Kilarjonts family only Tete Sahag and his sons continued in farming. Sahag married Nerses Egop's daughter. He went to live there and tilled his father-in-law's lands. During the 1895 massacres a Turk monster in the village lined Tete Sahag and his sons Hagop and Mgrdich and killed them all with the same knife.

Out of the Kilarjonts clan only Kirkor's sons Asdour and Sahag became Protestants, early.

The very reverend Ghevont [Der Ghevont Vartabed] (Nshan), carpenter Movses' son, was born in the village in 1907. In his early youth he lost his father.

He gives the following biographical account of himself.

"When I was 9 years old I was sent to the Armenian Catholic school of Mezire, as a resident student. A year later I was sent to Bolis, to the French school where I remained for 2 years.



1-Vartan, 2-wife Khashkhatoun, 3-daughter Sara, grandchildren 4-Haiganoush, 5-Mariam, 6-Shoushan, 7-Garabed, 8-wife Annig, 9-son Peniami, 10-daughter Siranoush, 11- Mghd. Vartig, 12-Vartig's daughter Mariam, 13-Mghd. Sahagents Mardig.

This family produced carpenters, sawyers, carders, well diggers, a village scribe, a churchman, and a volunteer soldier.



Movses Kilarjian

When the Great War started (1914) the French school was closed, but I was able to enter the St. Gregory the Illuminator School of Pera. But in order to avoid conscription in the Turkish army I was obliged to transfer to an Austrian (Catholic) school. When the Armistice came I went to Rome and attended the Levonian academy to study Latin and Italian. I chose to

become a Catholic priest as my life's calling, and accordingly entered a Catholic seminary. I completed a 7-year course in philosophy and theology. In 1927 I was ordained a doctor [var-tabed, celibate priest], thus deprived of being in Armenia and working with the Armenian community. I am now established on the Island of Crete as a Catholic pastor, teacher, and traveling missionary."



The Very Reverend Ghevont Kilarjian

Mghd. Ovan's son Bedros volunteered to fight against the Turks in the Russo-Turkish wars on the Caucasian front. He never returned.

**23. Kel [bald] Kevoenk** were earlier called Glglenk.

This family is a distant and forgotten branch of the Kilarjonts.



Kevo Dada was a unique figure, the village "philosopher" of his day. His slow speech, measured words and utterances of village wisdom earned him the title of Khadi Kevo. Wherever he went he was the last to have a word, and the last and latest to leave. For that reason they also called him Keche Kevo. "Like

Keche Kevo" and "like Khadi Kevo" had become sayings.

His son Toros was a good carpenter, apprentice to Dzeron varbed. He was like his father, thoughtful, wise, and with a kind and noble character. He had an elementary education in the old schools, but somewhat more than his old contemporaries. He was ordained a priest to serve with Father Manel. Father Toros was a devout Christian. He became a selfless priest. He was loved and esteemed by the people.

This author will never forget "Uncle Toros" who "directed the stream of my life upward."

**24. Gelenenk** were once called Keleshenk, but this name had been forgotten in the village. The forebear of this family was recorded to be Kelesh Khacho. This ancestor's 4 sons had come to Upper Mezire from Erzroug, and then to Parchanj, about 200 years ago. Before splitting, this family was in farming.

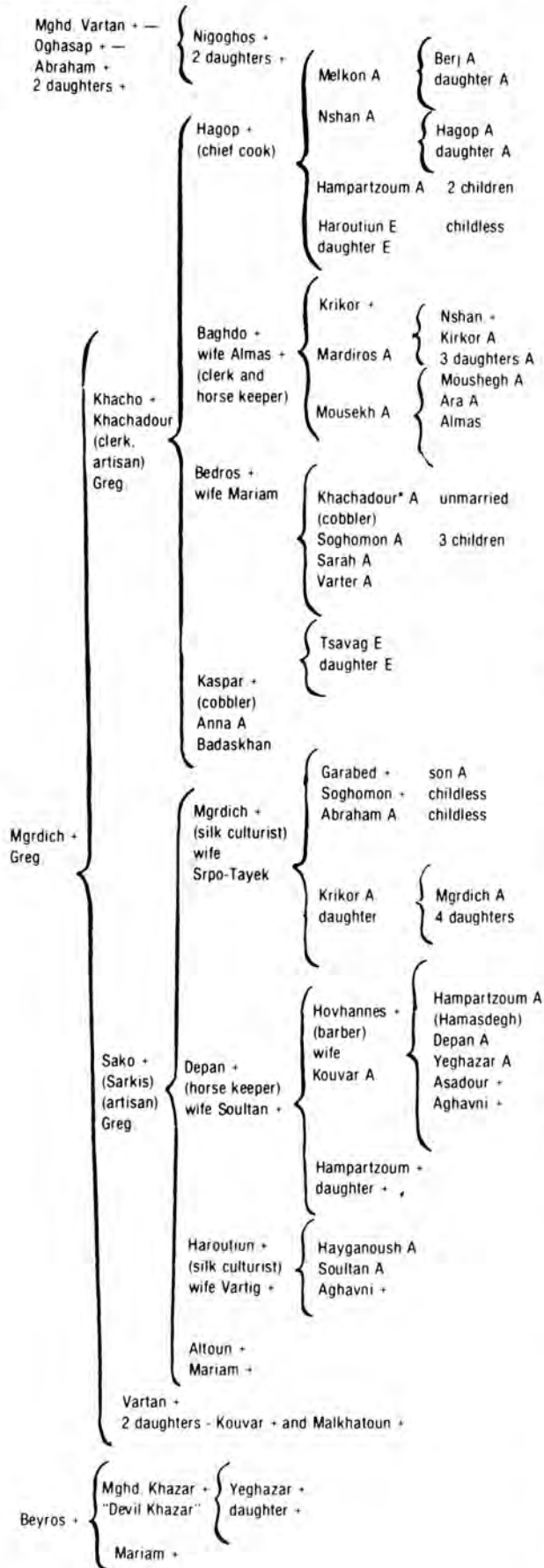
Of these 4 brothers Mghd. Vartan married and went to Vartatil to live with his bride's family. Abraham moved to Broussa with his 2 daughters. He died there. His wife and a daughter returned and settled in Sorsre. Grandfather Mgrdich's son Vartan went to live with his in-laws, Yeghoenk. Beyros went to Sorsre and settled there.

Mgrdich remained in the village with his sons Khacho and Sarkis, as well as Beyros with his family. Khacho's son Hagop became head cook for Miheddin Beg in the village. He had perfected his art in Bolis, and was famous in the province. During the massacres of 1895 he kept and fed 300 people in the Beg's mansion, and he narrowly saved a Khouylou bride from being Turkified.

Gelenenk have always been a family of farm workers.

Berber Ovanes was Depan's son. He learned barbering in all of its branches, from Berber Avak. After the death of the master he opened his own shop in the village and in time became recognized as a master barber, and with his assortment of medicines and cures, a competent physician. He had only a primary education, but he was naturally bright and serious. He was a believer in the mother church, a good Christian, and devoted to the nation and the village. Because of his diplomatic behavior he earned the respect of the villagers. He was born in the village in 1873. He went to America in 1912 and practiced his trade in his own shop in the Boston area. His wife Kouvar (Kohar), Mghd. Sahagents daughter, a virtuous, industrious and fine mother, remained in the village with her 4

children. She was expert in blood letting and suctioning.



Gelen Hagop, Chief Cook

However, before going on to America Kouvar was caught in the sweeping torrent of 1915. Of her children Asadour was murdered, and Aghavni died. But this dauntless mother, with the typical heroism of an Armenian woman, took her 2 sons Stepan and Yeghiazar by the hands, overcame unspeakable hardships, and made it to America to join her husband. There together they created an ideal Armenian family. They raised and educated their children through much sacrifice. Hovhannes died in 1935. Stepan, finished high school and learned chicken processing.

Hampartzoum, widely known by his pen-name Hamasdegh, was Berber Ovanes' oldest son. He of the Gelenents clan received the highest education, and was the only one to become an intellectual. With the assistance of the Educational Committee, after completing his studies in the village national school, he entered the central school of Mezire, graduating in 1911. After teaching in Vartatil for 2 years he left for America. There he learned the art of photoengraving, as a means of livelihood. For a year or so he traveled around the Armenian communities of the Dispersion. After returning to America he dedicated himself to Armenian letters. His art was to write about the colorful rustic life which he loved so dearly. He had already written "The Village" [Kiughe], "Rain" [Antzrev], and two unique tales that awakened deep nostalgic feelings in the reader, as well as "The White Horseman" [Sbidag Tziavore]. All these gained wide popularity.





1-Berber Ovanes, 2-wife Kouvar, 3-sons  
Hampartzoum (Hamadsegh), 4-Yeghazar,  
5-Depannos, 6-Asadour, 7-daughter Aghavni,  
8-adopted son Boghos Mghd. Sahagents

In these writings there shines the innate creativeness which, had he been able unhindered to refine his talents, would have made of him a second Tlgadentsi, worthy of being classed among the nation's literary masters. Parchanj is fully proud of its Hamadsegh.

Gelen Sako's son Haroutiun was the most skilled and successful silk culturist and spinner. He was a friendly person, very strong, and one of the fastest runners of the village. His wife, Vartig Baji, was one of those who survived the hell of 1915. She now lives in California, a living witness of the unspeakable terror.

Gelen Baghdo's wife was Almas, Haljonts Moushekh's daughter. She was a brave Armenian "Amazon" who besides being a virtuous

bride and housewife knew how to beat up a "zaptieh" [Turkish gendarme]. She would advise the poor who could not pay taxes to hide before they could be called before the tax collector when he came to the village. Almas' son Mousekh became a true son of his father. Freedom-loving, a brave soldier, and a confirmed revolutionary!

Arout's older brother Mgrdich was also a silk culturist having learned the art in Broussa. Mgrdich hanged himself during an acute mental crisis. His wife Srpo was a midwife from Broussa.

Khachadour, Gelen Bedros' son, was born in the village in 1892. After completing the Educational Committee's village school he learned

Guest Room of Gelen Baghdo



Almas Mousekh Yeva Yeghia Gelen Baghdo

cobbling with his uncle [father's brother] shoemaker Kaspar. During the Ottoman-Balkan wars, about 1910, he was in the first group of Armenian volunteers. He was sent to Salonika. There he joined the Turkish army to fight against the Greeks, as a corporal. As soon as he was discharged from military service, in 1913, he left for America, settling in Cambridge, Mass. He became employed in a factory making "rubber" [athletic] shoes and because of his skill succeeded in earning some money. In 1914 he joined the village Educational Society and served as secretary of the Central Committee from 1917 to 1936 with extraordinary zeal and dedication. They called him the "derder" ["pastor"] of the Committee. A "pillar of the Committee" would have been a better characterization. In later years he had dropped other activities and devoted all his efforts to the Committee. Under his mild and innocent exterior were concealed his vigorous and confident manner. He had a soul that would battle for freedom and justice. He had a warm and reverent love for his race, for his mother church and the village. He was an indefatigable, industrious, and invincible builder.

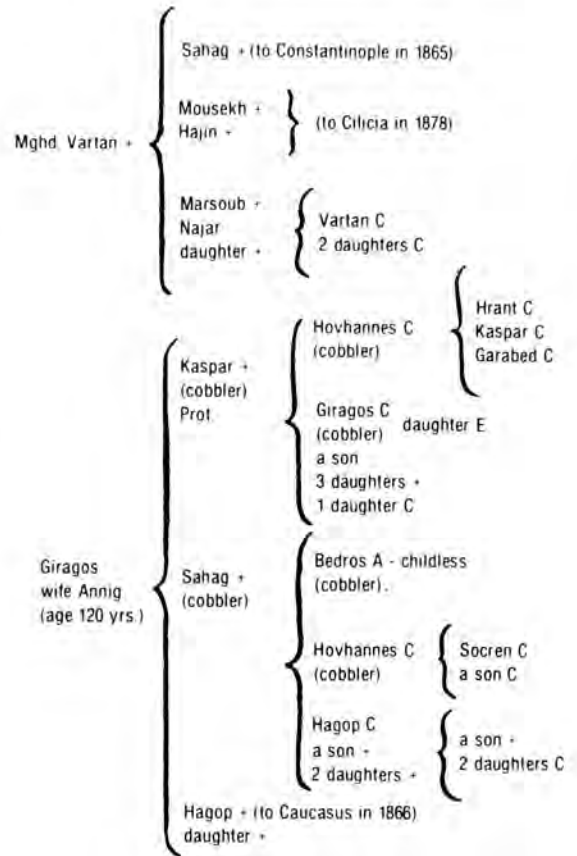
Let us see what this booster for the Educational Committee has to say — "Although there is no Parchanj today, I still see those early days in the village school where the children gathered around their work tables were getting their intellectual nourishment. . . ."

"With the school in ruin . . . the pupils routed and scattered, with remnants all over the face of the world!"

"My love for these survivors keeps me at this work. To protect, to provide for, and to collect these remnants is difficult and burdensome. But the purpose is beautiful and magnanimous. Come all, let us gather around this mission, let us relive the feelings of our forebears and be worthy successors to them who established this Educational Society. Let them see that we have comprehended the greatness of their purpose."

**25. Jimjimenk** were a family of artisans and shoemakers from around Palou.

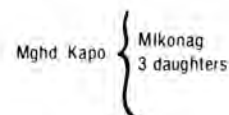
We know only the names of the two grandfathers of this family. Mghd. Vartan's son Sahag had moved to Bolis in 1865. Mousekh and Hajin had moved to Cilicia in 1878. Giragos' son Hagop moved to the Caucasus in 1866. Marsoub learned his trade under Dzeron varbed. Jimjim Kaspar and brother Sahag were the best known cobblers in the village, and together with their sons the most reliable. The two brothers and their families turned to Pro-



testantism very early and so they remain. They were well off.

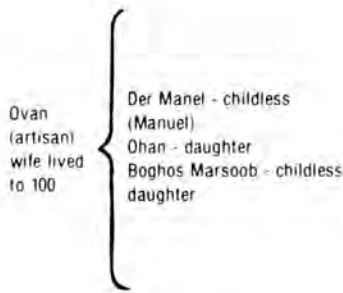
Sahag's son Bedros learned cobbling with his father after completing the Protestant school in the village. He is of strong character, reasonable, and a freedom-loving patriot. He was a founder of the Protestant Educational Committee, and later one of those who brought about the union of the two educational committees. He remains a member of the Educational Committee. He is dedicated to the welfare of the village.

**26. Mghdesi Kapoenk:** Mghd. Kapo had come alone from Palou. He was very wealthy and owned much property and many farms. He was a devout man. He devoted his home to the church, which was next door. It was appropriately altered and converted into a co-educational school with up-to-date facilities.



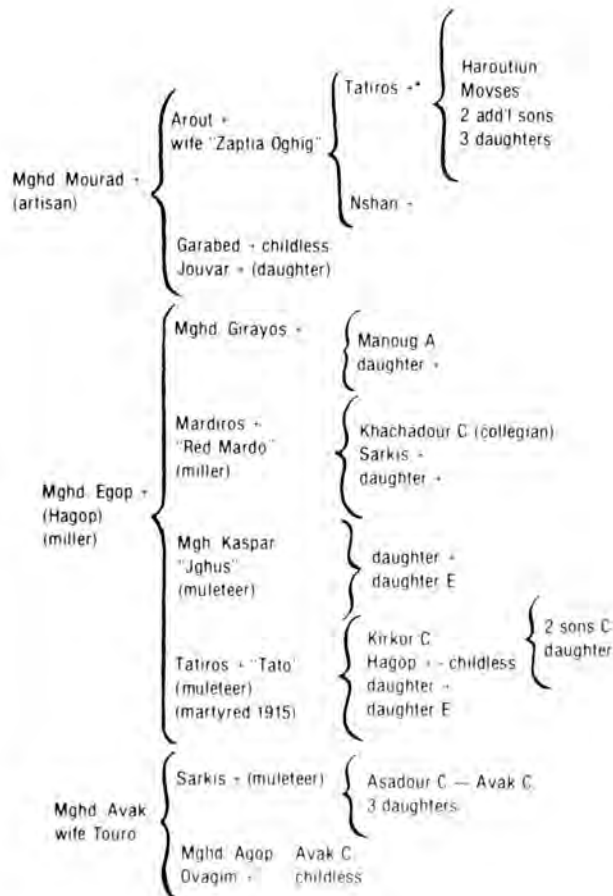
**Mekonag** was the handsomest and most well-built young man in the village. But he died when still in the flower of youth; Armenians and Turks both mourned him.

27. **Der Manelenk** have left no tradition or information on their early history. Only Der Manel's father Ovan is mentioned.



Der Manel — Manuel — was one of the earliest priests of the village, a contemporary of Der Arisdages. He was short, fat, and heavy. He served as priest for many years. He lived very comfortably.

28. **Topourmaenk**: According to a vague tradition this family also had come from the regions of Palou. We know nothing about the origin of their name, nor of their early roots. We know only of the three brothers. Our story begins with them.



Topourmaenk were artisans. Virtually all of them were tall, thin, and generally fearless and brave. Of them only Mghd. Avak was a sawyer, a fine craftsman. All three brothers lived to a very advanced age. Mghd. Egop was already an old man, a miller, when I first opened my eyes. "Red" Mardo, "Jghus" Kaspar, and "Khatrji" Tato were "thorns in the eyes" of the local desperadoes. They had weapons, they knew how to use them, and they could fight. Jghus Kaspar — and was he something! If he couldn't personally get into a fight he'd throw his cap in. Red Mardo was the only real hunter among the Armenians, a famous marksman. Topourma Tato — the Khatrji [muleteer], was tall, husky, and strong, and fabulously brave. He was the famous muleteer in the caravans operating from Kharperd to Moush, Adana, and Aleppo.

The brides and daughters of the village would sing and dance to this well-known quatrain about brave Tato. His partner was Haji Zadour of Pazmashen.

Changul, choungul tzan gouka  
Tatiroos aghan gouka  
Inch a partezzer boz ishoun  
Pourt ou pambag, abrshoun

[Jingle, jangle comes the sound  
It's agha Tatiroos around.  
What's his grey ass carrying?  
Why, wool or cotton, anything.]

During the massacres of '95 this brave man was the only one to use weapons to defend his home against the Kurds, to the terror of the Turks. Later, the Turk aghas forcibly moslemized him, but most ceremoniously. "Wouldn't it be a pity for a brave one like him to remain a giavour," they said. They named him Khdour agha. However, Khdour agha fled to America, and turned back to being "Tato" again. But he did not stay in America long. He returned to the village, as Tato. Tato's death was very tragic. In the 1915 period the Turkish foe found him in Torgants Marsoub's house. They took him to Sado's sluice and there barbarically tore him from limb to limb.

Red Mardo's son Khachadour was a product of Euphrates College. He went to Bolis around 1905. He was a bookkeeper in a firm for many years. He married there. He lost his job during the Great War. Since then he has been living in Fresno. Mghd. Mourad's grandson Tato was



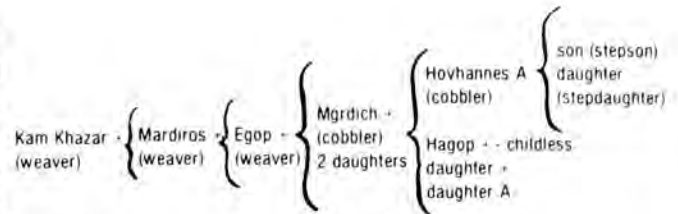
among the early ones to settle in America. He was tall, and liked to joke. He was a member of the Educational Committee, and dedicated to the welfare of the village. Because Mghd. Avak's eyes always watered they called him "Jbo" Avak. His wife, sister Touro, was this writer's mother's sister, affectionate and easily satisfied. Their son Sarkis was the most loved merchant. They called him endearingly "Khsho the ass keeper." He was at every wedding "like food" [literally, like salted chick peas] — and always danced. They were not well off. Their home was across the street from Manaselents.

**29. Khmulenk:** We don't know about this family's early history or where they came from. Khmul Mghd. Khacho (Khachadour) learned carpentry under master craftsman Garoents Khachadour. His son Manoug followed in his father's trade. Both were regarded as masters. Mghd. Khacho varbed took Abouna Kasper's daughter as wife. They made a tolerably comfortable living. But when Abouna Kaspar died, a substantial part of his land holdings passed on to his daughter and our varbed Khacho became wealthy. During the massacres, in 1916, the village Turks took Mghd. Khacho and his son Manoug to Segirtlejen and there they axed them to death. This family embraced Catholicism, and remained Catholics to the very end.



Khmal Yeghso - (bride to Torgants and brave woman)

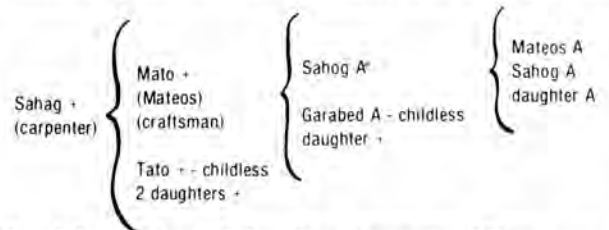
**30. Kamkhazarenk** had come from around Palou, all of them craftsmen. The family history does not go back before great grandfather Kamkhazar. Varbed Kamkhazar was a "choulfaji" (weaver). Being one of the literates of the village he was a teacher and a deacon in the church. They would come to him to learn psalmody and "Nareg" [Armenian book of "lamentations," like the Psalms, written by St. Gregory of Nareg]. It was said that deacon Khazar had nailed a student by the ears to a post for not having learned his Psalms. And for that reason the villagers had "nailed" the word "kam" [nail] to his name to make "Kamkhazar."



His son and grandson followed in his trade. However, Egor's son Mgrdich, who was always known as Kam-Khazar Mgrdich, became a cobbler, and one of the best in the village. Mgrdich varbed was one of the zealous sons of the mother church, a devout Christian, and a parish councillor. He was well respected in the village. He himself tanned the leathers he used. His son Hovhannes also became a cobbler, and a reputable craftsman among the new generation. The family has now settled in Whitinsville (Mass.), engaged as grocers.

He has a stepson, and a stepdaughter (Lucy) who is a graduate nurse. Their picture appears in the Whitinsville group photograph.

**31. Khanchallonk** were sometimes called Khancharlienk. They were a remote branch of the Yeghoenk. We know that Sahag Dada was a carpenter. Manto, Sahag Dada's son, was puny, stunted, and sneaky. He was the most famous sprinter in the village, and in the Ova.



He delivered mail by foot between Kharpert, Palou, Dikranagerd, Malatia, and Adana. He covered Palou, Malatia, and Dikranagerd (a three-day journey) in one day, as this writer knows. And they say that he has reached Adana (a 12 to 15 day journey) in four days. Mato's son Sahag lives in New Britain with his family. He was a founder of the local chapter of the Educational Committee, and chairman of its Executive Committee. He was a modest person, dedicated to the welfare of the village.

Khanchallont's ancestral home was between the Kamkhazar's home and the Protestant church. Garabed had gone to Cilicia as a volunteer and had fought with the French against the Turks.

**32. Sourmalienk** were a family of artisans about whose history or origin we have no information. Only Minas remains of this family, somewhere out of the country. Khacho was Turkified. Garabed went to live in Adana where he died. The others have died.

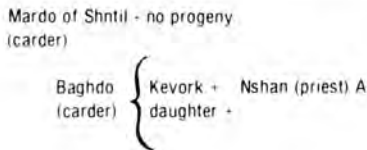




Their home was in back of Kilarjonts, on a narrow street.

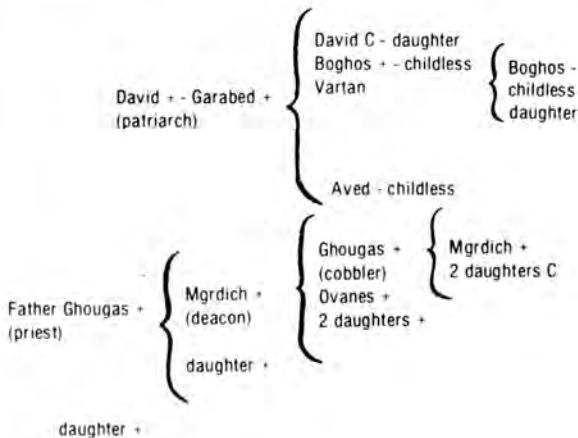
**33. Shakhshakh Ovanenk** were a family of artisans, who had moved to Adana very early. Their house adjoined that of Kiuchig Ovanenk.

**34. Mardoenk of Shntil** were a family of artisans from Shntil. Mardo left no descendents.



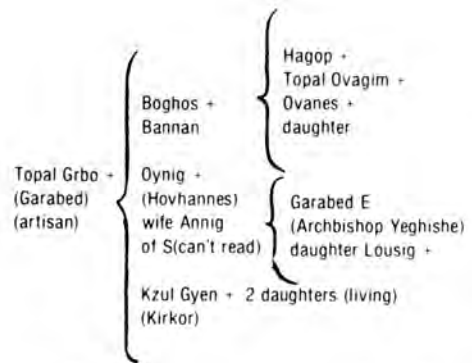
Baghdo was Mardo's first cousin. Both were carders. Baghdo's grandson Nshan became a priest in Syria, and served with the Catholicos of Cilicia. The family home was in the rear of Yeghoents house.

**35. Baligank** were an old family of artisans, but whose origin is not known. Father Ghougas [Luke], according to tradition, was the first early priest of the village, a noble and respected kahana.



His son Mgrdich was a renowned deacon. Mgrdich's son Ghougas had played a valuable role in the educational and religious life of the village. Their home was next to the dyehouse.

**36. Topal Grboenk** were artisans. Where they came from, when they came to the village, or who was the first to come, no one knows. We go back only to Topal [lame] Grbo, and there we stop.



Boghos Bannan was a mason; the other brothers were laborers. Boghos varbed favored education. He played an important role in the early development of the school. Topal Ovagim was a pupil of the Gezlougji [spectacled] teacher and of his successor Mr. Sarkis Kholtooukhan. He was very bright and loved learning. In his day he was the most knowledgeable deacon in the church.

Archibishop Yeghishe Garoian, his name before ordination being Garabed, was Topal Grbo's grandson. His father was Oynig, and his mother Annig from Sorsoure. He was born in 1873. The boy Garabed's first teacher was his cousin Topal Ovagim, who taught him his ABC's. Garabed's parents moved to Adana, taking with them their 8-year-old Ovagim. Topal Ovagim became prosperous. However,



during the massacre at Adana the whole family was mercilessly slaughtered. In 1884 Garabed, under the pen name of Hrant Hrouni, had entered the seminary school founded by the convent under Catholicos Mgrdich Kefsizian of Sis. He graduated in 1891, was ordained deacon, and taught Armenian in the school. He left the monastery in 1893 and for about 8 years taught in Iskenderoun, Mersin, and Sis. Because of his nationalistic activities he was imprisoned for a long time, but to be spared from Hamidean persecution he was ordained a vartabed in 1899 and sent to Aleppo as vicar. However, six months later, through government edict, he was sent back to the monastery and placed under house arrest until the accession of Catholicos Khabayan.

In 1909 he was designated Catholicossate legate, and a year later ordained bishop. He served in this capacity until 1920, at which time it became necessary to vacate Sis and the monastery, and with the French garrison to relocate in Adana, with the whole [Armenian] population.

He was made primate of Adana in 1921. It seemed he was destined to bring about the displacement of all his people from Cilicia. Soon after, this suffering patriot moved to Cyprus. In 1929 he was named representative of His Holiness the Catholicos-Patriarch of Cilicia for Lebanon, where he still serves. In this capacity he displays courageous and effective activity, and wise, alert, and farsighted diplomacy. He is a reasonable, dedicated, and irreproachable patriot. Parchanj will regard this high-ranking churchman, Topal Grbo's grandson, as one of its proud products.

Memorable flashes from His Grace, Archbishop Yeghishe Garoian:

"I spent my childhood in Parchanj. My first teacher was my cousin Hovagim — limping on one foot. He would comb my hair, and cut it too, borrowing the scissors from Berber Avak. Sometimes while cutting my hair he would nip the lobe of my ear with the scissors. We often went to the stream to play. Along the way we would always bump into Haji Beg who would tweak our ears and with each tweak give us a piece of candy.

"I remember the west bank of the stream. There there was a sluice nestled along the wall like a bashful bride. There we would immerse ourselves belly-button deep in the clear waters, and our mouths would water in longing for the red "fishne" [cherries] swinging in the wind,

but beyond the wall. I remember the cotton fields where the cotton huskers would be seated in the shifting shade of the temporary bowers, eating tomatoes or pickled peppers. We little ones, following after the older folk, would work on our own account, gathering husks in our aprons. And we would cash in our whole day's earning for walnuts and raisins, even before nightfall. I remember pot-bellied Der Manuel and good-natured Der Toros, who would always berate one another any time and any place. I remember Boyajonts Koko and his two sons alongside their dye vats, stained in variegated colors to their elbows. I remember Hodoents olive oil press where in its dark corner we would play hide and seek — and dip a piece of bread in sesame oil, or lick the pap from our hands.

"I remember . . . it was during the times of the Russo-Turkish wars. Terrified fugitives from Garin had filled the village. There was talk all around about massacres. . . . Since when haven't our people been subjected to massacre! During our childhood, and during the childhood of our fathers and our grandfathers . . . they've all had their turn! My father took us off to Sorsoure, our home village where there were no Turks. My uncle's home became a festive spot. All the village folk came out to welcome us. Wine jars were opened. 'To your health and welfare,' they toasted all night long. My father and uncle Hovagim went ahead to Adana, to work there. And one day the rest of us sold everything we had. My mother tied the money under my arm. And after exchanging the usual good-byes with one another, friend and neighbor, we took off and reached Adana.

"I had the good fortune in 1907 to return to Kharpert with His Grace Sahag Catholicos of Cilicia. During the trip my heart pounded at the joyful thought once again of seeing my old home surroundings. The homes and streets, the rocks and trees had, in my imagination, grown more beautiful over the years. As we neared Sorsoure I drove my horse directly to our vineyard and paused for a moment under the apricot tree that once was a tall tree — or seemed tall — and now hardly reached the level of my horse's ear.

"Next I visited Parchanj. The places that had given me the happy moments of my childhood failed now to enchant me. And uncle Takes' bell sounded mournful. . . . It was clear! Barbaric feet had preceded me in the village. . . ."

/s/ Archbishop Yeghishe Garoian  
Archbishop Yeghishe Garoian

37. **Zarifenk** were a family of artisans from Kharachor.

Asadour + { Giragos -- Garabed - military volunteer killed in action  
(artisan) { daughter +  
Greg.

Giragos was one of the pupils of the spectacled teacher as well as of Mr. Sarkis of Hoghe. He became a good deacon, and later a teacher himself. He loved learning and was zealous in assuring the welfare of the church and school.

Giragos' son Garabed was one of the first to enter military service after the "Constitution" [the Armenian National Constitution of 1863]. He served in the Balkan Wars. Later he volunteered for the Caucasian front to fight against the Turks. He was killed in battle. His picture may be seen in the photograph of volunteers.

38. **Shakhshakh Ovanenk** were an artisan family who early moved to Adana. Their house was in back of Kiuchoug Ovanents. Shakhshakh Mro was Kiuchoug Ovan's wife, the only member of the clan left in the village.

39. **Billor Oghigenk** were sometimes called Oghig Bajienk, and also Baghdoenk. They were an artisan family from Shntil. Their house was near the factory on the stream road.

Baghdo + - Asadour + - Nazareth +  
(artisan)

Oghig Baji was fine, and called "billor" [crystal].

40. **Lira Eloenk** were artisans, a very distant branch of Misakenk. Lira Elo was apprentice to Dzeron varbed. His wife Mariam — Mro Baji [sister Mro] — was Dzeron varbed's niece. Mro Baji lived long. But one day when one of the village barbers was letting blood, instead of just puncturing an artery, had cut it. Poor Mro Baji's arm shriveled, and after much suffering she died. Ovanes' son Khachadour was among the transport wagoners to Garin who died

Elo + { Boghos -  
(Aleksan) { Ovanes + - Khachadour +  
(carpenter) { Sarkis +

during the Great War. Their house was near Depo Garoents, at Torgants corner.

41. **Yetmishikienk** were artisans from the City [Kharpert]. Garabed was the head of the family.

Garabed { son A  
(artisan) { daughter A  
2 daughters -

He was given the teasing name of Yetmishiki (seventy-two) because he knew a little about every trade — smith (his real skill was in locksmithing), watchmaker, silversmith, carpenter, and whatever else — how should I know. His workshop was a large room, with a hard dirt floor. His worktable [stone slab] was in the center of the room, and nearby was a small stove always with a few burning logs. Master Garabed would be seated cross-legged on a mindar [floor pillow], his tools scattered all about. His store was at the corner of Torgants house. The family lived upstairs as tenants.

42. **Chaghchban [Miller] Navo**: They were an artisan family whose origin we do not know. Their house was across from Depo Garo's. Vartan went to the Caucasus and Cilicia as a volunteer and fought for two years (see section on Volunteers).

Navo + { Boghos - childless  
(miller) { Kirkor A  
Vartan A { Boghos A  
(farmer) { Mikael +  
2 daughters + daughter { Garabed +  
daughter E { Kevork A  
Leon A  
daughter A

Vartan + - daughter

Boghos - daughter  
wife of Der Nshan

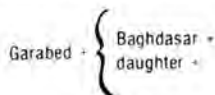
43. **Nono Boghos** had come from Khouyli. When Hagop, son of Nono of Sis, died, Boghos married his wife. Thus he became Nono Boghos. He was an artisan. They lived next to Depo Garoenk. Boghos had one daughter who became Der Nshan's wife.

44. **Yaghoubenk** were artisans. Their origin is unknown. Khacho was a kzir [scribe, clerk] in the village for many years. The others were laborers and farmworkers. Their house was opposite Madentsi Mardiros'. The family has no descendents.

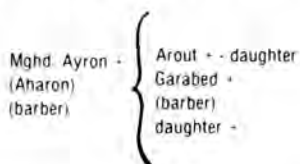




45. **Garabed Kosegian** of Palou headed an artisan family. There are no descendents. They were rental tenants in the village.



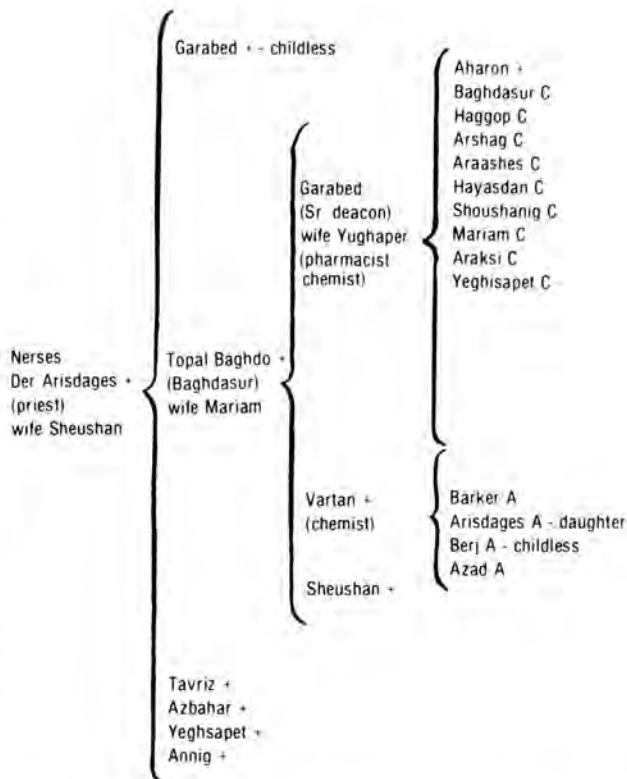
46. **Berber Ayronenk** were an artisan family from around Palou. Mghd. Ayron was a very early barber in the village, even before Avak varbed. Makho (Markrid) Baji was Ayran's wife, well known in the village as an old-time mid-wife, having helped at the birth of half the village Armenians. Tiny, and bent over, she was a kind old woman. It was she who knotted this writer's navel. When my eyes first opened our Makho Baji was already old and wrinkled.



Their house was next to Depo Garoents.

47. **Derusdagesenk (Der Arisdages)** had long ago come from Palou. Later they were known as Topal Baghdoenk. No one was acquainted with Der Arisdages' father, nor does anyone know his lay [before ordination] name. He was the most noble, pious, selfless, and charitable of all the remembered clergy of the village. He was an intelligent clergyman. The Armenians and the Turks of the village regarded him as a saint. They loved and respected him, and even revered him. It was especially so since that day when with his prayers Der Arisdages cured the thief Silon who one night while pillaging the holy altar of the church became paralyzed and unable to move.

Der Arisdages was tall, slender, and healthy in his advanced age. He wore the full beard of a patriarch. His manner was modest and gracious. He had been a brave and courageous youth. In his pre-clergy days he wore a woolen shalvar [baggy pants], embroidered woolen jacket, Persian waistband, a red fez with silken tassel, and a kondoura brought from Bolis. In his waistband he wore a small, ivory-handled



dagger. It happened during this period, once on the way to a pilgrimage to St. Nshan [church] on Dzovk [nearly small sea]. In the same boat with him were a newly wed bride and groom going on the pilgrimage. When a storm arose, the boatsman had tried to rob their gold and silver jewelry, threatening to throw them into the sea. Our brave villager, the future clergyman, had pressed his dagger at the nape of the villain's neck with a menacing command. The terrified boatsman went back to his oars and safely delivered the pilgrims.

When Der Arisdages became ordained, he discarded the dagger and exchanged it for the prayerbook. How many . . . how many clergymen, and laymen too, by the many thousands, suffered grief and tragic disappointments because of that exchange! It is related that during the building of the Holy Savior Church Der Arisdages had gone all the way to Tiflis and raised money there for the church.

It was also said by farmworkers and travelers that "light had descended on the grave" of that holy churchman. Armenians and Turks both believed this and his grave was regarded as a holy shrine. Those suffering from the shakes, and those with sores, both Armenian and Turk, would go to him, and by his reading over them from the Gospel he would cure them.

Topal Baghdo's son Garabed received his elementary education and learned some English

at the national school in the village. He married in the village and went to America. In Boston he worked in Prof. Patch's pharmaceutical laboratory and at the same time took the four-year college course in pharmacology, graduating as a chemist-pharmacist. He worked in the professor's laboratory for many years as superintendent.



Garabed, Senior Deacon

He brought his wife Yughaper to America. They had four sons and four daughters. Eventually they settled in Selma, Calif. All his children were educated and married there. At present his sons are mechanics with their own shop in Fresno. He farms his vineyards. Deacon Garabed has always played an active role in the village Educational Committee, in the church, in national and civil matters, and in all constructive and patriotic organizations. He was born in 1879.

**48. Ertmntsi Khacho** was head of an artisan family that had come from Yertmnig. He had been Haji Beg's "khahveji" [literally, coffee server] for so many years that they also called him Begents Khacho. We have no further history about these people. Their home was between Takesents' and Dersdagesents' houses.

Khacho +  
(Khachadour)  
("Khahvedji")

{ Kirkor +- 2 daughters A  
(sawyer)  
Serop +- childless

**49. Takesenk** were an artisan family. We have no account of their ancestors. Uncle Takes was the aged sexton of the parish, aged like the bell in the old belfry. He was Der Arisdages' flunky. His nose was always stuffed, causing him to talk nasally.

Takes +  
(sexton, artisan)

Agop +  
(sawyer)

{ Garabed +-  
(cabinet maker)  
2 daughters

{ Nshan - childless  
(pedagog)  
Bedros E - 2 daughters

Uncle Takes' grandson Garabed learned carpentry and cabinetmaking with Boghos Effendi. He was regarded in the village and in the county as a first-class master. Garabed varbed's son Nshan, after completing the new village school, entered the Central School of Mezire. He graduated in 1907 and taught there. He was a skilled musician and a competent pedagogue. He was massacred in 1915.

Garabed varbed played a major role in the activities of the church and school. He also took part in the singing.

**50. Kezhoenk** were an artisan family of unknown origin. Mghd. Melkon was a cobbler, apprentice to cobbler Depan [Stephen] of Parsekhenk. He was a devout Protestant, and one of their early teachers. He sang sacred songs with a lusty voice.

Mghd. Kirkor

{ Arzouman +  
Ovanes E  
(cobbler)

{ Vartan - daughter A  
Bedros  
Karekin -  
daughter +

Zakar

Mghd. Melkon  
(cobbler)  
Prot

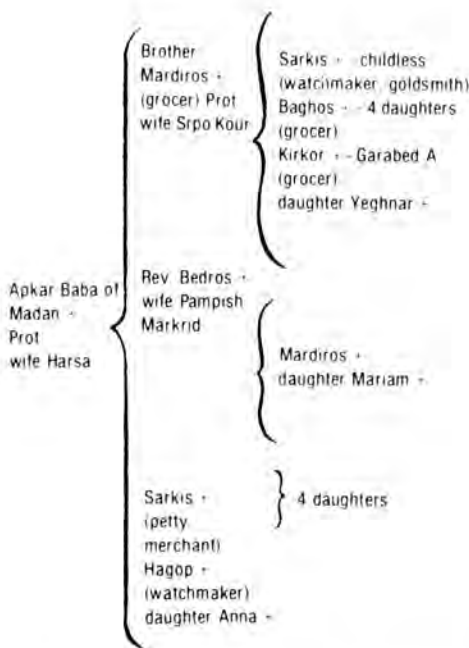
{ Zakar - 4 children  
Hovhannes - 1 child  
Mihran A - childless

Melkon's cousin Kezho Ovanes had married seven times, it was said . . . a brave man! Their house was alongside that of Mghd. Nigoenk. Mghd. Melkon's two sons Hovhannes and Mihran graduated from the German school of Mezire.

**51. Apkar Babaenk** were also known as Madentsonk. Apkar Baba had very early migrated from Gimish Madan with his three sons. We have no further information about them before Apkar.

Rev. Bedros was the first Protestant minister of the village. He was ordained in 1865. He received 200 kurus (about 8 dollars) a month. He was a contemporary of Der Arisdages, the two being a compatible pair of saints. For his times Rev. Bedros was a well-educated person. The reverend was short and tiny, with a kindly and likable expression. He was modest and unassuming. The villagers called him "Baba" [an affectionate term for "father"]. Baba died in 1872, and all the village grieved over his loss.

Mardiros Akhbar ["Brother Mardiros"] of Madan was a grocer — more aptly described as a merchant of everything. He had a narrow store, next to Great Torgank, on the Stream Road. There was a small door opening on the



street and another opening into the house. In the wall on the street there was a latched window covered with folded paper that had been oiled to become translucent. In the store there was a low bench with merchandise piled on it and below it. There was hardly space for two or three customers to go inside. Both he and his cash box would be on the bench. And in winter it was just about impossible to find space for his small brazier.

Also, on the bench were his scales, for weighing raisins, leblebou, snuff, sulfate, and pitch. All around on the mud walls hanging on driven pegs were countless sacks filled with just about everything. Whatever you'd need he had for sale — raisins, leblebou, sulfate, sugar, bile medicines, needles and thread, eye drops, hair shampoo, snuff, sulphur, and whatever else . . . how should I know, everything, from eggs to pitch, ancient items like himself, covered with the dust of years! In winter he would have a fire on a tiny grate in his brazier, covered over with a comforter. There was room only for his feet under the cover next to the brazier. He had long hair, but no beard. On his head he wore a fez, and at the tip of his nose large spectacles. He wore a shalvar, and in winter a heavy, cotton-filled quilted coat. In very cold winters it was the brazier and the heavy coat that kept him warm. His was the fabled, high-priced shop in the village.

The amount of snuff for 5 para (½ cent) was hardly enough for one draw. One day I said to him, "Mardiros Akhbar, my mother says that the snuff you gave me is too little." His answer

was, "Go get the sac." Mardiros Akhbar also understood the language of medicine. On the bench there was a chest of drawers filled with medicinal herbs and seeds to be used for curing indigestion and other ailments, purifying the blood, and making salves and poultices. When there was an epidemic among the cattle he would burn a concoction as disinfectant. But it wasn't only the microbes that died, sometimes the poor beasts would also croak from the vile smell.

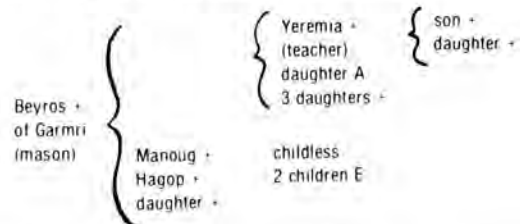
Madentsi Mardiros Akhbar was a devout and even rabid Protestant. You would find him in the meetinghouse, the first to come, seated on his cushion at every Wednesday evening and Sunday morning service.

"Will one of the brothers propose a hymn?" the minister would ask. Our Mardiros Akhbar, with the morning rays of light shining on his face, would quickly call out the hymn, "It has become evening and this day has passed." It was a good thing that Haji Melkon could outsing him.

Apkar Baba's third son Sarkis opened a variety store in Mezire and settled there with his family. He was very successful.

Madentsi Mardiros' son Boghos was a victim of the 1895 massacres. Boghos and his brother Kirkor were grocers in Mezire. Sarkis was also an expert goldsmith and watchmaker, which craft he learned from master goldsmith Abraham.

**52. Bannan Beyros** of Garmri had arrived with his family at an early date. We have no information on his predecessors. Bannan Beyros was the most famous mason in the village during his time. He was also highly esteemed in the Ova. No others could match him in speed. He was the chief of the master masons working for Dzeron and Bedros varbeds. In his later years he was no longer able to ply his trade. His health deteriorated from drinking too much oghi [clear distillate of grape mash, of extremely high alcoholic content, also called arakh] — day and night — and he became a neurotic.



He had a small grocery shop, without much stock. There he would sit with his bottle of oghi, soused and forlorn. Eventually, the deluge of his



drink inundated this master mason. His son Minas learned his father's trade, and excelled over him in every way, except that he stayed altogether clear of his father's addiction. Instead, he had a strong, noble character. The people of the village held him in esteem as the varbed, and as a responsible man.

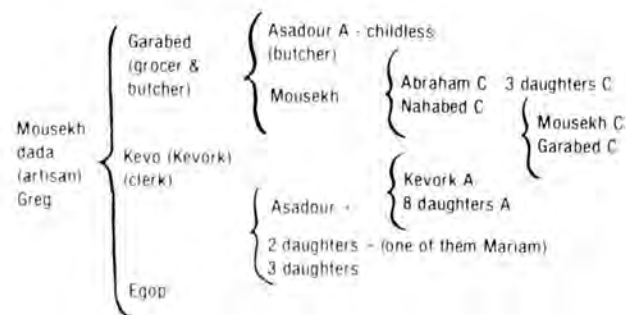
Varbed Minas' son Yeremia entered the Central School of Mezire after completing the village school. He graduated in 1911 and for two years served in the village school [of the mother church]. He was conscripted during the Great War. While digging trenches along with other Armenian soldiers he was shot in the back and killed. Varbed Minas' sister Eva Baji remained



Yeremia Minasian

in the village until 1930 and died there. His wife Altoun was massacred in 1915 along with two children.

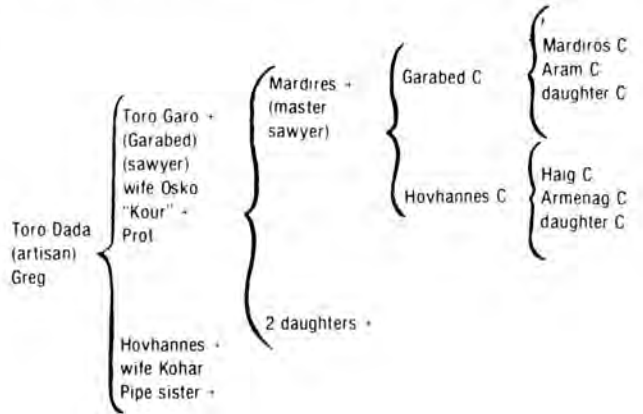
**53. Perishanenk** were also known as Mousekhenk. We have nothing on the origin of this family, or where they came from. They are an ancient family. Uncle Garabed and son



Asadour were the first butchers in the village. Mousekh Kevo's daughter Mariam was Boyajonts Pilibos' wife.

In 1890 Perishanenk had divided into three families — Perishan Garabed, Mousekh Kevo, and Mousekh Egop. All three families were well off.

**54. Toro Garoenk** were an ancient family of artisans. It is not known where they came from. Toro Garo was a sawyer. When he fell from the ladder [sawing support] he broke his leg and was never afterwards able to ply his trade.



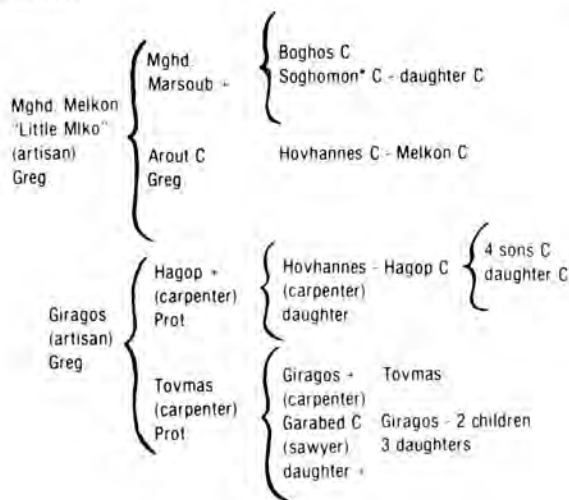
Toro Garo and Osgeg Baji were among the very first Protestants. The missionaries referred to her as Kouyr [sister] Osgeg, and so the villagers knew her as "Osgo Kour." Toro Garo's son was the best sawyer in the village and surroundings. They were "khoyi prod" [disparaging description of a Protestant], but the wine Osgo Kour poured was sweeter than the nectar of the gods.

**55. Khouyoumji Abraham** had in very early times arrived in the village with his family. They had only a daughter Anna. In about 1875 he moved to the Moush area and died there. He sold his house to Boghos Eff. Abraham was a goldsmith-watchmaker. He was the foremost. His handiworks were artistic marvels. He was famous throughout the five central provinces. Pashas, begs, and Kurdish tribal leaders were his customers. His apprentices, Madentsi Mardiros' brother Hagop and son Sarkis did not attain the level of his skill.

**56. Gougouenk** were an artisan family from Palou. Gougou Agop, a member of this family and an apprentice of Dzeron varbed, was regarded as one of the most able carpenters of the village. His brother Toumas learned from him, as did Hovhannes Giragos, but they fell short of the master.

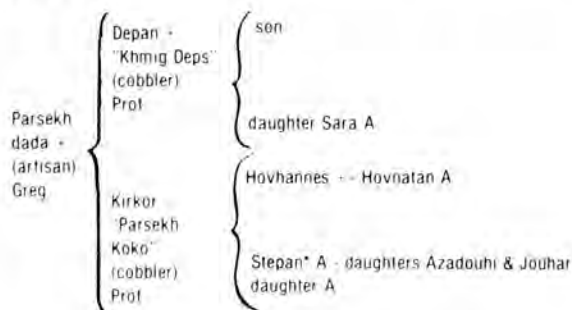
Kiuchig Melkon was a short, little man. He

and his generations did not follow the [family] trade. He played — you might say tortured — the zurna in a so-so fashion. During the season for weddings, when there would be a shortage of zurna players, in a pinch, they would hire Kiuchig Melkon to play. Kiuchig Melkon's house was at the end of Manasents dead-end street, next to the church. They say that Mghd. Mlko had given part of his house over to the church.



Gougou Agop and brother Toumas lived together. These two brothers with their families were among the earliest Protestants. Gougou Toumas' son Giragos was killed during the 1895 massacres.

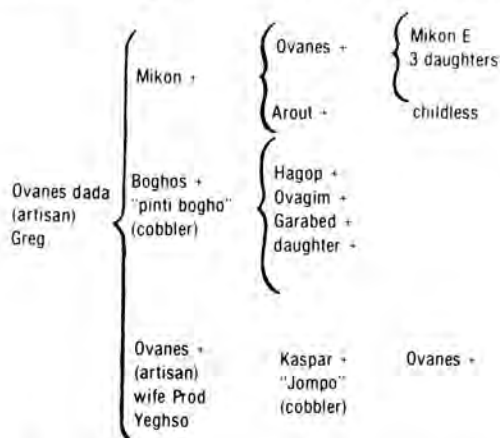
**57. Parsekhenk** were an old artisan family. Tradition is silent on the matter of where they came from. "Khmig" [drinker?] Depo and brother Parsekh Koko were regarded in the village as master cobblers. They were well off. They were among the first to embrace Protestantism. They were trustworthy and reliable craftsmen. Both were short and small. Parsekh Kirkor, with his quizzical manner, was quite a satirist. Their ancestral home was next door to Kiuchig Mlko's, on Manselents narrow street. Stepan was in the Armenian legion fighting at Arara.



\*Member Educational Committee

**58. Ovanesenk** were an old artisan family. In later times they were also known as "Prod" Yeghsoenk. There is no record on their forebears or on what province they came from. "Pnti" [grubby, messy] Bogho was a sandal maker and leather tanner. "Jompo" Kaspar was apprentice to cobbler Mghd. Kirkor. Kaspar had night blindness; after the sun set he could no longer see. He was one of the victims of the 1895 massacres.

Prod Yeghso was Dzeron Jouvar's sister. She gleaned fields, baked bread, and raised her orphaned [fatherless] son. Later she remarried. Their home adjoined that of Torig Khacho.



**59. Eloenk** became known by Alexan Dada's name. They were a remote and forgotten branch of Misakents or Gougouents family. A vague family tradition identifies Misakenk. But the village old-timers consider Gougouenk as correct. They were also called Ousda [craftsman] Minasenk.



Ousda Minas was contemporary with varbeds Dzeron and Bedros. After them he was considered the best craftsman of the village. He had his own shop in his home. However, he worked with them and for them on all jobs taken by the Dzeronents' craftsmen until old age. He was a rapid worker, fussy and meticulous. His son Kirkor became one of the foremost sawyers of the village.

Ousda Minas' ward Boghos varbed, who is known in the village and in government records

as Minasian, has been shown in the chart of the Misakents family.

**60. Panoenk** were also known from early times as Yatan Oghlanenk, a derisive appellation, the source of which is forgotten. According to an unconfirmed tradition they were a distant branch of Khojgank, though no one can identify their forebears. We know only of two brothers of this family — Kevork, who became Turkified and was known as Deonme Memmed, and his brother Manni Garo-Garabed.

In his early youth Kevork had been a laborer for Chatal Oghlonk. He was a well-formed and handsome lad. Captivated by the beauty of their maid servant, and deluded by the bribery of the lady of the house, and grand promises, he became a Turk. They “wedded” him to an easy life, and then left him to his own fate. I well remember the procession leading to his ceremonial circumcision — Islamized Kevo, riding on a white, bedecked horse, arrayed in gold brocades, his eyes gleaming in fascinated wonderment. For about a year he lived handsomely, thanks to the many gratuities he had received. Then he sank into the lowest levels of poverty. He became the basest thief of the village — making off with leftover scraps.

However, during the days of the massacres Deonme Memmed played a role and became wealthy. Armenian friends and neighbors sought him out to intercede and protect them. They plied him with their valuables as the price of protection. He failed to protect them, but kept everything brought to him. This family lived on the lower grounds next to Chobanents Haji Osman’s house.

**61. Milo Mardoenk** were an old artisan family. We know of nothing earlier than Milo Mardo. His aunt [father’s sister], Mghd. Arzoun, was recorded to have lived for 120 years.



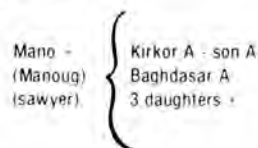
Their house [also] was on the lower grounds next to Haji Osman’s. Asadour and his wife Mannig along with their two children were the FIRST to emigrate from Marseille to New Parchanj in Soviet Armenia, on May 9, 1936.

**62. Shaysadaenk** have left no account of their origin, either forebears, or region. Their name was, perhaps, a corruption of Shahzadaenk.



Kirkor had moved to Vartatil early. Milko’s house was in back of Milo Mardo’s.

**63. Kharachortsi Manoenk** had come from Kharachor. Mano was large of build, with light-colored hair and a large moustache. He was a sawyer, but much later on became the village kzir. He had married the daughter of Topourmaents “Jbo” Avak. His house was across the street, angled, from Manaselents. He was not a popular kzir.

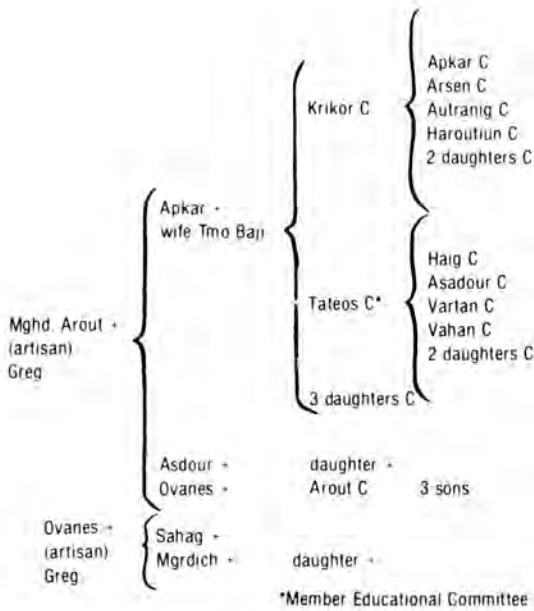


**64. Daldabanenk** were an ancient family of artisans, having come from Chotali. There they were known as Mouradenk. Mghd. Arout’s father’s name has been forgotten. Later they were also called Pltoenk, after the name of Plto Jouvar, the bride they had brought from Pazmashen. Their ancestral home adjoined Milo Mardoents’ house, opposite Yavanents. After the brothers separated, Daldaban Apkar moved to a house adjoining Garo Ataments. Daldaban Apkar’s son Tateos is an industrious and enthusiastic member of the California branch of the Educational Committee of the village.

Daldaban Asdour was murdered in the ’95 massacres. There are 22 persons living today [circa 1935] of Daldaban Apkar’s descendents.

**65. Adanatsi Miklon** headed a family of artisans. They consisted of two brothers and a sister, whose forebears are unknown. Adanatsi





Mikon's brother Kirkor had become a fabled person in the village. They also called him Belesh [free] Koko. He was a mild person, a good Christian. He helped everyone. He didn't accept wages, but worked for his subsistence. He served others more than his own household. "Like Belesh Koko" had become a common saying for working without taking wages. Their home was next to Daldabanents.

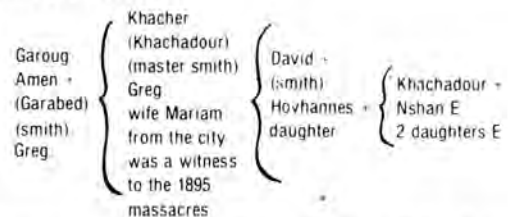


**66. Eloents Ghougas** was a distant relative of Misakenk. We know nothing about them. He lived next door to Brsoenk.

**67. Bilbil Sakoenk** were also known as Boranenk. This very ancient family, a branch of the Boghgants, had disappeared except for Sako, the only remnant in the village. There was also a sister who long ago had been Turkified and spirited away from the village. This old man owned property and was wealthy. Depo Garo was the only person in the village who had any relationship, on his mother's side, with Bilbil Sako. He was the self-appointed guardian and protector. When Bilbil Sako died his Turkified sister tried to assume all of her brother's holdings. Depo Garo, using a thousand and one diversionary tactics, foiled the sister's efforts, and acquired all of Bilbil Sako's wealth. Bilbil

Sako's house was on a narrow street in back of Banna Minas' house.

**68. Damourjonk** were an ancient artisan family having come from around Palou. They were the earliest iron smith in the village that has been recorded. When I first opened my eyes, Garoug Amou [uncle] was already an old man, but he was still wielding his forging hammer. He was expert in making and repairing the iron tools of the farmers, horse bits and trappings, and iron tools of craftsmen. His son Khacher, who learned his trade from his father, improved upon their craft. Naturally bright and enterprising, and under the tutelage of Bedros varbed and Boghos Effendi, he became a skillful mechanic, famed throughout the province. Besides making farming tools, he very accurately fashioned fine parts of machines and quality carpenters' tools. This unique master craftsman, so much needed in the village and in the Ova by both Armenians and Turks, was unmercifully slaughtered in the bloody massacres of 1895.



Damourji [smithy] Khacher — Khachadour — was well built. He wore a smiling countenance. His character was strong, in keeping with his powerful arms. Damourji Garoug's forge shop was a large single room, grown old like its owner. The columns and beams of the ceiling, the walls, and the doors and shutters were all blackened and coated from a century of smoke and soot. The ringing steel anvil standing on a deeply set stone base was in the center, next to the forge furnace. On the back side of the forge was a large, double bellows to maintain the hot flame in the pile of charcoal into which the iron blanks to be forged were thrust.

Crowded on each side of the anvil, in the corners, on the walls, hanging from the posts were all sorts of pieces of iron, tools, ploughshares, spades, etc. Mara Mariam — uncle Garoug's daughter, who was lame but broad and strong, worked the forge bellows. And there was Garoug varbed, short and heavy, with husky arms, his hair and beard discolored by the smoke, a disheveled turban on his head, at his waist a leather apron perforated from sparks, his powerful forearms bared, and ready

with his sparkling fiery hot, tong-held iron. And there too was Khacher, opposite him. Then the concerto of creative labor would begin, rhythmic and ceaseless . . . cling, clang, cling, clang, alternating, the shower of sparks inundating worker and shop.

Every time Garoug Amou would thrust a piece of iron into the gleaming coals of the forge his gravelly voice would sing the refrain . . . Ma-ran-work-the-bel-lows. Uncle Garoug had won fame in the village and in the Ova in fashioning bits. He was the one who bridled the fine horses and mules of the aghas and begs.

On Saturdays Uncle Garoug, for the price of 5-10 paras, would scrape and clean the skulls and hooves of sheep by searing them in his forge for the pacha [soup-like meal resulting from boiling such lamb parts] the villagers would prepare. Indoors and out, all over the village, in the Armenian quarter, wherever, the whole area would be filled with the smell of searing hair and flesh. Ah, but the pacha of Sunday morning, cooked in the tonirs in the earthen pots . . . yum . . . yum!

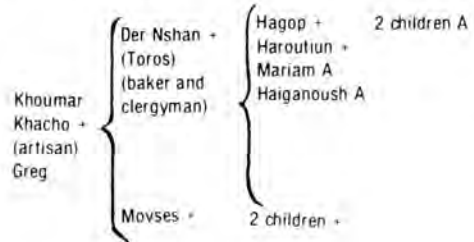
Early every Sunday morning, whether it be dark or light, Uncle Garoug would go to his shop, make the sign of the cross, and strike a few heavy, ringing blows on his anvil. "May the restraining chains of the world-destroying demon hold fast," he would say. [The reference here is to the legend handed down by the Goghtan singers about Ardavast who was cursed by his father Artashes for his wish to destroy the world; in retaliation, Ardavast was bound in chains.]

**69. Marta Kokoenk** were a distant branch of the Srabents family. Our story begins with cobbler Mghd. Kirkor. Mghd. Kirkor was one of the expert cobblers of the village. For many years he was partners with Jimjim Kaspar. Later he opened his own shop. Mghd. Kirkor was one of the earliest Protestants. He remained a strong and faithful adherent of Protestantism with his family. Before converting to Protestantism, he had become literate, and was a teacher. His sons received their education in the Protestant school.



Hagop had become blind from smallpox in early childhood. He had an extraordinary memory. He knew the Bible by heart. He was also much advanced in mental arithmetic. The missionaries had given him a Bible for the blind, to be read through the finger tips [presumably Braille], and he read as easily as with sight. He was large of build. He moved about the village without either cane or guide. When he was small he operated the bellows in smithy Khacher's shop. Hovhannes had an effeminate voice and manners and was later called "Khanum" [lady] Ovanes. He went to live in Fresno, California, with his family. He remained one of the senior tradition-keepers of Parchanj. Their house was in back of Bannan Minnas' house. "Khanum" Ovanes died in 1934 at the age of 72.

**70. Khoumar Khachoenk** were an artisan family, a distant and all-but-forgotten branch of Srabenk. We know only of Khoumar Khacho.



Der [title of married clergy] Nshan had been baptised Toros [clergy are given new names on ordination]. He had been baker at Dzeronents' ovens (public ovens). He had been a pupil of teacher "Gozlouloukji," an old-time, literate candidate for the clergy. He [Der Nshan] was short and of husky build. But he was modest, kind, compassionate, and selfless. He became a popular and righteous kahana. The people loved and esteemed him despite his limited skill in leadership and lack of understanding of human nature. Those who witnessed the horrible times of '95 recall with awe the acts of this kind Derder [kahana, priest] — his "Red Mass," his fighting the Kurds, the miracle of his safe trip to Mezire all alone, his ceremonial requiem for the 35 victims of the '95 massacres. Der Nshan died in 1905. His burial in the churchyard was conducted with ceremonial splendor.

Der Nshan's son Hagop graduated from the Mezire Central School. He served as principal teacher in the Parchanj and the Arapkir schools of the mother church until 1915 when he was massacred along with the other intellectuals of the village.



Front row, from right to left: Mariam, Der Nshan and grandchild, his sister's son Mgrdich, his wife, his daughter Hayganoush, his brother's daughter Anna. Back row: his sister's daughter Srpouhi, his brother's wife Zartig, his sister Karan, his son Hagop, Hagop's wife Hayganoush.

71. **Gozlougji Varjabedenk** were an artisan family, a branch of Srabenk, from the Bedoents stock. The patriarch of this family was Donabed; only his name is known. Boghos was Donabed's only son [the chart and text later identify another son Bedros]. He wore blue tinted glasses, and for that reason he was called Gozlougji [bespectacled]. Gozlougji Boghos became a legendary figure in the village; he was



a substantial "cornerstone" of the Armenian community. For this reason the family became known as Varjabedenk [the teacher's family] and the father's name was forgotten.

He was of average height, but slight of build. He bore a serious look and wore a short, rounded beard. Boghos varjabed was naturally bright and well informed. He had "savoir faire." He sang well and was well versed in liturgical music. He promoted better liturgical singing and was instrumental in organizing the church choir. During his times he became the great teacher of a whole generation. For a quarter century he, perched on his couch, taught in the little school next to the church. We can call him the pioneer in bringing about the academic awakening of the Armenian community.

After having learned reading, writing and chanting psalms from the old-time deacons, he was sent in 1840 to the school of the Sorsoure monastery. There he received the highest possible education of the region — lessons in Scriptural classical Armenian, in the writings of Nareg, in liturgical services, as well as some "village" arithmetic — addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, conversions of



charegs to olchags, liras to okhas, mejides to kurush [weights, measures, and monies] enough to reckon prices on wheat, cotton, and meats. Thus prepared he became the first regular teacher in the first regular school.

But Gozlougji Varjabed did not receive a regular stipend. Instead, families would give him, according to the number of their children who attended the school, certain items — wheat, oats, and cotton from the harvest; token payments as given to the priest on church feast days and on occasions of engagements, weddings, baptisms, and funerals; and sesame and egg-glazed breads which the kind housewives would prepare on baking days with loving care “for the teacher.” These items were the teacher’s income. And our kind fathers would add their gifts — grapes from the untilled vineyards for syrup, basdegh, and wine; also seedless mulberries, watermelon, melons, and some dairy products.

Boghos varjabed did not become wealthy, but he wasn’t poor. He lived comfortably. Unfortunately, we don’t have a sketch or a photo of this legendary teacher — Gozlougji Varjabed, perched cross-legged on his cushion in the upper corner by the window, leaning on a pillow placed against the wall. In his hand he held a wooden pipe. Hanging on the wall above his head was a paddle. Boghos varjabed was a strict disciplinarian, and a merciless punisher. Pity that pupil who was late to school, who didn’t greet him as he entered the school, who erred while reciting a Psalm or the Creed from memory, who hadn’t gone to church, who lied, who profaned, who got into a fight, who on a warm day had skipped school, who had gone for a swim at Balik pool . . . ! “Put out your hand, miserable wretch. . . .” Whack! Whack! The guilty child’s palms would turn black and blue. “Lay this rogue down . . . bring me the paddle.” Two boys would help to hold him, and his bare soles would be beat mercilessly, bruising the tender flesh. “Varjabed, please, I beg you. I won’t do it again,” these tear-filled pleas falling on deaf ears.

Our purpose in recalling such incidents is not to discredit Gozlougji. We want only to record the pattern of instruction characteristic of his day. This effective teacher died in 1885, at the age of 70, having selflessly lived a long and productive life. May his grave be luminous. Varjabed’s second son, Der Karekin, became a priest in one of the villages of the Ova.

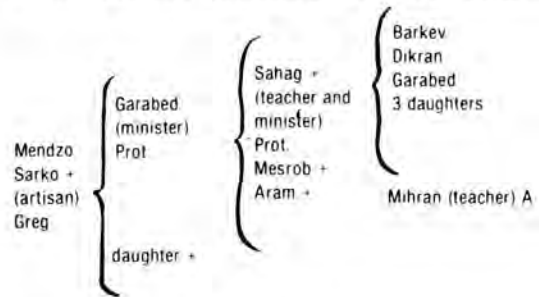
Only the first son of this family still lives, residing with his family in California. From his

very beginning in the village to the present day Armenag has remained a dedicated champion of his church, his fatherland, and the village Educational Society — a worthy successor to his father.

Varjabed’s brother Bedros moved to the Caucasus and remained there with his family.

**72. Mendzo Sakoenk** were an old artisan family. Only Mendzo Sako is recalled, but no one knows where he came from or when. Mendzo Sako’s son Garabed was one of the Protestants along with his family. The missionaries sent him to their seminary for one or two years and made him the Protestant minister in the village of Habousi. He was intelligent, informed, and articulate.

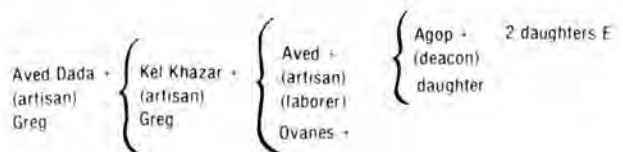
His son Sahag also, like his father, studied for 4 years in the Protestant seminary, taught for a time in the old school of the village Protestants, and then became ordained and went to live in



the village of Shepig as the Protestant minister there.

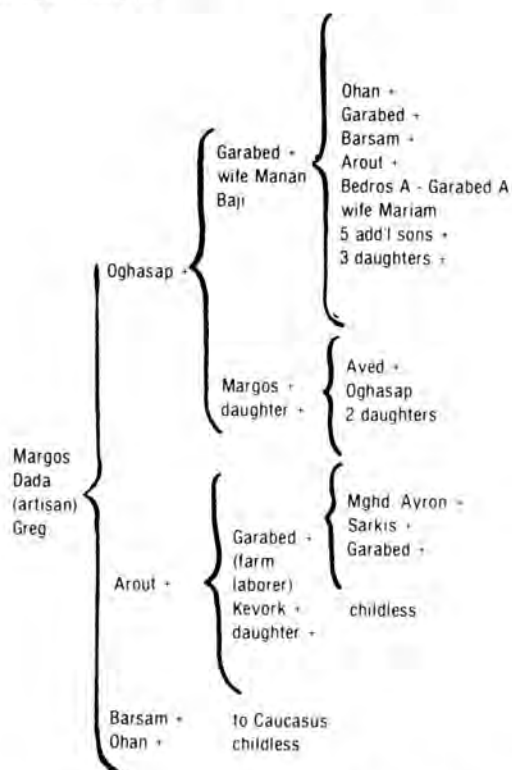
**73. Gozal Aroust** and son Stepan were an artisan family. They were Gregorian. This is all we know about them.

**74. Avedenk** were an artisan family. “Kel” [bald] Khazar was the principal witness at the trial of felon Kor [blind] Hamid in the killing of Margosents Garabed. The government imprisoned him, tortured him, and even scalded him to force him to reveal the name of Garabed’s killer. But Kel Khazar remained silent. Kor Hamid rewarded him generously. Aved was the bag weaver for the village, and expert at it. Their house was near Boyaji Tatoents’ and adjoining Gozal Aroust’s. At the time of that great crime Kel Khazar worked for Kor Hamid, and they say that it was he who revealed to Kor Hamid where Garabed was.



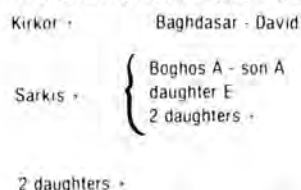


**80. Margosenk** were a farm laborer family. Their ancestor Margos had come with his family from Dzovk around 1810-15. For a time they were engaged in farming. They became poor after the death of Margos and his sons. Bannan Baji became the mother of 13 children. And what a mother! She was left widowed with this brood. For long years, like a selfless heroine, she raised the children through gleanings, harvest labor, baking, spinning. The village respected this brave woman highly. They changed the family name to Mananenk [weaver]. Our Mannan Baji was a devout and genuine Armenian Christian. Margos' son Barsam moved to the Caucasus, and Ohan moved to Adana, where each remained.



Barsam found success in Tiflis. When Der Arisdages went to Tiflis to raise money for the church, he was Barsam's guest. Barsam himself gave very generously. Arout's son Garabed went to stay with Effendvonk, as laborer. And what a handsome, strapping lad. One night Kor Hamid slew Garabed in a barren field. Only Bedros of Mannan Baji's children is alive today; he lives with his family in Cambridge, Mass. Mannan Beyros was a valuable source of information for me on the traditions and happenings to be recorded in this book. Bedros' son Garabed is a mechanic. Both of them are members of the Educational Committee and stalwart supporters to enhance the welfare of the village.

**81. Kharibenk** were a laborer family. We know virtually nothing about them. They lived through farm laboring. Their house was across from Mghd. Asdourents in the row with Nerses



Sahagenk. Baghdasar's son David went to live in Soviet Armenia in 1929. Today he is an accountant in New Kharpert and a member of the governing council of the collective farm.

**82. Haljonk** were a family of skilled workers, from Palou. By 1890 they had already become five families — Jambaz Baghdo with his son Avak, and Toumas Dada's four sons. Jambaz Baghdo and his son Avak were expert carders, but Avak's brother Ovanes learned barbering with barber Ayron.

Only Boghos of Toumas Dada's sons became a carder. The other three became master sawyers. However, Kevo liked drink and good times. He joined Nazarents Aymed (Turk) and did butchering.

Carder Ovanes' son Boghos (No. 6 in the picture) fought on the French front during the Great War and died there.

His brother Arout was torn from limb to limb during the 1915 massacres along with Topourma Tato and Yavanents Ovanes.

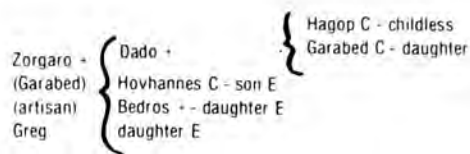
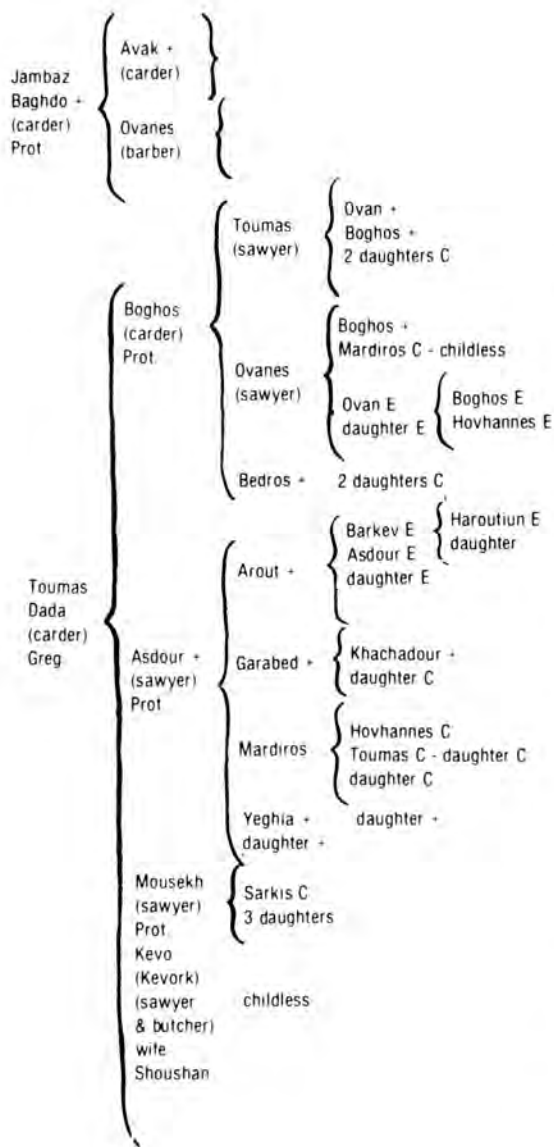
Jambaz Baghdo and Toumas Dada's sons became Protestants very early and remained Protestants except Kevo (Kevork) who, inspired by the military mobilization, became Catholic. But before dying he returned to the folds of the mother church and earned the right to an Armenian burial. Jambaz Baghdoenk and Haljonk were next-door neighbors.

**83. Zorgaroenk** were an artisan family originating with Zorgaro. We have no account beyond him. Garabed was a high-powered remover of rocks and tree stumps. For that reason they called him Zor [powerful] Garo. During the massacres Dado was killed on his return from America.

Dado's son Garabed was one of the graduates of the Mezire Central School in 1914 and became a teacher in the national school of the village of Garmri. Their house was on the narrow street across from Khojig Mghd. Marsoubenk.

**84. Jndo Sako** was descended from the Gougouenk. He was an elusive man, terse, unsmiling, and frowning. He married Mghd. Mourad's daughter Jouvar, but the tie did not

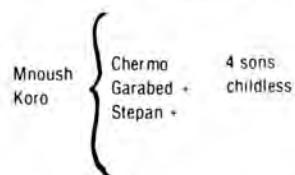




last long. Jouvar found it impractical to live with that man. The prelacy refused to grant an annulment of the marriage. "If you don't free me I shall become a Turk," she threatened, and thus finally got a decree of divorce.

Indo Sako lived alone for a long time in a small house across from lower Khojgank. He was a sawyer by trade.

**85. Mnoushenk, Mnoush Koroenk,** were also known as Chermoenk. They were a laborer family that started with widow Mnoush Baji.

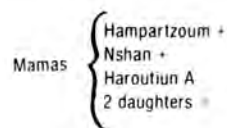


We have no other information about them. They were not an old family. Their house adjoined Manaselents.

**86. Shntiltsi Asourenk** were an artisan family that early had come from Shntil. We know only of Nazareth, son of Asdour. Their house was near Mghd. Asourents.

**87. Khouyloutsi Yezeg** had come from Khouylou in 1890. He was an artisan, and son of Abouna Kaspar's second wife. He lived at Manaselents Shahin's house.

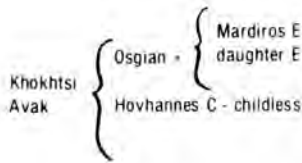
**88. Gasrgtsi Mamas** came from Gasrig around 1890 with his artisan family. We don't know about their forebears. All their children were born in Parchanj. They lived at Perishanents Agop's house.



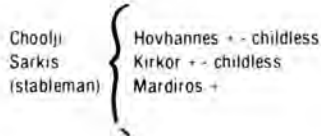
Haljonts Descendents

1-Toumas (Boghos' son), 2-Ovanes, 3-Beyros, 4-Khachadour (Asdour's grandson), 5-Ovanes' wife Jouvar and sons, 6-Boghos, and 7-Mardiros

**89. Avakenk** were a laborer family from Khokh. Osgian, of this family, took Torig Mlkon's daughter Hrop as wife. He went to live with them and with his wife continued farming after Torig Mlkon's death.



90. **Choolji Sarkisenk** were an artisan family that had come from Keghvank around 1890. We know nothing about their forebears.



Choolji [saddlemaker] Sarkis' sons were fearless rebels and among the revolutionaries of the village. Hovhannes went to the Caucasus as a volunteer. He fought there with the 6th brigade and was hailed as a hero. They lived near the lower Tatoonk.

91. **Kharachortsi Garabedenk** had come from Aghmazira before the '95 massacres. They



were also known as Der Aroutenk and Ovanenk. They were farm laborers.

They had been plundered during the '95 massacres, but without loss of life. However, during the [1915] massacres out of 11 persons only Dikran, Hovhannes, Sarkis, and their sister were saved because they had gone to America (1909-1913). Dikran and Hovhannes were freedom-loving patriots and dedicated revolutionaries. Hovhannes fought during the Great War on the Caucasian front.

Dikran joined the American army and fought on the united French front. Hovhannes now lives in New Britain, Conn. He is secretary of the local chapter of the village Educational Society, playing an important role.

Their house in the village was in back of Yeghoents house.

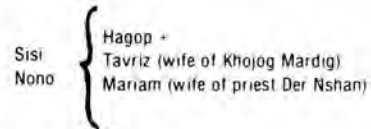
92. **Taoulenk** were skilled workmen, having come to the village in 1890.

Blind Sarkis is an intelligent and bright youth. He obtained his education in the national school of the village. He was an excellent

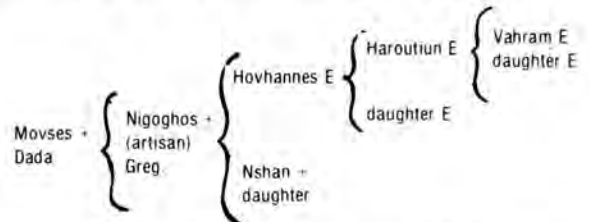


deacon with a strong, but sweet voice. He was a member of the village Educational Committee and a devoted patriot. Deacon Sarkis having lived through the hell of 1915 became a valuable and reliable source of information for my book. They lived at Damourji Khacher's house.

93. **Sisi Nono** was the only one left, her family and lineage all forgotten. She was a harmless halfwit, having gone crazy on Hagop's death. She lived with Khojig Mardigenk, and died there at the age of 100.

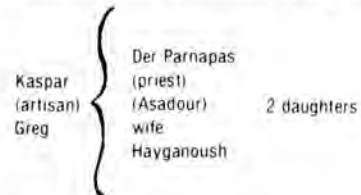


94. **Movsesents Nigoghos** had come from Kharachor about 1890. They were a family of laborers about whom we have no further



information. They lived with Daldaban Sahagenk, adjacent to Garo Atamenk.

95. **Der Parnapas** had been baptized Asadour Kasparian, the son of Shntiltsi Kaspar.



He graduated in 1901 from the Mezire Central school. He was an able, cultured, industrious, and zealous churchman, but he did have a reputation for stinginess.

His wife's name was Hayganoush. As priest at Parchanj, and priest's wife, they were the last

at Parchanj. Derder and wife were slaughtered along with the others in the village in the bloody and horror days of 1915. They lived in the rectory, which was next to the church. He was ordained priest in 1906, for the village church.

Feeling that the pictured faces of the present-day descendants of Parchanj was important for the book and for future generations, we made every effort to gather group photographs from California, Cambridge, New Britain, Madison, Whitinsville, Aleppo, Beyrouth, Marseille, Valence [France], Lyons, and those places where Parchanjtsis were to be found. In the following photographs may be found all of those of our village who responded to the call for inclusion in the book — in all, 500 persons.

C. Pictures of the Present-Day Descendents of Parchanj

Parchanjtsis [people of Parchanj] of California



1-Khazar Hodian, 2-Anna Garabedian's son, 3-Bobby Kaprielian, 4-Haig Khojigian, 6-Khachdour Misakian, 7-Haroutium Sahagian, 8-Raffi Berberian, 9-Avak Berberian, 10-Nshan Torigian, 11-Hovhannes Khojigian, 12-Haroutiu B. Khojigian, 13-Vahan Apkarian, 14-Ara Berberian, 15-Antranig Torigian, 16-Hovhannes B. Garabedian,

17-Mardiros M. Torigian, 18-Hagop Srabian, 19-Asadour Apkarian, 20-Vartan Apkarian, 21-Mariam Manaselian, 22-Yeghisapet Manaselian, 23-Helen and 24-Leonard Kaprielian, 25-Mariam Kaprielian, 26-Adrine and 27-Lenore and 28-Anahid Googooian, 29-Zabel and 30-Esther Kaprielian, 31-Misakian boy, 32-Aharon Najarian.



Parchanjtsis of California



33-Donabed Kasparian, 34-Asadour Misakian, 35-Baghdasar Misakian, 36-Tatiros Paloutsian, 37-Mardiros Halajian, 38-Melkon Googooian, 39-Kapriel Kaprielian, 40-Hagop G. Khojigian, 41-Asadour Avakian, 42-Sahag Sahagian, 43-Garabed Mardirosian, 44-Krikor Bedoian, 45-Serop Srabian, 46-Manoug Torigian, 47-Aram Bedoian(1), 48-Garabed Arisdagesian(2), 49-Bedros Paloutsian, 50-Armenag Boghosian(3), 51-Khachadour Heroian, 52-Hagop Misakian, 53-Khazar Ohanian, 54-Adam Bedoian, 55-Garabed Misakian, 56-Kevork Misakian, 57-Haroutium M. Khojigian(4), 58-Manoug Paloutsian, 59-Khachadour Paloutsian,

60-Hovsep Kaprielian, 61-Soghomon Googooian(5), 62-Hagop Kaprielian, 63-Hagop M. Khojigian(6), 64-Haroutium S. Berberian(7), 65-Tatiros Apkarian, 66-Mardig Khojigian, 67-Hagop Hodonian.

[Sources]

- (1) Historical note
- (2) Informant
- (3) Informant on customs
- (4) Informant on customs
- (5) Historical note
- (6) Informant and historical note
- (7) Informant and historical note

(See photograph, page 92)

68-Anna Baligian, 69-Eva Misakian, 70-Eva Manaselian, 71-Almas H. Berberian, 72-Tourvanda M. Torigian, 73-Anna H. Garabedian, 74-Veron Garabedian, 75-Varter K. Kaprielian, 76-Altoun G. Srabian, 77-Araksi H. Misakian, 78-Zohra B. Khojigian, 79-Mrs. Hovhannes Paloutsian, 80-Aghavni Halajian, 81-Varter Torigian, 82-Mar-

iam Misakian, 83-Yeghsa Apkarian, 84-Mrs. Kh. Paloutsian, 85-Mariam Paloutsian, 86-Mariam Boghosian, 87-Almas K and 88-Yeranouhi T. Apkarian, 89-Mariam Avakian, 90-Mrs. B. Misakian, 91-Mariam G. Torigian, 92-Marta Bedoian, 93-Mariam G. Torigian, 94-Khanum S. Bedoian, 95-Altoun Torigian, 96-Shahrisdan Mouradian,

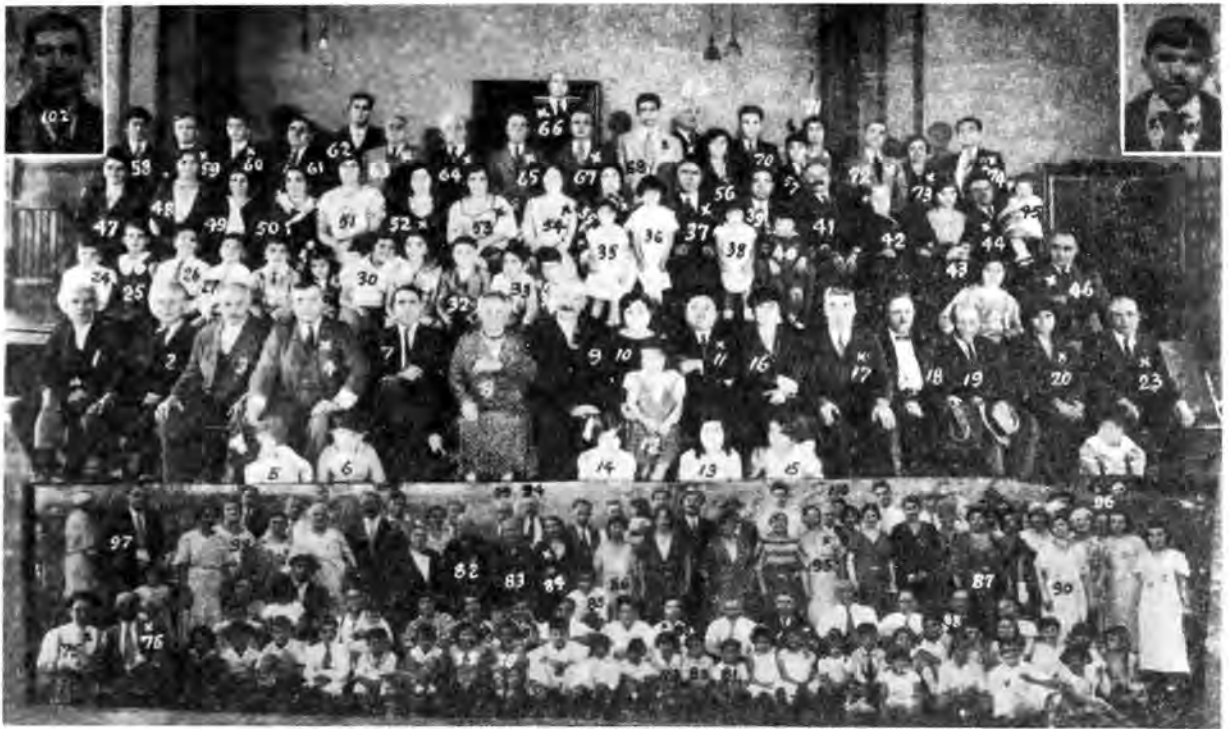
Parchanjtsis of California



97-Nourikhan, 98-Hnazant B. Paloutsian, 99-Nonig Der Torosian, 100-Rosie Hodoian, 101-Louise Kaprielian, 102-Miss M. Halajian, 103-Zabel and 104-Rosie Apkarian, 105-Lucine Boghosian, 106-Mariam H. Berberian, 107-Yeghisapet Kaprielian, 108-Mrs. H. Garabedian, 109-Mrs. K. Bedoian, 110-Mrs. H. Srabian, 111-Azniv Kapriel-

ian, 112-Badaskhan Srabian, 113-Badaskhan and 114-Mrs. G. Misakian, 115-Tamar and 116-Nergiz Apkarian, 117-Arshalouys B. Khojigian, 118-Yughaper Der Arisdagesian, 119-Baidzar H. and 120-Hranouysh B. Khojigian, 121-Mariam Hodoian, 122-Lily Berberian, 123-Siroun Misakian, 124-Anna Kaprielian, 125-Haygouhi Bedoian.

Parchanjtsis of Cambridge and Surroundings



1-Mghd. Bedros G. Garoian, 2-Krikor Nahabedian, 3-Bedros Margosian (Manan Beyros), 4-Mardiros Gelenian, 5-Elmas and 6-Krikor M. Gelenian, 7-Garabed B. Garoian, 8-Altoun E. Hodoian, 9-Yeghia A. Hodoian, 10-Nouart K. Garoian, 11-Der Kaspar M. Garoian, 12-Anahid and 13-Asdghig Der Garoian, 14-Teni Markar and 15-Vartouhi Mardiros and 16-Aghavni Boghos and 17-Boghos M. Garoian, 18-Haroutiun H. Abounaian, 19-Soghomon B. Gelenian, 20-Altoun Hagop Boyajian, 21-Margaret and 22-Helen H. Boyajian, 23-Khachadour B. Gelenian, 24-Garabed and 25-Vartanoush G. Hodoian, 26-Mousekh and 27-Garabed N. Mousekhian (Perishan), 28-Haroutiun B. and 29-child B. Kilarjian (Tete Sahagents), 30-Aghavni Hodoian, 31-Arpine M. and 32-Kevork M. Garoian, 33-Levon V. and 34-Kevork V. and 35-Koharig V. Nahabedian (grandchildren of miller Navo), 36-Marian P. and 37-Peniamin [Benjamin] G. Kilarjian, 38-Elmas M. and 39-Mousekh B. and 40-Mousekh M. Gelenian, 41-Asadour Kevorkian, 42-wife Takouhi (Perishanents), 43-Dikranouhi G. Yavanian, 44-Garabed Agop Yavanian, 45-daughter Marian, 46-Hrant H. Dzeronian, 47-Arshalouys, Bjo Garo's stepdaughter, 48-Mary Hodoian, Bjo Garo's wife, 49-Khachkhatoun K. Nahabedian, 50-Arshalouys N. Mousekhian, 51-Aghavni B. Kilarjian, 52-Marine M. Garoian (Markar's wife), 53-Acabe M. Garoian (Mardiros' wife), 54-Shnorhig M. Gelenian (Mousekh's wife), 55-Boghos S. Mghd. Sahagian, 58-

Garabed (Bjo Garo's nephew), 59-Garabed (Bjo Garo) H. Hodoian and 60-son Hovhannes (member of the Educational Committee from age of 6), 61-Nahabed Mousekhian (Perishanents), 62-Barkev M. Kilarjian (Tete Sahagents), 63-Tateos M. and 64-Mardiros M. Garoian, 65-Sarkis K. Torigian, 66-Markar M. Garoian, 67-Vartan Nahabedian, 68-Garabed B. Margosian, 69-Khachadour V. Kilarjian, 70-Boghos K. Nahabedian, 71-Mary K. Gelenian, 72-Yeghiazar H. Gelenian, 73-wife Mary E. Gelenian, 74-Misak E. Misakian, 75-Shabouh Kafalian (not from the village), 76-Hagop Torigian, 77-Rosie H. and 78-Nouvart H. Dzeronian, 79-Alice A. Torigian, 80-Georgie A. Torigian, 81-Sarkis A. Torigian, 82-Soultan A. Perishian Garabedian, 83-Vartig H. Gelenian (Gelen Arout's wife), 84-Hayganoush H. Dzeronian (Hrant's wife) and 85-Berj (H's son), 86-Arousiag M. Gelenian, 87-Flora S. Minasian (Sarkis' wife), 88-Sarkis B. Minasian, 89-K. Torigian, 90-Shoushan Paytonjian, 91-Anahid Paytonjian, 92-Manoug Yavanian and 93-wife Pariz, 94-Boghos H. Garoian, 95-Mrs. Khojigian, 96-Varo Baji, 97-Garabed Kinosian and 98-Garabed's wife, 99-Bedros S. Jimjimian, 100-Tavriz Garoian, 101-Tatiros Tepourmaian (Mghd. Mourad's grandson, deceased), 102-Bedros Taboutalian (Garabed's son).

Notes: 1-Informant; 3-Informant; 11, 76, and 88-Provided written information; 20-Witness; 23 and 69-Gatherers of information; 41-Informant; 84-Informant on genealogies.



Parchanjtsis of New Britain



1-Hovhannes Garabedian, 2-wife Satenig, 3-son Haig, 4-daughter Hayasdan and 5-Yeghisapet, 6-Hovnatan H. Krikorian, 7-wife Yeghisapet, 8-son Hovhannes (Parsekhenk), 9-Stepan Parsekh Krikorian, 10-wife Eva, 11-daughter Azadouhi and 12-Jouhar and 13-Sara, 14-Mardiros G. Tatoian, 15-

wife Mariam, 16-son Khazar and 17-Krikor and 18-Hrant and 19-daughter Rosie—Upper Tatoenk, 20-Sahag Mateosian, 21-wife Eva, [22]-son Tateos, 23-daughter Mariam, Khachalonk, 24-Manoug Tepourma Giragosian, 25-Manoug Krikorian.

Parchanjtsis of Madison, Maine



1-Garabed Agop Khojigian (lower), 2-wife Hrop-sime, 3-son Kaspar, 4-Kaspar's wife Hayganoush, 5-sons Yeremia and 6-Hagop, daughters 7-Takouhi and 8-Eva and 9-Markarid and 10-Shoushanig, Garabed's daughters 11-Mariam and 12-Elmas, 13-Elmas' daughter Nazli, 14-Asadour Kh. Khojigian (lower), 15-wife Araski, sons 16-Armenag and 17-

Ardashes and 18-Haroutiun, and daughter 19-Lucia. Two unnumbered persons: mother-in-law and grandchild. 20-Melkon Hagopian (Gelenenk), 21-wife Mariam, 22-son Berj, 23-daughter Heggine, 24-Dikran Garabedian, 25-wife Rosie, sons 26-Antranig and 27-Hovhannes.

Marseille, France



1932, Parchanjits of Marseille (France)

- 1-Khachadour Melkonian, 2-Hampartzoum Mghd. Sahagian, 3-Giragos Manaselian, 4-Haroutiun Gelenian, 5-Khachadour Ounanian, 6-Garabed and 7-Vrej and 8-Ovsana Yavanian, 9-Hovhannes Mghd. Sahagian, 10-Siroun Sahagian, 11-Azniv Hodoian, 12-Yeghsa Miloian, 13-Anna Depoian, 14-Jouhar and 15-Hagop Krikorian, 16-Yeghia Tepourmaian, 17-Mariam Minasian, 18-Hampartzoum Bedoian, 19-Melkon Adanalian, 20-Krikor Boyajian, 21-Boghos Baligian, 22-Ohan Halajian, 23-Asadour and 24-Mannig Miloian, 25-Khachadour Mghd. Asadourian, 26-Mardiros Miloian, 27-Anna Yavanian, 28-Azniv Manaselian, 29-Sara Miloian, 30-Soultan Mghd. Asadourian, 31-Kohar Yeghiazarian, 32-Shahsada Ounanian, 33-Markrid Avedisian, 34-Krikor Krikorian, 35-Arousiag Zarifian, 36-Khachkhatoun Tepourmaian, 37-Khatoun and 38-Bedros Khojigian,



## Parchanjtsis of Lyons

39-Mari and 40-Perouz Boyajian, 41-Hayganoush Baligian, 42-Armenouhi and 43-(unknown) and 44-Hovhannes Halajian, 45-Barkev and 46-Varoujan Miloian, 47-Mariam Melkonian, 48-Soultan Yeghiazarian, 49-Vartouhi and 50-Mariam and 51-Hovhannes Movsesian, 52-Yeghsa Adanalian, 53-Anjel Yavanian, 54-Avedis and 55-Boghos and 56-Manoug and 57-(unknown) and 58-Hripsime

Avedisian, 59-Touran and 60-Vahram and 61-Haroutiun Movsesian, 62-Garabed Yeghiazarian, 63-Yeghia Yeghiazarian, 64-Mariam Baligian, 65-Boghos Goshgarmanoian, 66-Ovsanna Benneian, 67-Arshag Kaprielian, 68-Ojini Benneian, 69-Dziadzan Kaprielian, 70-Maritsa Benneian, 71-Hovhannes G. Bedrosian, 72-(unknown), 73-Sarkis Melkon Manaselian, 74-Giragos Krikor Kilarjian.

## 1932 Parchanjtsis of Lyons (France)



1-Mardiros Avakian, 2-wife and sons, 3- and 4-, 5-sister, 6-Haroutiun Tatioian, 7-wife, 8-son, 9-Giragos Kh. Tatioian(1), 10-wife, 11-son, 12-Mariam Kh. Demourjian(2), (Demourji Khacher's wife), 13-son Nshan, 14-Bedros Khojigian, 15-wife, 16-

Note: (1) Informant, (2) Witness

Sahag Kilarjian, 17-sister Hayganoush, 18-S's child, 19-S's wife, 20-Mrs. Mariam Minasian, 21-son Levon, 22-daughter Lia, 23-Alexan Misakian, 24-Arshag Kaprielian, 25-Mrs. Sonia Demourjian, 26-Mrs. Hayganoush Gelenian.

Parchanjtsis of Valence [France]

1-Maoung Garabedian (Mnoushenk), 2-wife, 3-daughter, 4-son, 5-Movses Garabedian (Mnoushenk), 6-wife, 7- and 8-their sons, 9-Haigaz Simonian, 10-wife, 11- and 12-sons, 13-daughter, 14-child, 15-Mrs. Hayganoush Khojigian, 16-Khatoun (Bedros Khojigian's wife).



Parchanjtsis of Beyrouth



1-Mardiros Khinulian, 2-nephew Samuel, 3-Yeghsa Movsesian, 4-Sara H. Gelenian, 5-daughter Mariam, 6-Soultan Goshgarmanoian, daughters

7-Verkin and 8-Khatoun, 9-Yeghsa Bedoian, 10-Altoun Ousda Ovanesian, 11-Hovhannes Kejo Krikorian, 12-Tarviz Yeghoian, 13-Varter Arevigian, 14-daughter Shoushan.

Parchanjtsis of Aleppo



1-Anna Halajian, 2-Miss Anna Halajian, 3-Zartar Atamian, 4-Anna Bedoian, 5-Blind Sarkis Minasian(1), 6-Asadour Halajian, 7-Miss Sara DerTorosian, 8-Mariam and 9-Boghos Bedoian, 10-Sara Halajian, 11-Haiganoush DerTorosian, 12-Acabe Boyajian, 13-Havas Manougian, 14-Mardiros

Khmulian, 15-Altoun Bedoian, 16-Vrejouhi M. and 17-Manoug M. and 18-Hamesdouhi (wife of Mardiros Kh.) Khmulian, 19-Toros DerTorosian, 20-the spool [for spun yarn].  
Note: (1) Blind Sarkis was the principal source of information on 1915.

Parchanjtsis of Whitinsville



1-Գելեն Կրիկոր, 2-Կիկոր Եղիսայ, 3-Մրդիչիկ (3), 4-Մարի, 5-Ագնես, 6-Լիզի, 7-Լուիսա



1-Gelen Krikor, 2-wife Yeghsa, 3-son Mrdich, 4-Mary, 5-Agnes, 6-Lizzie, 7-Louisa, 8-Hovhannes Mrdichian, 9-wife Altoun, 10-daughter Arsha-

louys, 11-Mghd. Margos Der Torosian, 12-wife Yeghsa, 13-, 14-, and 15-Mary, Asdghig, and Louisa Torosian.



16-Mghd. Yeghiazar Misakian, 17-wife Shoushan, 18-daughter Yeghsa, 19-little Misak, 20-Khachadour Yavanian, 21-Sarkis H. Torigian, 22-Kaspar Abounaian.





23-Hodo Asdour, 24-Yeghia Hodoian, 25-wife Altoun and two young ones.



Rev. Hagop Kaprielian

He was a native of Parchanj, born there in 1843. He died in Constantinople in 1898. His education was obtained in the village environment, simple reading and basic arithmetic. But through his own personal effort he progressed. He came into continuous contact with the American missionaries and became a well-known and esteemed figure, not only in the regions of Kharpert, but also in Moush and Bitlis where he had gone and where for many years he had served as a witness of the Gospel. He provided valuable services to tillers of the soil by teaching them a number of new ideas. He gained the esteem and approbation of the Armenian farmers and the missionaries. He had many relatives in the regions of Moush and Bitlis. Because of a serious illness he went to Constantinople hoping there to find a cure, but instead he found there his eternal rest.

The 96 genealogical groups we have identified represent the 200 families of the village. According to the information received from Blind Sarkis Minasian there were 179 families — 784 persons in all — that had remained in the village. During the upheavals and massacres (1915-1920) 515 persons were massacred, 20-25 people had died from prostration or sickness, about 14 were harbored in Turkish homes as Turkified women, or servants. The remaining 230 souls found their way out — dispersed. In Corfu (Greece) we have two families, in Constantinople two, in Italy one, in Mexico two, and in Cuba one. These families were unable to send us their group photographs.

Here is a record of the persons still remaining in the village, according to a letter sent directly to us from the village, which we received in December 1937. Apet (Hapet Torigian, Great Torg), Tourvanda (Pampoul), Boyajonts daughter-in-law Esther, Jimjim Giragos' wife Marta, Khmulents' daughter-in-law Mariam, Tato Yeghazar's wife Altoun, Tatoian Hayasdan, Halaj Asadour's daughter-in-law Siroun, Hayasdan's daughter Makour, Topourmayent's daughter Mariam Apkarian (a girl from Etmishiki), Altoun, Misak Khacho's granddaughter Markrid, Kharib Boghos' sister Mariam, Mghd. Sahagent's daughter-in-law Anna (Tato Yeghazar's daughter).

#### D. Family Structure:

Around 1890 and before, the families of the village were large. Farmer families numbered 10 to 70. Artisan families numbered 5 to 10. Brothers, sister, nephews and nieces, with their wives and children, lived together with the head of the household, in the same large house. They were governed according to the old patriarchal system. The senior member of the household, the patriarch, was the "rayis" [head] of the household, and his wife was the matron [head housewife]. Each member of the family, man or woman, young or old, had his assigned tasks. The rayis had the highest and final authority over everyone, and the matron had authority over the brides that came into the family.

Their counsel and their verdict were absolute in cases of internal bickerings and misunderstandings. All buying and selling, finances, were handled by the rayis. All property was recorded in his name. In community relations and in matters pertaining to the government the rayis represented the whole family. The personal needs of all members of the

family were looked after by the rayis and the matron with compassion and without favoritism. There was absolute obedience, and even religiously worshipful respect was shown toward the rayis and the matron. Perfect deportment prevailed. This triplet of familial virtues [obedience, respect, and deportment] made up the glue that bound the family together. The rayis' oldest son and his wife, the senior daughter-in-law, would assist the rayis and the matron when and as needed. And when the rayis and the matron would grow feeble the son and his wife would assume the leadership role in the family, but always keeping father and mother on an honorary pedestal. In addition, large families held annual consultative meetings. There the rayis would make his economic report for the year, for all the adult males. They would exchange ideas, make suggestions, sometimes even criticize and lodge complaints. These would be heard and appropriate action taken. And they would plan the coming year's operations.

In truth, the Armenian family was the very nucleus of democracy, just as it is with its church.

#### E. Occupational Classifications of Families:

a. In the Armenian community there were no social classes. In the beginning families were, before they subdivided, mostly farmers. At around 1890 there were 22 poor families, some large, some small. Families were mainly artisans [non-farmers], that is, skilled laborers, merchants, farm hands, craftsmen, etc. All of them worked for a living by the sweat of their brows. The farmer families were Great Torgank, Hodoenk, Manaselenk, Upper Khojgank, Lower Khojgank, Abounaenk, Upper Torgank, Yavanenk, Mghd. Sahagenk, Lower Tatoenk, Khojig Mghd. Marsoubenk, Tato Khazarenk, Arevigenk, Kouchoug Ovanenk, Mghd. Asdourenk, Garo Mghd. Nigoenk, Garo Kevoenk, Atamenk, Srabenk, Brsoenk, Garo Markarenk, and Torig Milkoenk. Great Torgank were the largest family, and best known; they had 70-80 members. And Torig Mlko, who with his wife and three children clung to the lands inherited from his forebears and remained and died a farmer, was the smallest family.

b. The farmer families worked with all hands to till their own and also contracted fields. The house where they lived, the farm tools, oxen and water buffalo, all were their own property. The large farmer would hire one or two farm

laborers, and [at times] women to weed the fields, pick the cotton, and wield the sickle. He would pay the weaver, the iron smith, the cobbler, the barber, etc., annually out of his crops. The landowner aghas would be involved only with renting out their land to tenant farmers and supplying seed. They would have no other concerns.

c. The skilled craftsmen had their own shops and work. The expert craftsmen had apprentices. They worked alongside the varbed for four years and sometimes longer. They learned the trade and also served their master like a member of the family.

Many workers kept one or two donkeys — they were the little merchants of the village. These owners of donkeys would buy and sell straw, oats, wheat, mulberry, grapes, watermelon (in season) in the marketplaces of the city.

One could see them every morning, summer or winter, as soon as the prayer house was open. They would be there with lines of laden donkeys on the road to the City, owners walking behind with their prods.

Other artisans sometimes took work as farm hands, or as laborers for other employers. They received wages in kind — 2 to 10 chareg of wheat a year,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 lir of cotton, a bundle of yarn, a pair of sandals or shoes, etc. Working as a farm laborer in the village was not like slavery. Conditions of work and relations with employer were quite tolerable and satisfactory. Generally, a farm laborer would serve in the same place for many years, sometimes growing old together with his employer. There were also day laborers who worked from sun-up to sundown. Their daily wages were 100 para (10 cents) and 3 meals (more recently only 3 loaves of bread). Their wives were generally busy with their own household tasks. There was no systematic, mechanized industrial labor. However, some operated for hire to bake bread for other families, or contracted to harvest. The poor would make do with gleanings, or by gathering manure, or other farm leavings. But our wives played the most majestic role, and the most heroic — that of bearing and raising children, form the family, and keep the family hearth aglow. Such an honorable and unmatched life-mate for her husband was she! . . . A heroine . . . always! (See note below.)

Note: At this point, July 1, 1937, this work was interrupted. The editor was confined in a hospital. And on February 3, 1936 [sic, probably

intended 1938], when he was sufficiently recovered, the work resumed.

#### F. Internal Administration:

a. Until the start of the 17th century the village of Parchanj was purely an Armenian region, built, beautified, and made to flourish by the creative hands of the Armenians. With its fields and waters it was the Armenians' own. During that period the Armenian community consisted of farming and artisan families, nurtured through the soil and water, and reared according to their own traditions. They were all Armenian Christians, children of the mother church, united, and free of disruptive and degrading forces.

And although ground under the heel of Turkish barbarism, and subjected to the Yenicheris [fierce Ottoman military forces comprised of Christians converted to Islam] and the tax-collecting police that despoiled them, the Armenian community kept its internal administrative structure, an ancestral, self-sufficient form of government that was called the "Assembly of Elders." This assembly represented the village before the government of the villayet [state or province; in this instance the province of Mamouret-Ul-Aziz of which Kharpert was the capital city]. It allocated the many different taxes imposed by the government by families, according to their ability to pay. It did so justly and impartially. And those taxes were collected by a khojabashi [overseer] and a kzir [clerk]. But its principal function was to oversee the life of the community, the amelioration of affairs, the betterment of the church, and the conduct of the elementary education of the time. It served also as a court of law, for settling arguments, conflicts, and other legal matters. Its decisions were generally taken as final.

The Armenians approached the City and the Government only in matters involving real estate. The Assembly consisted of the village Rayis [a senior one of them, presumably] and seven other members. They were the "Village Princes." They were elected by majority vote of the rayises of the farming families, and the important literates and craftsmen. All of the families belonging to the village, large or small, had one vote each. In addition to the heads of families, however, the foremost teachers also

had a vote. Voting was secret. The literate ones of the village — there were not many in those early times — would write the voter's choice of candidate on pieces of paper. These ballots would be collected in a knotted cord sack. The priest and his deacon would count the votes.

There is no doubt that our forebears must have had some fierce election battles in those days, but the sound of the fury of those battles has not reached us.

This ancestral pattern of administration continued unchanged after the first influx of Turks. But after the second intrusion and until the very end, it [the Assembly] deteriorated and became a meaningless skeleton. It was subject to the whims of the aghas [bigwigs]. It had only nominal voice and was only a section of the Joint Community Assembly [Turks and Armenians], and comprised only of those farmers who tilled the fields of the aghas and who enjoyed their favor. The homes of the influential aghas became courtrooms, and they were the self-named judges. It was there that the Armenians had to apply to solve their internal grievances. In this manner bribe, slander, iniquity — products of Turkish mores — totally corrupted the traditional democracy of the Armenian community.

b. The foremost "Princes" of the village, during the period of the ancestral pattern of administration, as we know of them, were Torgants Mghd. Markar, Garoents Mghd. Beyros, Hodoents Toutoun Arout, Khojgants Boghos Dada and Mghd. Asdour, Yegho, Mncho, Misakents Simo, Manaselements Manasel, Tatoents Giragos Dada, Kilarjonts Mghd. Vartan Dada, Dzeron Khalfa's father Garabed Khalfa, Boyaji Garabed Dada and Berber Avak's father Safo Mlkon. After them came Hodo Kirkor, Boyaji Kirkor, Dzeronents Beyros varbed and Boghos Efendi, Berber Avak, Ataments Khougas, Srabents Khougas, Depo Garabed, Torig Kapo, Khojig Kaspar, Kouchoug Ovan, Norses Sahag, Tato Garo, Rabitali Garo, Boyajonts Pilibbos, and Yavan Hovahannes.

#### G. The Khojabashis [Overseers] and Kzirs [Clerks] of the Village:

a. Khojabashi: He was the general executive of the Armenian community, chosen by the Assembly of Elders, and responsible to it.

It was an important and sensitive, but also a profitable and desirable post, whose duration depended on the caprice of the influential



bigwigs. He was a direct representative of the village Armenians before the state government, and the neighboring Turks. He also collected the taxes, supervised the treasury, and cooperated with the Turkish officialdom to satisfy their various demands. The khojabashi received as his stipend two percent of all taxes paid by the villagers, sometimes one kurush per taxpayer, and fees in connection with sealing various official papers. His seal was officially authorized by the mayor's office, and it was equivalent to the seal of a Notary Public. There were khojabashis — only among the newer ones — who became notorious for being bribe-takers in collusion with Turkish officialdom. Kilargonts Mghd. Vartan Dada, Charchi Dono, Robitali Garabed, and Ataments Garabed Amou — old-timers — were the most able and noteworthy khojabashis. They fulfilled their duties well and they were helpful to the Armenian community. After them there were Garo Khacho Mlko, Garo Kirkor, Abouna Mgrdich, Yavan Ovanes, and Boyajonts Pilibbos. The most influential of these were Pilibbos and Yavan Ovanes.

**b. Kzir:** These too were named by the Assembly of Elders. They were the general servants of the Armenian community. The kzirs worked with and under the khojabashi, a kind of "errand boy." It was the kzir who assigned billets for government officials and police in homes of the village, where they received free

board. He guided the police in their investigations. He was the village "newspaper" and town crier, announcing governmental decrees, important and weighty news, and the loss of donkeys and cows. He would call out in a loud and hoarse voice from 3 or 4 important street corners, usually in Turkish. "A donkey (or cow) was lost this morning. Let the finder take it to Big Torgants barn." Or, "The town command wants a volunteer donkey. Let those who have donkeys gather at Hodoents barn tomorrow morning." And "Don't afterwards say you didn't hear . . . see here!" was the refrain with which he always ended. The khojabashi and the kzirs, especially the kzirs, would often suffer beatings by the Turkish officials. The most popular among the kzirs was Gelen Khacho. He was kind, sharp, and busy. When it was tax collecting time, he would advise the poor who could not meet their taxes due, to hide and conceal their taxable merchandise so that the tax collector could not find them and sell them for tax. The kzir was also a measurer of land. For each count of sheaves of wheat, oats, or other grain he would receive one olchag. At times of grape harvest, picking of cotton, and the clearing of watermelon fields he would get his cut of all the grapes, cotton, and watermelon he wanted. These were the wages of his position as kzir. And on top of these if he managed to arrange some little bribe for the khojabashi, then — "well, so much the better!"

## Chapter III

# ARMENIAN CUSTOMS, MORES, FOLKLORE

### I: — Building the Paradise Family

a. **Marriage:** — The Armenians of Parchanj, through tradition and through the institution of their church, kept their concept of "family" in an incorruptible state to the very end.

Thus, "Marriage as a Church Sacrament," and "Holy Nuptial Bed" remained as lasting ideals. Accordingly, the characteristic ceremonies of marriage were tender, happy, natural, and simplistic, yet also serious and impressive.

The initiative was always from the boy's side. The parents and godparents played a major role in finding a bride for the boy. Often, two friendly neighbors or very close friends might betroth their boy and girl born at about the same time, even from the cradle. They would call the arrangement "**beshik-kesme.**"

To the age of 10 boys and girls could play together freely. Being neighbors and close by, mothers could easily recognize those young girls who were alert, clever, and yet modest and gentle. And it was not difficult for young men, at about the engageable age, to do some selecting of their own and privately inform their mothers of girls of whom they approved. The rest was up to the mother. "You know, husband, it's time for our Koko to become engaged. And Karamouents Lousik is a bright and lovely girl. Besides, Godfather is their good friend. Koko likes her. And the girl seems to have taken a fancy to Koko. . . ." With the husband approving, the boy's mother goes to their very much loved, next-door neighbor, sister Sarik, and arranges for her to go as matchmaker to the girl's mother. "Annik, dearie, y'know

that Lousik is growin' up, the lovely lass — time to get engaged. And our Koko, God bless him, is turning out very nice. I can see that he's got eyes for Lousik. Just the other day we were chattin', Elsie and I. She says, 'How nice 'twould be if Lousik would have our Koko.' And I can see that they would be just right for each other." "Sister Sarik, dearie, it's all right with me. I like the boy. But y'know, that's for my man to say." Next, the boy's godfather, Torom, goes to see the girl's godfather and "sweetens him up." The two godfathers, with another friend, go to the girl's home.

The boy's godfather starts. "Karamou, we have come through God's will, requesting Lousik for our Koko. Will you agree to it?" "Welcome, welcome, a thousand welcomes! You have my every confidence. Since you have come with our godfather, and it's God's will, what can I say! Woman, have you asked Lousik about it? Is it her wish?" "For goodness' sake, husband, what kind of question is that? You and Godfather think it's all right — would the girl go against your wishes!" "Well, since it's that way I have nothing more to say," says the father. The boy's godfather slips a few goldpieces into the mother's hand and the troth is completed. Lousik comes in and kisses their hands. They set the table. There is wine, and toasts. . . . They set the date for the engagement, and the visitors leave happily.

b. **Engagement:** — A longed-for and memorable day. The boy's father, mother, godfather, the priest with the sexton, with a few invited relatives and friends, all go to the girl's house, toward evening. There they find the girl's godfather and a few invited relatives and

friends. "Greetings! Hello! God's blessings!" They sit.

They bring in the table, with oghi, wine, and snacks. The Kahana sits at the head of the table. "Orshnya i der [bless in the name of the Lord], good health to you, khenami [in-law], good work, godfather." After they have downed a few glasses of oghi and wine, the boy's godfather places the engagement gift package in front of the kahana. The Der Hayr [kahana] makes a sign of the cross over the package, and opens it. The gift is a pair of earrings, a ring, and a string of gold pieces [coins]. In addition to these there are guests' gifts of gold coins, and bracelets. The girl's mother brings in a washcloth colorfully embroidered with silk threads, also a handkerchief wrapped around a sweet-smelling apple, as an amulet, to assure that the union will be a happy one, and that the girl will bear a male child. She also gives a cap and a silken scarf as a return compliment. On the nuptial night the groom will cut the apple in half, and they will both eat.

The kind Der Baba [kahana] makes the sign of the cross over each of the gifts, especially the apple, one by one, blessing them with appropriate prayers and chants, and the engagement was complete, as binding as a marriage. The Protestants would add to these a gold-edged Bible, and a hymnal, given by the boy. The Der Hayr, the boy's godfather, guests, and the boy's brothers would receive their gifts from the girl's mother, — handkerchiefs, washcloths, caps, stockings, all the handwork of the girl. The girl's godfather's gift was from the boy, a coat, or coating material. The boy's godfather took care of the priest and the sexton, with gold pieces. Then came the time for merrymaking. Roast lamb in the tonir, also braised meats. They ate, and drank, oghi and fine Parchanj wine. They made toasts for good health, "Bless in the name of the Lord," "Good work, godfather." With good wishes for the pair and the "Hayr Mer" [Lord's Prayer] by the priest, the engagement ceremony ended with everybody joyful.

The pair usually remained engaged for at least a year, sometimes longer. The girl is now more bashful. She must kiss the hand of the male members of the household and remain silent in their presence. But this engagement period was the most joyful for the pair. Secretive meetings in a dark corner of a street, innocent visits . . . and, well, just a kiss, and sometimes an apple for his betrothed! Ah, such days!

On all feast days during this period the boy's mother and a group of women would visit the

girl, taking her fine sandals, headbands of gold coins, belts, bracelets, and various other gifts, all according to their means.

c. **The Wedding:** Finally, one day, all the in-laws come together, the betrothed are ready, and it is time for the marriage. They decide on the month, the day, usually late in the fall, on a feast day preceding a period of abstinence. The wedding clothes are to be made ready — shirts, jackets, turban, apron, veil of silk and other fine materials with golden thread — to complete the dowry. The year's supply of victuals had to be increased. And at the boy's house . . . ! There was much activity, with everyone busy. Cotton and barley to be taken to the city to be sold, to cover wedding costs. Wheat is to be taken to the mill. Bulgur is to be boiled and crushed. The meat is to be braised. The wine is to be bottled. The house is to be fixed up and made tidy. New clothes for the members of the household. And what was most important, to arrange for the musicians (davul and zurna), so that they would not be obliged at the last moment to use Rabitali Aved and Kouchoug Mlko. Yavanents Yeghazar as davul player and Khachamou as zurna player were the tops in the village and in the Ova.

The marriage license was obtained from the Armenian Prelacy a week before the wedding. Without it the priest could not perform the ceremony. But the license could be obtained only after the groom's father presented a sealed document from the Council of Elders, and the Khojabashi attesting to the propriety of the engagement and the good moral character of the couple, and paying the required fee. The Protestants obtained their licenses from their headquarters. Prior to the promulgation of the Tanzimat, the village Armenians could not have an engagement and marriage without first paying off their Turkish aghas, and getting permission. And the ceremony had to be unpretentious.

d. One or two weeks before the wedding, four or five people from the boy's family, with the godfather went to the girl's house to "cut kesim" [seal the understanding]. The boy's father would give the girl's father from 5 to 25 gold pieces. It was used for the girl's dowry. If the girl's father was not well off, it could be used for wedding costs, and a part could be kept for himself. This was a very old custom that was practiced very little during our times. After this ceremony the bride would no longer leave the house.

e. The sacrament of marriage always took place on Monday morning. But the sound of the



davul and zurna filled the air for 4 to 5 days earlier, to gladden the atmosphere in the boy's house. The wedding guests were honored in advance by being sent a red apple. Later they would go and escort the guests to the wedding site with davul and zurna. With guests, relatives, and close friends filling the house there would be much merriment, singing, dancing.

A day of joy for the bride, dear one  
A great day for the bridegroom, dear one,  
dear one

During these days the bride's house was also full of relatives and friends, especially the bride's intimate friends. The girls stayed with her morning and night.

On Sunday, a select group of men and women wedding guests, with the priest and the godfather, accompanied also by the groom's grown women relatives, went to the bride's house with gifts of clothing. The priest blessed the garments one by one. They eat and drink, and then return to the groom's house, but leaving the womenfolk behind.

It is the girl's last night in her father's house. It is also the night for trying on the bride's clothes, and for hennaing. The women dress the bride under the godmother's direction, singing appropriate melodious songs of praise, and love, and parting — rending the hearts of the bride's parents and relatives.

Mother, you are generous, mother you are  
generous  
I drank your milk, forgive me.

Father, you are generous, father, you are  
generous  
I ate from your food, forgive me.

Sister, you are generous, sister, you are  
generous  
I have worn what you have made, forgive  
me.

Brother, you are generous, brother, you  
are generous  
I drank the water you brought, forgive  
me.

Bring out the saz, braid the hair  
Take away the bashfulness of our bride.

Good wishes, good wishes, a thousand  
good wishes  
All good wishes for our bride.

Then they hennaed the fingers and palm and toes of the bride-to-be. And also, that night they remained awake and kept the fast.

At the groom's house the scene was different. It was full of wedding guests, with davul and zurna, and unbridled merrymaking. The groom is surrounded by his friends [ushers]. His gifts are laid out on a table with a sign "Sword for the King." The priest blesses the gifts and prays that "the king's sword comes out sharp!" First, they bathe the groom. They would compete to see who would have the honor of dressing the groom.

They made pledges of gifts to the church, the school, or to provide a banquet, etc. The one with the most appealing, and reliable offer would win the privilege.

Then the choirmaster and friends with good voices would sing the lovely songs and tunes that our folks had composed long ago. The godfather picks up each garment singly, and hands it over to the "dresser of the king," while the others sang.

Praise the groom, don his shirt  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his vest  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his blouse  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his waistband  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his shoes  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his cap  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, don his scarf  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Praise the groom, and tie on his sword  
Congratulate him, the child has bloomed  
Go and bring dear father  
So he can see that the tree has flowered  
Go and bring dear mother  
So she can see that the tree has flowered  
Go and bring dear sister  
So she can see that the tree has flowered  
Go and bring the twin brothers  
So they can see the tree has flowered.

In this way they called them all, godfather, relatives, even deceased loved ones, to come and see that "the tree has flowered." The handkerchief with the red apple given by the bride as a sign of her acceptance is now tucked into the waistband of the dressed groom. The blessed dagger is tied at his waist as a symbol of his right

to defend the honor of his bride and family against known and unknown threats. It was a meaningful custom long since established by our ancestors, and blessed by the mother church, as the first step in forming a noble family. The little finger of the groom was also hennaed. The groom and his ushers spent the night fasting, and without sleep, until they took communion at the wedding ceremony. All the while, the wedding guests made merry, until dawn.

f. Fetching the bride: On Monday morning, at dawn, they awakened the village with the piercing sound of the zurna and the rhythmic drumbeat of the davul, to gather the wedding party together. Thus, they go to fetch the bride. The bride, all dressed and prim, veiled, and hennaed, with her bridesmaids are ready. It is a heart-rending, moving scene, this parting of the bride and her mother. Mother and daughter are in close embrace, and crying; the girl does not want to leave. But the groom's godmother separates the bride from her mother. It is at this moment that the godmother says, jokingly, "Little one, why are you crying? Are you just putting it on? If you don't want to leave, we won't take you." "No, no, godmother. Just let me cry. And then I'll come," the bride whispers [all in deep provincial dialect]. The bride kisses her father, her mother, her uncles, also the hands of the older folks who in turn kiss the bride on the cheek. But off to the side is the "bride brother" [close male relative to "protect" the bride], who is seated on the bride's horse and will not get off until the groom's godfather places a "bribe" in his hand. The bride is placed on the adorned horse, in back of the groom's godmother, and veiled from head to foot. The girl's brother walks alongside for protection, but carrying the groom's blessed dagger. Another male, a relative, leads the horse directly behind the groom who is also on a horse, alone. With davul and zurna in the lead the wedding party moves through the throngs in the street to the church. The church is brilliantly lit up, in symbolic joy. With the spiritual chanting and the sweet aroma of the incense rising from the censers, the nuptial pair kneel before the Holy Altar and receive communion beneath the flickering candles and the oil lamps overhead.

g. Blessing of the Marriage: The bride and groom stand facing each other, foreheads touching, and their right hands clasped together. The priest places his cross over their heads, while the godfather holds the dagger alongside the cross.

The priest completes the blessing, according to the ancient traditional ceremony. Thus, the Church and the Fatherland have once again been dedicated. "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." And the ceremony is completed. The bride and groom become man and wife — 'till death inseparable. The Armenian marriage is firm, solid, permanent.

Once again the bride and groom are on their horses. The wedding procession forms again, by the church, and this time proceeds to the groom's house. Now the merriment and joy are unbridled. The procession weaves its way slowly through the many crowded streets, with the davul and zurna even louder. Now the bride and groom are the queen and king of the village.

One or two youths, carrying colorful handkerchiefs make agile leaps as they dance and sing. Along the procession route nearly every household places a small table at the door, with a flask of wine or oghi, some raisins, rojig and bastegh, grapes, apples — refreshments. A younger member of the household stands at the table offering wine and refreshment to the wedding party. Members of the wedding party, and sometimes the groom himself, would place coins on the foreheads of the dancers, and also the zurnaji.

The delicious wine offered from the tables made everyone very joyful. The godmother's house was an absolutely necessary stop on the way to the groom's house. The groom would take a sip of his godfather's wine. Finally, they reach the groom's house. The groom's father and mother are standing on the balcony above the doorway. The bride and groom are the first to enter.

To the accompaniment of the davul and zurna, the groom slashes the barrier [probably a ribbon or a cord] at the door with his dagger. And the parents from above pour down sweets, raisins, leblebi, and (in the case of the wealthy) coins on the heads of the bride and groom, and the guests.

It was as from the legend — "pearls fell upon the bride Satenig" [referring to her marriage to Ardashes]. The bride and groom, hand in hand, enter upon their ancestral hearth.

h. The wedding house is filled. The banquet is ready. The banquet area is covered with rugs, carpets, and mats, and there are pillows everywhere. The guests sit, cross-legged. The fare consists of roast lamb, braised meat, meat balls, sarma, bulgur pilav, and wonderful keshkeg [herisa] prepared with finely minced

meat. Oh that keshkeg! The guests are seated on both sides of the long, narrow sheet with their plates, with red wine in pitchers and flasks in front of them. Women and men are seated separately. The banquet starts with the priest's "Hayr Mer" [Lord's Prayer]. The wedding feast is open to all. None is refused — stranger, non-guest, the poor — whoever enters the door, Armenian, Turk, Kurd, without discrimination — all are fed and wined. In the yard the din of the davul-zurna continues, ceaselessly.

In the evening, however, there is a reception for the wedding guests only. It is at this time that the fine wines are served. The tables are set up with the abundance that God has granted. The davul and zurna were essential, and sometimes the saz and kemencha [lute and spiked fiddle]. They eat and drink, and are happy and full of joy. "Congratulations, kin! Well done, godfather!" [in provincial dialect]. The women-folk are not left behind. With wine glass in hand, "In-law Jouvar, my dear one, congratulations! Good health! May Ovanes have the same good fortune." "Dear one, sweet one, may God grant your Vartig good fortune too." Women, men, all eat and drink, and offer good wishes. On this evening the bride and groom dance with their godmother and godfather. It is at this time that the zurna player's pockets are stuffed. The bride's and groom's foreheads are covered with money. It is at this time that the old folks kiss the newlyweds and bless them. "My darlings, may you grow old with one bread [meaning always to be eating together] and on one pillow." May your hearth always be aglow." "May your doors always be open, and your table like Father Abraham's." And many, many more blessings, all coming from the heart. How should I know them all! All so meaningful and genuine!

And those rascals, the ushers! Despite careful watching by the godfather, they kidnap the groom and take him to the stream to be dunked. And they don't give him up to the godfather until they exact a promise for a nice feast. So they go [the men], with davul and zurna, to the godfather's house to continue the merrymaking. Tuesday morning, the guests from other villages are bid good-bye, with davul and zurna, and with food for their return trip.

i. Delivering the dowry. On Thursday the bride's mother, along with some women guests, deliver the bride's dowry, prepared by herself with such care over a number of years — clothing for every day and for festive days, for use at the bath, and for childbearing — bundles and bundles. The bride's godmother opens

them all, and piece by piece shows them and blesses them, and then hands them over to the bride's mother-in-law. "May God bless them. May these become old and a thousand new ones take their place." And those who brought over the dowry are appropriately received and entertained. On Friday evening the godfather and the ushers bring the groom back home [apparently, they have kept the groom for several days after the kidnapping]. There they eat and drink and make merry. That night they do not stay long. The bride in her nuptial chamber has been waiting — alone! The wedding guests of the village continue their merrymaking at some other home, every night, sometimes as long as two weeks.

Two weeks later was the time for the "Bride's Bath." Families that were well off take the bride to the bath along with selected guests. The bath housekeeper received extra tips over the regular bath fee. And the bath ceremony ends with festivity.

They take the bride to the bath —

Little sparrow, little sparrow, drink water  
Eat seeds, carry the bundle  
Let's go to the bath, fly away, skidoo!

[loose translation of folksy jingle]

j. Protestant Weddings: In the early days of the arrival of Protestantism attempts were made to change and simplify the church and folk practices at weddings. But the effect did not last long. The blessing of gifts was done away with. During the marriage ceremony, when the bride and groom had their heads together, no cross or dagger was held above their heads. Instead of davul-zurna they sang foreign hymns with Armenian words — "Before thy judgment, such wailing and pleading"; "We are traveling to our heavenly abode, do you wish to come?" "Look upward, dear mother, look upward." They sang these same songs when they were following a casket! I can still hear it — Depo Garo, of blessed memory, his powerful, hoarse basso voice mixing inharmoniously with the voices of the Protestant teacher and his choir — producing a Babel effect, funereal, mirthless, unpleasant. There was no dancing in the bridal procession. There were no tables set up with refreshments in front of houses. There was no wine — just prayer, and Gospel songs.

But, thank the Lord, this funereal practice did not last long. After 1880 the Protestants began to become more Armenian. In all their activities



and folk customs, they returned to their previous practices. The writer of these words considers himself fortunate to have married after this reawakening.

During weddings it sometimes happened that on the way home from church two wedding processions might meet each other in the village street.

Which procession should proceed first? It was a matter of honor, and the issue would sometimes be settled by the young members of the wedding party, slightly intoxicated by the wines set out along the way at door fronts. The victory went to the strongest! However, a priority would usually be granted to the wedding party of the more influential family.

1. Childbearing: The mothers of Parchanj knew nothing about birth control. Thanks to the gift of Anahid, goddess of the moon and fertility, our mothers had always been fertile and able to bear children easily. And thanks to the apple that the bride and groom ate on their nuptial night, in nine months there would be a bouncing lovely baby born into the world.

There were no regular physicians. There was no hospital. There was no one who knew the basic facts about childbearing, nor anyone who professed it. Pregnant wives worked hard and without let-up until the day of the birth. I remember about pregnant mothers who came in from the fields carrying a heavy load, and then giving birth to their child. Only the natural vitality of our womenfolk has saved the race from extinction, and given us the ability to survive, but at the cost of innumerable sacrifices. We had midwives — old-time experienced mothers like Makho Baji and Merar Mro — with the experience of time and the dust of centuries of practice, who brought thousands of Parchanj babies into the world — and with many children lost to the other world, along with their mothers.

When the afterbirth did not come easily, they would put the mother on a spade and shake her up and down to cause it to fall out. But of course, for a mother to be so treated in such a delicate state at time of birth, could cause inflammation of the womb, and death. Only a few of these would live, and they would become afflicted, sometimes suffering to the end of their lives. Fortunately, mothers needing the “spade treatment” were rare.

As soon as the afterbirth had fallen out, the midwife cut the umbilicus with scissors and tied it tightly with an olive oil soaked wick, close to the belly. They would leave it that way until the

naval opening closed of itself and the dried end of the umbilicus fell off.

The cut-away afterbirth was then buried in some safe corner of the house so that it would not be found by a cat or dog. The scissors were also buried so that they would not again be used to cut anything else. If these were not done, Makho Baji would say, “the child would die.” The newborn child was covered with salt and left that way for a day, “so the baby would be virile [?].”

After that the midwife washed the infant in a basin of warm water. She would rub its head, nose, mouth, and ears, as in straightening them out. She would hold the infant from its feet and let it hang so that its legs would be straight and so it “would be tall.” Then she would hang the infant, holding on to its head, so the neck would not be short. Then she would toss it and catch it gently, three times, while saying, “A little toss in the water, a long neck, take a nap, a strong back, splash, splash” [loosely, from a rhyme in local dialect].

The bassinet was made with homespun cloths on which they placed clean and warm (in winter) “child’s dirt” [fine sand], covered over with diapers. They would lay the bare infant on it, legs together, and press its arms across its chest three times. Then, with the infant’s arms laid straight alongside the body, they sprinkled some of the dirt on the armpits and on joints, to prevent sweat rash [pimples?]. Then the infant was wrapped tightly in this position with swaddling clothes, with only the head showing. In this condition it nursed from its mother’s breast and then slept soundly in the cradle, to the mother’s sweet lullabies. Ah, that heavenly combination of the pure milk of our Armenian mothers and their gentle lullabies.

The “Child’s Dirt” was brought from a place near Khoshrig; under Khayian’s mulberries, and from alongside the road to Vartatil. It was kept in a dry place. After it had been sifted it did not become muddy when wetted, and it held its warmth for a long time.

The mothers of Parchanj were rich in milk. No need for milk [from cows], or for roub. For mother’s milk to go dry was considered a deep curse and a misfortune. Under such circumstances they would find a wetnurse with plenty of milk who would, without pay, suckle the infant. As a result, the true child of the wetnurse and the suckling child were regarded as “milk brothers.” Such a brotherhood remained as close as a legitimate brotherhood, lasting for life.

m. The mother of a bride who has borne her first child, her godmother, and women relatives and other friends would go to visit the new mother with gifts and good wishes. "May he live long." "May he grow with father and mother." "May his sun shine long." "May good fortune smile on him." "May the same good fortune be yours." Such good wishes, with laughter and eating and drinking, would end the visit.

n. The child's baptism took place eight days after birth, done with the traditional ceremony, and celebrated with grand festivities. When the infant was a male child, they prepared "madagh" [a practice of distributing food to the people, a vestige of earlier sacrifices, and giving alms]. The madagh was usually distributed to the poor, with the best parts going to the priest and the godfather. The godfather was also privileged in the naming of the child, although the name of a deceased grandfather, or of a father or uncle was commonly given. In earlier times names were mostly taken from the Bible, being Hebrew names. But beginning in the '90's it became very popular to use national [Armenian historical] names.

o. The new mother did not remain abed very long, but she had to observe the "40th." On the 40th day she had to be careful in every way and circumspect. There had to be a poker at the right side of the bed. This was talisman for keeping evil witches away from the new mother and child. It was necessary, otherwise the evil witch would tear out the mother's liver with a hook, take away the child, and replace it with an ugly substitute. "The ugly witch has made a switch," they would say of ugly infants.

p. In olden times, immediately after the "40th," mother and child would go to church where the priest would bless the infant, and shake his cope over the child as a sign of purification, and as a bar to any ills that might befall the child in the future.

## 2: Feast Days [Holidays]

a. Christmas and Easter were very holy days in the village, as they were everywhere. Church services were celebrated with spiritual reverence according to the old tradition with loving practices and restrained festivity.

During these holy days the people would prepare themselves to right the wrongs they may have committed against others, and to remedy any rancor held toward others. Home and yard would be swept clean. New clothes for everyone. Every home had open doors. Tables were set

with fine wine, oghi, and snacks. These feasts were celebrated for three days.

On the first day, at dawn, the head of the household and all members gathered around their table set with "God's abundance." The elder blessed the table with the Lord's Prayer, recited a message of good tidings appropriate for the occasion, blessed all the members of the household including the barn animals that served them so well — they had been given double portions of feed — for didn't they deserve it?

The whole family would pray on their knees, facing east, singing sharakans [hymns of the Armenian Church] appropriate for the day. After these blessings the grown-up members of the family went to church to participate in the special services of the holy day. When the morning breakfast was done they started visiting, to offer good wishes for the day. On the first day the elders of the village, and influential ones, received visits from the younger ones. There was no handshaking. The senior visitor approached the head of the household, and with his right hand over his breast would say reverently, "Felicitations on this occasion of the Birth and Revelation of God" (for Christmas), and "Christ is Risen from the Dead" (at Easter). The head of the household received the greeting with "Blessed be the Revelation of Christ," and they sat down together on the bench. A young member of the host family served wine, oghi, or coffee, with some delicacies, after which the visitor left with "May you remain in good health." The host said, "May you depart in good health." The younger visitor approached the head of the household with the left hand on his chest, and the right hand in a gesture of greeting, repeating the words of felicitation for the occasion. The younger visitors did not drink wine or oghi out of respect for their senior host, but they did have coffee and delicacies before leaving. The very young kissed the hand of the head of the household and received a kiss on the forehead in return. Sweets were offered these children. On the second day the heads of households returned visits to their contemporaries. On the third day it was time for the young to visit one another, and for merriment. During the three days at Easter it was the practice to crack colored [reddened] eggs [a game to see whose egg would crack another's, on which the cracked egg was won], wrestling, and staging water buffalo fights. And on the flat rooftops the lovely brides and maturing girls danced.

My sweet rose, my sweet rose  
It is my lucky [?] day, my sweet rose

[loosely]

Oh, those days!

b. Besides these there were a number of other feast days, the most pleasing being the secular celebrations of Gaghanat [based on the word calendar, New Year], Vartavar [Transfiguration, in August], and Paregentan ["good-living" day at the start of Lent]. These were days of merrymaking and recreation that the villagers eked out of their oppressive, austere life.

"Happy New Year and Good Gaghanat" — three days. As it was with Christmas, there was visiting and feasting. On the eve of New Year, families gathered at the home of their patriarch to celebrate the gaghanat and usher in the new year.

Gaghanat Baba — a cherished name given by children! What great fun when on the morning of New Year's Day the children would awaken early and find hanging stockings and apron pockets stuffed with goodies that Gaghanat Baba had brought.

How clear and vivid that memory picture is of those days of gaghanat, now passed. . . .

It is as though it was yesterday . . . so it seems!

The Depo Garo family had come to Dzeronents to celebrate the gaghanat in their ancestral home. Depo and Dzeron grandfathers had died. Dzeron Bedros varbed was the "grand uncle," — to him went the family honor. Depo Garo and Anna Nana with their six sons and daughters, and Dzeronenk, three brothers and their children . . . a big crowd! What a lot of coming and going. What fun! What happiness for us, the little ones. New dresses, new jackets, colorful new woolen boots, and tasseled sandals. And the "gaghundoun" [?something good to eat] that we would get from Hars-Baji [as my mother was called by all]. Yum, yum! The whole house was filled with goodness and warmth that night, despite the wind's howling at the windows. The tonir was lit, with its acrid smell. Hars-Baji had spent the whole day baking breads covered with poppy seeds and egg glaze. The main sitting room, the "oda," was arranged with settees and cushions and rugs. The older folk were gathered at one end, the younger at the other. Mulberry boles were burning in the fireplace, spreading its permeating warmth, and mixing its unsteady

light with that of the flickering candles, flooding the big oda with a mysterious glow. At one end of the oda was the food table. It was piled high with God's bounty. Hars-Baji had opened her larder. There were strings or rojig made of grape juice, and folds of bastegh, raisins, leblebi, salted pumpkin and watermelon seeds, tasty breads, and cookies, and other delicacies, also new boghazkra wine in gourds. At one side of the fireplace there was coffee and tea in kettles.

It was the first time that these two Protestant families were celebrating gaghanat "like Armenians." They had now become Armenian Protestants. And Depo Garo no longer sang "What sorrow before thy altar" at weddings.

We children, boys and girls, young men and brides, were led by Hars-Baji and Anno Nana to kiss the hands of our elders. They pressed small coins into our hands. "Happy New Year and Good Gaghanat," "May you enjoy this every year."

Now came the moment for the gaghundoun. Our pockets and our shirts were stuffed with rojig, bastegh, raisins, leblebi, . . . eat and play . . . Such days!

That was how the new year was celebrated in every Armenian home. The practices and the form were generally uniform, according to tradition, with sometimes more and sometimes less merriment, enjoyment, and recreation.

On the first morning of the new year, early, new brides and grown girls went to the nearby springs to wash their hands with the first waters of the new year, to drink, and to fill their jugs to take back home. Gaghanat meals were prepared with this new water. Also, cows and oxen were given some of this water, so that the cow's milk would increase and they would be free of disease. The water was sprinkled in the house so that "pain and sickness could not enter." The girls took bread, and whey from new cows or sheep, certain seeds and other things to the spring as token gifts.

"Spring, spring, here's some bread for you; always keep our door open" [rhymes in Armenian]. "Having some nal [a kind of seed], give me mal [anything of substance, a convenient rhyme]." "Spring, have some kher [seed], give me ser [love]." [Several more such little rhymes]

On that day also, some with various sicknesses, but brave ones, went to the spring and immersed themselves totally, three times, seeking a cure [with appropriate rhymes], and in the bitter cold, clad only in their



undergarments. Then they climbed the nearby mulberry tree. Someone from below would shout, "Hey, crazy one, do you expect to find mulberries in winter?" Then they climbed down, got dressed, and went home. Some would say, "What else is to be done, if that's the Lord's wish!" Somehow, their sickness would go away.

c. "Meled — Meled" [Bonfire]

They had "meleds" [bonfires] on the eve of Presentation of the Lord [40th day of birth of Christ — February 14]. The first one was lit in the church courtyard. Candles used to illuminate the Gospel readings were given by the church stewards to those who had come to church. After the service the priest and the choir and the people all went out into the church yard to light the pile of dried vines and tree prunings that were stacked there.

New grooms and unmarried young men vied to see who should have the right to apply the first torch. Whoever offered the largest gift to the church would be first.

After lighting this bonfire they carried their candles home to light their own bonfires, on rooftops. What an exciting scene! The Armenian rooftops with columns of flame from the bonfires lit up the village night with a mysterious glow, a kind of tribute to the ancient gods. Boys and girls gathered around the bonfire, dancing and skipping. Young men made torches with crackling, flaming twigs attached to poles and waved them in the air to drive away evil spirits. The brave ones of the children would run under the shower of sparks falling from the flaming torches. Some would jump over the embers of the bonfire. Girls danced around the bonfire chanting, "Meled, meled, give me my heart's desire." At this time they gave a specially prepared biscuit to new brides, to women who had not borne a child, and to women past childbearing — "it brought good luck," they said. They singed hair ends of the young women and brides with the flame of the meled, — "it would prevent headaches." After burning the two ends of a cotton thread they tied it around the right arm of those who suffered from ague; "it killed the ague."

The ashes left from the meled had mystical power. The village priests went from house to house to bless the ashes, pouring some at the four corners of the roof and over the eaves. Ashes were also poured in the barn, under the cow, in the chicken coop, and especially in the fields and vineyards. It made crops more bountiful, the cows to give more milk, the chickens to

lay more eggs, and the cattle were kept free of epidemic. These were the "miracles" of the ashes.

d. Paregentan, on Sunday, Lent on Monday. Saturday went along with it. During these days there was not much mutton in the village. Cows and water buffalo were slaughtered. It was time for khavourma [braised meat that was stored in its own fat] and red wine — a time for eating, drinking, and play — pitting water buffalo against each other, wrestling, dancing, and singing by the young women from the rooftops. It was all Armenians in total enjoyment.

e. Lent

Housewife, sister-in-law, bride, all worked long and late to wash all pots and pans clean of any fat. By dawn of the first Monday of Lent there must not be any trace left of fat. In the morning one could see hanging from the eaves of the cooking room, a large red onion with seven red rooster feathers stuck into it at all angles, to mark the seven weeks of Lent. After each week had passed, one feather was withdrawn. The woman of the house had everything prepared for Lent — sesame, ground sesame, lentil, other cereals, dried and ground vegetables, pickles, and as a delicacy the wonderful khoud [sun-dried minnows] from Dzovk [the nearby lake] obtained from the people who lived there in exchange for wheat and bulgur. Also, there was plenty of fresh, tasty fish from Dzovk and other waters, along with the best wine. But for 40 days there would be no meat — no khavourma, fat, chicken, eggs, or dairy products. These were days of moderation, worship, penitence for everyone. It was time also for the womenfolk to spin, weave, sew, dye, and for the men to repair farm tools, and to spin coarse wool. It was time also for them to think about their cares, about salvation, to revive dedicatory customs, and to discuss these in their warm, smoky barnlofts.

f. Fortune-telling — Feast of Ascension

It came [nearly always] in the beautiful month of May. And like beautiful May, our beautiful girls with jet black hair had their day for fortune-telling. Wearing blue blouses with red lace edging, and colorful skirts and red embroidered aprons, with dangling sleeves, and decorated caps, our happy and excited girls gathered in groups in the walled vineyards in the shade of fig trees and willows, on the velvet-like grasses. There they ate eggs and played a variety of games. They told fortunes that might bring hopes for the realization of their dreams. They pictured fanciful thoughts about their

sweethearts. They danced and sang.

The longer days of spring have come,  
my sweet rose  
I'd take my sweetheart up the mountains,  
my sweet rose  
I'd come down the mountains to the  
valley, my sweet rose  
I'd leave the valleys and go to the green  
fields, my sweet, lovely rose

or

What shall I do with my fine salt,  
my sweet rose  
What shall I do with my round sieve,  
my sweet rose  
What shall I do on the rooftop,  
my sweet rose?  
I don't have a sweetheart to see from  
there, my sweet, sweet rose.

On that day the girls fashioned crosses of many flowers and placed them in a vessel of water from Seven Springs. In the vessel they would secretly place a personal object such as a ring, an earring, a bracelet, a thimble, a button, or any such thing of their own. By drawing straws they chose one of the girls to be the one to extract the objects. Blindfolded, she would reach into the vessel and bring one of the objects placed there. The owner of the first drawn was the most fortunate and would have her fondest wish fulfilled. Then, successively, the "power" of the fortune "giver" diminished.

This practice continued even after the invasion of the Turks in our area, but it was carried out in a more circumspect manner, more subdued. Sometimes, however, there would be an attack by Turks, and the result would mean a bloody battle with our brave, protective Armenian youths.

g. Vartavar [Transfiguration, 14 weeks after Easter]

Early in the morning the young women brought water from the springs in their red jugs, and sprinkled the house all over, inside, outside, in the barn, in the yard, in front of the doors. They also watered the animals. Water was diverted into the roadway gutters to wash the streets clean. During the activity the children, and the not-so-young, did not forget to sprinkle water on one another. The youth would even push one another into the spring basins, fully clothed. Some of the younger ones, eager for fun, went to St. Nshan in Yegheki, or Seven

Springs in Hiusenig, even as far as Ichme and Zartarija monastery to enjoy these popular spots with their fine waters.

#### h. Blessing of Homes

In earlier times Armenian homes were blessed five times a year, on the great feast days. But starting in the 70's, only two times. On the day of the blessing, the housewife placed small amounts of bread, wine, yeast, flour, bulgur, braised meat, and dairy items on a table. The priest, accompanied by a young acolyte — sometimes also the teacher — and the sexton visited the home and blessed all the items.

The sweet-smelling incense from the censer and the melodious chanting permeated the house and dedicated everything. . . . The head of the house presented a gift to the priest, according to his wealth — 40 para (40 cents), or 5 kurus (20 cents). The sexton received some bulgur, flour, or wheat. The acolyte was not forgotten either.

### 3. Customs

a. Here below I give a few examples of practices handed down from our forebears that I have gleaned from my memory.

b. On saints' days persons having that saint's name were honored by relatives and friends, who took candles to the person being honored. They also made gifts to the church and lit candles in the saint's honor. A person being so honored provided a repast for his guests.

c. Honoring one's parents was part of the people's religion, and a deep-seated custom. During the lifetime of a father and mother, the brothers did not separate from their parents, or from one another. Those who did separate — very rarely — were regarded as sinful and of low moral character. The parents were in truth the head of the household. Their will, request, or wish was inviolable. Full grown and married men neither smoked nor drank in the presence of their father without permission.

d. New brides kept their faces and mouths covered with a veil for one year, and for another year covered to the tip of their noses. For a year the new bride did not speak to her mother-in-law, nor speak in the presence of her father-in-law. From morning to night it was her duty to kiss the hand of her elders, help her mother-in-law in dressing and undressing. They were even to kiss the hands of men, but not speak to them until the mother-in-law released her from that restriction. But brothers-in-law would offer gifts to a new bride to get her to talk.

e. Men and women did not dine together. The head of the family, guests, and men ate at one table. The women of the house, brides, girls, and children ate at another table. New brides did the serving. All sat around the table on pillows, cross-legged.

The head of the house blessed the table, and started eating first. Then the others followed. The bowl of meal was set in the center of the table, next to it a stack of bread. All ate from the same bowl, drank water from the same cup, and wine from the same vessel. Forks and knives were not used.

f. The women of the village had not learned to use cosmetics. Such artificialities were considered immodest, for such was done only by Turkish women and bad women. Neither did Armenian women smoke. We knew only of one or two elderly, widowed women who smoked.

g. The villager considered bread to be God's greatest gift, as sacred as the "mas," the blessed bread apportioned after the church services [not the communion]. It was a sin to step on a crumb of bread fallen to the ground. The bread that had fallen was picked up, kissed, and placed against the forehead, an action to assure that the plentifulness of it was not endangered.

h. In the morning early they did not greet one another with "Good morning," or "God be with you" until they had washed their faces and said an appropriate prayer.

i. The place where church services were held was indeed a sanctuary for the Armenian people. With the reverence arising from this feeling, everyone who entered the church, summer, winter, any time, removed his shoes and left them in the narthex [vestibule].

For the members of the mother church this practice was continued to the very end.

Protestants followed this traditional practice, too, for a time, until the missionaries started ascending the bema [altar platform] with their street shoes. Then the old reverent practice was discontinued, and the people became "modernized."

j. The young people showed respect and reverence in their behavior toward the aged, toward any people older than themselves, the parish priest, the teacher, and "intellectuals." Wherever they were they would rise when such people appeared. They did not speak to them without first being given permission.

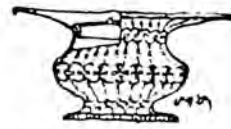
The young women of the village also showed this respect, and kissed the hands of such people when they met them.

When a horseman came by on the road dur-

ing the harvest of wheat, one of the reapers near the road brought out a sheaf of wheat and offered it to the horseman as a sign of respect. And the horseman offered a gift in return and went on his way.

k. It was a custom generally to wash the hands before and after a meal.

A servant or a young man carried a basin in his left hand, with a bar of soap on its rim. In his right hand he carried a pitcher of water. A hand towel was draped over his right arm.



112. Basin, copper



113. Pitcher, copper

He would kneel before each person until the washing was done, offering the same towel to each.

1. Our ancestors were trustworthy; they were men of their word. In their daily business dealings there were none of the formalities of today — bills, guarantees, witnesses, written documents. "Toraman (he was a well-known wealthy man), I need 5 gold pieces until I harvest my cotton. Then I'll repay."

"Why not, Koko. Come tomorrow night and get it." Toraman counted out the 5 gold pieces and handed them over, without documentation, without witnesses. Koko's word was good enough.

In the fall Ibo and Jibo, the two khavourma makers of the village, would come in with hundreds of sheep to sell to the villagers, in ones, in twenties. They sold these all with an open understanding, and leave having in hand only the list given them by the butcher, showing the name of the buyer, the number of sheep bought, and the value. In the following March they would return and collect the amount due, without difficulty, and without loss.

The village baker kept a record of the number of loaves of bread sold on account on a double receipt. Each customer had his part of the receipt.

When bread was bought the baker put together the two parts of the receipt, his part and the customer's, and marked a tally on both parts for each loaf bought.



The barber kept a record of each occasion of barber service or each sale of coffee on account by putting a check mark on the wall.

The butcher had one notebook in which he entered each sale on account, listing the name of the buyer and the amount of the purchase; there was not even the entry of a date. When one paid his amount owing, a line was drawn through the name and the matter was closed. "Khasbou Defter" [Butcher's Notebook] had come to mean any poorly kept record.

There was no record of cash purchases. Any regular accounting procedure was unknown in the village. The shoemaker, the storekeeper, the carpenter — all kept a "Khasbou Defter."

m. Very little money circulated in the village. Commerce was generally by barter — a pair of shoes for a "rub kila" of wheat. All paying-off of accounts took place in March, at the wheat harvest or at the cotton harvest.

n. We had no bank. The well-to-do villagers changed money into gold and put it in a crock or vessel and hid it in a part of the tonir, or in a dark corner of the ceiling rafters, or in the wall, or buried in the ground.

o. Only transfers of real estate were required done with official written documents.

p. There was no saying "No," or "I haven't any" to the poor. The old womenfolk would say, "If you say 'no,' it will become 'I haven't.'"

#### 4. Traditions

a. St. Sarkis [Sergius] of Bursa, while escaping from Greece to Persia, had stopped to rest at Vartkegh [Rose Village], in the region of Parchanj, now a spring.

That spring has been flowing ceaselessly to our day, and was called St. Sarkis. It was a great miracle-producing pilgrimage site for Armenians and for Turks.

b. Every year, on the eve of the feast of St. Sarkis, St. Sarkis riding a white horse would pass through every Armenian home. Our womenfolk would fast for three days and set a tub of flour or dough by the kitchen. St. Sarkis, patron saint of soldiers, would touch the flour with the bit of his fiery steed, and that would assure that there would be a plentiful supply for the ensuing year.

How many old women I knew would swear "Child, my dear one, with my own eyes I have seen his horse's bit on my flour. May I not inherit God's kingdom if I am not telling the truth." Now, how can you not believe! No, our

kind and devout women did not lie . . . they saw . . . spiritually . . .

c. The prophet Ezekiel himself closed the door of the temple in front of the Son of God. Simeon the elder fasted in the temple for 364 days and prayed. It was through the strength of his prayers that the doors opened before the infant Jesus. The Melemed was the feast memorializing the opening of the doors.

#### d. The Demise of the Caravan

At an uncertain time long ago a false star rose in the sky; it was brighter than the Moonstar [the moon, perhaps] the protector of muleteers. The caravan had got onto a false route and was fallen upon by brigands before morning's light. The brigands robbed the caravan and killed many of the muleteers and travelers, and carried off the caravan beasts of burden. And then the familiar Moonstar rose. Since that time the people have known of a false star.

#### 5. Superstitions, and Prejudices, from my Grandmother's Cache

a. Our mothers would tie needles and string beads in the hair of beautiful children, and on cows that gave much milk, as a guardian against the evil eye. Also, for these, and for the sick, they would hang a nouskha from the neck, a triangular silver locket that contained a piece of paper bearing words attributed to God. The needle served to pierce the evil eye. The beads were to dazzle it. And the nouskha was to drive away the evil satan that brought pain and sickness.

b. My mother would tell of midwife Makho Baji who, before she became a "prod" [Protestant, a derisive term] would place a tonir poker alongside her bed when she was in labor, and would cross herself three times to keep the evil witch away from the child and herself. "After becoming a Prod I just forgot about the poker, or about crossing myself. Crossing oneself was pagan they said. Well, I didn't see any witch or anything, but I was afraid. When my Mariam was born, during the second night, I was half asleep, half awake. What do you think I saw! There was a hag — ugly, streaming hair, wrinkled brow, long curled fingernails, and dirty. She was standing at the foot of my bed and reaching toward the cradle. I screamed in terror. 'Help, help, bring the tonir poker,' I cried out. They brought the poker. And pagan-magan [alliteration, to mean "pagan or anything"] I crossed myself three times. And the witch disappeared, thanks to the Lord."

c. At times of unexpected catastrophes, such as earthquakes, fires, destructive floods, storms, lightning, they would say "Pillar of Jerusalem" two times, and cross themselves three times. It provided refuge and protection, they said.

d. They would say "Light descends on his grave" for deceased persons who were very devout Christians, or who went to church regularly, or who gave to the well-being of the church, or who helped the poor, and those in need of mercy, or who was a friend to orphans and widows. This was taken as a sure sign that the deceased had gone to heaven and was a saint.

e. The Judgment Day

The gates of heaven were open  
The golden throne was placed there  
Christ was seated thereon  
The record keepers were writing  
The good were joyful  
The evil were wailing

f. They would pluck petals from a flower, saying, "I shall live, I shall die" [same as "she loves me, she loves me not"]. If the last petal came out "I shall live," it was a sign of a long life ahead.

g. Miscellany

On Fridays a ghost would come out of its grave and wander around in the form of a puppy. On Sunday, at dawn, with the first sound of the sexton's ringing the church bell, it would return to its grave.

When something was lost in the house and the search had gone on for a long time, they would take two splinters, or burnt-out matches, and place them together in the form of a cross. That was to "tie up the legs of Satan." Then they would search again . . . and quickly find it.

During the last night of February they would strike the walls of the kitchen, the barn, and the stable with a whisk broom and a scoop and say, "Witches out, March (the month) in." In this way they drove out the devil and the witch.

When an undesirable guest had come and they wanted him to leave early, or not to come again, they would put salt in his shoes.

If swarming bees settled on your house, you would be fortunate.

If you sneezed, someone was thinking of you. A person near you would say, "Good health, good health" [literally, "may it be good"].

To sew a tear or a button on one while standing is to be sewing a shroud.

If your eyelid twitches, it means that

something is going to happen to you.

If your ear rings or murmurs, you are to get some news. In both cases they say, "May it be good."

If the dog howls at night, he has seen the grim reaper and someone will die.

If a star in the sky falls, or splits, it means that an important person will die.

If the sky is red, it is a sign of ?

h. In your dreams: —

If your tooth is pulled without pain, it means the death of a friend.

If with pain, the death of a relative.

If there is blood, it will happen quickly.

If a miller's tooth, then it means the death of father, mother, or other dear one.

If you see rain, it means plentifulness.

If you see mulberry roub, it is ?

If you see redness, it means it [whatever] will happen soon.

If you wear blue clothes it means sickness.

If you wear white clothes it is a shroud.

If you eat bread or see wheat, you are in for a big favor.

If you ride a horse or donkey, it means a successful journey.

To see or kiss a corpse means sickness.

Mounting a cart is a coffin.

If the main beam of the house breaks and the house collapses, the head of the household will die.

To see a snake is misfortune.

To see a priest or kahana means it is Satan.

If the cat cleans itself, there will be guests.

If a black cat crosses in front of you, it is bad luck. Cross yourself three times.

If an owl hoots over your house it means death or ruin.

6. Advisories: —

Do not spill salt; you will have to gather it on judgment day with your eyelashes.

Clean your plate so your fiance will be lovely.

Forget what has passed.

Morning's work is good, if you have got up, go to work.

Lock your door and do not accuse your neighbor of stealth.

Stand at the end so you can get all [?].

In the evening with a bit of water — in the morning with a lot (said of washing dishes).

Eat the burned bread so that you will not fear the wolf.

Don't pour water on fire — our betters will be angry.

A man with a skill wears a golden bracelet.  
Don't get into a bag with a dog.

Respect for those to be respected, honor for those to be honored.

If you go to bed without praying, you will have nightmares and be choked.

When you go to the larder for bread, or wine, or khavourma, or bulgur, or flour, or wheat — first, first of all, remember God, and make the sign of the cross to drive away the evil spirits and bring good fortune.

When you cut your nails, gather the bits and put them away in a crack of the wall — they'll want them from you on Judgment Day.

7. Fairy Tales — Taken from Real Life: —  
[These stories told in very deep vernacular, with Turkish]

a. Once upon a time two wandering villagers, a shoemaker and a carpenter, were coming to the village, the shoemaker with a sack of manure on his donkey, and the carpenter with a sack of gold. On the way they meet a horseman. He asks the carpenter what he has in his sack. The carpenter, afraid, answers, "It's only sawdust." The horseman says, "OK, so let it be sawdust," and turns to the shoemaker and asks him, "What have you got on your donkey?" The shoemaker, embarrassed, says, "It's gold." "All right, so let it be gold," says the white horseman and disappears. When the two travelers reach home, safe and sound, they open their sacks, and what do you think they find — the shoemaker's manure has changed to gold, and the carpenter's gold has turned to sawdust — the will of the Lord. Quite apart from this, St. Sarkis' blessing — the advantage is the shoemaker's; but for the carpenter — he'll be poor to the end of his days and will never own two shirts.

b. Gelen Baghdo, a devout and contented person in the village, would tell this parable. When I was the animal tender for the Begents family I was sent to Mouzour (a village) one winter day. I got caught in a heavy snowstorm and lost my way — didn't know where I was. I was scared also of wolves and beasts. I recited the sayings I had learned from my grandfather to keep wolves away; I pledged to light candles in church; I crossed myself; and called on St. Sarkis for help. Then suddenly a white horseman appeared before me. "Do not fear," he said. He put me on the right road and disappeared in the storm.

A few days later an old, white bearded beggar came to our door. My mother began to tremble.

"Now what is this? We don't give to beggars," she said.

I said to her, "Woman, don't be hard on God's poor — it won't sit well with God. Don't say no!" My mother went to get a piece of bread to give to the beggar. The beggar said he didn't want bread, he wanted ten para. So what could I do, I had only a small coin in my purse, and I took it out and gave it to the beggar.

"My son, God will grant you whatever your heart desires. Tell me, do you want it now or when you are old," the beggar asked. I said, "Now." "All right," he said, "go ahead and open your purse." I opened my purse and he dropped the coin I had given him into it. He said, "Good fortune for your purse," and disappeared on the spot. And from that time on every morning when Almas (his wife) gathered up the bedding she would find a gold piece under the pillow — may the devil hear none of this. We said nothing to anybody about this. My purse began to fill up with money and the house with God's abundance. I began to fix up the house. The neighbors, and even the wall stones, began to ask, "Baghdo, where did you get so much money? Is there some kind of charm that has come over your purse?" "Come, let's change purses." They insisted and insisted. Eventually, we did change purses.

Hardly had I changed purses, it stopped. Almas no longer found gold pieces under the pillow. We cried, alas, we tore at our hair, but nothing! We went on a pilgrimage to St. Sarkis. We lit candles in church. There was nothing. Then I remembered the old man's words — good fortune for your purse. Anyone who fails to heed the advice of the aged is compelled to become a vagabond, I know that.

c. The fairytale tellers of the village. Torgants Haji Garabed was the king of fairytale tellers. Kilarjonts Garo was second. Below them, but still sought after, were Adanatsi Mlkon and Hodo Ovan.

8. Riddles [these are virtually always in rhyme, alliterative, and use deep vernacular]  
[R-Riddle; A-Answer]

R. It has death, but no soul. A. A plate.

R. Pearls without holes, string without twist, God arranges, man disarranges. A. Pomegranate.

R. We planted it without holes [?], and gathered it in baskets. A. Turnip or beet.

R. Two leathers, double wear [?]. A. Millstone.



R. What wanders around during the day, and comes home at night with its mouth remaining open. It's hard to answer. "If you give me the church at Mouri village, I'll tell you; otherwise I won't." "OK, you can have the church. Tell me." A. "It's the feet, no?"

R. Three feet, and one beard; its stands while eating from my father's purse. A. Candlestick.

R. Yellow, yellow; I tell you the answer and still you don't know. A. Yell and Low. [This was totally contrived to give the pattern of the riddle, which uses the word for blue, which has two syllables, each of which is a separate word.]

R. It bathes and bathes, and then sits on a pole. A. Washcloth.

R. I wind and wind, and still it never ends. A. Roadway.

R. It hears but has no ears; it speaks but has no mouth. A. Echo.

R. It has a back of wood and a stomach of hair. It arises in the morning and runs on you [?]. A. Broom.

R. I stand, but don't want to stand. I sit, but don't want to sit. I lie down, but I don't want to lie down. And if I don't pull out the root inside, I can't sleep if I go to bed. A. Door latch. When drawn the door shuts and you sleep safely.

R. I thrust my hand into the niche and came out with twelve sisters. A. Bunch of grapes.

R. A white field, and black black seeds; sown by hand and reaped by tongue. A. Letters [writing].

R. I have a friend that wears 40 petticoats. A. Cabbage.

R. An almond surrounded by thorns. A. Eye.

R. A dark stable, with white horses. A. Teeth.

R. A dark house, a pool. A. Roub [syrup] in its vessel.

R. [Unknown]

R. Has breath but no soul; has stomach, but no intestines. A. Bellows.

R. Four brothers chasing one another, but cannot catch each other. A. Guide and reel [for reeling thread. Four brothers?]

R. I married off my father, and led away the horse; how can this be? [?] Well, they can't fathom it. Grandmother wants the St. Garabed monastery, and they give it. What to do? A. Father's stepson.

R. My father is legitimate

I'm my father's girl

My father is my child

How can this be?

This is deep. Churches and monasteries are not enough; they give Istanbul to the grandfather.

He explains:

My father was in jail  
Suffering from hunger  
Each time I went to him  
I gave milk from my breast  
Becoming his mother.

Little finger, little finger,  
Ring finger [literally, little finger's mother]  
Middle finger [literally, long gypsy]  
Index finger [literally, plate licker]  
Thumb [literally, louse crusher]

Still no one knows. Grandfather wants Chinimachin [?? a place, or "what is in the crock?"]. They give it to him. A. The five fingers of the hand.

R. A stone on stone, but it is not a stone  
It grazes over the hills, but it is not  
a sheep  
It lays eggs, but it is not a hen  
If not these, then what is it?

The grandchildren are at a complete loss. Grandmother wants the monastery at Arzni, St: Nshan at Dzovi, and Hindustan. Whether they want to or not, they must grant these. A. Turtle, what else!

R. They opened its head and heart and gave  
it wine  
Its tongue was loosened and it started  
to talk  
As long as it suckled, it was absolutely  
content  
Once it stopped suckling, it fell in and died.

A. Inkstand and quill.

R. Fairytale, fairytale  
I found a syllable [?]  
I dug into it  
What is it

A. Khachkhock [unknown]

9. Fortune-Telling: —

The following were used in fortune-telling.

a. Hakool houk-ool (?)

b. Stone-holding: A stone is held in one of two closed fists. The other wins if he chooses the hand with the stone.

c. Odd or Even: One holds either one or two stones (or other objects) in the closed hand, and

the other is to guess odd or even.

d. Wet or Dry: One spits on one side of a small, flat stone and throws it in the air. The other calls out wet or dry and wins if his call corresponds to the face up side. [Heads and Tails!]

e. "Vek" (or Ashough) [a sheep's knuckle bone that has flat sides]. The vek is thrown into the air and the other must call out the side on which it will land.

#### 10. The Story of Genies [Jinns]: —

a. The genies were always referred to as "Those better than ourselves." My grandmother would say, "They were always friends to the people, if we don't do them wrong! But the 'alks' [witches] will do us dirt." Those-better-than-ourselves always lived in water-mills, in springs, in wells with water, in haylofts of cleanly kept houses, and in wall niches. Alks lived in old sluices, in dry wells, and in trash piles. We were never to anger those-better-than-ourselves. We were not to mention the word Jinn. We were not to throw stones in wells with water, for fear of hitting one of their children, in which case, woe to us! We were not to wash dirty clothes in the spring [water] near its source so the water would not become putrid and filthy. That wouldn't please those-better-than-ourselves. Once they get angry at us, then everything will be cursed around the house.

b. Miller Hoppala Dono told this story. "One night, when I was half asleep, half awake, I heard the sound of davul-zurna. I opened my eyes and what do you think I saw! There they were, those-better-than-ourselves coming out of the flour shed. They had davul and zurna players, followed by a bride and groom, all dressed up and on horses, and a whole slew of wedding guests following along, carrying flour bags on their backs — all of them little. They passed right by me and went to the barn. I sat up in my bed amazed. I crossed myself three times, and they disappeared. I went into the flour shed, and what do you think I saw! Half of the flour accumulated around the millstones had been carried off." May God not recall Dono's sin — that the Jinns had carried off half the flour!

c. Gelenents ancestral home was generally dark, but Mariam Baji kept it very clean. "The open cupboard in the kitchen was a place where those-better-than-ourselves stayed," Mariam Nana would say. "Now and then there would be a tinkling sound that came from the far back corner. One day, toward evening, I was filling oil in the lamp, I saw those-better-than-

ourselves coming from that back corner straight for the cupboard. In my dreams I had been told to keep the cupboard clean, in and out, and to keep a lamp burning there continuously. One day a dervish had come to read my cup [fortune-telling from coffee grounds left in the cup]. He said that that place where the sound came from was where the Jinns kept their gold and gems. One night one of our boys went secretly to that place and began to dig. He dug and dug and came upon a stone slab with a handle on it. The noise and commotion became so loud that the boy was scared out of his wits. He filled the hole and never again went near it."

#### 11. Charms [Amulets — sayings to bring good luck]: —

a. Our grandmothers had a charm they would recite with great faithfulness for every situation. "Child, these charms must be told by a boy to a girl, or by a girl to a boy. If a girl says it to a girl, or a boy to a boy, its charm vanishes," they would explain.

b. For wolves and beast: —

With St. Sarkis' horse's hair

With mother Mariam's sweet milk

With Christ's command

I have tied up the mouths of every wolf and beast.

c. For thieves: —

Christ, our house is an inn, St. Kevork's [George's] inn

Jacob and Isaac [Hagop and Sahag] are the door, their staff is its bar

Their cope is the chimney cover

If you come to the door, the door will stop you

If you come to the chimney, may you turn into a rock.

d. For thieves, beasts, and devils: — There was always the Turk. Our grandfathers would recite some of the charms in Turkish, too, so that it would be effective against them.

Bismilla find olsoun, Hasan, Hisen, kilid olsoun

Bizim khapouyha galanun ali dash ola, dili lal ola

St. Sarkis khounji khapama pajam khalkhan ola

Moon, moon, I fell, I fell on my face at your feet

Where are you going? To a cloud, to the bottomless sea?

Many mean become slaves, we form

friendships

Boghos, Bedros [Paul, Peter], Christ is guardian of the grave

Aha, he has come to Joseph's church, and worn Christ's cope

Whoever is asleep, let him sleep in peace.

Tie up the thief, the beast, the devil.

e. For the evil eye: —

The evil eye — the evil thorn; the evil thorn — the evil fire; the evil fire — the bottomless sea.

The bottomless sea — the forked road. On the forked road we found a fawn.

We went footless, we slaughtered knifeless, we cooked flameless

We ate mouthless.

f. For love — to turn a sweetheart's or husband's heart: —

Catch an owl in the churchyard and slaughter it there in the dark. Take a bone out of its right foot and break it into three parts. Bury one part in the dry stream at Yeghoents Mill, when the stream has stopped. Drop one in the censer at the church. And the third one you burn in the middle of the night when the cock crows three times, and you blow it into the nose of your husband or sweetheart when he is asleep. With the Lord's will, this charm will make a man's heart, even if it is of stone, melt and turn into oil and honey.

g. For clearing the face: — When there are sores or pimples on the body or face, this prayer-charm.

Marciful Lord who has strengthened us, cure this sick one with priestly prayers. With these words I implore you, grant healing, to this, your servant. Clean away these blemishes from face and body. And glory and honor to you, for ever and ever. Amen.

h. Prayer to capture a thief: —

O Lord our God, who taught us, "that which is tied on earth will be tied in heaven." According to your Godly command, may I tie up this thief. Spare your servant from this thief. Glory now and forever. Amen.

i. Note on items g. and h.: These were prayers uttered by Der Aristakes and grandson Deacon Garabed. And with God's will they cured both Armenian and Turk, indiscriminantly.

12. Oaths:

In the Name of the Father and the Son — while crossing oneself. The most awesome oath.

May God be witness.

May I not inherit God's kingdom.

May Gospel blind me.

Communion. Mas . . . Cross . . .

May I be struck blind . . . May I become blind . . .

May I not have the joy of seeing my firstborn.

May I not see the face of my traveler [member of the family].

May I lose my wits [??].

May I become an invalid.

May God's sevenfold punishment come upon me.

13. Curses: — [alphabetical, in Armenian]

May the light of your eyes be taken.

May you become blind.

May black water cover your eyes.

May your eyes become blind, and break your leg.

May God's fire fall upon your head.

May God's sevenfold punishment fall on your head.

May God make you bald and give you no fingernails.

May your blood go dry.

May you work and sweat, and your belly not fill. That's all I have to say.

May you enter the ground. [May you go to hell]

May you go under the ground. [same, different actual words]

May you descend seven layers into the earth.

May it consume your head. ["Gloukht oude"]

May you enter the bosom of the "writer" [grim reaper].

May the grim reaper take you. [Kroghu dani]

May you suffer a terrible death.

May your face go black.

May the light of both your eyes go blind.

May you die from epidemic.

May you become pickled.

May your [?] remain unknown.

May you lose your wits [?].

May you be smashed to bits.

May you be crushed.

May your hand dry.

May you enter the dirt.

May you be a fly and stick to the wall.

May you descend the seven layers of hell.

May you be broken into bits.



May your smoke die.  
May you die unblessed and unburied, and  
turn into manure.  
May your wishes stay in your belly.  
May you break your neck.  
May you be despised.  
May hate consume you.  
May you wither away.  
May I sew your shroud.  
May an owl hoot on your house.  
That's all I want.

May black blood gather in your heart.  
May you be a black sun.  
May you bathe in black water, or may I  
bathe you there.  
May you be a wanderer.  
May your house be ruined, your door  
closed.  
May your whole house fall, tumble  
around your head.

May your purse have a hole in it.  
May you be an invalid.  
May you take it on the nose [May your  
nose be bloodied].  
May your hearth burn out.

#### 14. Blessings: —

May God's eye be upon you.  
May God have mercy on your misfortune.  
May God give a long sun [give long life].  
May God grant success to your undertaking.  
May God show you the best path.  
May God keep you and yours.  
May God grant that your comings and  
goings be endless.  
May God Himself have mercy.  
May God make your one day a thousand.

May God keep and protect your traveler.

May God grant your wish.  
May God bless you and keep you.  
May God keep His watch over you.  
May God be with you.  
May God be with the survivors (said to  
console on the occasion of a death).  
May that become old, and a thousand new  
ones take its place (said of something  
received).  
May the vine remain green (a wine toast).  
May light descend on your grave.  
May you grow and bloom; may you fight  
and lie down [??].

May your hands be verdant

May you grow old with one bread and on one  
pillow [May you have a long and happy  
marriage!].

May you have abundance, and more.  
May you be fortunate.

May your table be like Father Abraham's.  
Glory to the Provider.  
May you pick up a stone and find that it  
is gold.  
May your purse be full always.

#### 15. Proverbs: —

God provides candles [paraffin or other  
substitute, apparently] to those who light  
candles, and beeswax [more esteemed in  
church] candles to those who light beeswax  
candles. To all according to his heart's desire.

God may close one door, but He opens a  
thousand.

God looks at the mountain and sends a  
blizzard.

The stew made from cheap meat cannot be  
eaten.

He takes from "ali" and gives to "veli."  
[apparently "He takes from the rich and gives to  
the poor."]

All that was left of the broth was the pot.

Satan sticks his nose in a job done hurriedly.

There's a comb for every beard (said of  
flatterers).

They said to the fox, "Are you hunting  
chickens?" It started to cry. "What honor of  
yours have I missed that you now honor me?"

A flattering tongue will bring a snake out of its  
hole.

Satan sticks his finger in anything done in a  
hurry.

A hungry chicken sees feed in its dream.

There's no one to say, "Abdal, where are you  
tying your donkey."

What your eye sees your mouth wants.

The tooth is bloody [?].

The one who buys and sells knows.

He places an awning against the sun.

They said to the owl, "Your rear stinks." It  
answered, "My nest stinks."

Work gets done by working; the journey is  
completed by walking.

Mouth to mouth, it becomes a beam. [Ap-

parently, "A repeated rumor becomes fact.")

Oil spilled on the ground doesn't make up its loss.

Go die; come and I'll like you.

The thief stole from a thief; God from above was amazed.

You saw a cap on my head and thought I was a miller?

The cobbler makes shoes; his wife goes barefoot.

Your fortune is awake while you sleep.

They lift up the ox and expect to find a calf underneath.

They put the ox in the cupboard [?].

I'm a chief, you're a chief; then who'll grind the flour?

Fighting is bravery, so is escaping.

Come on, clean this rice.

The donkey labors hard for the horse (the common laborer works for the rich man).

Iron sky, copper earth (said of parched lands).

Put water on the tarkhana [a potage], wifey dear; we have guests. (Said when unexpected guests arrive.)

They said to the tailor, "Move." He picked up his needle. (Meaning all he had was his needle.)

A husband's one ear should be deaf; a wife's one eye should be blind.

The devils have escaped from the hand of the lunatic.

I plant chick peas, and I gather chick peas. You went to the city and became leblebi? [Processed chick peas].

Goodness cannot be won by force.

One doesn't count the teeth of a horse got freely. (Not to be complaining about a gift.)

Whatever you put into your plate you'll get in your spoon.

Whatever you sow, that you shall reap.

Like a donkey's tail — it neither grows longer nor shorter (said of fixed income).

He can't fix his own hair, but goes to fix the bride's hair.

He was luminous and became a moon (said of someone who has fallen into a very unfortunate position).

He blames his ineptness of the Kurd's donkey.

All you think about is the stem of the pear.

The fool drops a stone in the well, a thousand wise men join together and can't remove it.

The fool went to the wedding. "This place is better than our house," he said, and stayed there.

Words won't cook pilav; you need a pot of oil.

Old age, being a slave like a dog.

A man fallen into the sea will reach for a twig.

They asked the partridge, "Why are your feet red?" It answered, "It's from the winter snow." "But we saw you in the summer time."

It eats our seed, and lays its eggs at the neighbor's.

He who is full gives only morsels to the hungry.

Don't count your chickens before the hen has hatched them.

He brings water from a thousand streams.

Thick and thin are the same price — woe to the one who weaves thin [seems wrong]. No one appreciates the difference between good and bad — the one who does good loses.

No one gives bread; everybody gives advice.

The hen lays, the parasite eats.

He's given up his soul, and living secretly (said of one very sick).

The sound of the davul in a distant village sounded good; we went and found they played with the same stick.

See a sick one, see the Lord.

Old dipper, old bathhouse.

The skilled use a short thread in the needle; the unskilled a long one.

Some men produce stones; some men produce lyres.

It is better for a man to lose his eye than his respect.

You have left the big donkey in the barn.

One "no" has prevented a thousand evil acts.

Until the thick becomes thin, the thin will have no peace.

The mouse won't fit through its hole, yet ties a brush on its tail.

A beardless man's utterance is worth nothing.

The greater is done, the lesser remains.

God grinds the flour for the poor.

Don't lose the eye while making a brow.

A pound is 400 drams wherever you go.

No teat for the one who doesn't cry.  
I won't eat it; put it in my pocket.

What the non-eater leaves the eater  
consumes.

The flood has carried off the mill, they are  
looking for the flintstone [a convenient rhyme].

One who has fallen in the water will reach for  
the foam.

He's looking for a dead donkey to take the bit  
(said of an opportunist).

If you haven't eaten onion, why are you  
sobbing?

Come, pear, fall into my mouth (said of lazy  
people).

Measure ten, cut one.

He who has many cares talks a lot.

My belly is nearer than my sister.

What the blind wants is two eyes.

16. Sayings: —

Don't give ear.

They all chew gum, but the Kurdish girl  
removes the taste [?].

Light to your eyes.

What's gone is forgotten.

Go today, come tomorrow.

[Translating some of these seems to serve no  
purpose. Their worth arises only in the euphony  
of the phrases, using deep vernacular.]

18. Stories of Happenings from Real Life: —

a. A cutthroat Kurd comes to cobbler Misak's  
store to have straps sewn on his sandals. Instead  
of paying 100 para he pays only 20. Apprentice  
Yaghoubents Sako sews them with weak thread.  
The kurd puts on the sandals and goes off, with  
Sako following behind. The straps sewn with  
weak thread break and fall off. The apprentice  
picks them up and brings them back to the store.  
And in this way they get what the Kurd paid  
also.

We don't know what the Kurd did to Misak.

b. Misakents Kaspar, master Boghos' grand-

father, lived in the Turkish quarter. On the  
night of Paregentan [eve of Lent], when the  
family was away, Turkish thieves clean out the  
house. Uncle Kaspar says nothing about it to  
anyone. Later, when he was in the barber shop  
having his usual coffee, a Turk approached him  
and asked, "Kaspar, I heard that thieves have  
been in your house, is that right?"

"No such thing," he answers.

"Oh, well, I heard about it," the Turk in-  
sisted. Big uncle Kaspar grabs the Turk by the  
scruff.

"You are the thief. Where are my things?  
You'd better tell me." All the Turk's pleas are  
in vain. Obligated under Kaspar's threat, the  
Turk confesses and on the same day returns all  
the belongings.

c. Misak Bedo, Herko Giragos' father, was a  
brute of a man — like Arevigents' water buffalo,  
fearless and powerful. "He could squeeze water  
out of a stone," they would say. Much earlier he  
was a miller with his brother Giragos, like him a  
behemoth. These two became fabulous, as  
braves of the village.

1. One day a Turkish farmer near their mill  
diverted a large stream of water from the  
millstream to water his vineyard. The millstones  
stopped turning.

Bedo figures out what has happened. "Hey,  
Giragos, let's go and take care of this thief  
Mamo, and fix him up so he'll never bother us  
again."

They block off the diverted water and go to  
the Turk's vineyard. They see Mamo's donkey  
loaded with two baskets full of grapes. Bedo  
climbs over the wall, picks up the donkey and  
the two baskets all together and lifts them over  
the wall. Giragos on the other side catches them  
and puts them down. They take them and hide  
them. The water into the vineyard stops. The  
Turk who had been busy with the watering sees  
that the donkey and the two baskets of grapes  
have disappeared. But how! The vineyard is  
walled. The gate is shut, and the key to the lock  
is at his waist. But he had stolen the water from  
the millstream, had he not? He figures it out.  
"Must be Bedo's doing," he thinks, and goes to  
the mill. "Bedo, friend, I did it, but don't you  
do it. You can have the grapes, but let me have  
my donkey. I swear I'll never steal water  
again." Bedo keeps the grapes, returns the  
donkey, and Mamo does not steal the water  
again.

2. In earlier days the winters were colder and  
sometimes the millstream would freeze. Bedo  
and Giragos, barefooted and with their pants



rolled up to their knees, would work for hours breaking up the ice with sledgehammers.

3. When Giragos needed to lift the top millstone, he did not bother with a lever, he just put his arm into the center hold and lifted.

4. It was the year they were building the church. They were then building the stone piers. The pedestals were large stones, each a whole wagon load. When the stones arrived at the church, they had to be lifted off and put in place — hard work. They called Bedo, the village Samson. "Well, why not! You lift it on my back and I'll carry it," he would say. So five or ten braves, with grunting, and difficulty, would lift it to Bedo's back. "Yeah, Lord," he would say and carry the stone with steady steps to the place it was to go.

d. Galanents Kzir Khacho, wanting to get even with a mean tax-collector policeman, put him up in the poorest laborer's house in the village. There he had only some dry bread, salted peppers and parsley, and some pretty dry pilav. And for a bed, all there was was tattered bedding. For the horse there was a stall hardly big enough for the horse to enter, and for feed, only chaff. The policeman in his rage went to Kzir Khacho's house early in the morning and in loudest tones called out, "You giavour swine." When Khacho came the policeman beat him with his whip.

On hearing the commotion Varto Baji runs out with a club and rains a beating on the policeman's feet, and the horse, and drives them both off.

e. Seven or eight villagers, including Gelenents Almas, one morning very early at dawn, secretly load their donkeys with large sacks of chaff to be taken to the City to be sold. At that time some policemen had come into the village to see what they could confiscate for themselves of donkeys. When the muleteers reach Saman-Sadan (dry spring on the road to the City and Mezire), a policeman appeared before them. He dumped the loads on the road, and tying the donkeys together he drove them off toward Mezire. The muleteers stood there stupefied, looking after the policeman. "What kind of men are you?" Almas said to them, and grabbed a stick from Yevonents Ovan and ran after the policeman. She reached him and pushed him off the donkey he was riding and began to beat him so unmercifully that the policeman left everything and ran off. Brave Almas brought the donkeys back. They reloaded the donkeys and delivered the chaff safely to the City.

f. Around 1907 Haji Effendi's khonakh [inn] was a gathering place for thieves and criminals, and Haji Hafiz Emin Effendi was their chief. This monster orders eight pairs of shoes from cobbler Gelenents Kaspar. A week later, when the shoes were done, but not yet delivered, Hafiz Emin's thieves rob the store at night, leaving not even an awl. The shoemaker sues Emin. But the general prosecutor, a close friend and partner of villain Effendi, put the shoemaker off for a whole year, by continual delaying tactics, eventually granting only 7 kurus worth of merchandise against a loss of 700 kurus.

g. Dzeronents Jouvar was a youthful bride, firmly built, strong, and very nice. One day — it was when they were at the old house — while taking some wheat to her father's mill to be ground she came upon Vezents Haji Hafiz, a foul Turkish neighbor, who spoke some evil words to her. Jouvar began beating Hafiz with the driving stick [prod] she was carrying. After that there was no one to say, "There is a brow over the eye," my mother would say with a contented grin.

h. The upper Torgants had lost their right as farming tenants for Haji Beg.

Three years after his marriage Kapo emigrated to the "Armenian world" — the Caucasus. They reach Basen, but the Russian government does not take them in, and they are obliged to return, in poverty.

It was at about this time that Toro, Kapo's older brother, was obliged to be a peddler, selling fruit to farm laborers. Haji Tahar, while passing by, sees that Toro with scale in hand is selling fruit. "Oh my, Torik my boy — my former tenant now a peddler! That is a dishonor to me." He orders the fruit to be scattered over the roadway and immediately arranges to have his lands returned to Upper Torgants to be farmed.

i. During the Russo-Turkish war Haji Beg went as a volunteer to the Erzerum (Garin) front, taking Dalou Faro Osman along as aide. Haji Beg's unit suffered defeat, and in the confusion of retreat, the aide Osman put the bit of the Beg's horse under his tail instead of in its mouth. It became a saying in the village to ridicule someone who has done something wrong, to say "He has put the bit on the rump like Dalou Faro Osman."

j. Dalou Faro Osman was one of the most evil and beastly of the Turks of the village. He knew how to speak Armenian perfectly. After the '95 massacres he got a job as sexton in an Armenian church in one of the villages near Smyrna, as an

Armenian refugee.

When Mghd. Asourents Krikor was going to America with Bedo Ovagim, by chance they went to that church to rest a while. They seek out the sexton of the church, and find Osman there . . . as sexton. "Hey, Osman agha, you? . . . here as sexton? Unheard of thing!" Krikor remarks.

"Oh, Kirkor, please, don't say anything, please. If they find out who I am and what I've done in the village, they'll skin my hide and offer it for sale in the marketplace. I did it, but don't you do it. My fate is tied up with yours," he pleaded with typically Turkish feigned condescension. Our men agree to say nothing to anyone with the condition that Osman leave the village immediately. Osman leaves that very night. Here we have the forgiving soul of the Armenian . . . a virtue? . . . or a curse?

k. Manaselents Mlkon had become a converted Turk. A Turk asks Mlkon what name they have given him. He answers, "Esheg" [donkey, derisive]. The Turk and his friends roar with laughter. "You asses," Kor Hamid agha calls out. "Why are you laughing like fools? Can't you see that this lowly giavour considers the name 'Esheg' to be more honorable than any Turkish name?"

l. During the '95 massacres Turkish convert Mlkon was fighting with God. "God, you can see from up there what these fiends are doing to us, and yet you are being glorified. So, . . . go ahead and be glorified. . . . May you be ruined!" Later, his head is split in two with an axe [not clear by whose hand].

m. Haljonts Ovanes was a farm laborer for a Turk agha. The khanum [wife] had a number of vessels of white grape roub [syrup], beginning to crystallize — the sweetest honey! Ovanes really had eyes on it. One day the khanum opens a container, and what do you think she sees — a dead, stinking mouse floating in the syrup. "Ovanes," she screamed, "come quick, hurry, take this roub out in the yard and spill it, and break the vessel." And that was just what Ovanes wanted. He took out the whole roub, and vessel, and mouse . . . to his house. His wax mouse had done its job.

n. Some people of Parchanj had gone to Morenig to bring back a bride. And some from Kesirig had come to Parchanj to fetch a bride. A few crazy, practical jokers in the village — they were a bit drunk — cut off the tails of a few of the donkeys of the Kesirig people. In the afternoon the wedding parties from Kesirig and from Parchanj meet each other near Kekloug Tepe, and

stop there a while. Topourma Tato and Haji Zadour (a member of the Kesirig wedding party and close friend of Tato) were dancing to the full music of the davul-zurna. During this distraction, some of those from Kesirig, to get even, cut off the tails of some of the donkeys belonging to the Parchanj people (including those of barber Hampartzoum and Topourma Kaspar, the most belligerent of the village). Our Berber Hampartzoum whacks off two donkey tails for each one they lost. The battle that ensued began to grow more fierce. But Zadour and Tato were a little more level-headed, prevented real bloodshed and making a funeral procession out of the wedding parties.

o. Yegho Mncho was in his deathbed, about to pass away. He sees that some people are seated on the top of the column opposite him. "Hey, you people, have you come to take me away?" he cries out. "Get me my gun so I can get rid of them." He reaches for his old flintlock and fires at the column. "There, I got rid of them," he calls out. With that he got well, and got up. He lived for three months, but did die from the same sickness.

That was the way Mghd. Ounan varbed told the story.

p. Srabents Mghd. Asdour and his whole family became Catholic, to give the Monsignor some backing in the political issues of Mezire. When he died, as a Catholic, there was no Catholic separate cemetery. The "Armenians" would not accept his body in their cemetery, and so it remained in Srabents garden for a month. Finally, through the intercession of the Monsignor, some people were brought in from the government to dig the grave for the body in the Armenian cemetery. But the people gathered in the cemetery — "we'll die, but we'll not let someone who has renounced his ancestral faith to be buried with our forebears," they shouted. They succeeded in blocking the burial, and the body was buried outside, along the road to Shtil.

Unacceptable bigotry . . . by sincere, but ignorant faithful. It just opened the door to new conflicts. And it was a stimulus giving new life to the Catholic movement that was just about on its way out.

q. The davul-zurna was silenced when the wedding party would pass a church or gathering place [Protestant church]. One wedding day Kouchouk Mlkon was the zurnaji. When the party was passing by a Protestant church, the davul player stopped, but uncle Mlko continued playing the zurna.

Varbed Dzeron Bedros admonishingly pulled the zurna away from the zurna player's mouth. "Forgive me, Beyros varbed," Milko answered, "if I stopped playing I would have forgotten my melody."

r. The whole Manaselenk family had become Protestant, except the housewife, uncle Ovan's wife, who had remained an "Armenian." This devout housewife would feed her "prod" family "abstinence foods" on Wednesdays, Fridays, and other days of abstinence. It was during Lent. Head-of-the-family uncle Ovan, tired of Lenten foods, brings home the official tax-collector who had come to the village. "Agha, at our house we have lamb, chicken, cream, butter, everything. You just ask for it," he instructs him. "A roast lamb, please, Ohan." "Our guest, the captain, wants roast lamb!"

"Shame on him, merciful Lord. The infidel! Roast lamb during Lent? Why, man!" But she prepares the roast lamb in the tonir, in fear of the punishment that will come her way for the sin being committed. But uncle Ovan, of course, shares the tasty lamb along with the captain. "Let the sin fall on the captain's shoulders!"

s. Merar Mgrdich had made a pledge to replace the wooden beacon with a bell. With that purpose in mind he would gather wheat and barley, and collect bonuses at harvest time, and in that way in 5 years he had put aside 12 gold pieces, which he had hidden in a hole of the tonir, one of the village's "safe" banks. It was during the bloody days of the '95 massacres. The priest Der Nshan and his large family, as well as Mgrdich and his family, were in dire straits. He took the 12 gold pieces set aside for the bell and gave 10 to the priest. "God's man was not to starve!" He kept two gold pieces. "My sons, this money that you are using for good belongs to the church. Don't leave me responsible." What faithfulness . . . what character! The boys paid the money. [There seems to be a detail in the story that has been omitted. The continuity is lacking!]

t. Manan Baji was a zealous "Armenian Christian." Whenever she saw a "prod" her hackles rose. It just happens that her daughter-in-law went to the Protestant church, but inadvertently took the doorkey along with her. Manan Baji goes after her to get the key. It was a Sunday School class, and the lesson had to do with the parable of the sower. Just as Torig Makoush was asking, "Who sowed the weed seeds?"

"How should I know," Manan answers

back, with a disdainful voice, "probably a prod like you." She takes the key and leaves.

u. Cobbler Mghd. Kirkor, Marta Koko, was a deacon and formerly a teacher. He was also a mghdesi [title given to one who had gone to Jerusalem, and "seen the death"]. They say that when he became a prod he tried to scratch off the mghdesi mark [tattoo] on his arm. A Protestant mghdesi! Not a possibility in those days.

v. Parsegh Koko (a master shoemaker), a bitter "prod," finally yielding to the pressure from his friends, gives his daughter's hand to a "Lousavorchagan" [Gregorian, member of the mother church orthodox]. He confessed to his "Badveli" [Protestant minister], "Badveli, I hope God will not remember my sin. I gave my daughter to an 'Armenian'."

"Be in peace, brother Kirkor, the boy and girl have formed a 'paradise family'."

w. Der Barnabas, Parchanj's last priest, along with his many admirable qualities, had an appetite for "mannon." One Christmas time he goes to Manan Baji's house for home blessing. Acolyte Agop (Torig Beyros' son, the teller of this tale) was along. As was customary after the ceremony, Manan Baji brought out her donation to press it into the priest's hand. The priest, thinking it was a "oner," said, "No, Manan Baji, keep it for your orphans," magnanimously rejecting it. When they went out, devilish Agop said, "You know, derder, what Manan Baji had in her hand was a 'fiver.'" Our derder goes into a fit. "Why, you little scamp, why didn't you give me the high sign. We lost a 'fiver.'"

x. Badveli Baghdasar of Marzevan was also responsive to money. He was very tall, and built large. When he was to go to Mezire he would rent a donkey. They say that he would mount the donkey right at its stall. "Badveli, why don't you lead the donkey out of the barn, and then mount it, so you won't bump your head as you come out the door," they would say to him.

"Brother, I've paid rent for it." This had become a derisive phrase in the village.

y. "Brother Kirkor, I have found a nice girl from Vartatil, for your son," says the Badveli to Parsegh Koko."

"Is there a farm [that goes with her]?" asks Brother Parsegh.

"No," the badveli answers.

"Then you can shove it!"

z. A few people were seated in front of Berber Avak's store debating to determine what the world's most unbearable trouble was. They con-



sidered poverty, hunger, sickness, nomadism, slavery, death. One of the men asks Berber Avak, "What do you think, Mr. Avak?"

"All those things you have mentioned are certainly heavy cares. But what wears a man down most is trying to get a stupid person to understand something," answers the wise barber.

aa. Who doesn't know Dzeronents uncle Mgrdich, the unique blind one of the village. His life was a string of dramatic events.

I can insert here a few of them worth remembering.

1. Uncle Mgrdich had taken out a 10 gold policy on his son Dzeron in America, through Kharpoutli oghli. Dzeron, tired of making frequent payments on the policy his father had taken out, did not make a payment. Kharpoutli oghli tries in vain to collect the 10 lir from uncle Mgrdich [premium], so he appeals to the village chief Effendonts Haji Hiusen Effendi. One day Haji Effendi calls uncle Mgrdich and says, "You know, Mgrdich, we have one foot in this life and one foot in the next. It's a shame to die in debt. So what do you say. Why don't you just pay your debt?"

"Oh, is that so? I didn't know," answers uncle Mgrdich. "If that's the way it is, then I don't have to pay here. You know, your father owes my father 15 lir. I can get it from him and pay Kharpoutli oghli, and there'll be 5 lir left over. What do you say to that?"

"Get out. Allah knows what your punishment will be," says Haji Effendi. What else could he say!

2. Uncle Mgrdich had not paid a tax all his life. One day while he was repairing the fence in front of the house, a policeman stepped through an opening and said, "Come on now, blind man, pay your tax."

Uncle Mgrdich says to him, "Dogs come through that opening; get the hell out," and goes at the policeman with an adze. The policeman beats a hasty retreat.

3. It was during the Russo-Turkish war. The police were picking up whatever animals they could confiscate. We were riding on my donkey with uncle Mgrdich on our way to Mezire. Outside of the village, near the cemetery, a policeman was following us to Mezire. The policeman seized our donkey and climbed on it. Uncle Mgrdich said nothing, but whispered to me, "Manoog, when we get to the cemetery take me to the policeman." We caught up with him there and uncle Mgrdich gave the policeman such a beating, and knocked him to the ground

senseless. He also broke his club and laid it beside him. We got on our donkey and continued on our way.

4. Delou Faro Osman had the habit of going to Topourmayents spring for his ablutions [before prayer], just at that time when the Armenian womenfolk would go to the spring for water. One day uncle Mgrdich's daughter tells her father about a very ugly action by Osman. Uncle Mgrdich goes to the spring tapping his staff along the way. He catches Osman and whacks him on the back and head and throws him, clothes and all, into the spring pool.

"If I catch you here again," he threatens, "I'll drown you." Osman never again dared to come to that spring.

5. Alishents Msto was the most bloodthirsty, mean rogue in the village, but he got along well with uncle Mgrdich. One day he goes to Topourma Jouvar's house to drink some wine, but gives Jouvar trouble at the time he was to pay for the wine. Uncle Mgrdich's house was just across from Jouvar's. Jouvar cries out to uncle Mgrdich. Uncle Mgrdich takes his staff and runs to Jouvar's help. He takes care of Msto, but he himself gets beat up quite a bit. Blind or not, it was quite something to get mixed up with Msto. He suffered for several months, but thanks to Berber Avak's herbs and cures, he got well.

6. They were at their ancestral home. It was Gaghand [New Year's] eve, and uncle Mgrdich was sent to bring some grapes. As he starts to go out he senses that someone is fiddling with the door lock. He slips quietly like a cat and reaches the door. Putting his hand through the latch opening he grabs the thief's hand, gripping it as in a vise. He then opens the door, now grabs the thief around the neck. The thief tries to escape, but uncle Mgrdich drags him out into the street. "You're Silo, I know, and I'm going to choke you here and now," and he starts to squeeze his neck.

Thief Silo, the king of thieves, his eyes already bulging, pleads, "Mgrdich, I swear on all my generations, that I will not look toward your house, nor will I step on your shadow. I swear on Allah's beard." Silo was barely able to whisper.

"All right, you can go," and Mgrdich let him go. Thief Silo kept his word thereafter.

7. There was still a switch in the school during the days when Khoulakeghtsi Mousekh was teacher. Manoog, this author, was one of the pupils. The teacher had picked up the switch to use on Manoog and some others. The lad ran off

and told uncle Mgrdich. Mgrdich amou comes with his cane and sends all of the children out of the school. He then threatens the teacher, saying, "If I hear once again that you are using the switch on the children, I'll throw you out of the village."

And the switch was immediately removed from the Protestant school.

8. One day while he was fighting with his cousin [father's brother's son] Depo Garo in the shop, a piece of metal hits him in the eye and pierces the eyeball. They call Dr. Aroutin from the City who gives him 50 pills, 3 to be taken each day. Mgrdich swallows 30. The pain and swelling doesn't stop, so he takes the remaining 20, all at once. In a short time he becomes unconscious. The doctor comes again and revives him with difficulty. "You crazy blind dog, those 20 pills would have killed a water buffalo. Are you built of iron?" But uncle Mgrdich lived, and the injury healed.

#### 19. Stories [Tales]: —

a. The Yenicharies [specially trained Ottoman troops developed from forcibly converted Christian boys] would come to the village to collect taxes. The village clerk would billet them and their horses with well-to-do farmers. They would demand double rations of sifted oats for their horses. And for themselves, roast lamb, wine, cream, and butter. And after eating they would exact a fee for having used their teeth — "tooth rent." "You want tooth rent?" was a saying in the village directed to those who were overdemanding.

b. Terzonts Mustafa was one of the rogues of the village. He would steal water from Garo Melkon's fields. One day Melkon goes to the field to shift the water during irrigation.

Msto grabs Melkon and lays him on the sluice with a knife at his throat threatening to kill him. Poor Melkon dies from fright. Being a Catholic, Melkon is carted to Mezire to the Monsignor.

Msto was jailed, but he avenged himself against the Armenians in 1895.

c. Gozlougli [bespectacled] Rashid Pasha had come to Kharpert to suppress the rebellious Kurds. He had camped at Khan-Aghpir. Torgants Mghd. Markar, Garoents Mghd. Beyros, and Kilarjonts Mghd. Vartan, leaders of the village, called on Rashid Pasha as representatives of the Armenian community. They were taken into his tent. They bowed to the ground in awe as they faced him. "Mghd. Vartan, what do you want?" the pasha asked in a

hoarse voice, his brows knitted.

Mghd. Vartan started in terror to say, "Pasha effendi, may God grant you long life. We, your humble servants, have come from Parchanj. We are not lawbreakers but true, faithful Armenian subjects of the Sultan. We work hard at cultivating our fields, along with our wives and children, 12 months of the year, to improve the lands of the king. And we pray for his long life. We have come here to plead with you to free us from the evil Kurds, and to protect us."

The Pasha told them to return to the village, assuring them that the "Armenians would be protected."

Rashid Pasha reads the riot act to a few notorious Kurdish rebels. And for a time the Armenians of the province breathe more easily.

d. One day thief Silo goes to the Holy Savior church in the dead of night to rob. After filling a sack with gold and silver objects he was about to tear off the gold and gems on the Gospel book placed on the altar when his hands and legs freeze, and he remains fixed in front of the altar, unable to stir. When in the morning the good priest of the village, Der Aristakes, arrives at dawn as was customary for him to pray, he finds thief Silo in that situation.

Silo spoke Armenian as well as any Armenian "Uncle Keshish [Turkish for clergyman], please, for goodness' sake, get me out of this condition. I swear on all my generations that I'll never again do wrong to the church."

The forgiving kahana kneels before the altar and prays to the crucifix. Silo was released from his bonds. From that time on, the church remained with its doors open and free of any pilferage until 1915. It is quite probable that that event did indeed occur. We heard this story direct from Der Aristakes, a very holy and credible priest. Also, thief Silo himself told this story to Dzeronents Boghos effendi, from whom this writer learned of the episode. When the order had come from central authority that the church was to be destroyed, the Turkish leaders began to gather the Turks who would do the job. In their fear they covered their faces, not having forgotten what had happened to Silo.

e. Aynali Shekh. It was before the Russo-Turkish War that Aynali Shekh visited Parchanj. He was a famous Arab high priest, traveling out of Mecca, displaying the green coat of the prophet Mohamed, to stir Moslems into a war hysteria and prepare them for battle. He was small, and thin, like a hunchback. His tiny eyes peered out from under his protruding

eyebrows. His bushy, yellowish grey beard reached down to the saddle. His head was wrapped in an enormous green turban. His own coat was green; his shoes were green. He was mounted on a high ornamented white mule, the saddle on which was also green, laced with gold.

He was holding a mirror in front of his face and was looking neither to the right nor left. Ahead of him was another white mule, even more highly ornamented; it carried the revered coat of the prophet. Two enormous, fabulous blacks were leading the donkeys. The Imams and other Moslem religious people of the City and of the village, wearing green and white turbans and robes, walked ceremoniously alongside in two columns, as an honor guard. They chanted religious melodies antiphonally. This grand procession moved along Haji Osman's street. The streets were crowded with male Moslems, all wearing white turbans. But the Turkish womenfolk and the Armenians were missing from the rooftops along the route. Their presence had been strictly forbidden (it having been previously heralded) by government edict.

The only Armenian to witness this was Dzeronents Manoog — the author of this book, then 8-9 years old. He was mixed in with neighboring Turkish children, and unnoticed by them. When they reached the door of the mosque the old shekh was assisted off the mule by the high imam of the City, and one of the black Arabs. The shekh, standing on a rug, took the Holy Coat off the other mule and ceremoniously entered the mosque. They said that the shekh in his stirring sermon had aroused the Moslems for their war against Russia by shouting, "Death to all cursed giavours." And the crowd of the faithful had echoed, "Yes. Yes!"

f. There were many of the old-time Armenians of the village who believed in "khortlakh" [ghosts of dead Turks taking on the appearance of dogs]. That was before the days of the educated generations.

(l) A donkey-keeper from the village — some say it was Yerevanents Ovan — was returning from the City one Friday night, after "Yasi" [an abstinence period for Moslems, Friday being a holy day for them. The devout are forbidden to do certain things]. He was passing the Turkish cemetery when he heard the wailing of a puppy. He took the puppy home. It was a delightful one. When the church bell sounded in the morning he arose to feed his donkey, he saw

the corpse of a Turkish woman lying there. In terror he wrapped the body and carried it off to the Turkish cemetery where he dumped it and returned. Let the blame fall on the teller of the story.

(2) Two dauntless nonbelievers of the village had been arguing on whether there were any khortlaks [see above] or not. So one bet one mejid that the other would not dare to go to the Turkish cemetery on a Friday night and sit on a new grave where he would fry an egg and eat it, and return home alive. They agreed to the bet. The one who offered the bet went to the cemetery early, to the new grave and hid in it [Moslem graves are above the ground, in mounds], leaving a little hole for his hand. A little while later the one who accepted the bet came and sat on the grave. He started cooking an egg. At that moment the other in the grave stuck out his hand and said in an out-of-this-world voice [in Turkish], "Friend, give me a little, too, won't you?"

The first took his knife and slashed at the hand saying, "Go to hell. We've hardly enough for the living! Do we have to feed the dead as well?" So saying, he ate the egg and went home.

The next morning the other brought the mejid and said, "Good for you, you so-and-so. You ate the egg, my finger, and the mejid along with them."

(3) A believer in khortlakh bets a nonbeliever friend that if he will go to a new grave in the Turkish cemetery on Friday night and drive a stake into the grave, he will win a mejid. The friend goes and hurriedly drives a stake into the grave. As he turns to go he feels something pulling back on his coat. The poor fellow dies from fright. In his haste he had caught the skirt of his coat in driving in the stake.

g. The Armenians and the Turks of the village feared swearing falsely. To lie was commonplace, but woe to him who swore falsely.

Khayvajonts Mustafa — a green-turbaned Moslem — takes Afandonts cotton to the City to sell. He puts aside two gold pieces from the sale for himself. Suspected, he is accused of stealing. He swears that he has not stolen and falls dead at his own door.

h. Two people from Parchanj go to Adana as migrant workers. After working for four or five years they return home together. One is old, and his waistband is full of gold money that he has saved. The other is young, but he has spent all he had earned, and was returning home with nothing. On the way they come to a small



stream. The old one bravely, and without hesitation, makes a big leap and gets across. The young one tries . . . and splash! He falls into the stream and is soaking wet. "My friend, you're old and I'm young! How come you could make the jump and I couldn't?"

The old one answers, "You see this gold I have in my belt? It gives me and my legs a lot of strength!" [Told in deep vernacular]

i. One night, about fifty years ago, the Derder of Garmri, a well-known hater of Protestants, sets fire to the meetinghouse, and escapes to Parchanj, to Mghd. Asourents' uncle Baghdig's house. The Protestants of Garmri, suspecting the Derder, bring him to court. Uncle Baghdig testifies falsely, swearing on the Bible, that the Derder was a guest at his house the day before the fire. The Derder is freed, as being innocent. But poor Baghdig . . . three days later he dies. May the Lord have mercy on his soul!

20. What Did the Armenians of Parchanj Sing? —

Love songs, Dance songs, Folk songs,  
Lyrical songs:

a. The people of Parchanj have always sung, in their grief and sorrow, and in their play and recreation. They sang . . . of their love . . . of their "yar" [sweetheart], of their wandering! It was a trait of the race.

It was with love and longing that I have gathered these lovely pieces, from those who used to sing them in the village, and who still remembered. Kilarji uncle Garo's wife Yeghso, and Gelen Arout's wife Varto were magnificent sources. Who were the minstrels who wrote and sang our melodies? No one knows. We had two who sang beautifully. They were deacons Minas and Zakar Misakian. Torgants Ovan and Haljonts Kako (Bedros) played the fife [or flute] very well. And it was Yavanenk for davul-zurna. We had no players of other instruments. Among the women of the village who sang lyrical songs beautifully were cobbler Manoents Asdour's wife, Mghd. Mlko's daughter-in-law Anno, Manasel Shay's wife, and Kilarjonts Khashkhatoun.

b. The young men of the village — products of its fertile soil and pure waters — would bring the oxen and water buffalo from the fields in the late afternoon to water and wash them in Topourmaents spring or in Khojgants Chatal spring. There they would meet their Yeghsas and Shoushans, lovely, tall girls carrying their

red jugs on their shoulders, to take water from the springs.

Girl, your name was Yeghsa  
I saw you at the spring  
Give me your embroidered washcloth  
So I can become your father's son-in-law

A tree had grown  
Slim and tall  
Tall, like my Yeghsa  
Was tall

Its height, its height  
My Yeghsa's height  
I fashioned a robe  
With the height of my Yeghsa  
I embroidered my fiance's  
Name on it

Girl, you have long hair  
And you have a mouth  
You pay no heed to me  
How can you hold off so long?

Girl, your name is Shushan [lily]  
Come, let's go to St. Nshan  
Give me a kiss there  
And I'll give you my ring as a sign  
[of engagement]

You're nice, what do you want with salt?  
You're nicely shaped, what do you want  
with a measure?  
Your loveliness  
Has captivated the stranger's son

My girl, what do I want with salt?  
And why do I need a measure?  
What would I do on the rooftop?  
I have no sweetheart there

What would I do on the rooftop?  
Dry rose petals there?  
What to do with rose petals?  
Make a brew for my sweetheart

c. Sweethearts would rendezvous in the walled vineyards, on the velvety lawns, in the cool shade of the mulberry trees.

Where did you come from, from the upper vineyards?

Pick a bunch of grapes  
Give me a kiss, for your father's sake

Where did you come from, from upper Van?

I have become crazy as a result of your cares

I'm crazy, you're crazy  
God will not clear the way for us

My mulberry tree is tall  
My dear one is sweet

What about a park? What about a garden?  
Girl, what is your wish?

There are apricots under the tree  
My sweetheart is a bird in the tall tree  
With her love and her heart  
She is sweeter than sugar

There are almonds under the tree  
How about a kiss?  
If you're going to give it, give it now  
If left to tomorrow, it will be too late

The mulberry tree is tall, like me  
I didn't eat any mulberries  
Forget about pride  
I didn't find a real sweetheart

If I stood under an apple tree  
And an apple fell, I'd catch it  
Too bad for this slave  
If I could only have the one I want

The wild cherries of the garden are ripe  
The grass is all green  
I loved you there secretly  
How did your father hear of it?

d. The plaint of the despondent Sweetheart

I was coming from above; you opened the door  
You placed your hand on your heart, and said "Alas" and cried  
I'll take you, you said, but you deceived me  
You turned your love into fire, and poured it on me  
You're nice, sweet girl, you sit and cry  
You bring bleakness and sadness to the world

The world is a spinning wheel, and you are its axis

Your arms are lined with bracelets, you bring ruin

You break the heart of the young who pass by

You are there standing in your doorway  
Adorned with gold and silver

You captivate passers-by

You're standing in your doorway  
Showing off your robes  
The lands of Harput, Tokhat, and Terjan  
Don't know your name; but I praise you, Merjan

e. The Tailor's Daughter:

The tailor's daughter is washing herself in the yard

She wets her black, black hair  
She lets her sweetheart know about it

I am beating my tambourine  
I am kneeling at the tailor's door  
I wanted the older daughter. I was refused  
I ran off with the younger daughter

Mother-in-law made excuses  
She is sitting in the manger  
The bride is better than the mother-in-law  
O bride, what a nice face  
O bride and mother-in-law, what a nice sister-in-law  
What gentle sobbings

f. The emigre from the village, in an inn in Adana, alone:

I'm an emigre here  
Water has gathered in low spots  
My heart has become a dove  
It doesn't want to remain here  
Alas, where shall I go, where shall I go  
I have no lantern to lead me home

I'm an emigre in this town  
A fire burns in my heart  
Alas, why couldn't it be  
That my grandmother were with me  
Alas, where shall I go, where shall I go  
I have no lantern to lead me home

g. The lovely girl bemoans the loss of her sweetheart:

It's springtime now  
And my heart is longing  
Wherever I turn  
I see mountains, valleys

The sun has risen  
It has melted my heart  
If an angel were to come down from heaven  
She couldn't take my sweetheart's place

The moon arcs through the sky  
I am crying for you  
Turn around and look in back of you  
For God's sake

The moon is hidden  
Behind a black cloud  
May the enemy go blind  
Who turned my love away

h. The new bride bewails the absence of her emigre husband:

There is a wind from the hills  
My thoughts are with him  
As long as my love is away  
My whole day is bleak

I don't feel like going up on the roof  
I don't want to look down  
What will I do with the stranger's boy  
I don't feel like bedding with him

The moon looked nice  
His hair was like silk  
When the rascal went by  
I thought he looked like a prince

The mulberry won't make bastegh  
The stranger's son won't be my sweetheart  
What about a foreigner  
One can't just keep on waiting

Take a look at my white stockings  
Turn around and look at my tie  
If you long for your homeland  
Just take a look at Parchanj mulberries

What would happen if I did go up on  
the roof  
The rose bush grows low  
Don't call my sweetheart a rose  
The life of a rose is brief

I had an apple — he bit it  
It was silver all around

My brother wanted it — I didn't give it  
My wandering sweetheart had sent it

i. The longing mother calls for her emigre son's return:

There is no cloud in the sky  
What is this downpour?  
There is no one dead at home  
What is the pastor doing here?  
Come home, your mother suffers so,  
come home  
I don't want gifts. Come home, handsome  
lad

j. The brides doing the bleaching at Balik Goli:

Sun, sun, come out  
Your sister, the moon  
Brought a bowl of raisins  
The cloud came and blocked out the sun  
The raisins disappeared from my eyes  
Aha — We fooled the sun  
And brought it out from behind the clouds  
And we sent the cloud to Baghdad

Moon, O your light  
I bow before you  
Your golden glow gilds the snow  
May your beard be your belt [?]

Rain, rain, come down  
Grow wheat and barley  
Wash away dust, clean the air  
Rain, rain, come down  
Your coming is good for us all

k. A village dance — the bride at the well sings:

This is a special day, dear one  
This is a special day, dear one  
It is a day for spinning yarn, dear one  
The spool is ready, dear one  
The staff and shuttle are ready, dear one  
It is the day I've waited for, dear one

l. A spring flight —

The longer days of spring have come, dear  
one  
I'll take my loved one to the hills  
And climb down from the rocks into the  
valley, dear one  
And leave the marshes for the green fields  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one



Give me your silk handkerchief, and I'll  
wash it in rose water, dear one  
And put it under my pillow, lie down and  
go to sleep  
Dear one, beautiful one

The longer days of spring have come, dear  
one  
I'll take a bundle of hay to feed the cows  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one

The caravan has taken off, its end is in  
Palou, dear one  
I'm waiting for my sweetheart to arrive  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one

Mariam has gone off to the green hills,  
dear one  
The oxen graze on one side, the sheep on  
the other, dear one  
Do not weep, Mariam, do not weep, it will  
hurt your eyes  
May the one be cursed who gave you away  
too young  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one

The garden across the way looked like ours,  
dear one  
The one moving about in it looked like my  
mother, dear one  
The one walking near my mother looked  
like my sweetheart  
The ring on my sweetheart's finger looked  
like an engagement ring, dear one  
With his fine waistband he looked like a  
pasha  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one

It is raining, dear one  
Tell my handsome man about it  
Let him bring the red rope  
And raise a tent over us  
Dear one, beautiful one

Spin, spin, what I've spun  
Go and find what I've sown  
My father has arranged a wedding  
I don't even know whom I'm engaged to  
Dear one, beautiful one, dear one

I planted sweet basil in the spring  
It hadn't sprouted by fall, dear one  
I worked for seven months  
The sweet basil I planted dried up,

dear one  
That's the way it goes,  
That's fate, dear one  
For fateful sweethearts  
Love and hope are like this, dear one

m. Topourma Tato's caravan arrives:

I hear a sound of jingle, jangle, dear one  
Uncle Tatiros is coming, dear one  
What has he loaded on the grey ass,  
dear one  
Wool and cotton and grains, dear one,  
dear one

n. The violet-gathering girls:

From the violet places  
Who of you will come with us?  
From you to us, from us to you

Note: Two rows of girls opposite one another  
dance and sing, and each side tries to capture a  
girl from the opposite side.

o. After the inroad of the Turk the Armenians  
were obliged to sing their songs about their  
mountains, their cares, their sweethearts, and  
their wandering emigres, in Turkish. And so  
sweetly and with such feeling did they sing their  
songs that even the Turks began to use them in  
their wedding festivities, singing and dancing to  
these tunes.

A bed of sweet basil  
Armenian mountains  
A swale in between  
Armenian mountains  
Black mountains  
My sweetheart weeps  
Alas, cry sweetly  
Alas, cry, dear mountains

May your journey be good  
Armenian mountains  
May your journey be on level plains  
Armenian mountains  
Black mountains  
My sweetheart weeps  
Alas, cry sweetly  
Alas, cry, dear mountains

p. Dance song:

I took a pound of millet to sow  
The sparrows gathered to eat it

The young men brought their guns to  
shoot them  
The young girls gathered to pluck their  
feathers  
They brought vessels and pots to cook them  
The priests made the sign of the cross to  
bless them  
The blind and lame gathered to eat them

q. Song of labor:

It is light, it is light  
The light is good  
The plants grow  
Laborer, arise  
Lazy ones sleep

r. Marriage song, for dancing:

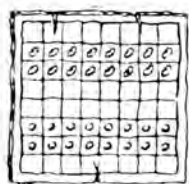
It's a joyous day for wedding guests,  
dear one  
It's the great day for the bride and groom,  
dear one.

2l. The Games of the Village: —

The Armenians of Parchanj had their games — for everyone — for the aged, for the youth and children, for girls, for winter, for summer, for outdoors, at the Stream, at the harvest, in the yards, on the rooftops. The villagers had learned how to extract fun and enjoyment out of their oppressed, rustic, and struggling existence — for feast days, and during the winter.

Indoor and Winter Games

a. Dama ["Queen," Near East style checkers]. It was a very ancient game, a pastime for the aged. It used a square board with 64



89. Dama

squares marked off, and two sets of 16 counters, each set distinguishable from the other, for example, 16 beans and 16 chickpeas, arranged as shown in the sketch [I know the game, but using 15 counters, with one rear end square left empty]. A moves counters toward B, and B moves counters toward A, either straight forward, or laterally to the right or left, one square at a time, if the square is empty. If A pushes his

counter next to B's counter, B is obliged to jump and take A's counter, if there is space just beyond. B can do the same with A. It is not possible to play without taking or losing counters, but each player should play in such a way that he minimizes his losses, and takes the maximum from his opponent. Keeping counters double protects them and blocks the opponent. The basic idea is for each player to advance one or more counters, without endangering his others, of course, and reach the farthest row opposite. On reaching the final row, the counter becomes a Dama. Such counters can now move forward or backward, right or left, skipping along rank or file as far as it likes so long as one of its own counters is not in the way, nor a pair of the opponent's counters adjacent to one another.

The Dama is powerful. The player who has one can sometimes give up a few counters to his opponent in such a way — sometimes — that he can take up all his opponents' counters. The opponent is to try to sacrifice counters in such a way as to capture and take the Dama. The one who has a Dama must always protect it. Before making a move, each player must think about the possible moves and consequences of his opponent's moves. It is a game requiring patience and thought. It is like American checkers, but much more complicated and difficult to master.

b. Hide-a-Ring. It was also called Finjan [demitasse cup]. Two groups play. There are 12 finjans on a tray, and a ring. The starting side is chosen by lot. They secretly place the ring under one of the cups and then present the tray to the other side without letting it be known where the ring was hidden. If the other side discovers the ring before lifting 11 cups [sic], it wins a point and wins the right to hide the ring. But if the ring appears under the last cup lifted, the point goes to the side that hid the ring, and the tray remains with it for another turn. Those trying to discover where the ring is hidden study the faces of those on the other side as they extend a hand about to raise this or that cup, to get a clue on whether the ring is there or not. It became very exciting when only 2 cups were left on the tray. The side making 10 or 20 points was the winner. The winner's prize would be determined in advance. It could be 3-4 baskets of grapes, or a half bushel of pears, or a tray of khadayif [string pastry] or paklava. Sometimes youthful players would make amusing gestures or indications on where the ring was hidden. Women played this game too.

c. Blind Man's Bluff. This was played by boys

and girls in a room in winter. The first to be blindfolded was determined by "hakoul houkoul" [equivalent to 'eenie, meenie, minee, moe']. One of the children would stand in the center and recite the rhyme "ha-koul, hou-koul, cha-re, cham-boul, mus-ge, am-bar, da-ze, khal-khan, khou-lanj, ban-dour, banj," pointing at one child for each syllable in turn. The one pointed out at the end was "it." The one who was "it" was blindfolded with a handkerchief and then released, to try to catch one of the others. As soon as one was caught, that child was "it," and the handkerchief was transferred. The blindfolded child would feel around, or listen sharply for breathing or stirring sounds. Sometimes, in making a quick leap to capture someone, he would hit his head against the wall. And sometimes, in the case where boys and girls were playing together, if a boy removed his blindfold and found he had caught a girl tightly imprisoned in his arms — ah! And often, the sweet girl might feign trying to escape, all the more to be pressed into the bosom of the young lad. Why not! Pleasant embarrassment! Exciting and innocent pastime . . . They're all gone now!

d. Hide-and-Seek, a group game for boys and girls. In the summer around the house; in winter, in the farmers' barns where there were many good places to hide — mangers, in back of the oxen and water buffalo, in the shadows of the olive oil press, under the hayloft, in back of the grain crusher, dark corners, . . . lots of them!

The first to cover his eyes, to be "it," was chosen by "hakoul houkoul." He would cover his eyes with his hands and put his head against a post, waiting until all had hidden. In a moment he would cry out, "All ready?" One of those hidden in a dark spot would call back, "Ready!" Then, opening his eyes, he started seeking. As soon as he saw one he would call out the name, run to the post, and spit on it. The one so caught would then be "it," and the game would repeat. But if one who was seen could reach the post first and spit on it, he would be freed, and the seeking continued. Those who were not so agile, usually girls, might remain "it" for several turns.

e. Jacks, a game for little girls, played with 5 small stones. With the five stones in her hand the player would throw them to the ground carefully, so that they would not scatter too far apart, nor be too closely crowded. Taking one of the stones — the Dada — she would throw it up, and while it was in the air she would pick up one

stone from the ground, using her two fingers, but without touching the other stones. Then she would turn her palm upward, with the picked-up stone in it, to catch the Dada. In this way she would clear all the stones from the ground, one by one. On the second round she must pick up 2 stones together. On the third round, 3 stones together, and then one. And on the fourth round, all 4 stones together at once.

Next, with her middle finger crossed over her index finger, and with the two of them arched to join the tip of her thumb, she carefully scattered the 5 stones with the right hand to the back side of her left hand. One stone she chooses as the Dada, which is thrown into the air. She must collect the 4 stones and put them alongside her left hand, but without letting them touch one another. On the second throw of the Dada she must place all 4 stones into the "cave" formed by the left hand, before catching the Dada. And the last task is to throw the Dada into the air and gather all 4 stones from the cave and then to catch the Dada. If she completes all the tasks without making an error, she makes a "khapoud" ["grand slam"], and wins a point. Then the game continues. But if she fails in any of these, she loses, and the turn passes on to another player.

#### Outside Games

f. Nest-Blowing [literal, not translatable], a game for small boys and girls, played by two. Two rows of 7 holes [nests] are dug in firm ground, about 3 inches in diameter. Two distinguishable sets of 21 stones each were used,



108. Nest-Blowing

placing 3 stones in each nest. The first player A takes the stones from the upper nest and distributes them one by one into the other nests. He takes the stones from the nest where the last stone had landed, and distributes those, continuing, down and up, into the nests until he reaches an empty nest into which he puts his last stone. He then takes the stones from his opponent's nest opposite that nest. The turn then goes to player B who follows the same pro-



cedure until a last stone comes to an empty nest, at which he takes A's stones that are in the nest opposite. They play in this way until all of the nests of one or the other have been emptied, in which case the game is lost and the other would start a new game. [This description is as written, but it is not understandable to me. Some detail of the rules must be missing, or the game seems not to require any arbitrary choice.]

g. Nest-Dropping, a game for small boys, played by two. The one to start is determined by lot. They dig a hole in the ground big enough for ten walnuts — about 6 inches in diameter. Walnuts were used, or knuckle bones, or stones. The player stands about 7 steps away and throw the 10 walnuts all at once. The opponent stands at the hole. They count the number falling into the hole. If the number is even, the thrower wins. If it is odd, the other wins, and the turn is changed.

h. "Zil," a game for children, two or more. Walnuts were used, with a "vek" [knuckle bone from a sheep. It has essentially six stable resting positions, but not equal likely. If when thrown it stood on its small end, it was "zil"; if it fell on a flat side, it was "tam." But the game has a rough likeness to marbles.] A line was drawn on the ground and a circle about 15 inches in diameter. Each player placed 2 walnuts in the circle, on the line, alongside one another. The veks were thrown simultaneously. If the vek stood zil, the owner of that vek won the walnuts on the line. If more than one vek stood zil, the one nearest the line won. If 2 or more were equidistant, the walnuts were divided evenly.

When a vek came "tam," the thrower of that had to add 2 walnuts on the line, and miss a turn. If no vek came zil, then the vek nearest the center started striking at the walnuts [I believe by snapping the vek with the finger as the vek lay on the ground, driving it toward the walnuts.]

In the case of equidistant positions of the vek they drew lots to see who would go first. The farthest away went last. The basic idea was to hit the walnuts with the vek and drive them out of the ring. Whatever was driven out belonged to the one who succeeded in doing it. The player continued play as long as he drove out a walnut, or his vek stood zil. Otherwise, the vek remained where it lay, and the turn passed on to the next player. They played in this manner until all the walnuts were won by one player.

i. "Hut." This game was played by children, 2 or more. On the hard ground they drew a circle about 50-60 inches in diameter, and lined

up 2 walnuts each in the ring. The players threw their veks from about 5-10 steps away. In this case the player did not win walnuts if his vek came zil. This only served to determine order of play. Also, the ring was much larger. Except for these differences the two games ["Zil" and "Hut"] were the same.

j. Tail-Holding, a game for small boys and girls in a group. They chose the "mother" and "baby" by lot. The "baby" squatted on the ground. The "mother" held on to the end of the baby's waistband, or the end of hsi shirt, and walked around the baby. The others standing around them tried to tap mother and baby, while the mother tried to touch the others with the foot, without letting go of the "Tail." One who was touched by the mother became the baby. The baby became the mother. Sometimes the mother let go of the tail, with the excuse of needing to blow her nose — and you should see the whacking the baby got.

k. Drop-the-Handkerchief was a game for small boys and girls, in a group. The first one to be "it" was chosen by lot. The players all squatted in a circle. The one who was "it" went around the ring with a handkerchief in hand and secretly dropped it in back or on the back of one of the players and went on quickly, hoping to catch the same one on the next time around before he had gotten up. If he succeeded, he could ride on the other's back once around the ring, back to the same space, and the other would be "it." But if the one where the handkerchief was dropped took it and chased the one who was "it" before returning to the starting point, he got to ride on the back, to the open space, where he could stay. Then the one who was "it" had to try again.

l. "Choul," a game for youths, in two equal teams, formed by choosing up sides. It was played on a rooftop with four walls, or in a level yard in a marked off square about 15-20 feet on a side. One corner was marked off as a "nest" [goal, or home]. The team entering the nest was chosen by lot. One team was positioned in the nest, the other outside, free to move around. One member of the team in the nest went out hopping on one leg, trying to touch one member of the other team, who would become "tus" on being touched, and out of play. If the one hopping should touch the other foot to the ground before returning to the nest, he would become tus, and out of the game. Only one could leave the nest at a time.

Those in the village who were expert in this hopping game were Gelen Arout, Mghd.

Asourents Manoug, Mghd. Kapoents Boghos, Chortoutents Bedros (now a minister), Kilarjonts Kirkor, Minasents Kirkor, and Dzeronents Manoog (the editor of this book).

m. Stack Jumping, a group game for youths. Two to sit were chosen by lot. The two sat on the ground facing each other, legs extended, with the soles of the feet touching one another. The other players in turn jumped over the feet, 3 times. Then in succession, after each round of jumping, those seated placed the heel of one foot on the toes of the other foot, and then until the 4 feet were stacked vertically. Then the hands, in full span, were similarly added to the stack gradually. All had to jump over the stack without touching. If any player touched the stack, that person would sit, and the one seated would become a jumper.

n. "Zarazumba," a game for a group of youths. A pole was driven into the ground and a rope about 10 feet long was attached to it. The zarazumba was chosen by "hakoul houkoul." The players made a hard knot on the end of their waistbands; it was called a "toulla." They would throw their toullas toward the pole. The zarazumba had to hold onto the rope, and circulate around the pole guarding the toullas. The other players tried to get one of the toullas with which to whack the zarazumba. But the zarazumba tried to prevent this by touching any player that came near with his feet. If he succeeded, the one touched became zarazumba. The players were allowed to strike the zarazumba with the knot on the oulla, only on his arms and legs. A skillful zarazumba could easily kick a player and be released. But woe to the inept one — he got a beating.

o. "Tomblakhorchig" was a group game for youths. Four were chosen by lot, two to be standees and two to be "pillows." The standees would stand back to back, each grasping firmly on the other's coattails. The pillows would bend over between the standees, at right and left, heads touching and holding on to one another's arms. The others in succession had to somersault over the pillow-pair, by rolling over their backs, but also to land erect. Whoever failed to make the complete somersault, or who fell on another, had to be one of the four.

p. "Wood-Pulling," a contest between two youths. The two sat on the ground, foot against foot. A strong wooden rod about 24-30 inches long and 2 inches in diameter, was grasped by both players with both hands. Each pulled to draw the rod away from the other. The one who succeeded in keeping the rod on his side was the

winner.

It was a pastime good for strengthening arms, legs, and back.

q. Stone-Throwing, a competitive group game for youths. It involved throwing a large stone with one or two hands. It was played in three ways. (1) The stone was held in two hands and thrown by jumping off a starting line. (2) The stone was held in one hand, raised to the height of the head, and thrown with one large step. (3) Thrown as above, but without stepping off the starting line. Herko Giragos, Blind Agop, Rev. Bedros, Gelen Arout, and Kilarjonts Khacho were experts in this game.

r. "Khalayva" [fortress], a running game for youths, in two teams. Two team captains chose up their teams, 5-10 each, but equal in number, from the fastest runners. The team to start choosing was determined by lot. Team members were chosen one by one, alternately. Two fortresses were marked off about 50-60 steps apart, occupied by the opposing teams, facing one another. A line was drawn in front of each fortress about 10-15 feet in front, as stations for the enemy's scout. One team, selected by lot, sent a scout to occupy the enemy's line; he was usually the fastest runner. The enemy team then sent out one or more to attack [tag or tackle] the scout. These attackers could attack only the scout, but they were subject to be struck by all the members of the scout's team. The scout's team would surge out to strike the attackers and protect their scout. The air was filled with their shouts.

The aim of a clever and experienced scout was to lead the attackers on toward his fortress, to enable his defenders to surround and isolate the attackers, and prevent them from returning to their own fortress, thereby "annihilating" them. While the aim of the attackers was to cut off the scout and attack him without being attacked by the defenders.

The play battle continued until the scout was either captured or returned safely to his fortress, or the attackers that remained returned to their fortress. If the scout was caught, his team had to send out another scout. If the scout returned "alive" then the opposite team had to send out a scout. The game continued until one or the other of the fortresses was emptied of players. It has happened that a fast runner as scout, and his one defender, have won the game.

s. "Khabakh," also called Fortress Game. It was very similar to the Khalayva game, and played with two opposing teams. In this game there was only one fortress; it was marked with a

flat stone. One team defended the fortress, while the other attacked it. The aims of the defenders were to strike the attackers and make them "tus" [out], and also to defend the fortress by being alert and never leaving it unprotected, thereby preventing an attacker from reaching the fortress and touching the stone before being struck. The attackers could not strike the defenders to make them tus. Their aim was to make the defenders "jur" [neutral, perhaps], and capture the fortress. Attackers would fall upon the fortress in pairs, from all sides. A swift attacker could approach the fortress and entice the defenders to come out after him and draw them away from the fortress. Then his companion, on finding an opportunity, would slip into the fortress and free "tus" captives. An experienced team captain could arrange multi-pronged attacks and divert the attention of the defenders while another member of his team would take advantage of the opportunity and reach the fortress stone with lightning speed, but always aware that he might be trampled by defenders. If he succeeded without being struck, he shouted "khabakh."

He had captured the fortress, had he not! The defenders then had to remain in the fortress again and defend. If the attackers were caught then the defenders won, and left the fortress. The attackers then became the defenders. In this game, too, the advantage was with the swift.

The usual sites for the Khalayva and Fortress games were along the Stream near the thorn road, as well as the threshing area of Hodoents fields.

The best players in this game were the same as the ones previously mentioned.

t. Cracking Eggs, done during the three days of Easter. Old and young, boy and girl, all cracked colored eggs.

u. Watermelon Gambling. When watermelons had ripened, striped dark green and white, they were stacked at Perishanents corner to be sold. That's where the youths with the gambling spirit gathered to match bets. Two persons would each pick a watermelon. "Is the seed red or black?" "How many seeds in this segment?" (they would mark the area). "How much does this one weigh?" Etc., etc. They placed bets on such things — they were watermelon experts! The watermelon was cut open with a knife, and it was shaken gently to drop a few seeds. The one who guessed the color right would win. The marked segment was cut off and the seeds counted; the one with the closest guess on the number of seeds was the

winner. Also, the melon was weighed, and the closest guesser of weight was the winner. Sometimes as many as 5 to 10 bets were made on the same melon, and one person might win all. The loser paid the gardener.

v. Battling Water Buffaloes. It was a popular sport, for Paregentan and Eastertide. It was the biggest pastime for the villagers. It was held at the Stream, or at Hodoents threshing area. The big farmers kept water buffalo that were large and powerful. They were named according to their special characteristics, as Arab, giant, husky, lion, etc. These water buffaloes were the object of special care and concern for all the members of the family, from the rayis to the children and the laborers. These beasts were fattened on choice feeds. They were watered and washed daily with the clear waters of the spring. They were fresh and clean, and the embodiment of strength.

Two such carefully groomed beasts, tied with heavy ropes, were brought to the Stream, but by different routes. Here they were untied, and the beasts were free to attack one another. Oh, the excitement of those battles! All came, beg, agha, rayis, laborer, old and young, brides, girls. The densely packed crowd was divided into two sides. These beasts, domesticated, under yoke, obedient as a draft animal under the whip of even a little boy, now reverted to their ancestral traits — awesome behemoths. With thunderous snorting and pawing at the ground with their hooves, now enraged, heads bowed, eyes blood-shot, they lunged at each other, clashing head to head. Whack! Pow! The ground shuddered. And as for the villagers — they were just as much aroused! Come on, Arab! Go to it, Giant! They encouraged their favorite, promising more feed and attention. They placed bets. "Hey, Toro, I'll bet you a bob of meal that Arab wins!" "Two bushels of wheat on Giant." And our two behemoths are now on their knees, with horns locked, still snorting. So the battle would continue until one would collapse and fall, or run away. But the defeated one did not get off that easily. The victor would chase the vanquished all the way to the barn door. There the owners would catch the victor and tie him with rope, and ceremoniously — in a manner appropriate for bulls — lead him to his barn.

What glory for the victor's owner, and for the owner's agha . . . for a whole year!

Great Torgank, Hodoenk, Mghd. Arevigenk, and Khojig Mghd. Marsoubenk had enormous fighting water buffaloes. Mghd. Arevigents water buffalo was the most fearsome



in the village. Eventually, it was defeated by Hodo Krikorents water buffalo, chasing the other all the way to Arevigents barn.

w. Wrestling. This sport was as popular as fighting water buffaloes. It usually took place on feast days, at the Stream, or at a threshing area. The village Armenians would gather there — men, women, and especially young women, to watch their “heroes” — handsome and husky titans squaring off to wrestle one another, with bared hairy chests, brawny arms, and stout legs. The victors would become adored heroes in the eyes of the boys, and the girls. Those among the old-timers who had become legendary champions were Misakents Donabed, Khojig Mghd. Marsoub, Misakents Bedo (Herko Baji’s husband), and Hodo Mghd. Khacho. Among the later champions were Herko Giragos (Bedo’s son), cobbler Misakents Khacho, Khojig Kirkor’s son Mardiros, and Gelenents Arout.

x. Dance. New brides, engaged and marriageable girls, as well as some older women, would climb to their rooftops during the feasts of Paregentan and Easter to dance for their own enjoyment and for the enjoyment of their sweethearts and the Don Juans of the village. The weather was at its best, clear skies, warm air, dry rooftops. All nature seemed to dance too. Dressed in their colorful, festive garments and wearing handsome decorative jewelry, the young women danced, and it was a beautiful sight to behold. Lovely Armenian girls, with raven hair, and dark eyes framed with jet black brows — heavenly! And how gracefully they danced. Such harmony in their movements! They sang with lovely voices, sometimes joyous, sometimes sad, accompanied by the jingling sound of their adornments as they danced.

It is the day for my substitute, my rose,  
my young sweetheart

y. Camel Fun, a humorous game for Paregentan days. Two large, strong men carried two stout poles on their shoulders. The poles were covered over with rags. A camel head was fashioned with cloth and mounted on a stick in such a way that the front man could control it. Riding on top was the “camel driver,” with painted face, dressed in rags and a tattered turban. he carried a thin stick with a muddy rag wrapped around the end. A young lad led the “camel” with a rein, himself also painted and dressed in rags. And in front of this went the davul-zurna. It was the native village circus. As the procession moved through the village streets, with a crowd following, they would stop at a butcher’s or a grocer’s. The camel driver would extend his stick and muddy rag toward the storekeeper’s wares. “Three pounds of khabourgha [braised lamb], with the tail; a pound of red raisins, or else I’ll rub this mud on your wares,” he would shout. And he got what he wanted. Along the way people offered wine to the “camel driver” and the “camel.” You should see the camel dance and kick. It was a great show for children — and for grown-ups!

z. Wire-Walker — Pehlivan. The big traveling circus came from Moush after the harvest. These touring Pehlivans, about 4 or 5, were tightrope walkers. They came with their equipment and little drums loaded on donkeys, and with their kemanchas hanging from their necks. They would set up their wire at the stream, at the threshing area, or on Begents street. They first paraded through the village with davul and kemancha. Then the show began. All the village



101. A Pehlivan performing

Happily have the long days of spring  
arrived, my rose, my love  
I'd take my sweetheart and go to the  
mountains, my rose, my love  
This is a special day, my rose, my love  
It is my day of [?], my rose, my  
sweetheart [thoughts not clear]

came to see the tricks and antics of these performers. The Pehlivan would run back and forth on the wire, barefoot, and carrying a long pole. He would hop along the wire, or would slide along with pans tied to his feet. Or seated in a tub he would skid along the wire. He would hop on one foot, jump, run, always carrying the

balance pole. His companions all the while supplied davul and kemancha from below. There was no admission charge. After the performance the Pehlivan and his davul player went around with their colorful caps in hand, to collect what they could. "May God bless you." The villager, not really wanting, gave generously — fresh bread, barley for the donkeys, wheat, bulgur, etc. Loaded, the group would leave the village. Once, when the wire was erected on Begents street in front of Abounaents door, a Turk cut the wire while the Pehlivan was on it; he fell and broke his leg. He remained the whole winter in Great Torgants barn loft until bonesetter Isayil fixed it, and he was sent back to Marash.

aa. Hunting was a major pastime for the Turks in the village, summer and winter, especially for the begs and aghas. Very few Armenians were interested in hunting. How could they be when farmer, artisan, and laborer rarely enjoyed respite from their work. And especially, when having any kind of weapon could create serious civil difficulties. Besides, weapons were forbidden. The most noteworthy hunter among Armenians was Topourmaents Garmir Mardo, and next to him came his brother Khatrji Tato.

## 22. The Strong Ones of the Village: (Tales)

a. Khojig Mghd. Marsoub was the strongest man in the village during his days. The spades he used for watering had long handles and large scoops. The load he lifted with this spade weighed about 30 pounds. To test the strength of the arm and back they would hold the spade handle at its very end and lift it empty as high as the head. If one could, he was considered strong. Mghd. Marsoub could lift it full, and throw the load over his head without apparent effort.

(1) One day, a Turk having heard of Marsoub's strength came to the village to wrestle him. It was harvest time and uncle Marsoub was in the wheat field. "The wheat hasn't fully ripened yet," the Turk started off. Marsoub took a few grains of wheat in his hand and crushed them, making flour. "You see," Marsoub said, "I've made flour of it." The Turk, having got a measure of Marsoub's strength, took off.

(2) Hodents Mghd. Khacho was about like Mghd. Marsoub, and considered to be about as strong. But who was really strongest wasn't clear. The aghas invited the two of them to a

wrestling match. Before starting the match Marsoub whispered in Khachos' ear, "Why don't you call it off? It'll be bad for you!" But Khacho was not one to give up easily. They started to grapple. Marsoub grabbed Khacho's head in his hands and threw him over his head. Poor Khacho, his head hit the ground so hard that he became blind.

(3) The stone of the grain crusher was much thicker and heavier than a mill stone. When he was putting together his crusher, Mghd. Marsoub had installed the stone by himself. Also, he used to lift heavy beams onto a cart all alone.

(4) A Turk wrestler had come to Kharpert from Istanbul. This man had a herald announce in the square that he would take on all comers from the City or all over the Ova. But who was there who would match his strength with a master wrestler from Istanbul! A young member of Khojgants, living in the City, heard the announcement and sent someone to Parchanj to get Mghd. Marsoub.

Mghd. Marsoub was irrigating. Barefooted, sleeves rolled, with his muddy spade on his shoulder, he went directly to the City to the square where a large crowd of Armenians and Turks had gathered. There were begs and aghas in the square, as well as the wrestler, an awesome giant. Mghd. Marsoub went to his agha and called out a challenge. He took the spade from his shoulder and drove it into the ground with such force that the blade buried itself into a rock. "Agha, tell this wrestler first to pull this spade out of the rock, and then I'll wrestle him," our man said. The Turk behemoth took a look at the spade in the rock and then looked Marsoub over head to foot and said, "I can't make out with this villager," and withdrew shamefacedly. The Turkish crowd threatened to kill Marsoub, but the agha kissed Marsoub on the forehead and draped his cape over him. He also gave Marsoub 500 kurus and sent him back to the village under the protection of his servant.

(5) Some of the villagers feel that it was Misakents Bedo who was the hero of this episode. But after careful inquiry and verification I have confirmed that Marsoub was the one.

b. Misakents Dono. He lived before Mghd. Marsoub. His fame had reached beyond the village and the Ova — to the king, Herko Baji would say. He used to grapple with wrestlers from Istanbul, Baghdad, and Basra, and throw them at once.

c. Herko Giragos. He inherited the strength of his clan. They say he was the last of the wrestlers of the village who had never been downed. A witness relates that once when this Hercules was in the village, on the bet of a pack of cigarettes, he carried a large bag of sand in his teeth from the ground floor of Boyajonts house all the way to the roof.

Years ago Giragos came to America, and became a wire drawer at the wire mill in Waukegan, Illinois. He had a very coarse speech, and his whole manner was rough, like the rocks removed from the Saryaghoub quarries.

(1) One day the hot running wire wrapped around Giragos' leg and began to draw him toward the rollers. Before they could stop the machines Giragos broke out with a curse, "Damn this leg if it doesn't break the wire." He held firmly to the floor with all his strength despite the excruciating pain. The hot wire cut right through his leg, bone and all, but Giragos didn't stir. He lost his foot, but saved his life.

(2) I have with my own eyes seen Giragos pull a 1/8-inch cold steel wire wrapped around his hands, and break it.

Giragos received a substantial sum of money for this accident. It left him pretty well off. But his marriage to an impossible Irish woman made his life miserable. He left no children.

### 23. The Fools of the Village, and the Deranged:

a. Sisi Nono, Khojig Mardig's mother-in-law. She was Sari Arout's mother's mother, and lived with them. She was a grandmother who had lost her reason. She was thin, and small, and altogether harmless. Her sense of reason had left her when she lost her only son, Hagop. She had gone about shredding her clothes, barefoot, hatless, tearing at her hair. She had wandered about in the vineyards and fields, weeping and wailing for Hagop. During our days she continually wandered about the streets, without speaking a word, in deep melancholy, like one in a vain search. One day when I was taking some flour to Boghos Effendonts I bumped into her at the meetinghouse corner. "Manoog, my darling, give me a bunch of grapes, won't you?" "But auntie Nonig, it's flour." "My boy, I know it's flour, but give me a bunch of grapes anyway." I opened up my sack and showed her the flour before she gave up. No one knew her age. They said she was 100.

b. Bilbil Sako. He was short, bent over, and nervous, but harmless. This old man couldn't

control his bladder. Day and night he carried a bag under his garments to hold his urine. The poor old man — how he suffered at the hands of the merciless ones of the village. Their refrain of "pissing cow, get into the trunk, strike the drum" [literal, but rhyming] drove the poor fellow into a frenzy.

"You bastards" [more literally, you "dog pups," a common epithet], he would cry, and chase them off, pelting them with stones. No one knew what drove him to this condition, nor how old he was.

c. Moso (Movses). He was Upper Tatoents Mghd. Khazar's stepson. He had been lunatic from infancy, and he would still have convulsions.

He was tall and biggish, but lame. His heavy, hanging lips were always parted. He displayed a sad smile, and his big eyes always had glistening tears. He was still young, something of an imbecile, strong, but harmless. He stuttered and stammered, and spoke sparingly, barely comprehensible. Moso and their water buffalo were inseparable companions. They understood one another. As soon as it was spring, Moso, barefoot and hatless, would ride the water buffalo every day and take it grazing. As he rode through the village streets he would sing out his eternal refrain, "Hai, la, la, lo, ho-o." One day, during a heavy downpour, he took the water buffalo under a mulberry tree for protection. A bolt of lightning transformed the tree, Moso, and the water buffalo into a burnt crisp.

They carted the charred corpses of Moso and the water buffalo back to the village.

This punishment of an innocent imbecile and a dumb beast was looked upon by the villagers as a warning of God's wrath. "It's for our sins," they said, both Armenians and Turks, with awe and fright as they thought about their wicked deeds, for many days — and they mourned Moso.

d. Dishler [toothy] Mamo, an aged Turk, father of Odabashenk. His father had been a yenicheri [crack Ottoman troops]. It seems that an unseen hand had smitten this old Turk in revenge. His teeth, only a few uppers and lowers, protruded nearly an inch, at different angles. For this reason he was given the unkind cognomen of "toothy." Foot, hand, eyes, nose, mouth — all members of his body — were distorted, misshapen, presenting an extraordinary appearance. A bent and lame skeleton, he sort of slithered along — he didn't walk! Children ran away from him in fright. Adults



avoided him. "He's become a witch," my grandmother used to say, and tell this story. "The Chatal spring below Lower Khojgants house is where the 'better-than-the likes-of-us' lived. Toothy Mamo's father was quite a Turk. One day this man returns to Chatal spring for his ablutions, toward evening. There he washes above [or before?] our young brides who had gone to fetch water. The 'better-than-the-likes-of-us' in the spring became angry at what this beast had done. When toothy Mamo was born he appeared to be normal, but he grew and grew more crooked, and also lost his reason." I don't know how true my grandmother's story was about witches, although all the village believed the same. But this I know, that thereafter, no Turk ever went to that spring for his ablutions.

e. Eshkhul Oghlants Ibosh — Khuz [woman] Ibosh: She was an attractive Turk, with the appearance of an easy-going life. She had curly hair, cut short like Turkish women. Her eyelashes were mascaraed. Her brows were plucked thin. Her fingers were hennaed, and stacked with rings. She wore bracelets on her arms, and necklaces. In a word, with her clothing, her manners, and her speech, she was a show-off Turkish woman. But below the waist, legs and feet, she was an invalid. She was always seated, and moved about by scuffing along with her hands. Khuz Ibosh, however, was a famous daf [tambourine] player, and could vocalize sharkis [Turkish dance songs] with a beautiful voice.

She plied her art always dressed as a woman. She moved about in the streets also dressed in very feminine style. She was always sought after at parties given by begs and aghas.

Hoping to find a cure she went to Istanbul. While there she worked her way into the harems of high-ranking Turks as a female daf player and singer. She gained great fame and earned much money. One day, in the harem of a pasha, she eyed a beautiful woman and fell under suspicion, and barely escaped and returned to the village. There, they say, thanks to the money earned in Bolis, Khuz Ibosh became Ibosh Agha [a man]. [Note: Armenian personal pronouns do not have gender, and this story is told without disclosing whether the person was man or woman. I have had to use the term "she."]

f. Lower Khojgants "Prod" Khacho became a notorious person in the village. Son of a devout Lousavorchagan family and having an education only enough to read and write, he became dedicated like a first-century faithful renouncing all worldly things. He went about

constantly with the Bible under his arm reading, praying, and singing. At night, and sometimes even leaving his work in the fields, he went around preaching.

"Prod" Khacho lived as a sincere religious fanatic. If one were to slap his cheek he turned the other. Or if one wanted his shirt, he gave his cloak as well. He preached what he practiced.

We are obliged to report here that the preachings of this devout and sincere "Prod" gave rise in the village to an attitude of rejecting wrong-doing and fighting, behaviors that unfortunately and inappropriately were part of Armenian reality.

He was one of the carters who was killed on the road to Garin.

#### g. The Centenarians of the Village:

##### A. Armenians

	Age
Misakents Mghd. Srab	125
Miloents Mghd. Arzoun	120
Khobjig Boghos Dada	110
Garoents Goshgar	
Mghd. Garo	110
Bedoents Mghd. Marsoub	105
Misakents Khougas Dada	100
Dodo Mghd. Ounan varbed	100
Garoents Mghd. Nigo	100
Sisi Nono	100
Hoppala Dono	100
Der Manel's mother	100

##### B. Turks

	Age
Haytayents Moulla —	
high imam	120
Chotali Zada Haji	
Khanum	110
Effendonts Haji Hafiz	
Effendi	100

#### 24. What the Armenians of the Village Wore: Three Stages of Dress

The dress of the people of our village passed through three stages.

[Note: This section on dress contains many, many terms referring to specific garments with their own distinct characteristics. However, there are no suitable terms in English to distinguish between the many variants of coats, vests, pants, hats, shoes, waistbands, etc. The terms I have used fail to provide adequate distinction.]

a. Native Dress: Before the influx of the Turks our garments were virtually all made of cotton and linen cloths woven in the village and dyed red or blue by the dyers of the village, and also of heavy cloths woven in the City by Armenians and Assyrians. Garments for Sundays and feast days, and also for weddings, of striped cotton, and veils and coatings were obtained from looms of Armenians of Dikranagerd, Arapkir, and Aleppo. Woolens were from the backs of our own village sheep, and spun, dyed, and woven by our grandmothers.

(1) Men, old and young, wore a tunic of blue cloth (on ordinary days), or of striped cotton (on Sundays and festive days). The tunics reached the knees, with long sleeves extending to the thighs. It was open in front and slit on the sides. Over this they wore a vest, of the same material; it was short, reaching just above the waist. Both garments were blue, edged in cord binding. The shirt and drawers were of bleached homespun cloth. The shirt sleeves were worked with red stitching, and had long, slender strips used for tying the sleeve when it had been rolled up. Also, the ends of the drawer ties were decoratively stitched. They wore "charoukh" [moccasins] for work, without stockings in summer, but with heavy, colorful, hand-woven stockings in winter. As head covering they wore an embroidered cloth cap, or in the case of older people, a felt hat. They also wore turbans, and a wide waistband, or sometimes a woven belt.

(2) In winter they (the youth) wore a heavy short coat reaching the thighs, instead of a vest. It was open in front and had short sleeves. Or they wore an "aba," a loose coat, also open in front and with side slits instead of sleeves; they were shapeless, and like a tent. They were made of finest native wool woven about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick. The older people wore the aba in winter and during rainy weather; it served as good protection against the cold and rain. They were made in the village of Khouylou, of yarn from our village.

(3) The festive dress of the influential and the rays of the village was the cotton or silk tunic [or redingote]. They wore a waistband, and a felt hat with a silk band. Their wool stockings were finer, and their red boots were sewn in the City. Their coat was black or blue. But the most distinguishing feature of their dress was the large watch tucked in their wide waistband; it was bought from traveling merchants. It rang the hours, halves, and quarters, and was wound weekly.

(4) On work days carpenters wore blue, homespun shalvars [baggy pants] which reached from the thighs to the waist where they were tied with a belt. Over that they wore a blue waistband. The back of the shalvar was full, like a sheep's tail, but it did not drag on the ground.

On Sundays and feast days they wore a finer waistband (imported from Bolis).

The migrant artisans had brought redingotes with them from Bolis and Adana. They were worked with gold thread as were the vests and overcoats. Masons wore a bleached homespun "dizlig," shorter and tighter than the shalvar. It was worn with a belt and a white waistband. The shalvars of cobblers and wage-earners were laced with cords of hair.

(5) Women's Dress: All married women, summer and winter, wore colorful caps covered with a veil. Only their eyes, brows, noses, and their long hair braids in back were exposed.

Housewives and working women used a heavy blue or black material from Arapkir as a veil, more as a turban. They wore a blue tunic reaching to their thighs, and a vest, both of them red and edged with cording. The blouse was white with red embroidery. The striped, colored pantaloons covered their legs closely. In winter they wore an apron in the house, and a quilted coat outside. They always wore shoes, with bare legs in summer, but with stockings in winter.

They wore a bibbed apron, with sleeves, colorfully embroidered. On festive occasions their veil and coat were of finer material, and the apron was of cotton print.

(6) The girls did not cover their faces with veils. On their heads they wore a little cap, with a silk veil decorated with gold or silver coins, or it was a crown, or a colorful headband tied under the chin. They wore decorative necklaces of silver and gold, rings, and gold, silver, or bead bracelets. They also wore the waistband and the perennial apron, usually embroidered by themselves. This native dress was pleasing to the eye.

(7) New brides continued for a year to dress as these girls, except that they wore veils that covered their whole faces. While working in the fields and around the house, the women wore a close-fitting shalvar over their garments. Garments for the children, boys and girls, were miniature copies of their parents' garments. In summer the children went about without pantaloons, barefoot, with uncovered heads, and without a vest. But on Sundays and feast days the dress was more according to form.

b. The Turkish Period:

(1) The dress of the Armenians underwent distinct changes after the coming of the Turks, especially after the second influx. In place of the caps came the red fez with its tassel, worn especially by the youth. The coat gradually became the common standard. Only the old-timers hung on to the "aba" [short coat]. Young women and girls gave up the quilted coat in favor of the "milton" [?], leaving the quilted coat to the old women.

(2) The inept Turk did not know how to style, cut, or produce garments. As a result along came tailors, and later Armenian traveling peddlers with their wares consisting of fine imported goods. Armenian women also began to buy from these peddlers. They began to make their coats and jackets and aprons from these fine cloths instead of homespun and the Assyrian cotton prints. Young women and girls approved of the fine veils the Turkish women wore loosely over their heads, and they copied them. But they buttoned the front and the side slits of their jackets. Now, it was important to look sedate and at the same time appealing, was it not? They kept the apron only for work.

c. The Missionary Period, 1850-1909: When the Protestantism entered the village through the American missionaries, and the village had contact with the missionaries, regular schools were opened. Also, young men began to emigrate to America, and the village began to be flooded with American dollars. It was during this later period that a distinct revolution took place in the native dress — revolution? you might say estrangement! The vanguard of the change was the village Protestant. With few exceptions the Protestant women put aside the veil — there was no more covering of the neck, the mouth! They simply put a very fine veil over their heads, loosely. The apron was to be worn only in the house. The blue tunic, the striped cotton vest, the shalvar, and the village footwear gave way to the "alafranga" ["in the French manner"] "fistan" [dress], the doublet, colorful silks with golden threads, and city shoes. The men put aside their felt caps, turbans, blue vests, and coats, and wore the fez, suits, and city shoes. And finally came European dress for men and women. Instead of rough woven materials — fine silks, expensive brocades. They wore coral, pearl, and gold earrings and fine gold necklaces. After 1895, during the time of the Constitution, until the Adana massacre, this hollow ostentation was the rule in the village.

25. What the Village Armenian Ate:

a. Foods: Morning breakfast at sun-up was a hearty meal — usually always the same. It consisted of lentil soup and a potage of egg on braised meat with onions and parsley. At midday, a light meal consisting usually of "tanabour" [barley or other grain in buttermilk — "tan"] or "gatnabour" [rice cooked in milk], bread and cheese, bread and pickled peppers, boiled egg, bread and grapes. For wage-earners, sometimes only bread. In the evening they had a big supper when everyone returned from their day's toil hungry.

Raki and wine for the older folks. Braised meat with bulgur pilav, "tan," and madzoun [cultured milk], beet or cabbage soup, "keshkeg" [hariseh — meat and grain beat together], watercress stew with onions. On Sunday mornings, after getting out of church or meetinghouse, they had "khabourgha" [lamb breast stuffed with bulgur pilav], squash dolma with green grape juice or sumac [sour] dripped on it, "khash" (broth made from sheep legs and skulls), sheep dolma (using the fatty part of the intestines) filled with bulgur, onion, parsley, and herbs, and always a variety of dairy products. There was also tonir-cooked lamb, shish kebab, roasts, eggplant stew with onions, tomato, and braised meat. And what about braised meat of cattle, roasted in the tonir — in winter! Also, Lenten balls [keuftah] of bulgur and chickpeas filled with onion and sesame, broad-beans, squash dolma with vegetable filling, dried apricot compote, tanabour [buttermilk and grain]. Add to these — fresh tonir bread, thin and crisp, covered with poppy seeds, sesame, and egg-glazed — golden, like the tanned cheeks of the baker.

The taste still remains in my mouth, of these tasty meals our mothers prepared — nourishing and balanced. And the smell of the bread . . .! During mulberry season, sweet, seedless mulberries, both white and mauve, newly shaken from trees — what after-dinner treats! Or, picking a fully ripened watermelon in the garden and eating its honey-sweet inner red heart. And the grapes, of various kinds, ripened in Armenia's sun.

These were all the products of the harvest toil of the farmers and their oxen.

b. The Annual Harvest Store: Both farmers and artisans prepared their whole year's food supply during the autumn season. The principal elements of their store were wheat (for grinding into flour), bulgur, lentil, other grains, and beans. These were stored in clay crocks or wooden bins in the storeroom. Braised meats,



fats, sesame oil, salted cheese, syrups, all were kept in glazed crocks. Pickled parsley, peppers, eggplant, cabbage, and squash were kept in tar-lined crocks. Sun-dried vegetables were kept in bags; and others such as okra, eggplant, and squash were strung together and hung on walls. Bastegh, rojig, dried seedless mulberry were kept in glazed crocks with tightly sealed covers. And wines!

Dairy products — madzoun, buttermilk, butter — were plentiful in farmers' homes. Most of the artisans kept a cow or a goat. No one suffered from the lack of buttermilk. All kept chickens.

Besides the stored provision, the villagers in summer bought fresh meats for preparing their various foods as dolma, and roasts, in winter, cattle, and fish.

Every family that was not in poverty and had a roof over their heads put away their provisions for the year, much or little, depending on their circumstances. Parchanj had no beggars. We recall no family that went hungry.

c. Flour Wheat: All families put aside the necessary supply of wheat to be ground into flour, according to their needs. They sifted the wheat, picked out tiny stones and blackened grains and other foreign objects, and stored the wheat in wooden bins or crocks. They ground wheat every month or two and kept the flour in crocks. For bread they sifted the flour in the finest sieves. Remaining bits and chaff were fed to the milking cows.

d. Bread: Every family baked bread in its own tonir. Big farmers did so nearly every day, others only weekly, or monthly. The baked bread was hung from the ceiling in cloth bags.

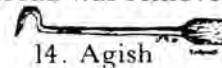
However, in 1870, Dzeronents Boghos effendi built a bread oven where artisan families began to buy their bread daily.

You must believe that baking bread is an art. Every housewife was not necessarily good at baking bread. It turned out that we had some women who became professional bakers.

(1) Tonir Bread: On the evening before baking, the sifted flour, tepid water, and the yeast dissolved in warm water were thoroughly mixed in a large tub to the desired consistency. Then, one or two young women mixed the dough very thoroughly with two hands, or sometimes with two feet (well washed) until the dough was right. After the dough was marked with the sign of a cross, the tub was completely wrapped in cloths and put in a warm place so the dough would rise. In the morning early the ready dough was separated into lumps of desired

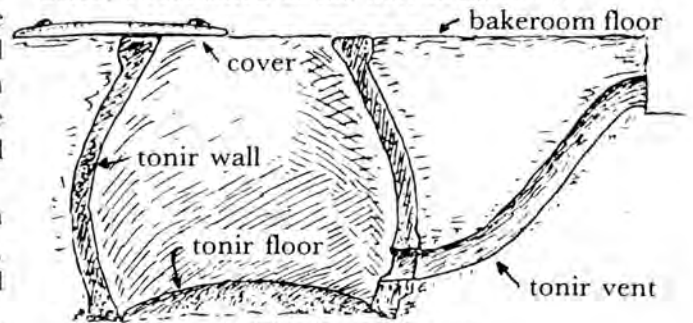
size, and laid on a cloth and covered. In the meantime the tonir was blazing hot and ready. The one doing the baking, appropriately dressed, wearing the baking mitt with wetted paw, squatted at the tonir with her "agish" [bread handling tool], scraper, bowl of glaze, and vessel of water, and a little table all at hand. Two helpers sat opposite her and opened the dough balls on low tables, with rolling pins. They opened to 15 to 20 inches in diameter, 1/8 inch thick. They then tossed the opened dough onto the baker's table. The baker made a sign of the cross, spread the glaze and sesame over the dough, and with the mitted hand slapped the opened dough onto the hot wall of the tonir — with a "There, O Lord!" She did this one after another until all the wall of the tonir was covered with bread.

The baked bread was removed from the tonir



14. Agish

wall with the "agish." Then the tonir wall was cleaned with a wet scraper. The process was then repeated. The first two breads were for the school teacher. When the breads had cooled they were stacked in a barrel and covered. Oh, the acrid, sweet smell of the new bread . . .!



13. Tonir and Cover

(2) Griddle Bread: When they ran short of tonir bread, or when making "surum" [thin, rolled bread strips] they baked the bread on a thin flat metal sheet over the fireplace fire, a practice probably copied from the Kurds.

e. Bulgur: For this they used the fat grain wheat. The boiling of the wheat for bulgur took place after the harvest. The more well-to-do used the larger grains for "dzedzadz" [hurled wheat]. The wheat was put in large copper vessels filled with water and boiled until the wheat was swollen and soft. The expert housewife knew just how much water to use, and how hard to boil it. Then they carried the wheat to the rooftops where they spread it out on sheets to dry in the sun. When it was thoroughly dry it was taken to the crusher to loosen the hull. Then it was dried again, and the hull removed,

after which it was ground. In olden times the artisans crushed the wheat between stones, while the big farmers took it to the mill. But beginning in about the 70's they were all ground in Depo Garoents special bulgur mill built in the yard of Dzeronents old house. The fee was 40 para or one olchag of bulgur per chareg ground. The ground bulgur was graded through three sieves. One was the coarse bulgur, for pilav. The second was small, for keufta and bulgur balls, and sarma. The third was finest, and it was used to prepare a porridge with oil and onion. Left-over scrap was fed to the chickens.

Dzedzadz [hurled wheat]: It was the largest grain wheat. After cleaning and sifting, the raw wheat was put in the crusher to remove the thick hull. During the crushing the wheat became slightly wetted from the sprinkled water, and it was spread out on sheets in the sun to dry. After it was thoroughly dry it was blown clean and sifted. This was the dzedzadz. What was broken up was "gorgod." Do you remember the gorgod meal fried in oil and onions? From dzedzadz they made keshkeg, dzedzadz porridge, tanabour, and tarkhana balls.

f. Khavourma [braised meat]: Preparing khavourma was no easy deal for every housewife — it was a specialization. It had to be prepared in such a way that it could be kept and used all year without spoiling. The fat rams bought from the khavourmajis [khavourma dealers or butchers] was slaughtered, scraped clean, cut up, cooked together in proper quantities of bones and fat, and sealed up in glazed jugs, making sure that the khavourma pieces were all covered with its fat. The "tmag" [the rich lump of fat forming the tail of broad-tailed sheep] was rendered separately. This fat, not quite as good as purely rendered fat, was desirable in foods. It was also used in oil lamps, and also made into candles by the rich. However, the poor used it primarily for meals. After the tmag was melted the pulp remaining was used in making bread, or eaten as a spread on bread.

g. Pastries: "Khatmar" [sweetened thin breads], "hatsprton" ['French toast'], "banirli" [cheese filled], "kata" [small cakes], halva, surum [thin, rolled dough strips, baked, covered with madzoun], "borag" [meat filled buns], "kalakosh" [layered sheets with dairy products between, and covered with fried onions].

Hasida [?], khadayif, and paklava were introduced later. They were not native.

h. Desserts: Honey, grape and mulberry syrup, rojig, bastegh, mulberry and grape jelly,

dried seedless mulberry, sun-cooked wild cherry syrup. Sugar was not commonplace — only the wealthy kept it on hand, brought from Bolis.

i. Drinks: Wine and oghi [rakhi] were the common drinks. Only the well-to-do kept tea and coffee — for special occasions.

Who cared for tea or coffee when we had our fine wines, and tan [buttermilk].

The wild cherry syrup — it was a God-given nectar, and often used for the sick, as well as for specially honored guests. And . . . our "tan!"

## 26. What the Village Armenian Burned:

a. The mountains surrounding our Ova were bare without any forests. Our old grandfathers would tell us that in early days the hills and mountains were covered with "ormans" [undoubtedly a tree, but not recognizable]. But the Turks destroyed them at the time of the invasion of the Jiniviz [presumably Genoans, but not clearly]. The trees were reduced to ashes to expose the enemy. About 58 years ago happened upon an old history which mentions the same thing, saying that when the Turks invaded Kharpert they set fire to the forest to prevent the native people from finding refuge there by hiding.

b. The Turkish aghas and begs got their fuel — oak and charcoal — brought in by mules from remote forests and kurdish villages, 2-3 days' journey distant. But Armenians used only local fuel.

c. The primary fuels were the old mulberry and willow trees that were removed from the ground with their roots, to allow for new planting. Also, they used branches cut from mulberry trees for silk culture, poplar branches, and aged fruit trees. Besides these they used cattle dung, which they gathered in dung pits, and once or twice a year they cut it into solid blocks for use in the tonir.



29. Khalub (for dung)

Artisans gathered the dried and fresh dung from the fields and carried them home, to fashion solid blocks. They reinforced the blocks with vine prunings, cotton stalks which they gathered after the picking, and other plant stalks. This fuel was stored on the rooftops, or on balconies. The well-to-do artisan, however, bought charcoal and oak from Turkish muleteers.

## Chapter IV

# RELIGION

### 1. Lousavorchagans [Gregorians; members of the Mother Church]: —

Until the arrival of Protestantism — 1850 — all of the Armenians of the village were members of the Armenian Apostolic Church — “Armenian Christians” — altogether dedicated to their faith, a devout community. The door of the church was always open, day or night. There were services in the church every morning and every evening. Farmer, laborer, artisan, housewife, young men, all went to church in the morning before plowing, planting, watering, harvesting, starting housework. They washed their faces at the well or the spring, crossed themselves: “Lord, if you part my lips my mouth will sing your praises” [opening words of the Night Service, Nocturne, in the Armenian Church].

a. Holy Savior Church: It was an old church. They often added the name Sts. Thaddeus and Bartholomew. The old edifice, which tradition says was the first church in the village, was a small chapel built of pumice stone, with thick walls. Tradition has it that it was built toward the end of the 16th century. A very vague, but persistent, tradition says that it was one of 7 churches that the apostles Thaddeus and Bartholomew had built with their own hands in the villages of Vartatil, Kaylou, Hoghe, Mouri, Tlandzig, Shntil, and Parchanj [at that time called Parechan] of the Ova [that would put it in the first century]. We have no supporting evidence for this tradition. Yet, we cannot, like Father Hatsouni of Venice, ascribe it to nothing more than “popular fancy” and ignore it. These traditions have been handed down by our

devout and dedicated forebears, and they are worthwhile gems that we record for future generations.

b. The new Church: This was the last that the villagers built, on the site of the old chapel, erected on the same spot. Building started in 1840 and finished in 1845. The additional land needed for the new church was given by Mghd. Kapo and Gougou Mghd. Melkon, of blessed memory. The new edifice was big enough to take 1,000 people. There was an upper tier [balcony] at the western end, especially for women. It also had a large narthex and courtyard. The structure was rectangular, 150 feet long by 75 feet wide. The roof was flat, but with a gothic dome supported by 12 double-capped columns 3½ feet in diameter, with monolithic pedestals and capitals. The columns were tied together [in lieu of buttressing] with heavy iron rods. The walls were 4 feet thick. The foundations were 10-12 feet deep, and 10 feet wide. They used to say “a cart can drive over it.” The roof and dome were made of pumice stone brought from the mountains of Yertmnig; it was light and durable. The columns, pedestals, capitals, and walls of the niches were plastered, while the walls and foundation were left in bare stone, from Saryaghoub, which stone is just below marble in being capable of being worked and polished. On the north and south walls there were five tall and narrow windows, on each side. And high up near the ceiling there were two small windows, gothic-shaped [with pointed arch]. The openings were covered with oiled paper. The upper tier, or women’s loft, was on the western end. Under it was the narthex separated from the sanctuary with bars. The



church had two doors on the western side. The larger door was for the men, and near it was a smaller door (to the north) for women. People removed their shoes — summer and winter — and placed them on shelves along the wall, in orderly rows.

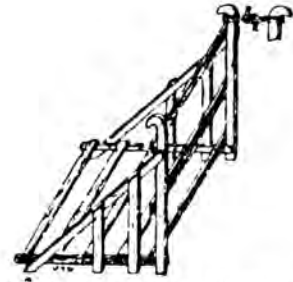
The nave and the chancel of the church were dirt-floored, firmly packed, but covered over with mats and individual pads. The platforms [bema] for the center and two side altars were made of wood, 3 feet above the ground, and covered with rugs.

b[sic]. Armenians were not permitted to build churches without the Sultan's authorization. To gain that was an expensive proposition, calling for a long, drawn-out process. But Yaghjian Haji Ohan agha of Kesrig brought the permit with him for our church from Bolis. He did this without cost, and easily, thanks to his friendship with the provincial governor for whom he had done a great favor.

c. The principal architect for the design and plans for the church was Dzeron Khalfa [master]. Boghos varbed of Palou was his assistant, a well-known plasterer and mason from Yertmnig. The altar was altogether the design and construction of Dzeron Khalfa and his son Bedros varbed. Eloents Ousda Minas was Dzeron varbed's principal helper for carpentry. Other carpenters of the village — varbeds Garoents Khachadour, Hodoents Ounan, and Gougouents Hagop — worked with Ousda Minas. Working with and under Boghos varbed were mason Beyros from Garmir, Ousda Boghos of Khouylou, and other plasterers and masons from Garmir and Hiusenig. Uncle Damourji Garoug and his son Khacher made the construction supports for the arches, the arch tie rods, the door latches and hinges, and other iron items needed by the carpenters.

d. All of the Armenians in the village contributed to and participated in building the church. All, from the child that had hardly taken its first steps, to the tottering aged, women, men, farmer, artisan, laborer, helped freely with their carts, with their backs. Besides bringing the quarried pumice stone from the Yertmnig mountains on carts and donkeys, men and women stood in line and passed the stones one to another until they reached the church door.

The villagers supplied all the lumber, free. The well-to-do farmers, besides giving a helping hand, provided funds to procure raw materials. And they gave the laborers free meals and wine. They did this for five years. They also paid the



Rack, for carrying clay bricks,

wages of the skilled workers brought in from the outside. The entire Armenian community worked together as one family with a single purpose. They put heart and soul into the building of God's temple. They also arranged to schedule this public service in such a way that personal work needs did not suffer; they accomplished this by offering mutual help. Thus, with unprecedented dedication, and with Der Aristakes kahana's inspiration, and with good leadership, the church was finished in five years, the most magnificent in the Ova.

The consecration of the church took place in 1845, with great ceremony, by the hand of Bishop Sarkis and the participation of the kahanas of the six villages of the Ova. The bishop was so small and short, that it was necessary to build a velvet-covered platform for him to stand on. All of the vessels and vestments needed in the church services — gold and silver articles, silken materials, coverlets, curtain, cope — were donated by the well-to-do.

e. The building of the new church and its consecration created a great religious fervor in the village. Under the leadership of Berber Avak and Gozlougji Varjabed, a permanent choir was organized of those who could sing well. Among them were noted deacons Der Khougasents Mgrdich, Adam Khougas, Khadi Kevoents Toros, Garo Khacho, Galan Sarkis, Marta Koko, etc. On Sunday mornings and evenings the church was filled, always. The enthusiasm for assuring the well-being of the church became widespread. Those five years of cooperation and the spirit it engendered contributed to a greater level of good relations among the people and developed the instinct for mutual help.

f. The Priests [Kahanas]: The first priest we know about was (1) Der Mghdesi — his full name has been forgotten. He owned Topourmayents house. Then came (2) Der Khougas [Luke]. He lived near Mghd. Mouradents house. (3) Der Aristakes. (4) His assistant Der Manel. (5) Der Toros. (6) Der Boghos Kosaian. (7) Der Nshan, an intelligent cleric, who rose from baker to clergyman. (8)

The last kahana, Der Barnabas, Asadour Kasparian of Shntil, and graduate of the Central School of Mezire.

g. The priests had no regular salary during the times of our kind forebears. They were always adequately cared for by the devout and generous villagers. The income of our derders consisted of annual shares from the farmers' produce and from the artisans' work, from engagement ceremonies, weddings, baptisms, special services on feast days, special blessing ceremonies, and blessings of houses. In general, the village kahanas had been well off, and they owned some property.

h. The Church Sextons: Takes Amou, Kilarji Ovagim, Asadour of Kharachor, Nono Boghos, Halaj Mardo, Garo Sahag, and others we cannot recall.

The heavy wooden board that served as a beacon, or call to service, was mounted on the roof at the western end of the church, hanging from two rods. Alongside were two small mallets.

i. It was the primary task of the sexton, summer or winter, every day, morning and night, to strike the beacon — tok, tuk, tok, tuk. They say that only on one day was the beacon not sounded. The sexton was drunk, and the people were thrown into confusion. But the sexton was also the guardian and janitor of the church. He opened doors, cleaned the church, lit the candles and lamps, filled the lamps with oil. When a death occurred, the sexton took the casket to the house of the deceased. He washed the body, wrapped it in a shroud, and dug the grave. An on top of all that he was a servant to the kahana, and helper in preparing the mas [unleavened bread partitioned to those attending services] and nshkharh [wafer used for the communion].

The sexton was paid in the same manner as the kahana.

j. The second renovation of Churches. In 1873 Dzeron Bedros Khalfa renovated the churches his father had built, redecorating them and making additions. The design details for the altar were gilded, and other parts were painted in harmonious colors. I remember, as a child, spending hours pulverizing the paint pigments in the mortar, to be mixed with oil.

k. The Church Fire: It was on November 24, 1891, Tuesday night, during Der Nshan's time. Sexton Nono Boghos' carelessness was the cause. Most of the magnificent altar built 18 years earlier, the inside wooden parts of the church, and the adjacent school were destroyed.

All the villagers once again set themselves to the task of rebuilding — priest, teacher, apprentice, craftsman, laborer — all of them. Carpenter Garabed Takeshian took charge of the rebuilding. Ousda Boghos Minasian, as the principal builder, with the help of old-time master carpenter Mghd. Ounan, and others, started rebuilding the loft, door, windows, the school building, benches, and desks — with warm enthusiasm that their fathers had had in building the church. They did it willingly, without pay. In three months they finished the job. This time they provided glass for the windows of the church and the school.

l. The church had its rectory, donated by Mghd. Kapo. It included with it three fields — about 5 charegs — fed by the Yertmnig stream near the cemetery. These were recorded in the government records as "vakif" [nonprofit, charitable institutions], in the name of the church.

m. Der Nshan kahana, Boyajian Krikor agha, and a few children are buried in the courtyard just south of the church.

n. The Church Delegates (Representatives): They were elected by the vote of the people from among heads of farmer households and important artisans. They consisted of Uncle Dilanch, Topourma Mghd. Egop, Bedo Marsoub, Boyaji Krikor, and other influential persons. Later ones were Boyajonts Pilibbos, Abouna Mgrdich, Kilarjonts Vartan, Torig Mousekh, Yavanents Ovanes (before becoming Catholic), Hodo Arout, Armenag Varjabedian, carpenter Garabed, Galan Arout, Der Khougasents Ghougas, and others, who were at some time delegates, trustees, and school stewards. The priest presided over all meetings. The following served with the kahana in the Civil Assembly of the Prelacy: Boyaji Kirkor, his son Pilibbos, Abouna Mgrdich, Yavan Ovanes, Hodo Toro, and Khumlents Mghd. Khacho.

## 2. Protestants:

a. Protestantism entered Parchanj in 1855 through the missionaries sent by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions [correct name, not literal translation]. They were headquartered in the city of Kharpert. The missionaries started their work in Parchanj and spread out to the other villages of the Ova, to carry out their mission of planting the seeds of Protestantism. Rev. Wheeler and his wife often visited the village, loaded down with their servant, their food, their bed, and their gospels.

The usually hospitable villager looked with suspicion on these newcomer strangers, and shut his door to them. As a result, the missionaries were obliged to rent Depo Garo's large carpentry shop as their first installation in the village.

But these "Amelicans" with their strange dress, with the "Amelican lady" with uncovered face, riding side-saddle, unruffled by the Turk — these were attractive novelties for the villagers. Curious womenfolk, brides, and young girls gathered around them. They started with the women. Friendly conversation, songs, prayers, Bibles in modern [not classical] Armenian, religious pamphlets — all free. Prayer meetings on holidays and Sundays — these, too, were novel. The women were the first converts to this new sect. The first was Kouvar, Toro Garo's brother's widow, whom the villager called "Sister Pipeh," because of her enthusiastic participation in this new faith. Sister Pipeh was followed by Sister Osgeg, Toro Garo's wife, whose home became the first evening gathering place for the new converts.

Gradually, the number embracing Protestantism grew. Among the earliest were Toro Garo, Mendzoents Garabed (later a minister), Mghd. Garabed Bedoian (later a preacher), Garo Adam (later a preacher), Mghd. Sahagents Topal, Mghd. Kapo's son Hagop (later a minister), Rabitali Garabed, Parsekhents cobbler Depan, cobbler Mghd. Kirkor, Dzeron Beyros varbed and wife Jouvar, Depo Garo, Manasel Ovan, Asdour of Palou, Upper Khojgants Kirkor, Gougouents Agop varbed, Tato Garo, and Jambaz Baghdo. The number of Protestant families reached 40.

b. In their manner of introducing Protestantism in the village the American missionaries committed some terrible and damaging errors. Instead of working with the established national institutions to inform and teach the people about the central purposes of their mission, they came into the village as supermen with a holy faith, intending to convert a "pagan people." They persuaded and encouraged the newly converted people to throw out of their hearts all of the traditional ceremonial and sacred practices of their Mother Church. To enter the church and cross oneself, to worship [kiss the ground], to seek the intercession of saints, to sing sharakans, to keep the fast, to celebrate the feast days of Christmas and Easter — these were pagan worship, and sinful. To conduct commerce on Sundays, work, and cook were wrong. It was a sin to do anything other than to go to meeting

place [Protestant church], or read the Bible or other religious material, pray continually, and shed tears over sin. They preached that whosoever took a sip of wine would go to hell. As a result, our "Protestant Brothers" poured their fine wines in the street (my father was one of them), while they, the missionaries, drank the diluted wine they had brought from America in bottles, as a strength-restoring medicine (this, too, as told by my father).

"Should someone come to me without denying his father, his mother, his wife or children, his brothers and sisters . . . he cannot be my pupil." That is what they preached to the villager nurtured under the ancestral standards of morals and behavior, and thus degraded the precious qualities inherent in our brides and daughters, and our young men.

Our ancestral churches with their inspired orthodoxy were called pagan houses. In their place they offered a four-walled room called a meetinghouse, stripped of religious majesty, without incense, without sharagans [chants]. Those of the village who embraced Protestantism were pulled away from Armenianism — they were recorded in the government lists as "Protestan Millet" [as against the Ermeni — Armenian — Millet]. Over this newly created Protestant "nation" they established the Protestant overseer independent of the Armenian National Prelacy.

What were the consequences? Division in families, large and small, disagreement, hate-inspired quarrels began to appear. New converts were subjected to persecution by even their parents and relatives. How many families — husband, wife, and children — were driven out of their ancestral homes, without resources, disinherited, and miserable! Honey-sweet families became rent asunder, and began to dwindle. Many years of an in-law relationship between "Armenian" and "Protestant" came to an end. Protestants were no longer Armenian; they were "Prod," illegitimate, apostate . . . To the very end this discrimination between "Prod" and "Armenian" remained in the village, sometimes with fanatical sectarianism. Here is an explanatory example. In 1902, during the days of Der Nshan and Rev. Drtad Tamzarian, a Protestant family in the village wanted the daughter of a Lousavorchagan family of Morenig for their son. The Lousavorchagan family agreed to the union provided that the marriage license be obtained from the Armenian National Prelacy, and the engagement and marriage ceremonies



be performed by the priest in the mother church in accordance with its canons. The boy's father agreed. The wedding day arrived. The boy's wedding party went to Morenig to fetch the bride. The priest went to bless the wedding raiment, but the boy's father presented the marriage license he had obtained from the Protestant Overseer, having followed Rev. Tamzarian's advice. This was not part of the agreement. Pandemonium reigned. The passions of "Armenian" and "Prod" burst into flame. The wedding festivity was about to turn into a riot. "Armenian" and "Prod" wedding guests aligned themselves ready for a showdown battle. But the boy's father, somewhat more moderate and a realist, yielded. The earlier arrangement was reestablished and the matter was settled, after, however, having gone through what could have left a deep scar.

1. This historical turn of events came about from Protestantism, and it shattered, killed, the cooperative spirit that had prevailed and that was so necessary in the survival battle that the people were waging against the barbaric overlords, and in attaining higher levels of culture in the community.

2. The "Prod" did not excel over the "Armenian" in living with Christian virtue. Nor did Protestantism brought by the missionaries play any role in lifting the spiritual and moral level of the lives of the people of Parchanj.

3. It is true, that individual freedom was encouraged, although in inappropriate degrees. Cleanliness was emphasized. For a short while Protestants did not drink wine. They tried to make it a rule that for them "Let their yes be yes, and their no, no." But some time later the dishonesty of the "Prod" became apparent. All Protestant women learned to read the Bible, and at the same time learned about the latest fashions in dress. There were plusses, of course. But the major offering of Protestantism was the coeducational schools established in the village by the missionaries, and these awakened a new spirit among "Armenians" to strive more for their own advancement. As a result, after a short time, Parchanj became a center of education — the foremost of the villages of the Ova.

4. The villager did not need to learn his Christianity from America. What it had had flowed from the very source — pure. We were suffering from intellectual famine, and the missionaries brought us the bread of education. Notwithstanding the indefensible division the missionaries caused, Parchanj will never forget the service they provided in the field of

education.

Along with all of this, we must here record as an undeniable reality, that the sole reason for that small minority of the villagers' separating from the Mother Church to embrace Protestantism, was their deep conviction in the faith, and not because of bait offered by the missionaries, or for selfish reasons. This belief can be confirmed by observing the high status and quality of the first families that did embrace Protestantism.

c. Protestant Preachers and Ministers:

Mendzo Sakoents Garabed, Bedoents Mghd. Garabed, Garoents Adam, and Topal Mghd. Kapo's son Hagop were the first children from among the early Protestants whom the missionaries took to the City, enrolled them in their Theological School, and gave them schooling in the Bible and in general religious matters. They were then sent into the "Lord's Vineyard" to preach. All of them did at some time preach in the village.

Later, Mendzoents Mr. Garabed Habousi and Kaprielian Mr. Hagop were ordained elders in Parchanj (1872). Messrs. Adam and Mghd. Garabed were sent into villages as preacher-teacher. The first regular preacher-teacher ordained by the missionaries, at their own expense, was Mr. Hovhannes Darakjian of Dikranagerd, in Depo Garo's meetinghouse. His wife became teacher for the women. The first pastor was Rev. Bedros Apkarian, of Maden, ordained in 1865, the year when the new meetinghouse was built. Beginning with this date the people began paying their pastor a regular monthly wage out of their tithe. The monthly salary for badvelis was at most 200 kurus (8 dollars).

After Badveli Bedros' death in 1872, Badveli Hagop Kaprielian was designated. He served for 4 years. He was succeeded by one of the pupils from the missionaries' seminary, Mr. Hovhannes Garoian, of Hoghe, the father of the well-known photographer Garo [of Boston, and teacher of Yousouf Karsh of Ottawa], and of national political field worker, Mr. Michael Hovhannesian.

Rev. Hovhannes preached in the village for 9 years. He was a natural orator, modest, well informed and broad-minded. He was a friend to all, visited all, and was well liked and esteemed.

Serving after him, in succession, were Kalousd Nazarian, of Kghi, Bedros Bashaian of Chunkoush, and Bedros Mghd. Garabedian (son of the village and a college graduate) who was later ordained pastor.

And there was also Badveli Drtad K. Tamzarian of Ichme, college graduate, who was always regarded as a narrow-minded sectarian, and whose manner of proselyting recalled the bitter controversies of earlier days, and caused passions to flare once again.

Then came Rev. Baghdasar of Marzevan, a greedy and ineffective person. The last pastor was Rev. Baghdasar Kalayjian of Sarikamish, a fine Armenian, broad-minded and popular.

Garioian Ousda Khachadourian's son Rev. Bedros, also, as a Protestant minister, enjoyed a fine reputation in Arapkir and in Chunkoush.

d. Protestant Financial Management: At first, all of the expenses involved with the Protestant church were taken care of by the missionaries.

However, beginning in 1865, as a result of the enthusiasm stemming from the construction of the new meetinghouse and the ordination of the first pastor, they established a system of tithing [one tenth of their income] as "God's due."

I remember seeing it, hanging on the narthex wall of the new meetinghouse, just above the money-box, a plaque reading, "Put all your tithing in the money-box, so that my house will have resources, and so that you will test, says the Lord of Hosts, to see if the windows of heaven will open and pour blessings on you." Every Protestant earner carried that exhortation of Jehovah, and did so conscientiously for many years. Even we, the children, had learned that if we happened to have 10 para, one para should go into the money-box. With these tithings, and with receipts of gifts arising out of weddings and funerals, they were able to pay the salaries of their pastor, their sexton, and the general upkeep of the church, without help from the missionaries. Those who had graduated from college received a higher salary, in later years.

e. It is worth pausing here to make a comparison of the way of life lived by the first four novitiates who sacrificed their personal comfort to "bring the light of the Gospel to the heathens living in darkness" and that of the missionaries. Revs. Garabed and Hagop, and preachers Adam and Mghd. Garabed, each with families of five to eight, received 100 to 150 kurus (4-6 dollars) from the missionaries each month. With this income they were hardly able to hold body and soul together. They lived in near poverty, denying self like the martyrs of the first century. "Reverend, I have many children; my wages are barely able to provide even stale bread. Can't I have a few kurus?" "My brother Garabed," the badveli answers, "you are

blessed for being hungry, since you will be fed." Or, "Man does not live by bread alone, but from the words of God," and, "Gather your treasures in heaven," and, "We do not have our permanent abode here," and, "Let us pray." These were the words of the Savior with which our novitiates were imbued, and they proudly continued to live by them, disdaining poverty and suffering. On the other hand, the missionaries received fat salaries, American dollars, free lodging and summer residences. They had their own horses, and grooms for them, cooks, and servants. They ate "butter and honey," dressed in the latest fashions, and lived like royalty, keeping their dollars in American banks for rainy days, instead of storing them in heaven's treasury.

f. The most influential of the village Protestants were Toro Garo, Nerses Sahag, Rabitali Garabed, Jimjim Kaspar, Tato Garo, Manasel Ovan, Garo Adam, Depo Garo, Dzeronents Beyros varbed and Boghos effendi, brother Mardiros of Madan, Khojig Kirkor, Khojig Marsoub, and cobbler Depan. These were the ones who became deacons and elders. These were the ones who started the project of building a school, and who carried it to completion.

g. The new meetinghouse was built in 1865. The land was purchased from Khanchalli Sahag with money supplied by the missionaries. Ownership was recorded in the name of the church. The designer and builder of this structure was Dzeron Khalfa and his son Bedros varbed. They were helped by Gougouents Agop (Protestant) and the other carpenters of the village. The masons were Beyros varbed of Garmir, and ousda Boghos of Yertmnig.

The structure was a single-storied large hall in the shape of the church, about one-third the size. Dzeron Khalfa (who remained an "Armenian"), inspired with the long-range thought of one day changing the meetinghouse into a church, made the eastern end of the structure with an altar apse with an arch overhead — appropriate for a church. On the western side there were a vestibule and balcony. On the south side was the main door. On the south wall there were three wide and tall windows provided with glass and shutters.

The walls were of clay bricks, 30 inches thick and plastered inside and out. The roof was supported without columns, the only one in the Ova. Ceiling and floor were of wood, but the roof was covered with dirt. On the roof they placed a "bell" consisting of a steel rod bent in

the shape of a triangle, 2 inches in thickness. It was a gift from an Armenian. The sextons were Kalaj, Baghdo, and Shahinents Ovan.

So this was God's dwelling place, bare, unadorned, ungainly, without a pleasing atmosphere. It was what the missionaries felt was adequate, their gift to the Prods of the village, in place of a church.

### 3. The Catholics of the Village: —

a. Catholicism came to the village in 1860, but not as a result of propaganda by church heads. Srab Ghougas, his brother Mghd. Asour, and Garo Khacho of our village brought it. They were Armenians who liked their mother church and were zealous in assuring its well-being. It was not through sincere conviction that they turned toward Catholicism. For they, as it was with the villagers and all Armenians, looked upon the Catholic Church instinctively as the enemy of the Mother Church over the centuries; and they hated it. And especially, the Catholic Church did not have the quality of the new Protestantism of flattering and enticing the Armenians. But, at about that time, thanks to the protectiveness of the French, the Catholic hierarchy had great political influence in the provincial governments. These three simple-minded villagers wanted to be kept free of and above the internal quarrels in the community, and they hoped to lighten the ever-increasing tax load and to correct its unfair distribution. So they called on the Catholic monsignor to become Catholics. The monsignor received them with open arms, and backed them up in their political difficulties. Later, cobbler Garoenk, Arevigenk, Abounayenk joined them. These several families remained half and half Catholic, without any church organization, and contented with an occasional visit by a Catholic priest. And when, after some years, passions subsided and a coolness prevailed, most of these families returned to the Mother Church.

(1). The controversy of 1894 concerning the burial of Boyaji Krikor agha's body in the church cemetery became a new spark to reignite

the subsided passions, and the same families returned to the Catholic fold. They continued their Catholicity with their weak faith, and they continued to enjoy political protection, until 1905. By that time there had been developing new divisions and new battles concerning the administration and leadership of the national church and the school, and the attempt by some who were motivated to use these national institutions for their selfish ends. The internal struggle intensified. The consequence? Discord! Yavanents Hovhannes, Bedoents Mghd. Boghos, Khmul Khacho, Garo Agop's son Garabed, Bedo Baghdo, and a few others — all active and important forces — went to swell the ranks of the Catholics. "I wanted to get even with my neighbor. I struck, and killed my son!" From this date on the Catholics became organized. Monsignor Bishop Stepan Israelian, strongly motivated, spared no effort to strengthen the new body, and thereby firmly to establish Catholicity in the village.

He provided church and school, and supplied priest, teacher, and school needs, all freely, although he did not achieve results corresponding to the effort.

(2). Depo Garoents' old meetinghouse was bought and converted into a church and school at the Monsignor's expense. For a long time, visiting priests came on Sundays and special feast days to perform religious services. It was much later that a priest from Tadem came to be resident, and he was a teacher as well. Yavanents Ovanes was the deacon. The administration of the church was managed by the heads of member households — Yavan Ovanes, Bedo Mghd. Boghos, Abouna Ovanes, Khmul Khacho, Garoents Garabed, and Mghd. Asdourants Asdourig who also became the teacher.

(3). Despite the Monsignor's great solicitude for their well-being, by the time of the massacres [1915] only five families remained in the Catholic fold — Mghd. Asdournek, Abounayenk, Yavanenk, Khmul Khachoenk, and Bedo Mghd. Boghosenk.





## Chapter V

# EDUCATION

### I. Lousavorchagan Structure: —

a. Until the building of the new church the educational situation in the Armenian community was unenviable and altogether pitiful. They had no specific school room, nor a regular teacher. In the past it had been the kahana, and the deacons trained by him, who served to teach. And for classroom, Torgants Hodo's barnloft, or the homes of those who were teaching, served their needs. The highest level of education attained in those times provided learning to read and memorize the Gospel, Psalms, and Nareg [Psalm-like prayers of Gregory of Nareg], to sing sharagans, to become familiar with the church rites, to write enough to keep a "Khasbou Defter" [elementary account book] or to pen a greeting, and to learn village arithmetic at a level enough to account for production of wheat, cotton, and paying taxes. One who attained this level of skills was accorded the enviable title of "literate deacon." He thus earned the right to wear a "divid" [inkwell and pen] at his waist, and he was much sought after.

Among the earliest teacher-deacons were Kel Kevo, Kam Khazar Egop, Adam Khougas and brother Garabed, Marta Koko, Berber Avak, Norses Sahag, Garo Khacho, Balgents Mgrdich, and Der Toros. During their times there was only 2-3 months of school, during winter. These teacher-deacons were busy, involved in many activities.

b. The first regular school was established in 1845, in a small classroom attached to the north side of the church, for boys only. And the first regular teacher was deacon and choirmaster

Mr. Boghos, son of Donabed of the Bedoents clan. The villagers had given this teacher the complimentary appellation of "Gozlougji Varjabed" [spectacled teacher], and that was the way he was always known.

Gozlougji Varjabed served in that one-room school for 25 years. He, seated on his cushion and wielding his blackened pipe, educated a whole generation, which became the precursors of the rise and strengthening of the educational work of the village. Among Gozloug's pupils were Topal Groboents Ovagim, Zarifents Giragos, Minas and Zakar Misakents (famous singers), Koumar Khachoents Toros (later Der Nshan), Berber Avakents Mardiros, Bedoents Boghos, Boyajonts Pilibbos, and others.

"Teacher, here's my Koko, I leave him in your care; the flesh for you, the bones for me" [in deep vernacular], the mother says as she brings her son and hands him over to the teacher with unreserved confidence in the teacher's role. And our teachers, in addition to teaching Psalms and sharagans, imbued their "charges" with the spirit of strict discipline. They taught the value of the traditional virtues, and of proper behavior. Where necessary he did use his hand, or the pipe, or the switch, or even making the boy stand in the snow outside, in his bare feet. That was the way it went in those days.

The first school support society was formed by Adam Khougas and brother Garabed, Baligents deacon Mgrdich, Berber Avak, Boyaji Kirkor, Torig Kapo, uncle Torig Ovagim, Hodo Garabed, Kam Khazar Mgrdich, Garo Sarkis, Ousda Khachadour, and Topal Grboents Ousda Boghos. They stood by and

supported Gozlougji Varjabed and the school for a quarter of a century. It was they who recognized the need for better educated and more experienced teachers, and the need for good organization. In 1870 they founded the Educational Society, with membership dues.

Mr. Sarkis Kholoukhian of Hogue succeeded Gozlougji Varjabed. He was a more highly trained deacon. During his days the school was moved to the upper floor of the house bought from Mghd. Kapo, a larger place.

d. Both the opening of the missionaries' coeducational Protestant school and the formation of the Educational Society gave schooling and education great popularity. The national Educational Society grew and became stronger. The school began to fill with students, and it became necessary to build a larger, co-educational school. Thus, in 1888, all of Mghd. Kapo's house was turned into a coeducational school, with classrooms, lecture room, with desks and chairs. It was the first modern coeducational school in Oul Ova. The greater part of the funds needed for the building of a new school was raised among those family members who had emigrated to America.

e. In 1891 the Educational Society was transformed into a community-wide organization known as "Educational Society of Parchanj, Khapert," having an identifying seal. All Lousavorchagan persons with earnings joined, paying monthly dues. The members of the first executive committee were Armenag Varjabedian (Gozlougji's son), Gelen Arout, Hodo Arout, Yavan Gourgho, Gougou Arout, Abouna Mgrdich, Der Khougasents Khougas, and Garo Boghos. They introduced the practice of requiring yearly student tuition payments of 5, 2, or 1 tahegan [kurus, 1/100 of a gold piece], according to their means. Those who couldn't pay at all were accepted free. Able teachers with college or central school education were hired, of both sexes, including those capable in music. The school progressed so well that its graduates were accepted in Mezire Central School, or the College academy without examination. Students would also enroll from other villages of the region. The public examination conducted by this school, and the programs it presented, were very much appreciated by the villagers, and they had become popular events. Representatives would attend the presentations from the College, the Central School, as well as Turkish aghas who would applaud stagings of King Arshag, and Vartanants, . . . but ignorantly.

In the 1912-13 school year, the boys' school had

6 grades with 82 students, and the girls' school 4 grades with 32 students. Courses offered had high academic value.

f. Beginning in 1888, competent college graduates were teaching in the school, in pairs, the principal teacher and an assistant. Later, women teacher assistants were added for the girls.

Among those who were college graduates [as teachers] were Hovhannes Terzian (1888-90) and assistant Kevork Atamian from the City; Hagop Nalbandian and assistants Khazar of Habousi and Parechian (1891-92); Kegham of the City and assistant Donabed Kazanjian (2 years); Haroutiun Mergian of Palou and Bedros Zarifian of Shntil, with assistants (3 years) Aram Gevourian of Kesirig and Hovhannes Der Khougasian of Parchanj; Kevork of Agin and Baghdasar of Palou with assistant Hagop Der Nshanian of Parchanj; Kevork Cholakian (1902-1905); and Asadour Misakian and Karekin Boyajian of Parchanj and the Central School.

Later teachers were Nshan Takesian from the Central School, a senior teacher and a foremost musician, with assistants Hovhannes Der Khougasian (of Parchanj and the Central School) and Maritza Varjouhi [teacher, female] of Mezire — these in the 1912-14 period, at which time the catastrophic World War brought with it the general deportation and the horrendous massacres; these annihilated the community and all the values it had created over the centuries.

## 2. Protestant School.

a. The missionaries opened a Protestant school, choosing their teachers from among the new converts. They were Nerses Sahag, Garo Adam, cobbler Mghd. Krikor, and later Mendzoents Sahag and Kejoents Mghd, Melkon Zakaraian. They served freely. The offerings were Bible study, simple reading and writing, singing of the new hymns, Christian and village arithmetic — that was all.

In those days the principal teaching was Protestantism. The school was in Depo Garo's meetinghouse. The first missionary teacher was Mr. Hovhannes Darakjian, the preacher, and his wife, who taught the Bible and religious songs to the women and girls.

b. It was in 1873, in the new meetinghouse, that the first programmed school was started, for the boys. The teacher was Mr. Mousekh Esegian of Khoulakegh, fairly well educated and

knowledgeable. He was a graduate of the Missionary Seminary in the City. He served for 20 years, contemporary with preacher Mr. Hovhannes Garoian. Now there was a fuller developed curriculum — Bible study, Christian doctrine, elementary arithmetic, modern Armenian grammar, Armenian history, spelling, composition, English, Turkish, sacred and secular singing. The students sat on the wooden floor on cushions, cross-legged. Here, too, the hand and the switch were used as a spur, during the first few years of teacher Mousekh. It ended after Dzeronents' uncle Mgrdich had made a big issue of it. Students of teacher Mousekh were Ataments Ago (alive, in California), Mghd. Sahagents Boghos, Garo Garo Mghd. Beyros (alive, in Boston), Rev. Bedros M. Garabedian (alive, in California), Dzeronents Manoog, Rev. Bedros Khachadourian (deceased). Teacher Mousekh married Upper Khojgants Krikor's daughter Eva, in 1875, and they had four sons. The family moved to America in 1893. He died in 1935 at age 80. He was the teacher of a whole generation of Protestants, the most liked and esteemed.

The new coeducational school was built on the north side of the meetinghouse, after teacher Mousekh. College graduates, men and women, taught at this school, with an expanded curriculum. They consisted of Kalousd Nazarian of Kghi, Bedros Boshian of Chunkoush, Garabed Mousekhian of Mezire, Garabed Hodoian (of the village, now in America), Madiros Kevorkian of Chunkoush, Movses of Khouylou. In the women's division there were Mariam of Yeghek, Khatoun Mikaelian, Jouhar Der Margosian, Sophia M. Seferian 1904-1907, now in America, Smpad Mourad's wife, in Chicago), Elmas Tashjian, and others whose names I could not get.

With their dedicated work, the unstinting support of the local stewards and of the Protestant Educational Society in America, and the support of the missionaries, the quality of the Protestant coeducational school reached a very high level.

c. The financial management and the administration of the Protestant schools remained under the control of the missionaries, but the operation of the school was carried out by the local board. The missionaries provided the greater part of the funds for building the schools, furnishing them, and covering the operating expenses (as teachers' salaries).

d. The first Protestant school board was formed in 1877, by Mghd. Kapoents Sarkis, Toro Garo Mardiros, Norsesents Nerses, Depoents Ghazar, Manasel Mlkon, and Dzeronents Arout — all very progressive young men. The board grew and became more influential. Members paid into a fund in accordance with their means. Thanks to this body the Protestant Educational Society was established in America.

e. Thus, the Lousavorchagan and Protestant schools produced an abundant crop of select generations. Many also graduated from Euphrates College and the Mezire Central School. They taught in the villages of the Ova and in various cities of the country. Some specialized in higher studies and attained status and fame.

### 3. Catholic School: —

a. We were unable to gather specific information about the educational activity of the Catholics of the village. At least this much is clear, that the Catholics played no role in the educational efforts of the village. In the beginning, Mghd. Asdourents Asdourig opened a school in his house, with a few students. Later, they had built a classroom next to their church, where their visiting priest from Tadem taught.

As far as we know, only Aram Bedoian (Mghd. Boghos' son) of the Catholic community graduated from the Catholic school of Mezire. He now lives in California.

b. But I feel it a duty to say here that the descendents of the Catholic families, in America and elsewhere, have carried their share of support in the educational activities of the village and in the general welfare of the village.





## Chapter VI

# THE EDUCATIONAL SOCIETY OF PARCHANJ, KHARPERT

### 1. Lousavorchagan and Protestant Educational Societies: —

a. The Lousavorchagan Educational Society of the village was established on the evening of September 19, 1891, at 5 Gould St., in the Fels area, Massachusetts [probably Boston, Felsway]. That evening 6 loyal village youths met. They were among those many bachelors who had left the welcome hearth and their loved ones behind, who existed in the lonely environment of being away from home, and who worked and sweated in the suffocating atmosphere at Boston Rubber Co. [probably Hood Rubber Company of Watertown, Massachusetts] 10-12 hours a day with pittance for wages. Ten or 20 of them lived together, in near poverty, to save expenses and save pennies (saying one cent was 10 para) for the benefit of their loved ones back home.

Despite living in such nerve-wracking conditions our six patriotic and progressive-minded youths dreamed of a bright future of intellectual development for the young ones of their village. And inspired with the hopes of realizing that dream, that evening they established the "School Society of the Lousavorchagan Schools of Parchanj" that would aid and cooperate with the newly organized Educational Society in the village, and that was destined to play a beneficial role for the Armenians of the village.

These founders were Sahag Ohan Tatoian, treasurer; Ohan Garo Kevoian, secretary; Garabed Misakian (Mghd. Asourents); Kirkor Garo Kevoian; Sarkis Mghd. Garoian; and Ohan Ayvazian (Garo Mgrdich's stepson from Vartatil).

b. They started with a capital of 40 dollars. They decided on an enrollment fee of one dollar and a monthly due of 25 cents, and immediately started work. Their inexhaustible efforts and personal sacrifices were echoed in the hearts of education-loving Parchanjtsis everywhere. Branches were founded one after another, in Worcester, Whitinsville, Providence, Naugatuck, Cambridge, Charlestown, Malden, Salem-Peabody, Stoneham, Lawrence-Lowell, Hartford, New Britain, Madison (Maine), Waukegan-Chicago, and in California. The number of members in 1894 reached 61; and in 1902 it rose to 100. They had a fund balance of 2000 dollars, and this was in addition to what had already been sent to the Educational Society. Thus, in a short time, the Society grew financially so strong that it was able to assume the entire budgeted cost of operating a modern coeducational school in the village. And in 24 years the national [namely, "Lousavorchagan"] schools of the village become sources of enlightenment. The founders' dream had been realized.

The organization retained the name School Society until 1911. In 1911 the word "School" changed to "Educational." In 1915 the word "Lousavorchagan" was changed to "Armenian," and that remained until 1921. The horrendous massacres had destroyed the Armenians and the Armenian schools of the village. Our uprooted people had been scattered to the four corners of the world. As a consequence, the 30th representative assembly in 1921 felt it necessary to alter the Society's purpose. It did so by adopting a program to benefit all Parchanj refugees, without discrimination

(article 5), and assist in repatriating them to the village (article 6, Constitution of 1921). Also, the name was changed to Educational Society of Parchanj Village of Kharpert [Kharperti Perchenj Kiughi Ousoumnasiratz Ungeroutiun], by which it is still known.

c. Following the adoption of these basic amendments, the Protestant Educational Society, that had existed since 1894, merged with the main Society in 1927. Villagers [from other than Parchanj in the Kharpert area] living in Marseille and in Lyon, France, formed branches. In this way the Educational Society became an inter-village society, and enjoyed the love and moral support of all people of the region. The people always participated in the Society's picnics and fund drives. But it is sad to say that only a minority have bothered to join the Society and assume responsible positions in the organization. The Society's original seal was made in 1896, with the name "Tbrotsasiratz Ungeroutiun Perchenji, Kharpert," which was used until 1921. At that time the seal was changed to the present name, "Kharperti Perchenj Kiughi Ousoumnasiratz Ungeroutiun, himn. 1891."

d. California Branch. It was founded on August 9, 1912, with 9 members. The first executive committee consisted of Adam M. Bedoian, chairman; Markar Torigian, secretary; Kevork Minasian, treasurer; Baghdasar Misakian and Tateos Mghd. Mouradian, advisors. Discouraged by the massacres, however, it remained in an unorganized state until 1919.

In 1919, Garabed Der Arisdagesian, Eznig Der Khachadourian, Manoug Bedoian, and Tovmas Paloutzian joined the executive committee, and the branch, with 35 members, started with enthusiastic activity. In 1927 the Protestant Educational Society joined in, and a new, mixed executive committee was elected; they consisted of Armenag Varjabedian, chairman; Tateos Apkarian, secretary; Tateos Paloutzian, treasurer; Bedros Paloutzian, Hagop Kaprielian, Hagop Hodoian, and Hovsep Kilerjian as advisors. In time the following held leadership positions in the executive committee: Haroutiun A. Berberian, Hagop H. Khojigian, Hagop Hodoian, and Soghomon Gougouian. They prepared their seal in 1919.

e. They worked united, and effectively, until 1935. Unfortunately, because of an individual misunderstanding and a difference of opinion, and despite attempts by the Central Committee

to ameliorate the problem, some members separated and formed a group known as the Fresno branch. But the parent body continued to be called the California branch.

f. The financial activity of the parent California branch appears in this table:

Total receipts	\$4958.00
Total expenditures	3458.00
Details:	
Sent to the Central Committee	2123.00
To the village (400.00),	
Armenia (50.00),	
Mexico (50.00)	500.00
Local needy villagers	85.00
Loans to 4 villagers for	
investment, not yet repaid	750.00
Funds on hand	1500.00

g. Following the good example of the Lousovorchagan villagers, these Protestant youths who had come to America, formed a Protestant Educational Society in Peabody, Massachusetts, in 1894: Hovhannes Torigian; Toumas, Hovhannes, Haroutiun, and Garabed Halajian; Garabed Gougouian; Haroutiun Manaselian; Hagop Atamian; Bedros Jimjimian; Melkon and Hagop Raboutalents; Hovsep Kilarjonts; Toro Garo Mardiros; Hovsep B. Dzeronian; Garabed Hodoian; and Hovhannes Ousda Minasents. They eventually had branches in Peabody, Worcester, Whitinsville, Stoneham, and California. Up until 1919 the Protestant organizations in the east [USA] helped as much as possible in alleviating the problems of the displaced people following the '95 massacres and the 1915 deportations and massacres. But the eastern organizations were dissolved since many of the members moved to California, where the central organization was transferred.

h. During its independent period the Protestant Educational Society was not as effective in helping their village schools as expected, because there was not a sufficiently motivating force, the missionaries having been so generous in providing support. Between 1894 and 1927 the Protestant Educational Society had raised \$2290.00 through picnics, membership dues, and other means. From this amount \$795.00 had been sent to the village school from the eastern states, while the California branch had sent the following amounts: \$250.00 to the village needy; \$250.00 to Greece, Marseille, Aleppo, and Mexico; and \$150.00 to local

needy. At the time of the union \$545.00 was transferred to the united Educational Society.

i. It was just about at this time that a pathetic plea came to the Parchanjtsis in America, from Mrs. Isgouhi Mldoian (Garo Markar Monoug's daughter, in Syria). "We are displaced, remnant Armenians in Aleppo, Beirut, Sham, having escaped sword, massacre, beast, and having walked from the village to Syria. We are barefoot, barely covered in rags, with tattered bedding on our backs, leading orphans by the hand. We are hungry, homeless wanderers roaming the streets, without nation, without church, without school, without grave. We suffer from the loss and longing for our loved ones. Our lingering hope has faded that Armenia will receive us. We still hang on to the hope that we might join our relatives in America. Oh, loved ones, we are destitute, very destitute. Help us."

j. This plea shocked the discouraged Parchanjtsis. The two independent Educational Societies formed a united front, eventually merging in 1927. They went into action at once, adopting a plan to provide aid to the unfortunate displaced compatriots. The first activity was a money-raising effort that produced \$5000.00. The Central Committee arranged a general meeting in May 1918, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was attended by a majority of the people from the village in New England. This meeting, with unprecedented enthusiasm, voted to proceed with raising money. That meeting itself raised \$500.00. That was much less than hoped for. The reason was that the debates and untimely issues of a change in the name and purposes of the Society dumped cold water on the matter at hand that was cooking. But they did not falter. In 1919 the Central Committee sent a plea, over the signature of Manoug Yavanian and Yeghia Hodoian, inviting all Parchanjtsis of America to participate in the money-raising project voted at the meeting. The designated budget was as follows:

Cambridge, Charlestown, Watertown, Malden	\$1500.00
Whitinsville, Worcester	500.00
Waukegan and Chicago	100.00
Salem, Lowell, Lawrence	200.00
Madison (Maine)	150.00
Naugatuck [?], Providence	200.00
California	2350.00
Total	\$5000.00

Paid in on account of the solicitation:

General Meeting	\$500.00
Cambridge	487.00
Charlestown	131.00
Malden	184.00
Whitinsville	465.00
Naugatuck	100.00
Providence	130.00
Madison (Maine)	65.00
Waukegan-Chicago	105.00
Lowell	20.00
California, sent overseas directly and paid for New Parchanj (300)	1050.00
	<u>\$3237.00</u>

Thus, strengthened financially, the Educational Society continued its benevolent and merciful help to all of the compatriots, everywhere, and to the present time.

k. Programs of the Educational Society:

(1) The Parchanj Village Book: The original idea for this book was proposed by Khachadour Gelenian and others as a memorial album of those who had participated in the \$5,000 fund drive. The 37th representative assembly, on May 13, 1928, accepted the idea, but broadened its purpose, to make it an historical record of the village and the Educational Society. The matter was assigned to the Central Committee to be carried out. After the matter dragged on for a few years, the 40th assembly decided on May 24, 1931, to take positive steps, and designated a committee with full powers to proceed with the album. The members were Sarkis M. Minasian, Khachadour Kilarjian, Hampartzoum H. Gelenian (Hamadsdegh), Manoug Yavanian, and Khachadour B. Gelenian (chairman). The task of editing and carrying out the completion of the work was given to Hamadsdegh.

(2) The album committee started work at once. A questionnaire was sent in August 1931, jointly with the Central Committee, to all the branches. A copy was sent to Manoug B. Dzeron, the editor of this book, to Joliet, Illinois, with an explanatory letter asking for his participation.

Becoming enthusiastic with the grand, long-range value of this project, the editor of this work accepted the committee's request. He spent about six months putting down in writing what had been requested of him, what he knew, and what suggestions he had to offer about the book. Moreover, he drew maps of Parchanj and of Oul Ova and sent them to the committee.



(3) After long negotiation, and giving in to the urgent request of the empowered Album Committee, this editor agreed to join the committee and serve as collaborator-editor and work with Mr. Hamasdegh. However, because of his literary tasks and personal commitments, Hamasdegh was unable to undertake his share of the task. Accordingly, the Album Committee accepted Hamasdegh's proposal and decided "to hand the work over to Mr. Dzeronian, and let him make whatever arrangements he felt were right and undertake the task." The committee also agreed to accept this editor's suggestion and change the name "Perchenj" to "Parchanj."

The report of the Album Committee containing these two provisions was unanimously ratified at the 42nd Representative Assembly on June 4, 1933.

(4) As a result this editor made a visit to the east, on the invitation of the Committee, in September 1932. At the first opportunity a consultative meeting was held with the Album Committee, the Central Committee, and elderly members of the old-world community. There they discussed maps, native tools and equipment, the editor's proposed outline, and to recall and freshen old recollections. During the last week the Central Committee arranged a testimonial party, and that pleasurable occasion will always remain fresh in this editor's soul. After six weeks this editor returned to Joliet and started work on this book.

(5) Answers to the questionnaires came in from all directions. The tales that were sent in from California, and the genealogical charts that came in from the east were the most important. The sources of these tales, and those who have gathered and compiled them have already been mentioned as appropriate. There were bundles of raw materials. All required some verification. They were often incomplete, vague, and sometimes contradictory. New bunches of questionnaires, for verification of facts, and to obtain new facts. This raw material had to be correlated. Photographs had to be gathered. Cuts needed to be made. Sketches had to be drawn. These all kept this editor busy ceaselessly, and for countless hours, until 1935, in January, when with the onset of severe intestinal difficulty the author had to undergo surgery, being unable to work on the book for a whole year. In January 1936, he resumed the work, but under limiting conditions of only three or four hours a day.

(6) He completed the manuscript of the book, with its critical review, on December 23, 1937, eleven days after his 75th birthday, in Joliet. On the 27th of the same month he traveled to Boston to undertake the task of getting the book printed and bound.

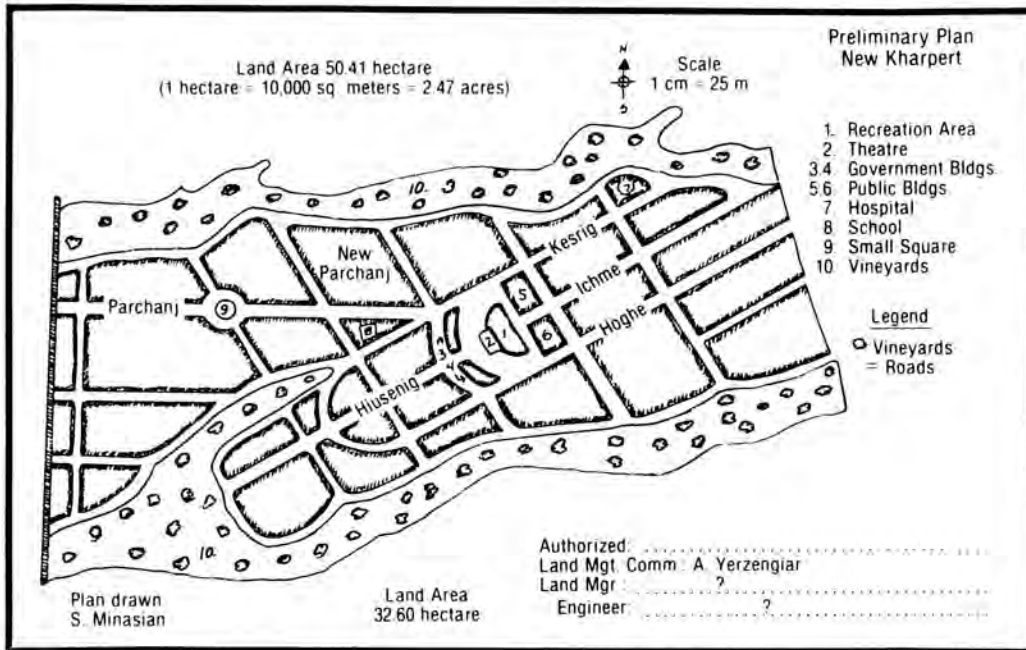
#### 1. New Parchanj:

(1) The 42d Representative Assembly took place in Prospect Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts, on June 4, 1933. The Assembly revealed that the Educational Society had reached maturity — destined to be a historic occasion — by giving substance to the future generations of Parchanj, and reestablishing the Armenian hearth. This was accomplished by joining the pan-Kharpert union, by planning to create a New Parchanj in New Kharpert, and changing the Turkish form of the name Perchenj to its Armenian form, Parchanj. The Assembly also confirmed M. B. Dzeron's full authority in completing the book on Parchanj village. They took further steps to strengthen the Society, to assure its getting out from under the new responsibilities it had assumed. Believe it — June 4 is the day of celebration marking the rebirth of new generations in New Parchanj.

(2) The decision to merge [with the pan-Kharpert Union] had first been voted in 1931 at the 40th Assembly. But in the next year it was rescinded, at the 41st Assembly, because of the economic depression.

The chairman of the 42d Representative Assembly was Hovhannes Gelenian, of blessed memory. Garabed Hodoian was Secretary. Six branches participated, with a total of 124 members; they had 8 votes. The decision to join [the pan-Kharpert Union] passed 18 to 2, with 6 abstaining, and with a majority of 6 (100 ballots). [Note: This vote, and the subsequent ones, are unclear]. From the Cambridge Men's Branch, elected were [presumably to a central committee] Khachadour Gelenian and Khachadour Yavarian, 18 to 11 ballots — 2 votes. From the Cambridge Women's, elected was Mrs. Altoun H. Boyajian unanimously (18 ballots) — 1 vote. California, Dr. Kaspar M. Garoian and Hamasdegh, with 30 against 3 abstentions — 2 votes. Madison (Maine), Moushegh Gelenian, unanimously (18 ballots) — 1 vote. Marseille (France), Manoug Yavarian, with 14 against 3 abstentions — 1 vote. Lyon (France), Khachadour Gelenian, unanimously (11 ballots) — 1 vote. Only the Cambridge Men's Branch voted "no" [on the merger].

(3) The newly elected Central Committee



chose Sarkis Torigian as chairman [but he appears not to have been chosen, per the above report of voting], and Khachadour B. Gelenian, treasurer, with Boghos M. Garoian and Manoug Yavanian as advisors. They designated Sarkis Torigian and Khachadour M. Gelenian as a committee of two who appeared before the Central Committee of the pan-Kharpert Union at the home of Dr. Zovikian, on February 15, 1934. There Sarkis Torigian handed over to Dr. Zovikian an advance check for \$1,200.00, to guarantee the inclusion of New Parchanj in New Kharpert, and the building of two dwellings. In this way the Parchanj Educational Society joined the ranks of "builders," and the dream of a New Parchanj became a reality.

(4) The Official Letter of the Central Committee:

Cambridge, Massachusetts  
February 14, 1934

Pan-Kharpert Union Executive Committee

Esteemed Committee:

The Central Committee of the Educational Society of Parchanj Village of Kharpert decided in its 8th meeting to carry out the wish of the 42d Representative Assembly to set aside \$1200.00 for a house bearing the name of Parchanj to be built on a street No. 3 to 9.

The Assembly decided to present the above-mentioned amount to the Pan-Kharpert Union Executive Committee through two representatives, Messrs. Sarkis Torigian and Kachadour Gelenian.

Yours truly,  
For the Central Committee  
Sarkis Torigian, chairman  
K. B. Gelenian, secretary

Seal: Central Committee of the Educational Society

(5) Answer from the Pan-Kharpert Union Committee:

Central Committee of the Educational Society of Parchanj Village of Kharpert

Dear Compatriots:

We wish hereby to advise you that the gift of \$1,200.00 from the Educational Society of Parchanj Village for New Kharpert has been received through Messrs. Sarkis Torigian and Khachadour Gelenian, your representatives.

We are deeply thankful that your Society's 42d Representative Assembly took this very patriotic step and joined in with nine other societies of the regions of Kharpert, thereby helping in the building of New Kharpert.

We shall without delay write to our representatives and ask them to build, at the earliest opportunity, a structure on the indicated Parchanj Street.

From now on we shall recognize you as one of our auxiliary organizations. You will have the right to be present at any of the meetings of our Central Executive Committee, as advisors. You may also participate in the representative assemblies with two votes.

Yours truly,  
 For the Central Executive Committee of the  
 Pan-Kharpert Union  
 Chairman: Dr. H. Zovikian  
 Secretary: Hapet M. Pilibbosian  
 (Seal)  
 Boston, Feb. 20, 1934

(6) The Central Committee of the Educational Society elected Khachadour Kilarjian and Sarkis Torigian, with full authority, to carry on liaison with the Executive Committee of the Pan-Kharpert Union.

(7) New Parchanj is in a favorable position in New Kharpert. The street 3-9 extends from the government buildings westward to the square. The school is just in the center, on Parchanj Street. A street extending northward and into vineyards reminds one of the old road in Parchanj leading toward the unirrigated vineyards. New Parchanj can grow in that direction in the future.

The first repatriates of Parchanj to the New Parchanj built in Armenia:

From France: On May 9, 1936, at 7:00 AM, Asadour Miloian, his wife Mannig, and children Barkev and Varoujan, left Marseille.

From Lyon: Mariam and son Levon Minasian (Ousda Boghos' in-law), and David Kharibian and wife.

One dwelling was built in New Parchanj, in 1935.

m. The Structure and Administration of the Educational Society:

This Society is composed of branches that are formed from no less than five villagers.

The Representative Assembly convening once each year of representatives from the branches is the supreme authority. It writes or amends the constitution, it plans programs, activities, and methods, and elects a Central Committee each year. Its purpose is to build and enhance New Parchanj in New Kharpert, to take care of the scattered remnants of the

village, and eventually to gather its people in the New Village. With these in mind the Educational Society will pursue its noble mission to the end. Should the membership fall to 3, the organization will be considered dissolved. In that case whatever funds remain in the Society are to be transferred to the Administrative Council of New Parchanj to be used for the benefit of the school.

The first constitution was prepared in 1891, and it was amended three times. What has reached us, however, is badly out of date, and is badly in need of improvement.

n. Since 1891 there have been 60 members who have served on the Central Committee. Those who served long are Khachadour B. Gelenian and Sarkis Torigian, 10 times each; Kahachadour Kilarjian, 9 times; Garabed Hodoian, 10 times; Yegia A. and Yeghia G. Hodians, 7 times each; Garabed D. Aristagesian and David B. Boyajian, 6 times each. They served to the best of their abilities and kept the Society going for 45 years, bringing it to the present fateful position.

o. Financial Statement of the Educational Society, 1891-1936:

Total receipts in 45 years (not including the cash on hand in the California branch)	\$22,874.82
Total expenditures	15,611.07
For the village schools, 1891-1914	\$5,040.52
For the needy in the Dispersion, 1914-Dec. 1936	7,476.55
On the occasion of the earthquake in Armenia	450.00
For the needy in America	280.00
For the tuberculosis sanitarium, to Bishop Garoian	36.00
For the Album	508.00
For New Parchanj in Armenia	1,200.00
For general expenses of the Society over the 45 years	620.00
Total to Dec. 1936	\$15,611.07
On hand, in the treasury of the Central Committee	7,263.00
On hand in the California Branch	1,500.00
Grand Total	\$8,763.75

We can here record with pride that the Central Committee and the Executive Committees of the several branches have



carried out their commitments and looked after the funds of the Society with the greatest of conscientiousness and responsibility.

p. The present branches of the Educational Society: (1936)

	Membership
1. Cambridge, MA, Men's Branch, founded 1915	36
2. Cambridge, MA, Women's Branch, founded 1930	25
3. California Parent Branch, founded 1912	44
4. California, Second Branch, founded 1935	28
5. Madison (Maine) Branch, founded 1923	11
6. New Britain Branch, founded 1925	11
7. Marseille (Franch) Branch, founded 1925	22
8. Lyon (France) Branch, founded 1928	11
Total	204 [188]

q. These older branches no longer exist because there are no villagers there: Salem (1891), Providence (1915), and Waukegan (1916). The Whitinsville branch, formed in 1896 with 20-25 members, was the strongest, active, and willing to sacrifice. At present there are only five families left there. And because of the economic depression and a little bit of misunderstanding the branch has been in an inactive state for 5-6 years.

There was also a branch in Franklin (Massachusetts), founded in 1913. The villagers left; most of them settled in Boston and formed a new branch in Cambridge.

# CHAPTER VII

## ECONOMICS

### I.-PRODUCTIVITY

a. Parchanj had approximately 150 roub (one roub [in area] equals 20 chareg) — or 3000 chareg of productive, fertile black soil, all of it under irrigation. Of this, 132 roub — 2640 chareg — was cultivated land. One-fourth was in wheat; one fourth in barley; one-fourth in cotton, various cereals, and garden produce; and one-fourth lay fallow, was for rent, or was undergoing change in planting. There were 14 roub of walled vineyards, 3 roub of wild vineyards, and one roub of mulberries.

The village had no grazing lands except for the roadway berms and the mulberry orchards. One roub of irrigated land was worth 150 Ottoman gold [pieces].

b. There was no absolute ownership of land. The owner of the land was the Sultan. But it had been generally accepted as common law that Armenians were allowed to acquire land, buy and sell, and to hand down from generation to generation through legal conveyances. Thus, as we have said before, the village, with its lands and waters had belonged to our farming and artisan forebears. At the time of their first intrusion the Turks grabbed the best of lands, mills, springs, homes, and fields from the Armenians. With their second intrusion, Armenians were totally stripped of their holdings and became simple vassals. The masters were the aghas, the Armenians their tenants. As a result of the effective controls Sultan Mahmoud imposed on the bandit hordes, and especially after Sultan Mejid's Khatti Hmayoun and the Tanzimat — edicts declaring equality between Turks and subject peoples in legal matters and granting

freedoms — there was some measure of relief and security for the Armenians of the village. The village Armenians, more industrious and more intelligent and clever than their Turkish and Kurdish neighbors, and more productive and conservative, began to buy back from the aghas the lands that had been seized from them, of course with bribes paid to the Turkish leaders and paying exorbitant prices. So that, by about 1890, nearly all of the wild vineyards, a part of the walled vineyards, and about 32 roub — 640 chareg — fields were once again in Armenian hands. From this date on the economic status of the village Armenians began to improve. By 1909, with the help of American dollars, three quarters of the village was in Armenian hands. The agha-tenant relationship virtually ended. And many aghas were obliged to till the lands remaining in their hands so that they would not starve.

c. The agha had been the master over the land. The tenant was the farmer who tilled the agha's lands and brought forth its produce. He had done so with his toil and sweat and all his resources, all his family and his laborers, his oxen and water buffalo, his plough and ploughshare, all the year 'round. The agha would supply only the seed. He had no other costs. The "shaynan" (government representative) and "khasaghasi" (buyer of crops) would get their share — one-tenth or sometimes one-seventh — of the crop. The remainder would be divided equally between the agha and the farmer. With his one-half our farmer was obliged to pay the government taxes, repay loans taken for the previous year's operations of the lands that he tilled, and live until the next

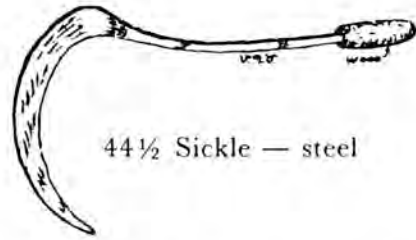
harvest. This writer has with his own eyes seen Lower Khojgants Uncle Kaspar return home from the harvest empty-handed, his head bowed, and with tears of hopelessness, to face his family with a year of self-denial. The buyer measured more than his share, the agha made his own division of the one-half, and the usurious lender took back an extra measure. Also, the family barber, the carpenter and the shoemaker, the smithy, the village merchant, the farm laborers, the village herdsman, the upholsterer, the village clerk, and the church sexton all took off with their shares. And there were not even any dregs left of the large piles of wheat and barley — they were all swept clean and taken off. This was the lot of some of the tenant farmers, especially those who had no lands of their own, or who had lost some of their beasts of burden. Around 1880 the village farming family owning the greatest amount of land was Abouna Sasbarenk; they were considered to be rich. After them came Great Torgank, Hodoenk, and Manaselenk.

In any case the lands and its farmers were the basic and most important factors that promoted the welfare and prosperity of Parchanj. It was these that nurtured the community and kept the village artisans and merchants busy and prosperous.

d. **The Village Crops:** The main crops of the village were wheat, barley, and cotton. They were the basic crops of the community and the only sources of profit for the farmer and the agha.

Besides these crops they raised millet [a cereal] and corn — for chicken feed; flax — for linseed oil; sesame and black caraway — for toppings on bread as well as for extracting sesame oil. For their table directly they raised vetch, "Koushna," "fit," and "makhtoug" [varieties of hay-producing grasses, vetches] (the last two being bundled for feed).

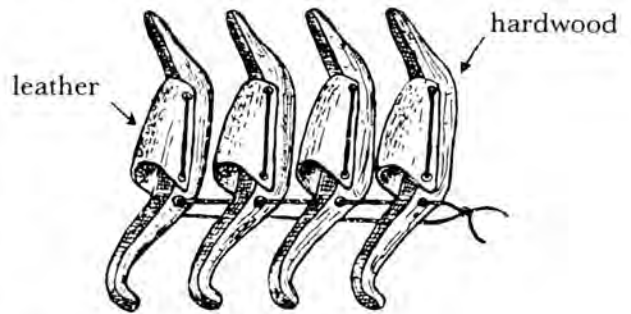
e. **Wheat:** There were two kinds, "menjeki" — for whole wheat, and "ashoura" for bread and bulgur [cracked wheat]. The seed of "khlor" and "jon" [wild grains] growing with the wheat was used as chicken feed. Harvest took place between the end of June and the beginning of August. The threshing area was prepared before reaping the wheat, changing the place each year. One area was below Hodoents' garden, on both sides of the Khouylou road. The other was on the southern side of Dzeronents' new house. They would clean the ground, level it, and compact it with



44 1/2 Sickle — steel

heavy rollers. During harvest there was such a demand for reapers that, in addition to using family members, they would hire artisans from the village and some migrant workers from Kharachor.

The reaper had his sickle, his gripper [manghi-mannots], and his hone. He received 4-5 kurush daily, and 3 meals. The gripper would be worn on the four fingers of the left hand, with the thumb free. It was tied to the wrist with a leather thong. With this they could hold a bundle of cut stalks in their hand



45 Gripper

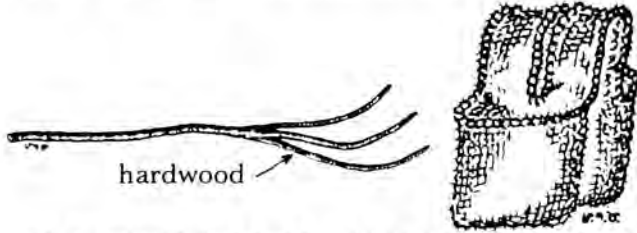
without hurting the fingers. The field to be reaped was divided into sections. Five to 10 reapers were assigned to each section. The foreman of the group of reapers was called the "onji."

1. During this period all of the members, large or small, of a farming family were busy. The girls would twist "kem" [cords] from wetted wheat stalks [for tying bundles]. Older girls and young brides would follow after the reapers and tie up sheaves of the cut wheat with the kem. The threshers would gather up the sheaves in carts and stack them in designated areas in the threshing area. The young men riding on donkeys with saddlebags would carry food and cool water from the springs to the reapers. The older men were in charge of the stacks of bundled wheat. In all the fields, after the sheaves of wheat had been gathered up, one could see the pauper gleaner women with their bags moving into the stubblefield after the reapers to gather up the loosely fallen stalks of wheat here and there. After the reaping was done the center

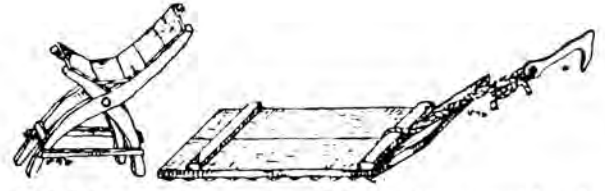


of activity moved to the threshing area. It was then time for threshing. Sheaves of wheat were picked off the stack with pitchforks and placed in a ring with the grain ends inward, packed close

turned over so that the unthreshed wheat at the bottom would come to the top, to be threshed. The threshing would last 2 to 3 days, until all the heap was well pulverized and ready to be



42 Anadod [pitchfork] 88 Habiga [saddlebag] together. The kem [tie] were cut with a sickle. The loosened sheaves were adjusted so that the heap was level and even. Then two additional rows were added. This, then, was the array ready for threshing, with a width suitable for one, or possibly two, threshing machines. The threshing machine was connected to the yoke by passing the thresher hook through the ring on the yoke. Two oxen were used to drag the thresher, or sometimes two water buffalo. A muzzle would be placed over their jaws. It consisted of a fruitwood branch (about finger thick) bent into a loop with ends tied together. This was then tied to the beast's horns. In this way they would be unable to eat an excessive amount of threshed wheat and chaff. If the beasts ate too much, and then drank water, they would bloat, sometimes fatally. The work of threshing was assigned to the young men and girls — a pleasant pastime for both. The thresher would be weighted down with a large rock, as well as with a seat. The driver, perched on the seat and with a prod in his hand, would keep the oxen on the heap. With the scoop end of his prod he would throw off the beasts' droppings.



100 Iskambi [seat] 37 Gam [thresher] hook



44 Massa [prod] for driving oxen

winnowed. It was then piled in an open part of the threshing area.

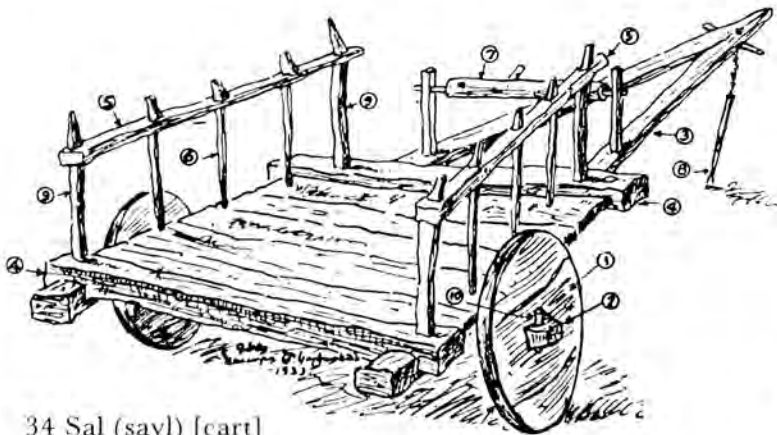
2. When all the threshing was done and the mixed wheat and chaff were piled and ready, the winnowing would start.

From the very beginning winnowing was done using a winnowing fork. But beginning in the 70's [1870's] they started using a winnowing machine that did not require a natural wind. It was highly productive. To winnow using the winnowing fork it was necessary to wait for the wind to be of a certain strength. Usually, in mid-afternoon, just as the wind would rise, one or two men, winnowers in hand, would climb on top of the heap of wheat and chaff. With the winnower they would toss the mix into the air against the wind. The grain kernels and some husks would fall back on the heap, the chaff would blow off and settle to earth a short

But the threshing operation required supervision. From time to time the heap had to be



41 Hoseli [winnowing fork]



34 Sal (sayl) [cart]

1. wheel
2. axle
3. beam
4. cross beam
5. rail
6. bannister
7. windlass
8. support
9. post
10. pin

distance away, and the chaff dust would spread all over the village. In the village — as well as in other villages — ailments of the eye were due principally to this chaff dust. When the winnowing was done, and the wheat was gathered in piles, the inspector would place his official seal on it and cover it in such a way that it would not be possible to steal any of the wheat without disturbing it. The grain would be beat with long mallets to remove the remaining husks. If there were too many they would winnow again. The remaining heavy chaff would be taken home to be burned as fuel in boiling bulgur in the tonir. The excess they would sell to the keeper of the bath. Wheat recovered from the heavy chaff the farmer usually kept.

3. When the harvesting was done and the wheat was “sealed,” the day for distribution was established. The town crier would announce it in the village. On the appointed day the agha owner or his representative, the “khasaghasi” [top agha], and the measurer would be at the threshing grounds, seated on chairs under a tent. Also, there would be the “kzir” [town clerk] and the sifter, and a host of creditors of the agha and the tenant farmer, together with their large sacks and donkeys.

First of all, the sifter would start measuring out quantities with his measuring tray. “There is one Allah” [god of Islam] . . . 9 for the agha, 9 for the tenant farmer, and 2 for a tenth [equivalent to a tithe or a tax or levy] — 3 piles. Each time he filled the measure he would level it with a wiping board, and each recipient would check the measure. After the pile had been apportioned, the top agha would have the kzir confirm the tenth as being the proper amount. He would then seal it. The amount of wheat needed as seed was removed from the agha’s pile and added to the farmer’s. And that would then be confirmed and sealed.

4. Now that the harvest — wheat, barley, straw — was all measured out it was the responsibility of the tenant farmer to cart the agha’s portion to his homestead and store it, and to take the levy portion to Mezire and store it where the top agha ordained, and this had to be done without charge.

Very early in the morning, before the churches opened, there would be a caravan of carts drawn by oxen, or water buffalo, rattling shakily along the road, delivering their levy portions. The snapping of the whips, and the squeaking and groaning axles filled the air of the sleeping village with their soft blending sounds. And through this sound of the carts, aged like

their owners, there rose the coarse yet melancholy voices of the strapping young men drivers singing a serenade to their loved ones, intruding upon the sweet dreams of the nice girls.

When the levies reached Mezire and were put into the government warehouses, the superintendent would have his own measurer verify the amounts. Often the cart drivers had to wait 2 or 3 days for their turn. It was necessary to pay a bribe to hurry up the weighing in. A bribe to make sure the measure was right! If one didn’t “throw a bone” to the superintendent or the measurer the levy would come out short, and the tenant farmer would have to make up the difference.

5. When the harvest was done both farmer and artisan went about the task of boiling and drying their bulgur, cleaning it, crushing it for the cracked wheat. It would then be panned [sorting out trash, as gravel, sand, etc.] and put away in containers. The wheat to be milled into flour was also to be cleaned and stored. Tenant farmers had to clean, make bulgur, crush, and mill the wheat that belonged to the aghas, and to deliver it to him.

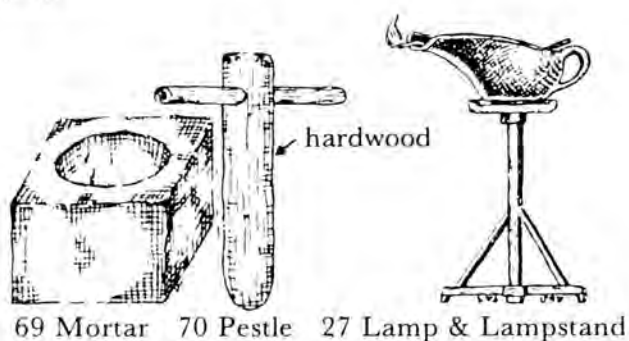
The free services the aghas expected from his tenant farmers occurred throughout the year, and they were many. “Markar, send over a few men to plow the vineyard,” or “water,” or “cover” [because of the cold winters it was necessary to cover the cut back stumps of vines with soil, to be uncovered in the spring]. “Send a few women to bake bread,” or “do the wash,” or “harvest grapes.” “send the cart to take the wheat to the mill.” “Clean the manure from the stable.” And what else, how should I know. If the cart broke down, or an ox or a water buffalo died, the tenant would bear the loss, one or two pesas (500 kuroush). The agha would pay not one pesa. For all these free services the tenant would enjoy the protection of the agha, which, good or bad, during those trying times was of some value to the tenant farmer in securing his life and honor.

And this was the reason that farmers would compete with one another, even clash, and pay bribes to the agha or his administrator for the privilege of becoming the tenant farmer of an influential agha even when the arrangement was so confiscatory and so servile.

6. The chaff and barley were indispensable as feed for the donkey, the horse, or any beast of burden. The chaff was part and parcel of the feed supply for cattle as well. Muleteers would buy excess chaff and barley from farmers for profitable resale. Fine chaff was a basic ingre-

dient in mud plaster, unfired bricks, and wall and roof plaster to serve as a binder, and render a quality of water resistance. Also, the light chaff that was passed through a fine sieve was mixed into the clay of all their pottery vessels.

f. **Linseed, Sesame, and Safflower:** These seed products occupied an important place in the crops of the village. They were regularly raised every year. After the seeds were completely dried in the sun the linseed and sesame were salted in an oven. Legumes were not salted, but some were pressed to extract oils. Even after the importation of kerosene from America and from Batum the linseed oil remained the main oil used for illumination, in glazed lamps with a cotton wick. They used the sesame oil in cooking. During periods of abstinence it was used instead of rendered butter and animal fats. They would crush the salted sesame in the village mortar (near Topouranaents spring). It would turn into a pulp.

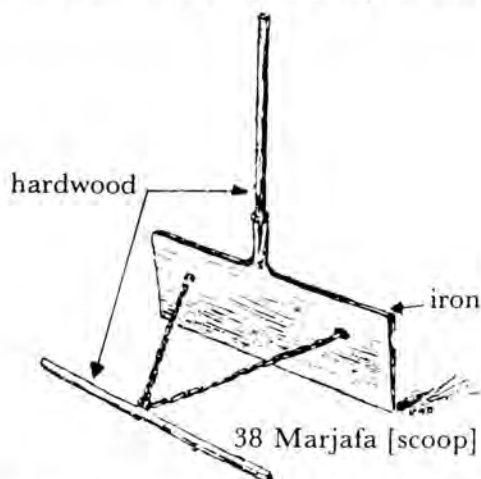


And was there anyone who didn't love the taste of this pulp mixed with grapejuice, or the pulp alone spread on bread fresh from the oven! Housewives and mothers used to make the filling for "kndig" [grain dumplings or "keufta"] by mixing this pulp with onions and parsley. The pulp of both the linseed and the sesame were used as feed for the prized water buffalo, their giraffe [as written, but probably intended to be camel], and their oxen, to fatten and strengthen them. People also liked and ate the linseed pulp, especially the children. This writer recalls Arevig's stable where we played blind man's bluff with Boghos of Topal Kapigenk, the two Beyroses of Chortoutenk and Gro Garoenk, and Agop of Garo Atamenk, and some other young boys while hiding in the dark corners of the oil press. We would scoop up some sesame pulp from the newly filled bags and suck it. What days they were! The oil of safflower was rarely used for illumination. But it was the villagers' home remedy for constipation, and the first aid for all sicknesses used by our

mothers, by Berber Avak, and by Madantsi Mardiros, for people and for cattle.

g. **Cotton:** Cotton cultivation was the most fussy task of the farmers. The fields initially had to be fertilized, plowed several times, leveled, partitioned off into smaller plats with a scoop, and watered. For their planting seed they would select the ripened [dried] stands with large bolls. These they would pick separately and extract the seeds. At the very threshold of spring they would soak these seeds in manure-laden water until they swelled. With the field prepared and watered an experienced planter would fill an open apron with the seed and plant plat by plat. A plowman would follow after him to bury the seed in the soil. And next, another would follow to harrow the soil once again, breaking up the clods and smoothening the surface.

1. After planting, the berms setting off the plats were restored with the scoop. In one or two



weeks it was time for weeding. A variety of weeds would also have sprouted along with the double sprouts of cotton. These weeds had to be cleaned out. One could see them at sunrise, brides and young girls, lined up in the field, and with their long-handled hoes weeding without hurting the cotton shoots. Other working women gathered up the weeds, as feed for their donkeys and cows.

Weeding was done several times. They would water after each weeding. Three to 4 months after the planting the girls would once again go into the fields, this time to top off the stalks that had grown to about 10 to 12 inches. The purpose was to enhance branching.

2. **Picking of Cotton:** By autumn everyone would have their bulgur and flour stored away, the vineyards picked and the grapes gathered in, the grape juice cooked and thickened, the wines bottled, all completed. With fall came the picking of cotton. By this time the cotton, grown to a



height of two feet, was loaded with the burst open puffs of cotton. The broad fields were luxuriously covered by the "quilt" of cotton. The farmers would previously have selected their pickers, instructing them on the evening before where to pick.

At dawn one could see the throng of women, brides, young girls — and some boys with them — with their midday meals packed in bundles on their backs, on the way to the fields assigned them. They would be wearing a "geyma" (doublet), their arms sleeved, a heavy apron tied in front, and a work shalvar, tight and warm. The picking would start and continue from sunrise to sunset. They picked and picked. First they would pick the open bolls; then they would pick the half-opened bolls. Sometimes they would pluck the cotton out of the bolls then and there. Each worker would keep the open bolls, the partly opened bolls, and removed cotton in separate places. When picking was done at just about sunset, the rayis [head of household] would come to pay out the wages. The daily wage was one sieve [used as a measure] of open bolls for picking open bolls, but according to the amount picked, that is, a sieve simply filled, or a sieve pressed in or overflowing. Sometimes it would be two sieves with some fruit for the worker's child. For cotton that was removed from the boll the pay would be one sieve of open bolls for each 5 apron loads. For the partly opened bolls, the pay was one, sometimes two sieves of partly opened bolls. My mother used to relate that Lower Torgants uncle Ovagim (the rayis) and uncle Manasel Ovan were the most generous. In paying wages they always used a large sieve and press-filled or filled to overflowing, and always gave fruit to the children.

There were some also who were known to be miserly. They would measure out wages with a smaller sieve, and they would shake it while filling it so that it would be loosely filled. And



64 Sieve, fine

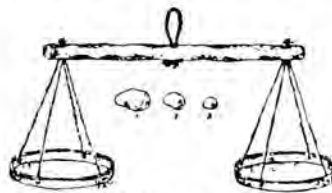
sometimes in place of the open bolls they would give only the partly opened bolls.

The workers would stop to rest only at midday, for their meal. And such an appetizing meal! They would gather under the trees and spread their meal pack on the ground. Bread,

freshly baked, golden brown and fluffy, pickled hot peppers and parsley, sometimes cheese, and with refreshingly cool water brought in red jugs from the springs by the landowner's sons.

They would eat their meal in the clear, brisk autumn air, under the open sky, and they would rest. How refreshing! These occasions were enjoyable for the workers' sons. They would go with their mothers to get the handout of fruit. And besides, one or two times during the day they would manage to slip away and visit the fruit peddlers with their pockets bulging [with cotton picked up here and there, to trade for fruit]. And for the young people of the landowner's family, brides, daughters, sons, it was the day of days. . . . It was then, at cotton picking time, that girls would store away in their dowry chests sweet-smelling apple, or aromatic quince, or pomegranates from Chunkush, and black and red raisins from Besni. The little boys would fill valises with walnuts with which to play games. And the young men loaded down with red apples and pomegranates would visit their fiancées — to trade for a secret kiss, perhaps.

3. Do we remember the fruit peddlers, and their donkeys with their feed sacks hanging from their heads! They would be lined up along the Vartatil, Shntil, or Khouylou roads, under the mulberry trees. They would display the red apples from Kurk, in piles along the edge of the road — how I liked their smell. And there were pomegranates and quince, raisins from Besni as big as your thumb, walnuts from Haftasar, and grapes ripened under the Armenian sun (just recalling it makes my mouth water). And these could be got in trade for cotton and cotton bolls. One open cotton boll would get one item; one extracted cotton clump was good for two items. Only grapes could be got in trade for partly opened bolls — two partly opened bolls for one grape [bunch]. Their scales were "Antinque"



87 Balance scales

1. one hokhkha
2. one nougi
3. one toukht

balances, homemade. It consisted of a heavy wooden beam about 2 inches thick. On each end, hanging with 4 cords, were two pan-shaped wooden trays about 10 to 12 inches in diameter and about 3 inches deep. In the center of the beam was a loop passing through the beam, for holding the balance. The balance weights were

round stones taken from the stream. They corresponded to weights of one hokkhka [probably about 4 pounds], one nougi, and one toukht [literally "paperweight," but possibly about one pound]. Usually the balance pan with the fruit would hang — well, just a wee bit lower [the tone of the text suggests that the writer meant "higher"]. As to the accuracy of the stones — well, just don't ask! Who really cared, on such happy occasions, out on the job!

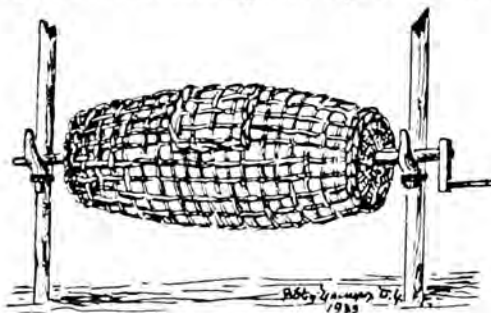
At sundown, with the day's wages wrapped in the sheets in which the bread had been wrapped, tied on their back, and with the boys carrying their valise bags full of fruits, it was time to go home. It was then that the street peddlers were busy.

When the wages had been paid, the farmer's menfolk would gather the day's pick in large and small woven bags, and would carry them home in ass-drawn carts. This was the convenient opportunity for a young carter to throw a small, or even a large bag of cotton to a dependable peddler, later to get for himself an equivalent quantity of fruits.

The unpicked closed bolls would be left on the stalks for one or two weeks more, and they would all be gathered at the last picking.

The cotton plant was good as fuel. The farmers would gather a part for themselves, and leave the rest for artisan neighbors. The women gathered the plants and carried them home on their backs, or on donkeys. They would leave them on a porch to dry.

4. The bolls, open and partly open, were spread out on the rooftops to dry and open fully. The dried bolls were tumbled before cleaning, to get rid of the crushed, dry pods. The "chalkhavou" [the tumbling instrument] consisted of a large basket woven of reeds by gypsies. The openings were smaller than the cotton bolls. It was mounted on a heavy axle about 3 inches thick. It also had a woven door for filling with the bolls. A strong person rotated the half-filled basket until the broken bits of dry pod covering had fallen through the openings. Thus



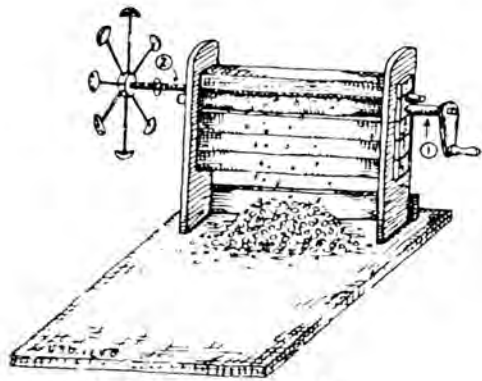
1 Chalkhavou [tumbling basket]

cleaned, the cotton was ready for pulling. The partly opened bolls were not tumbled. They were kept separate because such cotton was of a lower grade and not saleable.

5. Pulling the Cotton: The farmer having completed his outdoor work would now work on his cotton. He would call 5, 10, to 20 of his neighbors to join him during the long winter evenings to "pull the cotton" [thinning]. After their meal, until 10 or 11 (sometimes even later; it depended on the length of the tale being told) they would gather in a warm room or in the barn loft seated cross-legged on cushions. There they would thin out the cotton. This was a traditional practice, having the neighbors' help, unpaid. There the matchless storyteller of the village would unfold his rich "once upon a time" [the Armenian fairy tales start literally with "once there was, there wasn't"] tales. And in the background the sweet melodious long songs of a minstrel could be heard. To banish sleepiness — a round of wine, and to sweeten the palate, some grapes, sometimes. And for us young ones, instead of staying with the cotton pulling we would go to Torgants Haji Garabed's or Kilarjonts Tokma Garo's to hang on to every word of their tales until the last "and 3 apples fell from heaven" [traditional end of Armenian fairy tales, . . . "one for the teller, one for you listeners, and one for all the world"] — there was no sleep for us!

6. Ginning the Cotton: The farmer's cotton gin was the "jrjr," in the form as handed down from Patriarch Noah. The local carpenter would make the wooden parts, of hard woods as mulberry, cherry, or oak. The spindle and the flywheel were made by the blacksmith. The parts of the gin were the oaken drive shaft with a crank fitted at one end, and the steel spindle with a steel-spoked flywheel. These were held pressed together firmly by three movable battens. The ginner sat on the floor. With his right hand he rotated the shaft, and that, through friction, caused the spindle to rotate, in the opposite direction. With his left hand he fed the cotton into the space between the shaft and the spindle. In this way the seed would be separated from the cotton without hurting the cotton fibers. The cotton would fall on the far side of the gin while the bare seeds would fall in front.

The task of ginning the cotton belonged to the youth of the farming family. However, sometimes a farmer with a larger operation was obliged to hire outside ginners, paying them one nougi [ $\frac{1}{2}$  hokkhka, or about 2 pounds] per lir [about 18 pounds] of cotton ginned, and 3 meals.



2 "Jrjr" [cotton gin]

Sometimes 5 to 10 gins would operate for months. It was sweaty, backbreaking work because the home gin was hard to turn and inefficient. But the cotton it ginned was most preferred. It commanded a high price and had a ready market because the natural fibers retained their natural lengths unbroken. The market was in the City. Sometimes buyers would come from Moush and Garin [Erzurum].

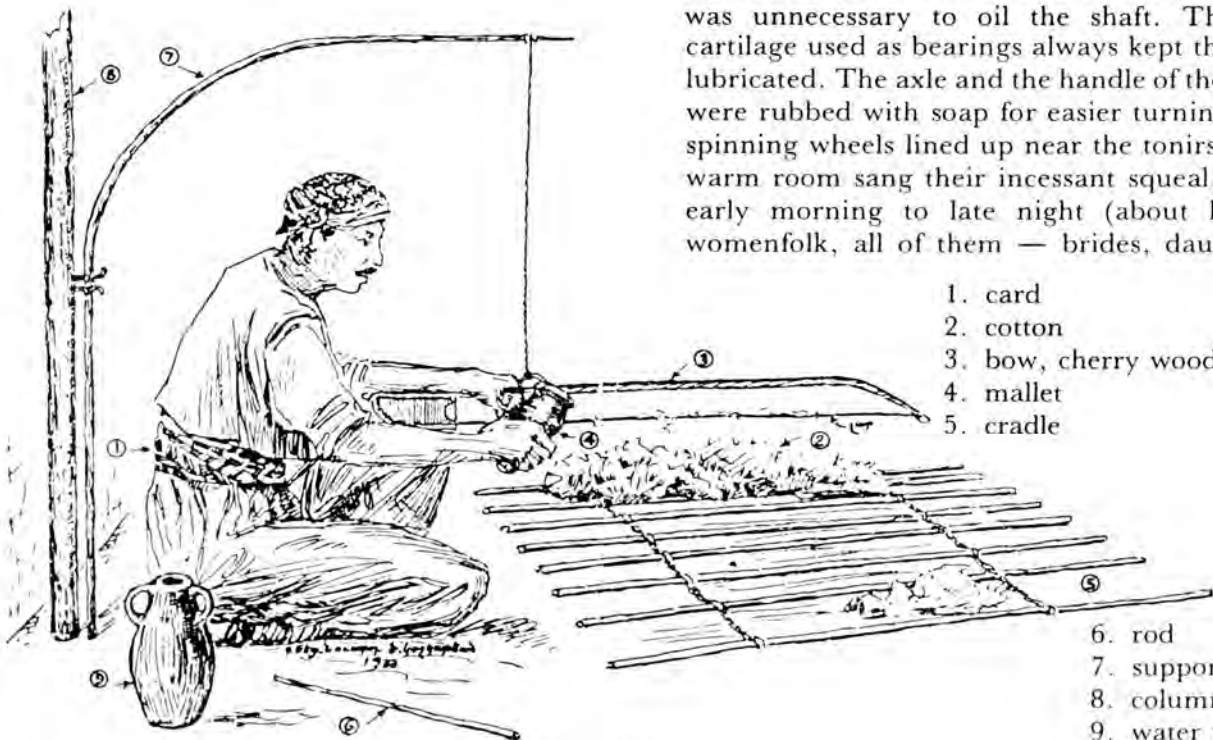
7. The cottons from Hoghe and Khamkegh were the most prized in the Ova. That of our village was third. About 2000 lir (26,000 pounds) of cotton was produced annually. Prices varied; 18 to 40 kurush per lir, depending on the year. The cotton seed was used as feed for milking cows. Cows so fed would produce more milk that was richer and more delicious.

8. Now comes the carder carrying his bow, his mallet, and his cradle, ready to card the ginned cotton. On the left is the pile of cotton. Seated on the right are the womenfolk. Some are seated at tables wrapping the cotton around switches. Others are tying the cotton in skeins for those who will spin the yarn.

The carder tosses the carded cotton onto the table with his rod. The generous lady of the house always kept the small jug filled with wine — wine instead of water for our carder "so that his gullet will not get parched and the cotton will be carded cleanly." Every evening, at the close of work, they would weigh out a nougi of uncarded cotton for the carder for each lir of cotton carded for the day. And sometimes they would also pay 4-5 kurush (16-20 cents) daily.

An expert carder could card 1½ lir (about 27 pounds) of cotton per day (10 hours).

9. Spinning: Do you see this spinning wheel? It was the device used for spinning by our mommies from time immemorial. It was the handiwork of the village carpenters. It was made entirely of wood. The spinner for the thread was a steel shaft turned by the drum [large, flat wheel], through a cotton cord placed tightly over it and around the grooved pulley on the shaft. The drum, about 30 inches in diameter by 6 inches across the face, consisted of 2 round boards nailed to the two faces of a hub and attached to an oaken shaft. It was mounted between two legs. For each revolution of the drum the shaft would rotate 150-200 turns. It was unnecessary to oil the shaft. The oily cartilage used as bearings always kept the shaft lubricated. The axle and the handle of the drum were rubbed with soap for easier turning. The spinning wheels lined up near the tonirs in the warm room sang their incessant squeal. From early morning to late night (about 10) the womenfolk, all of them — brides, daughters,



1. card
2. cotton
3. bow, cherry wood 6 feet
4. mallet
5. cradle

6. rod
7. support
8. column
9. water jug

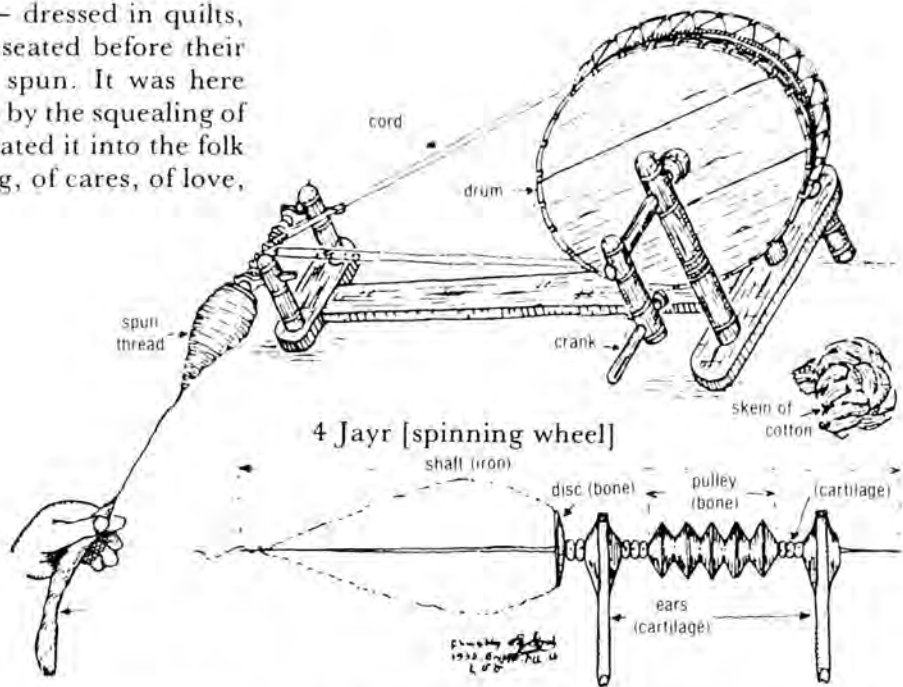
3 Carder carding cotton (Kilarji Garo)



ladies, whoever happened — dressed in quilts, with baskets full of cotton, seated before their spinning wheels, spun and spun. It was here that our dear mothers, taken by the squealing of their spinning wheels, translated it into the folk songs they created of longing, of cares, of love, singing them feelingly.



5 Nazoug [reel]



4 Jayr [spinning wheel]

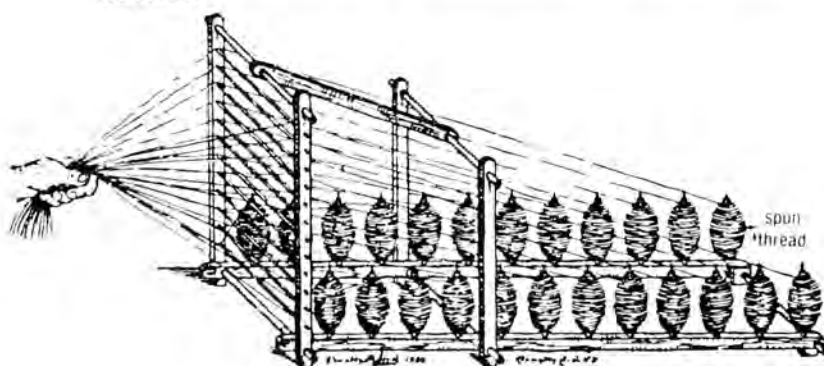
When the shaft was filled with the thread [yarn] it would be transferred to a reel. A full shaft was called a "gazh." There were skillful spinners who could spin from 2 to 7 gazhes a day.

10. Filling Bobbins: An empty bobbin was pressed on the shaft [of the spinning wheel]. The thread end from the reel was attached to the bobbin. The spinning wheel was spun until the bobbin was filled. The filled bobbins were placed on the spindles of the "dasdajagh" [fixture used to feed threads to lay the warp]. Slender poles 5 to 6 feet long are driven in straight lines, rising about 3 to 4 feet above the ground on a level place in the yard or in the street. They are placed one at each end of the array and 5 pairs in between about 5 to 10 feet apart. The one laying the warp would walk back and forth carrying the "dasdagal" [cluster of threads] in his hand. Two passes would form a warp width, about 10 yards long, with 96 threads.

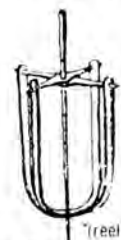
11. Before filling the bobbin for the warp the thread was wetted with "shresh" [a plant producing a viscous fluid when boiled in water] water, and squeezed dry and shaken so that the skeins would not be too wet. The soaking in shresh water prevented the thread from raveling and would produce a firmer warp. The [full] warp was always two separate warp lays. The full warp consisted of 280 to 480 threads.

12. Weaving Cloth: It was also called "horkordzel" [to loom]. Every farmer's home had a loom. Many artisans' homes also had looms. The weavers were usually women. There were a few expert men weavers who worked for hire, as well as weaving cloths for themselves.

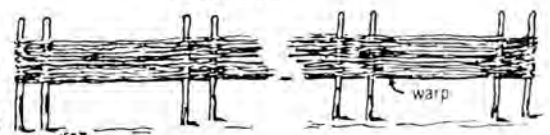
13. The loom was a complicated and ingenious device. It was the combined product of the expert weavers of the city and the carpenters. It had been perfected and handed down from generation to generation virtually unchanged.



7 Dasdajagh



6 Garzhar



8 Laying the warp

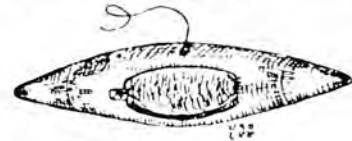
The principal parts of this native device were the following. (1) Batten and Reed: The expert weaver repeatedly struck the batten against the weft [woof] from the shuttle to press it firmly against the weave. The frame of the batten was of apricot or cherry wood, smooth and polished. The reed [comb] was formed of reeds placed as closely as pairs of threads [of the warp]. The number of reeds in the comb corresponded to one-half of the number of threads (480) of the finest cloths. And the batten was made accordingly. The batten moved on two hinged arms,



86 Batten Reed

and hung with two cords attached to the upper beam. (2) Heddles: There were two rows, in back of the batten, one pair above the warp and one pair below. These carried tiny rings on fine cords, corresponding in number to the threads of cloth to be woven. Half of the warp threads passed through the loops of the upper heddles, and the other half through the lower. These were supported from the top beam with bows and connected with cords to the treadles. The bows served to keep the heddles firmly held. The arrangement was such that when the treadles were depressed alternately the heddles would move up and down, separating the threads of

the warp for free passage of the shuttle and weft, just in front of the operator. (3) Shuttle, with its thread-filled bobbin: This was made of black bone, fitted with brass tips, all well polished, and imported. (4) Cloth beam, a square, smooth hardwood piece, with its round ends mounted in bearings, and on which the finished cloth was wound. It also kept the warp tight. (5) "Mtit"



7 Markok [shuttle]

(also called "pargal") was used to hold the edges of the cloth straight and firm. It consisted of two slats about  $\frac{1}{4}$ " by 2" hinged together. It was always kept near the loom, pinned to the finished cloth. (6) Two treadles: These were wooden paddles pivoted loosely to the frame. They were used to operate the heddles. (7) Pit: This was a rectangular, dug-out space in one corner of the room, near a wall. The operator would sit at the edge of it, with his feet in it, resting on the treadles. Also in the pit was the cloth beam, and a few other parts. (8) Warp: divided into two sections: This consisted of 7 to 12 "chla" (each of 96 threads) from 20 to 30 yards long — to produce 2 to 3 bolts of cloth.

The ends of the warp were tied and wrapped around rods attached to the wall. From there the



"This is the day. I am sobbing, dear. It is weaving day."

"My bobbin is in place, I am sobbing, dear. My shuttle is in the loom."

"It is the day of my 'savda' [meaning unknown]. I am sobbing, dear. Handsome sweetheart."

warp passed over a bar attached to the ceiling, down to a bar fixed to the floor, and under it, through the heddles thread by thread in twos, through the batten reed, and onto the cloth beam.

There were some weavers in the village who could produce 2 to 3 bolts of cloth per day.

Besides plain cloth they also wove colored, striped materials for women's overshirts. They also made aprons by filling the bobbins of the shuttle with colored threads. These called for heavier threads in the warp and weft.

14. Bleaching: The villagers had to complete all of their weaving before the first days of summer, before any of the harvest began. The hot summer sun was needed to bleach the cloths. They would soak the woven cloth in solutions made from cattle manure, for 2-3 days, stirring it 2-3 times each day. They would then wring out the cloths and carry them laden on donkeys to Balikgol for the bleaching. During those days of bleaching they would also take along their rugs, carpets, and mats to be washed and sunned.

The young women all, their skirts knotted up to their knees, their sleeves rolled high, and their hair hanging freely, would immerse the manure-soaked cloths in the warm, clear waters of the stream, stomping on them and rinsing them until not the slightest trace remained of the solution. Then they would beat the cloths on flat stones using the "tag" [wooden beating block, mallet], after which they would once again rinse the cloths in the clear water. Then they were set out on the sun-baked gravel to dry. After the cloths were dry they would repeat the cycle a few times more. For three days this process would go on, and the cloths would become "white as snow."



20 "Tag"

Bleaching times were good times for the young women of the village. They would swim in the warm and clear pools, sing, and dance in the cool groves of willows, oftentimes inveigling the sun —

Arev, arev, tours yelir  
Kou kourigt lousngan  
Perav chamich meg aman  
Okh — arevu khapetsak  
Ambin dagen hanetsak.

O Sun, O Sun, Oh, do come out  
Your friend, little sister moon  
Has brought for you some raisins, see  
Aha — we fooled the sun  
And brought it out from behind the clouds.

The lady of the house would send some of the bleached cloth to the dye-house to be dyed in reds and blues, for skirts, jumpers, and jackets. And some would be sent to the "chitji" to be block printed, for comforters, mats, pillow cases, table covers, etc. And the remainder in white would be sewn into shirts, underclothing, and a thousand and one other things.

**Poppy — Opium:** The cultivation of opium was introduced in the village from Dikranagerd in the 1860's through Torgants Gimish Aroutiun. Its production continued to the end. It was a large source of income for the village. They would sow the poppy seed, producing a tall and branched plant. The green pods of the poppy, filled with seeds, grew at the tips. The beauty of the poppy field in bloom is impossible to describe — a symphony of variegated color tones challenging the rays of the sun. When the pods ripened it was time to "bleed" them. Three or 4 women with specially fashioned hooked knives would slit the pods in 3 or 4 places. A milky fluid would drip out of the slits and would immediately congeal in a dark red color on the husks.

This was the opium. They would come the next day and gather up the thickened fluid in cups. Then they would fashion small lumps of it and wrap them in the poppy leaves. This extract was produced in large quantity. Buyers from elsewhere would come to the village. One "okha" (3 pounds) of these opium lumps sold for one Ottoman gold unit (\$4.50). The government had imposed a heavy tax on opium production.

After the opium was extracted, the seed pods were buried in the field until the husks dried and hardened and the seeds inside would ripen. Then the pods would be gathered. Those that were large and full were kept for planting seed, in their husks. The seeds from the remainder were salted and used as topping for breads. Midwives, berbers, and housewives boiled the raw seeds and made a drink for infants. It was good for inducing sleep, and also to relieve stomachaches. The stalk was used to make a paste.

i. **Hemp:** Hemp is a cereal grass with a single stalk. It grows tall and has branches. The seeds of the hemp grow in bunches on these branches.



When the plants ripened the stalks were gathered and carried home to be laid out on the roofs for drying. After drying, the seeds were picked off and crushed. When salted they were very good to eat. They would be mixed in with the glaze spread on bread. It was also fed to chickens. The most important part of the hemp was the stalk covering. The stalks were placed in water for a few days. The villager would make his cords and heavy ropes from these fibers by twisting or weaving them together. However, they usually gave the task to hemp spinners of Kesirig.

The stalks were hollow and burned easily. The dried stalks were cut into short pieces, and split into 3 or 4 parts. The ends were dipped in melted sulphur. The product was used as matches.

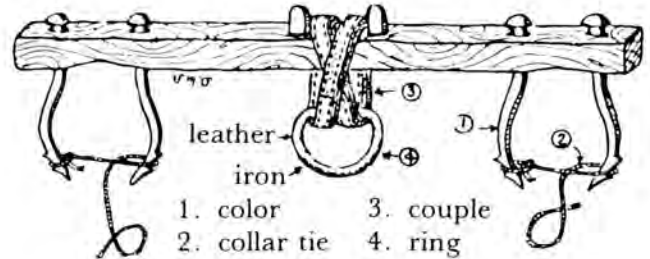
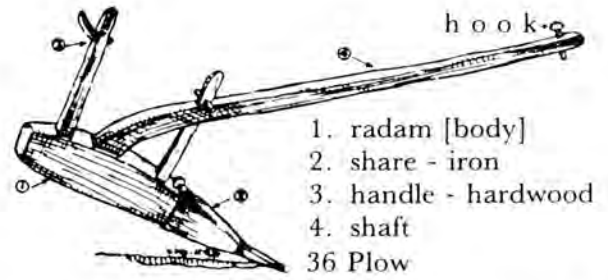
These were the matches used by our forefathers. They would ignite only by putting them into a flame. Our mothers would light their tonirs with them only after getting an introductory light from "azali krgout [European matches].

But in more recent times — about the 1860's — they learned of a different, profitable use of hemp from the silk culturists of Dikranagerd.

The dried hemp, before being stripped of its seeds, was put into a cloth bag and shaken, to throw off a powder. This powder was called "Asrar" — worth about 200-400 kurus per dram. It was hard to obtain and much sought after. It was sold mixed with snuff and tobacco. One puff, and it was enough to bring on a dreamy intoxication. The smoker would be transported to Mohamet's heaven, but with very disastrous aftermath. It caused the smoker to give up his food [literally, his bread and water], and he would turn into skin and bones. The village Turks became the addicts of this asrar — it was just what they were looking for. The sale of asrar, however, was done secretly, and was strictly prohibited by the government.

j. **The Fields:** The village farmers neither changed the pattern of the cultivation of their fields, nor improved their farming tools. The fields owned by the landlords were neither in one parcel, nor very extensive, but only a quilt of small plots spread here and there. Thus, there was little space nor need for modern plows.

1. [These are] the small plow made of hardwood with its iron plowshare made by smithy Garig Amou [uncle], and the yoke with its collars (of cherrywood), its leather coupling, and its ring into which the hook of the plow or cart was placed. A pair of oxen or water buffalo



was the motive power, as used and handed down for centuries. It was with such archaic equipment that our farmers plowed their fields, twice a year — in the early spring, and at the end of autumn. Twice a year they would fertilize, before plowing, bringing the gathered manure into the fields in carts and spreading it.

2. Four or 5 times during the year they would water the fields to be planted, by flooding, according to the needs of the season and the product to be planted.

The size of a field was defined by the size of the crop — from one rubkila to two chareg. There was only one 10-chareg field in the village, belonging to Markhoni (blind Hamid). One chareg was about 1-1/3 acres. And one chareg was about 3 bushels.

3. **The Field Boundaries of the Village:** The cultivated fields of the village were marked by boundaries, and each had its name, to make it easier to work in the fields. The government records identified the fields with these names, such as the "Kargdots" field, etc. "Boys, plow the Top Tter field today," the rayis [head of the family] would say.

#### 4. The Names:

1-Mezerlar Chakhouri: Below Kekloug Tepe, just west of the Turkish cemetery. Unirrigated.

2-Khorkhorin Daran: North and east of Kekloug Tepe, in a swale. The source of one of the village torrents. Unirrigated and sandy.

3-Yeghoents Aghpir-Sourp Sarkis: North, on the southeast slopes of Kekloug Tepe. One of the old sites of the village. Unirrigated and sandy.

4-Balik Goli: Northwest, part of the Stream,

from the lower mill to Bash-Dagirman. Irrigated, but stony.

5-Dashkhoun Tepe: Northwest, the old site of the village. Irrigated.

6-Khoshrig: Near Dashkhoun Tepe, on the lower slopes of Yertmnga mountain, near the public water supply.

7-Khayayin Tter: Northwest, adjacent to Khoshrig. Named after the planting of mulberries by a Turk villager named Khaya. Irrigated.

8-Sakoular: Adjacent to Khayayin Tter. Terraced, irrigated.

9-Goulli Bagher: North, just above Amoshents' vineyard. It was once a rose garden.

10-Yergije Jampan: Near the Armenian cemetery. South. Irrigated and very fertile.

11-Khuzl-Cash: In the direction of Shntil, south. The stones were red. Irrigated and very fertile.

12-Chors Touter — Below the Four Mulberries: Near the cemetery, on the south side of the Yergijes. Irrigated and very valuable.

13-Nourgener: South, near the Yengije road, beginning at the lower bridge. Irrigated and very fertile.

14-Marasa places: Adjacent to the boundary of Yengije village. Irrigated and fertile.

15-Top Tter: South, toward Shntil. Irrigated, black soil.

16-Shorakhnin — Shorakhner: West, toward Khouylou. Irrigated, but not so valuable.

17-Loda places: West, along the Shntil road, between Yehgoents Aghpir and Chors Touter. Irrigated and very fertile.

18-Kargdotsner: West, near the Vezlerents' garden, on the road to Khouylou. Irrigated, but stony.

19-Day Oghliner: Below the Khouylou road. Irrigated and fertile.

20-Layn Chayir: Alongside the Khouylou fields. Southwest. Irrigated and fertile.

21-Kayradin Aroun: West, toward Yertmng and Khouylou. Irrigated and fertile.

22-Jiger: Alongside the Kayradin, toward Khouylou. The fields here are narrow and long. Irrigated and fertile.

23-Khadi places: Along the road to Yertmng. Near Sel Dagirman. Irrigated and fruitful.

24-Psheroun Jampan: Just below the new Dzeron house. Irrigated and very fertile. A threshing site.

25-Tamal Baghi: South, near the lower bridge, and below the Paloutsvonts and Doldabanents vineyards. Irrigated and very valuable.

26-Khoury Chay: Alongside the Khouylou fields, near the wetlands. Irrigated.

27-Markhoniner: From the village vineyards toward Vartatil, east. Irrigated, and the most fertile black soil. Between the road to Vartatil and the Shntil stream.

28-Nokhoudlar Harghi (Siser stream): From the three mulberry trees to the Vartatil stream.

29-Khayish Khran: East, toward Vartatil. The soil is very hard and difficult to till. Irrigated.

30-Below the Parag Jampa: Below the Cartatil stream. Irrigated.

31-Garmoujner: Southeast, near the destroyed bridge over the Shntil stream, along the Moullikegh road. Irrigated and fertile.

32-Khouyi Dibi: Southeast, near the intersection of the roads to Moullikegh and Yengije. Irrigated. There was once a well there.

33-Dilki Youvashiner: East, from near the Moullikegh road toward the Vartatil stream. There had been some fox lairs there. Irrigated and fertile.

34-Aghdashner: Southeast, near the Moullikegh road. Between the three mulberry trees and [Dilki] Youvasi. Rocks and clay-laden soil. Irrigated.

35-Khrajner: Northeast, above the infertile vineyards. Unirrigated.

36-Tmber (mounds): East, below the infertile vineyards, near the Protestant's cemetery. Irrigated.

37-Segourtalaja — Mamoyin Toulough: In a valley northeast of Kekloug Tepe. Irrigated. The source of Janigozalents' spring was here. Sandy soil, but fruitful.

38-Below Hodoents' Garden: West, near the Stream, on both sides of the Khouylou road. Irrigated, and very fertile. A threshing site.

39-Jangdourner: On the Khouylou border. Irrigated and valuable.

40-Khorochnin: Below the Marasa places, south. Low lying, irrigated, and fertile.

41-Chat Road — Khouyi: Near Dibi. Irrigated.

k. **Fruit Culture:** The village had extensive walled vineyards, unirrigated vineyards, and gardens.

1. **Walled Vineyards:** Most of these, and the best ones, were owned by Turks, seized from Armenians who originally owned them. The vineyards of Eshkhoghents and Dillients had belonged to Yeghoenk. The nearby vineyards of Kor Hamid, and Kurd Beko had belonged to Khojgank, Panoenk, and Hodoenk. Those near the Goshgrents mill had belonged to Der Manelenk and Berber Avakenk. All the vineyards from Sel Dagirman to those below Chakchakou mill stream had belonged to

Mghd. Mlko, Panoenk, Khojgank, Boghgank, Manaselenk, Yavanenk, Milo Mardoenk, Boyajonk, and Sexton Kapo. The house and extensive vineyards of Haji Beg had belonged to Great Torgank. That of Hakhverdienk above the bath had belonged to Misakenk and Brsoenk. The Armenians planted, raised the vineyards, and built the walls. The Turks came along and gobbled them up. The walled vineyards were the principal source of income and the livelihood of the Turks.

It was for this reason that the Turks went beyond the Armenians in the culture of vineyards and in gardening, and greatly developed the art.

All of the walled vineyards were irrigated, and the soils fertile. Grapes, seedless mulberry, and all kinds of fruits and vegetables were cultivated there.

2. **Grapes:** The grapes from the walled vineyards of Parchanj were famous throughout the Ova. Their skin was thin, with one or two seeds, juicy, and very tasty. There were various kinds of grapes. Yenour — red, early ripening, and sweet tasting. Okouz Gozi (ox eyes) — large bunches, and separated, blue-black. Aghbakeri — white, elongated, and crisp. Khatoun Barmaghi (lady fingers) — green and long. Kola Doyuran (fat filler) — dark blue, tight bunches. Boghazkra (wine grape), — and others.

3. These [grapes] were of two classes — those to be used immediately, and the late-ripeners used for hanging. In the first group — blacks and whites — of which the Okouz Gozi was the finest, the grapes were used to make their syrups, their bastegh and rojik, with the rest being sold, carried on their donkeys to the City, to Mezire, and to villages that had no grapes. Instead of receiving money they received wheat or barley in exchange. The grape salesmen-carters were mostly Turk, with only a few Armenians.

4. The late-ripening (asmatsou) grapes were of the white variety.

These were picked toward the autumn, being gathered by carefully handling them and putting them in baskets, as whole bunches. The bunches were hung between thin, flexible willow branches woven together, with the bunches uncrowded, but held in place. The cradle of woven branches, about three feet long, was provided with a loop at the top. The Turk vineyard owners had one, or sometimes two, special rooms where the cradles were hung on nails driven into the rafters, or off the wall posts.

These grapes were kept all winter long, without spoiling, and sweet. During the winter they would be sold at a high price — 5-7 kurus per lir [about 24 pounds]. The grape juice was sold for 12 kurus per lir. It was given freely to the sick.

5. In the walled vineyards the eating grapes would remain on the vines until late autumn, warmed in the autumn sun, but chilled with the night coolness. The taste, indescribable! It was at such times that the grape frolics of the groups of youths would take place, at night, in the wine press rooms of the vineyards, along with barbeques.

6. Infertile vineyards: Northeast of the village, along the road to Hoghe, were these fields, unirrigated and sandy. With insignificant exception these fields had remained in the hands of the Armenians. These were divided into four parts, each surrounded by a thorny hedge, with crossing pathways in between, each wide enough for a donkey carrying a pair of baskets. There was not one shade tree. Little huts could be seen here and there. They were built of willow saplings, and covered over with willow twigs. The lookout huts of the vineyard guardians were on the eastern and western sides of the field. They were built of heavy saplings, two stories high, and with steps leading up. From on top of these huts the guardians could see all over the vineyard and anyone who might enter. There were two guardians, one Armenian and the other Turkish. Among the guardians were Kurd Beko, Topourma Mardo, Mghd. Margos, Mstafa Onbashi, Chilfo Mamo, and others. For each field they received yearly two bundles of "ortod" [dried prunings of vines, used as fuel] and 1-4 olchag of wheat from the threshing. I can still hear the frightening warning shouts from their huts, to drive thieves away.

7. There was not much of edible grapes in the infertile vineyards, although they were sweeter than those of the walled vineyards.

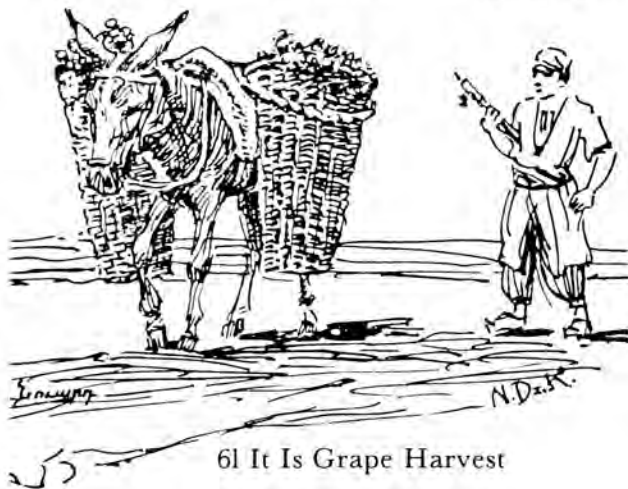
About 95 percent of the vines were Boghazkra, used for wine and syrup. It was dark blue, spherical, heavy skinned, tightly bunched, and with a thick, deep purple, and honey-sweet juice. It was one of the most desirable of the world's wine grapes, according to the verdict given by Major Trotter of England on a visit to Kharperit in about 1880.

The earliest ripening grapes were from the infertile vineyards — first the Yenour, at the time of the feast of Assumption, in August. As soon as the grapes showed signs of ripening, those



who had vineyards would go early on a Sunday morning to the vineyard, along with a boy, to gather some grapes and azokh [unripe grapes]. They could pick only a few bunches, enough to eat. To pick more than that was forbidden. Every such bundle of grapes had to pass the inspection of the guardians.

8. Grape harvest. It was toward the end of September. The vine leaves had been painted in variegated colors by the elves. Tucked magically in the vines were the bunches of ripe grapes.



61 It Is Grape Harvest

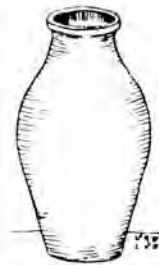
The harvesting was done by the young women. They would be bent alongside the vines; they would cut off the bunches with knives and place them in their aprons or in trays and carry them to a pile on the ground. The men would gather them in large baskets, load them on donkeys, and carry them to the storehouse and spread the grapes on the stone floor, the Boghazkra separate. And all the while the little boys and girls, naughtily, would be eating grapes, their lips purpled and their bellies swollen.

After the harvest was over the gleaners would come, usually a neighbor of the vineyard owner, to gather the grapes overlooked and left on the vines.

9. Pressing of the juice. In the walled vineyards there were usually grape presses, with a stone basin. This is where the Turks pressed [crushed] their grapes. The Armenians did it in their homes. Heavy, woven double sacks, densely woven, were filled with the grapes. They would then crush them by trampling over the sacks with their well-washed feet. The grapes would be left lying for a few days for the juice to become more fluid.

10. Wine. Glazed jugs, as wide as 3 feet, and 6 feet tall. From one to 10 of these, tarred, washed and dried were stored in a corner of the storeroom. These were either made by the

housewife, or bought from makers. The juice of the Boghazkra would be filled in these jugs, with the mouth left open. After fermenting for



19 Vessel, jug for wine

about a month, and purifying, they would close the jug, sometimes sealing them tightly, for use one or 2 years later. What they drank was old wine, usually. Give me some of my mother's Boghazkra wine and you can keep all your California, Spanish, and French wines. Ours was the wine drunk by Patriarch Noah, is that not so! There was some wine 5-10 years aged.

11. Syrup [Roup]. They would fill the Boghazkra juice into vessels in which the housewife had previously put in the requisite amount of a white clay. This was to purify and sweeten the syrup. They would leave it overnight. The next morning the juice would be poured into kettles and boiled over fires until it thickened. It would then be poured back into the vessels and left in the midday sun, for one or 2 days, cooking in the sun. This would become the syrup. The syrup would be stored in glazed jars, with the covers tightly sealed. The syrup was also made with skins of pear, and other fruits thrown in during cooking. They used pumpkin, egg-plant, unripe pear, first washed and soaked to get rid of raw or coarse taste. This syrup would be very tasty. Few housewives knew how to make good syrup.

If one did not know the right amount of purifying clay to use, or the intensity of the heat from the fire during thickening, or the duration of the boiling, or the right condition of the additives, the syrup would not be good. It would go sour, and spoil, instead of lasting for years and improving.

12. Basdegh and Rojig. The paste for making basdegh and rojig was prepared from grapes of the walled vineyards and the edible ones from the infertile vineyards.

The basdegh paste [malez] could be made right by only a handful of Armenian women. The experienced experts in this were found more among the Turkish women. Some filtered the syrup with the purifying clay to prepare the

paste, and some didn't. Basdegh made from the filtered [literally "cut"] syrup would be sweet; that from the unfiltered would be tart, but both tasty. The boiling of the grape juice would be over a gentle fire. When it came to a boil, a small amount would be taken out with a ladle and allowed to cool slightly. Finely sifted flour was stirred into it, being careful not to allow lumps to form. The required amount of flour was used for the whole batch. This mixture was then poured slowly into the boiling batch of syrup, with constant stirring, to get a uniform mix. The cooking would continue over a slow fire, always stirring to prevent any sticking to the bottom of the kettle.

When the paste had reached the proper consistency, as the expert wanted it, and its taste, the kettle would be removed from the fire. The malez would remain warm but would stop boiling. Now the warm malez would be taken to the roof and with a ladle poured over previously prepared sheets, being spread uniformly about 1/16 inch thick. They would leave it to dry in the sun, enough so that it would no longer be sticky.

They used the same malez for rojig. Walnut halves, and apricots kernels would be placed in water overnight, to soften. They would be strung on a strong thread, each kind separate. The strings would be about 3 feet long. They were hung in the sun to dry.

These prepared string lengths would then be held over the kettles of warm malez, and the malez would be poured over them, covering them completely. These would be hung out in the sun to dry like the dasdegh. When the basdegh and rojig had dried enough they would be brought inside. The sheets on which the basdegh had been poured is wetted, and the basdegh is carefully pulled away from the sheet. They would be cut into squares, about the size of a handkerchief. They would be covered with finely sifted flour, and folded, and stored in glazed crocks that would be covered and sealed. The rojig was similarly put away. The rojig-basdegh made by an expert housewife would keep until the New Year, slightly crystallized, and tender — melting in the eater's mouth.

13. What was left over after the grapes were crushed — skin, seeds, stems, etc. — was called the "shib." Some made vinegar from the shib. Others made oghi [arakh].

Vinegar: The best and strongest vinegar was that that had turned from wine. Sometimes when the wine was improperly handled, not well cleaned, not dried — a jug of wine would "sour" and turn to vinegar. For that reason the

villager would say, "Vinegar turned from wine would be 'kesgoun' [?]."

14. The village vineyards would be measured, or sized, by the term "baran" — "A vineyard of 8, or 10, or 20 baran." One baran would range from 8 to 30 vines. Putting in a vineyard, planting, would start after March 9. A vineyard would be cleaned in April; they would prune off the useless stalks of the vine, leaving only the producing stalks [or canes]. The cut-away stalks would be tied in bundles and carried home laden on donkeys, to be burned. [In Fresno, pruning is done in January or February, when the vine is dormant.] Sometimes they would bury the end of a stalk in the ground for it to take root. When it did take good root they would cut it away from the mother vine. Sometimes they would make separate plantings of pruned stalks carefully selected. Stakes driven into the ground would be provided to support the vine. Toward the end of April they would soften the buds and wet them [apparently by spraying once or twice a year]. When the leaves of the vines had opened fully, the women of the household would gather tender leaves (yaprakh) and salt them for use during winter. Both fresh and salted leaves were used for "sarma."

After the grape harvest the vines were cut back and the cuttings carried home, while the stump of the vine was completely covered over with soil to protect from the winter's cold.

15. Vineyard Tax. The determination of the government tax on vineyard produce was an interesting procedure. It was carried out before the harvest. The village officials — the village mayor, the top "agha," the village clerk or scribe, one Armenian and one Turk from the village council — would go from vineyard to vineyard. The one who determined the tax was the khasaghasi [the government's representative]; the others would see to it that the tax was moderate.

The owners of the large vineyards would entertain this large group of inspectors with roast lamb. And sometimes a few mejid [coins] placed on the right hands. These both would have a diminishing effect on taxes, especially the latter.

#### The Village Fruits:

16. Mulberry. Parchanj was mulberry-town — the village of mulberry eaters. The white, seedless mulberry of the village was famous.

"Anyone who hasn't seen Parchanj, hasn't eaten its mulberry, is still green [unripe], hasn't

matured," the villager would say. There were both kinds of mulberry, with and without seeds. The seedless was always white, but when very ripe would take on a violet hue.

17. They would make syrup and basdekh from the juice of the seedless mulberry. But mostly, they would dry it. It was the village's candy. Also, they would pulverize the sun dried mulberry in the village mortar, making a kind of mulberry flour. These they would store in sealed crocks. Dried mulberry along with walnut and the kernels of fruit pits were delicacies for New Year's festivities. They also sold the dried mulberry, one chareg (3 bushels) as much as 40 kurus. As soon as the seedless mulberry was ripe it would be taken in baskets loaded on donkeys, to Mezire where it was sold.

18. The non-seedless mulberry came in white, red, and purple. It abounded everywhere in the village, plentiful and commonplace. They extracted oghi from these. Common laborers who were poor gathered these mulberries, made their own oghi, or dried it and sold it in the city, Mezire, for use in making oghi. It was a source of income for them. The seedless mulberries were only in the walled gardens. All those outside were of the seeded varieties. Those who had no trees could freely pick the fruit that had fallen to the ground, but they could not shake the trees without the owner's permission.

19. The mulberry trees were thickly branched and large. The ground below was covered with grass. When the mulberries ripened, a vigorous young man would climb the tree and would shake each branch with his foot, just enough so that only the ripe fruit would fall, on spread sheets held by four people.

"Eating mulberry in the early morning on an empty stomach cleaned out the insides and gave a man strength," the old womenfolk would say. And they were right — it kept the bowels loose, and served in place of bread. It was the favorite fruit of dogs.

20. Fishne [wild cherry]. It was plentiful. Every walled garden had a grove in a corner. It was the ancestor to the cherry, but superior to it. It was smaller than the cherry, deep wine colored, with a sweet and tart taste. They would sun cook its juice to make a "shuroup" [syrup]. The sherbet made from this syrup was purple, tart, and indescribably delicious — the very nectar of the Olympian gods. They would sell the fresh fishne. The syrup was kept for special guests, and for the sick. It would settle the stomach, and restore appetite.

21. Pears. There were many varieties, and

plentiful. 1. Pasha-armoudi was the most desirable; it was the largest, honey-sweet, and weighed as much as an hokha. This was served to the most honored guests. 2. Kzoz — very small, but sweet. 3. Fillori. 4. Bal-armoudi, very sweet. 5. Eshki-armoudi, very juicy, tart, and delicious; it was kept for the sick. 6. Khush-armoudi (winter), large, and the latest ripening. The pears were strung on heavy cords and kept to be eaten or sold during the winter, like grapes. They were plentiful, kept well, and juicy.

22. Apricots. They were plentiful. There were two kinds: sweet (sweet-pitted) and bitter (bitter-pitted). Both varieties were sweet and juicy. They grew on fairly large trees. They would cut the fruit into halves and dry it in the sun, for the winter. They called it dry mshmish, also kharaman. Who can't recall the kharaman stew cooked in the tonir.

Bringing a grafting from Malatya in about 1870, they started raising Malatya apricots. There is no apricot that has the sweetness of this variety, they would say. They would halve these, as with the native apricots, dry them in the sun, and store them in crocks as delicacies, as with the mulberry. Its khoushab [compote] was very tasty. It was good for clearing bile, they would say, a cleanser for the reins.

23. Apples. There were many varieties, but not plentiful. There were sweet and tart, also early and late ripening varieties. The trees of the tart apples were large, but dwarf for the sweet. The kind that could be stored was called esheg-almasi, which ripened in the fall, red, aromatic, and juicy. It remained fresh all winter.

24. Aloucha [wild plum]. It was plentiful. They would dry it with its seed left in; used in the winter as stewed prunes.

25. Quince. It was a large fruit, aromatic, and delicious. It was used to make "rachal" from its pulp and juice. Brides and girls kept the fruit in the dowry chests to give a sweet aroma.

26. Pomegranate. It was not plentiful, but what existed was large, with meaty and sweet seeds. This, too, was a fruit for the sick.

27. Peaches. Not plentiful, but what existed were large and delicious. They were raised only in the walled gardens.

28. The Gardens. In addition to the fruits they raised watermelon, melon, cucumber, guta [variety of cucumber], pumpkin, squashes. These were in irrigated and fertile plots near the village. Each farmer had his own vegetable garden. Armenian and Turkish garden laborers



would either rent a plot or share with an owner.

These fruits grew on plants growing from their own seeds. The plot would be watered, plowed, harrowed, and furrowed, all prepared for the gardener to plant the seeds one by one in the furrows, one to 3 feet apart depending on the needs of what is being planted. The gardens had mainly melons and watermelons. Pumpkin and guta were mainly on the banks along the edge. The cucumbers were in beds. These gardens had to be watered several times, and weeded 4-5 times. Planting was done in May, and the last picking was at the end of September. Every garden had a hut, made from 4 poles stuck into the ground and tied together at the top. Three sides were covered with willow branches. When the garden had begun to ripen fruit, either the gardener or one of his children would guard over the garden day and night.

29. Watermelon. They were not large, being about 1 to 1½ feet in diameter. The skin was thin, blue-green and striped, also white. The inside was red, pink, or yellow, with multi-colored seeds. They were sweet, but not capable of being stored.

The best known was that raised by the Turks, called Parchanj-kharboughi. It was green and white striped, with a ¼ inch thick skin. The flesh was sweet, red or yellow. There was a good market for watermelon in the City or Mezire.

30. Melons. There were two kinds — an ordinary kind for eating, and one for winter. They did not grow more than 9 inches in size.

The common melon was raised only for use in the home. The winter melon would be kept in the storerooms where the grapes were kept, laid out on the floor on dry grass. It lasted quite long. The skin was light yellow, and thin. The flesh was very sweet.

32[sic]. The Garaba pumpkin grew very large, with a hard rind, orange in color. It was for winter use — very long lasting. This, with stuffing and baked in the tonir, was very tasty. The squash (dolma khabaghi) was thin and long, and with a thin skin. They would make a pumpkin meal, and also dolma which could be dried and kept for winter.

32. Cucumbers were raised for pickling. The tender cucumber was eaten fresh, with salt, and with oghi, served as a good "maza" chopped in with salted cheese. The cucumber with center scooped out was dried in the sun, for dolma [later].

33. Guta could be found in every garden, though not much. In appearance and in taste it was a blend of cucumber and dolma squash. It

was thin, long, and irregular in shape. It grew to more than 2 feet in length. It was green, and the surface was fluted [grooved]. The guta also was dried, for winter fare as dolma and tarkhana.

34. Gourds (Shlok tutoum). This could not be eaten. Its rind hardened on the vine, and dried, becoming waterproof. They would clean out the insides and make them into vessels [bottle, carafe, flask, pitcher]. They would cut it across the middle and use it as a dipper [scoop]. They would cut the neck and use it as a decanter. Some were large enough to hold ½ lir of wine.



24 Bottle for wine (shlok tutoum) for wine

They would spread its seeds along the edge of the garden, on the banks, where the long vines would grow.

1. The Vegetables of the Village: The very finest Armenian dishes were prepared from these vegetables. They were the essential foodstuffs for the year. These normally were raised in the small gardens that were fertile and irrigated.

1. They can be divided into three classes: (a) plant fruits, that grew hanging on their vines; (b) ground fruits, that lay on the ground; and (c) vegetables [see below], both cultivated and wild.

Belonging to the first class were eggplant, okra, hot and sweet pepper, green beans, and tomatoes.



78 Okra



77. Eggplant

The tomatoes were brought by the missionaries, along with the potato. At first only the green tomato was used, the red and the yellow being regarded as inedible, and given as feed to the cows. But they quickly learned the taste and value. The green tomatoes were pickled along with eggplant and green peppers. The red tomatoes were squeezed, with the juice sun cooked and put aside and later used in all kinds of cooking and flavoring. The eggplant, the hot red pepper, and the okra were dried in the sun, as well as the green beans. These were stored in bags, and used during the winter. These were also used fresh and cooked in stews with meat.

The pepper [or the shell of vegetables, has both meanings] in all its forms was one of the most used vegetables.

Belonging to the second class were the turnip, beets, radishes, carrots, Jerusalem artichoke, potatoes, onions, and garlic. The leaves of the turnip, radishes, and beets, when tender, were used in dishes. The tougher greens were fed to the cattle. The turnip and the carrot were eaten raw. The onions and garlic, when tender, were eaten in their entirety, root and stalk, raw and cooked. The cultivation and use of the potato in the village did not develop. The radish, with its somewhat bitter taste, its black skin and white flesh, was eaten raw, with salt, as an appetizer. The first five of these vegetables would be taken from the ground late in the fall and be buried in a pit in the yard of the house in a protected area. There they would remain all winter, fresh, and becoming sweeter. But no water would be permitted to get into the pit. No dish was possible without onions. Therefore, onions were cultivated in large quantities. They would be dug up in the fall, and left on porches or balconies until the outer layer would dry and redden. Then they could be stored in a dry place all year.

The cultivated vegetables in the third group were parsley, basil, mint, leek, and cabbage.

2. Wild and volunteer plants were [listed are 26 unidentifiable wild greens such as watercress, mints, legumes, and also aromatic herbs].

3. These edible greens to a great extent had medicinal value and were recognized as such by our grandmothers, and the barbers. Okra was good as a laxative; parsley for clearing the reins; mint [anoukh] for bellyaches; watercress and radishes as a medicine for the stomach, blood, and gall bladder; onion water for "boghaz lenoug" [?]; garlic as a preventive for communicable diseases; [two others named] as a salve for sores. And even more than I know!

m. The Grasses of the Village: Wild clover grew 3-4 feet tall; it was yellow and had a smelly flower. It was poisonous for man and animal. Clover grew low, had a purple, fringed flower, edible for all. Clover was planted in fields. It would be gathered and tied in bundles, and after drying was given to donkeys and horses as winter feed. Oxen and water buffalo liked it, too.

Varjokh [a bent grass] fattened horses and donkeys, but fatal for cattle that on eating it would swell and die. Common grass was used for feeding horses and donkeys that would be

tied in a field of it; for days they would be left there, for fattening. [Five grasses are named, but unidentifiable, used as feed for cattle.] Spurge grass, with its white milk that turned red, was a favorite of camels.

n. The Flowers of the Village:

1. Roses were found in every walled garden in thick clusters of many kinds, and very aromatic. We had red and pink roses, white ones like the moon, yellow ones like the sun; they were full blossoms with large petals. The Tabriz rose with its unmatched smell; and the wild rose, single-petaled, growing everywhere, and the first to bloom. The roses would bloom in May and June, permeating the vineyards and the whole village with their scent. The nightingales would hang their nests in this sweet-smelling paradise, and the rose fairies coming in on the cool breeze, drunk with the aroma of the dew bedecked roses, would frolic in harmony with the song of the nightingale.

2. Violets: These were as the eyes of the eternal bride of the meadow. They would blossom in the early spring, growing along with the meadow, with their purple blossoms peeping modestly from under the leaves. It was the favorite flower of our nice people, and like them, lovely.

3. Crocus or Snowdrop[?]: These, too, were the first to open in the early spring, even before the snow was all melted. They gave out a dainty sweet aroma.

4. Daisies: A yellow flower with a small fringe. Our girls would use this flower to determine a sweetheart's love, or longevity, by pulling its petals.

5. Narcissus: A tassely, scented flower.

6. Sunflower: Yellow. Its seeds were used as chicken feed.

7. Helenium [?]: Small and yellow. This flower had a dainty smell that could be sensed everywhere. It was indescribably pleasant.

o. The Irrigation System of the Village:

The vineyards and fields of the village were irrigated from the Stream, and from the springs carried by the sluices. Six villages — Egheki, Kesrig, Khrkhig, Parchanj, Yertmnig, and Engije — had designated days and hours to use the water from the Stream, in accordance with a tradition established from ancient times.

Egheki Kesrig, and Khrkhig each had a 24-hour period. Parchanj, the largest village, had 8 days. Yertmnig had four days, and Engije (through Parchanj) one day. But under any

circumstances, there would always have to be enough water left in the Stream to turn the mills' waterwheels.

1. The waters of the Village and Yertmnig, were divided 2 to 1, southwest of Khrkhig. Here there was a stone dam in which there was a huge rock bearing two holes, one twice the size of the other. The water for Parchanj would flow through the larger hole, into the Stream. While the water for Yertmnig would flow through the smaller hole along a canal that had been dug, skirting the eastern side of Yertmnig. Together the holes could carry all the water of the Stream without difficulty.

2. The dam with the two holes had been built about 200-300 years ago when, according to tradition, a fight had developed between the water users of Parchanj and Yertmnig. One from Yertmnig had split the head of one from Parchanj with his shovel, and the Parchanjtsi had fallen on the dam still mumbling "Parchanj two and Yertmnig one." And that's the way it remained until our day.

3. The water to turn the waterwheels of the village mills separated out of the Stream just below the dam, and then rejoined the Stream below Sel Dagirman. Here the Stream divided into four canals to assure irrigation for all the fields. The scheduling for individual use was by the hour. Each roub of land had the right for six hours of water use. The vineyards were irrigated by the waters from the sluice and the springs. The use of water from the sluice was based on private ownership, and that right could be bought and sold like real property. One hour of water rights was worth one Turkish gold coin.

4. "It's Flood Time" [when restriction on water rights was suspended]: The Armenian and Turkish laborers of the village in general did not have irrigation rights. Water was an absolute necessity for successful raising of produce, especially in drought years. As such, it was common, and not punishable, for some to steal water from the mill stream or the Stream during the night, to water their gardens. During drought years, even farmers with water-use rights would steal water from one another, and on occasion would engage in "spade against spade" fights in which one might be left lying on the dam.

The [spring] torrents that occurred in the Stream would block the two holes in the dam, and fill the pool with rocks and sand. They would flood the mill stream and the Stream and inundate the banks. According to the tradition left by our ancestors, the system of assigning

water rights during those days was suspended, and water was free to use. "Alalang E" [it's flood time, or, it's free time], the town clerk would cry out. The people would take their spades, roll up their sleeves and pants legs, tuck their skirts in their waistband, legs and feet bare, ready to turn water from the streams into their gardens. It was "alalang" . . . a time for utter confusion, battles, cracked skulls, . . . lots of it! The "alalang" lasted day and night, until the dams and weirs of the mill stream, the Stream, and the canals were repaired and brought back to their normal condition. What else could be done! The spring torrents and the consequent alalang both occurred at the time when irrigation was needed. "God looks after the poor," is it not so?

p. The Animals of the Village — Domestic and Wild:

A. Domestic animals:

1. The Ox. The farmer would keep from one to 5 or 10 pairs of oxen. Their newly-born were called "unjough," or "bougha," the best of which were put aside, before harnessing them, for fighting or for breeding. The ox was the farmer's draft animal for plowing or drawing carts.

2. The Buffalo and "Madag" [female buffalo]. The big farmers had one or two buffalo or madag to turn the mill stone, to fight, or to draw heavy wagons. It was worth at least 5 Ottoman gold coins. The madag was a very useful and profitable member of the family of cattle. It bore a young buffalo every year. It also gave much milk (3-4 times a cow), rich in cream. The heavy cream would be removed from the top of its milk. Besides, it also did the work of a buffalo.

3. The Cow: Every family, with very few exceptions, kept a cow for the household dairy needs. But farmers had more than one, perhaps 5 to 10. They kept only those that bore once a year, and gave a rich, creamy milk. They were very valuable, also their calves. When they became old, and no longer bore or gave plentiful milk, they were consigned to the butcher's knife.

The Sheep: Sheep raising was not general in the village. Only the big farmers would have them. Very few had flocks of sheep (and with not more than 40 or 50 head). The sheep of the village had, instead of tails, heavy "dmag" [as with broad-tail sheep] that dragged on the ground. Their wool was as important to the farmer as cotton. The milk was used for all dairy needs, and made excellent cheese. The ewes would bear every spring. Rams, and ewes that



stopped giving milk were converted to "khavourma" [braised meat]. After rendered fat, the fat of the dmag was very desirable. The male sheep was for roasting.

5. The Goat: There were not many goats in the village. The farmers kept a few head along with their sheep; and very few of the laborers. The goat was used primarily for its milk to nourish infants whose mothers no longer could breast feed. The kid's meat was desirable. The male was called "tekke" or "nokhaz," used for its meat, but not particularly tasty.

6. The Donkey: All the farmers had at least one donkey. Most laborers had one. They were for riding and carrying burdens.

7. The Mule: The Turk aghas, and Armenian and Turk muleteers kept them to carry burdens.

The Horse: The Turk aghas had them to ride. We remember only two Armenian families that kept a horse.

8. The Dog and Cat: There was no house without these appendages to cattle from time immemorial. Farmers, shepherds, and aghas would keep one or more fierce bulldogs, which in the house were gentle as lambs, but at night vicious defenders against wolves. Greyhounds were hunting dogs, and for the agha — the apple of his eye. He had his own valet.

#### B. The Wild Animals (Parasites) of the Village — Native and Transient:

1. We had only the wolf among the beasts. In winters with much snow they were driven by hunger to attack travelers, and sometimes in the night would come into the village to hunt dogs.

2. Foxes and rabbits were for the hunting sport of the aghas.

3. Porcupine, Turtle, and Badger: The porcupine was a rounded, fat animal protected with sharp quills; it was an enemy to snakes. The turtle was surrounded by a heavy shell. Both lived in our vineyards, and were lovers of grapes. We made pen tips with the porcupine quill.

4. The badger was an azalea-eating animal. Its nest was in the cemetery.

There were many snakes in the vineyards, fields, and in the homes. Generally they were harmless, except for the red and the "ka:gabod" snakes, which would attack on a warm summer afternoon. But they had their usefulness, too. They would eat the rodents that infested the fields and vineyards, driving them out of their nests.

#### q. The Village Herds:

The herds consisted of all the village's milking cows, female calves, young buffalo, young donkeys, etc. Shepherd Omar was the old-timer. Another was Topourma Kaspar.

1. Each morning at sunrise, each household would take its animals to the shepherd at the established site. The shepherds, with their capes over their shoulders, their heavy staffs in hand, flutes tied at the waist, and with their sheep-herding dogs, would drive the entire herd out of the village to the public grazing land for the whole day, and return at night.

2. The sheep were kept separate from the village herd. Each flock had its own shepherd, hired on a yearly basis. However, the separate flocks grazed together in the same pasture.

3. As soon as spring arrived each farmer would take out the newly born lambs, kids, and calves, to graze in the newly sprouted wheat fields near the village, under the care of a young boy or girl.

#### r. The Native and Transient Birds of the Village, Domestic and Wild:

##### A. The Native Domestic Birds:

1. Our hens and roosters provided the daily and Eastertime eggs and the tasty meat.

2. Geese and ducks were kept in relatively small numbers, at pigeon houses, where there was running water and sand.

3. Tame partridges were kept in cages, used for hunting partridges.

4. Pigeons were very common and numerous in the village. Keeping pigeons was a pleasant pastime. They were most prolific. Pigeon flesh was very good to eat.

##### B. Resident Wild Birds:

1. The sparrow and the soap-stealing magpie (with its long black and white feathers) were two inseparable birds, always in the village, summer and winter.

2. The wild partridge lived all winter in the vineyards.

##### C. Regional Wild Birds:

1. The stork would return in the early spring, a pair, the same as in the previous year, to the same place, the same nest, built on half-crumbled high walls, or in high poplars in an axil. They would rebuild the nest. There they would raise their two young, and in the fall go south.

2. Swallows, the symbol of wanderers, would

make their nests in the eaves of houses.

3. The kite and the hawk, enemies of little chicks.

4. The black crow.

5. Flickers [?], with colored feathers, and nesting in holes in trees.

6. Owls, nesting in trees.

7. Woodpeckers nesting in trees in holes they have made.

8. The bald vulture. The grandmothers used to say that this bird, saying that it wanted to be king over all the other birds, flew so high that its head touched the sun and it became bald.

9. Quail. They came out in swarms during harvest. It had the tastiest and most tender flesh. Hunting quail was the most pleasant pastime for young boys.

10. Nightingale and Hummingbird [?]. The nightingale we know. The hummingbird was the smallest and most colorful bird. It, like the nightingale, nested in the rose bushes.

#### D. Transient Wild Birds:

1. Wild pigeons. They appeared in great flocks during wheat harvesting and threshing, and after eating, they would go off. Their flesh was tasty and desirable.

2. Tout-Khoushi [?], about the size of quail. They would come in great flocks, enough to block out the sun, to eat mulberries. These, too, had good edible flesh.

3. Black sparrows. They would come in great flocks at seeding time to feed on the newly sown seeds. Their flesh could be eaten, but it was not as tasty or as tender as the others. Hunters would shout at these in countless numbers, to drive them away and to put an end to the damage they caused, and at the same time to secure their flesh.

E. Besides the birds in the first and second group, all the others would leave in the fall for the south.

s. Beekeeping: most of the farmer households and many laborers (Armenian and Turk) kept bees, in hives made of clay and sun-dried. There were from two to as many as 40 hives in some households. The hives would be kept on porches or balconies, stacked on one another.

#### t. Silkworm Culture:

A. Parchanj was a mulberry orchard village. Silkworm culture, which was introduced in the 1860s, developed very fully, became very common in the village, and turned out to be an

important source of revenue.

In a short time Parchanj became the most important center for silkworm production in the state of Kharpert.

B. The pioneer was Torgants Gimish Arout, who in about those times, used to bring in some silken goods from Dikranagerd to sell. Dikranagerd was a silkworks center where silkworm culture had long since been introduced. He had learned the art from experts there. Through this enterprising villager, silkworms were brought in from Dikranagerd and the culture of the worm was introduced. Boyajian Tato (Topal Yeghso's husband), Boyaji Krikor, and Gelen Mgrdich, who had more or less learned the art in Brousa, followed Gimish Arout's leadership, and "keeping worms" got started in the village. The local worm-keepers, not knowing the techniques of "awakening" the worms, feeding them, holding the right temperature in the rooms where the worms were kept, and the use of antiseptics, would lose many of the "awakened" worms that would become sick and die. Also, the crop of cocoons would be small, or they would be thin. Gelen Sako's son Arout became more adept at this art by 1885. From the very beginning he was assiduous in learning the scientific methods from the experts, who came each year from Dikranagerd to sell silkworms, and to awaken them. Through his own efforts, and working with master silkworm culturist Mr. Hagop Zakarian, from the City, he perfected his art, and until 1912 he was the foremost and most successful silkworm culturist in the village, as well as silk spinner. In 1904 there was an exhibit of silkworm culture, and Haroutian [Arout] was one of 7 prizewinners in all of Kharpert State, and the only one from our village.

C. The silkworm larvae were brought from Dikranagerd and from Brousa, in protective boxes or bags. However, in 1898, Dikran Zarifian, resident of Kharpert, having graduated from the Brousa school of silkworm culture, started to develop silkworm larvae on his own, and with great success. The market for the larvae remained his own.

The families in the village that had mulberry trees, with few exceptions, kept silkworms. To awaken the larvae was the most important initial step in silkworm culture. In the beginning years, they would put the larvae in bags under the armpits, and the natural warmth of the body, in 15-20 days, would awaken the larvae. As a consequence of this procedure there would be sickness in the worms and loss, with little result.

and sometimes total loss.

Gelen Arout would keep for himself, each year, 3-4 boxes of worms (7½ drams to 25 grams) [?]. And he would awaken 100-150 boxes to be sold to the villagers. He also visited them freely to teach them how to take care of them. It was in this way that silkworm culture became very much more successful and profitable for the Armenians of the village.

The whole process of the awakening of the larvae and the successive changes up until the time of silk spinning is very interesting.

D. As soon as the cocoons are gathered the silk spinners would set up their equipment, in Depo Garoents large yard. For 3-4 months, 8-10 hours a day they would be busy unreeling the silk from the cocoon.

PHOTO, p. 213

### Gelen Arout

After forming the cocoon the worm becomes transformed into a pupa, like a large red raisin, and remains in the cocoon for 15-20 days, at which time the female lays its eggs. After laying the eggs, it breaks open the tip of the cocoon, and leaving its covering as a pupa inside the cocoon it emerges as a butterfly. But they do not fly. The male and female remain together for 2-3 hours, to fertilize the eggs. It remains for the expert to distinguish and set aside the fertile

cocoon eggs.

Before unreeling the silk thread from the cocoon, they kill the inactive pupae inside by placing the cocoons in the rising steam from boiling water, and then the cocoons are dried.

E. The accompanying sketch is indeed the very equipment used by the silk spinners.

The expert silk-spinner [the one who draws or unreels the silk from the cocoon] sits cross-legged on the bench, with the "khamchi" [stick, or wand] in his left hand. In front of him is a tray filled with water and cocoons. The fire underneath keeps it warm, but not enough to boil the water. With a gentle tapping with his khamchi the silk threads become loosened and can be separated. The expert with his khamchi takes hold of as many silk threads as he wishes — 5 to 15 or even more. With his right hand he takes these threads and passes them through the hooks, then over the pulleys, then through the joiner hooks, and onto the arms of the main reel, tying it. His apprentice sits on the stool and rotates the reel, which also moves the "getgal" back and forth. In this way the threads are wound over the reel and uniformly distributed. Thus, three raw skeins of silk thread are formed.

F. The master silk-spinners of the village were Torgants Gimish Arout, Gelen Mgrdich (Sako's son), Topal Baghdo, Topourma Mghd. Giragos, Bedoents Topal Sako, Khumuk Koko, and Gelen Arout (Sako's son), and also their apprentices. The very best master of all of these was Gelen Arout, and second was Topal Baghdo (Der Aristakes' son).

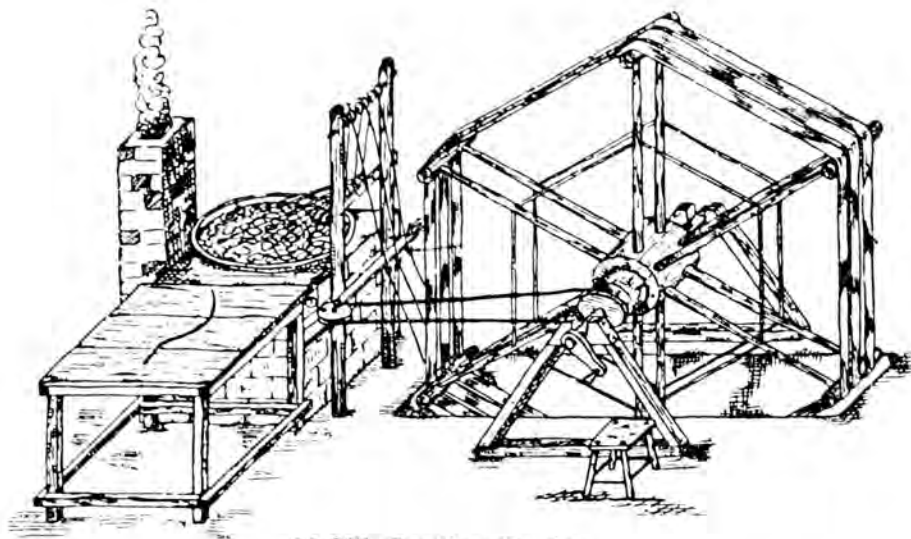
G. From one box of "seed" [larvae] an expert and experienced silk culturist could produce 40-50 okha [one okha equals about 4 pounds]. From 8-10 okha of cocoons they could produce one okha of silk.

The white silk brought the highest price, 180-300 kurus per okha. The price of the off-color silk was low.

## 2 — CRAFTS

A. Skills and Craftsmen: Parchanj, with its many skills and craftsmen, had gained renown in the two Ovas of Kharpert, and also on the outside as a center of crafts. The crafts were carpentry with its branches, woodworking, sawyering, surveying, ironsmithing, mechanical work, goldsmithing/watchmaking, masonry, cobbling, tanning, barbering, bone-setting, midwifery, painting, agriculture, storekeeping (foodstuffs and supplies), silkworm culture, and silk spinning.





60 Silk Reeling Device

It had also, "vestiges from Patriarch Noah," "modern" machines, and a factory for milling flour, pressing olive oil, ginning cotton, grinding bulgur, and processing foods.

(a) Carpentry: It was the most developed and perfected craft in the village. It is what put the name of Parchanj on the map in capital letters.

1. In early times the state of carpentry in the village was primitive. The carpenter would ply his craft just as his master had taught him. He built, and restored houses, made household furniture, farmers' tools, wagons, yoke, plow, gins, looms, olive oil press, cereal crusher, all just as his master, and his master's master had built them, without any improvements. They were "farmer-carpenters," who as part of an overall work crew were contractors to the farmers, receiving a specified amount of wheat, or barley, or cotton yearly.

2. Starting from the time that Sdepan Khalfa, one of the sons of Chatabash Dzeron of Havav, came and became established in Parchanj, a new era began in the advancement and improvement of carpentry. And Sdepan and his descendents — the Dzeron family — were the pioneers. From out of them, and their apprentices, and colleagues, came the Khalfas [top masters] (engineers), specialists in each of the branches of carpentry, who were in demand by people of the City, of Mezire, from the Ovas, and from many other places.

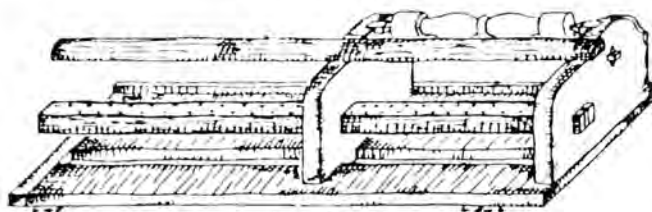
3. The khalfas were Sdepan (patriarch of the Dzeron family), his son Garabed, grandson Dzeron, Dzeron's sons Bedros and Boghos, and Bedros' son Haroutiun. Haroutiun became an unsurpassed master in woodworking. After them come Aleksanents master Minas, and

oghoulough Boghos, the foremost carpenters of the village. Next came, from master Dzeron's apprentices, Googooents Agop, Garoents Khachadour, Glgents Toros (later Der Toros), and Lira Elo — renowned masters. And following them were Bedros effendi's apprentices Misakents Ovanes, and Takesents Garabed, acknowledged master carpenters. During the latest times the best known were Master Boghos' apprentices Sarkis, hiw own son, and Depo Garoents Agop. Of their apprentices, Khojik Toros' son Sdepan is in the Caucasus, while Kilarji Giragos' son Movses, and Khojgants Sari Arout's son Hagop are now in California; they turned out to be fine master carpenters. The farmer-carpenters were Khanchali Sahag and Mghd. Ounan, the early ones. Also Gougouents Tomas' sons Hovhannes and Giragos (his brothers apprentices), Khmul Mghd. Khacho and son Manoug were experienced masters of this trade. Mghd. Ounan was regarded as the most expert among them. They continued to the end to serve as contract carpenters to the farmers.

The khalfas [top masters] and the best masters had their own shops in their homes, mostly with tools and equipment they themselves had made — workbench with wooden vise, lathe, adze, chisels, plane, drill and drillbow, pliers, saws, files, wood files (European), etc.



48 Adze



49 Turning Device



50 Drill



51 Drillbow

Those carpenters who worked by the day carried their tools with them, in a woven reed basket, carried over their shoulder.

5. In using the turning device, the master himself would rotate the piece to be turned with the drillbow, or the apprentice would, and use the cutting tools to shape the piece. Boghos eff. invented a turning device, on the principle of the sewing machine, made of wood, on which he could turn the finest pieces.

6. The great masters, who had their own shops, usually took on one or more apprentices, to teach them the craft. The apprentice would live at the master's house, and he would be cared for as a son of the household, food, clothing, and pocket money. The apprentice would serve at least four years, or until the master had judged that the skill developed was satisfactory. When the apprentice had mastered the skill, the master would graduate him, giving him the necessary tools to permit him to go into the work immediately, as a gift. The apprentice would go off carrying the tools in a basket. The master would even help him get married and establish a home, just as a father would. And for the apprentice the master was a fine man, an object of respect and honor, and one who kept his word. To speak in the presence of the master, to sit down, to resist punishment on having committed a fault in the work, to talk back — these were unheard of things. And the love and devotion, and feeling of gratitude between master and apprentice were as strong as blood relationships, and lasted from generation to generation.

(b) Lumbering: There was no scientific method nor modern techniques in the village for preparing lumber. For construction purposes the fresh-cut lumber would be dried in the sun for one year, sometimes enough just to dry the

sap. But for cabinetry they would dry the wood in the shade for 1-2 years. The native woods were the following.

1. Poplar or aspen. These were the principal woods for building construction. The wood was white and soft, but not very durable. The house beams would be made from these, as well as rafters, columns, strips, and boards for flooring. At first we had enough poplar only to fill the needs of the village, but during the 1880s the need and value were recognized to be so great that a great effort was made to increase plantings. Extensive groves of poplars were developed and the village began to produce lumber.

2. Willow, the whitest and least durable of the woods. It was not used much in construction.

3. Mulberry, a yellow and grainy wood, quite dense and durable. Frames of plows and wagon tongues were made from this wood. Also, it was used in construction where greatest wear occurred or strength was needed, as well as for tools. Blessed mulberry — sweet fruit, silk from your leaves, lumber from your trunk, and firewood from your branches and roots.

4. Myrtle [?]. There was much of it in the village. It was a strong, dense, durable wood, even in sun and water. Used for beams, bows, posts, frames, lintels.

5. Apricot, a reddish wood, beautifully grained, hard, dense, and durable. It was used to build the dowry chest of new brides, drawers, shuttles, and other beautiful articles. It was very smooth and could be polished like a mirror.

6. Apple, pear, and plum. The apple and pear woods were easily bent, but durable, and grainless, and white, particularly useful for decorative carving. The plum was also carvable, but a little harder than the other two.

7. Cherries. These were the most flexible, dense, and durable woods. They were used for handles of tools, prods, pipes, etc. Because they had a pretty, a smooth, and a durable bark, it was often left on when used.

8. Walnut. There was very little in the village. It was the select and most prized wood used by cabinetmakers for furniture. It could be given a beautifully smooth and polished surface. It was used to make doors for mansions, chests, and expensive furniture.

9. Azarole. There was much in the village. It was very hard, dense, and durable wood, gray in color with dark streaks. It was used for the body of planes [carpenter's tool].

10. Pine was brought in from the outside. It was used to make mansion doors, vessels for water.

and spoons.

11. Boxwood [and two others]. These were the hardest, strongest, and densest of the woods, next to iron. They were used to make machine wheels and pulleys, carpentry tools, teeth, combs, and spoons.

12. Oak, another strong wood, which was used for bows, waterwheels, and handles for axes, sledgehammers, and shovels.

13. Depo Garo was the only one in the village who maintained a shop in both the village and in Mezire. He had a regular business in buying and selling lumber and woods. He would buy whole groves of poplars, and carried all kinds of woods used in carpentry. He employed woodsmen and sawyers. It was he who supplied the governments of the City, of Mezire, and the surrounding area. After Depo Garo's death, organized commerce in lumber ceased in the village, and reverted to individual enterprise.

(c) Sawyering: The art of sawing boards was very important in construction. We had no modern sawmill. We needed two experts, a saw, an adze, a bowl of red chalk, and a chalkline, and two supports — a simple and old-time arrangement.

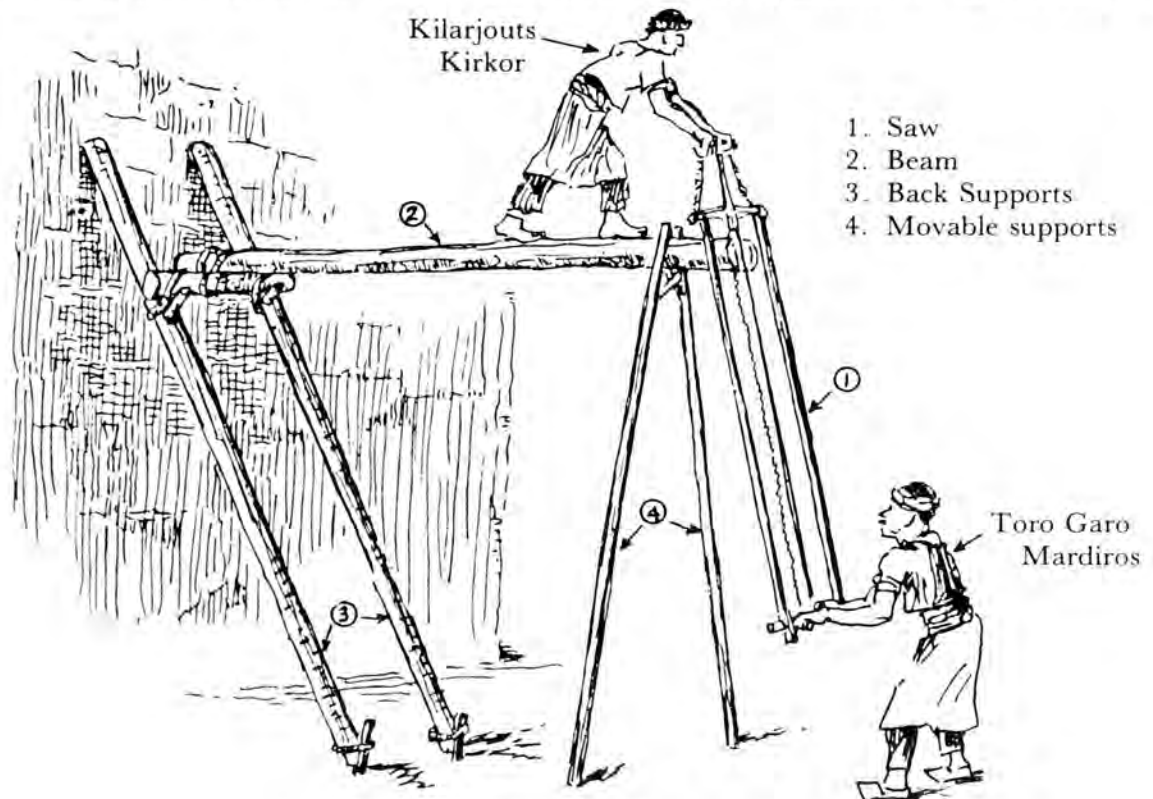
Experienced sawyers could saw boards from 3/8 to 4 inches thick, with unusual accuracy, and only slightly less uniform than machine sawing. The man standing on the beam was

obliged to be barefoot to assure safety in his stance.

1. The log to be sawed was hewn flat on top and bottom, with the adze. They would draw lines on the hewn surfaces, top and bottom, and on the end, corresponding to the thickness of the required board, using the chalkline. The accompanying sketch shows very clearly the overall method used. Only the blade of the saw came from an outside source.

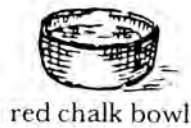
2. The sawyers were the following: Kilarjonts Asdour and son Kirkor, Toro Garo Mardiros and apprentice Minasents Kirkor, Mghd. Sahagents Sarkis and brother Boghos (Mghd. Kapo's sons), Rabitali Garabed and brother Avedis, Haljonts Asdour and brother Mousekh, Rabitali Garo's sons Hampartsoum and Mlkon, Garo Adam and son Hagop, Haljonts Aroust and Topal Yeghso's son Yeghazar, Manaselents Mlkon and Marsoub, Haljonts Kevo and Toumas, Kharacholtsi Mano and Garo Mlkon, Sheytan Khazar and Misakents Manoug, Kilarjonts Garabed and Khachadour, and others.

(d) Surveying: In addition to their regular work Dzeronents Boghos Eff. and Bedros Khalfa did surveying work for military roads and for governmental projects. Also, Dzeronents Manoug and Berber Avak's son Mardiros were graduates of the schools of



47 Sawing Boards

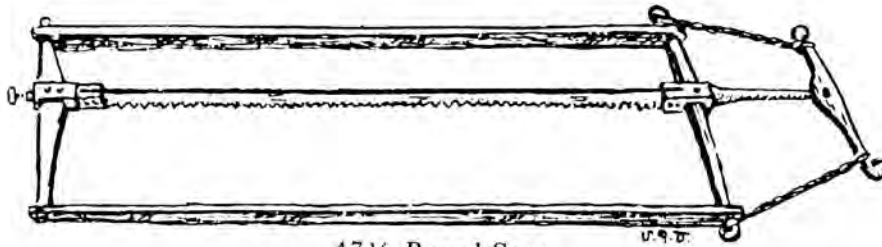




red chalk bowl



chalkline



47½ Board Saw

Constantinople, with degrees of Effendi. The former became surveyor for the state of Kharpert, and the latter for the state of Dikranagerd.

(e) Ironsmithing [Blacksmithing]: Hand wrought — from times immemorial — without machinery. We recall four master blacksmiths in the village. They were old-time “damourji” [iron worker] uncle Garoug (Garabed) and his son Khacher, and Khacher’s son David.

Also, “Yetmishiki” [seventyish?] Garabed, who also understood watchmaking. These all had their own workshops.

(f) Mechanics. It was in a very elementary state, and altogether local in character. The mechanics of the village had only ancient-type tools; everything was made by hand — flour mill, olive oil press, cereal crusher, gin, plow, silk reel, etc. But toward the end of the 19th century they began to introduce new, or partly new, equipment for ginning, threshing, crushing cereals, and woodworking.

1. The Mills: The village had five flour mills, all of them owned by aghas, wrested from former Armenian owners. All of the mills were operated by the mill stream that separated out of the Stream. They were operated by Armenian and Turkish millers, paying rent to the owners. Their names were Bash Dagirman (also called Upper Mill and Yeghoents Mill). It had the highest head [height of drop of water] and annually commanded a rent of 80-85 chareg. In about 1910 this mill was replaced with a very modern equipment, and it supplied the very fine flour for the bakeries of the City and of Mezire.

2. Koshgrents Mill; rent 25-30 chareg.

3. Chakchakou Mill; rent 30-35 chareg a year.

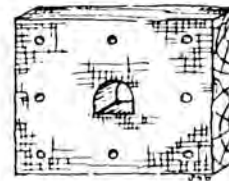
4. Krigents (lower) Mill; 40-45 chareg a year.

5. Sel Dagirman. It operated from the water of the Stream, but with its own millstream. In 1885 a modern, mechanical cotton gin was built

into the mill, the first.

6. Not much less old than these mills, these old millers, we recall, were around: hoppala Dono, Yegho Mncho, Topourma Egop, Misakents Bedo, Krigents Mamo, Kor Oso, Garo Kevo Kaspar, Nono Boghosents Navo, and Topourmaents Garmir Mardo.

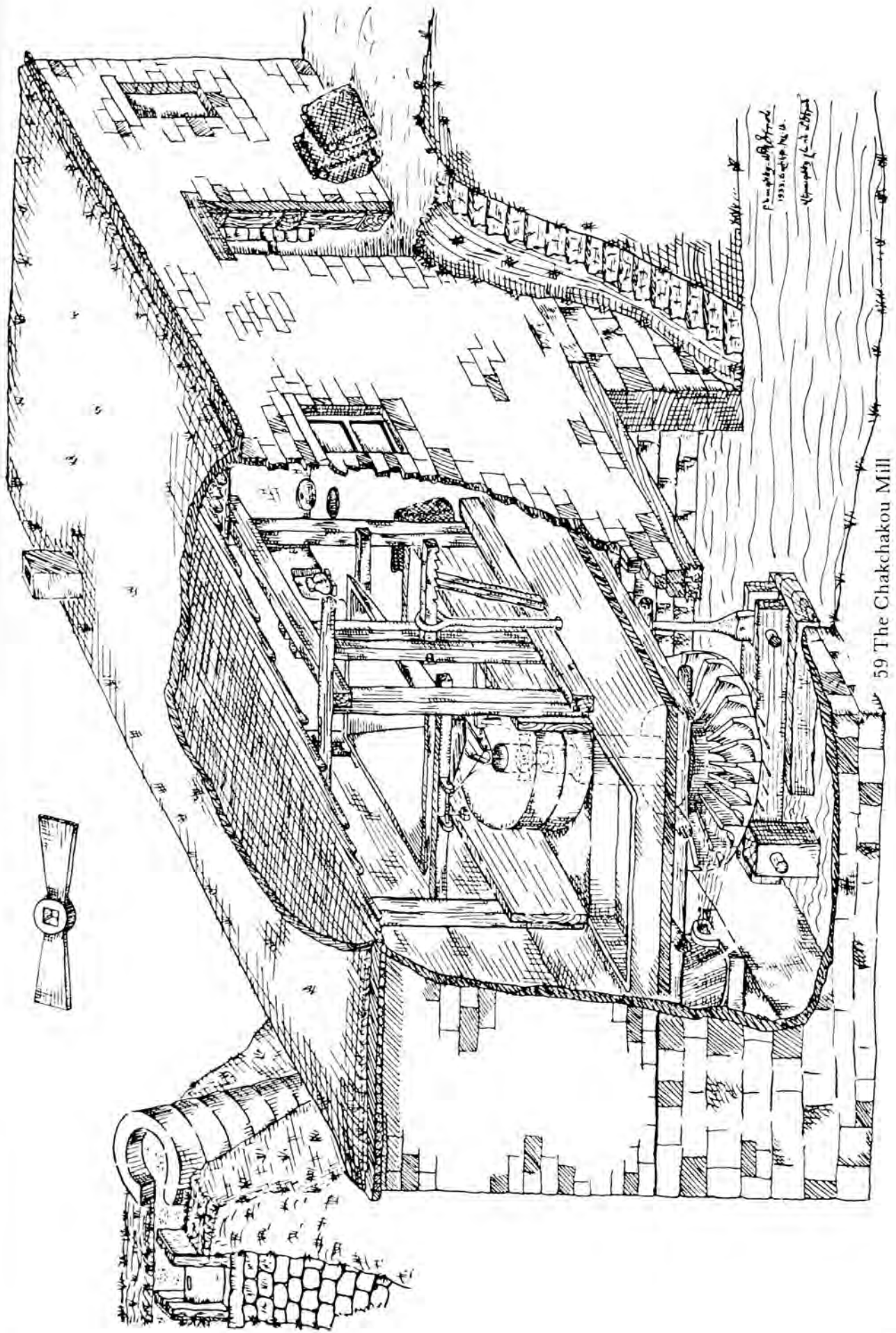
7. The five other mills were built similar to the one shown in the sketch. The millrace was built of stone and the walls of unfired bricks — all of it built by the villagers, by hand. Their reservoirs were built of worn out millstones, 3 feet in diameter, and 10-20 feet deep.



76 Siligon (zilfa) wood

The bottom horizontal part of the reservoir was called “petag” [hive?]. Attached to it was the nozzle. Through its small hole the water shot out with great force to impinge on the scoops of the waterwheel, turning it, and the millstones through the driver. It is quite clear that these ancient waterwheels that turned the millstones were the forerunners to modern turbines. The waterwheel turned resting on its support. The end of the support was attached to a lever, which on raising and lowering, controlled the fineness of the milled flour. To stop the millstone either the spillway control gate would be opened, or the lever would be lowered to the bottom. By continually moving the spout the continuous and uniform flow of the wheat could be controlled from the hopper.

8. And the little tonir at the mills where the miller would bake some bread from the accumulated flour around the milling mechanism . . . braise some meat . . . !



Чакчаконский водопад  
1933 г. 10.10.1933 г. в. в.  
А. С. Сидоров

59 The Chakchakou Mill

And our old millers . . . beautifully antiquated like their mills. They had taken on the character of their mill water, their millstone, and the mill itself, emitting a ceaseless sound that to them was like the sound of Orpheus' flute.

9. Take from Hoppala Dono all the way to the latest millers — it had become the usual thing to "skim off" from the load of wheat to be milled, one-half or one olchag for themselves . . . and let the blame fall on others.

After all, they lived in the millhouse, and they needed flour, too. Especially, too, because from whomever they took their bit of wheat or flour, that household would experience a bit of good fortune. They would take from each chareg, one half olchag or two kurus as fee.

10. The waters in the mill reservoirs were swimming holes for the village lads. Besides swimming in the reservoir, some of the more daring would dive down deep into the petag and bring up gravel from the bottom. It was a daring exploit, a dangerous pastime. Indeed, several boys had lost their lives doing it; their feet would get caught in the nozzle.

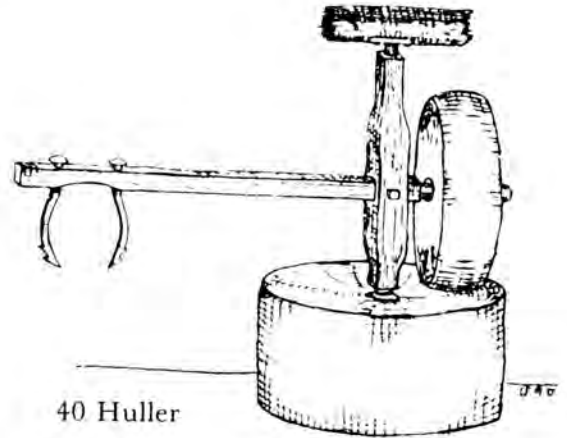
11. The millstone was of a special kind, porous and hard. Every month they would be dressed with a sharp pointed tool. The millstones were brought from Mouroudine.

(g) Olive Oil Press. This was an ancient wooden machine that had come down from our patriarchs. The big farmers had one to extract oils from the salted linseed, safflower, and sesame.

1. The constituent parts of the press were the following: the main beams, two of them, about 3 feet thick and 30-40 feet long [dimensions questionable; from drawing]; crossbar, 2 feet thick and 8-9 feet long, of wood, holding the two beams together and raising the beams and lowering them. In the center of the crossbar is a wooden screw (6 inches thick) attached at the bottom to a flywheel stone. At the other end the two main beams were attached together securely and inserted in an opening in a stone wall. A stone basin with a pour spout was placed at the wall, with another basin below it. Two men would turn the screw, and with it raise the beams pivoted at the other end. They would place 4 bags of salted linseed or sesame in the upper basin, and on them a heavy board, under the beams. Then they would spin the flywheel in the opposite direction, and its momentum would drive the beams down with a groan and create an enormous force to press the bags, driving out all of the oils into the lower basin.

Only the pulp would remain in the bags, dry, and hard like a rock.

2. Those who had these presses were Great Torgank, Hodoenk, Arevigenk, Yeghoenk, Garoenk, very Khojgank, Khojig Marsoubenk, and Mghd. Asdourenk.



3. Huller: This ancient apparatus was used to remove the hull from the whole wheat, to make "dzadzadz" and to hull the boiled and dried (before grinding) to make bulgur. The wheat grains to be hulled are piled on a slightly concave base stone about three feet thick. Out of the center rises a strong post, with the top pivoted on an overhead beam. On the post was a cross yoke, with a round stone loosely pivoted at one end. The stone was about 18 inches thick and 4-5 feet in diameter. At the other end of the yoke a water buffalo drove the apparatus around. The water buffalo was guided by a lad. Water was sprinkled on the wheat grains to make the hull separate more easily.

The upper stone rotated with the yoke and rolled over the wheat to be hulled. The operator walked with the roller, with a shovel in his hand. He constantly arranged the wheat so that they would fall under the roller with the desired density, and not be crushed. Only an experienced operator could produce the hulled wheat and bulgur (whole) clear of the hull, and with minimum crushing.

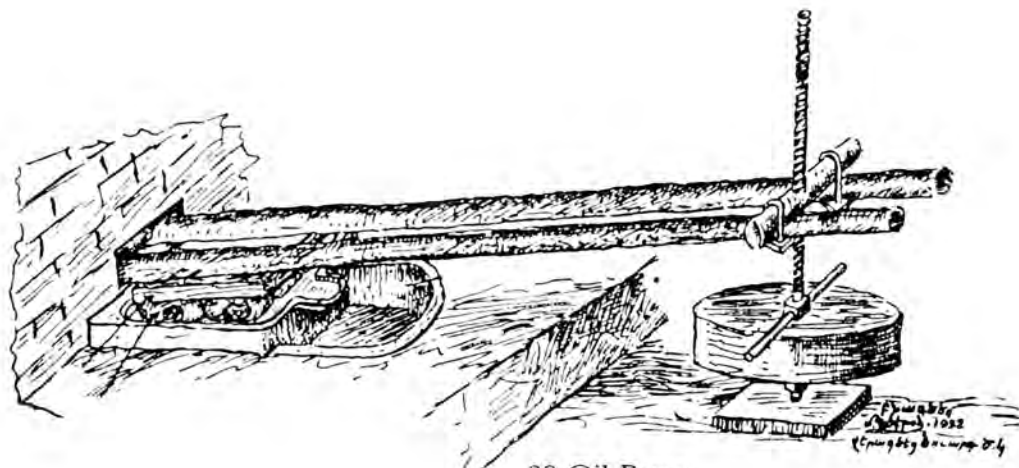
The huller was a companion to the oil press. All of the wheat was hulled in the village at the cost of one-half olchag per chareg.

The modern machines made of iron and stone, in newer factories are clearly a natural development out of this primitive huller.

4. Gin: We have already become familiar with our native cotton gin.

The mechanical gin which Dzeron Bedros varbed had brought from Constantinople in 1870, and the arrangement for operating it with





39 Oil Press

a horse [for power], and the shop for its use, were historical innovations for the village, and helped its cotton industry. This new machine, with its row of circular saws, would gin, clean, and card the cotton, yielding 2 by 12 inch batting, ready for spinning. It was far more productive in ginning than our machine, but the ginned seeds had more cotton still stuck to the seed, and it tore more threads. Thus, its cotton brought a lower price and had a limited market. It produced a lower grade cotton for use around the house. Nevertheless, the machine worked ceaselessly, ginning cotton from the village and surrounding places. The cost [for using this machine] was one noug for one lir of cotton ginned.

The village farmer continued producing high-grade cotton with his own gin. That was until 1880 when Dzeronents Haroutiun brought the leather-type gin from England. He set it up on the Sel Dagirman stream and started ginning. The principles used in this new machine were very much like those of our "Jrjr," and the ginned cotton, similarly unspoiled, with the same high value; and the seed was cleaned bare. This machine was the "tora tor" [literally, grandson of the grandson] of our "Jrjr." The success of this new machine was immediate and great. In a short time the firm established by Dzeron Haroutiun turned out these gins for Yegheki, Engije, Moullikegh, Tlandzga, Aghtsig, all the villages of the Ova.

5. Bulgur Grinder: The villager ground his bulgur with the "ergank," from time immemorial. They were made from the pitted stone from Ertmnga mountain. They were small and large, measuring 15-24 inches in diameter and 3-4 inches thick. A steel shaft was fixed into the lower stone, locked in with lead. The upper stone had a central hole about 4

inches in size, and a metal collar fixed into on the bottom side, to center the stone, and to which a wooden handle was attached. Lentils and salted chickpeas [siser] were ground in the smaller ergank, turned by one man. While bulgur was ground in the larger ergank, turned by two men. Seated on a sheet spread on the ground, two persons would sit on opposite sides of the ergank turning it, one pouring the unground grain into the center hole.

The bigger farmers used 3-4 erganks, for about a week. In 1870 master Bedros designed and built the first bulgur grinding machine with large stones, like millstones but smaller, but turned by horse power. He installed it in his shop with his new gin. It became popular at



17 Ergank (rough stone)



once. The people of the village, and from elsewhere, brought their bulgur there to be ground. A few years later the same master made another grinder and installed it in the garden of their upper house, where it remained for many years. There was no more grinding of bulgur in the flour mills or in the homes. Dzeronents blind Mgrdich, in later years, invented a new, small apparatus for people to take to their homes when they had only a small amount to be ground. The fee for grinding bulgur was one-half olchag per chareg of bulgur.

6. Threshing Machine: It was at this time that Boghos Eff. made the first threshing machine and introduced it to the village. It was not his invention, however. One of the City's missionaries, Dambourajian of Ishme, had brought one from America for Master Beyros. It was made of wood and iron, and they had brought sets of replacement parts, in iron, to sell. Boghos Eff. bought a set of the metal parts, and reproduced them in wood, making them more attractive. It was this redone machine that served as a prototype for the master mechanics of the village. One of his apprentices, Ovannes, and carpenter Ousada Boghos, and a few others started to make copies. In a few years it was very common in the village. For a time they ordered some metal parts from America. But not long after, they made their own patterns and cast the parts in the brass foundry of the City. And the final development and mechanization of the machine was accomplished by Damourji Khacher. The machine was mostly of wood. It had a rectangular shape. There was a shrouded fan, and movable jaws inside, and three sets of screens, and a hopper on the top for the wheat to be threshed. Two men operated it. A strong person turned the fan, and the other loaded the wheat in the hopper. The fan and jaws were so connected that when the fan was rotated the jaws shook. The chaff was blown out and the wheat and seeds were sorted out by the screens. This machine caused a revolution in threshing of wheat, and simplified the farmer's work greatly. There was no longer any need to wait for favorable breezes.

7. There was a spinning wheel in every home. Generally they would spin cotton for home use only. Every woman knew how to spin. To spin thread uniform and smooth, heavy or fine, was an art. Expert spinners were few in number. The best known spinners were Ataments Almo (Almas) Baji, Baligents Anno, and Gelen Beyros' wife. There were also some hired spinners. Some of them could spin as many as 7 hanks a day. There were hardly 4-5 carpenters in the village who could make spinning wheels with good mechanical precision — the drum well balanced, with its cord-laced face uniform the shafts parallel, lubricated to reduce friction, and at the same time artistically fashioned. "My spinning wheel runs like oil," they used to boast when it was made by a master.

8. Thresher: It consisted of two pine boards, with forward parts bent upwards, and with two hardened ties about 2 inches thick and 36 inches long. The under surface of the thresher was

entirely covered with small, flat, sharp-edged stones which were pressed into prepared cracks. They were uniformly spaced, and at the same height, with sharp edge outward. The complete thresher was bought from out of the village, as well as the rough stone to be broken into the sharp stones. The master builder would break up the sharp stones with a hammer and insert them.

9. Carts: The wheels of the carts were pine, and bought on the outside. Only the rims of the wheels were iron; they were made by the village blacksmith and pressed onto the wheels. The main frame and tongue were poplar. The axle was of myrtle, and all other parts were mulberry. All were built by the village carpenters.

10. Baskets, Sieves: Every summer a band of gypsies would come to the village in their covered wagons. They would camp in the mulberry grove alongside Hodoents' sluice. They would stay about two months. They wove baskets of all kinds and sizes, and sieves, and exchanged them for wheat, bulgur, gorgod, and seed products of all kinds. They gathered fresh intestines of sheep and goats, and made them into cords. They used horsehair for the screen of flour sieves. These were the finest of their sieves. The art of making cords from intestines was known only to the gypsy men. The work of the women was to sell, tell fortunes, and to steal.

(g) Goldsmithing-Watchmaking: We mention only Khouyoumji Abraham as the first and famous skilled watchmaker. Apkar Baba's son Hagop and Madentsi Mardiros' son Sarkis were his apprentices but they did not attain the skill of their master.

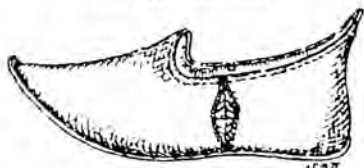
(h) Masonry: We had three masons in the village — Topal Grboents Boghos, Garmrtsi Bannan Beyros and son Minas. Boghos built ordinary walls of mud bricks. Bannan Beyros was a renowned master in working with mud bricks, and with stone. But his son Minas learned stone carving as well, surpassing his father, and attaining equal fame with the masons of Hiusenig and the City. I remember the regular beat of the musical ring of our Minas, bent over the wall, trowel in hand, the plumbbob hanging down the wall. [The fragmentary speech, partly Turkish, is reproduced here, asking for various supplies to be thrown up to the mason as he works on the wall.] This chorus-like instruction continued ceaselessly, lasting all day. All the various supplies would be fed up to the master mason, and he would build and build.

(i) Cobbling: This was the second most important craft in the village, active and profitable. The village boasted of famous master cobblers. The footwear they sewed — for men, for women, work sandals, and the heeled shoes for the Kurdish women, — were famous. Thus, besides customers from the village, they had them from the surroundings and from remote Kurdish villages, especially from the Ghuzulbash Kurds. The village farmer had his own cobbler, who made all his footwear, and whom he paid at harvest time. The Kurdish chiefs paid for their shoes with “digs” [liquid containers made from whole animal hides] full of butter fat or cheese, brought in on donkeys. They would hand them over to the cobblers without weighing them, and leave. The cobbler would sell these items in small quantities to the villagers, and put aside the money due him; what was left over he would give back to his customer.

3. Some of the cobblers worked in rented shops. Others had their workplaces in their homes. They were well off. Learning the craft of cobbling was not difficult. Master cobblers had more than one apprentice. The period of apprenticeship was 2-4 years, without pay. The task of the starting apprentice was to gather dog droppings with buckets and tongs, from rooftops, streets, and dung pits. To learn the craft they would start by threading the stitching needles. The apprentice was like a son in the family.



56 Kondurma



57 Slipper



58 Moccasin

4. Besides sewing, the master cobbler also shaped and beat the shoes to give them their final shape. He wore a leather apron with his hone hanging from it to sharpen his cutting

tools. He would be seated on his stool, his block in front of him and all his tools at hand. If the leather he had cut was a bit short, he would pull at it with his teeth. “He has cobblers’ teeth” —



84 Tongs



99 Akhtar aghaji



23 Bucket

strong they would say. The akhtar aghaji would be used for a whack or two on the back of an apprentice who had done poor stitching. And in a battle it would be used, along with the pounder



97 Hone

oftentimes, for self-protection. The “khayish” is pictured in the vocabulary.



52 Block



94 Tabar



98 Khoval



54 Kaz



96 Puller



53 Pounder

5. The stitching thread was cotton, 2-10 strands, which the apprentice would spin with the cobbler’s spinning top, and wax. The cobbler’s equipment was all locally made. Only the needle (hard bronze wire) and the lasts (hard wood), the pounder (cast brass), and the better black and colored fine leathers were brought in from the City. The local fine leathers were dyed and smoothed over with polished wood.



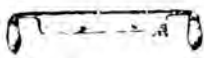
55 Cobbler's ilig



(j) Tanning: Tanning the raw hides was part of the cobbler's trade. About 95 percent of the leather used was prepared in the village. The hide of sheep, goat, and calf was for the finer leathers, and of cow, ox, and water buffalo for thongs, and heavy wear. The work of tanning was done during the cool days of autumn because leather dried in the cool dry air was soft and more durable.

1. Curing: Burnt clay was mixed into 20-25 kilograms of water to make a soup. To this they added finely sifted oak ash to form a slush. This slush was spread on the flesh side of the raw hide; the hide was folded, hair outside, and stacked.

Twenty-four hours later they stripped the wool or hair of sheep and goats by hand. They cleaned it and left it folded for a week, sprinkling water on them twice a day to keep the hides from drying out. Then they put the hides in a vat with lime water. After a week they removed the hides and spread them out on stakes for a night. Then, using a scraper, they removed the remaining hair, and again put them in a vat of lime water for another week. Then they removed the hides and washed them in the spring pool with fresh water. Then they put the washed hides back in the vats and covered them with water into which dog droppings had been dissolved. This was left for 24 hours, after which they were washed clean. All the flesh remaining on the inner surface was scraped off. They squeezed the water from both sides ready for the tanning.



91 Scraper



90 Vat

2. The method used for cow, ox, and water buffalo hides was the same, but taking a little longer. These hides would be left in the Mouradents' spring pool for 5-6 days to wash clear. They would be kept in the lime water vats for 2 weeks, with cleaning 3 or 4 times during the process.

3. Tanning. The cured hides were put back in the vats and covered with water containing "tatir" [dried and powdered oak leaves and bark] and "tegh" [dried and powdered pomegranate peel]. For sheep and goats, equal amounts of each were used, but for calves,

double, and cows and oxen four times; for water buffalo the concentration was 6 times. The water buffalo hide would remain in this solution for 30 days, the others, 3 weeks. During this period the solution was replenished, and the hides were scraped 3 times. Also, every 24 hours the hides were removed, squeezed, and replaced in a different order.

After this the hides were spread out over poles to dry. During drying the water buffalo hides were rolled 2-3 times to make them smooth. The dried hides were spread out on the stones at Topourmayents' spring. The leathers tanned by our cobblers were more durable, and were more water resistant than leathers bought outside.

4. Tatir: This was made of oak leaves and bark, dried and powdered, brought from Palou. The "tegh," powdered pomegranate skin, came from Choukoush. And the "khara boya" [dyes] came from Bakhur Madan.

5. The prices for shoes depended on the reputation of the cobbler, and the quickness of payment. A pair of moccasins was 18-30 kurus. Men's shoes were 15-25. The Kurds' kondourma were 25-30. And children's shoes were 7-8 kurus.

6. The village cobblers could sew all kinds of footwear, but they were not uniformly skilled.

7. Of the earliest cobblers we mention Srabents Mghd. Garo and sons Ovan and Arout; Misakents Misak and son Khacho; Marta Koko (Mghd. Kirkor); Kamkhazar Mgrdich; Misakents Mghd. Mano and sons Boghos, Arout, and Asadour; Cherzer Koko; Ovanesents Kaspar; and Kezhoents Mghd. Melkon; also Jimjim Kaspar and brother Sahag, Parseghents Depan and brother Kirkor. The last four of these specialized in men's shoes. The others specialized in sandals. Sandals made by Marta Koko and by Kamkhazar Mgrdich commanded a high price. Here are those who became apprentices to the earlier cobblers: Torig Hovanes (Hairig); Jimjiments Beyros and Giragos; Kamkhazar Ovanes; Der Khougasents Khougas; Mghd. Garoents Donig; Agop and Khacho; Misakents Yeghia and brother Mghd. Arout; Parsegh Ovanes; and Miloents Garo.

(k) The village "khrukhji" [bonesetters]: They were Misakents uncle Isayil, and son Zakar; they were of mediocre skill.

(l) Barbers: The earliest barber of the village was Safoents Melkon, according to tradition. Melkon's son Avak became the most renowned barber, as well as "doctor," "healer," and "dentist." Barber Mghd. Ayron was the other

early barber. Barber Ismayil and his apprentice Zilfo were Turkish old-timers. Barber Avak's apprentices were Gelen Ovanes; the master's own sons Hampartzoum, Melkon, and Haroutiun; Mghd. Ayrón's son Garabed; Barber Zilfo's apprentice Misakents Mardiros and Mustafa (Turk); and Mardiros' apprentice, Jambaz Baghdoents Ovanes. All of these, in their days, had their own shops, and their own regular customers.

Barber Avak's wife Mariam Baji was the women's "doctor."

(m) Midwives: Garoents Merar (Mariam), Shazada and Makho (Berber Ayrón's wife) bajes were old-time midwives who brought us and our parents into the world. The one who lived longest was Makho Mamig. Among the Turks there was Mazbout Baji. Later ones were Mourad Jouvar and Boursatsi Srpo.

(n) Dyers: The earliest identified dyer in the village was Boyajonts Garabed Dada. His son Krikor agha, and his sons Giragos, Pilibos, and David, and apprentice Tatiros (Topal Yeghso's husband) were expert dyers.

(o) Carders: Among the old-time carders were Haljonts uncle Boghos, Jambaz Baghdo and son Avak, Shntiltsi Mardo, Topal Sako, Kilarjonts Garo, and Shaytan Mghd. Khazar. More recent dyers were Badoents Toro, Bedo Adam, Perishanents Asadour, Mghd. Asadourents Manoog, Garo Beyros, Hodoents Beyros and Ovan, Garo Boghos, Mghd. Sahagents Mardig, and Kilarjonts Aved.

(p) Weavers: The noteworthy ones in this craft were Hodo Mghd. Sarkis, Tato Ovan, Milo Marsoub Bedo Kirkor, Garo Khacho, Srab Sako, Torig Kaspar, Perishan Egop, Garo Garo, Arevig Agop, Torig Avedik, Paloutsonts Manoog, Mghd. Asadourents Manoog, and Khojig Toro. Kel Khazar's son deacon Aved was also a weaver of large sacks.

(q) Butchers: The earliest known butchers were uncle Perishan Garabed and son Asadour. But Nazarents Aymed Amou (Turk) and his partner Haljonts Kevo were regulars who served long.

Boghos Effendi's store on the Stream road was one of their slaughtering places. The Stream went right by it. Here they slaughtered sheep, goat, and sometimes large cattle. Whatever of the congealed blood and entrails was left over after the dogs had done was thrown into the Stream. The freshly stripped carcasses were hung along the wall on hooks. "Uncle Aymed, cut me a 40-para piece." They would cut off the meat from any part, and as much or

little as you wanted. Much later on they began to cover the hanging carcasses with gauze, for protection against the many thousands of flies, and to bury the entrails in accordance with government orders. In addition, for feast days, Rabitali Aved, Goshgar Mghd. Garoenk and Goshgar Misakenk, and later Gelen Goshgar Kaspar would slaughter cows that had ceased milking or bearing calves, and other no longer useful oxen, etc. The price was 3 kurus per lir.

(r) Baking: There was only one public bakery in the village. Dzeronents had built it along with Boghos Effendi's house. And they operated it. The first baker was from Yegheki. Khoumar Khachoents deacon Toros (later Der Nshan) was his helper-apprentice. After learning the trade he continued as baker until he was ordained a priest. They baked "somoun" and "pida" breads. They sold for 5 para per 100-dram (gram?) loaf. But 9/10 of the bread was tonir bread baked at home tonirs. Baking bread had become a woman's task. Jambaz Baghdo's wife Mariam Baji, Balgants Varto, Surmalients Kakou Almas, and Daldaban Apkar's wife Timo Baji were famous for their breads.

They could roll out breads 24 inches in diameter and as thin as "mas." The pay for baking one tub [dough] of bread was 2-3 kurus and 5-6 loaves, or one loaf out of 100. These workers usually worked for Turks.

(s) Storekeepers: 1. Besides slaughtering meat Perishan Garabed had a grocery store under his home. Brother Madentsi Mardiros was also an old-timer, and he had a bigger and better stocked store. Later Bannan Beyros and his son Hagop opened a small grocery store under their house. There was a Turkish grocery store near the lower mosque, always a hangout for vagrants.

2. There was also a general store next to the village bakery. It was operated by Dzeronents Haroutiun. It remained open for 13 years, and was very successful. The store was well stocked with variegated and finely woven cotton and silk prints. It also had all kinds of jewelry, trinkets, mainly to fill Turkish harem needs.

### 3 — HOME CONSTRUCTION

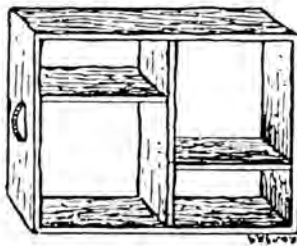
A. Only the church, two mosques, and the bath in the village were built of stone. All the other houses were built of unfired clay [mud] bricks. The structures were of two stories.

Haji Beg, the Aghas, and the wealthy Turks had large salons and extensive houses, with separate quarters for the womenfolk.

The big farmers also had large houses, from 10 to 60 "magh" [unit of area]. Laborers' houses would have only 3 to 10 magh. The bigger farmers' houses had a large courtyard, a big kitchen house, a storeroom, a large barn with its loft in which there were a hearth, olive oil press, crusher, grinder, etc., and below it the stable and granary. In the yard there was a deep water well, and in one corner the stone floored basin in which household members took their baths, summer and winter. There were also a variety of farm tools parked along the wall.

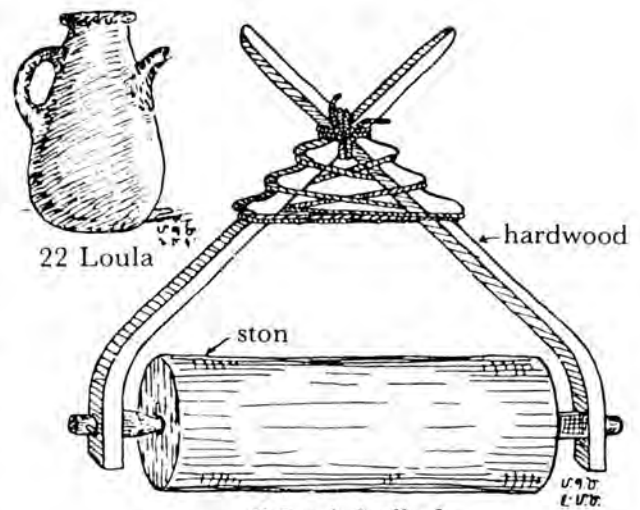
The people climbed from the yard to the second floor on stone steps. On the second floor there were 2 to 6 rooms, 1 to 3 balconies, and the open roof.

B. The house foundations were of broken stones cemented together with mortar. They were 2-3 feet thick and 2-3 feet deep. The outer walls of the houses were 2 blocks (24 inches) thick, and the inner walls 1½ blocks (18 inches). The yard and garden walls were one block thick. Walls were reinforced at intervals of 4-5 feet by inserting poplar posts about 3 inches thick, in pairs, on opposite sides. These were joined by poplar



28 Khaleb [Mold]

ties. A building block [brick] ("anaj") was 12 inches square and 6 inches thick. The "khouzi" was 6 by 12, by 6 inches thick, one half of an anaj. The blocks were formed of nonsandy dirt, fine chaff [wheat], and mud, in a wooden khaleb [mold]. It was dried in the sun. The roofs of the houses were formed of beams, runners [smaller than the wooden beams], canes, and heavy twigs. Beams 10-12 inches thick were placed about 10 feet apart, supported from below by posts 10 feet apart. The runners, about 8 inches thick, were placed over the beams, 18-24 inches apart. The canes were placed on these 4-5 inches apart. On these they placed the heavy twigs touching one another. On these they laid fine twigs. They covered this with a mix of chaff and mud, 3-4 inches thick, which would lock the twigs together. It was tamped in place with a mallet. Sometimes it was rolled. Finally, it was all covered over with chaff reinforced mud, about 2 inches thick.



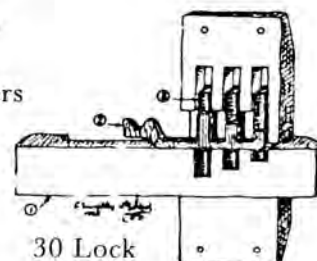
31 Logh [roller]

When it was partly dry it was heavily rolled. The walls were coated with the same chaff reinforced mud, both inside and out. The Armenians' houses had only one entrance door. For artisans, with few exceptions, the door was about big enough for a donkey to pass through. For the farmers the door would accept a water buffalo. There were few windows, and small. In summer they were open, in winter closed. There was no glass; they used heavy paper, oiled, to make it translucent. Neither ceilings or floors were covered with wood. The floors were filled-in dirt, well tamped and rolled while in a damp condition. It hardened like cement, smooth and clean. Bless them, the brides and girls — "if melted fat were to drip [on the floor], it could be gathered up."

The floors of the stables were usually of stone slabs. There was a pit in the center into which the manure would be scraped. Once a week it was taken to the manure pile. In winter it remained in the pit. When dry, the manure would burn, and together with the breath of the animals, the stable kept warm.

The outside door was of heavy hardwood, and on the inside there was a wooden or iron lock. The wood used for the door was always poplar. Mulberry was used for the locks, conceivably the ancestor to today's most sophisticated locks.

1. slide
2. key
3. fingers



30 Lock



C. The smaller farmers did not have olive oil presses, nor crushers, but they always had the barn loft with its fireplace. Artisans' houses were relatively small, with a rather small yard, a bathing basin, a small kitchen house, a storeroom, the barn, and granary. Upstairs a room, and a balcony. Even the poorest had a house of 2-3 rooms. There were no houses for rent in the village.

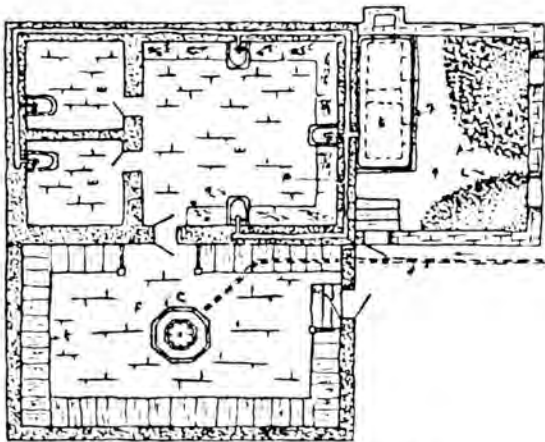
Rooms, up and down, served as separate apartments for married sons who lived with the household.

D. There were no modern facilities for heating the house. The warmest place was the stable and the barn loft. The tonir in the kitchen house and one or two cooking fireplaces were not enough. The rooms and the kitchen house were very cold in winter.

E. Iron stoves, wood covering on floors and ceilings, plastered walls, glass windows, and iron locks — these were new ideas. The more well-to-do families began to have these, starting in the '80s.

F. The stone used in the village was a pitted stone, brought from the quarries of Yertmnig mountains. Khoyli, Sareaghoub, and Tadem provided the carvable and ordinary stone. Mouroudi provided stone used in grinding. Slate, although inferior to marble, could be polished as smooth, and it was even more durable; they called it marble.

G. The village public bath: The bathing area was made of carved stone. Walls were 24 inches thick. Inside and out, and the floors were of smoothed "marble." The dome was of carved stone.



103 Effendvonts Bath

On the south side was the furnace room, built of rough stone. It contained the tub for heating water and the furnace. The fuel was piled up on one side, and the ashes on the other. The

bathing area was 20 feet square, inside, and had 5 troughs of one-piece carved stone. The bath was constructed at a low enough level so that the water from the mosque spring could flow down into the tub and fountain. The fountain was in the entry and also wooden benches where the customer prepared for his bath. Placed in the walls of the bathing room were 4-inch square openings through which the hot water from the tub would flow through wooden faucets.

H. The bath belonged to Effendvonts and Kor Hamid. They rented it out on a yearly fee. The only bathhouse keeper we recall, who rented, was the old-timer Hamamji Ismayil. He was a sly and flattering Turk. The usual price for a bath was 20 para (2 cents), and anything more for a tip. Among men there were some who gave as much as 5 kurus. In early times, for many years, only Turks could use the bath. Later, because of insufficient income, discrimination against Armenians was lifted, and they started using the bath.

Much later, Armenian women, also, started going to the bath on certain days of the week set aside for them.

I. The bath was built by Dzeronents Garabed Khalfa, with the help of son Dzeron, the youthful expert Boghos (of Yertmnig), and a master stone carver from Hiusenig.

#### 4 — HEALTH CARE

A. The health care system in our village was archaic and in a very poor state. The toilets in the houses were not flushed with water. We had no modern sewers. The general cleaning of the streets depended on heavy pouring rains, which also turned the roads into impassable mud. Toilets were in the courtyards, and they dumped into the backyard, or into the street into holes built by the wall, often uncovered. The waters from the baths in the yards, from washing and cleaning, and sometimes mixed with urine, would flow into the roadside stream. Infrequently used streets, or covered pathways — like Mghd. Asdour's street — and corners of yards, were used as public toilets, especially by children.

B. But starting in the '70s, however, the situation began to change materially. When Boghos Eff. was designated public engineer by the provincial government, his first task was to put into effect a governmental edict that concerned compulsory public health measures in the villages of the Ova, with punishment of fines and imprisonment. And Parchanj was the first

place where improvements were instituted.

## 5 — HISTORICAL EVENTS IN THE VILLAGE

A. Parchanj had experienced a number of epidemics toward the close of the century.

a. Two cholera epidemics hit the village. The first occurred after the first influx of Turks. It was remembered as the "Cholera Year." "It came and ravaged the village and left." People were falling like mulberries, tradition says. Every Armenian and Turkish home had its losses — dead in the streets, so many that they gave up on digging separate graves. They placed the bodies side by side in large pits and just covered them with dirt. Instead of water people used oghi. Very few who got sick recovered.

The second came in 1911. However, because by that time the village had more or less become more sanitary, the loss was small. Of the Turks, 22 died; and of the Armenians, only 6 men and 8 women. The Armenian quarter was much cleaner, and Armenians were not careless in health precaution and preventive measures.

b. The year of the "kharakhotig." After the great cholera epidemic — the exact year has been forgotten — there was a very severe, deadly and contagious epidemic — a "chorr" [disease of cattle] among the people. Overlapping black blisters, about the size of a hand or smaller, would appear over the body. Those afflicted would die in a half hour, or at most an hour. There was no hope for the one who became infected. There was no medicine, no cure.

This "chorr" claimed many lives from the village.

c. Smallpox. Until about 1870 smallpox was a common disease in the village. Each year it would reap its crop of children, and leave behind blindness and pocked faces.

Along with his task of sanitizing the village, Boghos Eff. also brought in government physicians and smallpox vaccines. The entire population, old and young, were obliged to be vaccinated, free. The operation was repeated each year. Following that, the prevalence of smallpox gradually diminished, and finally it disappeared altogether.

d. The year of the "chorr." It was in 1878. Sheep, cows, bulls, oxen, water buffalo died — more than 200. Many farmers' stables were emptied. Puss-filled sores formed in the animals' mouths and hooves; and it was very

infectious.

The government's policy of isolation and use of disinfectants helped much. But whether or not Madentsi Mardiros' "tousoun" helped or hurt, no one will ever know! This "chorr" did not affect lambs, nor people.

B. Many disastrous events and happenings have occurred in our village.

a. The famine of about 1850. "Iron sky and copper earth" — there was no rain! The Stream, the sluices, the springs, and the wells dried up. Only the Hajefendonts' and the Tato Khazarents' wells had water. All the crops, the green pastures, the trees, shrubs, all died. There was no wheat. There was no feed. There was no money. By government edict, wheat and barley stored by speculators was released from their warehouses for sale. But the people were not in a position to buy. And no one would lend any money. Only one or two big farmers had any wheat or barley. Many villagers, and many, many of the livestock died from famine. Some parents sold their marriageable daughters for 3 or 4 olchag of grain. Months later, supplies of wheat came from Urfa, by camel train, and the famine was over.

b. Earthquakes: The first and worst occurred in 1872, during the early part of summer on a clear sunny Sunday morning. It shook the village and the whole Ova. The earth opened cracks in many places, leaving abysses.

Vertical upheavals followed frightening earth rumblings. These lasted 3-4 days, continually. Many houses in the village crumbled. The thundering terrified the people. "The end of the world has come," they said. For days the people stayed outside in the open. They gathered in the upper garden of the Dzerons, in tents and under the mulberries; there was no place to drop a pin! Our great fable teller Torgants Haji Garabed was there. His smoothly flowing long tales provided fascinating pastimes. Fortunately, there had been no loss of life.

The time of this plague was called the "Zhazh" [shaking] year.

The second earthquake occurred in 1905. Although it was not as intense as the first, Bedo Boghos' house in the village collapsed while his daughter-in-law and grandchild were inside. The lad died.

c. The "Yanghouni" [?] Year was 1878. Mghd. Nigoents' large house burned down with many of the livestock in the stable.

A second fire burned part of the west entrance of the church and the adjacent schoolhouse. It was in 1891.

d. The Hail year was 1898, at the start of summer. Hailstones as big as walnuts pelted the fields and ruined the cotton and watermelon crops, and caused heavy damage to other regional crops. However, there was no loss of life.

C. Three great and tragic crimes are recalled in the history of Parchanj before the massacres of '95.

a. The most tragic was the murder of Margosents Garabed, which took place about 1867. Garabed, from childhood, was a farm laborer at Hajefendonts, serving Sebo khanum for many years, and faithfully. He was a tall, solidly built, richly bearded, handsome youth.

Such youths act as attractive magnets for the women of the harem, especially for Sebo khanum, Kor Hamid's wife. Sebo khanum tried hard to Turkify Garabed, the "raw" giavour. But Garabed was married, and he had two sons. He remained a tried and true Armenian. Kor Hamid heard some whisperings and became raging mad.

One dark night, when Garabed was sleeping with a few Armenian companions in his unirrigated vineyard, Kor Hamid, who had previously learned from one of the companions (Kel Khazar) of the plan to sleep in the vineyard that night, went there with a friend, Ahmed, and slew Garabed in his sleep, slaughtering as he would a sheep. The victim's friends ran off, and in their fear sealed their lips, saying nothing to anyone.

Kor Hamid and his friend, with Garabed's body slung over Kel Khazar's shoulder, while on their way to the victim's house, bumped into midwife Mazbout baji, in front of lower Khojgants' house. They tried to escape, but she cried out, "I recognized the three of you." However, Kor Hamid silenced Mazbout by bribing her.

They left Garabed's body in the yard. He neck was nearly severed, his head split open with an axe, his body stabbed in several places, and some of his entrails hanging out. With congealed blood all over, the body was unrecognizable.

The criminals remained unidentified for a long time. But one day the secret was out. Garabed's widow sought redress from Kor Hamid and Ahmed through the court. The accused were imprisoned. The principal witness to the crime was Kel Khazar, whom the government imprisoned as a suspect accomplice. Despite tortures, Kel Khazar would not testify against the others. Kor Hamid was

rich and influential. He bribed the judge and the prosecutor, and even the widow's attorney, and the case was dismissed and forgotten.

However, after an interval of 18 years, in 1885, at the time of the big quarrel between Dzeronents and Kor Hamid, Dzeron Haroutiun, as a representative of widows and orphans, was able to reopen the case. Kor Hamid, bribing the official who had come to arrest him, ran off into hiding, and for two months could not enter the village; Haroutiun demanded that the governor arrest the criminals, under threat of submitting a brief direct to the Sultan.

The criminal agha was obliged to borrow against all his lands and sell all wheat he had on hand to raise 5-600 Ottoman lire, and thereby bribe the governor and the people of the court, and finally paying a satisfactory redress to Garabed's orphaned children and the widow. After having reduced the beast to this defeated and bankrupt condition, Haroutiun dropped the case, yielding to pressure from Armenians and Turks, and the governor.

b. The killing of Boyajonts Giragos in 1885. The killer was Bannan Beyros' son Manoog. Uncle Boghos' son Kor [blind] Mardo had entered Bannan Beyros' store for a cigarette. Bannan Beyros, drunk with oghi, accused the blind man of stealing from his cash box. Manoog, having just arrived on the scene, attacked the blind man, beating him. Boyajonts Giragos came to the help of the blind man. Manoog fired at Giragos with his revolver and killed him. Giragos had only recently married. He was a tall, handsome, and noble youth, popular, and well liked.

All the village went into mourning on Giragos' death. Manoog was sentenced to 15 years in prison.

c. The killing of Dzeronents Ovanes. In the fall of 1893 Ovanes had just returned from America. In a week he was to marry Boyajonts Anna. His brother Haroutiun had already moved away and was living in another house, and Ovanes was alone in their house with his mother.

The mother Jouhar, hearing the sounds of attempts to break into the house, went up on the roof. The thieves hid in back of a tree. It was a moonlit night. Jouhar called the thieves by name. "Beat it, what do we have here for you to steal." At that moment Ovanes ran to the roof. Standing at the edge of the roof he fired his revolver in the direction of the thieves. Thief Silo's son fired his gun from behind the tree and



hit Ovanes in the thigh. The neighbors ran to the house. All the village was astir. Ovanes lived only a day. That night, according to testimony of villagers, a ray of light descended on the house. In the morning all came to see Ovanes, Beg and Agha, Imam and Hafiz, priest and pastor, rayis and elder, Armenian and Turk. And that modest youth admonished, criticized, and urged the leaders of the village to forego their sins and their evil ways, to be good, and to live together in harmony. I was not there, and I did not see the ray of light descending. Let the vision be attributed to the sinful conscience of the villagers. But for the believer . . . fine! Thief Silo's son Msto confessed and spent 15 years in prison.

d. The death of lower Khojgants Aroutin was in 1906. When aroutin was passing in front of Salvarents Osman's store, he was pulled into the store and the demand was made that he buy a packet of tobacco. "But I don't smoke," he had said and refused to buy. They beat him unmercifully. Aroutin went home and to bed. He died after 8 months.

D. The Big Feuds of the Village. There have been no long-lasting family feuds among the Armenian families of the village. Competition among families in gaining cultivating rights in the aghas' lands had always been a basis for feuding, but these have always been short-lived. We can with pride record that the Armenians of Parchanj have lived together peacefully and worked harmoniously in family and community projects. And they have been united in their stand against the confiscatory crises created by the Turks.

a. The first feud that tradition records took place between the water managers of Parchanj and Yertmng, at the time of the first determination of water rights. The people of Yertmng were insisting that the water of the Stream be divided equally. On the other hand, our villagers were claiming "two for Parchanj, one for Yertmng." One of the Yertmng people struck one of the Parchanj shouters on the head with his shovel. The fallen "head" continued to sputter "Parchanj two, Yertmng one." The people battling were terrified. They accepted the verdict of the "head," and the battle ended.

b. The beating of Mouroents Ovanes of the City. It was Depo Garo Agop's wedding, in 1886. Mouro Ovanes (Depo Mardiros' wife's brother) was a wedding guest. This rascal tried to enter the bride's and womenfolk's sleeping chambers the night before. Dzeron Jouvar, being Agop's grandmother, was matron for the

day. She caught Ovanes and threw him out and told uncle Mgrdich about it. The next night our uncle Mgrdich with his nephew Manoog, found Ovanes in Ousa Khachadour's store, hiding in the sawdust room. After severely beating Ovanes with his fist and with his cane, enough to break his bones, uncle Mgrdich tied his legs with a rope and dragged him through the muddy streets to Gelenents' house. There, after hearing Ovanes' repeated pleas for mercy and confession of wrong-doing, and with promises never to set foot in the village again, and also with the entreaties of Pastor Hovhannes who happened by, uncle Mgrdich relented and let him go, half dead.

c. Dzeronents' battle with Kor Hamid, in the fall of 1885. Dzeron Jouvar's nephew [brother's son] Garabed was a laborer with economically struggling Aymed. Aymed's wife was in love with Garabed, and wanted to Turkify him, but Garabed would not accede. One night, losing his sense of reason, Garabed went running through the Turkish streets calling and shouting. As he passed Kor Hamid's place where Kor Hamid and his pals were gathered, the group fell upon Garabed and beat him up. Dzeronenk at that time were still in the Turkish quarter, and being nearby, heard the commotion.

To learn what was going on they sent cousin [mother's sister's son] Melkon. When he did not return they sent Manoog (this author) who went to Hamid's place. There he found Melkon, his face bloody, in the claws of the mob. He [Manoog] shouted, "Aren't you ashamed, so many of you dogs attacking one man! I know it's Kor Hamid who is responsible, who has people killed even at his own place. Let him know that for doing this I'm going to make him kiss my feet." A few enemy Turks, regarding it as an advantageous situation, attacked Manoog also, and beat him up. At just that moment uncle Mgrdich, Boghos Eff., and Haroutiun happened by. Uncle Mgrdich used his cane effectively and dispersed the mob. Also, Kor Hamid came out, and the battle ended. Melkon was carried home nearly dead. That same night Boghos Eff. got the village prosecutor and inquisitor, and with 5-6 police had 15 Turks put in jail. The next day, a Turk, bribed by Kor Hamid, swore out a warrant against Manoog, Garabed, and Melkon, accusing them of having entered his house and caused the abortion of his wife's near-to-be-born child. But no one was arrested. Three or four days later Dzeron Haroutiun reopened Kor Hamid's case of 18 years

earlier. Hamid was a fugitive for 2 months, and despite spending hundreds of lire, finally resorted to ignominious appeals to Dzeronents to reach an accord with them. Eventually he returned to the village badly beaten, discredited, and bankrupt, and with his pals, the Turks that had slandered us, in jail.

This glorious victory did not benefit the Dzeronents; it cost them dearly.

#### E. Emigration and Emigrants:

a. From early times the common people of the village, artisans and laborers, would go off as migrants to Adana (mostly), to Smyrna, to Istanbul, to Tiflis, . . . with the hope of earning a livelihood for their loved ones and to assure a secure future. They went also to get out from under the heavy taxes imposed by the government. They went with their donkey, or by foot, but only a few went by mule.

They worked in those cities, sometimes for many years, living the lives of bachelors in the corner of inns.

And one day a note would arrive, from their aging mother —

Come home, your mother misses you,  
come home,  
I don't want any souvenirs, handsome boy,  
come home.  
[In deep provincial vernacular]

Well, and now he has a few gold pieces in his belt, money for souvenirs, and an outfit for festive dress. So he returns home, this time with a mule.

b. It was around 1887 that the exodus of "single" youths from Parchanj to America began — to the land of Washington, of Lincoln, of Vanderbilt, of Rockefeller. For the village youths who would graduate from college, America became the symbol of freedom, education, fine attributes, and wealth. The streets were paved with gold; people were saintly, like missionaries; everything was plentiful. Their expectation — in a few years to gain a higher education, gather dollars, and return home. Now it was America instead of Adana. This pattern continued until the massacres of 1896. The first to go were Bedoents Bedros (later Reverend), Madantsonts Boghos and Kirkor, Adaments Agop and Armenag, Goshgrents Ago, and many others, among whom was Dzeron Manoog (in 1890). Instead of the Promised Land with streets paved with gold they found smoky, filthy factories with 10-14

hours daily of wearisome toil, pay of 6-7 dollars a week. And instead of friendly saints they found discrimination and unconscionable profiteers. Yet, who had ever seen pay of ½ gold coin a week, or who had worn "setrapantol," or "kilali" [apparently trade names ??] shirts, or had ever slept on a "kirol" [bed, apparently] . . . so what if they were full of bedbugs! They lived meagerly and saved money, and they sent it back home. People in the village who never had 40 para in a year suddenly had money and were well off. There would be no more beatings because they couldn't pay off their debts. The financial condition of the Armenian community improved. The level of the schools rose. The churches became more beautifully adorned. Many more youths started to attend the schools for a higher education. The people at home in Parchanj just did not understand that its migrants were squeezing the dollars out of their miserable existence.

c. The Emigrations: The government's confiscatory policy, the insecurity of life and honor in the village, and the bare-subsistence level of the livelihood were the reasons for the desire of the villagers to emigrate.

d. The first exodus took place in the 1860s, toward the Caucasus — "among the Armenians," "the ancestors' land." Fifteen families, having sold all their belongings, took off and reached Kars, but the Russian government turned them back. Arevig Beyros, armed to the teeth, and a large and fearsome man, had been the leader of the caravan and its protector, both going and returning.

Only three families had been able to enter, as Greeks. The remainder, wanting, and in dire circumstances, returned to the village. A year later, Torig Kapo, married for three years, tried again to emigrate. He reached Pasen, but was unable to enter. He returned to the village.

e. A second exodus took place in 1876, when Rev. Hagop Kaprielian, Mghd. Khachoents Agop, Grigor from Adana, and Khouyoumji Abraham — a famous goldsmith — having sold house and home, moved to Moush with their families. Only the Reverend remained there; the others returned to the village after a few years.

f. The third, and seriously planned, emigration was organized in 1885, under the auspices and leadership of Boghos Effendi and Haroutiun. The 200 artisan families of the village, after a long series of conferences, organized a Cooperative Union for the purpose

of buying and migrating to a piece of land named Bazarjough near Marash. The price for one chareg (1-1/3 acres) was 4 kuruş (16 cents). They all participated by paying in from one to 10 gold coins. The land was purchased from the government of Marash, by paying cash, and the sale was confirmed by the government of the State of Aleppo. All of the legal transactions were completed, and permission to undertake the move was obtained from the governments of Kharpert and Aleppo. Two or three artisan families had already gone on ahead to clear out the marshy areas and start the construction of houses, all in preparation for the main migration, for which the village families were waiting expectantly.

1. The lay of the land of Bazarjough was very much like that of Oul Ova, but larger in extent. Through it ran a stream that had ceaseless flow, with enough water to irrigate the whole area. The soil was black, deep, and fertile. The fertile prairie was covered with a tall grass, in which a horseman could be lost. Boar, wolves, fox, rabbits, and numerous kinds of birds inhabited the prairie. There were some marshes along the banks of the stream, with malaria mosquitoes. Outflowing naphthene could be detected here and there. There was a deposit of marble, of finest quality. The quarry had been left from Roman times. And on the slopes of the mountains there were old cemetery caves. For the landless artisans of Parchanj this Ova seemed to be destined as their fecund homeland. It would be prolific in marble. And the future for the oil was promising.

2. Just at that time, however, Mouroents Ovanes and Kor Hamid secretly plotted a scheme. Both were implacable enemies of Dzeronenk; it was the very time for them to avenge themselves.

3. The murmurings of revolution had already sprung, and the central government was highly perturbed. Following Kor Hamid's suggestion, Hamamji Ismayil stole Boghos Effendi's seal when he was taking a bath. They exposed a forged letter, in Armenian, and bearing Boghos Effendi's seal, addressed to Haroutiun. In it Boghos Eff. was purportedly informing Haroutiun of the understanding he had developed with the leaders in Zeitun, in which they would in a short time join with Zeitun in rebellion, and of the need to have the emigrants leave quickly. Mouroents Ovanes submitted this forged letter to Haji Hasan Pasha, the governor of Kharpert. But the latter knowing Dzeronenk very well, paid no attention to the

complaint, and beat and dismissed the rascal. But the plotters did not give up. They sent the same letter with a brief to the governor of Aleppo, Husein Jemil, a hater of Armenians. There, a Catholic Armenian who had requested several Armenian families from Boghos Eff. to settle in and farm his lands, but had been refused, expressed a belief in the possibility of the rebellion plan, advising the governor to prohibit the emigration. Instead of first checking with the governor of Kharpert about the facts, and wanting to gain credit for having discovered a grave danger, Jemil immediately wired Sultan Hamid. And then suddenly, the governor of Kharpert and the prosecutor and inquisitor were transferred to Dikranagerd. New persons were assigned in their places. Very soon the migration was prohibited. Those who had already gone were brought back, chained and under heavy guard. Dzeronenk Boghos Eff., his brother Bedros Khalfa, Haroutiun, and Manoog were arrested in the village and kept in jail for two months. Boghos Eff. was put in solitary confinement for 8 days. Bazarjough just slipped away. The government did not return one cent of the few thousands they, the 200 families, had paid in.

4. Eventually, Dzeronenk succeeded in establishing the falsity of the letter and lack of any foundation to the charge. This was accomplished by submitting a plea to the Sultan, along with bribes of hundreds of gold pieces. As a result of this they were released from prison as innocent. Mouro Ovanes and Hamamji Ismayil were imprisoned as slanderers and thieves. Boghos and Haroutiun spent a year in Aleppo, and spent a lot of money trying to remove the prohibition against their migrating. But despite the fact that it was officially recognized that the charges were false and without foundation, all their efforts were in vain. Boghos Eff., disheartened, without hope, physically and economically ruined, managed somehow to live, unconsolable, until his death.

g. The fourth emigration started in 1895, after the massacres. The single people in America began to bring their families to join them.

Others followed them — and to the four corners of the world, looking for freedom and security.

It continued so until 1908, the date of the Ottoman Constitution.

h. Allured by the new Constitution proclaimed by the Turks, our villagers, along with tens of thousands of Armenians, some with whole families, returned to their native hearths.



But with the massacres in Adana, in 1909, repatriates, and all others with them who could, fell in terror on the escape roads to America and elsewhere. Who then could imagine that after these last dislocations, the Armenian nation could save itself from total annihilation!

## Chapter VIII

# CIVIL AND NATIONAL [POLITICAL] MATTERS

### 1. The Civil Structure: —

a. The actions Sultan Mahmoud took to control the banditry of the Kurdish tribal leaders had the effect of a slight lessening of the havoc they wreaked — but only in appearance, and for a time. Sultan Mejid's "Khatte Houmayoun" and the "Tanzimat" in 1839 and 1844 were promulgated primarily to blow dust into the eyes of European diplomats. These decrees declared equality between Moslems and Christians and established European-styled procedures and rules in all governmental centers and in courts at various levels. Armenians were granted equal opportunities in all governmental agencies. However, these did not produce a basic or lasting improvement in the situation and barely filtered down into the provinces, where Moslems actually intensified their latent hatred. As late as 1865 — and we might say even to the very end — it was the most powerful of the Turkish aghas and begs that had overall rule, more or less. It was after that date that some level of normal village administration came into being.

The structure of rule was as follows: a Turkish moudiur [mayor] and an Armenian assistant designated by the provincial government; a village council made up of equal numbers of Turks and Armenians, elected by the community, and ratified by the government.

b. The first moudiur was Hajeffendonts Haji Mustafa Effendi, and the first Armenian assistant was Abouna Kaspar — rich, but unable to sign his name, but who would say "Yes, Effendim." The moudiur served for

many years, but the assistants changed every year or two — to exact bribes. Kel Nejib agha was the last moudiur, with assistant Goshgar Mghd. Garo, also illiterate, but a little more intelligent. The members of the village council who were most influential, fearless, and plain speaking were Tat Hasan and varbed Dzeron Beyros.

c. The government taxes imposed on Parchanj were very heavy and of many kinds. And 95-100 percent of these taxes fell upon the shoulders of the Armenians. The taxes and levees were the following.

(1) "Bedelf," a military tax, 1 to 5 kuras, that Armenians paid each year for each male from the day of his birth in return for release from military duty. (2) "Emlak" tax (on houses, vineyards, and lands). The largest share was paid on account of the land. With insignificant exceptions, these lands belonged to the aghas and begs, but the tax was paid generally by the Armenian tenant farmers. (3) "Temetiv," individual income tax. This was paid by storekeeper, artisan, and even the monger who eked out a living selling a donkey-load of hay a day. (4) "Hungak" tax, being one-tenth of the total produce of grain crops. (5) "Baghat," a grape and fruit tax. (6) Watermelon garden tax. (7) "Sharab Akhshasi" wine tax. (8) "Khamchour" tax on sheep, cattle, and other livestock. (9) Cotton tax — they called it the "cotton cut." (10) Construction tax, on building of a new house, or renovation. (11) Window tax. (12) Education tax. They collected this from the Armenians but did not allocate any part of it for Armenian schools. (13) Sanitation tax, which had always been collected. But only in later

times did the government take any measures in the village to care for sewage, to protect water supplies, to protect food supplies, and to send physicians into the village for vaccination against smallpox. (14) Four days a year of unpaid service was required. All males, 18 years of age and over, Armenians and Turks, were required personally or through proxy to work on building new military highways, or restoring them, also taking care of their own sustenance. Often they were required to work 8-10 days instead of 4, and few could get out of it without paying a bribe.

Many opportunities were created in the village to pay out handsome bribes to those who had come to supervise the construction — surveyors, engineers, military officials, even the moudiur and lesser officials — and to make sure the village labor quota was fulfilled. For example, if the village had a quota of 800 units of volunteer labor, then they could supply 400, and in exchange for the remaining 400, collect money from the villagers, and distribute it proportionally as a tribute or bribe.

(15) 'Mekara Take.' A few times each year police would descend upon the village and confiscate donkeys and other beasts of burden, along with their owners, to serve the government. Police would sometimes 'forget the big donkey in the barn' for 40 para or 2 kurus.

## 2. The Red [Bloody] Ninety-Five: —

The bloody year of a sultan enraged by the lightning bolts of revolution reverberating in Bolis [Constantinople] from "the Armenian Mountains of Erzerum."

a. Red Sunday, November 25, 1895 [probably old style calendar, which would be Dec. 7, new style (Gregorian, versus Julian), but this is not a Sunday, old or new style]. On Sunday morning a communitywide flow of blood occurred — lasting three days. Starting on Tuesday, November 20 [see note above], Kurds armed to the teeth slipped into the village, filling the aghas' barns. Then, led by the agents of the aghas, and sometimes on their own, the Kurds began beating, terrifying, raiding the Armenians. It was at that time that a Kurd broke down Der Nshan's door with an axe. But our gentle kahana and his brother Movses met the Kurd with a club, beat him up, took away his axe, and drove him away. All the Armenians were like sheep surrounded by hyenas, unarmed, unprotected, and terrified.

(1) The bloody aghas of the village — Kor Hamid, Hajeffendonts Haji Hiusen, Emin

Effendi, Bouloud Effendi, Dalou Faro Osman, Kel Nejib, and a few others — gathered together in Bouloudents' salon, planned the slaughter "directed from above." First it would be to raid, and then to slaughter the "thorn-in-the-eye" Armenians. They chose Haji Aymed, Khadounents Msto, Berber Haji Zilfo and his apprentice Haji Aymed to lead this murderous horde, starting early Sunday morning.

(2) The Kurds continued to fill the village, and soldiers and police as well. Under the command of Col. Saru the latter were "to drive out the Kurds and protect the Armenians." What a tragi-comedy!

(3) Choban Mulayents Haji Osman was the only Turk to remain openly friendly to the Armenians. He lived in the Armenian quarter. He filled his home with Armenians among whom was Boghos Effendi and his family, and he protected them.

(4) Topourmayents Khatriji Tato was the only Armenian in the village who knew anything about self-defense. He used guns to protect his house against the Kurds' attack and drove them off. This unexpected and fearless defense with weapons filled the village Turks with fear and apprehension. The word that "Topourmayents' house was filled with Fadayis [guerillas] and that they were armed with Martins [European rifles], and that they are going to conquer the village" spread around everywhere. Some Turks bolted their doors shut as Mulla Mustafa had done. A unit of 30 regular troops with bayonets fixed on their rifles hurried to surround the "stronghold of the Fadayis." They broke open the doors and entered, but found not one Fadayi. Tato had escaped from the roof to the adjoining home of neighbor Zilfo Chavoush. They hid him there in the harem.

(5) Saturday night was one of terror and wailing for the Armenians. Outside, the aghas of the village, the Turks, together with the Kurds, were sharpening their axes and knives and were getting ready, in full coordination with the soldiers and police, for the morning slaughter. "Men fallen into the sea." The Armenians all over were without hope, crippled, disorganized. Their eyes were turned toward heaven, and all night they fasted and prayed, seeking God's helping hand. But where was God?

At dawn, on Sunday morning, the wretched faithful filled the church to conduct their last services, to take their last communion, and to plead for a miracle from the miracle-working Savior. All weeping! A forlorn people!



Der Nshan performed the Liturgy, undisturbed by the turmoil and peril outside. With his hoarse and woeful voice he was saying "Peace unto all . . . Salvation for the Armenian nation." "Der Hayr, cut the liturgy short. They're killing people out there!" elder Perishants Asadour was crying out. But the good priest, true to the liturgical rite, went on uninterrupted, finishing the liturgy in the churchyard, in the face of gunfire.

(6) The slaughtering horde, armed with guns, swords, axes, and daggers, and with sacks on the backs ready for the pillage, followed by a mob of Kurds and soldiers, went from house to house, breaking down doors, grabbing up what they could, setting fires, and driving the inhabitants big and small to the yards of Kel Nejib and Hajeffendonts, "to protect them." It was while they were being driven in this way that certain ones, previously picked out, were shot in the back, stripped of whatever they were carrying and dismembered with axes and hatchets. The murderers diverted themselves with cracking skulls, digging out eyes, cutting off tongues, smashing arms and legs, splitting the belly open to let the entrails fall out — leaving the remains scattered about. It was at this time, by their hands, and in this manner that Berber Avak was murdered, as well as 4-5 Armenians right at the door as they were leaving the church.

(7) Armenians crowded in the barns belonging to Hajeffendonts and Kel Nejibents were given an ultimatum by Kor Hamid.

Haji Hiusen Effendi announced that whoever "hakh dinu khaboul" [Turkish — accept the Moslem faith] would be kept inside and protected. Many of the youths who left at once were murdered mercilessly. Those remaining inside repeated "la i laha illallahu" [Turkish — there is one god — the first part only, the rest saying that Mohamed is his prophet] and thereby "accepted" Islam and donned white turbans. Among them was Rev. Bedros Mghd. Garabedian. Many went to the mosque. Some were even circumcized (unwillingly). Well . . . who is to blame? These defenseless people subjected to the violence of the mob? Or, the Holy Savior (the name of the church) for not bringing out its hosts? And God . . . who retreated before Hazrati Mohamed and abandoned his true faithful? I am not deriding God, nay, never! But I do want to record here the deep-seated rebellion in my despairing soul against our national religious leaders who taught us to "Love your enemies," "if one takes your shirt, give him your undershirt as well," "if you are

struck on one cheek, turn the other also," and "he who takes the sword will die by the sword," and similar defeatist ideas that stupified the Armenian race, killed the instinct of self-defense, and transformed the Armenian people, with rare exceptions, into a flock of sheep.

(8) It was before noon on Red Sunday that Dzeronents Boghos Effendi's death occurred, and his being hung head down at his very own door.

(9) The massacre and pillage lasted three days . . . There were dismembered corpses on every street, bathed in blood, left to the dogs. And the dogs, imbued with a more humanitarian instinct than the Turks, licked the blood off the scattered remains.

The slaughterers were not in a hurry in their sport. What interested them most was the pillage.

(10) But on the third evening, suddenly, a military order came from above to halt the massacre. Then there was quiet and security of life was reestablished.

Immediately, heralds announced, from 4-5 points around the village, that Armenians would be safe, and that all, Armenians and Turks, should go to their homes and pray for the good health of the benevolent Sultan.

During those three days the Armenians had been totally tyrannized, but only 37 were killed, thanks to the sudden and unexpected ceasing of the massacre. And the aghas' dream of annihilation of the Armenians remained in their bellies. On Tuesday evening the soldiers, police, and Kurds departed from the village, leaving behind death, pillage, and burned out homes.

(11) That night, before the opening of the prayer-house [not clear if church or mosque], the same slaughtering horde made Armenian carters gather up all the corpses in the streets and take them to the Armenian cemetery where they were dumped into a pit and covered over thinly. The bodies remained in that pit until Easter. The next day, Monday, memorial day, the people went to the cemetery with Der Nshan and removed the bodies of their loved ones from their shallow grave, some decayed and hardly recognizable, and placed them in proper separate graves, with a Christian burial.

(12) The list of those who were killed: — 1. Gougou Giragos, 2. Paloutsonts Hagop, 3. Yeghoents Sarkis, 4. Kharacholchonts Tato, 5. Misak Khacho, 6. Torig Avedig, 7. Garo Manoug, 8. Bedo Avak, 9. Prod Yeghsoents Jompo Kaspar, 10. Depo Mardiros' son Sdepan, 11. Damourji Khacher varbed, 12. Galan Beyros,

13. Abounayents Yezeg, 14. Daldaban Asdour, 15. Hodo Agop, 16. Mghd. Vartanents Diratsou Minas, 17. Tete Sahag and sons, 18. Hagop and 19. Mgrdich, 20. Madantsints Boghos, 21. Ousda Aved, 22. Balgants Aved, 23. Chaghchban Navo's wife, 24. Dzeronents Boghos effendi, 25. Berber Avak varbed, and 12 others whose names we could not discover. Of these, Galan Beyros and Navo's wife were buried in the Turkish cemetery, by an imam — why, we don't know.

(13) Der Nshan and his family were among those who had taken refuge in Kel Nejib's barn. The Der Hayr was one of those who left the barn. He had taken the road to Mezire to go to Miheddin Beg's place. They say that while he was moving through the streets of the village there was gunfire directed against him from all quarters, but he had not been hit. He had arrived safely at his destination. And there, in front of the beg and other noteworthy Turks, he loosened his waistband, and the bullets fired at him all fell to the floor. This miracle had a profound effect on the Turks. The tale reached the village before he did. When the Der Hayr reached the village the Kurd Bako proposed, in awe, that he quit the cursed giavours and accept the Moslem faith. "Bako, I was born and raised in the Christian faith, and no matter what happens I am satisfied with it, and will die in it," the kahana answered. After that everybody, and especially the Turks, treated him with awe.

(14) This miraculous tale about the bullets remained as a legend in the village, and there are some today who still believe in it. No matter what is said, it is a fact that this miracle, as well as the second miracle of the sudden ceasing of the massacre, became very strong forces for strengthening the faith of the Armenians.

b. I have recorded this history of the massacre, although accepted by everybody as fact, only after investigating the circumstances with extreme care, with those who witnessed the events personally, and who are still with us. They are 1. Perishanents Asadour, 2. Der Nshan's daughter Hayganoush, 3. Damourji Khacher's second wife Mariam, of the City, and 4. Gozlougji varjabed's son Armenag, all of them reliable and trustworthy people of the village.

3. The 1908 "Will O' the Wisp." —

a. The Ottoman Constitution of 1908 glimmered like a bewitching will o' the wisp over the horizon of the Armenian world and

brought with it a breeze of delusory hope for freedom and equality. It turned out to be a poison-bearing, barbarous gale blowing out of hell, which in a short time withered, seared, and consumed the whole Armenian race. It seemed that the Armenian who had borne despotism for centuries forgot its past experiences, and sat back and heaved a restful sigh. Intoxicated with the idea of freedom, he embraced his executioners of yesteryear, and hugged his enemy of centuries without sensing the dagger that was hidden under the arm, and without realizing the depth of their deception. He did not know enough to consolidate his nation's resources, to mobilize its internal strengths, to unite and be ready, and utilize the opportunity of this fateful moment. On the contrary, he surrendered himself, fascinated by the enchantment of freedom. He engaged in unneeded defamations, whetting the beastly appetites of his enemy. No true Moses appeared to bring his people back to their senses. This was the psychology also of the Armenians of Parchanj in 1908. The Parchanjtsis, as all Armenians, knew that the "onion never comes sweet." Yet, he said, "So what!" [loosely], and threw his centuries of experience aside, so that he might rest a bit and enjoy it.

b. Virtually every Armenian family, after '96, had one or two workers in America. Thanks to the dollars they sent, the Armenians of the village grew rich, and over the years gradually bought the best of the lands from the aghas at high prices. Tenant farming and farm labor virtually ceased in the village. As a result, the aghas were obliged to cultivate and grow crops on the lands that remained theirs.

In this way the economic situation in the community improved. The church and the meetinghouse were made more elegant. Modern coeducational schools were established, with college-trained teachers. The educational, cultural, and material state of affairs reached an unprecedentedly high level.

c. Enchanted by the tumultuous hurrahs praising the Turko-Armenian national unity of 1908, repatriates began to form caravans returning from the American shores to the homeland. Deported natives, some with whole families, began to return home to the village, in groups, bringing with them all their resources.

Bankrupt from laziness, and being given to play and gambling, the Turks began to sell and the Armenians openly and unhesitatingly bought fields and vineyards, at any price. The

Armenian was no longer the servant of the aghas and begs. Freedom . . . Equality . . . Fraternity . . . No?

Yesterday's wage-earner, farm laborers, tenant farmers became aghas. They married. Many built new houses, or rebuilt and modernized yesterday's decrepit houses. Any why not? Didn't they have that right? They were drunk with the illusory freedom, and they put aside their native prudence. They forgot the bloody '95. They forgot that they were still living in the beast's lair. Men, women, brides, girls, big and small, all, believed that now they would be able to taste of that cultured life which was their right, so long delayed and denied. And some gave way to extremes of affectation and style of living. They failed to hear the gnashing of the hyena's teeth or to notice the salivation. They did not sense that the executioner was sharpening his sword.

The Emims and the Kor Hamids of the village looked upon the Constitution as an unpardonable insult thrown against Islam. They could not swallow "equality" with the "cursed giavour . . ." an impossible thing . . .! And, marking time, they waited for the opportunity, which was not long in coming.

d. The massacre of 20,000 Armenians in Adana in 1909 struck like a lightning bolt out of the blue and shattered the dream castle of Armenian hopes. And the Balkan War once again whetted the appetite of the village Turks for massacre. The giavour had become fat . . . more than could be tolerated. The sword and dagger, already sharpened, were ready. Throughout the village, threats of slaughter and pillage could be heard.

These unquieting events alerted the repatriates who had returned to the village from America. They found themselves about to be caught in the snare of the deceiving Constitution. And, like bewildered fugitives, they began to escape, again toward America.

Whatever they had, house, home, land, furniture, all were sold. Whatever was unsold was left behind. They left their beautiful Parchanj. Whoever could put together the money for passage, did — artisan, merchant, teacher — whoever!

The chimera of the Constitution, however, remained until the great war, which became the final crucifixion of the Armenian people.

#### 4. The National [Political] Situation: —

a. The nationalistic spirit of the Armenians of

Parchanj always remained ardent, especially from the days of Gozlougji Boghos Varjabed, thanks to presentations in the church of national epic events such as the Vartanants, Arshag II, and others. As a result, Parchanj also had a youth imbued with the grand spirit of Freedom and Rebellion. There were about 100 Dashnakists and 25 Hunchakists. Had they been well organized and well trained, they would have been able to produce a respectable force for self-defense.

b. Although naive, and like their village springs pure in their patriotic zeal, they were, however, uninformed and inexperienced. They remained split, untrained, unready, incompetent for collective action, and without leadership that was intelligent, experienced, and with true revolutionary spirit. Also, the repatriates from America brought back with them, along with a number of good qualities, political prejudice, harmful boastfulness, ostentation, and a number of other evil traits. The youths bought guns, even old, rusted revolvers from the Turks. They didn't know how to use them, and there was no one to teach them. When the time came to use them, they could not! Many hid the weapons in the rafters of their homes. "In 1910," as related by Glen Beyros' son Khachadour (the derder of the Educational Society), "I was walking along the Khouylous road with my dabancha [old style hand gun] stuck in my waistband. Some Turkish cattle drivers saw the handle of the dabancha and came after me to take away. Instead of standing my ground and resisting, I escaped and gave the weapon secretly to Jbo Sarkis' son Asadour — and got rid of it. I was wearing the weapon just for show." These fine youths had their names recorded in the membership rolls of the political parties, being kept in Mezire, without anticipating that on the morrow those lists would become the "hit lists" in the hands of the executioners.

About the only creditable things they did were to walk around armed, beat up a few Turks here and there, use the wooden door of Haji Beg's empty salon for target practice, . . . and free a ravished Armenian girl from bands of Turks. These represent the totality of the revolutionary activity of the Armenians of Parchanj.

c. For a time the Turks of the village imagined the existence of a secretly organized, powerful force, and they prepared themselves accordingly. But at the time of the Armenian "self-defense" they found themselves confronted only



with froth instead of bombs.

d. For what were they at fault — these willing and sacrificing youths who did not have a leader that could make the blood they shed count for anything? But if the revolution of the self-defense came to naught in the village, nevertheless, there were heroes fired with the spirit of freedom and revenge who came out of our village, and who fought in the Caucasian, the Cilician, the French, and the Balkan fronts. Some of them died for freedom.

5. Volunteer Soldiers of Parchanj: —

a. In 1910, during the Balkan War, and in the period of the Constitution, the first volunteers from our village to enlist were (1) Gelen Beyros' son Khachadour and (2) Zarifents Giragos' son Garabed. They remained in the Turkish army fighting the Bulgars for 3 years, and in 1913 went to America. However, in 1915, Garabed went to the Caucasus as a volunteer and fought in the 6th Armenian company on the Garin [Erzerum] and Paghesh [Bitlis] fronts, where he fell. He was one of the first of Parchanj to sacrifice his life for freedom.



Gelen Khachadour

Zarif Garabed

b. Volunteers who went to the Caucasus and Cilicia: (1) Topal Kapoents Garabed's son Hovsep. He had come from America in 1912 and went to the Caucasus as a volunteer and joined the Armenian A Company, fighting under the command of Antranig and Sebouh until the occupation of Paghesh. He returned to America

in 1916, and in 1917 went to the Cilician front and joined the Armenian Legion and took part in the



Hovsep G. Kaprielian

campaigns of Marash, Eybez, Jihan, and Arara as a corporal. He returned to America in 1920.

(2) Hovhannes Choulji Sarkisian (together with Zarifian Garabed) went to the Caucasus, and there joined the Armenian 6th company. He fought on the Garin and Paghesh fronts and died as a hero.

(3) Vartan Nahabedian (Navoents) joined the Armenian volunteers on May 20, 1916, and fought with the Armenians in the Caucasus. After the occupation of Garin and Paghesh he



Chouljonts Ovanes

went to Cilicia and joined the Armenian Legion. He fought at the battle of Arara until 1920 and, after being released, he went to America.

(4) Hovhannes Garabedian, of Kharachol, went directly to Cilicia and joined the Armenian Legion, 5th company. He fought in the historical battle of Arara for three years. Later he was discharged from the French army with honors and returned to America.

(5) Sdepan Krikorian (Parsekhents) was in the Armenian Legion attached to the French. He fought at Arara.

(6) Garabed Jamgochian.

(7) Garabed Mateosian.

c. Those who enlisted in the United States Army during the Great War.

(1) Dikran Garabedian (Kharacholtson). On July 8, 1918, he enlisted as a volunteer, from



Dikran Garabedian

Cambridge, G Company, 73rd Infantry, 26th Division, and fought on the French front until the Armistice. He became a corporal and received a medal of bravery. He was discharged honorably and returned to America unharmed.

(2) Moushegh (Mousekh), Gelenents clerk Baghdo's son, enlisted in the US Army as a volunteer in 1918 and fought with the French at Alsace Lorraine and at the Marne, where he was gassed. After fighting for 11 months he returned to America.

(3) Boghos Halajian, Ovanes' son. He enlisted in the US Army as a volunteer. He fought on the French front where he was killed.

(4) Kapriel M. Torigian joined the US Army,



Hovhannes Garabedian Navoents Vartan

but did not have the opportunity of going to France.

(5) Manoug Depoian, Hagop's son. He joined the US Army, but with the coming of the Armistice he did not cross the Atlantic.



Moushegh B. Gelenian



Boghos Halajian

(6) Zaven M. Dzeron (son of this book's editor). He joined the United States Navy and volunteered for submarine service. But because of the flu he was unable to serve and was honorably discharged without having served.

(7) These fine young men volunteered for the United State forces to avenge their fatherland through Germany, that had intensified the poison of the Turkish snake, and that had conceived the idea of deportations, planned them, and got the Turk to carry them out.

#### 6. The 1914 [sic; should be 1915] Pogrom [Deportations]: —

a. Compared to the criminals that perpetrated this horrendous pogrom, the attempted annihilation of an entire people, Sultan Hamid was a white saint and his bloody massacre of 1896 but a prick of a lancing needle.

b. "The Beginnings of Travail." The Turks of the village, haughty and hungry, had been howling since 1909. With their teeth sharpened they were waiting for the right time. Suppressed murmurings were already being heard in the village when suddenly, on April 20, 1914 [1915], police and soldiers descended on the village. Armenian schools were closed and the buildings were converted to warehouses and barracks. Some time later the church and the meetinghouse were taken over for the same purposes. And the government began officially to pillage the Armenians — until November.

Police and soldiers went from house to house and with the help of whips gathered provisions — straw, oats, wheat, bulgur, cotton, oxen, bedding, cloth, clothing, stockings, shoes,

jewelry, and all kinds of wood. In a word, they took all they could find; they just confiscated it and carried it off. From those who had nothing they took money. Armenians were able to retain only what they were able to hide. It was at this time that the primate of Kharpert, Archpriest Bsg Khorenian, came to the village to gather cotton for soldiers' bedding. "Give what you can. It might be a way of alleviating the coming catastrophe," the vartabed exhorted in a moving sermon.

c. August 3, 1914, Monday, the day Germany declared war [against France]. An order for general mobilization of all males ages 18 to 45 was proclaimed in Mezire. On that same day a government representative and a group of Armenian and Turkish important people, with government clerk Kajoents Ovanes as herald leading them, moved through the streets of the village, with davul and zurna. At every corner the herald shouted (in Turkish), "O people, our generous government is having a wedding, and all male subjects of the Ottoman Empire, age 18 to 45, are invited to the wedding party. Welcome to the wedding. All Moslems and Armenians sign up without delay. And don't say that you didn't hear the invitation! Ha!" All Armenians in the designated age range went and registered immediately. They knew what that "wedding" meant for them, and they began to escape and go into hiding. But it was in vain. The meetinghouse and the school were filled with troops.

"Gathering" provisions, "appropriating" beasts of burden, and . . . capturing registered but fugitive recruits! The harrassment in the village intensified, starting on November 4, 1914, when Turkey joined Germany and the war with Russia started on the Caucasian front. Beatings, violence, pillage, . . . hellish confusion!

d. All of the fugitive recruits that were captured were taken to an area near Habousi to work on road reconstruction. After working there for 2 weeks they were driven back to Mezire, and along with other Armenian fugitives from the Armenian villages of the Ova, about 1,300 of them, were imprisoned in the "red salon" for a time. Then they were taken off to the hills and liquidated.

e. By the beginning of 1915 there was not a Turkish male of military age left in the village, except for a few white-turbaned security guards, who also were taken some time later.

f. And then came the last gasp! . . . Unspeakable! All the weapons in the hands of



Armenian soldiers in the Mezire barracks, and in the village, were taken. A few of our boys were kept in the barracks kitchen as onion peelers [presumably KP], but the rest were sent to the Erzerum front to dig trenches. There the Turkish soldiers from the village shot them in the back and left them in those same trenches. Back in the village the police began to gather up whatever weapons might be in the hands of the Armenians — even onion paring knives. “Cursed giavours, where are the hundreds of revolvers and Martins you have hidden?” they swore at the people as they lashed them with whips. The Armenians had only a few guns, hidden in the ceiling or in the ground. But everybody, whether he had one or not, had to yield one — a weapon or 5 lire, under blows of the whip. The few rusty and unservicable revolvers purchased from the Turks were now being inflated into hundreds of revolvers and Martins that the Armenians had to give up. And woe to him who had bought!

g. The Mezire branch of the “Itilaf” political party had handed over to the government a list of the Armenian revolutionaries who had so unhesitatingly and so unsuspectingly left their rolls open. With these lists in hand the government started in April 1915 to put those revolutionaries of Mezire, the City, and the villages that they captured, in jail. It mattered not if they were clergy, intellectuals, merchants, artisans, or noteworthy Armenians. In number they were 400. They were subjected to severe torture — pulling out the hair on the head or beard, tearing off of the fingernails, snipping out bits of flesh with forceps, blinding the eyes with a hot poker, burning the soles of the feet, racking [stretching], holding them sleepless and hungry and dungeons, and similar acts, as pastime! And then they were taken, tied in pairs, to the Deve Boyni ravines where they were stoned, crucified on trees, and burned or hacked to bits with hatchets.

h. And so one evening, suddenly, these assassins, the police with lists in hand, burst into our village to take our Dashnaks and Hunchaks — Karekin, and Kapriel Boyajian, Khumlian Kaspar, Chooljian Hovhannes, and other Fedayis. Hovhannes Chooljian escaped, but the others named and still others (whose names have not been made available to me) were arrested. They were severely tortured and dismembered with hatchets on the spot.

i. The Dirge [sad song] of the Carters.

(1) It was time to transport war material and wheat and flour to the Erzerum and Paghesh

fronts. The troops started again to “gather” provisions. They gathered 103 pairs of stockings, 30 pairs of “charekh” [moccasin-like footwear], shirts, and a large quantity of wheat and flour. These were carried on donkeys to Mezire. There they appropriated 25 carts and carters. The carters were Khojig Mardigs’s son Sari Arout (living, in California), Tato Khazarents Giragos (living, in Lyon, France), Hodoents Toro and Beyros, Mghd. Sahagents Giragos Mardig, Yavanents Agop and Gourgho, Milo Garabed, Bedoents Ovan and Toro, Torgants “father” Hovhannes, Mousekh, and Khachadour, Kilarjonts Kirkor, Abouna Mgrdich and Gourgho, Derdrants Movses, Haljonts Hovhannes, Garo Beyros, Liraents Khachadour, Mghd. Asdourents Ovagim, and 2-3 others whose names the two survivors could not recall.

(2) The leader of our carters was Sari Arout. The carters were taken to Mezire. There, joining in with 450 carts conscripted from other villages of the Ova and 800 Armenian carters, they started out toward Erzerum loaded with war material, wheat, flour, and with a security guard of 500 infantry troops.

(3) On the first day Abounaents Gourgho of Moullikegh and Mgrdich were taken somewhere near Kevhank and liquidated. In this manner every morning . . . one or two would be missing from the caravan. “And those of us who were left alive would continue on our way,” Sari Arout and Tato Giragos related. They were the only two of the village who survived. “We couldn’t ride on the carts. We had to walk along and help our oxen and water buffalo. They were sick, weak. If one [probably beast rather than man, but not clear] fell behind, being unable to walk, they would strike — and it was all over. They wouldn’t even let us bury the corpse . . . and the caravan moved on.

“We passed through many villages — only yesterday tidy and trim — now burned out, in ruins, just vacant hearths. Here and there we saw old women and little children alongside, in rags, naked, just skin and bones, like ghosts. And the dogs, left without masters, howling.

(4) “After a week we reached the village near Bakhr Madan.” It is Sari Arout relating this. “At dawn I called out for our boys to get up and feed the beasts and get ready to start. Suddenly a Turkish boy came to me and began to whisper in my ear, saying, ‘If you are Khojig Arout, there is a woman in that house who wants to see you. Her name is Soultan.’ We suspected it to be a trap. But we, Torig Hovhannes, Haljonts

Ovanes, and Mghd. Asdourents Ovagim, and I, in fear, went secretly to the house. 'Amou' [uncle], she cried out and ran weeping to Ovagim and embraced him. It was Ovagim's brother Manoug's daughter Soultan who had been 'purchased' by one of the villagers from the officials from among the women who were being deported from our village. She told us that after we left, the village was emptied, men were killed, and the women and children were deported. She cried and cried." She had heard Arout's voice and recognized it.

"How heart-rending and tragic, our parting from that unfortunate girl! The next day Ovagim (the girl's uncle) in grief and overcome with fatigue, fell under a cart and was crushed. We buried him there. The next evening Torgants Hovhannes (my in-law), unable to bear under these horrible happenings, died of heart failure, in my arms, as he cried, 'Sarkis, Sarkis, Vehazoun, Pakradoun, my children, where are you, for God's sake, why did you leave me?' That was the protest of our race, spurting out of a broken heart. In about 2 months we reached Keghi. The Russians had then occupied Garin [Erzerum] and we could hear the sound of cannons. On learning that, our troops took all our goods — war material, wheat, and flour — and dumped it into a ravine. We turned back toward Moush in a confused rout. Of 825 carters only 360 reached Moush. The Turkish soldiers were shelling the Armenian quarter, and one part was in flames. Our security force loaded the aged, the women, and the children of Moush into 475 empty carts and took them to some other abandoned village, dumping them in homes. After keeping them for 2 days without food or drink, they were doused with kerosene and burned alive.

(5) "From Moush they drove us to Bitlis and Dikranagerd. There they loaded the carts and after 4 long months of toilsome effort we reached Mezire, with 450 carts and draft animals. But of the 800 carts from the Ova, only 30 remained, and only 6 of us from our village. When a carter was lost they replaced him with a soldier. As soon as we reached Mezire we were all thrown in jail. They sold our carts and oxen to the Turks. What happened to all of the carters of the Ova we don't know, but we remained in jail for 21 days and finally got out through bribes. On reaching the village, however, our 4 companions — Mghd. Garo Beyros, Bedo Ovan, Hodo Beyros, and Mghd. Sahag Giragos — were slain by the Turks. The two of us, me [Arout] and Tato Giragos, saved our skins —

you might say by bribe, you might say by miracle — and escaped out of the country.

(6) "We also recall these villagers who died along the way: Hodo Toro and Mghd. Sahag Mardig who were killed near Palou and Bitlis. Derdrants Movses and Torig Mousekh, who had become ill and couldn't walk, were killed by sword and left in the road, unburied. While Halonts Ovanes was swimming at the edge of a river, he was pushed into the river and drowned. Lira Khacho and Kilarjonts Kirkor were killed and thrown into a ravine near Deve Boyni. There were 8 others, but I have forgotten their names."

j. On Saturday, June 26, 1915, after the carters had left the village, the government had heralds announce in Mezire and in the City that, "Brother Turks, in 5 days the Armenians are going to be deported. Whatever accounts you have to be settled with them, take care of them now."

(1) This evil proclamation spread throughout the Ova with lightning speed. The entire Armenian population was thrown into impossible confusion. They had already started to carry out the satanic program of annihilation a day earlier, on Friday, June 25. Locusts had invaded the fields and vineyards. Police, with swords and whips in hand, gathered Armenians — men, women, and children — to go into the fields to gather and bury the locusts. While in the village, the Turks and soldiers began to pillage the homes, and here and there to kill, and to burn and destroy houses. That Sunday, June 27, the last liturgical service was held in the church. The church was filled with those who had not gone locust gathering. Their hearts had sunk to the lowest ebb. Their eyes were unseeing for the tears welling in them. Their lips were uttering cries to the Lord for mercy. But where was the hearing God? On Sunday afternoon those who had gone to gather locusts, those who were at church, and the blind and lame left at home, were all driven out to the Turkish cemetery. No one was left in the village.

(2) There the men were separated. "We are going to take you to Keghvank for 2 weeks, to gather wheat." Among them was Gouyr [blind] Sarkis (one of the reliable sources of deportation information). Alas! The pitiful cries and wailing of the women and girls, and children clinging to their loved ones! Their imploring pleas to the soldiers and Turks! The merciless blows from sword and whip! Finally, they were torn apart mercilessly. The men were driven to Keghvank and crowded in the large inn along with other

deportees from other villages. The aged, the women and children left at the cemetery were herded into Kor Hamid's barn. It is impossible even to imagine the monstrous tragedy that occurred there and later in the homes of the village Armenians. At Kevhank 300-500 Armenians were jammed together, hungry, thirsty. Frantic mothers and brides, barefoot, bare-headed, had come to the door of the inn where the men were, to bring their loved ones a morsel of bread, or at least for a last time to hear their voices and see their faces . . . But they waited in vain.

Every morning at dawn, starting on July 1, those in the inn were driven in groups to Deve Boyni and Kurdemlik where, in the ravine, they were slain with sword, hatchet, and gun. Or they were burned alive. By July 5 the inn was empty. Only blind Sarkis of our village returned alive.

k. (1) Now it was the time for women and orphans. The wicked police came again on July 15, 1915, to record who was left and to deport the women. It was then that they appropriated whatever they could find. And with the explanation to the aged and invalid, "We'll leave you in the village," they took whatever money was available. The Turks of the village had previously selected the beautiful and strong Armenian girls and arranged to take them by bribing the police. And on July 19 about 100 Armenian women and orphans were placed in a caravan and driven toward the desert wastes of Diyarbakir and Mardin under police guard. They were only partly clad, barefoot, hatless, hungry and thirsty.

(2) We were unable to find anyone to tell us the whole story of this unfortunate group, their names, details of their deaths, or how many escaped or reached Der Zor.

This much only do we know for certain, that the survivors of the second caravan of women who travelled the same hellish route, saw here and there along the roads from the village to Mardin, and especially in the ravines of Mardin, piled up skeleton remains of women and children.

(3) It was at this time that Topourmaents Tato was captured and viciously dismembered at Hodoents' spring. Also, Haljonts Arout and Yavanents Ovanes were taken to Sogurtlajan and butchered.

l. An order came to the Turks of the village, on Sunday, August 24, 1915, to destroy the church and the meetinghouse. The high imam [Moslem priest] and a few aghas, and Kor

Hamid's son Meimoud and Haji Hafizents agha Mustafa, and a mob of crazed Turks, all armed with axes, sledgehammers, and crowbars, descended upon the meetinghouse and rectory, wrecking it and setting it afire. Then they marched on the church. The inside of the church and the altar cast an awe, a fear, on the mob. No one dared to swing a sledgehammer. The high imam urged them, declaring in a loud voice, "He who knocks out a stone is as worthy as one who goes on a holy pilgrimage and become haji," and other such things. But thief Silo still remembered the punishment he had got and wouldn't move.

Patience exhausted, the high imam was then obliged to wield the first blow. He struck at the altar with an axe. And . . . nothing happened to the imam!

Alas, where was the Holy Savior of our fathers? He had also been deported or had escaped! Shouting "Our messiah is more powerful than Jesus," they went to work with the destruction. They smashed the altar and set it afire. Wooden structures, as doors and windows, they dismantled and carried off, and in two weeks had totally leveled the church and fired it.

(1) And now, the sparse remnant Armenian population of the village had been left to the "pity" of the Turks, playthings for their diversionment. They were homeless people, without rights. The order of the day was annihilation!

m. (1) The police of the village set up a second caravan for deportation on October 6, 1915. They collected about 60 women and 81 boy and girl orphans, from 67 families, and took them to the Mezire cemetery where a large crowd of women and orphans brought in from other villages of the Ova, also a few men, were already gathered.

(2) This second caravan, about 2500 "lost souls," were driven out on October 11, to the same hell, "protected" by the whips of the police.

Let us give the floor to Mrs. Altoun (this writer's mother's sister's granddaughter), the educated and intelligent wife of Boyajonts Hagop, one of those who survived the ordeal, and who is now in America. "For 15 long days we walked toward Diyarbakir, on hard and rocky roads, half naked, barefoot, bare-headed, huntry, thirsty. For each 2-3 people there was a piece of bread with tahin [crushed sesame seeds] each day. Nursing mothers carrying their infants; others leading their orphaned children



by the hand and sometimes obliged to carry them. There was no resting along the road during the day. There was no drinking when passing by a stream or a spring. Only at night . . . walk! Ever walk! And woe to the one who paused, or who had to sit for a moment! The guards' whips would come down on our bare backs, or a whack with the sword would bring an end to the torture. While passing through villages we would be fallen upon by Turkish and Kurdish women who would grab our shoes, our scarves, our doublets, undergarments, even drawers. And we walked on, bare, with hardly a rag to cover our nakedness. Oh, my Lord, how many brides and girls were taken into the clutches of Turks and Kurds, bought from the police for a price of a few kurus.

(3) "It took a week from Dikranagerd [Diyarbakir] to Mardin. We passed from burning sands to blistering sun. A whole week! Our skins became sun-burned, blackened. Our bare feet were bloody from sores. Our backs were striped with whip lashes from the soldiers. Our parched tongues were swollen. The sun and the moon are witness!

"We were camped in a ravine near Mardin. Scattered around in the sandy pit were large and small skeletons, women's teeth, bits of shredded clothing — all remnant from earlier groups of martyrs. We remained in this place for days . . . for days! And we were forbidden to go to Mardin.

(4) "Officials, Arabs and Kurds from Mardin and surroundings, would come to 'pick out juicy morsels' [idiomatically, meaning desirable girls]. For high officials, they were free. For the others, a tip of 5 kurus, or a mejid. The selected brides and girls were carried off, separated from their loved ones. Our hearts had sunk to the lowest ebb. Our eyes had dried out and were tearless. We had become insensitive to pain. We forgot weeping and wailing. We forgot prayer. We couldn't find God to hear our prayers.

(5) "I was fortunate that a high Arab government official took me without separating me from my child. I was to be servant to his wife. And by a fortunate circumstance his beautiful wife was an Armenian, taken from an earlier caravan. We remained for a long time at this house. This fine woman who, when in the women's quarters, bemoaned being the wife of an Arab, was Providence for those being held in the camp. I learned from her that out of a caravan of 2500 people only 500 had reached Mardin. And of those 500 only about 250-300 had been driven to Der Zor. And I, finally,

thanks to this very fine woman, was able to escape with my daughter to Syria, and from there to America to join my husband."

n. Those I have mentioned of the people of our village who died on the road to exile are the following. Topal Mghd. Kapo's son Garabed and Srabents Kirkor, and Der Barnabas' mother, all three were old and unable to walk. Before getting out of Dara Yolun village, the three were killed, the first burned alive, and the other two hacked to bits by local villagers (Turks). Jbo Avakents Sarkis' wife Zartig was killed near Vartatil because she was afflicted and unable to walk. Haljonts Altoun couldn't keep up, so she was killed, at Kaylou. Blind Agop and his wife, Yavanents Yeghso and her daughter, and Manasents Soultan were killed at Deve Boyni and dumped into the ravine. Torig Sarkis' Zartig was killed because she drank water at Sheil Khan near Shabgahan. And Khumulents Kouvar was killed for drinking water near Kezin.

Hodoents Yeghsa and Der Nshan's wife were choked to death after they found money on them, which they took. Torgants Soultan and Hodo Agop's wife Zartig were killed at Deve Gechoudin and thrown into the water. Topal Baghdoents Shoushan and Anna were killed near Mardin. Garoents Garabed's wife Yeghsa fell along the Mardin road with her suckling infant; she was starved, burned to a crisp by the sun, her feet and back in shreds, falling lifeless, to rest in eternal peace. Her child was still clasped at her bosom. Whatever happened to the child? Who knows? The articulate or the dumb hyenas of the wastelands would know! Who dared to stop, to rest! Who dared to offer help!

o. Here we offer the list of names given me by Mrs. Altoun of those deported from our village in the second caravan with her.

(1) Hodoents Yeghsa with 2 children — Yeghsa killed; Hodoents Khachkhatoun; Hodo Vartig's 2 orphaned sons; Hodo Altoun — killed; Hodo Soultan's orphaned child; Misakents Ardashes orphan; Der Torosents Nonig; Mghd. Sahagents Soultan; Mghd. Sahagents Mariam and her little daughter; Torgants Badaskhan; Zartig, orphan Garabed; Soultan — killed; Ataments Verkin; Der Barnabas' aged mother — killed; Topourma Marta and orphaned grandchild; Khuml Kouvar — killed; Khumlents Takouhi and son; Milkon's wife Marta and 2 children; Gelenents Yeghnar and child; Vartig and daughter — died along the way; Gelenents Almas; Boyajonts

Altoun (the source of this list) and her daughter; Makhoents Mariam; Parsekhents Hovnatan orphan; Yeva and her husband's sister and brother; Gougouents Soghomon and Marsoub, orphans; Mnoush Koro and her daughter-in-law with 2 children; Jimjiments Yester and son; Sourmali Mariam and 3 daughters; Ousda Manasents Altoun and 2 children; Yavanents Zartig and 4 children; Yavanents two Mariams and their 2 children; Meloents Altoun and 2 children; Touro and child; Yeghsa and Mardiros orphans; Nigoghosents Touro and 2 children; Mghd. Avakents Sarkis' wife Zartig — killed; Kejoents Mariam and 4 children; Topal Baghdoents Anna and Shoushan with 2 children Anna and Shoushan killed; Raboutalients Goultana with 2 grandchildren; Garoents Kouvar with 3 children; Marta with 3 children; Yeghsa with 2 children — Yeghsa killed; Takesents Bedros orphan; Goshgrents Anna; Abounaents Almas with 2 children; Srabents Shnto; Soultan with 2 children; Kirkor — killed; Hodoents Tarviz; Der Nshan's wife — killed; Movsesents Zartig and orphaned grandchild; Bedo Ovan's wife Iughaper with 3 children; Avedents Almas with 3 children; Berber Mkon's orphans Mariam and Tmish; Khojgants Mariam and daughter Dirif; Gouyr Agop and wife, with one child — husband and wife killed; Chor Garoents Mariam and children Bedros and Vartanoush; Kharibents Marta and grandson; Khojig Yeghso, Sari Arout's wife; and Torgants Khachkhatoun's orphan.

(2) How many of these on the list were raped? How many were lost? And how many escaped to foreign countries? We have not been able to determine these. We know only that they were driven to Der Zor and that those who were able to finally arrived at Aleppo and Beirut.

p. The barbaric acts of the Turks between 1916 and 1918 exceeded all limits. To support this claim of reality we give here an account of a number of verifiable events.

(1) Cholera hit the plains of Kharpert, Mezire and the City in the spring of 1916 because of the countless decaying bodies of Armenians that had been left unburied along the roads and in the fields.

Instead of gathering the corpses and either burying them or burning them, the government gathered hundreds of young lads from our village, and others, and took them to Mezire, giving the cholera as a reason and crowded them in an inn. No one was permitted to go near them or to help them in any way. They remained

there, in a horrible stench, all starving, some sick with cholera or other diseases. Days later, the city officials loaded them in carts, at night, living and dead mixed together, and took them into a ravine where they were all buried.

(2) Cobbler Dono's daughter and Boyajian Kapriel's son Tateos — both 8-9 years old — were taken to a Turkish family to herd sheep and goats. While they were doing this, some evil Turks took these Armenian orphans and threw them into a dry well, just for the fun of it, and piled on stones to bury them despite the pitiful pleas of the children.

(3) A group of Turkish boys took Bidoents Ovan's son Garabed and seated him on a sharpened stake placed in the ground. They pushed down on him so that the stake entered his rectum and tore apart his innards. The boys sat around the stake and bellowed with laughter and enjoyed the event as an amusing pastime, to watch the orphan and hear his cries of agonizing death.

(4) Khumlents Mghd. Khacho varbed and his son Ousda Manoug Sogourtlajan were taken away to be killed. They first dismembered the father with axe and knives. When it came the son's turn he pleaded with Meimoud Onbashi (of our village, and for whom Manoug had worked freely), "Meimoud agha, I have 10 lira on me. It's for you, and may it be as good for you as your mother's milk. At least, instead of chopping me up with an axe, shoot me."

Meimoud burst out in laughter. "Save the bullets. Only the axe, hatchet and knives for the giavour. Why waste a bullet? That's my final order," he said, and they axed Manoug.

(5) And so it went, until 1918. Only about 269 of the 2000 Armenians of Parchanj lived. Except for a few aged, blind, and lame, all were women and orphaned children.

About 50-60 of these orphans were taken into Turkish families of the region and Turkified, and 60 by Turkish families of the village. The others knocked around from door to door, in near starvation, and in wretched misery.

q. The Armistice period of 1918.

(1) "When the Armistice came and the defeated Turks returned, heads bowed, from the Caucasus and Cilicia, we surviving Armenians breathed a sigh of relief," wrote Ousda Boghos' son Sarkis varbed, the head instructor of the newly opened woodworking department of Euphrates College. "The Turks of the village, as it was elsewhere, fearing revenge against them, suppressed their beastly behavior, at least in appearance, and released all

Armenians in confinement, and also returned a fraction of what they had pillaged. The Americans converted all of their missionary structures into orphanages, and gathered and cared for more than 5000 orphans, those of our village included. It was then that the Educational Society of the village, formed in America, gave 900 dollars, and individual villagers in America provided personal help to their relatives. These actions at least partly ameliorated the widespread misery.

(2) "The Armenian Quarter of the village was in total ruin. Fields and vineyards had gone unattended, uncultivated, and they were choked with weeds. Noble Parchanj had been left stranded on the by-ways, cast to the ground, and in its dying gasp. Hope was gone. And whoever could, escaped the country.

(3) "The 1918 Armistice disclosed the true racial character of the Turk — base, evil, cringing. What confessions of remorse! What declarations about ancestral friendships! What humble pleas for forgiveness — 'We stung our honorable Armenian neighbors.' Or, 'Allah had punished us . . .' The Turk, having been defeated, was now ready to lick the crap on the sole of the giavour's sandals, hoping thereby to win favors for the future, and to be spared

revenge-taking. This we saw, too. But how long did it last? Alas! France and England abandoned their 'little Ally,' whom they had flattered with such weeding and promising words. They breathed new life into the near lifeless body of the Turk, and the corpus revived, still the beast! And even more wild, frenzied!"

r. There were only 15 Armenians left in the village in 1920-21. How many died, murdered! And the remnants, 230 women and orphans driven and scattered to the four corners of the world. At present, exiles from our village are settled in Aleppo and Beirut (Syria) [sic], in Marseille, Lyon, and Valence (France). We have their names and group photos in our book.

Also, they are in Constantinople, Corfu (Greece), Rome, Mexico, and 3 families (about 10 people) in New Parchanj, Soviet Armenia. But about those to be found in Canada, Cuba, and South America we have been unable to get any information.

The needy villagers found in Aleppo, Beirut, and anywhere else have from the beginning to the present time been cared for by the Educational Society, with solicitude and without discrimination.





## POSTWORD

And here is *Village of Parchanj*, the fruit of 6 years of diligent work, and the realization of 16 years of effort, sacrifice, and dreams of the Educational Society of Parchanj, and of all Parchanjtsis. The worth? I leave it to posterity to judge.

This was not a literary, nor a philological undertaking. I tried, as an orphaned refugee filled with longing, to gather together the fragments that tell of the fine, noble values of our ruined village. I undertook this as a conscientious, truthful historiographer, without bias.

It is a legacy of our noble village. I wrote it with my tears for future generations.

It is for them, when they grow up, grow numerous, and grow strong in the shadow of Ararat in New Parchanj, so that, one day, inspired by this legacy in hand, they will return to their ancestral lands, find mother Perchanj, and once again rebuild and restore it.

Only then, with the supreme purpose of *Village of Parchanj* realized, will my labor have its fulfillment, and the efforts of the Educational Society be rewarded.

M.B. Dzeron  
Editor

December 1937  
Joliet, Illinois  
USA





## VOCABULARY

Containing the popular words used in this book and in the village, giving their form of pronunciation to the extent that we could recall and gather them.

### U = A

- apaltapal — stumbling along, rushing headlong  
 apar, apor (gen.) — 1. father; 2 older brother; affixed to names of acquaintances who are older, e.g., Kokapar  
 aki ver vanel — to fall down, and die  
 akouka — stone-lined waterway  
 atamamout — the few moments of darkness before dawn  
 atamortou zavag — an honest, proper man  
 azali krgout — safety matches imported from Europe  
 azan (Turkish) — the Turks' call from a minaret, to worship  
 azab — unmarried  
 azp — weblike structure to part threads in spinning a hank  
 azpagal — two rods (cherrywood) supporting the azp  
 aznavour — genteel  
 azhel — to be worth  
 alalang — during flood stage, the lifting of strict scheduling of water usage; each man on his own  
 alalonja (Turkish) — wild clover  
 alig — cattle feed  
 algel — to feed cattle  
 almajough — crank wheel  
 alouj — azarole [wild apple] (hardwood)  
 alk — evil female jins, enemy to childbearing  
 akhtayel — to castrate; all oxen were castrated  
 akhtar-aghaji (Turkish) — wooden cobbler's tool  
 akhor sakou — loft in a barn which was a gathering place for the family, in winter (for well-off farmers)  
 agish — fingered trowel  
 adz ellel — to lay [eggs] for the first time  
 aghagourdel — to feel around in the dark with the hands  
 aghpoun — fertile, productive soil  
 aghpoud — (same as above)  
 aghegh — tool for carding cotton  
 aghegh-gakh — flexible rod for supporting the aghegh  
 aghgeg — nice, pretty  
 aghjadel — to aggravate with the hands  
 aghnel — to loosen cotton with a whip  
 aghou — poison  
 aghouel — to poison  
 aghchir — horns, antlers  
 aghtsan — vegetables to be eaten with salt, salad  
 aghvon — wheat that is to be ground into flour  
 ajal (Turkish) — agony  
 ajegoun — fermenting  
 ajoug — front side of the thigh  
 amkol, ambkol — cloudy, with humid heat  
 amunel — to store in vessels  
 amushnal — to be ashamed  
 aya — mother  
 ayakh — goblet (for wine or oghi)  
 aylu —  
 aylukh-tzkoug — group game [drop-the-handkerchief]  
 ayvan (Turkish) — tent, roof-top platform  
 anahoun — infinite  
 anadod — three-fingered  
 anzhour — non-fatty, with little fat  
 ang — ring-form handle, e.g., as on a vessel, or kettle  
 angaj — ear  
 anjrgil — to be hopeless, or without  
 ansha — profitless, absurd  
 anrkel — to swear, dishonor  
 anpoud — that will not rot  
 anoren — an adjective characterizing the Turk [vile]  
 ashar (Turkish) — one-tenth annual tax on the harvest, paid to the government  
 ashel — to stare, to gaze  
 ashuk — singer, minstrel  
 anchrti — unirrigated field, barren  
 ashkhil — to spoil, to lose taste (said of foods)  
 ashough — knuckle bone [used like dice]  
 achich ullil — to be affected by the evil eye  
 achichad — small ceramic beads sewn on children's caps to ward off the evil eye  
 achgab — deceit  
 achke iynal — to fall out of favor, to become unpleasant  
 achku dzilil — to tire of waiting  
 achk kotsel — to ignore  
 achku porel — to be rigid or hard to please in one's rights  
 achkin erval — to threaten  
 achkounk unel — to wink to attract attention, to entice  
 abulo — dirty hands and face, hair in disorder  
 abouta — Catholic priest  
 aboutjoubour — all mixed up, in total disorder  
 abrim-mernim — daisy-like flower ["She loves me, she loves me not"]  
 abrjan — bracelet  
 abrtsou — cereals from the storeroom ready to be prepared as food, a quantity right for one meal  
 achig — right-handed  
 achin, achkhin — girl  
 ar — moral stature, honorable  
 arech tapel — to prepare textile hanks  
 argha — tooth  
 argha mkhel — to harm, to bite  
 ar-namous — family honor  
 arnank — the groom's family are the "arnank" of the bride's family [they are the "taken"]  
 arvigaros — bitter watercress (they would pickle it)  
 asghu (asdgh) pats — fortunate ["lucky star"]  
 askhundel — to feel tingly, as occurs after a long period when the legs are crossed  
 adetsgan — having a spiteful manner  
 ararik — equipment for joining the yoke to a cart or wagon  
 artar yegh — drawn or rendered butter  
 artroug Garo — honest in appearance, but deceitful in fact  
 aregh — wagon tongues  
 ari mart — adult male  
 arimart Kouvar — woman with the behavior of an adult male  
 arin — blood  
 arin-kurdink — intense toil ["blood and sweat"]  
 arin koun — to be in deep sleep  
 arin knou mech — (same as above)  
 arch — the heavy beam joining the two main beams of

the olive-oil press  
 avlouk — that swept from the floor  
 avglel — to entice, to attract attention, to keep occupied  
 avouj — palm, handful  
 avourchek — daily wage  
 apson — amuletic sayings  
 afia — snuff

𐎱 = P

pazoug — edible greens  
 palapushdil — to blister  
 palavar — window shade  
 palli — key  
 pambugil — opening of cotton, molding  
 pambarag — comedian with a comic face  
 pambos — snowflower, first to bloom in spring  
 pan — work, words  
 pant — 4-6 lengths woven material  
 panut kna — "mind your own business," "scram"  
 panu pousser e — he has a hopeless case  
 pani kal — to be useful, to be suitable  
 panin tzer dal — (same as above)  
 pay — spade



pay payi kal — to fight with spades  
 pantzr — tall, high  
 parag gu mang — he is sickly  
 parag tsav — disease of wasting away  
 parg — intensely hot, e.g., the tonir is "parg"; hot day;  
 strong, e.g., the vinegar is "parg"  
 partz — bundle of green willow twigs  
 pars, parsanal, parstsunel — high, to ascend, to raise  
 partsig — pillow; heavy wooden pressure plate for olive-  
 oil press  
 patspats — bold, frank  
 puplig, puploz — top of a protuberance  
 peru purnel — to accumulate wealth  
 peran — sharp edge of a jack-knife or hatchet, or of an  
 adze  
 peran dzrel — to ask for a favor, to seek aid  
 peran karstsunel — to bribe [to sweeten the mouth]  
 peran dal — to betray  
 peran nedel — to make an improper remark to a woman  
 perunhar — mouth sore (contagious)  
 perunpokh — change in food  
 pernin purtonu che — "it's above his capacity"  
 pernin choureru vazel — to like or love a thing very  
 much  
 pernen gakhvil — to listen with intense interest  
 puzel — to tear, rip (textiles)  
 puzzout — disheveled, sloppy girl  
 puzig — small water jug  
 puzig puzig unel — to tear apart, to rent in pieces  
 puzhozh, puzhout — woman with hair and clothing in  
 total disorder  
 pipe[h] — bent-over, heavy-set woman (religious)  
 plukhdal — to boil intensely  
 plit — heavy, thick bread, from the tonir  
 plourt — cut-off piece of dried fruit malez [thickened  
 juice of the fruit]

pgegh — thick bread made with butter and sesame paste  
 (tonir bread)  
 pozgeg — most combustible dry weed  
 polor — all around, all about  
 pon tzukoug, ponpuchoug — game for children played  
 with stones  
 pnag — a, b, c hand [game] for children  
 punork — manner, behavior  
 poutag — spool used in weaving  
 pounpounal — to spy, to look around, to tarry  
 pounaver — home in ruins  
 poushg, poushk — crawling, as with children  
 pour — closed fist, clenched hand  
 poud, puder — pup (derogatory)  
 pourig — lice  
 prinj — small, spherical fruit (sold by the Kurds), wild  
 cherry  
 purnag — handle  
 purtel — to break bread into morsels, to crumb  
 purton — bread crumbs  
 proushag, prushag — poor dwelling, hovel; also,  
 expression of humility

𐎲 = K

kapos — climbing over one asleep, as by the evil spirit  
 kaz — cobbler's tool, for cutting leather  
 kazbe — kind of manna  
 kalkhushel — to parboil meats and vegetables  
 kal, kel — wolf  
 kameklokh — dummy, thick-headed  
 karpitsa — small nails, brads (European)  
 karkunjel — to call (partridge)  
 karkunjouk — call of the partridge  
 kareg — sty in the eye  
 Kuklig — little Krikor  
 kutrdoun — crisp  
 kelouj — machete, for stripping branches of twigs, of  
 steel



kengeznal — to plead, beg  
 kuzhozh — hair and clothing in total disarray  
 kuzvil — to fight (man or dog)  
 kinnagan — savant, intellectual  
 kulzuloug — gurgling sound  
 klig — small wheel, spool  
 kirg mu — lap full, e.g., "kirg mu" grass  
 kulkhavor — honorific (woman toward her husband)  
 kulkhutsoun, kulkhoun — heaping full, piled up  
 kulkhuger — son bringing mortal grief to parents, ruiner  
 kul khe hanel — to confuse (morally)  
 kulkhude — tongue of cart  
 klokh gabel — to beautify a woman's face, adorn  
 klokh hanel — to complete, to accomplish  
 klokh bullel — to hand over to another an unwanted  
 girl or task  
 klokh danil — to annoy (by talking)  
 klokh chounim — "I don't enjoy it," "I don't like it"

kujgil — to bend, bow from the waist  
 kumurdal — to make threatening sounds, growl (of dogs)  
 kushgour — dried dung, gathered by hand  
 kumo — stupid, dumb-witted  
 kon — color  
 koghdoug — secretly, stealthily  
 konjig — pocket, purse  
 kondough — golden treasure chest  
 kosh — deep earthen vessel for food  
 kor, korner — individual grave, graveyard (of the Turks)  
 koroj, korosh — vessel of dried dung in the shape of a shallow bowl, term of contempt directed to an ugly, unkempt woman  
 kordzovor — beam attached to the end of a cart or plow  
 kord — wooden door lock  
 kots — lock on the inside of a door  
 koup — small jug of clay, fired or not  
 koul — dull-witted  
 kouj, koujig — lap (endearing)  
 kourouldal — to thunder (of clouds)  
 kral — to hold a grudge

### Պ = T

taturtsunel — to be able to carry and hold a weight  
 taghts, tarts — kind of mint, used as a mint or herb in salads  
 tayna — dishcloth  
 tashon — small tub, large vessel  
 tastleg — torturous killing (by the enemy)  
 tastrag — tie for holding up drawers or shalvars  
 tadil — to labor, to work hard  
 tartseg — long thin rods laid across heavier members forming a roof or ceiling  
 tarvar — downward  
 tarbasd — prize or offering from a wealthy person, expecting a profit therefrom  
 tupel — beat with the hands  
 trots — beating with the hands  
 tukaldel, tukal nedel — to eat rapidly with a spoon  
 tutmachor — sundried squash  
 tutmutsnel — to talk nonsense for a long time  
 tegh — extract from pomegranate rind, used in tanning leather  
 terver — upward  
 tek — stubborn, vain  
 tuzhukodil — to be annoyed  
 timag — answer to a letter  
 timos — stubborn, obstinate, vain  
 tishdir — one-year-old hen chick  
 tird — dregs of liquids  
 tumtumtsunel — to talk nonsense stutteringly  
 tumushkhe — crude, coarse girl left at home, spinster  
 tuyboug — drum, davoul; spool cabinet  
 tumbo — dim-witted, stupid  
 totel — to baste, to stitch together with coarse stitches  
 tol — pail; dried gourd  
 toloj — void, empty  
 tomlakhorchig — somersault  
 tonjgil — to thicken, like cheese; e.g., the blood has "thickened"  
 tor — flat, level, even  
 torta — the courtyard of a house  
 toru ellal — to succeed, to achieve  
 tour kal — to appear pleasing  
 tourel — to make even, level

toum — cover of tonir  
 toumu tunel — to settle a matter, to put a matter aside  
 tubil — to harm; e.g., the food "harms" me  
 turchel — to wet

### Ե = E

e — many words that start with "e" [pronounced "ye"] are pronounced "e"; e.g., yeres — eres; yeghadz — eghadz  
 ea ["ya"] — O [vocative]; e.g., O Lord God; also meaning **but**, e.g., **but** what's this?; also meaning **or**, e.g., either this **or** that  
 eazma ["yazma"] (Turkish) — light veil, of very fine material  
 ep, apor — when  
 ezavasdag — foods raised through tilling and sowing  
 egh — fat [cooking], oil (lubricant)  
 Eghiyai arzev — spring rains  
 em, emel — feed, to feed (cattle)  
 Enour — variety of grape (early ripening)  
 eoular (Turkish) — bridle  
 erghod, yurghod — laborer for daily wages

### Ջ = Z

zaar — perhaps, maybe  
 zaptel — to master with difficulty  
 zanjafil — ginger  
 zamkh, zamkharabi — thickened gum arabic  
 zangou — stirrup  
 zarazumba — a game  
 zarzartar — Vartavar [Transfiguration — church feast]  
 zadig — red insect (appearing at Easter)  
 zabountrakh — slender, dainty  
 zafran oti (Turkish) — a seed that lossens bile  
 zilfa — "siligon" [q.v.]  
 zukhdupil, zukhdil — to eat greedily (derisive)  
 zumokh — acrid sour  
 zungurzungur toghal — to tremble from fear or from cold  
 zomp — sledge hammer, for breaking stone  
 zoppa — club, truncheon  
 zort, zorto — brute, strong man  
 zougourta — spur, or goad, for driving a donkey



zoughourig — very narrow and tight [such as a space, or passageway]  
 zoumzoukh — fist  
 zoumrroukh — (same as above)  
 zroutsk — gossip  
 zork — miraculous strength, power

### Է = E

e — sometimes pronounced /æ/ [as in cat], used mainly in Armenianized Turkish words  
 epeyi — quite a bit, enough  
 eki — vineyard



el (Turkish) — foreign, other  
 edz, ædz — goat, kid  
 eni, enor, enonk — he, his, they [also, she, her]  
 engouts (engats) — from there, ever since  
 eshnul — to descend

edi archi — first and last, e.g., that's my first and last opinion  
 es, esi, esor, esonk — this, this, of this, these  
 edink — late afternoon or early evening  
 eveli, evelort — more, excess  
 ed, edi, edor, edonk — that, that, of that, those  
 eradz — that which is done, also dream  
 eradz (æradz) — burned, burnt  
 ert — chaff  
 ertik — chimney, flue  
 eres — face, surface  
 eres dal — to spoil [as in spoiling a child]  
 erese tsukel — to deny a benefit  
 eres jermugtsunel — to keep one's credit high (by doing good deeds)  
 eresi vra tsukel — to give up, abandon

Ů = U / "schwa"

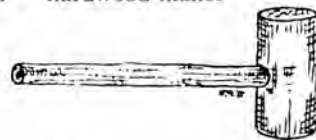
u [as in cut] was often used in place of "a," "e," and "ou"  
 ul — also, too, e.g., you come too  
 ullim — I become  
 ulmanil — to resemble  
 uzoung — fingernail  
 ungadz — fallen, discredited  
 ungoghin — bed, bedding  
 unger — placenta  
 ungoz — walnut  
 unjough — bull (beast)  
 undatsou — grains or cereals set aside for sowing  
 untsekh, huntsegh — in that manner  
 uchmar, ushmar enel — to give a signal or high sign  
 uradam, radam — horizontal shaft of the plow where the colter is attached  
 uravakhil — to filter (a fluid), separating out the impurity  
 urasd kal — to meet, to succeed  
 uroghouil — to fit just right in a space  
 urojig, rojig — strung walnut encased in a thickened and dried grape [or other fruit] juice  
 urbunhogh — a clay like earth used to absorb sourness in cooking fruit juices

Ɔ = T

ta, taor, tashmor — until  
 takaltou — woman's headband of strung gold or silver coins  
 tat — stutterer  
 tatarkhami — deathly epidemic, also called "kharakhottig"  
 tatarig — just about to boil, not fully cooked  
 tatir — oak leaves and bark, dried and crushed, used in tanning  
 tatkhon — mixture of salted and crushed sesame, salt, pepper, and mint, spread on bread and eaten

talatosel, talakosel — to accomplish a task imperfectly, without care for quality  
 talloug — cap, hat (of cloth)  
 takhakhel — to take a beating, to beat with a mallet  
 takhla — invert  
 taguldadz — full of holes, very much a scamp  
 tagnel — to beat cloths with a mallet  
 tamkan — strained "tan" [buttermilk]  
 tan peran — inarticulate, one ill-informed  
 tan khash — cracked wheat cooked in "tan"  
 tanoupokhint — to be confused, or in disarray  
 tabar — cobbler's tool, for cutting leather  
 tashd — copper tub for kneading dough, basin  
 tabgha — charm, amulet  
 tarouvar — to be terrified, to be alarmed  
 tas hayil — to tell fortune by peering into a glass of water  
 tadurgoun — homeless, disowned, wanderer  
 tarz — thick  
 tartalaf (Turkish) — to have spent wastefully in vanin  
 tarbis — to soak fields with water, to flood; to be clever in circumventing the law  
 tavu antsunel — to lose an opportunity  
 takmouk, takmoukdel — kick, to kick  
 tezan — shuttle thread, on the spool  
 teznik — long sleeves [dangling]  
 tezoug — easily annoyed, impatient  
 tel tel — torn to shreds  
 tez — threshed grain

teghegon — hardwood roller, for olive oil press  
 tebour — feather  
 teburpokh — to change feathers (hens and birds), to molt  
 ter — yarns spun of wool  
 tikiltou — head piece [cap] made of decorative coins  
 toutouzmokh — extremely sour  
 tiapej — large shovel for gathering barn manure  
 tintin — the gait of a walking or running wolf, or dog  
 tipi (Turkish) — blizzard  
 tufil — to fall asleep totally exhausted from heat or fatigue  
 tumil, tumuntsnel — to finish, to end, to complete  
 tunturgil, tumgurgadz — to become decrepit, to grow old  
 tundal, tundatsunel — to stir from one's place, to disturb  
 tundurchor — dry and hard bread left too long in the tonir  
 tol — loose  
 tokhmakh — hardwood mallet



tonurdoun — fireplace room, cooking room  
 touyrezek — space around the tonir  
 tor — net [fishing], knotted of heavy cord  
 top — cannon, ball [for playing games], roller, reel  
 toutu hasnil — to fall into an exceedingly unfavorable situation  
 toulla — long rope with a hard knot at the end, used in the game of zarazumba  
 toukht enel — to transfer real estate to another  
 toukht hayil — to tell fortune [with cards]  
 turul — sluggish  
 turstunel — to snatch something, to run off with

tustus — sluggish, lazy  
turturgil — decrepit from old age

### zh = Zh

zhazh — movement, earthquake  
zhazh ellal — occurring of earthquake  
zham — church  
zhamvor — churchgoers  
zhang — rust  
zhangari — green, bluish color  
zhizhi — always crying (child)  
zhumnadz — ripened, mature  
zhoum — occasion, turn, e.g., mealtime  
zhour — fat in a prepared food, khavourma [braised meat]  
zhurodil — to become stronger, harder

### iz = I

izgorousd — without trace, lost  
ilig — spinner for spinning thread



im — "I am"  
inoudzinu — entire clan including ancestors  
inchor — that which  
insekh — how  
indan — far off, aside  
ichkhin (Turkish) — shoot, sprout  
is — charred linseed or olive seed, from which ink and black dyes are made  
isot — pepper [legume]  
isdag — clear, clean, limpid  
irk, irku, irkonk, irkonts — the "so-and-so," the "what-chu-mu-call-it"

### l = L

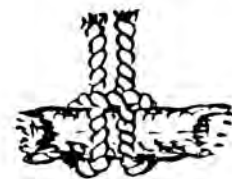
laz — dumb [speechless]; also a tribe of people  
lal — dumb  
lalapo — one who remains silent, incapable of speech  
lazhil — to wear off, by rubbing (as of cloth)  
lagodag — load-retaining rods on a cart  
labanchi — "smoocher," one going from door to door taking advantages of others' hospitality, greedy  
lafazan — talkative, loquacious  
lenam, letsa, letsadz — to be filled [satiated]  
leblebou — salted sesame [or chickpea]  
ler — two main beams of the olive oil press  
leshderog — lancet, device for taking blood sample  
liser — grooved pulley [in machines, as looms]  
lif — washcloth  
lulig — uvula  
lukhig — door latch  
lukhgil — to spoil, to rot (as with fruits)  
ludzvoroug — worm (in the ground)  
lughlughtsunel, lughurtsunel — to slur words so badly as to make them unintelligible

lumanil, ulmanil — to resemble  
lumlig — fingers of a door latch; blade of jackknives, knives, swords, sickles; cuttings from plants for planting; salve made from egg yolks for diseases of the eye  
lunum, lunus, luna, lununk, lunayi, lutsi, lutsir — to fill, to pour (fluid or grain)  
lunjgil — thicken, coagulate like cheese  
lop, loppel — to swallow food without chewing, gobble down food, a morsel  
lolozel — to convince by wheedling, to deceive  
lokhlokh — rattling, loosely connected  
lognal — to bathe  
loghpad — handle for pulling the "logh" [heavy roller used for squeezing out moisture in earthen rooftops]  
logh g'ullmani — "he's very fat" [looks like a logh]  
losh — small, thick, sesame-covered bread  
lor — cheese made from the first milk of cows, also curdled milk  
los — light  
losorarsak — completely light [in the morning]  
lovig — pea  
loda — stack, pile  
lordig — soaking wet  
lof — rectangular piece, as a cake of soap  
loula, loulig — small water jug, with faucet (earthen)  
lousou gudor — with a very beautiful, white body, and pure  
luburdel — to eat hastily, to gobble down  
ludur, luvurdan — speaking very fast and unintelligibly  
lufel — to rub the body with the lif [washcloth]

### lu = Kh

khaprakh — dried skin  
khatur (Turkish) — friendly love, sake, e.g., for your sake  
khazi — gold ornamental coin (¼ gold piece)  
khaznel — to bite, to defame  
khatar (Turkish) — string of ornamental coins; line of beasts of burden or camels  
khatel — to sting, to defame

khatekh — tan and madzoun [yogurt]  
khatul — reinforcing wood pieces in walls  
khatmar — paper-thin sheets of dough layered on one another, with shortening, and sweetened [like paklava]  
khala, khalayel — to coat with zinc [on copper vessels]  
khalayva — a running game  
khakhurdakh — dregs remaining after rendering the fat of the fatty tail of the broad-tailed sheep, sometimes eaten with bread  
khadzkhar — grey [beard, or hair]  
khaghp — knot forming a loop



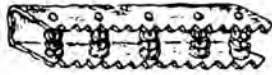
khamkhoun, khankhoun enel — false excuse, to make a false excuse  
khamchour (Turkish) — tax on sheep

khayish — belt, to rotate cobbler's tool



khandzel — to bellow

khashavou — curry comb, for cattle



khashmar — amusing, droll

khachurgat — iron piece on tonir



khashon chour — boiling water, in which clothes are boiled

khaourma — lamb meat chunks braised in their own fat [and so stored]

khabakh — running game, fortress

khabakhoushough (Turkish) — meal time, in the morning

khasi — sweet, not bitter, e.g., "khasi" kernel

khasar, khasar enel — bleaching of cloths

khasnakh (Turkish) — wooden frame of a sieve

khavi — firm, strong, hard

khad — turban, colorful woven cotton material

kharamani — dried apricots, sun dried

kharar — large bag woven of hair, larger than a "jouval"

kharisa — wooden support under a waterwheel

khargel — to salt [as in salted nuts]

kharz, kharz ullil — confusion, to be perplexed, to be irritated

khay — tinder, easily burned mushroom, used with flint stone



khutel — to taste, to have a portion of food

khelril — to lose consciousness, to faint

khech — nearby, alongside

kher — first milk [of cattle] that has been thickened [see "lor"]

kherov parvov — with good success, hale and hearty

khuzar — saw (all kinds) [Carpenter's tool]

khuzen — storeroom for provisions

khuzulkhourd — epidemic of throat inflammation (diphtheria)

khuzma — nose ring

khuzdel — to tear (making the sound of "khuz-z-z")

khuzdor khuzdor enel — to tear to bits

khut (Turkish) — few, rare

khizh — foam on the first milking

khur — infertile, unirrigated soil

khis — pulp, poultice

khultig — head band of decorative coins (two inches wide)

khulupsdig — all the entrails

khult — deceptive, illegitimate, mixture

khulbel — to snatch (from one's hand)

khulbuz — deceiver, fraud

khukhurdal — full, to swarm (fleas, lice, flies)

khukhmil — imbibe, to soak (with wine)

khukhoum — soaked (with wine)

khumushil — to be remorseful

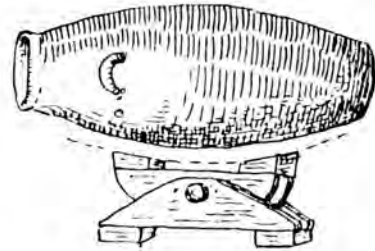
khumunil — to be ashamed

khumig — speaking nasally

khunakh (Turkish) — kernel of nuts

khundzurchor — apples dried in the sun

khunotsi — fired clay churn and rocker, to shake madzoun



khundan — smiling, beaming face

khushrig — weeds and leaves dried enough to make a rustling sound

khughvash — empty shell of cotton boll

khushig — French fried onions

khushd — steel bayonet

khozan — harvested field

khosit — briarweeds

khol — gland, producing life-giving secretion

kholurdel — squinting the eyes in frowning

khollig — vest, small jacket

khelop, khelopig — whole inner part (of walnut, watermelon)

khoghosh, khoghoshig — loosely piled on one another, filled

khoncha — table set with food

khochavouj — two hands full

khochkhoch — edible tuber with black skin and white flesh (sweet)

khosdel — to have colic

khosdogdil — to have a stomachache

khoval — cobbler's tool

khodebude[h] — Kurdish-Armenian beggar

khoratel — to converse, to confer

khorunchi — guardian of fields and vineyards

khorto — coarse, unprofitable

khortlakh — ghost of dead Turk (in the form of a pup)

khori — [dolma], skin of squash or watermelon stuffed with bulgur, onion, parsley, etc., also stuffed peppers, and roasted in the tonir

khorshouk — larger parts remaining after sifting

khorom — untied bundles of straw

khorchel, khorchil — to collapse, to be undermined (by flow of water)

khoutni, khoutni khoumoush — colorful woven silk cloths

khoulkh — attitude, patience

khoumana — collective and equal sharing in gaining a livelihood

khoumsel — to betray

khoub — beam support used by sawyers

khourj — large woven bag of wool

khubulig — light-headed, scarecrow

khret — raggy, old-worn cloth

khrig — worn-out shoes



khurnjig — larynx  
 khro — decrepit aged person  
 khurvur — agitated, disturbed  
 khusa — manner, manner of speaking  
 khuis — stingy  
 khusir — straw mat, straw mattress  
 khudel — to shove, to push  
 khudoud — sun-dried, salted small fish taken from  
 Dzovk [lake near Harput]  
 khraj — sandy, unirrigated field  
 khurpel — to cut as with scissors  
 khurtakhot — in some manner, good or bad  
 khravou — frost  
 khurkha (Turkish) — coat quilted with cotton  
 khurghoun — decimated by epidemic  
 khursh, khurshig — crushed dry leaves  
 khurchlig, khurchlod — tattered, in rags  
 khosgab — approval by girl's parents prior to  
 engagement

### Մ = Dz

dza, dzo — exclamation to attract one's attention; used  
 by equals or by one toward a younger person  
 dzagamoud — clever, scamp  
 dzagachk — greedy, avaricious  
 dzaguldil, dzagdzugil — pocked all over with sores;  
 dzagdzugel — to perforate with holes  
 dzayr, dzandur — heavy  
 dzadig, dzedoug — nit-like eggs [of insects] that are  
 found in old stores of grains  
 dzadgodil — to become infested with nits  
 dzar — end  
 dzedzouped — to strike one another  
 dzulil — to crystallize [sugar] (syrup, rojig, bastegh); to  
 spoil (eyes)  
 dzidzghal — to smile, to grin  
 dzullig — sprout arising from an onion  
 dzudzghal, dzudzghudal — to shine with clean brilliance  
 dzudzrig — swallow [bird]  
 dzuzenag — basket or container woven from wheat straw  
 dzuma — damp, moist  
 dzotsousur — "with two souls," pregnant  
 dzoukh — parish, people belonging to a religious  
 community  
 dzour peran — ugly ["crooked mouth"] (derisive)  
 dzurungal — mimicking, repeating something being said  
 by another

### Կ = G

gateman — cream risen to the surface of raw milk  
 gatilk — rainwater dripping through the roof into the  
 house  
 gatnaghpar, gatnaghproutin — brotherhood of two  
 unrelated boys breast-fed from the same nursing  
 woman  
 galaji — conversation, prattling  
 galadik, galadouk — leftover grains from the "gal"  
 [threshing place] after threshing and gathering  
 galmech enel — to surround for the purpose of beating  
 gadzguldoug — lightning  
 gaghji — clay for the purpose of making clay products  
 gaghshuna — camel feed

gamunde, gamundek — wooden piece to attach threshing  
 tool ["gam"] to yoke  
 gamkar — stones set into threshing tool  
 gaynil — to stand, to stay, to arise  
 ganamp — hemp  
 garpil, garpodil — to yellow from heat [of kiln], to  
 smolder (not yet fired clay)  
 garmoug — married, betrothed  
 garzhel — to take up spun thread on spools, to spool  
 garmoujag — iron device to support and rotate the upper  
 millstone  
 Garsig — Kesirig (village name)  
 garbed — carpet, wool cover or throw  
 gav — soil used in place of soap, brought from Tadem  
 gavar — dike, or dam, used to control the flow of water  
 in a stream  
 gaf, gaf guyrel — to threaten with bravado  
 getgal — part of silk cabinet  
 gem — woven ropes of wetted straw to tie sheaves  
 gemoug (Turkish) — side [of person], rib, flank  
 gerich — scab of a wound  
 gerger — flexible pole supporting the carder's carding  
 tool  
 geryara — cancer  
 gesar — husband's father  
 guzguzal — to sob groaningly  
 gesges — two-faced, deceiver  
 gutangov — one from whom it is easy to obtain money  
 gizh, gij — sting of insects or snakes  
 gisoutan dal, gisoutan arnel — to give or take some  
 profitable undertaking and share the profit equally  
 between giver and receiver  
 girira — turtle  
 glig — small, round dropping of sheep or goat  
 gulmanim — "I resemble"  
 gulgul — kind of grain used as chicken feed, also used  
 for flour by Kurds  
 guldorel — to swallow without chewing, to pass through  
 the throat  
 gudzigu tunel — to escape  
 gudzigu kagel — to start telling a fairy tale  
 gudzgudil — to draw into one's self (in fright)  
 gughozkra, boghazkra — kind of grape from unirrigated  
 fields (for wines)  
 gujel, guj enel — to bite with the teeth, but endearingly  
 gujig — newly grown tooth (of a child)  
 gujo — (same as above)  
 gungumal, gungumtunel — to mutter or mumble  
 between closed teeth, ununderstandingly  
 guyrel, guyril — to cut, to cease, to saw  
 gushdoug — being satiated, full; e.g., he has no  
 "gushdoug"  
 goz — bunch of grapes  
 gozdashi (Turkish) — copper  
 gotel — to attach a handle, also to cause harm  
 got kashel — to hurt through fraud  
 gotnik, goutnouk — what is left after winnowing grain  
 golil — water gathering in low spots  
 gokhoun — stuffed  
 goglig — tidy, neat  
 gogan — stone used by potters for polishing  
 goguldel — to amend or correct an unfavorably spoken  
 item  
 gogh — inside surface of a tonir  
 goj — meat cutter's block, also cobbler's tool  
 gom, gomnini — side, alongside  
 goyrel, to break  
 gondzel — to knock over, also to drink wine

goshgor — hard, coarse  
 goshnag — bell  
 goshdoubroshd — awkward, clumsy  
 gochil — to move from place to place, to emigrate  
 gorop, gorpel — large dropping of dung, pile of dung  
 gorbagorp, gorbagorp ullil — to be slaughtered [applied to persons as in massacre], to die in torture, without a grave  
 govdon — crushed and salted linseed, after being strained  
 govrdzoudz — kind of scorpion, poisonous reptile; it was said, "he is one who gives the poison of scorpions and snakes"  
 goveni — tanned hide [leather] of the cow  
 god, dodig — small plate of fired clay  
 godem — watercress, used in salads, growing along banks of streams  
 godosh — horns [of beasts]  
 gor — scorpion; also bent over, to be lost  
 gori — nursery [garden], planter furrow  
 gordzel — to tip over, to overturn  
 gorgod — crushed wheat  
 gorjal — to ruminate, to chew incessantly  
 gouz, gouzoug — bent over, humpbacked  
 gouzouril — to sit all tied up together, to crouch  
 gout — basting [sewing], basting needle  
 gouta — long and grooved vegetable of cucumber family  
 gouzh — water crock



gouzh gouyroug — white flower first to appear in the spring  
 gouzhourdal — to make a deep roaring sound (water, wind); it was said, "my ear is roaring"  
 goulash, goulash purnel — wrestling, to wrestle  
 gougoum — water pitcher, of copper, handmade  
 gouman — hope, expectation  
 gountz — purse  
 gounk mu kashel — to take a short nap  
 gour — setting hen  
 gourgourbaba — spirit of thunder invented to fill children with fear, e.g., "be careful now, the gourgourbaba will come"  
 gouk — tight, firmly together, self-contained  
 granel — tool used for filing, or beating  
 gurzil, gurzadz — skin wrinkled and furrowed from excess thinness  
 grayel, grahel — to comprehend, to understand, to recognize  
 grinj — fold, also rancor  
 gurgral — to make a gurgling sound  
 gurunjgodil — to fold, to crease  
 gurvan — belligerent, fighter  
 gurnag — moral support [person's back]  
 gurnag tartsunal — to turn away, to refuse support  
 gusgour — well baked and golden (as bread)  
 gusmit, gusmutel — to press the flesh between two fingers, to pinch

gudgudal — to eat seeds (one by one)  
 gudots, gudotsel — to pile, to heap, to gather  
 gref — grouping, taking a side [on an issue]  
 grinj — fired clay vessel  
 gurdzig — child's apron, bib  
 gurdzlig, gurdzlot, gurdzil — gnawed, wasted away to skin and bones (man and beast)  
 gurgudel — to investigate thoroughly, to seek  
 gurnabar — the seed crop or craw (of fowl)  
 gurdel — to castrate  
 gutsvil, gutsvudii — to pair up (beasts and reptiles)

## Հ = H

ha, ha? — yes, is it yes?, "is that the way it is?"  
 haktunel — to clothe, also to strike with the hand  
 hazge — until  
 halal, halaloutiun — to have received remission, to have been exonerated  
 halov, halok — to be well off, wealthy  
 halouvakhd — economic or physical [personal] condition  
 hakh (Turkish) — right [privilege], that which is receivable  
 hakhdounu tunel — to give deserved punishment or admonition  
 hamayli — amulet, small container with a prayer written on paper to be worn around the neck as a charm  
 hampa — influential or wealthy household  
 hamme — "you're welcome," "yes, please go ahead," "what do you wish?"  
 hamdesel — to taste  
 hayevar — Armenian [language, speech]  
 hangoshd, hangorts — knot  
 hayoun mech ertal — to migrate to the Caucasus [to go among the Armenians]  
 hantz — free, only, only this, empty  
 hachan — one who barks much (dog, and man)  
 hachoug — father's brother's wife  
 habiga — saddle bag, twin-pocketed bag  
 hasnil, hasunal — to mature, about to mature (fruits and cereals), reaching completion (as in tanning leather)  
 haslat — cloths for wrapping bread  
 hassavan — thick sheet made of homespun cloths, for gathering mulberries [shaken from the tree], or for pouring out bastegh or cracked wheat to be dried  
 hasoug — one having reached full growth, maturity  
 hasdaki — coarse, crude, awkward  
 had — latch [door lock]  
 hadig — individual grain of any cereal grain  
 hadig tzukel — to tell fortune by laying out grains  
 haramdza — "say, man," "for goodness' sake" (admonishment)  
 harel — to mix by shaking or stirring  
 hazaren hemi — once again out of a thousand  
 hatsov — hospitable, well-off  
 harsanot — measles  
 haror — plow  
 hatspurton — French toast, bread fried in egg  
 havan — mortar  
 havas, havasil — woman's name, to desire, to be pleased with  
 havej — cereal grain, chicken feed  
 havejgudal — to yawn  
 havgouroug — having occasional temporary blindness (after sundown)  
 heznal — to mount [as on a donkey]

helel — mulberry-eating bird  
 hegur — rancor, holding a grudge  
 hegurdal — to cry nervously  
 hejin — tall, biggish [persons]  
 hemul — again  
 hemi, hemi or — once again, once again so that  
 herin — cobbler's tool  
 hers, hersodil — anger, to become angry  
 herdugil — to go off, to go out of sight  
 herdugtsunel — to push off, to push aside  
 hefal — to gasp, to take short breaths  
 huyrel, huyrouk — to remove or pick out tiny stones and  
 other foreign matter from grain, to clean  
 hit — left over, remains  
 himkar — lower stone of olive oil press  
 hin — tunic worn by women (blue cloth)  
 hinayoum, hinayoum ertal — to henna, to go to henna  
 occasion  
 hulupil, hulustsunel — to crush, to pulverize  
 huloun — bead [jewelry]  
 hununal, hunhunal — to be broken-hearted, to feel  
 regret  
 hundzan — grape-crushing shed in vineyard  
 hungukel — to rob, to plunder  
 humu — now, immediately  
 huntatal — to smell [transitive]  
 hundatsou — seed for planting  
 hungak — tenth part of cereal/grain produce [taxing, or  
 tithing]  
 huntsekh — in that manner  
 hoki — "oh my," exclamation of surprise  
 hokvoun tadil — to work to the death  
 hokkhka — 400 drams [16 drams equals one ounce]  
 hoghlat — swaddling clothes, made of homespun  
 hoghk — to be buried in a cemetery  
 hoseli — winnowing tool  
 hovoud — unrestrained fool, one who lost his reason  
 hovdoun — wheelhouse of a watermill  
 hovtsel — to mix cold water with boiling water, to pour  
 a broth in cooling it, to cool by blowing  
 hovtsouk — bathwater [made tepid]  
 hodod, hodoud — pleasant smelling, fragrant  
 hortel — to prune [agricultural]  
 houmolor — spun thread  
 houna, houda, housa — there [yon], there, here  
 hounar, hounvor — skill, cleverness, inventive  
 hourma — good mother (used endearingly by a husband  
 for his wife)  
 ho-o — call for oxen and other draft animal to move  
 [giddap]

## Q = Tz

tzaghg — switch for loosening wool or cotton, made of  
wild cherry



tzan — planting, that which is planted  
 tzantzan — boisterous, braggart  
 tzar — hair (from the tail or mane of a horse)  
 tzernag — handle attached to upper stone of mill  
 tzitiak — equipment for extracting olive oil  
 tzit — chewing gum

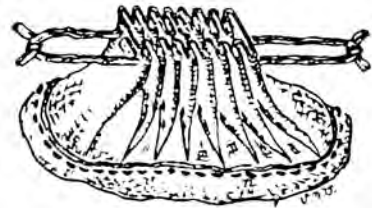
tzitdzakh, tzetdzakh — sellers of olive oil (the people of  
 Pazmashen [nearby village])  
 tzumeroug zenel — game with watermelons  
 tzumroug — swelling of the hand (occurring in winter)  
 tzogh — plow shaft

## Q = Gh

No village words start with the letter "gh" [as in  
Baghdad]

## Q = J

jakhrag — spool  
 jagh — 4 corner posts of a cart to which the top rails are  
 attached, steel shaft on a spinning wheel on which the  
 thread is gathered, knitting needles, stair handrails  
 jangaloz — insect with many stings  
 jangaloz, jangaloz aghpar — person with boorish  
 appearance or manner  
 jashk — morning meal, breakfast  
 jadi, jadi khari (Turkish) — bad interceder between a  
 boy and a girl  
 jar — opening in a fence or wall  
 jukdal — to make a strong effort, to move (under a load)  
 jenjerhod — smell of burnt fat  
 jer — small bunch (of grapes)  
 jeneg — picking cotton bolls, wages for cotton picking  
 juzjuz — crybaby, crying constantly  
 juzdan — paper envelope, leather purse for money or for  
 flint stones



julkh — spoiled, rotten (eggs)

jur, jur enel — in the game of ghabakh when one of a  
 team who is free rescues an imprisoned teammate  
 jiez — dowry of a new bride  
 jilva (Turkish) — flirtation, coquettishness  
 jigar jigarov (Turkish) — courageous, brave, fearless  
 jin, "better-than-us," spirit (superstition) — jinn,  
 gnome, elves  
 jinivelek — clever, alert  
 jiniviz — Genoan, clever, sharp-witted  
 jiji — tapeworm, stomach worm  
 jins (Turkish) — lineage, ancestry, family; "it is a jins  
 cow," to mean a good cow that gives much milk and  
 a calf every year  
 jibar — cloth impregnated with tar and medicines pasted  
 on the body in cases of rheumatism and fits [?]; [court  
 plaster]  
 jisir — small beam [log] for making boards  
 jirs — gypsum, white earth  
 jivan — tall and handsome youth  
 jiv — leg, foot



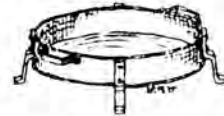
julkhang — windlass, part of a cart on which the rope or reins were gathered, small cart for helping an infant learn to walk  
 julgha — sharply pointed stick  
 julunkdel — to fold with the hands, to torment  
 julvulal — to talk sweetly or nicely (by children)  
 juldán — cobbler's tool, for cutting  
 jugel — to lose, to get rid of  
 juzakhod — plantain, was put on pimples and abscesses to draw out the pus  
 jugher — dry twigs, for burning  
 jughuz — one who interferes in games and recreation  
 jumukhbjukh — varieties of small ornaments (worthless)  
 jumshir, shumshir — boxtree  
 jungal, jungurdal, jungurdtunel — making zinging sounds; they would say "my ears are zinging"  
 junjughahatsig — poultice for eye ailments, sties  
 junjough — sparrow  
 junjunal — to express sorrow during sleep  
 junchel — to scream, to call out in fright  
 jundo — having fits, nervous, crazy  
 jot — end, finish

jobnvil, jobnil — to stretch on the ground lazily, languidly  
 jorjural — to walk weaving or swaying  
 joul — woolen rug or carpet  
 joulband — peas, edible vetch, feed for cows  
 joug — bent, curved  
 joug joug ullil — to bend, to be flattered  
 joug dal — to escape, to go free (in running)  
 jour — foot, leg, support  
 jouval — large bag woven of cotton cord  
 jouvalag [or jouvoulag] — the class of nonfarmer artisans (officers, craftsmen, merchants, learned, intellectuals).  
 jublig, chupplig — having diseased eyes  
 jubuldugil — to tumble, to sprawl, to strain under a load  
 jubod — slender pole, cane  
 jurton — half-round grooved wood [trough] used to divert water off a rooftop  
 jurzil, jurzadz — to become clear or pure  
 jurut (Turkish) — whip used by horseman during a race  
 jurubel — to devise, to manage, to acquire  
 jurtpel — to rent, to tear to bits  
 jurig — thin dripping or leaking, dripping nose, e.g., "wipe your drip"  
 jurig aghpir — small but steady income, spring with small stream of water but steady  
 jurjur — cotton gin  
 jurbod — dirty, filth  
 jurvural, jurvurdal — to make pleasant little sounds, to chirp (as a child to a bird)  
 juval — to imitate the sounds of chirping (of birds), infant's cry of hunger  
 judel — to squint, to look cross-eyed  
 juraktil — lamp, candlestick

## U = M

ma — sound of cattle lowing or bleating, to bellow  
 maz — derisive name for Turkish cheats  
 maza, meze — [blank]  
 mal, moulk, mulker — property, chattel, acquisition  
 malaghma — threshed wheat or other grain  
 malama, meleme — inept, stupid

matal, masal — tale, fairy tale  
 malamát, malamát enel (Turkish) — shame, disgrace, to disgrace  
 mala, malayel — trowel used by plasterers and masons  
 makhat — large needle, for heavy cord  
 makhara — spool, shuttle [sewing machine] (non-natively procured)  
 makhtoug — edible green (for salads)  
 makhrechour — oakwood ashes mixed in water used to soften water used in the wash  
 magart — batch of previous culture of madzoun [yogurt] used to provide culture in new batch  
 magh — sieve for sifting various grains and other materials; also, measure of the size of a house being about 100 square feet to a magh, e.g., a house of 10 magh majaros — valet or best man who enrobes the groom in his wedding garments  
 mamel, mamelbaji — big eater, greedy (said derisively of women)  
 mamoukh — wild plum  
 maya — mother, aunt; also sharki or dance song  
 mayasoul (Turkish) — piles, hemorrhoids  
 maylam (Turkish) — ointment, salve  
 mayr, maroul — small, bit, crumbs  
 manghal — brazier, portable charcoal burner



manghuvor — users of a sickle, reapers  
 mangagh — sickle  
 manghi mannogh — finger piece placed on the finger by sickle user  
 manghin, mangaghkaghin — period of the harvest  
 manni beyoug — game [hide the ring]  
 manousa — colorful woven turban of cotton  
 mandor mandor, mandor enel — to disconnect, to separate into small pieces, to make morsels  
 maben tourel — to repair [a broken] relationship  
 marakh (Turkish) — worry, disconcerted  
 masat — whetstone for sharpening knives (cobbler, butcher)  
 mas — blessed unleavened bread [given to participants in church liturgy]  
 massa — prod made of a long rod of wild cherry for driving animals

masdasegh — large needle for sewing on heavy cloths and comforters [bedding]  
 Masdar — name of mountain at Ichme  
 madan (Turkish) — mine; also name of a city  
 mads moudus enel — to arrange a few little bribes  
 madrabagh (Turkish) — dealer specializing in bread [exploiter]  
 mad — steps of a stairway, stairrails  
 maraba — tenant farmer  
 mart, arimart — man [male] (women referred to their husbands in this way)  
 martag — thin wooden boards, slats  
 maril — to go out (light, or flame, or fire); to faint  
 marjafa — farming tool  
 marmunjel — to have severe frostbite (fingers and toes)  
 mardana — round rod, for rolling dough for bread  
 mardasang, mardasangel — glaze, to glaze, porcelain  
 meled, melemed — bonfire built on rooftops on the evening [before] the feast of the Presentation of the Lord [Feb. 14]

medzar, medzor, medzarmaya — grandmother  
 megal — other, past  
 megalnor — the other day, day before  
 meghk e — “the poor thing,” worthy of pity  
 meynel — to spread out, e.g., to hang out the clothes  
 mendzeghen — heavily built, large-bodied, biggish  
 mendzapar — older brother, grandfather  
 mendzbaghouts — Lent  
 mendzperan — insolent, using offensive language  
 menjeki — large grains of wheat, used for dzedzadz  
 meshin — sheep’s leather for shoe toppings  
 mergh — honey  
 mekara — workers who fulfill obligations to the government by working without pay for a time  
 muzal — to want something very badly, to go after something without advising others  
 muzez, muzezu munnal — one who brings about misfortune, to persuade another to fall into a difficult situation  
 muzegh — cooked sinew  
 muzughlod, muzughlil — to become shredded, to tear the flesh at the root of the fingernails, to bristle  
 muzghudel — to shred cooked meat  
 muzmuz — fussy, difficult to please  
 muzmuzal — to cause anguish, to be constantly in pain  
 meg al, meg ul, meg mul — also, another, one more  
  
 mechku tol — not being able to hold one’s water [urine]  
 mutel, mutelu tzukel — old bed, to drop off somewhere and stay (as a guest might)  
 mutrub (Turkish) — misanthrope, away from mankind  
 mukh — nail [carpenter’s]  
 muzhghulil, muzhghultzunel — to be busy, to keep another busy  
 mindar — pad or mattress filled with cotton or wool  
 mukhel — to nail [carpenter]  
 mukhtar (Turkish) — tax collector in the Turkish community  
 mukhtel — to poke, to prod (with something)  
 mukhsi — “one who has seen death” (an Armenian having gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and who has a tattoo mark on his arm)  
 muglez — lizard, little scamp [child]  
 mughmughal — to sob, to cry silently  
 mune — grammatical particle to produce the ablative case [“from”], Torgants mune = from Torgants  
 munig — pup  
 munnal, mudank, mudadz, munnalik — entering, to enter  
 mushara — nursery, garden plot  
 mushmel — to break off with the lips and eat by sucking (grapes)  
 mushmish — apricot  
 mushur mushur — to sleep, the natural sound of breathing during sleep, to sleep placidly  
 mozi — grown male calf (not yet having had young)  
 mol — fresh green twig, fruit-bearing branch of the grapewine  
 moluril — to cough chokingly as a result of fluid entering the windpipe  
 moukhtaj (Turkish) — longing  
 momel — to dip in wax (cloth), to coat with wax  
 mornal — to take on a purple color; also, to forget  
 mortoug — forgotten, forgettable  
 mosmor — forgotten and having turned blue  
 morkor — inflammation of the flesh (rash)  
 morkrodil — to have a rash  
 morj — small green twig (of a tree)

mouz — a little busy or salty; they would say, “he plays mouz” [meaning, “he’s doing something not good”]  
 moukhashar — salted black sesame  
 moukhu maril — to be subjected to a horrible misfortune, to bear great loss  
 mounj — mute, speechless, dumb  
  
 mounnat parnal — to consider one under an obligation, to reject another’s gratitude  
 mounnat enel — to seek a favor  
 moundrel — to dirty  
 moundar ellal — to die unknown and to rot unburied  
 moushda — cobbler’s tool  
 moursivrat — “may you be covered with soot”  
 mour kusel — to defame, to slander [to spread soot over]  
 mural, murayel — to snarl (cat)  
 murmural — to smart, salt, or sour having touched an open wound  
 murmour — hard and flexible, like a cane  
 murouz — frowning, sulking  
 musloud, musoud — meaty, with much meat  
 musatsou — cattle to be slaughtered for its meat  
 muregh — thin straw  
 murzhel — to set apart, to separate  
 murgad — scissors  
 murshil — dying down (of fire)  
 murchumpon — an itching skin disease, eczema, very contagious  
 murjan — coral  
 more mergigi — stripped of all covering, altogether bare  
 morkor — mother’s sister

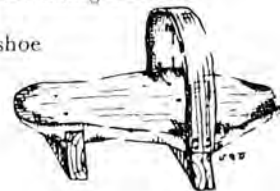
### Յ = H

henag — bearing  
 hishots — gift made to the priest at time of blessing of the home  
 hodots — sickle, scythe



### Ն = N

naz — demanding by wheedling  
 nazar, nazari kal — evil eye, to meet up with the evil eye  
 nazoug — winder for filling a shuttle  
 nazouk — tender  
 nalun — wooden shoe



nakhur — flock, herd for the whole community  
 nam (Turkish) — wet, moist, humid  
 namard — bad, inhuman, ill-bred  
 namnoun, namnoun enel — “yes and no,” to give an indefinite answer, equivocate  
 namkor — ungrateful  
 nachar, nacharoutiun — to be in want, to be needy, to be in dire straits  
 nakas — stingy  
 neghburdil — to be irritable, to be annoyed  
 ned, nedag — axle shaft  
 neghjuroug — to be in need  
 ner — wives of brothers  
 nuval — to cry howlingly during an illness  
 nuvi, nuvor, nuvonts — that, of that, of those  
 nosha — red or blue chalk (used by sawyers)  
 noyen munatsadz — old-fashioned, out of date [“left over from Noah”]  
 nopnor — altogether new, “brand new”  
 nougi — 200 dram, one-half hokhkha  
 nougekar — upper stone of the olive oil press  
 nouskha — triangular silver container with paper bearing a charm-giving text, worn around the neck, amulet, to ward off the evil eye and sickness  
 nukril, nukrodil — to mold, to mildew  
 nors — thin (said of fluids), dilute, not thick

### Շ = Sh

shazoushenlik — large gathering with big expectations  
 shal — Persian waistband  
 shalaki — material for a shal, woolens  
 shalvar — outer pants, baggy pants [garment]  
 shakhkha — half the cattle hide, half the meat of cattle  
 shaghap — auger, drill  
 shaghpkash — bow for rotating the drill  
 shamar — slap in the face  
 shay — profit  
 shayenk — balance scale (native product)  
 shaynay (Turkish) — government agent to measure the size of crop at harvest time, inspector of harvest  
 shaynishirin — balcony (upper floor)  
 shantsungunadz — pup (derisive)  
 shash — cross-eyed  
 shab — alum  
 shar — slander

sharap — streams of rain water, pouring rain, its sound of heavy downpour  
 sharid — rope, thin rope, heavy cord (hemp)  
 sharmagh — very fine sieve for flour  
 sharmaghu tzukel — to be fussy  
 shavoul — plumbbob, mason's tool  
 shapurtzanel — to slap  
 shem, shemik — threshold (of a door)  
 shava — bracelet of shiny glass beads  
 sher — pleasant love song  
 shuvod — witch, fantastic, terrifying appearance, enemy of child-bearing  
 shinavor, shinafor — congratulations  
 shib — leftover skin and stems of grapes after they have been squeezed for the juice  
 shirig — salted oil of sesame used during abstinence days [as Lent] as a nutrient in foods

shulli, shullik — neck, used as “let the blame be on his neck”  
 shullokk tutoum — gourd, long-necked squash which is used when dry as a vessel when the interior is dug out, for water and for wine  
 shukhakh, shukhel — clay soil mixed with fine chaff to plaster walls and cover roofs  
 shukhrig — spur or prod to which metal discs have been added to make noise  
 shumshir, shumshil — boxwood  
 shumgukhgil — to clamber, to climb by grasping with the hands and feet and fingernails  
 shushloug — sharp-pointed  
 shushmolil — to be confused, to be bewildered  
 shushdel — to poke with a rod or the finger  
 sholuril, sholurtsunel — to become unconscious from a blow or from the heat and fall to the ground, to throw [another]  
 shoghdoun — wheelhouse of a watermill  
 shoghoghal — to whistle  
 shoghink — saliva, spittle  
 shobgel — to peel, by hand  
 shorakh, shorakhneru — salty and moist; name of village beyond the fields  
 shosh — spring of mineral water  
 shoulal — sewing with the basting inside  
 shoulel — sewing with large stitches, coarse basting  
 shousha (shish) — to draw, to take blood  
 shoudig — to scorn, to be contemptible  
 shoudik tapes — “may you be compassionate”  
 shourva — watery meal, thin soup  
 shubel — to eat the grapes off a bunch by pulling directly with the mouth  
 shuruldal — making the sound of shur-ur-ur, as of running water  
 shurtakh — to libel, to slander, to defame

### Ո = Vo

Note: The people of Parchanj pronounced words starting with this letter as /o/ [without the prosthetic “v” that would make the sound /vo/].

ozneg — porcupine  
 og, ogel — special glue made of crushed clay, eggs, and milk to repair broken earthen vessels  
 oghchuntzev — to take a preliminary approximate measure for sewing a garment  
 oj — “acre,” measure of land area, “an oj of land,” “he has opened his mouth an oj”  
 ork — bottom, floor, “the bottom of the pan has burned”  
 or — if  
 odits, odnaman — shoe  
 odounourak — large adze  
 odk — step of a stairway, measure of length (12 inches)  
 odku arnel — to interfere for the purpose of causing harm  
 ouzan — one who wants  
 oumed (Turkish) — hope, refuge  
 ounk — eyebrow  
 oushaperil, oushki kal — to return to consciousness  
 ouskoura — large cup, bowl  
 ousloub, ousloubov (Turkish) — courtesy, politeness  
 ousoul, ousoulig — softly, slowly



oudvats — food for days of unrestricted [non-abstinence] eating  
 our — udder  
 ourour, ourourig — hawklike bird that makes a prey of chickens

## Q = Ch

chak — beating, used in carding cotton



chakchakou — locust; also the name of a mill  
 chat — the sound of something breaking, also crossroads  
 chata (Turkish) — hired donkey driver (Turk or Kurd)  
 chatala — notched stick (in pairs) to record sales of loaves of bread to customer  
 chati — roof truss  
 chatma (Turkish) — temporary shelter [hut]  
 chatpat — open, unrestrained  
 challoug — short and round rod, staff  
 chalkhavou, chalkhavel — large coarsely woven basket in which husks are placed, to throw off the dried bits by tumbling the basket, to hull with the basket  
 chakhul — gravel  
 chakhmakh — flint steel



chakhmakhkar — flint stone  
 chakhchakh — trough for directing the flow of wheat or other grains to be milled



chakhou — jackknife, knife  
 chagh (Turkish) — having height or growth, one of the same age or size  
 chagha — child, offspring  
 chaghala — not-quite-ripe fruit  
 chaj — pile of winnowed wheat or other grain  
 cham — evergreen pine tree (non-native)  
 chambar — frame (metal or wood)  
 chay — small flood, stream, name of the village flood period; also tea  
 chaydan — vessel for brewing tea; also, ward [of a person]  
 changal — door bolt  
 chanch — shake of the head (sign of passion or anger)  
 chashkhour — talisman worn around the neck by dervishes  
 charpel — to spill by striking  
 chadoug — soft slippers  
 charaz — items to be eaten along with drinks as sweets, pickles

chareg — measure of grains — 4 rubkila, 16 olchag, 60 hokkhka  
 charkh — rolling wheel, also a place for bathing (in yards of homes)  
 charkhel, sharkh kashel — to work with wood, on the "charkh" machine [probably a planer or miller]  
 charnachar — barely, hardly, with difficulty  
 charshaf — large sheet covering almost the entire body of a woman, of cotton or silk  
 charch — hay laid down where threshing is to take place  
 charoukh — sandal, moccasin, footwear of farm workers and Kurds  
 charchi — traveling peddler of small items [usually cloths]  
 chardakh — porch  
 chavdar — rye  
 chech, chechod — cell [of honeycomb], pock as from smallpox, pocked, e.g., honeycomb honey  
 chechkar — pumice stone, lightweight porous stone brought from the Yertmnig mountains  
 chep — wood splinter  
 chepgen (Turkish) — jacket with needlework and loose sleeves  
 chutel — to double, to make into two  
 chutrig — flying spark or glowing ember  
 chit — turban of heavy cloth  
 chitara — turban material  
 chilpi — twigs and branches for burning  
 chim — clods [of plowed earth] wet and mixed with weeds  
 chinari — pine tree, tall, e.g., "tall as a pine"  
 chini, chomlag — porcelain or glazed earthen dishes or vessels  
 chingana — miser, gypsy, greedy  
 chingo — zinc  
 chichoug, chuchoug — wild edible vegetables  
 chivi — wedge, steep [pointed]  
 chula — width of warp of cloth; also the 40-day period of isolation of one to become a priest  
 chulkhudi — unrestrained  
 chulpou — twisted cord used as chalkline by which carpenters and sawyers deposit a straight guideline  
 chulpou zenel — using the chalkline to lay a straight line to guide in masonry and carpentry

chughur, chugh — wall or barrier made of snow or snowballs [used in games]  
 chumchum, chumchumal — eating food without relishing it, eating unenthusiastically  
 chol, cholma — marshy, swampy  
 cholchuloug — irrigated  
 chogan, choganag — staff, cane (for the aged)  
 chombakh — carder's beater [same as "Chak"], drumstick  
 chor — cattle epidemic  
 chondo — withered hand or foot  
 chort — coarse, unrefined (in speech)  
 chorpa — one with coarse speech  
 chortan — dehydrated madzoun [yogurt] stored for winter use  
 chornal — to die, to wither or shrink, e.g., "may your hand wither" [curse]  
 chop, chopchop enel — bath, to bathe (as for small children)  
 chopel, chopvil — to give a bath to  
 chopour — wide and flat face

chokil, chokim, chokadz — to come to one's knees; also the settling out of dregs in a fluid [precipitate]  
 chokalig — boiled and coagulated madzoun that is strained [food item], cheese  
 chuvan — cord or rope woven of hair or wool  
 choul khaghal — game played in the village  
 choulji — saddlemaker (for donkey or mule)  
 choulfaji — weaver, also well digger  
 chouroug, chouroug para — of inferior worth, some circulating silver coins were considered to be "couroug" [low in value], other coins were considered "sagh" [whole or good], in the eyes of the government, 20 "chouroug" kurush was worth only 19 "sagh" kurush  
 chuboukh — wand, rod; also smoking pipe  
 churtnel — to snap away with the fingers [as in shooting a marble]; also, to pierce with a lancet (to draw blood)  
 chragh, chragh hanel — to have completed a period of apprenticeship and gained the title of "master," to assign the title of "master" and to put to work  
 chukaloutin — want, need, poverty

## Պ = B

bak — kiss, to apply a kiss; to receive with honor  
 bazhori — with tasteless and dull colors (for garments)  
 balard — fresh, crisp, green  
 bakhi (Turkish) — left to the future [as a payment]  
 baghat — tax on vineyards  
 baghshugil — to calm down, to cool  
 baghouts, baghouts about — food for abstinence periods  
 baj, bajisot — seed pods  
 bayanagh — wife's sister's husband  
 bajig, bajig enel — to nap, to go to sleep (children)  
 bajoug — peas, vetch  
 baypanoutiun — protection  
 bay, baymi — in a moment, a little later  
 baykhoush (Turkish) — owl  
 bayrok — wick (for lamp, and for weaving)  
 bayros — grafting [of plants]  
 bayrosel — to graft (tree branches), to join ends together without knotting  
 bayroukal — thin rod on which to weave a wick  
 bannan — mason  
 bash — bonus on trading wheat or oats — one rubkila per chareg  
 bashakh — to glean what is left in the wheat field or in the threshing area after the sheaves are gathered in the field or the threshed grain is taken away  
 bashlayel, bashliel — to start  
 bashlukh (Turkish) — cap that holds together the arms of the reel for taking up silk, woman's headwear  
 bashbanel — to protect  
 bashkha (Turkish) — one's own field; also, different  
 bashsho, bashshig — white spot on the forehead (on cattle)  
 baba — husky, imposing, they would say "he's a 'baba' man"  
 babi — male bird  
 bargetsunel — to deposit collected taxes into the government treasury  
 bas, bas kal, bas purnel — agreement, contract, to make an agreement  
 basarat (Turkish) — valiant, ingenious, clever

basaratu gabvil — to lose strength, or blood, and bow down  
 basdegh, basdekh — thickened grape or mulberry juice by cooking with flour and drying on sheets producing a tasty delicacy  
 badalat (Turkish) — military tax  
 badalir — flour accumulated in the corners and edges of the mill stones  
 badeghvor — pregnant woman, "having two souls"  
 badijan — eggplant (brought from Aghuntsik and from Tlandzig)  
 badivon, badvon — niche or storage place in a wall  
 badgel — to relate, to tell a story  
 badnel, badunkel — to shroud, to wrap [as a bandage]  
 baran — heavy woven cord or rope, for supporting rows of grapevines; measure of size of vineyard — 20 vines to a "baran," e.g., a vineyard of 20 "baran"  
 barz, barzel — clear [weather], cloudless, clouds being swept away  
 barzenal — to boast  
 bargunder — creditor [to whom something is owned]  
 barkhou mis — flesh [for eating] of a large animal [as a camel]  
 barkhoudar — prosperous, promising good  
 barghayel — last harvesting of watermelon and melon, with the pulling up of the plants or vines  
 barosh — large vessel, smaller than a tub  
 baroush, barshuvil — accord, to arrive at an understanding  
 bars, bars dal — changing of nest, to abandon a hive (annual changing of hives by bees)

bak — abstinence  
 bey (Turkish) — mortgage, security (in a business undertaking)  
 beyel, beyvil, beyvudil — to keep, to hide, to put aside  
 beynort — adopt  
 ber — hook, grapnel  
 beduva, bedvel (Turkish) — to curse  
 buzil — to freeze, to be chilled  
 buzgal — to run off or to flow drop by drop  
 buzdulig — very small (endearing)  
 bitoun (Turkish) — all, the whole  
 bilag (Turkish) — wrist  
 billor — clear or crystal glass or cup  
 bidzag — wasp  
 bidag, bidgil, bidagtsunel — to blanch, to bleach, to whiten  
 bidgouts — the white of (e.g., of the eye or of an egg)  
 bulig — round flat bread baked in the tonir  
 bulor, blorel — round, spherical, to ball; yolk of the boiled egg; cooked balls of a mixture of bulgur and meat  
 bulots, bulotsel — balled, wrapped  
 bulvudan — belligerent, wanting to get into an argument  
 bulvudouk — remnant  
 bulvil — to embrace, to get into a fight  
 bulok, bulokel — balled thread, to join thread and wrap balls  
 bochchig — snipped off tail  
 bochov soud — monstrous lie  
 buldurchin — quail  
 bulke — perhaps  
 bughintz — large [copper] vessel  
 bujuldal, bujurdal — to stir, to move gently  
 bujurtel — to probe, to hunt around

bujghdel — to separate into bits  
 bok — green shoot of an onion set  
 boz — grey, ash color  
 bozig — fair [complexion], light  
 bol — cut branch of grapevine for planting; plentiful  
 bolakim — "if only it were so," "I hope so"  
 boldig — tomato  
 boghazkra — a particular wine grape  
 boghoz, boghozov — throat; big eater  
 boghoz lenoug — being down with diphtheria  
 boch purnoug — name of a game [tail catching]  
 bochbuchal — to be sneaking  
 bor — untilled field, fallow  
 boro — endearing name for oxen and bulls  
 bouzmayel — to sew with pleats, shirring (on women's garments)  
 boug — drop [of a drink], sip  
 bougha — bull having reached maturity  
 boubouj — colored glass ornament  
 bouboush — nice, pleasing (endearing term)  
 bourghi — drill, auger (carpenter's tool)  
 boudoug — earthen crock with narrow mouth and cover



bourma, bourma olurel — twisted bundles of straw (dried), to make bundles of dried straw for winter  
 bouroushmodil — to fade and wrinkle  
 boukra — grooved pulley  
 bubuzil — to squat, to sit on one's haunches  
 bubusd — erect, sitting up straight  
 burtouk, burgouk — lip [of person]

burtguni, burgni — lip  
 bursdel — to wrinkle, to knit the brows  
 burtnosh, burtnod — having heavy and sagging lips  
 budghel, budghudel — to pick off fruits one by one (from a bunch of grapes)  
 budghouts — eyeball  
 burjel — to remove the kernel from the shell of cereals  
 burboud — exceedingly cold

### Q = Tj

tjagharch — mill [flour], that is to be milled  
 tjaghchuban — miller  
 tjayr — spool, reel  
 tjubblig — having unclean eyes, having watery eyes  
 tjupultsunel — to splash by slapping the hand against the water  
 tjuturtsunel — to snap the fingers (during dancing, or to express scorn at someone)  
 tjuvoud — Jew  
 tjuttig, tjuttig mad — the little finger  
 tjunchukhel — to break up or crush by trampling over  
 tjot — cloth used by housewife, tonir cover  
 tjolol — thin and tall (said of a child)  
 tjollo poto — nshortish (said of a boy)  
 tjour, tjour dal — to harden steel tools by quenching

tjourn ingnal — to fail [in any undertaking]  
 tjour vertsunel — to fall under suspicion  
 tjurtuvlig — light-headed, unscrupulous  
 tjurelordig, tjurchulig — dipped in water  
 tjuren arnel — to gain pleasure in flattering  
 tjuren dal — to flatter  
 tjuri jampa enel — to visit often  
 tjurpoushd — watery blister  
 tjurarpi — irrigated (fields); **opposite:** antjurti — barren (fields)  
 tjurdzaghigh — chickenpox  
 tjurgudour — during floodstage [plentiful water flow in spring] water was not allocated, but was used unrestrictedly  
 tjurhortan — millpond, dammed pool for watermill  
 tjurmuzoud — marshy, area where water oozes out of the soil  
 tjurshoun — soaked, wet to the skin (derisive)  
 tjutjurank — oozing of pus (from wounds or sores)  
 tjurvat, tjurvat enel — to urinate  
 tjurvula — stew prepared with eggs, khavourma [braised meat], onions, and parsley  
 tjurdouk — irrigation (of fields)  
 tjurtuvod — those doing irrigating  
 tjurtsayel — to sprinkle with cold water, to sprinkle water

### ft = R

(Was pronounced "ra" or "ura.") rayis — head of household, patriarch  
 rachal — peeling of squash, eggplant, or pear boiled in a sweet syrup; also called "urechel"  
 radam — main lower piece of a plow to which the plowshare is fixed  
 roub, uroub — cooked juice of grape, mulberry, and wild cherry (either over a fire or in the sun)

### U = S

sapan — sling [to throw stones]



sapli — cup with handle  
 sapuloug — flat and smooth  
 sakou — sitting place slightly above the floor, made of wood, stone, or bricks  
 saz — guitar  
 sazél — to adorn, to decorate  
 sata — heavy branches of a grapevine from the first year's growth  
 satur — meat cleaver





sal — cart, farmer's wagon; also, flat rock, slate  
 sala — round basket of woven material  
 salajagh — see savajagh  
 saladag — stone or slate flooring  
 salta — vest or small jacket worked with gold or silver threads  
 sallama — game in which a large stone is thrown competitively  
 salmin, sarmin — part of the loom on which the woven cloth is wound  
 salvarag — cradle supporting a churn  
 salvor — plum, wild apple  
 sakhtian — sheep or goat leather, tanned  
 sakhkhad — dog dung, which being dissolved in water, is used in tanning leather  
 sahk — sluice, waterway  
 saj — flat metal sheet on which bread is baked  
 samechuvan — rope used to tie the two wagon tongues together, woven from tangled women's hair  
 sayr — comb, for carding wool, guide for winding hanks of yarn



sanar — godparent  
 sand, sandkar — hollowed stone in which to beat sesame and other products, mortar  
 sareg — thin leather cover to close mouth of churn  
 sargou — device used by carder (thin saplings tied together), mat laid over a "sakou"  
 savakh — feeble-minded, flighty  
 savajagh, salajagh — weir set in millstream to control flow of water to the mill waterwheel  
 sako — coat, overcoat  
 seluntou — things being swept along by a flood that have been captured (would belong to the catcher)  
 serdtsunel — to press together, to squeeze  
 sevarev, sevarev ullis — life of affliction, "may you have a life of affliction" (curse)

sevoug — darkly complexioned, swarthy  
 sevouts — liver [body organ]  
 severnod — unpleasingly dark complexioned  
 suvi, suvor, suvonk — this, of this, these  
 sutar, sutar ullil — inn, lodging place, to take lodging  
 sutil — copper pail with bail  
 silay — pilgrim's or emigre's return to the fatherland  
 siligon — spout or nozzle out of which the stream of water flows to impinge on the blades of the waterwheel of the mill  
 sinor — bank [of earth] marking a border  
 sirs — red-colored clay  
 sird arnel — to be encouraged, to be made enthusiastic  
 sirdu arnel — to console, to calm down  
 sirdu shinel, sirdusoukel, sirdu oghokel — to placate  
 sirdu goyrel — to discourage, to wound [psychologically]  
 sirdu pulil, sirdu pughtsugil — to break into tears, to feel like crying  
 sulal, sulvulal, sulvuvulal — to be alert, to look all around, to look around (secretively)  
 sukhlal — crowded, congested  
 sugulmoud — scamp, "one who gets into holes"  
 sumakh — sumac

sumblig, sumblod — lad with hair cut short, short, dwarfish  
 sumsar — middleman in commerce  
 sumseghoug — sweet-tongued rogue  
 sumsuroug — to show one's self to be mild-mannered and meek in order to accomplish a task  
 sumkil — to cower, to draw into one's self under pressure, to dry up  
 sumurdig — very fine bulgur  
 sunetsunel — to make smooth, to polish  
 sungsung — not well-not ill, somewhat sickly  
 sunoug — smooth, polished  
 sundod, sundodtsunel — to cut or trim (hair) that has been cut crudely  
 sotel — to roll up the sleeves or tie up a skirt [for working]  
 sokhouranj — fried onion  
 soghu — later, afterwards  
 soghnag — sliding door latch  
 soghoundzag — notch in the wall [door frame] into which the "soghnag" [latch] goes  
 somoun — round bread baked in the oven  
 soy, soy sop — ancestors, family lineage  
 soya — leaning at a small angle, reclining  
 soysouz — immoral, uncultured  
 sorkhoun — fine flexible branches from which the "sala sapat" basket is woven  
 souloug — leach, bloodsucker  
 sounapa — having an awkward way of working, inept  
 sous genal — to remain silent  
 sounaboyov — tall [person]  
 sousesou — whistle, young boys would make them from willow branches; they slipped off the bark from the whistle part, they would notch the bare wood, then they would put the bark back on, and the result was a plaything



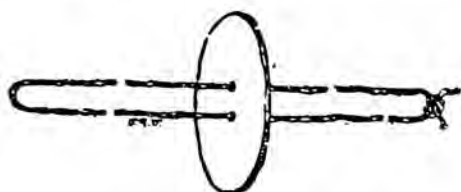
sourousuldod — very smart, alert

sourpunti — disheveled, worthless  
 sourma, sourma kashel — eye and eyebrow make-up, to apply make-up  
 soukel — to make, to build  
 sourkha (Turkish) — working without pay  
 subulkhil, subulkhoug — to slide, slippery  
 subuloug — having a smooth surface  
 surum — thin cut strips of sheep or goat leather; food consisting of strips of thin bread rolled in small rolls, set side by side on edge in a pan, covered with butter and baked, then served with madzoun poured over it  
 surukh — long pole  
 sursupal — to shiver from fear or cold  
 sura, sura kashel — to lay in order or in rows, a game of luck involving laying a row of eggs or of watermelons  
 supsupal — to wait impatiently to receive some food or anything  
 suklil — to cower, to hide  
 sukvil — to dress neatly, to be adorned  
 sos — "tall in stature but short in intellect" (said of a girl)  
 son — column, post

Վ = V

vaz kal, vaz antsnil — to withdraw, to give up, to let go, to give up hope  
 vatel, vatil — to spill (water) [transitive, intransitive] [might also mean to urinate]  
 vaynachar — “good or bad”  
 var — newly opened boll (cotton)

varzhokh — wild grass (feed for horses and donkeys), but poisonous for camels  
 vartsav — typhoid [or typhus?], inflammation of the brain  
 vesiyat (Turkish) — will, testament  
 vev? vov? — who?  
 ver mi? ver mit tiyu? — which one? which way?  
 vernalik, vernalou — to be worthy of dying, to be worthy of being lost (curse)  
 ververan, ververana — to be in total run  
 verk ingnal — to be suddenly taken by fright, to be terrified  
 vuzvuzougou arer e — “he has started to be worried”  
 vuzvurig, vuzrig — spinner



vuzhuzhoug — sound of “silent” confusion or agitation  
 vulal, vulam, vulatsi — to wash  
 vulatsk — the wash  
 vugrel — to draw away to the wrong side, to turn  
 vujag, vujgin — feast of Ascension [when traditionally fortunes are told, ceremonially]  
 vungurdal, vungurdtsunel — to whine, to make the sound of “vung,” to howl  
 vov? — who?  
 voush, voush — exclamation of pity, compassion  
 vurakulkhots — immediately, without delay  
 vuratir — excess or shortage [in a measure or quantity]  
 vura kal — to convalesce, to gain weight  
 vura ungnil — to insist, to follow up  
 vura dal — to lose even what is left, to be cleaned out  
 vuran pats — evident, open  
 vuran ungnil — to be obliged (work or office)  
 vuri — upper  
 vrikar — upper stone in a mill or grinder

S = D

daz — small ball  
 daldaban — barefoot  
 dagh, daghel — to cauterize; also, to brown by frying in fat  
 daghtegh — pepper  
 dajig — wicked, evil, irritable  
 damar dampi vura ellel — to be thrown, straining of the nerves  
 dama — eastern variety of checkers

dayakh — support, support pole on a cart  
 dandzouges — dim-witted, feeble-minded (derisive) [“a pear and a half”]  
 dang — loop on woven bag [serving as a handle]  
 dabagh, dabaghel — leather tanning  
 dasdajagh — device for reeling out yarn hanks  
 dada khaghal — a game in the village  
 dadash — thistle (weed with burrs)  
 dara — tare, weight of the container in measuring a quantity of a product  
 daran arnel — to get the measure of the worth of a person by test  
 darman — cure, end, completion  
 darmadaghin — scattered, here and there, spread around  
 daros — turn to benefit from good fortune, as in “the ‘daros’ to you”  
 darvunag, darvuneg — a one-year-old  
 daroug — face skin disease that is contagious, which heals in a year, but which leaves a deeply colored scar  
 darbedarb, darbedarb ullil — wanderer, homeless, vagrant  
 dard — mental crisis, misfortune, difficulty  
 dapan — wooden anchor support for millstones in a mill, harrow  
 dapjag — place on spade where foot is placed to drive spade deeper into the earth  
 dapnel — to harrow plowed earth; also, to slosh through mud or snow  
 degghan — bed, e.g., to set or pick up the bed [in general, instead of bedsteads, bedding was placed on the floor or on an elevated platform, and set and removed each day]  
 deghdzogh — creator, God  
 dener — rooftop  
 depour — vessel carved out of a single piece of wood



de — that [relative pronoun], “here is,” or  
 duvi, duvor, duvonk — that, of that, they  
 dilim (Turkish) — piece, portion, bit (of fruit)  
 dimin — strong but fine cord inserted in band to hold breeches up  
 ding — crusher for crushing wheat grains  
 dishboudagh (Turkish) — wooden paddle for baking bread  
 dulpal — to beat slowly, heart beats, moaning in near death  
 dugants — inner work [?]  
 dugloz, dugloj — bare, short and fat (boy)  
 dugikar — lower stone of the millstones  
 dugouk — leftover dirt [foreign material] after sifting grains  
 dugril — to swell  
 dugharquk — visit to a woman about to bear a child  
 dummuna — girl left at home because she has no suitors  
 dugurtsunel — to stuff, to fill excessively  
 dolab — rotating drum on a silk reeling machine drawing silk from the cocoon; also, cupboard with door  
 dolab tartzunel — to exploit, to invent ways to deceive  
 donk — coarse, crude, impolite  
 doshag — mattress

dovurgel, dovurdel — to tread upon, to trample, to step on  
 dodozdal — to jump up and down, to dance in an unbecoming way  
 dorpou — sawdust  
 doun ou dolough — householders and animals  
 douroudap — in throes of death, about to die  
 durtpel — to tear to bits, to rip into pieces  
 dufa — part of a loom that holds and guides the threads of the warp

## ŀ = R

randa, uranda — plane, carpenter's tool  
 rasd kal — to meet, to chance upon [a person]  
 ravakhil, uravakhil — to make clear, to make plain  
 ruzugh, uruzugh — God's pre-ordained livelihood for man  
 roubia, uroubia — a gold decorative coin worth one-quarter "gold piece"

## ŀ = Ts

tsatel — to rise (sun's rising)  
 tsakhavel — large broom fashioned of strong straws  
 tsadz, tsadzanots — base, low, vile (person)  
 tsayel — to rinse (with clean water), to sprinkle  
 tsandz — untied sheaves of gathered wheat stalks  
 tsak, tsakel — harrow, to harrow  
 tsetseres — contrary, impudent, stubborn (derisive, to women and girls)  
 tsungnil — to give birth (cats and dogs)  
 tsol — dried stalks of cotton, hemp  
 tsoghvel — to rinse, to wash with water  
 tsuvik — edge of roof, eaves, shingles

## ϕ = P

patig — petal (of flower), leaf (of cabbage)  
 patpatou — wild grass having air-filled pods that make a "pop" when crushed with the fingers (boys); toy for boys, resembling a "fushfushoug" [q.v.], that projects a small pellet  
 palakh — cereal grass (donkey feed)  
 palakha — switch used by old-time school teachers for punishment  
 pajmouda — inept, sloppy  
 partel — old and worn-out bed  
 pad — wood; pad purnogh — policeman [wood carrier]  
 partlakh — eyeball bulging from its socket  
 pars, pars enel — to knock to the ground (with a blow), to knock unconscious  
 pard — sparse, apart, thinly spaced  
 parpin, parpinel — to graft, to vaccinate  
 pavlika — factory, manufactory  
 pejgel — to pull out feathers by the handful  
 pedzgel — to tear away with the fingernails, to tear off  
 peshkhel — to separate  
 pesamanoug — at time of taking a bride, the groom's closest friends being with him  
 perper — wild grass very desirable and dried for winter feed

puturouk, putrig — poorly mixed dough or mortar  
 pej — shoulder  
 pila — a bundle of "bourma" (a grass) of a size to fill the lap  
 pinch — chin, jaw  
 pir — the oldest and most competent master in a craft  
 pukhoug — baked and friable [as cracker bread]  
 pujeg — outer skin, coating (of grains), hull  
 pumpukhoug — chubby, full and soft  
 punjij — fastidious, particular, fussy  
 punchudek — restraining bridle placed over the mouth of the lead ox in the team doing threshing, muzzle  
 punchod, punchodil — scornful, sneering, to disapprove  
 pushoug — wild vegetable with prickles  
 pushurgil — to put one's self together to show high respect (before an important person)  
 pottig, potou — shorty  
 pokhint — salted pulp after the oil has been removed of sesame (feed for water buffalo and bulls)  
 pog — strips of raw leather  
 poshovnil — to repent, to be worsted  
 posoura — glow-worm  
 por — stuffing [for dolma] of browned bulgur, onion, parsley, mint, pepper, braised meat, also to stuff chicken  
 poru peranu — heavily pregnant (woman)  
 poru epil — full of expectation and impatience for something desirable  
 pormushgel, pormushdugel — to dig with the fingernails or claws  
 porsough — small animal that does great damage to grapevines  
 pousgoul — tassel  
 purtnel — to be unable to restrain laughter  
 purtkudel, purtkudil — to tear into bits  
 purdel — to scratch for seeds, as birds and chickens  
 pusgi mergh — gum that forms on the surface of fruit trees  
 pusordouk — crumbs, morsels, crushed pieces  
 pus — rotten, spoiled  
 pusdig — entrails  
 purel — to peel [as fruits]

purchlod — torn and hanging, shredded  
 purchukli — carrot  
 prod — with peel on, unpeeled  
 pukush, pukosh — large bellied, fat  
 pukril, pukurtsunel — to swell, to blow up [as a balloon]

## ϕ = K

ka — "O, say," a call to attract the attention of a woman  
 kalk — manner of walking, pace, walking  
 kalash — handsome and brave young man; also endearing name for bulls and water buffaloes  
 kakhank — harvest  
 kakhnuvor, kakhunkavor — workers who weed fields with a hoe  
 kaghvor — user of sickle or scythe  
 kaghk — time for harvesting with scythe  
 kaghkuvari — polite  
 kampaght — unfortunate  
 kamar — woven waistband in which money was kept during travel; woman's jewelery of gold or silver  
 kamoni — orange colored, color of watermelon seed



kamos — nightmare  
 kantsur — sweet  
 kash — sinews, tendons in meat; also a measure of weight (one hokkha)  
 kashank — torture, torment, strength to endure  
 kashig — belt, waistband; cinch for holding a load on a donkey or other beast of burden  
 kashgag — herisa  
 kashgarag — hod for carrying stones and bricks  
 kashots — cobbler's tool for pulling the leather over a last  
 khachal — bald, pus-filled blisters, wound  
 kadouna — jug, earthen glazed water container  
 karaz — white glazed jug for water



karpj — bricks made of a plaster mix and sun-dried [adobe]

karangorts — tangled knot difficult to unravel  
 karel — to drive the cutting stones in the threshing machine  
 kar purnoug — way of leaving a choice to chance — a stone is hidden in one hand and if another selects the hand with the stone he is the winner  
 karu khaznel (khadznel) — to be stubborn, not to relent, to fail  
 karkhots — wound from a stone [uncertain, taken literally]  
 kargabank — stone wall forming a boundary of a field [uncertain, taken literally]  
 kargabouyd — dark blue with white dots (such a snake, the fiercest)  
 karghan — large tub (earthen)  
 kavgir — stone-and-mortar, building built of stone and mortar  
 kavgour — sieve  
 kaghandzagh — magpie  
 kaf, kafouk — froth rising to the surface during cooking of syrup or boiling meat  
 kerots — file, cobbler's or carpenter's tool for scraping  
 kutvel — to de-lice, to clean  
 kint — nose  
 kintu dzour — sickly, so-so  
 kintu gakh — (same as above)  
 kibe — second stomach  
 kis — hairs on wheat and oat grains  
 kulkhil, kulkhadz — to wrinkle, to spoil and soften  
 kukhal, kukhkukhal — to cough constantly  
 kutskha — small onion (for planting)  
 kumurdan — wheedling, cajoling  
 kunar — edge, end  
 kuntin chutunel — to scorn, to belittle  
 kunti kousha — fallen in disfavor, abandoned  
 kunjig — very edge of a place or thing  
 kundig, undigel — to snap off the tip of the initial growth of the cotton plant to encourage forming of branches  
 kushrel — to admonish, to criticize  
 kushkushtunel — to irritate, to confuse  
 koz — fully burned [to ashes] (wood or coal)  
 kotak, kotakel — beating, to give a beating

kotel — to throw strongly and purposelessly  
 kotoouroum (Turkish) — paralytic  
 kollig, kollo — with tail cut short (dog or donkey)  
 koma, koma mu — crowd, throng  
 konjig — pocket  
 koch — band of nomads [those who live in covered wagons], e.g., a "koch" of gypsies  
 kosa (Turkish) — having little hair (on the face), scraggly beard  
 kovnots — two side rails of a cart  
 kod, kodig — small plate made from a sieve frame; a measure of grain — 4 kod equal one olchag  
 koutig — newly born pup  
 koutoug — heavy bole (wood); government record  
 koulag — water pail made from a sieve frame, with a bail  
 koulah — felt hat  
 koula — ball of wicks joined together  
 koulli — all, complete, the whole  
 kouloung — heavy sledge hammer for breaking stones  
 koulba — harrow  
 kousha — pail for drawing water from a well  
 koushna — vetch-like plant used as feed for camels  
 koushdara — plane or file (for wood — carpenter's tool)  
 kouroun — basin, one-piece hollowed-out stone  
 krudel — to wear off [consume], tear up; also to use cruelly (sexually)  
 kUSDulig — small messy person (ridiculing)  
 kuskurnel — to procrastinate, to put off, to tarry at work  
 kuskurdel — (same as above)  
 kurgout — match [for ignition], sulphur  
 kurman — weaving tool (for men, made of wood)  
 kurchulig, kurchulod — tattered, in rags  
 kurdunkhash — itching rash on the skin caused by intense sweat  
 kur . . . kur, kurkhundal — to laugh with the sound of "kur . . . kur"

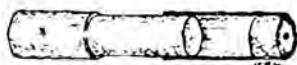
## O = O

o — the initial sound of "o" was used in many words that start with the sound normally of "vo"  
 olough — reservoir (watermill)  
 olchag — measure of grain, 16 olchag = 1 chareg  
 olurdzoun — much twisted (said of thread)  
 olurdil — to take a walk, to wander around  
 okh — exclamation of contentment  
 okhlavou — round dowel used to roll out thin dough sheets  
 ohmil, oymil — to be terrified from a horrible danger, to be filled with terror  
 oghig — bent piece; short for the names Oghaper and Hoghaper, e.g., "sister 'Oghig'"  
 on — designated division of the village to enable harvesting hands to be assigned to the task  
 onji — the head of the group of harvesting hands  
 onch or — whatever, wherever  
 osan — hone [for sharpening knives]  
 odats jampa — toilet [outside]  
 odunga, odungats — place to put one's feet, standing  
 ortan, ortan garel — welt, joint of uppers and sole of shoes, to sew the welt  
 ortod — dry prunings of the grapevine  
 orarsak — midday  
 orig orig — day by day, day to day

orinel — to create, to invent, to compose  
orgel — to shake, to rock, e.g., cradle "orgel"  
or vor — "since that day," "ever since then"

### ᖃ = F

faraghat (Turkish) — official document signed by two witnesses confirming any business transaction (except for sale of real estate), but not requiring the recorder's notarization [government clerk]  
farfourī — genuine Chinese pottery  
fit — vetch-like plant used as feed for cattle and camels — good for fattening them; also, provocation, they would say of something, "it causes a 'fit'"  
funjik, funjukdel — kick, to kick  
fushfushoug — child's plaything made from fresh branch of a willow, which could draw in water and then squirt water out again at someone in play, squirter



fok — care [worry, concern]  
fusurtsunel — to blow out inhaled tobacco smoke  
furuldakh — child's toy, spinning a disc on a string [see vuzvurig]

### Note on pronunciation:

"a" is to be sounded as in "father" no matter how it appears in a word.  
"e" is to be sounded as in "let" no matter how it appears, including in final position.  
"i" is to be sounded as in "lit" no matter how it appears.  
"o" is to be sounded as in "for" no matter how it appears, except with "u."  
"u" is to be pronounced as in "hut" unless it follows "o."  
"ou" is to be pronounced as in "cougar."  
"g" is always to be sounded as in "get," not as in "gender."  
"gh" is to be sounded as in "Baghdad" [glottal voiced fricative].  
"kh" is to be sounded as in "lokhoun" [glottal voiceless fricative] [Bach]. Double letters, or double pairs [kxkh] are to be doubly sounded.  
"zh" is to be sounded as "s" in "measure."  
"ts" is to be sounded as in "hats" or in "tsar."

